

The Catholic Record

Price of Subscription—\$2.00 per annum. THOS. COFFEY, L.L.D., Editor and Publisher.

Advertisement for teachers, situations wanted, etc. 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.

Messrs. Luke King, P. J. Neven, E. J. Broderick, M. J. Hagarty and Miss Sara Hanley are fully authorized to receive subscriptions and transact all other business for the CATHOLIC RECORD. Agent for Newfoundland, Mr. James Power of St. John's. Agent for district of Nioising Mrs. M. Reynolds, New Liskeard.

Subscribers changing residence will please give old as well as new address. Obituary and marriage notices cannot be inserted except in the usual condensed form. Each insertion 50 cents.

When subscribers ask for their paper at the post office it would be well were they to tell the clerk to give them their CATHOLIC RECORD. We have information of carelessness in a few places on the part of delivery clerks who will sometimes look for letters only.

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

Mr. Thomas Coffey: My Dear Sir—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and above all that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit. It strenuously defends Catholic principles and rights, and stands firmly by the teachings and authority of the Church, at the same time promoting the best interests of the country.

Yours very sincerely in Christ, DONATUS, Archbishop of Ephesus, Apostolic Delegate UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1909.

Mr. Thomas Coffey: Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your Catholic paper, the CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published. Its matter and form are both good, and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole. Therefore, with pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithful. Blessing you and wishing you success, believe me to remain, Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ, T. D. FALCONE, Arch. of Larissa, Apost. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1909.

THE CALL OF THE COUNTRY.

Many of our Catholic contemporaries beyond the line are putting forth their utmost endeavor with a view to inducing an exodus of our people from the city to the country. Amongst others the Michigan Catholic points out that time was not far distant, when to enjoy any of the privileges and consolations of his religion, it was necessary for the Catholic to locate in the populous centres of the land, but that such a day is now past, new villages springing up everywhere and scarcely any place so situated but that it has a priest to minister to the spiritual wants of the people.

The plea of our contemporaries is worthy of attention. It strikes a note hitherto heard but faintly over the vast areas of our broad Dominion. It is true the "call of the West" has become a slogan with which the country at large is familiar, but as of particular application to us as Catholics, the call has not, we think, been generally accepted.

Some years since the tendency to drift cityward and locate there, was perhaps for the majority having education, spiritual and secular, in mind, a thing to be commended. Opportunities for such elsewhere were rare and unsatisfactory. Conditions, however, have changed beyond all calculation, even during the last decade of years, and one time obstacles no longer exist. Many modes of transit have made traffic and organized waterways cover the face of the country. Settlement is thus made comparatively easy and Catholics with a little foresight may band themselves together, and dotting the country here and there with colonies, find themselves provided in short space with school, church and all else necessary to the carrying on of divine worship and to a life vital with Catholicity and to the spirit that makes for religious and secular progress.

It may be that all this will not satisfy, that the wealth of church ritual and its gorgeous accompaniments would be missed beyond recompense by some, but if it be true that thousands are going to seed amidst an opulence of church observances, is it not possible that those same backsliders might be strengthened by the necessity for striving after the things which now they find so easy of acquirement and their supineness turned to ruggedness in an effort to establish and retain things to which they are now indifferent?

From a utilitarian standpoint too great advancement has been made of late. Along the lines of agriculture, schools, institutes and conventions for the teaching and sending abroad the best and latest methods of farming, have been established and are common throughout Ontario at least. Beneficial results are being everywhere felt and more are promised. The life of the farm is not now or at least need not be, a drudgery, and the independence of country living, its communings with

nature and all else that it offers, never appeared in fairer guise than at present. It has been noted that even with the inferior opportunities of the past, that a large proportion of our prosperous business and professional men spent their early years in the country. With all this in view it would seem the height of wisdom that would direct our Catholic families in large numbers to the open areas that are even now calling them. To possess religious consolations for themselves and families, it is only necessary to have accord amongst a certain number being of prospective settlers, the number being large enough to assure the building of a church and its support, when a priest to minister therein will invariably be found.

It is then with full confidence in our message that we add our voice to that of our contemporaries who advocate settlement on the farms. A few strong and initiative leaders, here and there, capable of organizing Catholic settlements, are the one thing necessary. The settlements themselves will quickly follow.

PRACTICAL RESULTS DESIRABLE

In our issue of last week we drew the attention of our readers to the conditions brought about by our present educational system, a system which some time ago we were wont to laud and speak of in accents of pride as a great educational system of Ontario. Later we spoke in more guarded, less confident tone, because we, in common with others, were learning by experience and by the application of practical tests, that the teaching and training given by our schools were largely on the surface and in no wise adequate to the calls and needs of every day business life.

Canada, or at least Ontario, is as yet a new land. Its people are largely an agricultural and commercial population. That which tends to advancement along these lines upon which they are engaged is the thing above all others to be desired from a merely utilitarian aspect, and as this is the only purview of which the schools outside those under Catholic guidance take cognizance, it is a point to which attention must be directed.

Now and for years the secular education of the primary and secondary schools both Public and Separate has been along the same lines. The pupils in both have been tested, as we pointed out last week, in their passage from class to class and from school to school by exactly the same methods. The same examination papers have been handed out at all centres and results have been allotted to Separate and Public school pupils by the same set of examiners. This being so it is quite within our province to criticize the educational system of Ontario as a whole. As one proof that when tried the system has been found wanting we pointed out in our former article the bewildered and bewildering ideas of history entertained by those young men and young women soon about to be let loose upon the Province as fully fledged Normalites and therefore accredited as teachers and guides for the present day children and youth of the land. To day we wish to put forward another proof, one too touching a much larger class than even the Normal graduates referred to above. This is the great army of boys and girls to be found in every city and commercial centre, who are supposed to have sufficient knowledge in a general way, together with stenography and its accompanying instrument of the typewriter, to carry on the correspondence of business houses in a creditably business-like manner. In most cases these boys and girls, young men and young women, have diplomas of proficiency from some business school or college, and, strange as it may seem, it is not a lack of these special branches which causes them to fail miserably when tested by the exigencies and routine of ordinary every day business life. It is the foundation that is lacking. The old and ever to be reversed three R's have been woefully neglected, and the superstructure erected upon the fallible underwork proves altogether useless in the strenuous business life of to-day.

Business men the country over are calling out for competent assistance. In all too many cases only the weak and incompetent answer the call. Those who present themselves may take dictation at a "hundred or more a minute" and their fingers may fly over the keys of the machine with all the facile execution of the skilled pianist. But with all this results are often lamentable. Errors in grammar and spelling are gross and frequent, and punctuation oftentimes a thing unknown. Who or what is to blame? Once again impartial analysis must point to the schools, where the crowded curriculum with its multiplicity of subjects and its too early options has made thorough grounding in the essentials impossible, and has left the market ever at a premium where good business assistants are concerned.

A liberal education attained by much and varied knowledge is a good thing, and a thing to be desired. But before this and for a still pioneer and largely

commercial community, an education that will give the majority of our boys and girls a sound, systematic and working knowledge of the essentials before delving into the numberless extras, is something which is commending itself more and more to all interested in the prosperity of our country from a commercial and business outlook.

A DEAD WITNESS.

Very soon the world, the English speaking portion of it at least, will celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of Samuel Johnson, the painstaking, sometimes humorous, though often pious man of letters. Born two centuries ago, September 18th, Johnson deserves the gratitude and appreciative remembrance of the lovers of the English tongue the world over, but it is not as the author nor as the essayer of quaint and wise conceits that we wish to bring him before our readers, but as one who, though dead, bears testimony to the necessity for church and creed, things which many of the present-day men of letters are doing their utmost to sweep from the face of the universe.

"To be of no church," said this moralist, "is dangerous. Religion of which the rewards are distant, and which is animated only by faith and hope, will glide by degrees out of the mind, unless it be invigorated and re-impressed, by stated calls to worship and the salutary influence of example." What wisdom and knowledge of the necessities of human nature are revealed in this pronouncement of the philosopher of two centuries ago! His judgment on the subject of religion is on the side of security and solidity and in accordance with the needs of the limited conditions of the human side of humanity. Those who now-a-days preach one creed as good as another, or no creed at all, who would do away with the temple, altar and sacrifice, who deery ceremony and ceremonial, and who give nothing in return, forget the constituents of the human composition, this altogether apart from revealed religion or the commands of an omnipotent Being. Something tangible to which we may anchor is necessary, hence Johnson said, "to be of no church is dangerous," and he gives his reason, "because religion, animated only by things indefinite, will glide by degrees out of the mind unless it be invigorated and re-impressed by external ordinances, by stated calls to worship and the salutary influence of example." How logical and sane do not these sentences appear and rising as they do from the tomb of the centuries their clear call is a warning and a reprimand to the fickle-tongued and light-penned triflers of to-day who in the unrestful atmosphere of their environment flutter about, disturbers of the old order and giving nothing permanent in return.

How admirably in keeping are the words of Johnson with the attitude and teaching of the Church. How she invigorates her members and impresses her salutary teachings over and over by the minutiae and specialness of her ordinances. The ceremonial which to some is meaningless, is defended, if such were necessary, by these words of an outsider when he declared the occasion for "external ordinances" for "stated calls to worship" and the "influence of example."

The command for Sunday observance and obligatory attendance at Mass are wise and salutary from the statement of this outside witness, and the influence of example which he advocates is met by the assemblage engaged in religious exercises, an influence impossible to be otherwise exercised.

Looking back, it seems strange that so deep a thinker and one so honest in the expression of his thoughts, should not have journeyed further. It is strange that a plurality of churches did not appeal to him as absurd. The grace to distinguish the one lustrous light is not however given to all, but the soul of the Church has within its embrace many who, even unknown to themselves, are signed with the marks of the One fold, the Shepherd of which needs none to enlighten Him as to those for whom His arms must be ever open. But Johnson was too full of himself to see beyond his own circumscribed horizon.

THE SALOON AND ITS KEEPER.

To champion the good and condemn the evil, is and ever will be, part of the duty of every Catholic newspaper. Complying with this line of thought we have never hesitated to express our condemnation of the liquor traffic in its many vicious phases, even though in the doing of it we have offended some whom otherwise we might rank amongst our friends and supporters. There have been perhaps times when our championship of absolute temperance in the matter of alcohol seemed too intense, but if such a thought ever arose in the minds of the thinking portion of our readers, it will be forever put to flight by the words of Archbishop Ireland, the great prelate of Western America, whose utterance on the saloon and its keeper lies before us as we write. The far-seeing and power-

ful prelate of St. Paul does not deny that a worthy saloon keeper is an impossibility or that liquor selling might not be classed outside the things called morally wrong, but he shows, and that without difficulty, that so rarely are the conditions met with that would make the business of the saloon honorable, that for all practical purposes they are not worthy of consideration.

Archbishop Ireland gives us a picture of the ideal saloon keeper. He is, he tells us, an upright, honorable, conscientious man, who will never sell liquor to an habitual drunkard or to a person who has already been drinking and whom another draught will intoxicate; he will never permit minors, boys or girls, to cross his threshold; he will not suffer around his counter indecent or profane language; he will not violate law and the precious traditions of his country by selling on Sunday; he will never drug his liquor and will never take from his patrons more than the legitimate market value of the fluid. Upon these conditions being observed, says this great moralist, I will not say that the selling of liquor is a moral wrong, and he even admits that this ideal portrayed is possible. Perhaps you may have met him, he says. Perhaps Diogenes, lamp in hand, searching through our American cities, would discover him, before wearying marches would have compelled him to abandon the search, but this margin which the Archbishop allows only serves to accentuate the fact that, like the ancient philosopher whom he quotes, his belief in the possibility of the one whom he pictures is so slight as to be almost non-existent.

The Archbishop does not stop at things as they might be, but continuing he gives us a graphic and all too true picture of things as they are, things which in the lime light of the strong words before us are a portrait of sordidness and bare effrontery sufficient to make all but the already degenerate, and perhaps even they, flee the precincts of danger. I have at present before my mind, continues His Grace, the saloon as it usually now-a-day exhibits itself, down in an underground cellar, away from the light of the sun, or if it does open its doors to the sidewalk, seeking with painted windows and rows of lattice-work to hide its traffic from public gaze as if a shamed itself of the nefariousness of its practices. The keeper has one set purpose—to roll in dimes and dollars, heedless whether lives are wrecked and souls damned. The hopeless inebriate and the yet innocent boy receive the glass from his hand. He resorts to tricks and devices to draw customers to stimulate their appetite for drink. Sunday as on Monday, during night as well as day, he is at work to fill his victims with alcohol and his till with silver and gold. This is his ambition; and I am willing to pay him the compliment that he executes well his double task. Such is the arraignment of His Grace of St. Paul. Strong and scathing it is beyond doubt, yet none can deny its truth.

There are few living within city or town who do not know either from observation or experience that the reality of the evils of intemperance in the matter of alcohol and of those who cater to it are beyond even the eloquent tongue or pen above quoted. The peace of countless households has been destroyed, families are being disintegrated daily, the career on many a bright road has been shortened, physical giants have become physical wrecks, lives have been extinguished and souls eternally lost through the blight and menace of alcohol. And yet the shadow of its presence is with us and it lifts itself in its ugliness, and with a power that fascinates its victims it holds them strongly in its unyielding and relentless grasp. The words of His Grace of St. Paul are none too strong and sweeping. So long as the saloon exists as a rendezvous for the indiscriminate distribution of alcohol just so long will those evils exist and so long too will the 20th century call for another Father Mathew to turn the tables and rescue the ceaselessly falling hosts from the now triumphant enemy.

THE BARCELONA RIOTS.

We commend to our charitable friend, The Christian Guardian, a letter which we copy in this issue from a religious sister about the riots in Spain. In its habitual impetuosity The Christian Guardian laid the blame upon both the racial character and the creed of the Spanish people. Our logical colleague formed some such syllogism as this: The Spaniards are Catholics; some Spaniards are in rebellion; therefore all Catholics are inclined to riot. Our friend reasons from the effect to the cause and throws in a conclusion with the pepper-castor of prejudice. Some Spaniards are rioting. All Spaniards are Catholics. Therefore all Catholics are rioters. We advise the Christian Guardian to read the sun's letter. It will show how wide the Methodist organ is from the mark—and testify the

religious fervor of the good Sisters who suffered from these socialistic rebels.

Mr. MARTIN LUTHER ROUSE, of Toronto, writes a letter to that department of the Toronto Mail and Empire which is decidedly anti-Irish and anti-Catholic, a criticism of the inscription on the monument erected to the memory of the famine victims by the Ancient Order of Hibernians. The inscription reads:

"Sacred to the memory of thousands of Irish emigrants, who, to preserve the faith, suffered hunger and exile in 1847-48, and, stricken by fever, ended here their sorrowful pilgrimage."

Mr. Martin Luther Rouse of Toronto decidedly objects to the terms herein employed. He would have us believe that the paternal British Government of that day gave £10,000,000 to relieve the distress. We hasten to assure Mr. Martin Luther Rouse of Toronto that the British Government did nothing of the kind. It voted a large sum of money to charter ships to get rid of the Irish, level the cabins and turn the little farms into pasture land to fatten cattle for the English market. The inscription on the monument is the simple truth. The Irish Church Mission Society and its army of proselytizers were on the ground and Catholics who were willing to give up their faith were directed to the soup kitchens. But there was no soup for those who would not apostatize. Mr. Martin Luther Rouse of Toronto must have been studying some of the pamphlets issued by the Government of that day, the object of which was to whitewash their black doings. Mr. Martin Luther Rouse of Toronto would have us believe that the inscription is false because he has not read in any history that the Government money was not used for proselytizing purposes. There are people, we may remark, whose reading of history is very limited. We can assure our Toronto friend that the truth of the inscription on the monument can be vouched for by the writer of these lines, for he lived in Ireland at the time mentioned. One of the street ballads heard in the City of Dublin in those days explains the conditions. The first verse reads as follows:

"O come along to Merrion square, And as sure as my name is Riley Every northern thief will get mutton and beef, If he prays with Mrs. Smyley."

As to the cause of the famine the historian will lay it at the doors of the statesmen who brought about the union at the beginning of the last century. The names of Peel and Castlereagh will ever be held in execration in Ireland. The great Henry Grattan, a rigid Protestant, said that "the union of the legislatures was a severance of the nations; that the ocean forbade separation; that England in her government of Ireland had gone to hell for her principles and to bedlam for her discretion." Mr. Martin Luther Rouse of Toronto will muster in full force, however, when a popular measure is up for consideration and joyously march in line with the "nays." The noble and wealthy gentlemen are very wroth because the new budget calls for an additional tax from those who are best able to bear it, namely, the class to which the noble lords belong. To show their patriotism and intense love for the Empire, they wish to see Dreadnoughts built by the dozen and the army raised to a German standard, but contend that the pennies of the poor should pay the bills. Verily the House of Lords, as at present constituted, is a promoter of socialism. The claim of many of the members to distinction has been the royal favor only.

A GENERATION since the ex-priests and ex-nuns, or at least those who call themselves such, and many of whom are sailing under false colors, could easily find entrance to the pulpits of non-Catholic denominations. The public halls knew them too, and invariably one or more preachers might be seen on the stage, thus giving the performance their countenance and approval. A few weeks ago, in Motherwell, Scotland, much bad feeling was engendered by the appearance of some of those no-popery orators. Scenes of disorder resulted and now the sober-minded citizens are beginning to size up the situation. The Glasgow Herald truly says that "what is required, in addition to the firm enforcement of the law, is that the heads of Protestant churches in Motherwell should take steps not merely to dissociate themselves from the kind of Protestantism that is indistinguishable from rude intolerance, but to visit it with public censure." Happily we now rarely have occurrences of this kind in the Dominion of Canada. Protestant ministers as a rule have become disgusted with the "brand snatched from the burning." They recognize him as a fraud who is playing upon their credulity.

THE REV. JOSEPH HOCKING, whose literature, we regret to say, finds place in some of our Canadian Protestant weeklies, appears to be getting into trouble in England. In one of his lectures he stated that crime, cruelty and outrage obtained in monastic institutions. He is very careful not to specify any particular monastery. The editor of the Catholic News challenges the rev. gentleman to make a specific charge

higher criticism to lower that standard, necessarily finds itself in a perilous position in which its defenders can see nothing but defeat." This is very frank indeed. As to the future the same paper states that "the Protestant churches will gradually become absorbed, and that the final discussion concerning faith will be carried on between the Catholic Church and the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, the two extreme wings of the forces professing Christianity." It is altogether likely, however, that Mormonism will go the way of the other sects. "Outside of naturalism," says Father Doyle, who has just come from a missionary trip to Utah, "the Mormons have little religion now, and they are losing hold of their young folks. There can be but one victor in that final discussion."

ARCHBISHOP GLENNON, at the national convention of the Knights of Columbus, which lately assembled in Mobile, Alabama, gave a splendid address which should sink deeply into the hearts of the members of that excellent order. The constitution of the United States, he said, is a guarantee of religious liberty and the time had come when no set of men could array themselves against Catholic citizens because of their religion. His Grace urged the Knights to sustain every cause that is noble, placing citizenship above party and extending to all, irrespective of race or creed, the even-handed justice that they themselves demand. A grand expression indeed, and just what might be expected from a Prince of that Church which in season and out of season, preaches truth and justice and charity to all mankind. That his advice will be followed by the Knights we have no manner of doubt. He has but spoken the words that describe their procedure. Would we could say the same of all societies outside the Church. In Canada as well as in the United States, we have some whose practise is to keep Catholics in the background wherever possible. We have yet to hear where a Protestant as such has been denied a public position in places where Catholics form a majority of the people.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS is getting into an ugly humor again and the time is approaching when they will either have to be ended or mended. Lord Lansdowne is fearful lest this may be the outcome, if the budget of Mr. Lloyd George is rejected. This noble personage would dearly love to kill it, but he is afraid of the consequences. About one hundred peers attend the sessions of the House of Lords more or less regularly, but there are four hundred more who are purely ornamental and detrimental. They muster in full force, however, when a popular measure is up for consideration and joyously march in line with the "nays." The noble and wealthy gentlemen are very wroth because the new budget calls for an additional tax from those who are best able to bear it, namely, the class to which the noble lords belong. To show their patriotism and intense love for the Empire, they wish to see Dreadnoughts built by the dozen and the army raised to a German standard, but contend that the pennies of the poor should pay the bills. Verily the House of Lords, as at present constituted, is a promoter of socialism. The claim of many of the members to distinction has been the royal favor only.

A GENERATION since the ex-priests and ex-nuns, or at least those who call themselves such, and many of whom are sailing under false colors, could easily find entrance to the pulpits of non-Catholic denominations. The public halls knew them too, and invariably one or more preachers might be seen on the stage, thus giving the performance their countenance and approval. A few weeks ago, in Motherwell, Scotland, much bad feeling was engendered by the appearance of some of those no-popery orators. Scenes of disorder resulted and now the sober-minded citizens are beginning to size up the situation. The Glasgow Herald truly says that "what is required, in addition to the firm enforcement of the law, is that the heads of Protestant churches in Motherwell should take steps not merely to dissociate themselves from the kind of Protestantism that is indistinguishable from rude intolerance, but to visit it with public censure." Happily we now rarely have occurrences of this kind in the Dominion of Canada. Protestant ministers as a rule have become disgusted with the "brand snatched from the burning." They recognize him as a fraud who is playing upon their credulity.

THE REV. JOSEPH HOCKING, whose literature, we regret to say, finds place in some of our Canadian Protestant weeklies, appears to be getting into trouble in England. In one of his lectures he stated that crime, cruelty and outrage obtained in monastic institutions. He is very careful not to specify any particular monastery. The editor of the Catholic News challenges the rev. gentleman to make a specific charge

ism to lower that standard, finds itself in a perilous position...

AT THE CONVENTION of the American Federation of Catholic societies held recently at Pittsburg, Prof. J. C. Monaghan attacked the Socialists...

HOUSE OF LORDS is getting into humor again and the time is coming when they will either be amended or mended.

THE ANTI-CATHOLIC CASKET draws attention to the fact that the Americans are in the habit of dreaming about the decadence of England...

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA Britannica, ninth edition, in its article "Ireland" (table No. 14), shows the number of "more serious offences" in Ireland...

WE HAVE BEEN informed by a clerical friend that many a time he has been pained to notice the absence of prayer-books in the hands of some of the young men and young women in his congregation...

THE REV. JOSEPH HOCKING, whose signature we regret to say, finds place some of our Canadian Protestant lies, appears to be getting into lies in England.

olies form the majority of the people; in England they are but a small minority, and are compelled to fight in self defence all along the line.

IT WAS A beautiful tribute which that great American, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, paid to the Catholic Church when writing his experiences in the Eternal City.

WE GLADLY WELCOME to our exchange list The Western Catholic, published at Vancouver, B. C., first number of which appeared on the 11th of August.

Hon. Frank Oliver says a good class of immigrants are coming from England and Scotland, but Ireland continues to send the bulk of her sons to the States.

IRELAND AND ITS PEOPLE. Sir Hugh Graham ought to re-organize his Irish office. The letters which come to the Montreal Star from Ireland...

The Montreal Daily Star is in the habit of publishing letters from correspondents in the British Isles, its "London Letter," and the one "Fraud and Scoundrel," are usually lighted and quite interesting.

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA Britannica, ninth edition, in its article "Ireland" (table No. 14), shows the number of "more serious offences" in Ireland...

WE HAVE BEEN informed by a clerical friend that many a time he has been pained to notice the absence of prayer-books in the hands of some of the young men and young women in his congregation...

THE REV. JOSEPH HOCKING, whose signature we regret to say, finds place some of our Canadian Protestant lies, appears to be getting into lies in England.

THEY HAVE A Catholic Truth Society in Ireland which promises to have a career of usefulness. Over half a million penny Catholic booklets have been circulated.

countries in Europe, yet there was less theft, less cheating, less house-breaking, less robbery of all kinds than in any other country of the same size in the civilized world.

THE BARCELONA RIOTS.

We give below in translation two letters received from the Reverend Mother of one of the two houses of the Little Sisters of the Assumption at Barcelona at the Mother House in Paris:

While we were at our reading these maddened people came and summoned us to open to them. We at once flew into the chapel and surrounded our Lord. They tried to force the door, climbed up to the windows, firing on us and wrenching off the bars.

Our neighbors were, without a single exception, truly admirable. We were taken to a house across the road before we were brought together.

Our next thought was to send word to the presbytery that the reserved Sacred Species was with us. The answer brought back was that Santa Malona, the parish church, had been burnt down.

How heart-breaking it all is! We had not time to bring away our office books and our rosary is our sole means of prayer.

But, dear Mother, when indeed will you come to know all this? The postal and telegraphic services have ceased to exist. I am keeping this letter in my pocket.

Oh! my dear Mother, I leave this letter in the hands of our good Angel. Bless us in the manner that the Carmelites of Compiegne were blessed before they were martyred.

Dearest Mother, in parties of three we got together on Monday at 4 this morning after passing over the barricades

CANADIAN PACIFIC More Men Wanted Farm Laborers' Excursions \$10 Going \$18 Additional Sept. 7 From all Stations and West Sept. 10 From all Stations east of Toronto in Ontario

and witnessing the smoking ruins of churches. Oh! what a terrible carnage, has there been! Yesterday five thousand persons were killed. We are still disguised as workmen.

THE CARDINAL AMONG THE JEWS. A society of Jews in Baltimore, Md., held a bazaar recently in order to raise funds for a medical dispensary for the poor.

CONFESION. Here is how Dr. Thos. Stewart, Professor of Church History and Practical Theology in the Presbyterian College at Halifax, views "auricular confession."

CATHOLICISM IN ENGLAND. Catholicism stands high in British society to-day, and it is most gratifying as we enter the numerous Catholic churches to find in many, if not all of them, the prominent notice of the "Apostleship of Prayer."

Make sure your new range has a steel oven, and "Pandora" name-plate on the door. Go, at once, to nearest McClary Agency and pick out size desired.

McClary's Pandora Range Steel Oven Heats Quicker Saves Fuel Pandora has a steel steel oven, because steel is more sensitive to heat—absorbs it faster—than cast iron does.

has contrition, on condition, however, that he submit them to the "Keys of the Church" (that is, confess them) as soon as he reasonably can; and if, for some reason or other, that course does not lie open to him, or he assumes, in good faith, the validity of his confession, then the "virtue of penance" alone suffices to cleanse him from his sins.

The Rev. Dr. Thos. Stewart is evidently steeped in what Newman calls the Protestant Tradition. He is determined, it would seem, to keep the old weapons well polished. Clearly he belongs to the class that the great English Cardinal hits off, in so masterly a fashion, where he has this to say of the "Establishment":

The Protestant Tradition, left to itself, would in the course of time languish and decline. Laws would become obsolete, the etiquette and usages of society would alter, literature would be enlivened with new views, and the old Truth might return with the freshness of novelty.

What was still standing was destroyed. What was still standing was destroyed. What was still standing was destroyed.

From our many years experience we know exactly what is needed and will make the selection when so desired.

OUR GOODS are the best in respect both to matter and make-up and are to be had at a PRICE TO MEET ALL.

W. E. Blake & Son COMPLETE CHURCH FURNISHERS 123 Church Street, Toronto, Can.

LANCASTER, ONT. CARRIED BY "FRUIT-A-TIVES"

These Wonderful Fruit Juice Tablets Are Winning Friends on Every Side.



Lancaster, Ont., Sept. 16, 1908. I was a martyr for many years to that distressing complaint, chronic Constipation.

At first, I took five tablets a day, but now I take only one tablet every two days. I am now entirely well, and thanks to "Fruit-a-tives" I give you permission to publish this testimonial.

THE religious denunciations of the non-commissioned officers and men, give to Catholics the high figure of 34,542. This figure is 1,000 more than the united strength of the whole of the Non-conformist element—Presbyterians, Wesleyans, Congregationalists, Baptists and other Protestants altogether.

At Portishead, Bristol, England, the Franciscan Minor Conventuals have received into the Church Mrs. Mayne, widow of Maj. Gen. J. E. Mayne, of the Indian Army.

From our many years experience we know exactly what is needed and will make the selection when so desired.

OUR GOODS are the best in respect both to matter and make-up and are to be had at a PRICE TO MEET ALL.

W. E. Blake & Son COMPLETE CHURCH FURNISHERS 123 Church Street, Toronto, Can.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON. Fourteenth Sunday after Pentecost.

TRUSTING IN GOD. "Be not anxious, therefore, saying: What shall we eat, or what shall we drink, or wherewith shall we be clothed? For after all these things the heathen seek. For your heavenly Father knoweth that you have need of all these things." (St. Matt. vi. 31.)

We are the children of God, dear brethren. From the day we first saw the sun until this God's hand has held us up and His strength has been with us. We are His heirs. By our baptism we have become His sons and the brothers of Jesus Christ. We have been called to a supernatural life and have been offered an imperishable reward—nothing less than God Himself. God has dealt tenderly with us; His mercies have never been wanting; He has shown indeed that "God is love."

Have we not every reason to have confidence in Him and to put ourselves in His hands with childlike trustfulness? When has He been untrue? When has He deserted us? Many times—too many times, alas!—we have been unfaithful to God, but "God is faithful." He leads us to those safe places wherein our souls may rest in peace, and He bestows upon us all things needful for our souls and bodies. Yet we are not always disposed to see the evidence of His providence.

Look out into the world: are men content with God's providence? Are they not asking each other: "What shall we eat, or what shall we drink, or wherewith shall we be clothed? Are they not consumed with desires of getting? Do they live for aught else? Does God and eternal life concern them?"

It is, unhappily, but too true that the lives of most men are made of self-seeking. Each one is trying to do the best for himself. Each one wants to be happy and is running after happiness every hour of the day, and yet few know in what true happiness consists. They become rich; they have pleasures, and "they have their reward." For them the earth with its fulness is enough. Beyond the unknown country for which they care nothing. Life with its joys engrosses them; still they are not happy.

How can they be? "God alone is good," and they have not God. They do not love Him; they do not serve Him; they hardly know Him. Yet He is the beginning and the end.

Oh, busy toilers! working so hard for so little, so anxious to provide for the passing hour, so full of human prudence, so rich in your own conceit, so poor in reality: would that you might know a little of that peace which God gives to those who put their trust in Him and not in riches! Work, indeed, you must, and provide; but why make the having of money and land and name your end? Why spend your strength, your lives, in getting, only to feel the greater bitterness in parting with your goods? It is God Who gives; it is God Who takes away; and He gives and takes away for your soul's sake. Close your eyes and rest your minds; let God speak to your hearts; let His holy Spirit show you something of His treasures—something of the sweetness, the unutterable sweetness, of the Son of God. "I have been young," sings David, "and now an old man, and have not seen the just forsaken nor his seed seeking bread."

This, indeed, is happy living—to be God's child, dependent upon Him for all things necessary for salvation, and to be content with these. This is misery—to live for the sake of earthly goods and happiness, forgetful of God, forgetful of our own highest and truest interests—the good of the soul. "Be not solicitous, therefore, saying: What shall we eat, or what shall we drink, or wherewith shall we be clothed? For after all these things do the heathen seek. For your heavenly Father knoweth that you have need of all these things."

THE IMPRACTICALITY OF SOCIALISM.

There is everything in Socialism that is inviting to the dreamer of utopian dreams, says W. H. Mallock, in the Dublin Review, with the important exception that the really practical is missing. Socialists are prepared to do everything except show that they are practical men by putting their theories into practice. Nothing of a genuinely practical nature can be said to have been attempted even by the most ardent of the advanced school of Socialism, in order to demonstrate its own sociological value, as against the conditions that have hitherto prevailed. England once produced an ardent Socialist in the person of William Morris. Morris went into business on his own account, and confessedly with a view to carrying on his trade on "ideal" socialistic lines. He was an artistic printer; but his books always contained the legend "printed by me, William Morris," with no mention whatever of his associates. In the end, William Morris proved himself to be a "capitalist" of the very first and very self-seeking order. After his experience in business, he had no further respect for theoretical Socialism. Attempts made to carry out a truly Socialistic propaganda, says Mr. Mallock, in no case been successful in point of Socialistic doctrine, no matter how much they may have otherwise thriven in point of financial profit. The strongly economic or materialist basis upon which they were conceived, however, soon destroyed any notion of philanthropy arising out of feelings which religion does not fail to engender. For all their denunciations of "private property" and irrational religion as the real promoters of discord in human society, the would-be reformers proved eventually that it was religion that really held together the real reins of the social fabric, that with it, constructive sociology was impossible and impermanent. Socialistic schemes which won a last-ling success, says Mr. Mallock, particularly in America closely resembled the monastic orders of Catholicism; and when it is remembered that not one of the many great American Socialistic schemes was Catholic, it is hard to imagine a fact more curious and more interesting.

CHURCH FURNITURE. Altars, Pulpits, Fonts, etc. Send for Catalog of Pew & Brass Goods. The Blount Lumber & Mfg. Co. Limited, Chatham, Ont.

In the first place, like the Catholic Orders, these communities appealed to the select few only—to those who had a special vocation; and their invitation to produce, to possess and yet to share, was really an invitation to renounce.

The conclusion to be derived from a study of all forms of Socialism which are not strictly industrial, is that however much Socialism, in practice, may aim at abolishing the category of employer and employee, it has only prospered in proportion as it maintained and accentuated the category of the directors and the directed, and utterly eradicated the principles of self-employment, in the sense of leaving the laborer to work in accordance with his own discretion.

Another conclusion is that, in proportion as the individualistic motive is abolished and exceptional talents are deprived of any corresponding rewards which shall raise their possessors above the common lot, nothing will induce such exceptional talents to exert themselves, unless it is that religious or ascetic enthusiasm which only religion can generate.

And behind these two conclusions is this one, namely, that the individualism of the ordinary world—the desire of each to possess in accordance with his own power of production, and to retain for himself such advantages as his own efforts have gained, has its dearest roots in marriage and the individual family, and that, therefore, in order to make theoretical Socialism possible, marriage and the individual family are the ultimate factors which must be safeguarded and these are exactly those which Socialism seeks to eradicate or eliminate.

Of all non-religious experiments, the history is virtually the same. Where religion was excluded, the social fabric possessed no permanency.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

GREAT ST. BERNARD PASS.

Come with me in the alpine diligence for a drive up the queer zigzag road that pierces the wet and misty clouds and reaches a region of eternal ice and snow. Here, writes W. G. FitzGerald, in St. Nicholas, in a climate almost as cold as Greenland, we shall find a band of men who do a great and good work, assisted by dogs, as Bernard de Menthon did long years ago.

We start from the lovely village of Chamonix at the very foot of mighty Mont Blanc and drive to Martigny. This "diligence" is the road-coach of the Alps, drawn by five big horses all decked with bells and fly-flickers. The air is like wine for its bracing sweetness, and all around us are roaring cataracts, glistening glaciers, or moving ice-seas; gloomy ravines and towering peaks, below whose topmost crags thin wisps of cloud float like wreaths of gauze.

Round and round, up and up. It grows colder as we ascend and the smiling landscape fades away. The pretty flowers disappear too—the anemone and gentian; dark-leaved satyriae and sweet alpenroses. We shiver, even in August, and put on our wraps and furs. We have passed from summer to winter in a few hours. Now we enter the Valley of Death, so called from its many fatal memories. Here at the most dangerous part of the St. Bernard Pass a little shelter-house has been built; and parties climbing still higher to the famous hospice or monastery can now telephone their coming. This has saved hundreds of lives. For nowadays after such a message, the good monks at the top look out for the travelers, and if they fail to appear after a certain time search parties of dogs are sent out to look for them. Here is deep snow even in August. It is so bitterly cold that we get off and walk to warm our numbed limbs; and soon the bare bleak walls of the world's loftiest house of charity loom through the damp mist. Winter lingers here for ten long months; and the few weeks of summer do not suffice to melt the wilderness of ice and snow. We are here nearly nine thousand feet above the sea, and the slightest exertion distresses our breathing apparatus, so rarefied is the air. No sooner are we at the door than a dozen monstrous dogs come baying forth to greet us. No questions are asked. It is understood we require dinner, a warm and comfortable bed, breakfast next morning, and fall directions and protection for our onward journey.

In the recreation room is a big piano which King Edward, then Prince of Wales, gave the monastery nearly fifty years ago. The Emperor Frederick of Germany and his consort also passed the night there, as also have a host of world-famous celebrities. For nearly ten centuries, from generation to generation, some fourteen monks and eight or nine attendants have occupied the monastery and helped travellers crossing over the summit of the Great St. Bernard.

It is sad to think that even these helpers have to descend periodically in search of health, so terribly trying is the climate. The dogs themselves even suffer severely from rheumatism.

FITS CURED. For proof that Fits can be cured write to Mr. Wm. STINSON, 134 Dundas Avenue, Toronto, for pamphlet giving full particulars of simple home treatment. 20 years' success. Over 1000 testimonials in one year. Sole Proprietors—Trench's Remedies Ltd., Dublin.

At present the monastery costs about \$9,000 a year to keep up, and this money is partly collected in Switzerland and partly derived from the revenue of the monastic order. But in the middle ages the monastery was stripped of all its wealth, though it still continued the work of St. Bernard. Over thirty thousand travellers pass this way every year, and hundreds of these, at least, would lose their lives were it not for the guardians of the mountain.

The poor migrant laborers from Switzerland are often found by these faithful dogs in the snow, utterly exhausted from hunger and fatigue, and often with badly frozen limbs. These magnificent creatures were lost in a furious blizzard. I saw one or two aged veterans over twenty years old; these are now privileged to lie before the kitchen fire, and each of them has saved over twenty lives in the snow wastes. The monks are not now so dependent on the dogs for news of travellers in distress, because of the telephone I have already mentioned. The scent of these dogs is so wonderfully keen they can track a man's footsteps in the snow two or three days after he has passed. It is a grand sight to see the monks and their attendants go forth in their big fur coats, high rubber boots and helmets and swansdown gloves. Behind them come assistants with long aspens, ice-axes, alpen-stocks, spades, wine and provisions.

When the first snow comes in September the paths are marked with posts twenty feet high. But these soon disappear and other posts are fixed on the top of them, and so on. Soon the winter paths lead indifferently over enormous rocks and buried alpine huts. The greatest danger comes from the furious gales shifting the snow and making return impossible. The rescue parties are always led by dogs, whose intelligence is never questioned. Sometimes the dogs go prospecting on their own account, and each carries a supply of good red wine in a flask about his neck. Should he track and find some wayfarer in the snow, or fallen down a precipice, he gallops back to the hospice with a message that is unmistakable. Then the rescue party goes out, rubs the frozen limbs of the unfortunate with handfuls of snow and encourages him to rise and walk a little. If this be impossible, or the victim is dead, he is borne back on the alpen-shoulders of the monks' attendants.

I was most interested to learn that the pure race of St. Bernard dogs cannot live away from the mountain they have associated with for so many centuries. In the plains they degenerate in size and strength, and their wonderful sagacity grows duller. Under no circumstances will the hospice sell or part with their dogs, although they have had many tempting offers from foreign travellers, who will pay a high price. Most notable among those four-legged saviors is Oliver, with a record of fifty-six rescues. He is to be sent to Martigny, where the monastery has a kind of a sanatorium in which the dogs try to regain the health and strength they have lost in the service of strangers.

THE POPE'S RETURN TICKET.

The story of the Pope and his return ticket on the occasion of his traveling from Venice to Rome to attend the Conclave at which he was elected Supreme Pontiff, though contradicted at the time on what seemed to be high authority is confirmed and interestingly noted in an article in the Fortnightly Review, London: Summoned to the Conclave at Rome, when he left Venice, one blazing morning in July, greeted by the prophetic cry of "Long live the Pope!" he not for a moment doubted that he should return.

Kellogg's is a Delicacy and a Food. Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes furnish a delicacy and a Food in one luscious combination, distinct from ordinary Cereals. Kellogg's is Pre-digested and nutritious. It up-buils the young, refreshes and sustains the aged; creates a glowing health, vitality, a clear brain—the snap and fire you formerly possessed. Kellogg's is sweet corn—Purified by Kellogg's Secret Method. The name on the box must be.

Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes. 10c. Per Packet. Kellogg's Made in Canada. For proof that Fits can be cured write to Mr. Wm. STINSON, 134 Dundas Avenue, Toronto, for pamphlet giving full particulars of simple home treatment. 20 years' success. Over 1000 testimonials in one year. Sole Proprietors—Trench's Remedies Ltd., Dublin.

MADE IN CANADA. GILLETT'S GOODS ARE STANDARD ARTICLES. It is to the advantage of every housekeeper in Canada to use them. Magic Baking Powder, Gillett's Perfumed Lye, Imperial Baking Powder, Gillett's Cream Tartar, Royal Yeast Cakes, Gillett's Mammoth Blue, Magic Baking Soda, Gillett's Washing Crystal. MADE FOR OVER 50 YEARS (Established 1852). E. W. GILLETT CO., LTD., Toronto, Ont.

"So little did I think that I should never see Venice again," he says, with a smile, "that I took a biglietto d'andata te ritorno" (return ticket). He long kept this return ticket. Wealthy collectors strove by every means in their power to become its purchaser, but he invariably refused. Last year the King of Greece, in the course of a visit which he paid to the Pope, expressed a keen desire to possess this little piece of cardboard which has become for all time historical—and the Pope gave it him. But there is one possession so prized by the Holy Father that not even a King may hope to persuade him to part with it, as the Review writer (M. Rene Lara) thus tells: On the other hand, there is one humble relic with which nothing will ever induce him to part. This relic is his watch, a little cheap nickel watch. "It marked the minutes of my mother's death-struggles," he says, "and the hour of my definite separation from the outer world, from space and liberty. It has marked all the sad, all the joyous, all the solemn moments of my life. What jewel could be more precious to me?" He carries it fastened to a white silk cord in the broad sash which he wears round his waist; and he did not hesitate to offend against the etiquette which hitherto had obliged the Pope, when he wished to know the time, to apply to one of his prelates in waiting. Doubtless that watch may mark the minutes of the Holy Father's own death, an event we hope and pray may be far distant. Ad multos annos.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

Are Your Hands Empty? That was a beautiful thought which sprang from the heart to the lips of a lowly hospital nun. She was attending a young woman a trifle worldly in her ways, whom the doctors had given over and who ceased not weeping day and night. "Why are you weeping, my child?" said the nun. "Because I have to die," the other answered, "and die with empty hands." The nun at once undid the crucifix from around her own neck and placing it between the clasped hands of the dying woman, said sweetly: "Cry no longer now. Hold this cross firmly, and when our Blessed Lord calls you, you will die with your hands filled."

New Model Hammond Typewriter. No. 12 VISIBLE. Visible Writing, Writes in Colors, Type Interchangeable, Collision of Type Impossible, Lightest Touch, Greatest Speed, Least Key Depression, Longest Writing Line, Any Width Paper, Manifold Capacity, Mimeograph Stencil Cutter, Alignment Perfect and Permanent, Easy Action, Portability, Back Space Key, Billing Device, Perfect Escapement, Simplicity of Construction, Greatest Durability, Least Cost for Repairs, Mechanical Perfection. 30 Languages Can be Written on a Single Machine.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD, Agents. LONDON, CANADA. Some Features: Impression Uniform, being Automatic, Least Noise.

Are You Satisfied With Your Position? There is a good opening in the Northern Life Assurance Company for a reliable energetic young man who can do things. If you are that kind of man your opportunity is now. Communicate with the Head Office either direct or through any of its agents. JOHN MILNE, Managing Director. W. M. GOVENLOCK, Secretary.

North American Life ASSURANCE COMPANY. The policy contracts issued by the Company are concise, liberal and up-to-date. Its financial position is unexcelled. "Solid as the Continent." HOME OFFICE TORONTO.

PEWS. ALTARS PULPITS FONTS LECTERNS. INTERIOR FITTINGS and PANELLING. The Valley City Seating Co., Ltd. Dundas, Ont.

The Catholic Confessional. By Rev. Albert McKeon, S. T. L. 15 cents post-paid. Average Sales, 2,000 Copies per month. The Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA. THE ROMAN INDEX of FORBIDDEN BOOKS. Briefly explained for Catholic book-lovers and students by Frances S Betten, S. J. PRICE 35c, Post Paid.

O'KEEFE'S LIQUID EXTRACT OF MALT WITH IRON. is an ideal preparation for building up the BLOOD AND BODY. It is more readily assimilated, and absorbed into the circulatory fluid than any other preparation of iron. It is of great value in all forms of Anemia and General Debility. For Sale at Drug Stores W. LLOYD WOOD, Toronto, Canada.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD, Agents. LONDON, CANADA.

