

The Catholic Record.

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

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A NOTABLE ANNIVERSARY.

An interesting article in the current issue of the Catholic World is the Tenth Anniversary of non-Catholic Missions. The author recounts the work which has been done during that period. Thousands of converts have been made; bands of diocesan missionaries have been established; a missionary training school has been erected, and many priests and laymen have devoted themselves in a special manner to the task of giving those without the fold the blessings of the faith once delivered to the saints. The men who are behind the movement believe in the utility of the printed word. They keep the press hot, as may be seen from the fact that tons of Catholic reading matter are distributed. This is, of course, the policy of the saintly Father Hecker, who in his efforts to influence his generation relied upon inspired men indeed, but did not neglect the use of the printing press.

It is all-important, said Rev. Dr. Barry, in this connection that our American brethren should have their University at Washington, but the modern University, which all sorts and conditions of men attend from morning till night, is the newspaper and the book-stall. Friendly critics assure us that we do exceedingly ill to neglect it; and our enemies will be as much surprised as disheartened on the day when we take up the printing press with the same zeal which animated the Jesuit scholars, explorers and civilizers of three hundred years ago. Perhaps even a golden age may come when books written by Catholics will find a Catholic audience large enough to keep the writers from starving; and it will be considered as meritorious to support sound Catholic literature as to build schools and churches.

THE APOSTLESHIP OF THE PRESS.

At the inception of this movement, the CATHOLIC RECORD pointed out that it could not but be of service to the Church. For there are hundreds who, bewildered by attacks on the Bible, and by the contradictory tenets professed by their leaders, are only too willing to listen to anyone who has a remedy for the wants of the soul. Again, there are others, principally in remote districts, who, owing to lying publications, regard the Church as an abomination. Whilst on a tour last year we had occasion to visit non-Catholics whose sole reading matter consisted, so far as we could discover, of books which reeked with all the slander that a diabolical hatred of the Church could invent. And these poor people had never a suspicion that they were not reading a truthful description. They were simply imposed upon by those who for the sake of money, or for the purpose of waging dishonorable warfare against us, put into circulation works which should be frowned upon by every intelligent and self-respecting citizen. These people could be influenced by the Catholic press and preacher. We do not wish to say that a few discourses or pamphlets will batter down the stronghold of ignorance and antagonism in which they are entrenched, but they may cause them to think there are two sides to the question: that the stories with which they are accustomed to regale themselves may not be founded on fact and the claims of the Church are worthy of consideration and respect. It may do something towards clearing up the misrepresentation which has been and is made possible by bigotry and prejudice and our own carelessness.

Witness the good effected by sermons to non-Catholics. These sermons are listened to by large congregations and we venture to say that a remembered sentence or two may be to some of the auditors the first gleam of the "Kindly Light" which shall guide them to the fold. At any rate they pave the way to correct thinking about us. And the reports of these sermons go far and wide and cause in many a hamlet in which a Catholic book rarely enters a ripple of excitement and discussion.

FOLLOWING ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

Certainly, says the writer of the article, it is not harsh to say that the Christianity prevalently preached from Protestant pulpits is a Christianity which refuses to be formulated into statements of doctrine: which seeks to escape such questions as miracle,

Christ's divinity, the nature and seat of religious authority: which professes no deeper dogmatic content than God's fatherhood and man's brotherhood, and no wider moral scope than how to be ethically good. These souls must have proved to them the authority of Christ. When they understand that Christianity is a strong, positive, clear, definite, fearless faith they will joyfully set about rebuilding that which has been torn down.

We share in the optimism of the writer because among other reasons the preachers to non-Catholics adopt for the most part, the method of St. Francis de Sales. They content themselves with a presentment of Catholic truth and courteous answers to all objections. They show that the Church is not opposed to either scientific progress in the worthy sense of the word: and that she has been, and is, the fostering mother of all that can redound to the good of civilization. They have principles and facts at their command to prove this. They show also how glorious is the independence and how wide the sphere of the Catholic thinker. Their methods may be novel to some people, but their personal initiative is no bad thing and fossilized methods which look well enough in a museum are out of place in this generation.

OUR DUTY AS CATHOLICS.

In the course of the article the writer urges what we have tried to say, that to think and act in our privilege as citizens and our duty as Catholics who would work for souls. To hold aloof is the fatal thing. Abstention on the part of Catholics from the intellectual, social and patriotic movements of the age and country has largely brought about the weak and spiritless condition of French Catholicism which gives free field for persecution to tyrants like Premier Combes. Cardinal Manning's warning is to the point, in which he declares that one of the most deadly dangers to the growth of the Church is a shrinking from, a lack of sympathy with, a languid interest in and a feeble love for our country and our age.

MANLY CATHOLICISM ALWAYS RESPECTED.

When we speak of Catholics taking an interest in all that concerns the Church we have reference only to those Catholics who do good from a supernatural motive. They, and they only, who can advance proof that the love and truth of which they speak are not things without substance, can effect any permanent good. The species of Catholic, as he terms himself, who is always on the fence fearful to call his soul his own, because he or his wife may suffer thereby some loss in social prestige; the half-fellow-well-meet who is so liberal in his views though he never allows any vocal generosity to reach Catholic institutions—in a word the Catholic who is ready to treat Episcopal pronouncements with the contempt or criticism which are noticeably absent when there is question of adopting a political programme, does not count. He is not respected by non-Catholics. They may use him for various purposes, and these served may throw him aside or he may in exchange for his manhood get some well-lined berth.

PRACTICAL CATHOLICS NEEDED.

But we refer now to men—the Catholics who are conscious of their duty not only to themselves but to society. If we have principles which can cast light upon social difficulties why do we not allow them to be seen? If we are citizens willing to contribute our quota to good government and to do good to our fellows, why are we so seldom at the public meetings held in our town? Ministers and non-Catholics are invariably present at such gatherings. Surely our talk about what we have done, and can do, is not merely to while away the hours at our seasons of festivity. It is all very well to descant on the great deeds of those past and gone, but unless we endeavor to show that their spirit has entered into us, our talk, so far as the outside world is concerned, is futile and pretentious. The average man does not take kindly to cetereteries, but he is always interested in life that manifests itself in works.

HOW TO REMOVE PREJUDICE.

It may be said that they who frequent these meetings are notoriously seekers. Even so it is better to seek notoriety than our own ease and to indulge in rapid criticism.

Moreover, we are not living in this

country in suffering. Our fathers have toiled and died for it, and we should see to it that its future moulding and up-building shall not be without our aid and guidance. We are not serfs to labor and to bow down at the behests of others, but freemen who should give the services of heart and brain to the good of the country. We should so speak and act, for therein lies the path of honor and self-respecting citizenship. We cannot console ourselves with the axiom that silence is the policy of prudence. We have heard that poe-cense, and though it may sit gracefully on the sluggard and coward, it certainly cannot be voiced by the man who has red blood in his veins.

And we do not advocate any fantastic or hare-brained line of action. To play our part as Catholic citizens is our manifest duty, and the abandonment of our splendid isolation would do much toward removing many a prejudice against us. We advise our readers to remember the words of Cardinal Newman:

"Oblige men to know you, persuade them, importune them, shame them into knowing you. Make it so clear what you are that they cannot affect not to see you nor refuse to justify you."

NON-CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

Rev. W. S. Kress, in the Missionary.

As there is nothing doing in Ohio during the summer months, I packed my grip late in May and started for the big country beyond the Rockies. I was looking for a dry spot just then, and found it on the other side of the continental divide. My objective point was Idaho, where Bishop Groulx said I could find a good field for non-Catholic work. The pastor of Pocatello told me that he had a mission both to his Catholics and to his non-Catholics. I had not been feeling well all spring, but was transformed into a new man the moment I got into the mountainous country and could breathe its dry and pure air. The mission continued two and a half weeks. The pastor was well pleased with the work done; but the propensity of his guest for strenuous exercise remained a perpetual wonder to him. Why any man should want to take long horseback rides or climb to the top of snow-capped peaks, passed his comprehension. In my ten years of mission I have about all the questions that Protestants ever ask; but a bunch of new ones came to me from my Mormon auditors. "Why have you Catholics not twelve Apostles to rule over you instead of one Pope?" "Where are the prophets which you should have, according to Eph. ii. 20 and iv. 11?" "Prove that Christ appointed Peter I, president of the Church," were some of the questions I was asked. I was a little non-Catholic mission up to the present, Father Hendrickx, the Union's Idaho missionary, baptised one of them, a former Mormon bishop, in the Salt Lake cathedral.

Other missions were given at Weiser, Market Lake, Saint Anthony, Rexburg, Mountain Home, and Dempsey. The most interesting was one given at Dempsey, where, as the pastor said, the little parish is composed almost exclusively of converted Mormons, in whose lives a very marked change has been wrought by the Catholic religion. This was of great advantage to the missionary: in other places he might tell what the Catholic faith could do for the soul, but here he could discard the qualifying "if you wish to convert yourself living in this world." The early Christians; of this is the same simple faith, ardent enthusiasm, and saintly living. There is no Protestant organization and no Mormon church building in the entire Dempsey valley. The Mormons are using a school-house for their meetings, and are facing a steadily decreasing attendance. Father Hendrickx, on the other hand, is gaining converts and untiringly preaching and untiringly aggressive, personal work. It looked to me as if the entire valley might in time be swung over to the Church.

I visited Father Hendrickx in his Montpelier home. He can boast of a suite of rooms nailed up against the rear of his church. His sleeping apartment is large enough to accommodate a cot, and his combination parlor and sitting-room measures seven feet by five feet. There is a little stove in the latter room, which serves for cooking and heating. Pastor quarters in Idaho are generally built on this plan, except that some priests own a folding-bed, when one room is considered sufficient. I had the pleasure of receiving into the Church Mrs. Alice Strickland and her son John, sister and nephew of my cousin, though I had been in the Episcopal ministry in Cleveland a year ago and is now studying for the priesthood at Baltimore. Mother and son traveled thirty-five miles by stage to meet Father Hendrickx and myself at Mountain Home. The priests of Idaho and Wyoming live far apart and usually have several counties to attend. Before long, however, Idaho will have doubled and tripled its population and quadrupled its wealth. Wyoming is moving along more slowly. "In order that the Church may do more than hold her head above water," Bishop Keane, of Cheyenne, said to me, "every priest of mine should be a graduate of the Apostolic Mission House."

PURGATORY.

TEACHING OF THE CHURCH UPON THE ABODE OF THE POOR SOULS.

As the month of November is especially devoted to the poor souls, the following brief discussion of "Purgatory" from the San Francisco Monitor will not be uninteresting:

"What is the teaching of your Church with regard to Purgatory, and on what authority does it rest?"

"The Catholic Church teaches that there is a Purgatory, and that the souls therein are helped by the suffrages of the faithful, but chiefly by the acceptable sacrifice of the altar" (Trent, Sess. xxv).

"The argument for the existence of Purgatory and the practice of praying for the dead is the universal and constant witness of divine tradition as voiced in the writings of the Fathers (see 'Faith of Catholics,' vol. iii., pp. 139, 205), in ancient Liturgies of both East and West, in the inscriptions in the catacombs of Rome (see 'The Roman Catacombs,' chapter 7, A. D. 1423-45) and Trent (1545-63). Thus Tertullian writes (about 204 A. D.): 'We make, on one day in every year, obligations for the dead, as for their birthdays' (De Corona, n. 5). 'The evidence of Scripture (II Mach. xii., 43-46) shows the belief of the Jews in a middle state where the dead exist and are purified (see 'Faith of Catholics,' vol. iii., pp. 139, 205), in ancient Liturgies of both East and West, in the inscriptions in the catacombs of Rome (see 'The Roman Catacombs,' chapter 7, A. D. 1423-45) and Trent (1545-63). Thus Tertullian writes (about 204 A. 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PALMS

ANNA HANSON FOLEY,
AUTHOR OF "COALINA," "FLEMMINGS,"
"TRANGLES," "PATHS," "MAY
BROOK," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.—CONTINUED.

Quickly the attendants had borne the
curule chair from the Praetorium, that
the pious Valerian, in his zeal for the
honor of the gods, might witness at his
ease the agonies of the tortured Christian,
who had blasphemously denied them
and defied him. He saw his victim's
flesh, penetrated by the fierce heat,
begin to shrivel and scorch. It was
brave above for his cruel eyes, but no
triumph; for no moan or murmur
had yet been wrung from that dying
lips: on the contrary, he had only
declared his faith, his joy in suffering
for Jesus Christ; and from his fiery
countenance he reproved and warned Valerian
as the slow hours dragged on.

"Learn, impious tyrant!" he cried,
"these coals are for me refreshing, but
for thee they will burn to all eternity.
When accused, I have denied, when
questioned, I have answered, when
tortured I have given thanks." (Acts of
St. Laurence.)

The Numidians stirred the glowing
mass of fire to such a heat that they
themselves shrunk swiftly back. Again
rose the martyr's voice clear on the
night, who, drenched with sweat by the
fire that consumed him, while a smile
of supernatural joy irradiated his
countenance: "I thank Thee, O Jesus
Christ, that Thou hast deigned to
comfort me." Slowly consuming, life
still lingered in his tortured frame.

The night waned: Laurence already
saw the gloaming of a dawn which
would usher in the end of his day; and
while every nerve was stung with un-
speakable agony, while heart and
muscles melted in the fiery glow, and
the marrow of his charred bones
withered, he cried out: "I thank Thee,
Lord Jesus! that I am found worthy to
pass through Thy gates."

It was over; the passion and pain,
the bitterness of the words that could
be done by human cruelty instigated by
fiends—their malignity aggravated by
the knowledge that to harm only the
body was the limit of their power—all
was past as a dream, and Laurence,
like gold refined by the fire, entered
with stainless garments into the Land
of the Living, to receive the palm and
crown he had so valiantly won.

The satisfaction of Valerian was in-
complete; he had compassed the death
of Laurence, but had failed to reach
and drag down the invincible spirit
which had soared above him to the end.
He felt baffled and revengeful and retired
to his ivory, silk-draped couch to seek
oblivion in a drunken sleep.

The body of Laurence was not re-
moved from his iron-grated, fiery couch
when life became extinct, but was left
to burn until the smouldering coals
turned to ashes; and when the dark
hour just before dawn wrapped the
scene in deeper shadows, the guards,
either drunk or overcome with sleep,
or perhaps gold, relaxed their vigilance
and there was no sound except the
wind among the palms, that sounded
like a low wailing threnody. Two or
three dark figures now emerged cautiously
from the shadows towards the
sacred remains; with a quick move-
ment, yet reverent and tender, wrapped
them in rich stuffs, and glided away as
noiselessly as they had come. It was
Hippolytus and two other Christians,
all disciples and friends of Laurence,
who have away his charred body and
concealed it in the Garden of Cyriaca,
in a place they had prepared for it.

In the three days that followed, Hip-
polytus set his affairs in order, liber-
ated his slaves, and distributed his
goods to the poor. Not too soon were
his arrangements completed, for on the
evening of the third day his house was
surrounded by soldiers, he was arrested
and taken before the praetor, and on the
plea of being a magician, and of steal-
ing the body of Laurence. He admitted
that he had done so, not as a magician,
but as a Christian. The praetor, in the
presence of a trial followed; he was
tortured, cauled; they appealed to his
military pride, to his love for his family
and all the horrors that awaited them as
well as himself, in case he should prove
obstinate; but he was unshaken. At
last of all came a message from the
Emperor, offering him honors and riches
if he would abandon his new delusion
and return to the worship of the gods.
But he rejected all for Christ, and sub-
mitted to the most cruel tortures,
counting all things as nothing for the
sake of his Divine Master.

Then his family, with the slaves who
had been converted by the preaching of
Laurence in the dungeons under his
house—among them the old man who
had been miraculously restored to sight
by the holy Deacon, together with his
son—were conducted outside the Via
Tiberina, and put to death before his
eyes. But his constancy remained un-
shaken; his fervor only increased;
when, finding him impervious to every
attempt made to seduce his faith, Valerian
Imperator sentenced him to die,
but not by any of the usual methods—
this was to be something new, in-
spiring, and would delight Rome as a
revival of something classic as well as
tragic.

On the appointed day, everything
being prepared, with the Emperor and
all Rome for spectators, two unbroken
horses, with wild, fiery eyes, were led
forth, their ears lying back, their red
nostrils expanded, their veins and
muscles strained like cords in their
eagerness to break from the restraints
of the stalwart Dacian soldiers who
held them in. Hippolytus was not ap-
palled by what he saw before him; he
had learned how to die, and joyfully
yielded himself to the soldiers, who now
seized and bound him between the
horses, who suddenly released by the
Dacians, and given a stinging blow on
their flanks, which was scarcely needed
—sprang forward, plunged and reared
in exultation, then dashed madly away.
But before their wild race was over,
the spirit of Hippolytus was reunited
with that of Sixtus, Laurence, and the

martyrs of his own household, who had
so brief a time preceded him.

Gods of Rome, have your eyes grown
dim, your ears heavy? Have your magi-
cians lost their wand, their spells? Can
they no longer work their mighty spells?
Have your augurs ceased to read the
dreams and portents that shadow
coming fate? What strange lethargy
has stolen over ye? Does the perpetual
incense rising from your altars
make ye drowsy, or does the crimson
mist ascending from the blood of the
holy ones slain in your honor veil from
ye the near future and the coming de-
struction? Can ye not hear the tramp-
ing of the armed host marching down
through the pleasant Etrurian vales
towards the Tiber—a host led by a
cross of flame in the heavens, under
which in characters of fire is writ: "In
this sign conquer?"

Do ye not see, O gods, the great,
splendid array of Maxentius—whose
proud boast is that he has extinguished
Christianity—waiting for the advance
of the foe on the hither side of the
Tiber, where it flows between Latium
and Etruria? Although the time is
not quite five decades distant, Valerian,
252-260, Constantine, 296-337, Be-
tween Valerian and Constantine forty-
six years. It is not yet too late—
if ye are gods—to prepare your
thunderbolts to destroy the in-
vader. But ye will not awaken, and
the hostile armies meet—the one led by
the Cross, the other by the Eagles
which have never known defeat. The
shock and clash will be felt in the
eastern road the air; Maxentius,
wounded and pursued, sinks in his
heavy armor under the swift-flying
Tiber; the Eagles fall and are trampled
in the dust; the Cross triumphs, and
advances to establish the throne of
Christ on earth, in the seven-hilled
city of the Caesars.

But the vision does not arouse ye,
great gods! Ye dream as if your
thrones were founded on eternity, for-
getting the Seer from the Euphrates,
and his mysterious words on Mt. Phog-
or, in the land of Moab, seven hun-
dred years before Rome was founded:
"Thy shall come in galleys from Italy;
they shall overcome the Assyrians, and
shall waste the Hebrews; and at the
last thy thrones shall also perish."
—(Numbers xxiv., 21.)

CHAPTER XVII.

A LETTER FOR LAODICE—FABIAN BACK
FROM UMBRIA—SEQUENCES.

Nemesius' letter to Laodice, which
he confided to the old steward, was
given to Admetus on the following
morning, with strict injunctions to obey
the instructions he received concerning
it. As the latter dropped it into the
trunk, he felt a sudden pang, con-
ceded to the folds of his tunic, his brave,
bright eyes gave assurance that he
comprehended, and would be faithful to
his trust; then, without question or
delay, he left the villa.

When the youth reached the imperial
palace his business was roughly chal-
lenged by the official at the great por-
tal. "I have a message for the Lady
Laodice, to be delivered in person," he
answered, modestly.

He was permitted to enter—for no
one would venture to interfere with or
obstruct the affairs of Laodice, were
they great or small—and directed which
way to go. After being stopped by
the officials of the palace, he reached the
ante-room of her apartments, where he
encountered the majordomo of her estab-
lishment, to whom he stated his errand.
Not pleased at being interrupted in an
angry discussion he was holding with a
tradesman, about some overcharges he
had detected in his accounts, he
roughly bade the intrusive young
stranger go in and wait. Yes, it was
evident to Admetus that he would have
to wait; for, although persons were
passing to and fro, they were too intent
on their own errands even to notice his
presence; and he leaned against a col-
umn to rest, and bide his time.

Several female slaves, the personal
attendants of their lady, now strolled
in, and, meeting in a group a short dis-
tance from the lady, began to chatter
and giggle, and throw saucy glances
around in quest of admiration, as well
as of any incidental thing that would
serve to raise a laugh. They caught
sight of Admetus, posed like a fair
stature of Hygiea against the column, all
unconscious of his own classic beauty,
and certainly without desire of attrac-
tion; but such attention, and one of them,
a pretty young girl, with a significant
wink at her companions, danced towards
him, and asked who might be his busi-
ness there at so early an hour. He
told her the same thing he had told the
others who had questioned him. She
laughed good-naturedly, and, with a
glance, he had taken his breakfast
last before leaving home, as her lady
had not yet risen, and might not do so
until noon.

"I will wait," he answered, quietly,
hoping the girl would go away and leave
him alone with his thoughts; but she
was ripe for mischief, and beckoned her
companions around her to amuse them-
selves at the expense of his simplicity.

For a little while they thought they
were having everything their own way,
for his answers to their silly questions
were literal and brief; but, quickly
penetrating their purpose, he turned
the laugh against them by a few good-
natured sarcasms, and a sharpness of
humor that admonished them it would
be best to leave him to himself. But
they were loth to yield him the advan-
tage, and tried their best by cajolery
and banter to induce him to confide to
them the message of which he was the
bearer, declaring that their lady al-
ways expected such things to be de-
livered to her the moment her eyes
were open; and if they were delayed,
whoever was nearest felt the point of
her stiletto, while the others were
punished with the lash.

But Admetus was unmoved; it might
be as they said, but fidelity to duty
was part of his religion, and he contin-
ued to evade their curiosity, until, find-
ing their attempt a failure, they left
him.

Thankful to be rid of the silly, shame-
less creatures, the youth found shelter
in the embrasure of one of the great

windows, where the ruffled plumes of
his spirit were smoothed by medita-
tion on the holy things in which his soul
delighted. His thoughts wandered
to the dim galleries of the Cata-
combs; he heard the sweet, solemn
hymns floating through the darkness;
he saw the star-like glimmer of tapers
where some sacred function was being
celebrated, and upon his ear rose and
fell the plaintive chants of the Church
martyrs were deposited like precious
jewels in her treasure-house, embalmed
in her tears, and glorified by her joy
at their victory over death and hell.

The soft touch of a hand upon his
shoulder recalled the young Christian
from his waking-dream, and he saw a
slender, dark-visaged man, whose nar-
row, glittering eyes were fixed upon
his face, standing before him. A som-
ber, drawn over his head, partially
shading his countenance, fell from his
shoulders; and so impassive did he
look, that, until he spoke, Admetus
doubted if it were he that had touched
him.

"My mistress, the Lady Laodice, is
informed that thou hast a message for
her. Thou wilt follow me to her pres-
ence," he said, leading the way.
Glad that a successful termination of
his confidential errand was at hand,
Admetus required no urging to follow
his guide. From the ante-chamber
they passed through several spacious
communicating rooms, all richly fur-
nished in the luxurious style then pre-
vailing in Rome—each more superb
than the last—until the one that ter-
minated the suite was reached. Here
the Cypriot—for it was he—paused,
and blew a soft note on a small whistle
that hung from his wrist. The heavy
curtains were drawn back instantly, and
a voice bade them enter. Daylight
was excluded from this apartment by
the luxuriant style then prevail-
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LONDON, SATURDAY, NOV. 21, 1903.

A VALUABLE WORK.

The Symbol of the Apostles, by the Very Rev. Alexander MacDonald, D. D., V. G., New York Christian Press Association. We may say at the outset that we are surprised that publications which give a goodly amount of space to the reviewing of fiction are somewhat chary of attention to the book of Dr. MacDonald.

A FRUITLESS QUEST.

Dr. MacDonald shows the reason of the fruitlessness of the quest for the Symbol in sub-apostolic and early times. For it was written not on parchment but on the fleshy tablets of the heart. And so the historical critic labors, with industry and patience indeed, amidst the literary remains of the past, and discovers nothing to prevent him from hugging a preconceived theory.

A QUESTION OF NATIONALITY.

An Association of Polish clergy of the United States is at present agitating for the appointment of a Polish representative among the hierarchy. The first positive public action toward this end was taken about two years ago at a general representative convention assembled at Buffalo, N. Y., which expressed by resolution the conviction that the interests of religion among the Poles of America require that one or more of the Polish priests should be raised to the Episcopal dignity as a representative of Polish nationality.

AN IRREFUTABLE ARGUMENT.

The argument to prove that the Discipline of the Secret extended to the Symbol is well put and to our mind irrefutable. He cites St. Augustine, who warns the catechumens not to write down the words of the Symbol in order to commit them to memory.

HISTORICAL CRITICS SCORED.

In dealing with historical critics the author displays much learning and consummate dialectical skill. It is a rare bit of writing this—elegant, courteous and graceful. It goes straight to the mark, and any one who reads it dispassionately must admit that historical criticism has not said the last word.

A SPURIOUS HOMILY.

Witness, again, the way in which Dr. MacDonald disposes of the objection that St. Augustine declares in a homily to catechumens that the Creed was made up of the Sacred Scriptures. Abbe de Migne places this homily among the works of the great Bishop. The objection seems then, to bode disaster to the tradition of the Apostolic authorship of the Symbol.

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from what written records have we it? The critic may if he likes put this statement of St. Basil to the test, and proceed to ransack written records for the confession of Faith. He has a perfect right to do this. But he has no warrant, and no shadow of warrant, on failing to find it as he was foredoomed to fail, to say that the Symbol did not then exist at all.

We give this lengthy extract to show how admirably the author takes issue with those who stand high in the intellectual world. And though confident of the truth of his position, he is slow to press his opponents unduly. For the doctor fights with the rapier and not with the bludgeon. He makes attack after attack in brilliant fashion, but always with calmness and dignity.

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nationalities, subjecting all of one nationality to one Bishop living necessarily at a point remote from most of his dioceses: but independently of this fact. Yet should the Holy Father adopt some plan whereby the wishes of the Poles shall be satisfied, we are sure the other nationalities of the country will be satisfied also.

It is true that in the East various nationalities with various rites have retained the practice of having Bishops of their respective rites; and this even in the same cities, but this has not been found to be a desirable arrangement, though it has been tolerated so far in the East, owing to the difficulties of the situation where the intercourse of these nationalities is more limited and less close than in the more highly civilized Western world.

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structed in the English language, and to a very considerable extent have adopted the American manners. The grievance is very much diminished by this fact. Yet should the Holy Father adopt some plan whereby the wishes of the Poles shall be satisfied, we are sure the other nationalities of the country will be satisfied also.

We must say, however, that it seems to us a difficult matter to meet the case in the manner asked by the Polish Association. To appoint one or two Polish Bishops to one or two dioceses would be of no possible benefit to the Poles of the other eight-five or eighty-four dioceses of the country, as their jurisdiction would be limited to their own territory, with the single exception that in provincial and national councils they would have a voice and vote and, therefore, a certain amount of influence in the local ecclesiastical legislation.

But, on the other hand, even if the Holy See should lay it down as a rule not to be departed from that in one or two dioceses there should be Polish Bishops, a Polish Bishop would be imposed upon a diocesan population of which not more than one-tenth is Polish, for the mere sake of satisfying the vanity of the Poles of the whole country, who would receive little or no real benefit from the fact.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Subscriber, of M., Ont., sends us a newspaper clipping with a request that we should make some comments thereon. As our correspondent does not give any definite clue to the identity of the paper, the person who makes the statements, or the circumstances under which they were made, it is impossible for us to deal fully and intelligently with the matter.

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INSULTING EXPRESSIONS.

It surely was through a slip of the pen that the erudite and always gentlemanly Editor of "Notes and Queries" in the Montreal Star allowed the term "Romish" as applied to the service of the Mass in the Catholic Church, to appear in "Answers to Correspondents" in the issue of that paper of the 14th inst.

In this connection Rev. J. T. Aylward, Rector of St. Peter's Cathedral, London, indignantly referred, during the course of his sermon last Sunday morning, to a similar insulting term applied by a writer in one of our local papers to the adherents of the grand old Mother Church. The Rev. Father very correctly said:

"When people make use of the public press to insult Catholics, one cannot blame us for righteous indignation. Last night a letter appeared in one of the newspapers making appeal for support on behalf of the Western University, in which it is pointed out that the institution was founded and partly endowed by funds subscribed chiefly by Anglicans, but that amongst others, she numbered 'Romanists' among her graduates and undergraduates. The day has passed when we accept insulting terms, even from the principal of a college in which one would suppose that culture would prevent bigotry or gratuitous insults to be used.

ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL.

We give in another column a report of a sacred concert and lecture given at St. Patrick's Church, Biddulph, by Rev. Father McMenamin and his worthy choir, in behalf of St. Joseph's Hospital, London. We are gratified to know that success crowned Father McMenamin's efforts in such a praiseworthy cause; and the good people of Biddulph are to be congratulated for responding so generously to the earnest appeal of their worthy Pastor and also in being the first parish in the diocese to come to the assistance of the Sisters of St. Joseph by such a public and exemplary manifestation of good will and charity.

The Hospitality of the Spanish Friars.

In an article in Good Housekeeping entitled "Hospitality Old and New" Edwin Markham, the poet, writes: "In early California in the regime of the Spanish friars, the missions of the padres, a day's journey apart, were the only inns of the country. The traveler was entertained without money or price. The guest chamber was always ready. Fruit was his from the guest garden. A fresh horse was given him if his own were jaded. And in his chamber, beside his bed of ox-skin thongs, stood a little gourd of unreckoned silver, from which he was to replenish himself without giving account if his funds were low. Thus was it possible in that romantic age to share roof and scrip with a pilgrim brother."

The New Papal Secretary of State

Very significant is Pius X's appointment of Monsignor Merry del Val as Papal Secretary of State. Passing over distinguished, able and elderly statesmen in the Sacred College of Cardinals, Pius X. nominated for the most important office after his own, in the government of the Catholic world, a young man who was not yet a Cardinal and yet one who at thirty-eight years of age, has proved himself one of the most astute, brilliant and progressive men of the age. Monsignor now Cardinal, del Val, unites in a remarkable degree force and diplomacy, and these, backed with his wide experience and great erudition, are likely to be potent in mighty changes and mighty benefits for the Papacy.—Buffalo Union and Times.

Becomes a Catholic.

Mrs. Napier Miles, wife of Col. Napier Miles, C. B., who commanded the regiments of British Household Cavalry in the South African War, has been received into the Church.

Do people who are always sour expect to enjoy the sweetness of Heaven?

If you want to experience the joys of the Lord do something for Him.

THE U. Special The Ap nated on t University It will be let of Janu voted to be M non-Cathol to the Paul Father M only by ch Father Do the collec build and labor is oned a Paulist is comd t Union, an under the York. An Archbishop of President more, and New York priests fo at this in Mission H story of K however, to establis The con THE MA ON ST Questioni cal public that "the on St. Bar to a sudd long time pared at t About on horrible was a Cat only Cath appointed the Oxfo statement ant bigot Answerwe was a C wala Inf cell. He agitators majority of the anti-Germany spicable he was li a bitter sectarian ighly we period, w will appen" as As to t Action, 2. W chief mo arine de successi the year a decisiv of her s ighy, th Calvinis Charles king es Europea riage of rare w of Valoi the alli and pro the Ne ighy as not arn Spanish Cathari over th her int resolve under t fortunat Navarr celebr for bot had re necessa riage h not n availed carry o Colign in mir events as th August was fir sin bir shot w imment guenoa repris 40,000 party the alarm IX. t Henry atten save Hugue

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Besides a pure intention, a cheerful and willing acceptance of the little crosses which meet us day by day goes far, if we accept them in a loving and expiatory spirit, to redeem the loss of time which, to the eye at least, is one of the least hopeful features of a life in the world.

Our Part.

We should always seek to discover and to do our own part, small or large, with the utmost faithfulness. Not to do this, to leave undone the things we ought to have done will be to leave a blank in the universe where there ought to have been good work well done.

Love Your Mother Now.

Young man, did you ever put your arms around your dear old mother, and tell her that you love her and are grateful for the work she has done for you? For the tears she has shed and the prayers she has offered for you? She may think that you love her without your assuring her that you do, but it costs you but little effort to tell her and your words may bring more joy and sunshine to her heart than you ever dreamed of. Some young men will pay \$2 for a livery rig to ride three hours with a 75 cent girl and they will tell her all the nice things they can think of that are true, and more that are not true, and they don't spend 5 cents or five minutes in a year to show their old mother that they care anything for her. Do not be one of them, nor wait until your mother is dead to show her your affection.

Learn Something From Everybody.

One of the most useful science habits one can form is that of learning something from everybody with whom he comes in contact. No information which can be acquired is too trivial to be ignored.

Constantly measure yourself with the men you meet. You will find that every one can teach you something which you did not know before, and which, perhaps, you would never have a chance to learn again if you did not acquire it from him.

Daniel Webster once made a great hit, in arguing a case before a jury, by repeating a story which he afterwards said he had not thought of since he heard it, fourteen years before. But Webster was always picking up something for future use. His famous reply to Hayne, the greatest speech ever delivered on the American continent, was largely made up of little reserves which he had picked up here and there in his reading, from studying men, and from observation.

The "We" That Wins.

A young man employed in a responsible position by a great corporation was recently discharged to make room for another. Surprised and mortified, he sought an explanation from the manager of his department. "Will you kindly tell me why you do not want me any longer?" he asked. "Certainly," was the reply: "It is because you always said 'you,' instead of 'we.'" "What do you mean?" "I mean just that! You never said, 'We' should do so and so; or 'We' ought to follow out such-and-such a policy. It was always 'YOU' in referring to this company, of which you were a part. In speaking to you, you would say 'THOU,' (meaning this company), instead of 'WE.' This lack of a live personal interest in the success of the concern was expressed in your actions, no less than by your words. I should advise you to seek employment with some company to which you can refer 'WE.'"

A common criticism of an ambitious young man is: "He acts as if he were the concern, and he's only a clerk." It is the young man who works as if he did own the concern who often becomes the owner in time. "We're going to pay a dividend of \$10,000,000 next month," proudly remarked an office boy to a waiting visitor in the reception room of a railway President. That boy's salary is \$5 a week. He is on the right track.

But it is necessary to think WE and act WE every hour of every day, as well as to say WE. WE means US, union, solidarity, co-operative enthusiasm. YOU means the other fellows. It's the WE that wins!—Robert Webster Jones in Success.

How to Have Time.

Now do not live a single hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and going straight through it, from beginning to end. Work, play, study, whatever it is, take hold at once and finish it up squarely and cleanly; and then to the next thing, without letting any moments drop out between. It is wonderful to see how many hours these prompt people can make in a day; it is as if the drawers lost the moments that the drawers lost. And if ever you find yourself where you have so many things pressing upon you that you hardly know how to begin, let me tell you a secret: take hold of the very first one that comes to hand, and you will find that the rest all fall into file and follow after like a company of well-drilled soldiers; and though work may be hard to meet when it changes in a squad, it is easily vanquished if you can bring it into line. You may have often seen the anecdote of the man who was asked how he had accomplished so much in his life. "My father taught me," was the reply, "when I had anything to do, to go and do it." There is the secret—the magic word NOW.

We Are All Dependent.

There is so much that is absolute independence in this world. Those who are mightiest are oftentimes the weakest when their power is taken away. Who is more hopeless than a rich man who has not labored his dependence was greater than when in poverty. His wants were greater and it required more to supply them; more servants were needed; more desires must be gratified, more wishes must be pondered to. He needed artists, sculptors and footmen, villas by the sea and in the mountains, and for the gratification of

all such desires and fancies he was dependent upon others.

Others must bow to him, drive for him, run errands for him and cater to his wants. He must be fed by the grocer, clothed by the tailor, housed by the builder, shaved by the barber, doctored by the physician, embalmed by the undertaker, prayed over by the priest and his final home prepared by the gravedigger. Poor man! He pretended to independence, but for every breath he breathed he was indebted to an overruling Providence. For the light of day he was dependent upon the sun; for the beauty of his ancestral estate upon the clouds of heaven.

What would he have that did not come from others? His education, the adornment of his home, the carpets on the floor, the statuary in the hall, the paintings on the wall, the silver on the table, the books he reads, the music he sang—how little he possessed that was not fashioned by other hands than his! After all, what little reason there is for any man to exalt himself above his fellows! Humility becomes the greatest as well as the least.

Wrong Thinking.

Wrong thinking is indicative of weakness. It is, indeed, a species of insanity, for a wrong thinker is continually tearing down and wrecking his own mental and physical structure. The right thinker is the only sane thinker, and he is the happiest as well as the most successful man. He knows better than to keep constantly tripping himself up with the adverse thought which produces destructive conditions.

We all know the disastrous effects of wrong thinking. We know by experience how it cripples us mentally and physically. Physicians are well aware that anger poisons the blood, and that fear, anxiety, fretting and all other inharmonious thoughts seriously interfere with the normal action of all the bodily functions. They are also alive to the fact that anxiety or apprehension of impending disaster, if of long duration, is liable to bring on paralysis. It is an established fact that a mother is not only seriously affected by her own thought, but that it affects her infant to such an extent that the same symptoms she suffers are reproduced in the body of the infant. Selfishness, jealousy and envy long indulged in tend to produce serious liver troubles and certain forms of dyspepsia. Lack of self-control and habitual indulgence in violent passions shatter the nervous system, lessen the will power, and induce grave disorders. Worry is one of the great enemies of the human race; it carves its deep furrows wherever it goes; it carries gloom and unhappiness with it; it delays or prevents the processes of digestion and assimilation until the starved brain and nerve cells utter their protest in various kinds of disease, sometimes even in insanity.

Wrong thinking, whatever its nature, leaves indelible scars on mind and body alike. It affects character and material prospects equally. Every time you grumble or find fault; every time you lose your temper; every time you suffer a loss which can not be repaired. You lose a certain amount of power, of self-respect, and of an uplifting and up-building character-force. You are conscious of your loss, too, which tends to weaken you still further.

A business man will find that, every time he gets out of sorts, flies into a rage, or "goes all to pieces" when things go wrong, he is not only seriously injuring his health, but he is also crippling his business. He is making himself repellent; he is driving away success conditions.

A man who wants to do his best must keep himself in good mental trim. If he would achieve the highest success he must be a correct thinker. He can not think discord and bring harmonious conditions into his business. His wrong thought will honeycomb and undermine his prospects in life.—Orison Swett Marden in Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

Napoleon Bonaparte, "le petit caporal," idolized by his soldiers, detested by his enemies, has been praised and blamed by the deserts of any mortal man. The character of the great Corsican was many-sided. Capable of wholesale cruelty in the furtherance of his designs, he could yet be amazingly kind and tender upon occasion. Many a veteran of La Grand Armee lived upon such recollections years after the death of the prisoner of St. Helena.

The Emperor saw me dashing forward to seize the standard. I was wounded and could scarcely keep my seat in the saddle. Instantly the Emperor rode forward to meet me and with his own handkerchief he bound my arm, and then before the army did he give me the cross of the Legion of Honor.

And another, "I was dying. I am sure. I had been shot and I was weak from loss of blood. My division had gone in hot pursuit of the enemy. I alone lived and waited in suffering for the end. I seemed to feel it coming. My pain lessened, darkness set in. I thought I was floating away on a gloomy river. I made a last faint effort to pray: 'God protect my Jeanne and the little son! God bless the Emperor! And then I knew nothing until I felt a burning sensation in my throat. Some one was holding me up and the cool air was blowing on my forehead. I heard a clear decided voice saying: 'Quick! a jar of water from the spring yonder!' The person who held me had spoken. It was he who had given me brandy. Seeing me reviving, he pressed another flask to my lips, saying softly, 'Drink. It is wine of Burgundy. His companion turned with the water and my good friend bathed my forehead. He then rose, placing me gently on the sword. 'Stay with him, Marley,' he said in those peculiarly distinct tones. 'I thought you were dead.' 'As he spoke he was already mounting his horse. I felt much stronger and

I tried to struggle to a sitting position that I might see and thank my preserver. Surely that was a familiar figure in the gray surcoat and the top-boots. And the face under the three-cornered hat, ah! who could it be, those piercing eyes, that marble paler, that sculptured beauty? Mon Dieu! It was my general—my Emperor. Ah, that was a man with an iron will and the heart of a woman!"

These were traits that endeared Napoleon to the hearts of the soldiers. With his generals his bearing was reserved to the verge of haughtiness. Conscious of his obscure birth, he was also alive to his personal superiority, and he never allowed his officers to forget that he was monarch. The etiquette of the first empire was a solemnly strict in every point of precedence and address.

With the rank and file of the soldiery he permitted himself to become familiar beyond all established precedent. Though his enemies have asserted that the sentiment was but part of his policy, there is no doubt that the great Napoleon loved his soldiers. He would ride slowly along in front of the army recognizing this one and that and never failing to address a few words of encouragement. His marvelous memory especially retained names and faces, and he was seldom at a loss to recall some incident connected with each. He was delighted to hear that the soldiers lovingly spoke of him as "Our Little Corporal." He better than most rulers thoroughly understood that it was not a single man or group of men who could reconstruct France. "The grand army and its wives and children—yes, that is the nation," he would say. "Soldiers to fight for France—women to pray for her!"

He never flattered the great. In this connection the well-known answer to Madame de Staël will bear repetition:

"Who, sire," asked this charming and talented poetess, "is the greatest woman in France?"

As a matter of fact Madame de Staël was the greatest woman of the age. But Napoleon replied seriously: "The greatest woman in France, madame, is she who gives to France the greatest number of soldiers."

This astonishing answer was not intended solely for a rebuke. It had a double purpose—to exalt the soldiery as well as to humiliate individual pride. A poor woman, the mother of twelve sons, was really a great person in the Emperor's eyes. Ah, if every Frenchwoman had twelve sons! There would be a grand army that could beat the world. For the sake of one son this curious man broke every tie of faith, honor and affection, and, en passant, broke his wonderful chain of luck as well. What were Mme. de Staël's books to him as compared with the same number of fighting men?

Sometimes while on a campaign some delicacy would be brought to the Emperor's tent. Bused with his plans, he would merely look up and then, noticing the dainty, he would say to the bearer:

"Are there no soldiers wounded or infirm?"

The answer, of course, was usually in the affirmative. Victorious France did not win without blood. "I am not ill," would be the invariable declaration of Napoleon. "Take this food to the invalids."

Again, on one campaign even ordinary rations were not obtainable, and nothing but black bread and apples could be procured. The attendant tremblingly brought a portion of this primitive repast to the imperial tent and began to apologize, when his master interrupted him:

"Is this the food distributed to the soldiers?" he demanded.

"Yes, sire."

"And do you think that I am not also a soldier? Do not apologize for bringing to me the food of the grand army," and he ate his supper with as much enjoyment as usual. Truth to say, he was not a glutton, nor was he ever an extravagant dresser. He was a fond of fasting; when I was a lieutenant I fed and clothed myself and educated my brother on an income of 1,200 francs (about \$150 weekly). Young men are too extravagant. Be saving from habit and you will have no need to be parsimonious when public occasion requires you to be bountiful."

TO BE CONTINUED.

When You are all Gone you will be Forgotten unless—

The wise old Thomas à Kempis said many centuries ago: "Trust not in thy friends and relatives, nor put off the welfare of thy soul to hereafter; for men will sooner forget thee than thou imaginest. It is better now to provide in time and send some good before thee than to trust to the help of others after death." The experience of many has proved the truth of these words. There is ordinarily no one so quickly forgotten as a priest. He is very often a man of many acquaintances and very few friendships, and if he holds an enviable place in the diocese, his promotion to the rewards of the next world will be received by some, not with tears but with joy. The people miss him and shed many a tear over his bereavement, but the mind of the most beloved priest is very often of a dreary affair. How good it is to arrange during life, so that one's memory may live in some useful institution, or so that the little money one may have set aside may go on doing its good work of bringing the wandering back to the true fold. It is thoughts like these that have induced so many good souls to associate their names with the Apostolic Mission House, either as founders or as benefactors.—The Missionary.

Pray fervently that God the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Truth and Love, Who desires that all nations and peoples should be brought into one faith, will enlighten our understanding and strengthen our will, that we may zealously work and pray for the conversion of our beloved country.



A Man is Only as Old as He Feels.

Some people are always young—in spirit and vigor. The man who feels his age is the man who neglects his stomach and liver. As the years pile up the delicate organisms grow weaker.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

strengthens the system to resist the added strain. A perfect laxative—it removes all poison from the system. Purifies and enriches the blood. It keeps the liver and kidneys active, Abbey's possesses the rare quality of being a bowel and stomach tonic, without any after-action effects.

At all Druggists 25c. and 50c.

IGNORANCE OF THE CULTURED.

It is curious how people will demand harmony, definiteness, and correctness in music and art and literature, but are content with vagueness and nobility in religion. Here are our friends the Unitarians. They pride themselves on their culture, on their breadth of vision, on their superiority over all who believe that Christ was God. Many of them are people of education, of the student habit which investigates and finds out and makes sure of most of the subject which exercise the minds of men. But to religion—why, that great and most important question need not be bothered about. "Be good and you will be happy," seems to be the basis of their religious belief, and they care no further. Mrs. Emily Fifield, herself a Unitarian, tells of this Unitarian, indifference to definite ideas regarding religion, in a recent issue of the Christian Register. She says:

"This very summer I have been sitting on a hotel piazza with a group of delightful, cultivated men and women, most of them Unitarians, and not one of them was able to say why he was a Unitarian or why Unitarians believe. The children of these Unitarians were on the green opposite. If they had been questioned concerning their church, a well-bred stare of incomprehension would be the answer. "In my visits among the women of our Alliance, I have felt sorry to find how little real knowledge of the distinctive doctrines of our body exists—how little is known of the history and traditions of our form of faith and the place it now holds in the religious world. "A whole winter is spent—pleasantly to be sure—in trying to understand 'The Ring and the Book,' and the vital principles of religious belief are left on one side.

We have no doubt that such delightful, cultivated men and women, looking from the hotel piazza, would consider as a very ignorant person indeed the stalwart, level-headed Irish laborer passing by who never heard of the "Ring and the Book," yet in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred such a man could give a clear consistent and logical reason for the faith he possessed. Gazing from their hotel piazza the group of cultured Unitarians might wonder pityingly if this laborer had any knowledge beyond his day's work, yet his knowledge on the most stupendous fact in all the Universe would be far more wide, far more copious, far more accurate, far more definite, far more correct than theirs. He might not know Browning or Tennyson, or Emerson, but he would know God; and Jesus Christ the Son of God has declared this knowledge to be "eternal life."—Sacred Heart Review.

THE SENSIBLE MOTHER

When the little ones are ill the sensible mother no longer doses them with nauseous, griping purgatives, nor puts them to sleep with the so-called "soothing" preparations which always contain harmful opiates. Baby's Own Tablets have been used by thousands of mothers who cheerfully testify that they are gentle in their action, absolutely safe, and make little ones sleep soundly and naturally, because they remove the trouble that made baby irritable and wakeful. On this point Mrs. T. Watson, Sarsfield, Ont., says:—I have used Baby's Own Tablets and find them a very valuable medicine for young children. When baby is cross or fretful I give her a Tablet, and it soon puts her right."

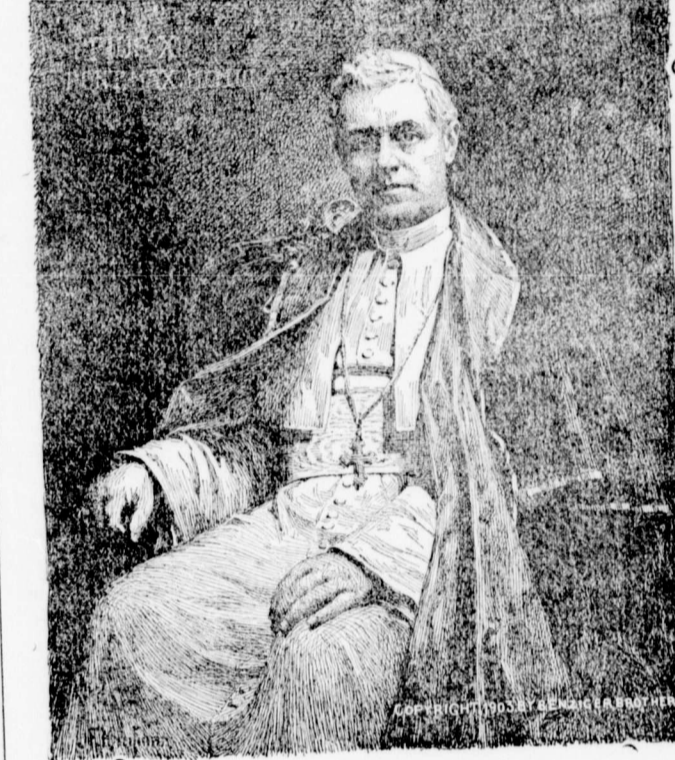
These Tablets cure all the minor ailments of little ones. They are good for all children from birth onward. Sold by medicine dealers or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A SURE CURE FOR HEADACHE.—Billions of headaches, to which some are more subject than others, become so acute in some subjects that they are utterly prostrated. The stomach refuses food, and there is a constant and distressing effort to free the stomach from bile which has become acridly secreted there. Paracetamol's Vegetable Pills—a purely operative, and in neutralizing the effects of the irritating bile relieves the pressure on the nerves which cause the headache. Try them.

Pale sickly children should use Mother's Own Tablets. Worms are one of the principal causes of suffering in children and should be expected from the system.

Advertisement for 'You Can Buy' soap, featuring an image of a soap box and the text 'SURPRISE SOAP' and 'of any Grocer'.

JUST PUBLISHED! AN ART REPRODUCTION IN COLORS OF A PAINTING OF POPE PIUS X. AFTER AN ORIGINAL PORTRAIT BY JOHN F. KAUFMAN. Size, without margin, 18x24. Price, by mail, 50 Cents.



This reproduction of Mr. Kaufman's Painting of the Holy Father is an exact likeness, reproduced by a new and surprisingly effective process, which preserves all the values of the original oil painting. It will be an ornament to every Catholic home.

CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, LONDON, ONT.

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

DENYING OURSELVES AND RENOUNCING OURSELVES, CUPIDITY.

"Son, thou canst not possess perfect liberty, unless thou wholly deny thyself. All self-seekers and self-lovers are bound in fetters, full of desires, full of cares, unsettled, and always seeking their own ease and not the things of Jesus Christ; but oftentimes devising and framing that which will not stand. For all that proceeds not from God shall come to nothing. Take this short and perfect word: Forsake all, and thou shalt find all; leave thy desires, and thou shalt find rest."

Consider this well, and when thou hast put it in practice thou wilt understand all things. Lord, this is not the work of one day nor children's sport; yea, in this short sentence is included the whole perfection of Religion.

Son, thou must not be turned back nor presently cast down, when thou hearest what the way of the perfect is; but thou must rather be incited thereto, to undertake great things or, at least, to sigh after them with an earnest desire.

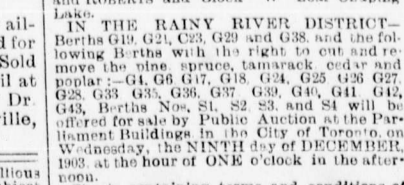
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O'KEEFE'S Liquid Extract of Malt. Is the best made. During the last few months a great many so-called Liquid Extracts of Malt have been placed on the market and sold at prices for which it would be impossible to make a genuine Liquid Extract of Malt. If you want the best ask for "O'Keefe's," and insist upon getting "O'Keefe's."



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Vertical text on the far left edge of the page, including "Life", "E", "ary.", "les", "p. 7 in., 20c", "12 in., 35c", "18 in., 75c", "5c", "2 in., 75c", "figure, .85c", "figure, \$1.25", "figure, 1.25", "figure, .90c", "ANG", "8 in., 35c", "12 in., 65c", "15 in., \$1.00", "ROSSCS", "35c", "60c", "oks", "tin cloth, 20c", "HEART—", "in leather, 60c", "edges, 60c", "own green, 60c", "concord—", "60c", "calf, gold", "corners, 60c", "red German, gold", "retter gold", "60c", "HEART—", "blue and", "flexible", "and title, 1.25", "old edges, 1.25", "HART—", "flexible", "hind cross, 1.25", "old German, 1.25", "gold title, 1.50", "edges, 1.50", "french calf, 1.50", "title, gold", "red under", "1.35", "satin cloth, 25c", "ible cover, 25c", "type edi-", "red edges, 75c", "rps", "made...5c & 10c", "15c", "10c", "20c", "35c", "icks", "25c", "30c", "35c", "35c", "50c", "15c", "30c", "50c", "on, Ont.", "LLOUS SALE", "ing the", "of the", "Box", "and Conway.", "over 1000 ques-", "answers. It runs", "post paid.", "ORD OFFICE.", "ONT.", "AS", "Beautiful.", "Treatise on the", "actions of 'Our", "author of 'The", "Heart.' Edit-", "MacLeod, S. J.", "Price \$1.50, post", "RECORD OFFICE", "ONT.", "Heart, the Blessed", "12 inches high.", "Suitable for bedroom", "ar each.", "Cash to re-", "Thomas Coffey", "don, Ontario

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

THE HOME SAVINGS & LOAN COMPANY LIMITED. 78 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO. IN BUSINESS AS A SAVINGS BANK AND LOAN CO., SINCE 1854.

DIocese of London. Before this issue of THE CATHOLIC RECORD shall have reached the majority of our readers, St. Mary's church in this city, the exercises began on Sunday morning and will end on next Wednesday evening, Nov. 18.

ARCHDIOCESE OF KINGSTON AND OTTAWA REJOICE. ORDINATION OF REV. FATHER FRANCIS GEORGE GRAY IN ST. PATRICK'S, OTTAWA. Sunday morning, the 8th inst., the octave of St. Andrew, was a day remarkably marked by the Rev. Rector, Father Whelan, for all time by a "red letter day" in the annals of the Archdiocese of Kingston and Ottawa.

ST. MARTIN'S DAY AT ST. MARTIN'S SCHOOL. An event of special interest to the Catholics of St. Martin's school, the third annual celebration of St. Martin's Day at St. Martin's school, was held on Sunday, Nov. 15.

Prize Winners. The following persons drew the prizes offered them at Father Collins' Bazaar, held in Greenham, on the 21st and 22nd of October: Mrs. W. H. Dudley, Mrs. M. J. O'Connell, Mrs. J. J. O'Connell, Mrs. J. J. O'Connell, Mrs. J. J. O'Connell.

Archbishop Quigley's Fallium. New York, Nov. 11.—A special messenger from Rome has arrived here with the fallium of Archbishop Quigley of Chicago. The fallium will be given informally into the care of Archbishop Quigley.

"The Beginnings of Christianity," by Very Rev. Theobald Mathew, S. T. D., J. U. L., Professor of Church History in the Catholic University of Leuven, Belgium. Published by Benziger Bros. Price \$2.00.

him fighting to the last gasp in guarding his patients from the eyes of the world. "All correspondence is to be strictly confidential and medicine is packed in a plain box," so says the doctor. But that is only a small part of the secrecy with which the doctor treats his clients.

SACRED CONCERT AT BIDDULPH. LECTURE BY REV. D. P. McMENAMIN. The sacred concert and lecture held in St. Patrick's church at Biddulph, on Tuesday, Nov. 17, was a great success, realizing over \$100.

MR. THOS. J. MURRAY HONORIED. Thursday evening last was the date, the auspicious dining hall of the New Royal, the place where nearly one hundred citizens gathered to tender a complimentary banquet to Mr. T. J. Murray.

A Christmas Portfolio. A holiday publication of special attractiveness and interest is announced for the hands of the children. It will be published under the auspices of the Young Women's Christian Association of London, Ontario.

MARRIAGES. A very pretty wedding took place on Oct. 23, at St. Joseph's church, Toronto, when Mr. James J. O'Connell was united in matrimony to Miss Mary J. O'Connell.

DIED. At Sandwich on 10th inst., Mrs. Ann Nevers, late of Dublin, Ont., in her 85th year. The funeral services were held on the 11th inst. and the body was interred in the cemetery.

DOCTOR MCGAGGART GUARANTEES TO CURE THE USE OF OPIUM AND TOBACCO FOR ANYONE. Toronto, Nov. 7.—The doctor who has cured thousands of opium and tobacco addicts is now offering his services to the public.

MALE OR FEMALE HOLDING SECOND OR THIRD CLASS CERTIFICATE. For third class certificate, apply to the Registrar of the Board of Education, Toronto.

TEACHER WANTED. R. C. School for the year 1909. Duties to commence Jan. 1st, 1909. For further particulars, apply to the Board of Education, Toronto.

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Pandora Range. Only Range Fitted With Enameled Reservoir. Reservoir is stamped in one piece from sheet steel, which gives it a perfectly plain surface.

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VOLUME X. The Catholic. LONDON, SATURDAY. A SCIENTIFIC DE... So far as we can decide increase the number of total work for this we may mention becoming convinced if your hands are tired of human action the brain and plays health. We have been and more, by temperance laborer, and not work to persuade the public in the imagination of a dubbed fanatic; but of science have to pictures were facts.

In modern society the most to be feared is the social prosperity, the development of moral sense. The scourge of his husband. He becomes a doctor and professional in private practice the able victims of the law, cannot but practice which affects the raising a barrier cannot be accused. They speak with knowledge on the vapors of the friends of ignorant self-interest.

Business men by experience the total employees must be Young men them more and more saloons means fair who has work to pair his powers rooms. Should into believing innocent, and later, find himself confronted day the victims of cannot see so pl by moderate chance a little us say men w grow sterile ju in the full juvenes. And, moreover see for himself those who achieve from all that haust vitality? tunity. Alerts two things ne to be found in

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