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Announcement

Catholic Annual for 1910

Catholic Encyclopedia

for 1910 make it

Features

With the calendar for given the Monthly Devotions of the principal feasts and fasts. What to Plant, Books Suitable for the Year, etc.

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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 XXXII.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1910

1637

The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1910

A WEIRD DISCOURSE

In the Hamilton Herald, of February 7, we find a sermon by Rev. Mr. Allen on "Why I am a Protestant." A careful reading of his remarks justifies us in saying that he might be anything but a preacher intent upon serving the truth. As his Protestantism rests, according to his words, upon misrepresentation, prejudice and ignorance of things Catholic, we are not surprised that the non-Catholic scholar views him and his kind with contempt. And while his perivind denunciation of things, begot of a diseased imagination and delivered from prejudiced lips, may prove to the thoughtless something or other, it certainly establishes his incontestable right to a title not envied by the average citizen. But are the Baptists of Hamilton pleased with this gentleman's wretched exhibition of bigotry and ignorance? Are they so behind the age as to give ear to charges that have been refuted time and again—to a preacher who would disgrace any controversial platform and to a so-called sermon not in consonance with either knowledge or charity? Are the Baptists of Hamilton of such easy credulity as to listen with any patience to a preacher who remembers what other Protestants forget, and delivers a message reeking with hatred? We ask the Baptists of Hamilton if they approve Rev. Mr. Allen in his role of fanning the life to the embers of bigotry. He is a relic of the past, when generalities were arguments, and abuse in honour. But the Baptists should certainly be disturbed, for they—up-to-date people, standard-bearers of progress and enlightenment—must be affronted at a preacher who, undertaking to tell them why he is a Protestant, shows that he regards them as not unwilling to swallow anything, however subversive of truth. We beg to tender them our respectful sympathy, and to suggest that a censor to blue pencil sermons should be appointed. They might, also, so as to disarm suspicion that they are ignorant of Catholic truth as is Rev. Mr. Allen, announce their repudiation of the sermon in question.

A "CLASSY" PROTESTER

As a protester Rev. Mr. Allen is, parson us the word, "very classy." He began, however, very graciously—pliancino. He conceded (and this is very good of him) that some of the noblest characters in the world to-day were Catholics—then the gentleman made things hum until he got tired of using the loud pedal. Then he stopped—wiped his classic brow and went home to dream of Catholics putting him to death because of his opinions, which we assume he would label religious. But a thousand times no. He must be preserved if merely as an object lesson of what an over-heated imagination can effect. He is not of martyr stuff. Not for him the arena, and Catholics gloating over his sufferings, but some sequestered nook that a benevolent government provides for those whose nerves are shattered and thinking machines in disrepair. Meanwhile our clerical friend should remember that "it is a great deal better not to know so much than to know so much that ain't so."

BENEATH CRITICISM

It would serve no purpose to use a critical eye on this sermon, which is but a product of blind fanaticism. It is a series of random and unsupported assertions, illumined by not a gleam of originality. A strange business, indeed, this kind of preaching, which demands neither scholarship nor dispassionate investigation. "All other trades and arts," says Luther, "have their preceptors and masters, of whom we must learn, likewise order and law, by which one must be guided and led. However, the Holy Scripture and God's Word, must be subjected to everyone's vanity, obscenity, caprice and presumption; and permit itself to be domineered, distorted and interpreted as everyone understands and wishes according to individual ideas; therefore so many ranters, sects and scandals." But many Baptists who heard this weird discourse were not convinced, we hope, that the Church, which has attracted the love of thousands of converts, was the thing that the blind zealotry of Mr. Allen would have her. They do not see eye to eye with us, but they must admit that men of masterful intellect and sincere piety would not give love and service to an organization steeped in superstition and iniquity.

A SAMPLE PROTEST

Rev. Mr. Allen protested against "the idolatrous worship of Mary as a virgin, whereas in St. Matthew it was found that she had three or four sons besides Jesus."

This assertion is worthy of the mentality displayed in the sermon. It is an old trick to make St. Matthew play sponsor to Mr. Allen's opinion, but it is not in honor with the reputable scholar. The ploy is that some readers sit at the feet of the rabid anti-Catholic and thereby make the judicious grieves and invite the accusation of hypocrisy. If Mr. Allen had consulted Protestant Bible commentators he might have restrained his venom on this question. Dr. Schaaf would have told him that "a considerable number of Protestants—including Luther, Zwingle, and the Reformers; Oshausen and Lange (P. F.) among later theologians—agree on this point with the Catholic doctrine and think it incompatible with the dignity of Mary that, after the birth of the Son of God and Saviour of the world, she should have borne ordinary children of men." Calvin observes that, according to the custom of the Hebrews, all relations are called brothers, and dismisses his opponents by saying: "Certainly this is a point which none but blockheads or buffoons would ever think of disputing."

MR. ALLEN AS A STUDENT

The reverend gentleman told his auditors that he was not exaggerating or misrepresenting facts. He was not exaggerating when he declared that all laws should be subjected to the approval of the Church; that papal power was arrogant; the thumb-screw necessary to hold the people within the fold, etc. This is not exaggeration, but crass ignorance. It betokens something abnormal—a lack of common sense, to say nothing of its contempt of social amenities and the intelligence of those who heard him. But Mr. Allen avowed that he had passed two days in the reference library gleaming material from Catholic books. Two whole days he gave for preparation. If Mr. Allen did deface Catholic books he must have defective vision. Or perchance, the librarian, knowing what chaff he was seeking, handed him some other books. The Baptists, however, should be grateful that Mr. Allen did not spend two weeks in that wonderful reference library. If two days reading inspired this brainless drivel we dread to imagine what a longer time would have effected.

MR. ALLEN AS A DISCOVERER

Out of the reference library he hied himself to a public library for his weapons. There he found a book—a vague, phantasmal book—for he gives neither title nor author, which brought him to a standstill with locked breath and dilated eye-balls. He looked at it with horror. Doubtless his first impulse was to flee from its accursed presence, but, here-like, he stood his ground. Hewas throbbing with excitement, for he had to show an expectant world "Why am I a Protestant?" So he opened this book, authorized by the Church—this book on Catholicism, and said that it was partly in French and partly in English. How his auditors must have blushed when he whispered that the French part was so filthy, so immoral that it could not be published in English. What an ingenious preacher. And isn't it awful? And what a horrid thing is this Church of Rome. And what a grave affront to a good man who went, in all his innocence, to the library without a chaperon. May we have the name of this book, that according to Mr. Allen, destroys the infallibility of the Church. Would he kindly give us some data about this library so that we also may explore the pages of this death-dealing volume. Mayhap, however, the artless simplicity of Mr. Allen beguiled him into attaching undue importance to this curious document. Such things have happened before. We remembered that Jonathan Oldbuck spent studious hours over the letters A. D. L. L. on a "sacred vessel," assigned by him to the days of the Roman conquest. But Bluegown Eddie brought him out of the region of learned speculation when he declared that A. D. L. L. only meant Aiken Drum's Lang Ladle.

But as all clerical ranters have a taste for easpools we are not surprised that Mr. Allen found place for one in his wondrous discourse.

MR. ALLEN VERSUS PROTESTANT AUTHORS

Despite the fact that the methods we object to are denounced by Dr. Schaaf as untrue, uncharitable, unchristian, some preachers will persist in employing. Drawing upon the stores of his boundless ignorance, Mr. Allen speaks of the "idolatrous worship of Mary as a Mohammedan, or Christian Science, or Buddhist, or Confucian, or atheistic, or agnostic. This is a republic which is organized officially no religion, which is forbidden by its constitution to recognize officially any religion. Here all religions and all religious teachers are on an equal footing. Catholics are work here are not proselyting in a Protestant country. They are looking after their own people, after the millions of Catholics that have been here since the time of our ancestors; and after those that have voluntarily joined their church. In Rome it is not so. Rome, historically, sentimentally, and actually, is a land of proselyting. It is the home of the Popes for ages. It is the Pope's liberality and generosity that keeps open the Vatican and St. Peter's, with their beautiful treasures, to the travelers of the world. The Pope is an old man, undergoing voluntary imprisonment because of his faith. The least that any decent foreigner can do is to show respect for the feelings and the religion of which he is the head. And if Mr. Fairbanks did not know that it is a good thing for the Pope to have impressed the fact on his mind that it respects Bishop McDowell's statement that the Methodist missionaries are in Rome to make Methodists of the Italians, we must say most respectfully that to anybody that loves Rome and Italians, that is a very interesting Methodist joke. Some Italians want Catholicism and some do not. Some want Socialism and have it. Some want quietism. Some want no "ism" at all. One thing is quite sure, the Italians do not want Methodism. And probably all other religions, that could be made real Methodists by a thousand missionaries in a thousand years could travel comfortably in one taxicab. The Italians are good natured and will listen. They are also practical race. They will accept spaghetti, chianti, macaroni, lire or kind words from a Methodist missionary, or from any other kind of a missionary. But if you take away from an Italian his Catholic religion, you do not make a Methodist of him—you make something quite different. In brief, our answer to the gentleman who writes us in this:

Virgil." A childish calumny, indeed, but worthy of him. What a contrast between Mr. Allen's piping and the sonorous notes of Protestant classical writers bearing witness that, according to Lecky, the Catholic reverence for the virgin has done much to elevate and purify the ideal woman and to soften the manners of men. It supplied, in a great measure, the redeeming and ennobling element in a strange amalgamation of licentious and military feeling which was formed around women in an age of chivalry and which no succeeding change of habit or belief has wholly destroyed. Ruskin, no lover of the Church, confesses that the worship of the Madonna has been one of the noblest and most vital graces of Catholicism; and Hawthorne avows the need of the Catholic Church in that sweet, sacred Virgin-Mother who stands between them and the Deity, intercepting somewhat of His awful splendor, but permitting His love to stream upon the worshipper more intelligibly to human comprehension through the medium of a woman's tenderness.

To a critic of one of our paragraphs we beg to submit Dr. Desnoy's words on the Catholic Church. In his "Democracy in America," he says that the Catholic Church places all human capacities upon the same level. It subjects the wise and the ignorant, the man of genius and the vulgar crowd, to the details of the same creed; it imposes the same observance upon the rich and the needy; it inflicts the same austerities upon the strong and weak; it listens to no compromise with mortal man; but subjecting all the human race to the same standard it confounds all distinction of society at the foot of the same altar, even as they are confounded in the sight of God.

THE POPE AND MR. FAIRBANKS

Chicago Evening American. A citizen writes us as follows: "Will you tell me how it is that you haven't commented on Mr. Fairbanks, formerly Vice-President of the United States? Was not the refusal a direct affront to the American people? 'While I am not a Catholic, I am in any official capacity prejudiced, yet I do feel that this refusal of the Pope of the Catholic Church is a gross insult to the American people. It is a direct affront to the American people. It is a direct affront to the American people. It is a direct affront to the American people.'"

This is our answer: In the first place, if the Pope hasn't any higher opinion of Mr. Fairbanks than I am, it is certainly not mine. In the second place, Mr. Fairbanks, there are a good many millions of Americans that look upon Mr. Fairbanks as a joke or a fool. As there are millions of Americans who are quite ready to admit that the Pope has a right to see or refuse to see whom he chooses. Mr. Fairbanks did not go to Rome in any official capacity. Had he presented himself at the Vatican officially as Vice President of the United States doubtless he would have been received courteously, regardless of his private feelings. For Pope Pius has always proved himself courteous, kind and devoted to his duty as head of the greatest religious organization in the world. Mr. Fairbanks, who was wandering around Rome as a private individual, and the Pope, briefly and sufficiently, has explained with regret the fact that he did not desire to receive Mr. Fairbanks. He did not refuse to see Mr. Fairbanks, although he might well have done so. He simply did not invite him to a special audience. Mr. Fairbanks in Rome attended and addressed a religious Methodist organization, and he was present in Rome, to some extent, as a semi-official spokesman for the Methodist organization. This organization, acting, doubtless, within its legal rights, has made itself extremely offensive to the Vatican by its attempt to proselyte in a vigorous, aggressive and rather impolite fashion. Needless to say, it hasn't manufactured any genuine Italian Methodists, but it has succeeded, according to the statements of Archbishop Ireland, in insulting sincere Catholic believers, and deliberately and unnecessarily offending Catholic feeling in Rome. The Methodists, as stated, have a legal right to do this. Any man who stays inside the police regulations can do anything he likes in any city. But it is quite natural that the head of the Catholic Church should not care to receive with special honor the spokesman of a Methodist organization that is accused of making it a business to bait the Catholic religion in Rome, and by its interference, to insult the head of the Catholic Church in Rome.

Bishop William F. McDowell, of the Methodist Church, who supports the Methodists at Rome, says: "Our Methodist associations are in Rome for the purpose of doing Protestant work among a Catholic people, and the Catholic Paullist Fathers are doing a Catholic work among a Protestant people here. Charges that the efforts of Methodist missionaries have a pernicious, proselyting effect in Rome are no more true than the similar statement concerning the work of the Paullist Fathers in this country." Bishop McDowell is mistaken. America is a sort of "free for all" religious country. It is preposterous to say that Catholics in Protestant America are at work "in a proselyting country." There is no recognized official religion here. The country is not Protestant, or Catholic or Mohammedan, or Christian Science, or Buddhist, or Confucian, or atheistic, or agnostic. This is a republic which is organized officially no religion, which is forbidden by its constitution to recognize officially any religion. Here all religions and all religious teachers are on an equal footing. Catholics are work here are not proselyting in a Protestant country. They are looking after their own people, after the millions of Catholics that have been here since the time of our ancestors; and after those that have voluntarily joined their church. In Rome it is not so. Rome, historically, sentimentally, and actually, is a land of proselyting. It is the home of the Popes for ages. It is the Pope's liberality and generosity that keeps open the Vatican and St. Peter's, with their beautiful treasures, to the travelers of the world. The Pope is an old man, undergoing voluntary imprisonment because of his faith. The least that any decent foreigner can do is to show respect for the feelings and the religion of which he is the head. And if Mr. Fairbanks did not know that it is a good thing for the Pope to have impressed the fact on his mind that it respects Bishop McDowell's statement that the Methodist missionaries are in Rome to make Methodists of the Italians, we must say most respectfully that to anybody that loves Rome and Italians, that is a very interesting Methodist joke. Some Italians want Catholicism and some do not. Some want Socialism and have it. Some want quietism. Some want no "ism" at all. One thing is quite sure, the Italians do not want Methodism. And probably all other religions, that could be made real Methodists by a thousand missionaries in a thousand years could travel comfortably in one taxicab. The Italians are good natured and will listen. They are also practical race. They will accept spaghetti, chianti, macaroni, lire or kind words from a Methodist missionary, or from any other kind of a missionary. But if you take away from an Italian his Catholic religion, you do not make a Methodist of him—you make something quite different.

In brief, our answer to the gentleman who writes us in this: Respect for religion and religious decency is one of the elements of common decency. Every man has a right to his religion. No man has a right to insult the faith or the religious teacher of a great body of people. We believe that Mr. Fairbanks, or any other man, has no right to disrespect for the Catholic religion or the head of the Catholic Church in Rome, needs to be taught a lesson. And we are glad that a lesson was administered.

REDMOND ON THE HOUSE OF LORDS

A huge demonstration of Irishmen was held in the Victoria Hall, Manchester, recently. The hall seats five thousand people, but an hour before the meeting commenced there was not standing room to be had. It was by the enthusiastic Irish meeting that has ever been held in the city, and the thousands who could not find room in Free Trade Hall were marshaled to the Victoria Hall, where Mr. Redmond also addressed them. Canon Lynch, well-known for his activities in the cause of Ireland, presided, and when he introduced Mr. Redmond to the audience before he could address the vast audience.

JOHN REDMOND'S ADDRESS. What is the issue that Englishmen have to decide to-day? The issue that has to be decided is whether they will submit to have their country governed by a handful of unrepresentative and obscure men in the House of Lords. In the eyes of the English people, where the House of Lords sits, is the Home Rule for Ireland. If the House of Lords wins in this contest good-bye to the liberty of the democracy of England. The lords have been the enemies of Irish self-determination since the days of the pre-reformation century of the democracy of this country. They opposed giving you votes; they opposed the ballot; they opposed every measure in favor of the workmen of the country. They opposed every measure of further reform; and now they have taken a course which if it is not promptly trumped under foot will mean the end of the Irish liberty. You are right, therefore, to be vehement in your opposition to the House of Lords, but what is the quarrel of the British democracy with the House of Lords compared with our quarrel? What did they do to Ireland? They depopulated Ireland; they impoverished Ireland; they drove our people across the world in the emigrant ships; they drove them into the fever sheds; they plundered and ruined our country; they have destroyed and defeated one after another our men of genius and up-life our race. Three times Catholic Emancipation was carried by the Commons of England; three times it was defeated by the English Lords; and it was not until the Duke of Wellington took the English Lords that their only alternative was the Civil War—it was only then that they passed Emancipation, and when they passed it, as you know, they gave a half-measure, leaving restrictions on religious liberty which exist to this day in Ireland, and disfranchising a large body of Irish electors known as the forty shilling freeholders.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN ENGLISH, BRITISH AND SELFISH. Take the question of the land in Ireland. I say the House of Lords are responsible for every murder, for every drop of blood shed in that terrible land war. Every Land Bill sent up from the House of Commons to them all through the century they had defeated, but upon one side, mutilated or delayed, delayed until its value was gone, passed eventually in such a form that it did not cure the evil, and they never got any concession till Ireland was in a state of turmoil, and crime, and bloodshed, and they have refused to submit to justice. The quarrel of the democracy of England with the House of Lords was, therefore, as nothing compared with the quarrel of the Irish people opposing the House of Lords. The House of Lords have always been the enemies of the Irish people at both sides of the Channel. The abolition or the limitation of the veto of the House of Lords means Home Rule for Ireland. The House of Lords have never been really hostile to the principle of National Self-Government. They have never actively understood it, and it is only of recent years that they have had any doubts as to how to speak of it in their hands. They don't any longer believe the lies that are told about Ireland. I have made some inquiries since I came into the House of Commons as to the efforts of the Unionist orators to get up the old excitement and to resurrect the old raw and bloody bones which were paraded twenty years ago against Home Rule, and I find that the House of Lords has entirely failed. That confirms the view I have held for years that the obstacle in the way of Home Rule was not any English hostility on the part of the mass of the people. The obstacle was this.

THE OBSTACLE TO THE CONCESSION OF IRELAND'S RIGHTS. The mass of the people of this country have not the knowledge, the resources of their own mind to attend to questions affecting the lives of themselves and their children. They have not got the necessary time to devote to spending the whole of a lifetime, say, of two Parliaments, and to go through, perhaps, two or three dissolutions in order to fight the House of Lords on the Irish Question. That has been the obstacle. If the House of Lords' veto had not been there we would have got Home Rule any time for the last ten years—well certainly any time for the last four years. It would have got it in 1903, but the fact is that, to fight the Lords on the Irish Home Rule question would mean shelving all great British questions. In the lifetime of nearly two Parliaments it has been the real obstacle to the concession of our rights. If you remove that veto of the House of Lords then, as we have done, the obstacle is removed. Home Rule will result in the immediate future. Believe me, the moment the veto of the Lords is abolished or limited, the Home Rule question will undergo an entire change. Instead of being a matter of great controversy, it will be then a matter of simply our sitting down quietly and settling the details of the measure which will give Ireland full control of all purely Irish affairs, and at the same time will completely safeguard all imperial interests in this country. All that we want is to have the control of our own affairs, and in the eyes of England internal concerns; but there are some Englishmen who don't trust us, and they don't give us the vote in this hall, but the minute you got Home Rule you will strike out for separation." That is to say, there are some Englishmen who, having trusted people in every other part of the Empire, having trusted the French in Canada, having trusted the Dutch in the Transvaal, having trusted the people of all nationalities in these three or twenty-four different portions of the Empire, will not trust the Irish people!

They won't trust them with self-government, but if they want a great state they will go on and vote in this hall, for the Empire, they are glad to trust an Irishman, or if they want a gallant man to lead their navy, or a gallant man to lead their army, they will go on and happily trust an Irishman. But in our own little country they won't trust the same men to manage Land, or Education, or Industrial Development, or any other business of national concerns that we desire to govern.

STARVE IT OUT. Yellow journalism is the greatest curse of the age, being the most noxious of all other forms of evil taken together. It is a magnifying glass through which the public is enabled to see scandals that otherwise would have escaped notice, and view others, magnified twenty-fold, that would only have been seen in suppressed form. The editor of the yellow sheet digs up all sorts of stuff from public and private life, dresses it up with exaggerated truth and fiction, and hands it out to be devoured greedily by the thousands that daily await it. The knowledge of a scandal which might have become the property of the whole country. The unfortunate character or characters concerned in it are advertised throughout the length and breadth of the land, thus having their reputations hopelessly lost, which otherwise they might have regained.

The controllers of the yellow journal never hesitate to devote its advertising space to any purpose, no matter how vile, provided sufficient payment is received for it. Here, swindlers of all kinds may set their snares for the unwary. Publishers of immoral books, managers of indecent plays find here a ready medium through which they can cause a scandal which is the latest of the day in this way is enough to make the yellow journalist a devil in human form. What is the cause of the yellow journal having such an enormous circulation? The reason is plain. Parents allow it to enter their homes. Children are permitted to read it, as the latest grow older they become more and more addicted to the reading of its pages. As a natural consequence it follows that they in their turn think nothing of allowing their children to read it. This generation after generation is corrupted by this awful yellow peril.

How is this state of affairs to be remedied? This is the question which, it would seem, is most difficult to answer. Yet, there is a remedy, and a sure one too, if applied properly. Let parents see to it that a good, christian and moral paper is received in the home. Let them encourage their children in the habit of reading it. Let the children's taste for wholesome and moral reading will be formed. At the same time it will cause them to acquire a distaste for indecent literature.

X. Y. Z. But clouds may hide the bluest sky, And tears 'neath softest smiles may lie; Strong winds may make rough the smoothest sea, And crash to earth the tallest tree; Though light the ways that to us fall The pain of others adds all— Some days.

SOME DAYS. Some days there are when life and love Seem best of gifts from God above; Some days when sky and sun and sea Bring sweetest thoughts of life to me; Some days heartaches but to trifle seem; And haunting cares an idle dream— Some days.

CATHOLIC NOTES. Rev. John J. Lawler, whose appointment as Auxiliary Bishop of St. Paul, Minn., was noted in last week's paper, will be consecrated immediately after Easter.

The United States Government has notified the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame that it will donate the original boulder on the field of Gettysburg, where Father Corby, C. S. C., stood when giving general absolution to the soldiers. It is proposed to erect a monument to the soldier-priest on that spot. Notre Dame University clubs in all parts of the State are interested.

President Taft is going to honor St. Patrick by going to Chicago, where the Irish Fellowship Club is to give a big banquet that night. He told Representative Madden of Illinois that he would go to Chicago, but had to tell Senator Cullom, who wanted him to drop off at Quincy, that it couldn't be arranged. It was understood that the President is to have the "O" officially placed before his name at the banquet.

Canon Gadenne, of the Diocese of Cambrai, is the oldest priest in the world, says the Melbourne Advocate. He was born at Lille in 1806, ordained in 1832, made cure of Raeches (near Douay) in 1846, and has still charge of that parish. He shows the venerable cure to be one hundred and thirty-three years old. He has been seventy-seven years a priest, and sixty-six years a parish priest.

The convent of the Sacred Heart, St. Louis, through Mother Donnelly, has received \$200,000, the whole estate of her uncle, Rev. Michael McPaul. Father McPaul's father was a wealthy citizen of St. Louis. His last will shows the venerable cure to be one hundred and thirty-three years old. He has been seventy-seven years a priest, and sixty-six years a parish priest.

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LORNA DOONE

R. B. D. BLACKMORE. CHAPTER XXVI. JOHN IS DRAINED AND CAST ASIDE.

His lordship was busy with some letters, and did not look up for a minute or two, although he knew that was there. Meanwhile stood waiting to make my bow, afraid to begin upon him, and wondering at his great bull-head. Then he closed his letters, well pleased with their import, and gave an bold broad stare on me, as if I were an oyster opened, and he would know how fresh I was.

stopped, having no right there to speak about Annie. "The Fagus is a good man," he said, and his great square face had a smile which showed me he had met my cousin; Master Fagus had made mistakes as to the title to property, as lawyers oftentimes may; but take him all for all, he is a thoroughly straightforward man; presents his bill, and has it paid, and makes no charge for drawing it. Nevertheless, we must tax his costs, as of any other solicitor.

do, and indeed is bound to do, when he comes from London; but for not being certified first what cash I had to go on with. And that was my great amazement, when I went with another bill for the victuals of only three days more, and a week's expense on the homeward road; reckoned very narrowly, Master Spank not only refused to grant me any interview, but sent me out a piece of blank paper; looking like a butcher's ticket, and bearing these words and no more, "John Ridd, go to the devil. He who will not when he may, when he will, he shall have any." From this I concluded that I had lost favor in the sight of Chief Justice Jeffrey. Perhaps because my evidence had not proved of any value; perhaps because he meant to let the matter lie till cast on him.

ing he would risk a thousand pounds as though it were a penny. I told him not to do it, because I had heard otherwise, but was not at liberty to tell one-tenth of what I knew, and indeed, had seen in London town. But of this he said nothing, and I nodded at him; and he could not make it out. For it takes an old man, or at least a middle-aged one, to nod and wink with any power on the brain of other men. I was, however, very glad to nod at him; and he could not make it out. For it takes an old man, or at least a middle-aged one, to nod and wink with any power on the brain of other men. I was, however, very glad to nod at him; and he could not make it out.

my God, for being grumbling and complaining." She reached the field at last, and drew up to the cow that was there. Without knowing why, her peace of mind forsook her when she heard the lowing of the poor, senseless beast. "Two'n't be long now, avourneen," says she, kissing the cow on the neck, "till it's someone else will be minding you besides me."

MAURA STOPPED, MILKING THE COW INTO THE LITTLE VESSEL IN HER HAND, AND EVERY NOW AND THEN SHE'D EMPTY IT INTO THE PAUL CUP, BY HUMMING A SONG TO HERSELF THE WHILE, AS WAS HER CUSTOM. ALL OF A SUDDEN THE COW UPSET THE MILK, AND SHE LOOKED ROUND, AND A FINE, STRONG BOY STOOD BEFORE HER. "I'm not surprised," says she, "that the poor, dumb creature was frightened, and you to come out before her of a jump, just as if there was great anger on her. 'Is it humbugging me you are, you scoundrel of the world?'"

MAURA WAS CONFUSED, AND DIDN'T KNOW WELL WHAT TO SAY; BUT SHE FACED THE DIFFICULTY. "No, indeed," replied the young man laughing. "Didn't you ever hear 'The Modderreen run?'" "I did, an' often; but I don't see what split milk has to do with the likes of that," said she, looking at the boy with a fine time out there. "Curiosity was preying so much on Maura that she forgot her anger. 'Midding,' says he, 'were there many people in it out of Aran More?'"

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A LOVE STORY OF THE ARAN ISLES

She was a pretty girl, in the bloom and flower of youth. She was running a snug sea as she tripped down the school-house road at Inismacuil. There was a basket on her back, and she carried a wooden vessel in her hand. 'Twas an evening in August. The sun was setting behind the northern island. The colors of the rainbow were to be seen on the calm ocean, and Maura Connelly skipped to glee on the beautiful night before her eyes.

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

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1910

CONSECRATION OF BISHOP FALLON

We are pleased to be able to announce that the probable date has been named for the consecration of the new Bishop of London, Ont. On the 23rd inst. the Bulls arrived in London from Rome, and were conveyed to the Bishop-elect in Buffalo by the Rev. J. T. Aylward, Rector of St. Peter's Cathedral.

AN ARTICLE IN THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

Our attention has been drawn to an article in the February number of the University Magazine. This Magazine is a quarterly under the auspices of the three Canadian Universities: Toronto, McGill of Montreal and Dalhousie College.

authorities to join in the protection of their students against this dangerous higher criticism. We warn our Catholic students to be upon their guard. An education may be necessary for them. But it would be too dearly bought if it were purchased at the expense of their faith.

here is the "Dear Babe divine." How do we know that? We have a Professor's word for it. This we cannot accept, seeing that without any authority he wraps the Babe in song. If the surroundings are so poetic what guarantee have we that the Babe Himself is not the creation of a poet?

MINISTERIAL UNBELIEF

At a meeting of Methodist ministers, held lately at Calgary, the Rev. Mr. Gale of Boston startled the assembly with the candid admission he made about the increase of unbelief. It is the curse at present upon the world. Mr. Gale considered that it was due to the unsettled mind of the younger ministers.

A PERSONAL DEVIL

We have in another column taken up the correspondence upon an Episcopal Bishop whose discourse leads us to a few words upon the question as to whether the devil is personal or impersonal.

PULPIT EXCHANGES

One of the facts of these days of religious indifference and liberalism is the exchange of pulpits. A Presbyterian minister takes the Methodist pulpit whilst the Methodist goes over the way to the Presbyterian. It looks so brotherly, you know; and sounds so well, so hollow.

God. The difference between good and evil, since it rests upon an effective and real power, is neither subjective nor relative. Neither is it a fatal development of natural life—nor a slow progress towards good.

Parochial Troubles. Multitudinous are the difficulties of a parish—as many as the trials of the just. Finances in the temporal order, neglect of religious duties and absence from Sunday Mass in the spiritual order present the advancement of religion and distress the zealous priest.

Catholics and the Carnegie Library. Some years ago only a few of the larger centres of population in this province possessed a public library, but now, thanks to the generosity of Mr. Carnegie the little hole-in-the-corner Meacham's Institute of many of our small towns has given place to a substantial building well lighted and artistically furnished.

The Reader's Corner. "I do not envy the man who never had a day-dream, to whom a yellow primrose is a flower and nothing more, who has never seen a vision in the clouds that hang about the sunset, nor watched the weird falls in the evening fire."

Some people apparently mistake me for my saintly namesake, judging by the letters they write. But fortunately there is a waste-paper basket near at hand. I am always pleased to hear from my readers, and if their letters are sufficiently interesting, I will give Cornerites the benefit of them.

We can assure our friend, the editor of the Orange Sentinel, that we are quite sincere in recommending that he should stop publishing his paper and get out instead an agricultural weekly. This would do some good for Canada.

liberties being assailed and battered out of shape by the hierarchy. We may tell him in all sincerity that in the hands of the hierarchy his civil and religious liberty is quite safe.

It is a pleasure to hear from "A. C. Reader," of Philadelphia. But I am not secretary of the Biblical Commission. All the same I will try and answer your questions briefly.

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It is generally agreed that the woman who washed the feet of our Lord at the house of Simon the Pharisee and the woman who performed the same act in the house of Simon the leper (Luke vii, 37, Matthew xxvi, 7) are identical. The name Magdalen is not "the family name." It is taken from the town Magdala on the shore of the lake of Galilee.

My correspondent questions the right of calling our asylums for our poor fallen sisters Magdalen Homes. He interprets this casting out of seven devils to mean the poor creature was simply demented or insane. Here he is clearly astray. The expression "seven devils" occurs in connection with only one other incident in the gospels (Luke xi, 20), and then evidently denotes a possession of devils, the possession of the seven deadly sins. It seems reasonable to interpret verse 18 as a figure of speech in the light of xi, 20. And thus your objection is groundless, "A. C. R." Your own explanation of (St. Mark, v, 2) is as good as any other.

"S. C." (Sarala, Ontario). The society you mention is not formally condemned by the Church. But the advisability of Catholics joining it is another question. A purely non-Catholic organization like that is no place for a good Catholic. There are innumerable dangers in such an atmosphere and environment. And for the life of me I can't see why any Catholic should join such a society. Have we not plenty of good Catholic societies of our own? Surely there is room and to spare in the Knights of Columbus, the C. O. F., the A. O. H., the C. M. B. A., and kindred organizations for every genuine Catholic. There is something wrong with the man who thinks a non-Catholic society more respectable than a Catholic. A good sincere, open Protestant we can understand and respect, but a Catholic who is ashamed of his faith is a despicable object.

The delicate lady lives mortified there, And the feast is forsaken for fasting and prayer.

Four hundred and thirty-six years ago on the third of March, Michael Angelo was born. Nine years later in the same month of March, Raphael died, the few great artists of all times, was born. Vandyke is also a March man, but he comes one hundred and sixteen years later.

ADDER'S CORNER EDITED BY "COLUMBA" by the man who never had whom he follows primrose nothing more, who has sunset in the clouds that are sunset, nor watched the evening fire.

Yet not to the service of heart and of mind, Are the care of that heaven-minded virgin confined, Like Him Whom she loves, to the mansion of grief

Parochial Business Methods Just as every ordinary man is, barring minor details, much like every other ordinary man, so every normal Catholic parish bears, in the main, a general resemblance to every other parish. In regard to the latter I except, of course, those very large centres having special features, and also very small ones in purely rural localities.

THE CEMETERY We Catholics revere the bodies of our dead. Not to tolerate any disrespect to them. We even revere a Catholic pauper's body from the dissecting table. Best of all, we pray for our departed.

Unshrinking where pestilence scatters its breath Like an angel she moves, 'mid the vapours of death; Where rings the loud musket, and flashes the sword, Unfearing she walks, for she follows the Lord.

THE CEMETERY (continued) In the parson's office hangs (in a removable frame) a large map on strong paper, every lot being numbered, and big enough to contain owner's name. Of this map the sexton has a duplicate, not framed, but rolled in oil-cloth cover to permit of being carried about the cemetery in all weathers, and he must keep his map up-to-date.

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For she sees in the wounded the image of Him. Behold her, ye worldly! behold her, ye vain! Who shrink from the pathway of virtue and pain; Who yield up to pleasure your nights and your days, Forgetful of service, forgetful of praise, Ye lazy philosophers—self-seeking men, Ye fireless philanthropists great at the pen,

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HER DEATH WAS HOURLY EXPECTED

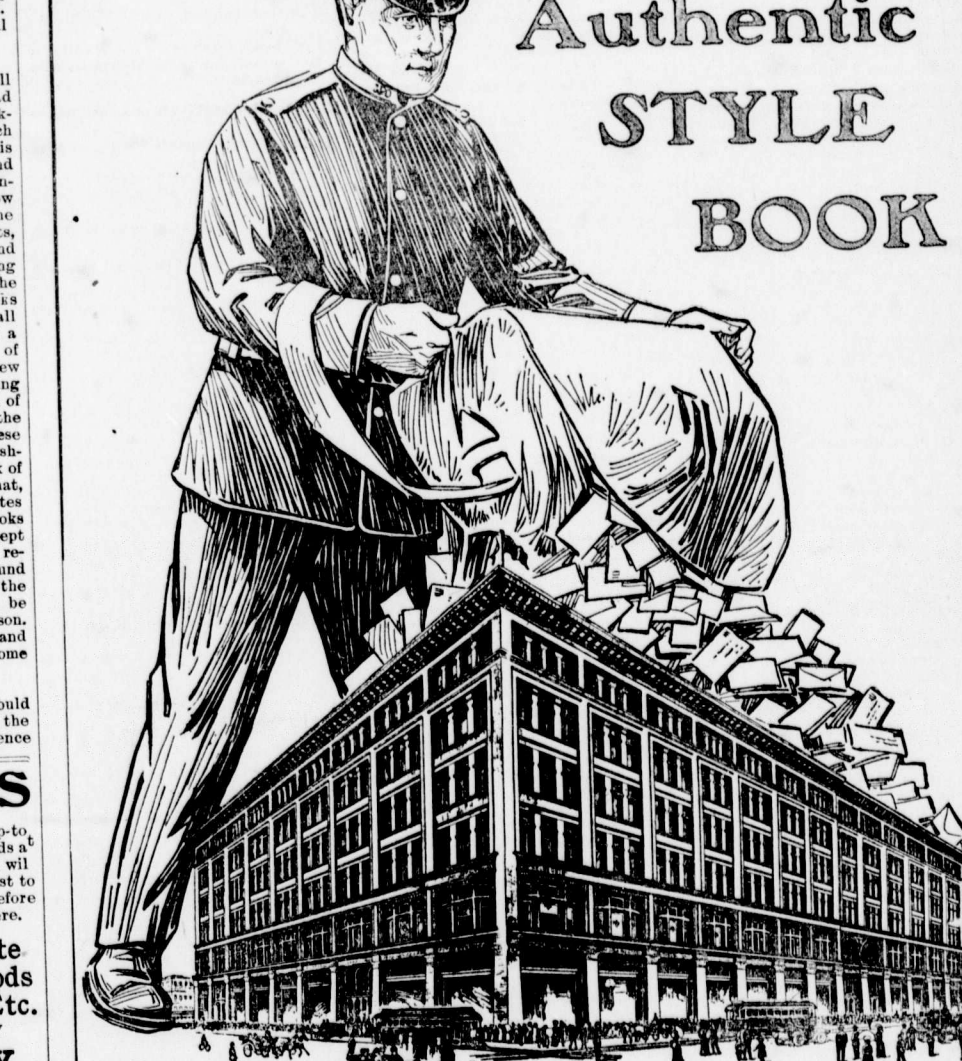
Enterprise, Ont., Oct. 1st, 1908. "For seven years I suffered with what could neither sit, stand, nor lie down. Hypodermics of morphia had to be given me to ease the pain."



Mrs. James Fenwick My case seemed hopeless, and my friends hourly expected my death. I was during one of these very bad spells that a family friend brought a box of "Fruit-a-tives" to the house. After much persuasion I commenced to take them, but I was so bad that it was only when I had taken nearly two boxes that I commenced to experience relief. I kept up the treatment, however, and after taking five boxes I was cured, and when I appeared on the street my friends said, "The dead has come to life," and this seemed literally true, because I certainly was at death's door."

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There are mercenary... great fortunes... weight among... they have no ideal... their ideal... characters have... of their business... Contrast these... stood for half a... head of solid house... men; who... quality in every... rounded themselves... ity but with men... ter.

We instinctively... thing; who are... honesty. It is n... agree with ma... strength, opinio... the influen... The late Car... and antagon... changed his poli... but even his wor... was one thing h... on friends or p... party; and who... principle as be... parleying with... could stand alo... the world again... changes, his ma... policies, could... admiration for... his convictions... from a German... try, where he c... count of his m... when but a me... liam I. had such... his honesty of... of character t... turn to Germ... him a public di... tribute.

Whoever ill... great fundame... tide, of hone... will be respect... A rich life is... more to the w... count. Who... asking how mu... Yet the whole... life and exam... rich, save for... of character wh... richer, but ever... THE P... Who can... President El... lifting our... through the... go outside t... tremendous c... character of... every one wh... to higher lev... in trying to... ideas swept... could not he... to him and v... a mighty triu... expression of... race, in the... of the coming... our country... the the... direction of... grand sight... those men v... the ideal!

What from... like this: "I am gett... not feel righ... still the... "Wrong, we... "Leave it... the writers... stay in a q... matter what... false light... you follow i... mental fac... actor, to do... ence forbidd... THE... Tell the... do question... work for h... trade-marke... of your inte... do. Tell h... in you can... lowest cann... the best th... manhood, to... institution... the suggesti... for consis... Resolve... being some... you will no... cation, you... expect him... him, either... selling goo... Resolve... you are g... this you... lawyer, a c... clerk, a fa... who care... you are go... treat the tim... how a ma... say their... law of cha...

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON

FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT

THE LUST OF THE EYES

Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them. For the things that are done by them in secret, it is a shame even to speak of. - Ephes. 5: 11-12

Some weeks ago, my dear brethren, we had occasion to speak of the horrible and filthy vice of impurity, which is every day dragging into hell thousands of souls with its insidious and insatiable grip upon them, and washed in vain with His precious blood. As was said then, many Christians do not seem to realize the enormity of sin against the sixth commandment—at least those of thought and of the tongue; to which may be added those coming from the use of the other senses, especially that of sight.

An inmoderate imagination or desire, wilfully entertained or enjoyed, is a mortal sin, and gives the soul so harbouring it instantly into the power of the devil. Let us hope that no one having the Catholic faith will doubt this, or think it too strict a doctrine; for it is the unanimous consent of all teaching authority in the Church from the beginning, amply supported also by Holy Scripture. What shall we say, then, of wilful and deliberate gazing at immodest pictures, or of reading matter directly calculated to inflame impure passions, and certain to have its effect? Now, I hardly need to say that a city like this is full of these temptations coming through the eyes into the heart. The good and pure instinctively avoid them, and scarcely know that they exist. They know that, as the apostle says, it is a shame to speak of these things, a greater shame to write or to read of them, a greater shame yet to expose them to sight, to incite temptation by them, and thus to destroy the souls for which Christ died.

I say that the good and pure are not likely to be caught in this net of Satan; by this I mean those who have been warned of the evil, who understand its danger, and from well-formed habits of virtue set themselves resolutely against it. But there are others who are good and pure in their hearts, and who gaze unwearied of the evil, who understand its danger, and from well-formed habits of virtue set themselves resolutely against it. But there are others who are good and pure in their hearts, and who gaze unwearied of the evil, who understand its danger, and from well-formed habits of virtue set themselves resolutely against it. But there are others who are good and pure in their hearts, and who gaze unwearied of the evil, who understand its danger, and from well-formed habits of virtue set themselves resolutely against it. But there are others who are good and pure in their hearts, and who gaze unwearied of the evil, who understand its danger, and from well-formed habits of virtue set themselves resolutely against it.

ONE RESULT OF REFORMATION

A writer in the London Outlook, discussing the vast number of English village folk who have taken part in all active participation in the life and worship of the Anglican Established Church, makes this significant remark: "It must be remembered that since the Reformation the number of people who have been held by the country poor with the utmost vagueness. It is impossible to exaggerate the effect produced by the loss of the crucifix alone, and the substitution for it of books which the people could not read. Going still further the writer says: "The Methodist preaching of the Redeemer must have come almost as a novelty to rural England. Every trace of Christianity has vanished from popular English speech. A cultured non-Catholic gentleman speaking to us, the other day, described Protestantism as 'Christianity in the process of disintegration.' A Free-thinker himself he rejected at any triumph, real or apparent, of Protestantism, because he looked upon it as a step toward this condition of things which he desired—a completely religionless world. Evidently the foregoing evidence from the Outlook's writer would please him and his kind exceedingly—to say nothing of the following: "The belief in Almighty God is practically the one doctrine of village theology. There may be more or less of Christian coloring—truth compels me to say that there is usually very little. There is surprisingly little spontaneous and instinctive reference to our Lord in the religious talk of the country poor. Compare with this the mental attitude and the common, every-day speech of the people of a country wherein the Reformation failed—Ireland. There God and the Spirit of God and the Son of God and the Mother of God and the Saints of God are no strangers to the habit of thought of the people. There the bond with the old Catholic days of faith having remained unbroken, despite all assaults upon it, the mentality of the country people is saturated with

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TRUE DEVOTION

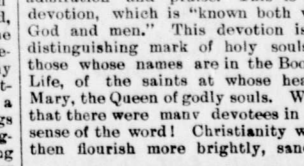
God has been pleased to endow the feminine sex with a singular love of prayer; hence we see the women of all ages more frequently and in greater numbers in the house of God than the men. This natural predisposition is a valuable one. Happy they that make good use of it, for by it they may earn an eternal reward. "Because thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will place thee over many things." But the best disposition may deteriorate; a salutary medicine may, in the hands of the ignorant and inexperienced, become a deadly poison. So the love of prayer, implanted by God in the heart of women may degenerate into what is evil, and become the cause of their eternal damnation.

The Christian young woman who performs her religious duties with true devotion deserves the highest commendation. By devotion I mean prayer, hearing the word of God, receiving the sacraments. Many a pious woman may be found whose devotion is fervent, heartfelt, who obeys the promptings of grace in her soul; and such a one can not fail to receive our admiration. God Himself desires true devotion on our part; He requires us to pray. Many and urgent are the commands He lays upon us in this regard. "Let nothing hinder thee from praying always." "Take ye heed, watch and pray." "Be instant in prayer." "We ought to pray and not faint." God also requires us to hear His word. "Join thyself from thy heart to wisdom that thou mayest hear every discourse of God." "Go therefore, teach all nations; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you. In this command to preach to all nations is included the command binding all nations to hear them. God also requires us to receive the sacraments. Jesus instituted them for the benefit of all mankind, and wishes all to avail themselves of them. "Take ye and eat, this is My body." Thus we see that God requires of us the practice of devotion, and that it is conducive to our eternal salvation.

Fathers of the Church are unanimous in asserting the power of prayer. St. Chrysostom says that by prayer, the earthly nature of man becomes heavenly. St. Augustine calls prayer the key that unlocks heaven. The divine word is also a powerful means of salvation; in fact, it is the source of our spiritual welfare. "He that shall drink of the water that I will give him shall not thirst, for ever." "How then shall they call on Him, of whom they have not believed? Or how shall they believe Him, of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear, without a preacher?" Likewise, the reception of the sacraments is necessary. "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all iniquity." "If any man eat of this Bread he shall live forever." That which God enjoins upon us, and which is conducive to our salvation, cannot be otherwise than excellent and admirable. Hence one that practices true devotion is deserving of the highest praise.

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would be more common in the family and community. "The fruit of a just man is a tree of life." Give yourselves to the practice of piety and devotion be fervent in prayer, make it your delight to hear the word of God, receive the sacraments frequently. See that you unite a pious life to the practice of devotion. Be chaste, humble, industrious; in a word: "Seek the things that are above. Mind the things that are above, not the things that are upon earth."—Rev. Joseph Schuen.

MARIO AND TERRAZANO'S UNKNOWN

Intermittent Catholic. Looking over Henry Abbey's charming poem and verses the other evening, we were impressed with the easy swing of his delightful muse when he treats of the kindly and simple acts of every day life. His poem, "For Sweet Charity's Sake," gives us an incident in the life of the great Italian tenor, Mario, and furnishes a beautiful example, a lovely illustration, of the sympathy for human suffering is universal. It also reminds us that on the stage appear men and women whose deeds of tender mercy, at times, evoke the appreciation of a wholesome-hearted people. Four years ago we formed one of a small crowd on the Correo Mayor, Durango, Mexico, which stood listening to a respectable appearing, but poorly dressed musician, who with his two daughters and his little son made up a charming street orchestra. Just as they began the "Faueta," a Spanish folk song, a young gentleman and a refined looking and elegantly dressed lady approached. They paused, looked upon the poor musician and his children, exchanged a few words between themselves, then, asking for room, they gave one of the new compositions of the Spanish dance, the fandango, we had anywhere witnessed on or off the stage. For at least ten minutes they gyrated back and forth, crossed, recrossed, swayed and changed the crowd increasing to hundreds. The music stopped, the dancer lifted his hat and spoke. "While we are collecting something from you for these poor people, they will play for us." "El Tazuelito." Everyone gave, and when the dancers emptied what they collected into the hat of the musician, a great "Viva—a hurrah" went up from us all; the gentleman and his fair companion bowed to the crowd and crossed the Correo. The Durango evening paper said they were members of Terrazano's Opera company from Madrid, touring South America and Mexico.

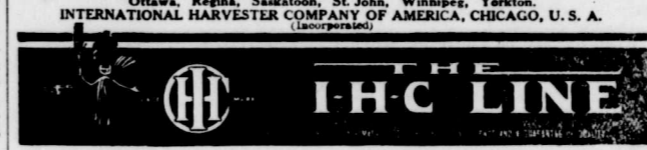
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anthropologists and well wishers of their fellowmen should all tend toward encouraging agriculture. "We eat too much meat, and the requirements of health and strength will be better served if we turn to other articles of food that are much cheaper. Certain housewives whose deposits in the savings bank are the lightest kind, if, indeed, they have deposits at all, when marketing are ashamed to call for any more than the most palatable prices. "And then, in the matter of living among rich and poor, there is a dreadful waste and extravagance resulting from ignorance of housekeeping and especially the almost neglected art of cooking. American cooks do not know how to cook in a manner palatable and health giving."

IS THIS RELIGION?

The religious peace of our rural communities is from time to time disturbed by the advent of some glib-tongued orator, who comes to preach and advertised for the purpose of infusing spirit into the Baptists and Methodists. He comes not uninvited. He comes as the guest of the minister or of some big name in the community. The local press is full of him long before his arrival and his address is duly chronicled after his departure. Unless the local priest gets busy and shows him up, the occasion carries with it the respectability of the local Catholics and their Church have been insulted and misrepresented; ancient lies and slanders have been dug up, and heaped upon the public as truths; foul-mouthed calumnies have been uttered about the priests and the nuns. What of it? Is not all that religion, and isn't it right to expose the monster in their midst?

CHARITY GOES WITH CHRISTIANITY

Every student of history knows that charity was unknown before Christianity spread its beneficent influence over the civilized world and taught the true worth and dignity of each human being as a child of God. The brotherhood of man is a truth inculcated by Christianity. In our day much of the so-called "humanitarianism" is taught as a substitute for Christianity, instead of given its proper place in the Christian order. But although society may, for a time, continue to be guided by Christian principles of conduct even after Christian faith has been abandoned, it is not to be expected that mere materialistic philosophy will keep alive charity which finds only in Christianity its justification and supreme exemplar. In time society will be no better than its principles and its belief. Down in Boston last week a professor, Porter, of the Harvard Medical school, created a great sensation by declaring that "charity is a disgrace." "The useless should be allowed to starve and the unfit to die." At once a storm of protest arose, and the professor was denounced as a heartless wretch. He deserved the characterization. He was heartless; but his declaration is entirely consistent with the new

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN
STAND FOR SOMETHING

Nathan Straus, when asked the secret of his great success in business, said it was their treatment of the man at the other end of the bargain. He said that they could not afford to make enemies; they could not afford to dispense or take advantage of customers, or to give them reason to think that they had been unfairly dealt with—that in the long run, the man who gave the squarest deal to the man at the other end of the bargain would get ahead fastest.

DON'T DEAL WITH INFERIORITY
There are merchants who have made great fortunes, but who do not carry weight among their fellow men, because they have dealt all their lives with inferiority. They have lived with shoddy and cheap goods, and have taken advantage of the inferior standards of life have been lowered; their ideals have shrunk; their characters have partaken of the quality of their business.

Contrast these men with the men who stand for half a century or more at the head of solid houses, substantial institutions; men who have always stood for quality in everything; men who have rounded themselves not only with ability but with men and women of character.

We instinctively believe in character. We admire people who stand for something; who are centered in truth and honesty. It is not necessary that they agree with us. We admire them for their strength, the honesty of their opinions, the inflexibility of their principles.

The late Carl Schurz was a strong man and antagonized many people. He changed his political views very often, but even his worst enemies knew there was one thing he would never go back on, friends or no friends, party or no party; and that was his devotion to principle as he saw it. There was no parleying with his convictions. He would stand alone, if necessary, with all the world against him. His inconsistencies, his many changes in parties and policies, could not destroy the universal admiration for the man who stood for his convictions. Although he escaped from a German prison and fled his country, where he had been arrested on account of his revolutionary principles, when he returned to America, he was not a man of mere youth, Emperor William I. had such a profound respect for his honesty and purpose and his strength of character that he granted him a public dinner, and paid him great tribute.

Whoever illustrates in his life the great fundamental principles of rectitude, of honesty, and square dealing will be respected.

A rich life is worth a thousand times more to the world than a rich bank account. Who would not be thoughtful of asking how much money Lincoln left? Yet the whole world was richer for his life and example. Grant was a bankrupt when he died, but his memory is still a source of inspiration to us, and every American citizen feels richer to-day because Grant lived.

THE POWER OF IDEAL
Who can estimate the influence of President Eliot in enriching and uplifting our national ideas and standards through the thousands of students who go out from Harvard University with the tremendous earnestness and nobility of character of Phillips Brooks raised every one who came within his influence to higher levels. His great earnestness in trying to lead people up to his lofty ideals swept everything before it. One could not help feeling while listening to him and watching him that there was a mighty triumph of character over the expression of manhood. Such men as these increase our faith in the race, in the possibilities of the grandeur of the coming man. We are prouder of our country because of men like him.

It is the ideal that determines the direction of the life. And what a grand sight, what an inspiration, are those men who sacrifice the dollar to the ideal! We often receive letters which read like this: "I am getting a good salary; but I do not feel right about it, somehow. I can't still the voice within me that says 'Wrong, wrong, to what I am doing.' 'Leave it, leave it,' we always say to the writers of these letters. Do not stay in a questionable occupation; if the false light will lead you on the rocks if you follow it. It is demoralizing to the mental faculties, paralyzing to the character, to do a thing which one's conscience forbids."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS
THE BOYS AND THE GARDEN
Formerly the fifty years the Simpson family had occupied the house on the corner of Lakewood avenue. Miss Marcia Simpson, the last of the family, now lives there alone. One day, Miss Marcia called to ask a week her physical welfare; to ask a week her physical welfare in the boarding house. In the summer she was absorbed in the care of her garden and lawn, which were to her as the very apple of her eye. With almost as much affection she had regarded the Dacre property next door to her. John Dacre the son sold the property to a city man, who subdivided it, and on the lot next to Miss Marcia raised a three-story flat building. The first floor flat was rented, and the new tenants had arrived. Miss Marcia's lips compressed tightly when she saw two boys standing on the back porch looking out on the patch of green in the small garden. The next moment, she reached for her sunbonnet and made her way out into her garden. Miss Marcia was the beginning of August, and the first blossom had just appeared. Miss Marcia knelt beside the bed, apparently intending to hop off an unjust leaf there; in truth, she was watching the two boys who had descended to the patch of yard next door.

"Hello! You've got a pretty garden. My mother loves flowers, too." It was the most neighborly of boyish voices that broke the droogy afternoon still.

"We haven't any. Maybe we can't have any, because we've got to have room for the clothes." Miss Marcia bent lower over the marigolds.

"We had a garden where we lived before, and Don and me helped father with it," eagerly added another boyish voice. Still Miss Marcia did not speak, and the first boy said, in a hushed voice, to his companion: "Nat, I guess she's deaf, like Aunt Jane. Isn't it too bad?"

MY VARICOSE VEINS
WERE CURED COMPLETELY BY **ABSORBINE**

ABSORBINE
ABSORBINE CURED MY VARICOSE VEINS COMPLETELY

more easily evade it. But justice is tangible as a millstone around one's neck. Whence this claim of justice?—this justice or right of the parent to say to the offspring "pay what thou owest?" This right is specified in the natural bond, binding parent and child; this right is writ in the natural implicit contract by the terms of which parents in want are entitled to the same support from their children as the children in their want receive from their parents. This right is born of the birth pangs of the mother and of the father's sweat and worry. This right is a spiritual, indelible, and perpetual right, no change of place, no new responsibility can nullify it. The necessities of wife and children, and of a man's parents being equal, the man is bound to help his parents first. Filial obligations enjoy the distinction of priority. Even religious vows yield to the claims of parental necessity. To constitute a mortal sin of neglect it is not necessary that a parent be in the extreme of old age and infirmity. It is not easy to draw the line between slight and serious sins against the right of parents to the practical kindness of their offspring.

Justly or unjustly we Americans are charged with gross neglect of filial piety. The charge is based on the custom of paying board to parents as if they were strangers, or as if the paying of board could compensate for the graying of a mother. How sharper than a serpent's fang it is to have a child who pays board for a week's trouble and forgets the long track of years which he has snatched at the breast and led by the hand and carried on his father's back. How little did the mother think when she pressed her child a thousand times to her breast that she was carrying a serpent in her bosom! How she prayed to God to spare that child when God seemed willing to relieve her of a curse. A sarcastic stranger recently wrote after reading that she was carrying a serpent in her bosom! How she prayed to God to spare that child when God seemed willing to relieve her of a curse. A sarcastic stranger recently wrote after reading that she was carrying a serpent in her bosom! How she prayed to God to spare that child when God seemed willing to relieve her of a curse.

"It is very good of you, Mary Ann," Miss Marcia said gratefully. It occurred to the latter just as she was about to leave the boys next door, and she asked her helper if they still lived there.

"Sure," Mary Ann answered briefly. They haven't annoyed me in the least with their noise while I've been confined to my room, but I suppose I couldn't hear them on this side of the house."

"Indeed you would, if they wasn't natural-born gentlemen and remembered to pass your window quietly," Mary Ann spoke up. "They've learned to be quiet when sick folks are around. That's why they moved over here. They take their meals over at the Wilsons; she isn't able to do much. The boys help her lots."

"Stuck, is she?" Miss Marcia considered, and remembered that one of the boys had said his mother loved flowers.

"That same afternoon Miss Marcia was able, for the first time, to pass from her room into the next; then came the temptation to step into the garden. How beautiful and green it was! A yellow daisy and a pink pansy! At this moment Miss Marcia caught sight of a boyish figure bending over her pansy bed. Just then he rose, and turning towards her, in an instant he came running towards her."

"We've liked taking care of your garden, Nat and I have. We used to help father, you know, and—Nat, come quick! Here's Miss Marcia outdoors again."

The light of understanding softened Miss Marcia's heart and face.

"Do you mean that you and your brother cared for my garden while I was laid up?" she asked.

"Yes," and father helped some, too. We thought you wouldn't mind, when you couldn't do it yourself; and Mary and I hadn't time, and she said it was all right."

"It is very kind of you," Miss Marcia said slowly. Then she added: "You must pick a nice bouquet and take it to your mother."

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BENEDICTION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT
The Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is one of the simplest rites of the Church. The priest enters and kneel down, one of them unlocks the Tabernacle, takes out the Blessed Sacrament, inserts it upright in a monstrance of precious metal, and sets it in a canopy of lights, for all to see. The people then begin to sing. Meanwhile, the priest twice offers incense to the King of Heaven, before Who enters in his hands, and turning to the people, blesses them with the Most Holy, in the form of a cross, while the bell is sounded by one of the attendants to call attention to the ceremony. It is Our Lord's solemn Benediction of His people, as when He lifted up His hand over the children, or when He blessed them from Olivet. As sons might come before a parent going to bed at night, so once or twice a week the great Catholic family comes before the Eternal Father, after the bustle or toil of the day, and He smiles upon them and sheds upon them the light of His countenance. It is a full accomplishment of what the priest invoked upon the Israelites: "The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord show His face to thee and have mercy on thee; the Lord turn His countenance to thee and give thee peace." Can there be a more touching rite, even in the judgment of those who do not believe in it? How many a man, not a Catholic, is moved, on seeing it, to say: "Oh, if I did but believe in it when he sees the priest take up the Host of Mercy, and the people bent low in adoration! It is one of the most beautiful, natural and soothing actions of the Church."

A wide-spreading, hopeful disposition is your only true umbrella in this vale of tears.—T. B. Aldrich.
Take the Sunday with you through the week, and sweeten with it all the other days.—Longfellow.

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It is told of him that once a poor Catholic weaver, hoping to better her social position by affiliating herself with Trinity Church, came to Phillips Brooks with a confused tale of "doubts," etc. He appreciated the condition absolutely, and simply said: "My dear woman stay where you belong. What can we give you religiously that

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BELLS

PAROCHIAL BUSINESS METHODS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIVE
doors to meet the rush, and systematically record the contributions;

Finally, instead of the pastor reading out the list of offerings from the pulpit, the bookkeeper at the church entrance collects the offerings, and when collection is closed, with the names of all contributors in alphabetical order,

The same plan should be followed for other principal collections, throughout the year, such as the collection, Peter's Pence, and such like. It will save the bookkeeper much subsequent labor if he carefully preserves a corrected copy of all such printed lists for use when compiling the annual complete detailed printed statement of all contributions to every fund at close of year.

Small towns where the pastor, unless he chances to be a writer, neither knows (or at least knows of) nearly the whole population. District visitors are not so necessary as in larger places. However, even in the former, they would be found useful if there are activities which employ a large number of hands, especially if the employees are frequently recruited from outside localities.

The District visitors are volunteer assistants, composed mostly of women. They meet together and organize under the pastor's leadership. If enough of them are available two visitors are assigned to each division of the parish; and it is their duty to visit, in a friendly way, at stated intervals, every Catholic family in the district assigned them. Each couple either make their rounds jointly, or else visit separately in order to cover the ground more rapidly. Their object in calling on the well-known Catholics is principally to enquire as to the presence in their vicinity of newly-arrived Catholics, so that the latter may be at once welcomed, and their presence made known to the pastor. They also take note of cases of mixed marriages, unbaptized children, non-attendance at Catholic schools, desecration, and such like information as may be useful to the pastor, and beneficial to the new-comer. It has been found that in this way the pastor, having been kept in rapid and frequent touch with all parts of his parish, has been enabled to get quickly in communication with Catholics of whose presence he might have had no knowledge for a long time.

It is essential that District visitors should know the pastor for the outset that such information as they may glean in discharge of their duties should be given only to him, and under no circumstances disclosed to other parties. Hence it would seem best for a pastor wishing to employ District visitors to himself select women of good judgment and discretion, and induce them to offer their services, rather than to publicly call for volunteers, some of whom might not be suitable in this or that respect for the work in hand.

AD FOR THE MISSIONS
It is a fact that from all over Eastern Canada bales of good serviceable second-hand clothing are being sent from time to time by non-Catholic congregations to their missionaries in the newer parts of Canada; and that in some cases gifts of such clothing have been made by the missionaries to poor Catholic settlers and Indians accompanied by efforts to get them to forsake the ministrations of their own religion. And sometimes not without success. To assist the latter to meet this scheme, but above all to put it in their power to relieve the necessities of their poor for the sake of Jesus Christ, the congregation has been appealed to every fall for some years past to contribute good, clean, substantial second-hand clothing for the missions. Each bale was more successful than the last, and it was astonishing what a creditable quality of goods was donated. These were sorted, neatly packed in grain bags, duly tagged, and shipped off to missions and orphanages in the far west. The missionaries acknowledged their receipt with joy and gratitude.

Now, this would be useful help under quite ordinary conditions, but how much more so now, when poor Catholics from all Europe are pouring into the Northwest in such vast numbers, that the struggling clergy there are at their wits' end to find means and time to minister to their flock's spiritual needs, not to speak of their temporal wants. The immigrants come from overcrowded Europe seeking an asylum and a home, many of them practically destitute. They are, as a rule, a fine promising lot who will become good Catholic Canadians, but they often need a little assistance to get started, especially as the winters are severe and clothing expensive to families with but little money. Picture the joy of a missionary priest when he is able to say to a very poor but struggling Catholic immigrant "Bring your family up to the mission house and you shall all have some warm clothing,

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For kind friends have sent me several bales! Every parish can, and should, send at least one bale if not more. At present many excellent cast-off clothes are being thrown away, or fed to the moths, all over Ontario. The Catholic Church Extension Society, 119 Wellington St., West, Toronto, will no doubt gladly advise where such donations are most required.

Complaints are often made, and with considerable reason, that Catholics as a whole do not sufficiently appreciate and support the Catholic literature, and that most non-Catholics will not read it at all. But let us glance at a method which has been tried, and with considerable success, to bring about an improvement. First, take the Catholics. The pastor subscribes for not a few religious papers and magazines for his own use. These are never destroyed but allowed to accumulate. Then suppose an important article comes out which it would be well for every Catholic to read; or a papal encyclical upon some subject of great concern to the faithful in some degree; or orders twenty-five or more copies and marks the article. Every few months this accumulated mass is brought to the church porch and, during mass, all the congregation who desire some Catholic reading matter are invited to signify same to the bookkeeper at the door as they pass out. The result is, the vast majority apply for a copy, and presumably read what they have asked for. Doubtless an increased taste for religious reading is thus being formed, (for a good taste, like a bad taste, can be cultivated), and subscribers to Catholic publications are rapidly increasing in the parish.

Turning now to the non-Catholics, some occasional meandering lecturer, or local preacher, makes an ignorant and erroneous attack upon some doctrine or practice of the Church. This is briefly, but courteously, replied to in the local press, and the public informed that on the following Sunday evening all non-Catholics are cordially invited to hear the Catholic side of the question. They appear in shoals on such an occasion, for the non-Catholic temperament dearly loves a disputation; and small blame to them, for they are never confessedly "searching for the truth;" and it is only human to enjoy a little religious excitement. But there isn't any undue excitement, for the subject is handled calmly and amicably, though very lucidly. In conclusion, the non-Catholics present having been complimented upon their willingness to hear the presentation of the case from the Catholic standpoint, are told that on passing out they can have for the asking a Catholic book more fully explaining doctrines generally misunderstood by our non-Catholic neighbors. On one occasion such as this, I am told, over forty copies of the "Question Box" and "Faith of Our Fathers" proved so inadequate to the demand that the bookkeeper (whose duty it is to distribute the literature) was compelled to keep a large number of non-Catholics waiting at the entrance (and they waited cheerfully) while he went to fetch enough from the supply of stock books always kept in reserve; such supply being bought in wholesale lots at cheap prices for purposes of dissemination. It is said that that evening fifty non-Catholics willingly carried home these powerful Catholic books—which does not seem to bear out the idea that they will not read them at any price. The fact is, they wanted such literature, but did not know where to find it till this opportunity came to them. And the plan is producing results. The pastor always has a numerous "inquiry class" under his instruction, some of whom refer to this church-door distribution as the cause of their gravitation towards the True Faith.

THE CHURCH EDIFICE Who is there who has not, upon entering some of our churches, been charmed by the beauties of the adornments of the architecture, and, a moment later, when the eye became adjusted to the "dim religious light," been disappointed to observe the innumerable prevalence of dust and dirt and grime? In the very muddiest seasons the parish church I speak of is kept clean; not so cleanly perhaps as most non-Catholic churches are, for they have not thronging congregations, as a rule, and besides are locked most of the time; but still it is kept as fairly clean as can be reasonably expected. Better of course a live church a trifle dusty under foot than a deserted one "painfully clean." And in cold weather it is almost comfortably warm. Who does not commiserate the worshipper from several miles (or less) distance, who arrives on a winter's day benumbed with cold, and worship in a chilly church? It does not seem fair that his or her health should

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We are sometimes quite too apprehensive, brother ministers, about the risks we run in telling the truth. If we speak it kindly and considerately, with due regard for the convictions of those who differ from us, truth-telling is not ordinarily a dangerous venture.—Dr. Gladstone's Recollections.

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