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The Catholic Record

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

VOLUME XXXII.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1910

1659

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A GRACIOUS PERSONALITY

Quebec may well mourn the death of Monsignor Lafamme. For years he was a factor in its life, stimulating and enabling and guiding it in no small measure. As a man, an educator, a scientist, he compelled respect. His kindly disposition was a passport to all hearts. He was ever young; he radiated sunshine, and his heart was always attuned to the notes of joy that are never tired of hearing. As a scientist his name is not written in water. His work as an educator will bear fruit in the souls of students who knew and loved him in the old days at Laval. As a teacher he roused the energy of his students and taught them much that cannot be learned from books. Under his touch the science of geology became fascinating and its meaning as clear as an old-told tale. It is no exaggeration to say that it is an exaggeration to say that in handling a subject, breathing life into it, and making it a reality, easily understood and grasped, he had few equals. And he was thorough, neglecting no detail; and even when an authority on his specialty, and acclaimed as such by the learned, he devoted as much time to the preparation of his lecture as when he began his work. "Gentlemen," we have heard him say once, "I have taught geology in Laval for over eighteen years and I have never gone into the class-room without having given two hours to the study of my matter." A stinging rebuke to many of us who were working in a desultory and careless fashion. We can see him as we write—a gracious personality with winning smile and rare wit, and the simplicity of character that abhorred pretence and pedantry. His was the charity that seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil.

PITY THEM

A few moons ago we could not refrain from anger whenever we read an account of these annual meetings at which Quebec was given much sympathy for its lack of progress and Christianity. Now, however, we endeavor to keep cool and to appraise the mentality of the divines who on these occasions are neither gentlemen nor Christians. They never seem to learn anything new from year to year. How our separated brethren can endure them and subscribe money for their projects passes our comprehension. When a good man, with a little book in his hand that he blindly and irrationally accepts as the Bible, murmurs the same old charges against Quebec we don't know whether to laugh at him or to pity him. But it is certainly a sordid business, this calumniating, this perennial rehearsal of things that exist nowhere save in the diseased minds of bigots. If they deem us special pleaders why not visit Quebec and see for themselves.

GO AND SEE

A sojourn among the French Canadians would tend to augment their store of courtesy and would give them information which would dull the edge of calumny. They would make the acquaintance of lovable, gentle people, who, as their records show, are exponents of Christian charity. They would see a land dotted with colleges and convents, whose graduates are as blessed in Canadian homes as they are known and honored in public life. An investigation would show them that Quebec is not guilty of the abominable crime of the slaughter of the innocents. And when in Toronto the Good, or in some other Ontario burgh, where they have the "Open Bible," they might say that the Quebec mother, however poor, receives every new-born babe as a blessed gift from God. And they have the Bible there—not the Bible that is expounded in some Protestant colleges or the up-to-date one prepared by the Higher Critic, but the whole Bible, which the French-Canadian is exhorted to read and which is safeguarded by the everlasting Church from the attacks of those who, to use an Ingersollian dictum, are trying to beat the Ten Commandments. Two or three weeks among a generous and hospitable people would serve as a deterrent to foolish talking and might induce them to confess that Quebec, by its impartial administration of law, its respect for the family and devotion to religion, is one of the most valuable assets of the Dominion of Canada.

LET US HOPE

True, indeed, that these orators who feed on garbage would find it difficult to admit this omission. If they did their

orthodoxy might be suspected in some quarters, but in others they would be esteemed as men who know that by keeping their own doorstep clean they are best serving the interests of Canada. But let us hope that our friends may be able to dissociate themselves from those who are never content to exercise their own religion unless they can also trouble the religion of others.

TOO MUCH STATE

Through the public school system, says an American paper, the State is assuming complete control of children. In various places it buys their books, washes their faces and looks after their teeth. By degrees the parent fades away, domestic authority ends, and the influence of the home is extinguished. To be childless is to receive the undivided attention of statisticians, professors and busybodies. To have children is to encounter a host of officials and sociologists bent on regulating their lives and taking over the responsibilities of the family. And the sociologist in war-paint is a sacro-sant individual. He talks fearfully and at length about the child-mind. He has schemes for the upbuilding of mind and body. With toys and mud-pies for the babes, and for the more mature every ology that is bepraised by the American educator, we are to have an alert, healthy, well-poised and enlightened generation. If we weaken the authority of the home we impair the fibre of citizenship. If we make the way to knowledge pleasant to the feet of children we pay for it in a lack of grounding and show of superficiality that bodes evil for the future. Pain and struggle are the handmaids of progress. The lad from the country, who has not been debauched by a mess of everything under the sun, is oftentimes more capable to grasp an opportunity and to meet an emergency than the city-bred boy who has a bowing acquaintance with learned names and things. And yet the authorities go their way dispensing wisdom, increasing the white boys' burden and assuming the authority that, so far as some parents are concerned, is a lost art.

WHAT THE THINKERS SAY

Frederic Harrison refers to the Church as that principal form of Christianity—the characteristic form and the most permanent form—and to the sects as more or less perversions or transitional and morbid and sterile offshoots. And Samuel Johnson claims that if Protestantism enjoys a good load it is because Catholicity furnished the grain that entered it.

A SUGGESTION

"What should we do for the West," asks a Methodist divine. We may suggest that the West should not be afflicted with the minister who has a fondness for the fairy story and no idea of fair play. They who come to us from abroad should be respected and not guided by devices that would put Bret Harte's "Chinee" in the kindergarten class.

PRAYED AT

A report of a Western celebration which provoked much perverted talk and prayer, reminded us that Miss Mulock was not wrong when she said "that in Scotland they stand and are prayed at, in England they sit and are prayed for, and only in Catholic churches, old and young, rich and poor kneel down and pray for themselves."

LET US HAVE IT

A few years ago we advocated a federation of the Catholic societies of Canada. We pointed out what might be done by such a federation and had our views sustained in an article written by a Catholic dignitary for this paper. We were told that prominent Catholics, who realized the feasibility, importance and necessity of this movement, would submit the matter to our societies. But these gentlemen, exhausted, doubtless, by their labor, have taken a prolonged rest. No word has been vouchsafed by them for our enlightenment and guidance. Perchance others will take up this question and press it to a conclusion of some kind. We are of the opinion that a Federation would, by the interchange of aim and aspiration, by the promotion of harmony between ourselves and those without the fold, and the formation of a powerful Catholic opinion on the topics of the day be of potent assistance to both State and Church. It would help us to concentrate our energies and strength on any given object. It might do away with undue talk and incite us to business. Men to lead and to carry out

banners might be developed by a Federation. It would have beneficent influence upon our Catholic brethren, who, in the process of their assimilation by the general population, are exposed to the wiles of those who wish to rob them of their faith. Let us hear from our readers.

A WORD OF ADVICE

We advise our friends who wrote us on the possible evils that might follow in the trail of Federation to have more confidence in the good sense of their brethren. They should pay no attention to the "knockers"—the gentry who wield the club of criticism on all persons and propositions. These are merely exorcises in the planet and awful examples of what can be developed by envy and biliousness. They are poor purblind creatures, seeing cess-pools everywhere, and content, more's the pity, with the base and sordid. So mind not their raucous cries and write us on Federation.

THE LITTLE THINGS

We are of the opinion that some educators waste time in talking to the young about greatness as exemplified by historic deeds. The great majority of positions in the political and business world are small positions, and the duties the most difficult to perform are the small duties. Would it not be better to impress the young with the truth that the greatest achievements are not those historic deeds which are held up for our admiration, but the little acts done by the millions. There is a place in the world for every man, and to fill it, whether it be the governor's chair or the carpenter's bench, well and nobly, is the highest achievement. To aid and encourage the young to seek their appointed sphere, and to do their best therein is a noble mission. If parents understand this there would be fewer disappointments and failures.

CHILDISH DISCRIMINATION

No greater harm can come to any country than the arraying of class against class. Canada is a nation of individuals and each individual should be judged solely by his acts. A wealthy man is not necessarily on the primrose path of dalliance. A college can do much for a man; and while it cannot give him brains, it is not likely to spoil the brains he has. An Orangeman is not always casting about for a pretext to shoulder a musket and to rally forth with that distinguished Colonel on a death-dealing tour. His tirades may be hot for the brethren who like their verbal diet hot and highly spiced. Outside of Ontario, where our saffron-hued brethren are anchored to a dead and mouldy past, Orangemen can talk without violating the canons of social amenity. All preachers do not go to museums for weapons, and some of them understand why John Wesley exorcised John Knox's doings with the merciless remark that "the work of God does not, can not need the work of the devil to forward it." They take no pride in the reformation by "the sword and desolation." A politician may not be a "grafter," and a party may not be worthy of the picturesque abuse bestowed upon it so lavishly by its opponents. Every man may "not have a price" and may deem this phrase worthy of a Walpole but not of men of integrity.

THE DOERS

The world is looking for men who can do things—who can grasp a situation and act independently and intelligently. We should be ever ready to combat the theory that a young man needs but a "pull" to obtain a foothold. When interests are at stake no employer will entrust the vital affairs of his business to anyone simply because one of his ancestors did something for somebody else. Nor will he enquire which way such ancestors saw the light of day. The education needed to-day is that which teaches the pupil to act promptly, to concentrate his energies, and to be loyal to a trust.

STILL THEY TALK

Some of the clamorous reformers who go up and down the country insisting that their nostrum is the remedy for social evils ought to remember that the best way to kill a good cause is to make it ridiculous. We impugn neither their honesty nor their motives; but their talk, if perfumed with courtesy and attuned to a minor key, would be listened to more patiently. They are not heaven appointed messengers, and the pedestal from which they fulminate is of earth—made by a few fanatics. We mind us that when Ruskin got a letter from a man of business, stating that people

who make railroads should be rewarded for having acted so benevolently towards the public, he answered that the benevolence involved in the construction of railroads amounts exactly to this much and no more—that if the British public were informed that engineers could make a railway to hell, the British public would instantly invest in the concern to any amount, and stop church-building all over the country for fear of diminishing the dividends.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND ON ROMAN METHODISTS

Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul, Minn., contributed to the current North American Review a convincing article upon the Methodist Mission in Rome. The article is in answer to a challenge of the Board of Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church of America at Philadelphia on May 9, last. Therein these Bishops said: "We cannot allow to pass unnoticed the recent unprovoked and unwarranted attempt to discredit the Methodists in Italy by a misleading article in the London Saturday Review. We regret that after repeated challenges and details of the specific acts supposed to justify these charges they still remain in such general terms that their validity can not be tested before the judgment of the world. We can only observe: That the methods of our mission in Italy, now for the first time publicly condemned, are the same that have been pursued from the beginning, almost forty years ago. "From these facts the inference appears to be irresistible that other considerations than the methods of our mission in Rome must have been the real basis of this sudden outcry. "Had there been any other way to avoid certain issues of etiquette and precedence created by co-incident circumstances of a public nature, the Methodist mission and method in America and throughout the world."

We now content ourselves with affirming the integrity of our missionaries and the methods in Italy, and against the denunciations of their accusers we place the wide-open record of the Methodist Episcopal Church both as to teaching and method in America and throughout the world."

CONVICTED BY OWN STATEMENTS The Archbishop disclaims any wish to discredit the Methodist Church in general; he is dealing exclusively with those individuals who are in Rome carrying on the propaganda of insult against the Holy Father and the Catholic Church. He brings to his case documents acknowledged by the Methodists themselves, written by Methodists in good standing. He takes no citation from any Catholic source. He quotes only those authorities in a book entitled "Four and One Half Years in the Italy Mission," by Rev. Everett S. Stackpole, D. D., a Methodist minister. Here is how the Archbishop voices the "mission" of his people at Rome, where he himself was for a time the leader: "There across the Tiber, is the massive St. Peter's and the Vatican. Here is the seat of the Catholic Church. Here is the centre of that huge system of error and superstition that we have come so far to spend our life in opposing. The might of ancient Rome is here before us, the presence of our barbaric ancestors. Why not this new and mightier Rome be conquered by weapons of the Gospel Truth?" (Dr. Stackpole's Methodism?) "Not our way, but the way of a great privilege to have even a small part in the beginning of that mighty contest."

"Cenni Storici" is the history in the Italian language of the Methodist Mission, and it is an anti-Catholic paper with no possible love for the Vatican: "A CENTRE OF ANTI-CATHOLIC WARFARE The Methodist Institute of Via Vent' Settembre is not merely a place of worship or of religious instruction, but a real centre of anti-Catholic and anti-papal warfare, closely linked with that carried on by Massary and anti-clericalism, as with other attacks and injuries continuously directed against the Pontiff and the Catholic Church, with a continuous propaganda in favor of apostasy among Catholic clergy and laity. A centre of the kind, not so much of Protestant religion, as of anti-Catholic and anti-papal sectarianism bears with it such an offence against the Pontiff that it is never absurd to pretend—as it has been pretended—that one should be received by the Pope who was ready to make an address in the halls of the Methodists and there give encouragement to the work they have in hand."

The Methodists of Rome have for their official organ a paper called L'Evangelista. Dr. Stackpole who had issued the above, in Italy must be accompanied by a mighty power. A style of Christianity that verges almost upon fanaticism is needed," also said of L'Evangelista that "the effort was said to make the paper intensely religious and distinctly Methodist." Here is what Archbishop Ireland says of the L'Evangelista in his article: "The columns of L'Evangelista teem with insinuations against the Catholic Church and the Pontiff except, I must say, when articles appear there from the pen of Bishop Vincent. Its mildest term for

corruptions and practices is "conversions and superstitions." It never calls the Church by its proper name, Catholic, it is the "Romish" or "the Papal Church." In the number of January, 1894, 1899, the "Papist Church becomes 'the harlot,' the Pope 'the beast' of the Apocalypse. In the number of February 7th, 1896, the accusation is made that while Pope, they are ever ready with divorces in favor of the rich and the powerful. Another time September 17th, 1895, it denounces itself of this characteristic output of venom: "The Romish clergy represent Christ just as much as Harlequin represents Italy. That is the Italian mask, which has corrupted the Gospel for centuries."

THE METHODIST ORGAN, L'EVANGELISTA The enemy of the Catholic Church no matter how brutal he otherwise be is taken hold of approvingly by L'Evangelista. The Giornale Bruno article, February 17th, 1895, was seized upon by socialists and anarchists as a propitious occasion to vent forth insults against civil law and order, no less than against the Catholic Church, against the religion of any kind or form. The London Saturday Review describes the Bruno demonstration as disgraceful to common civilization. But the demonstration was anti-Papal; it obtained applause from L'Evangelista. The climax is reached in the hearty endorsement given to L'Asino, a quote from the L'Asino journal, El Bastone, February 11th, 1910. El Bastone says: "Under the caption—Protestants L'Asino—L'Asino, edited by Guido Podrecca, reproduces in its last number an article from L'Evangelista, the organ of Methodism in Rome, in which L'Asino is lauded loudly, and declared worthy of the support of Methodists. Among other expressions of cordial fraternalization, with L'Asino, the organ of L'Evangelista there is this: 'There are fields of common activity upon which we extend to this journal (L'Asino) a fraternal hand in its holy war against the errors and the obscurantism of Romanism.'

Should Dr. Stackpole still be one of the readers of L'Evangelista, he will be satisfied with its fanaticism. What is L'Asino? It is the filthiest of filthy publications. Its articles reek with obscenity. Self-respecting people quickly turn away when at a street corner they see the eyes of L'Asino. In November, 1908, the United States postal authorities forbade its entrance into America.

METHOD OF SECURING TEACHERS Passing from a description of the journal of L'Evangelista, the Archbishop proceeds to a consideration of the methods employed in securing its teachers. Dr. Stackpole says: "The policy and practice followed has been to choose our preachers mainly from two elements—ex-protestants and ex-Waldensians. There is a heterogeneous remainder that comes from other denominations and is worked up at random." The Archbishop goes on to demonstrate that for the sake of gathering teachers into their schools these Methodists accepted the aid of the State. The story of the recruiting of their schools is pathetic in its desperation. Dishonesty, however, is the most dangerous crime Mr. Stackpole fastens upon the Methodist Church in Italy. The annual salaries and all kinds of expenses paid by the authorities in America are in proportion to the "Church membership." The reports of converts and Church members are doctored accordingly. He says: "We once asked one of the preachers why he did not cut down the state report for the number and actual facts, and he replied: 'That would not please the presiding elder.' Every preacher in the Italian mission knows that all the authorities on both sides of the ocean want to see every year in the reports an increase of membership, baptisms, conversions, etc., and they are accommodating enough to make the desired increase."

To such lengths has this dishonesty gone in Italy that the preachers are known according to Mr. Stackpole to have borrowed members from neighboring homes, children, counting off their parents, a young wife leaving her husband, young men guilty of betrayal, desertion, murder and suicide. As a final warning, Mr. Stackpole says: "Our churches are growing, our missionary operations extending, our benevolences swelling and we congratulate ourselves upon our progress but we have only to continue making the same kind of progress long enough and our destruction is sure."

The above shows that emignational sentence needs some explanation. This, Mr. Stackpole probably furnishes in these two sentences: "It is of course quite improper to state in public print all the facts that the authorities need to know. They would be disgraceful to all concerned." The Archbishop after displaying the attitude and actions of insult and fraud, has been to congratulate ourselves upon our progress but we have only to continue making the same kind of progress long enough and our destruction is sure."

severe and intolerant when confronted by the Pharisee and the money-changer of the temple. Apart from his position as Vicar of Christ the Pontiff of the Vatican rules a kingdom great in the majesty of history as no other kingdom present or past. It owes respect to itself; it owes respect to the hundreds of millions who venerate its spiritual sceptre; it must not, in manner least direct betoken approval of the enemy—this, less than ever, when the targets of the attack are the more poor and helpless of its subjects, when missiles from the hostile camp, steered in fraud and deceit call for loud and insistent warning, less the thoughtless and simplistically minded be stricken unaware."

TO AVOID SHIPWRECK ON LIVES VOYAGE

From a sermon preached by Rev. Morgan M. Shively in St. John's Cathedral, Montreal, before the graduation of a class of parish school. "The rovers have brought thee into great waters; the east wind hath broken thee in the midst of the seas." (Ezekiel xxxvii 23.) In the chapter from which this text is taken the pleasure-loving city of Tyre is compared to a ship. At first splendid, proud, gallant, and then demoralized, struggling, last, broken by the seas in the depth of the waters." The contrast between the two conditions of the ship is no greater than that we often meet in human life. Multitudes of young men and women are leaving our schools and colleges these days. They are making a fair start upon their voyage of life, with every prospect of success. They have talent, energy, health and friends; apparently the winds are favorable, the sea smooth; no clouds loom their horizon. But as time passes one sees them drifting from the shore out into the deep, dark, troubled whirlpool and destruction. The talents have been squandered, the advantages wasted, the career blasted, the soul perhaps all but wrecked. In the text the wreck appears to have been attributable to "the rovers." Who, then, are these "rovers." We may, in the first place, regard them as our companions. They are. Our companions exercise a vast influence over us, unconscious though it may be. Our nature is social. We form friendships, and these we covet by them. It is very difficult to stand out against the current and the tide. A group of college boys together will engage in follies and ugly doings which no one of their number would think of committing alone. The cry is, "Be a man!" and the poor wailing, with blinded eyes and his false conception of manliness, pines "the fool." One cunning knave among hard-worked clerks or hard-pressed laborers will entangle them all in the mesh of dishonest schemes, clever hypocrites and ruinous lies. An idle set of fast young men can conceive crimes, lay plans, perform deeds which not one of them could work out by himself, which cast calamity upon a whole community and wreck the lives of all concerned. If you make companions of the depraved you will end in being depraved. "Live with the worst," says the Spanish proverb, "and you will learn to speak."

Again, these "rovers" may be regarded as a man's own appetites. Excess is death. Certain instincts and propensities in our natures, and they have their place in the economy of our being. We must eat and drink and be bound together in domestic relations. If we seek to keep a straight course in our voyage of life, we must carry with us a compass, a chart, and a pilot. The compass is conscience; the chart is the moral law which anchors us in God, and the pilot is Christ Himself. Then we are safe from shipwreck.

CATHOLIC NOTES

A penny collection from the Catholic women of England, to erect a shrine to Blessed Joan of Arc in Westminster Cathedral, has netted more than \$2,000. Rev. Matthew C. Glennon, Catholic chaplain on the flag-ship Connecticut during its trip with the United States fleet around the world, spoke recently before 200 members of the Men's League of the Second Presbyterian church, Newark, N. J. Seventy-two presbyterians have addressed a protest to the Premier against the government's policy in regard to the religious congregations. The Premier in a statement has declared that the government has no intention of retreating from its position.

At the Villa, Buffalo, ground was broken a week ago for the new Convent College, toward which institution \$100,000 was recently pledged by popular subscription. When the contemplated building is complete it will have cost in the neighborhood of \$300,000 and will accommodate a thousand students. Rev. William Humphry, S. J., a convert to the faith and at one time a prominent pulpit orator in London, has just died in Rome. The deceased was ordained in the Scottish Episcopal Church in 1894, and became a Catholic four years later. Father Humphry was the author of many learned works.

A unique religious ceremony took place at the Catholic church of Wishtill, crosses which had been stolen by Orangemen forty-five years ago and thrown into a bog were set up in the churchyard and dedicated to the memory of deceased clergy of the parish. The only distinctly colored Catholic Church in Ohio is St. Ann's, in Cincinnati, in charge of Rev. J. Cleary. This parish is also the only colored Catholic parish in the State. It is housed in a handsome and substantial combination church and school building, dedicated December 12, 1899. The edifice is the gift of Mother Katharine Drexel.

The cut-off bell is rung every night at 9 o'clock by Father Block, pastor of St. Stanislaus' Catholic Church, on the outskirts of Trenton, N. J. After he rings the bell, he goes out with a party, to see that the warning was obeyed. In the parish of St. Stanislaus is at home every night at a reasonable hour. In St. Paul's Church, Tintah, Minn., on the Feast of Pentecost, Charles F. Uebelhor, with great beauty, made a public profession of faith and was received into the Catholic Church by Rev. James Walchor. Until the last few months Mr. Uebelhor was a Lutheran minister and was noted for his zeal and learning. A secular dispatch says: "American churchmen in Rome are making elaborate preparations for the reception and entertainment of the pilgrims from the Kingdom of Columbus which is to reach Rome the latter part of August. From Rome received here it is believed there will be several hundred leading American Catholics from all sections of the United States among the pilgrims. France is the land of paradoxes. While at home churches and convents are being robbed and despoiled, it continues to send out large contributions to the foreign missions, and while the men who rule it are working to destroy the faith in the Republic, some of its noblest youths are being trained to carry the cross to those peoples sitting in darkness afar off. A few weeks ago eleven young priests, all natives of France, and sympathetic to the Foreign Missions, sailed from Marseilles for China. King George is believed in his heart most anxious to secure the reconciliation of Ireland, says William T. Stead, the veteran English journalist. He is, as no other king before him has been, in sympathy to the colonists who are Home Rulers to a man. He is king of the Britons beyond the seas, every one of whom would revolt tomorrow if they were deprived of Home Rule. Appeals are being made him to take the initiative in preparing a scheme of Home Rule all around which would at once settle the Irish difficulty and solve the constitutional crisis. Among German Catholics attention is centering upon the preparations being made for the "Catholic Day" (Katholikentag) to be held in Augsburg, in Bavaria, next August. Begun in the revolutionary days of 1848-49, they have since during the past sixty years a principal means of cementing the union of Catholics in Germany and of strengthening their courage in faith. Year after year they have grown in importance and the inhabitants of the city of Augsburg are already planning to make the present year's congress surpass all of its predecessors in imposing splendor. There were 2,500 policemen of New York crowded in St. Patrick's Cathedral Sunday, the 10th inst., to take part in a memorial service for their departed comrades. In his sermon the chaplain, Father Sullivan, told the policemen that they had physical courage a-plenty, but there was another courage that some of them would have to cultivate. "I mean moral courage," he said, "the courage to be able to resist the briber when he tempts you to neglect your duty and permit him to break the law; the courage to resist the glass that is offered to you to blind you to the misdeeds of temper; courage to resist the temptations of lust which are flouted at you so often. No body of men is more tempted to break the law of God than you are. And it is a right which you must make alone. For no one, except God Almighty, sees your success in overcoming them."



I began to think that the worthy John, being out of all danger, and having brought a courier, according to his wife's directions, because one of the children had a cold, must verily have gone to sleep, leaving other people to kill, or be killed, as might be the will of God. So that he was comfortable. But herein I did wrong to John, and am ready to acknowledge it; for suddenly the most awful noise that any thing short of thunder could make came down among the rocks, and went and hung upon the corners.

"The signal, my lads!" I cried, leaping up and rubbing my eyes; for even now, while condemning John unjustly, I was giving him right to be hard upon me. "Now hold on by the rope, and lay your quarter-sticks across, my lads, and keep your guns pointing to heaven, lest haply we shoot one another."

"Do that," never shut one another, said our gossips at that mark, I reckon, said an oddish chap, but as tough as leather, and esteemed a wit by his dryness.

"You come next to me, old like; you be enough to dry up the waters; now remember, all lean well forward. If any man throws his weight back, down he goes, and perhaps he may never rise at all; and most likely he will shoot himself."

I was still more afraid of their shooting me; for my chief alarm in this steep ascent was neither the water nor of the rocks, but of the loaded guns we bore. If any man slipped, or might go the gun; and however good his meaning, I being first was most likely to take far more than I fain would apprehend.

For this cause I had debated with Uncle Ben and with Cousin Tom as to the expediency of our climbing with guns unloaded. But that, not being in the way themselves, were sorry that there was nothing to fear, except through uncommon clumsiness; and that as for charging our guns at the top, even veteran troops could scarce be trusted to perform it properly in the hurry, and the darkness, and the noise of fighting before them.

However, thank God, though a gun went off, no one was any the worse for it, neither did the Doones notice it, in the thick of the firing in front of them. For the orders to those of the sham attack, conducted by Tom Faggus, were to make the greatest possible noise, without exposure of themselves, until we in the rear had fallen to, which John Fry was again to give signal of.

Therefore, we of the chosen band stole up the meadow quietly, keeping in the blots of shade, and hollow of the water-course. And the earliest notice the Counselor had, or any one else, of our presence, was the blaring of the log-wood house where lived the villain Carver. It was my special privilege to set this house on fire; upon which I had insisted, exclusively and conclusively, really. No other hand but mine should lay a brand, or strike steel on flint for it; I had made all preparations carefully for a goodly blaze. And I must confess that I rubbed my hands with a strong delight and comfort when I saw the smoke of the burning house, and the some of that man, who had fired so many houses, having its turn of smoke and blaze and of cracking fury. We took good care, however, to burn no innocent women or children in that most righteous destruction. For we brought them all out beforehand; some were glad and some were sorry, according to their dispositions. For Carver had ten or a dozen wives; and perhaps that had something to do with his taking the loss of Lorna so easily. One child I noticed I saved him; a fair and handsome little fellow, whom if Carver Doone could love anything on earth beside his wretched self and his loves. The boy climbed on my back and rode; and much as I hated his father, it was not in my heart to say a doing to vex him.

Leaving these poor injured people to behold their burning home, we drew aside, by my directions, into the covert beneath the cliff. But not before we had laid our brands to their houses, and bidding them go for their husbands to come and fight a hundred of us. In the smoke, and rush, and fire, they believed that we were a hundred; and away they ran, in consternation, to the battle at the Doone-gate.

"All Doone-town is on fire, on fire!" we heard them shrieking as they went. A hundred soldiers are burning it, with a dreadful great man at the head of them!"

Presently, just as I expected, came the warriors of the Doones, leaving but two or three at the gate, and burning with wrath to crush under foot the presumptuous clowns in their valley. Above the red crest of the cliff, and lanced on the pillars of the forest, and leaped like a tide on the stones of the slope. All the valley flowed with light and the limpid waters reddened, and the fair young women shone and the naked children glistened.

But the finest sight of all was to see those haughty men striding down the causeway dully, reckless of their end, but resolute to have two lives for every one. A finer dozen of young men could not have been found in the world, perhaps, nor a braver, nor a viler one.

Seeing how few there were of them, I was very loath to fire, although I covered the leader, who appeared to be dashing Charlie; for they were at the distance now, brightly shown by the fire-light, yet ignorant where to look for us. I thought that we might take them prisoners—though what good that could be God knows, as they must have been hanged there—anyhow I was loath to shoot, or to give the word to my followers.

But my followers waited for no word; they saw a fair shot at the man they abhorred, the man who had robbed them of home or of love; and their chance was too much for their charity. At a signal from one of the men, who levelled his own gun first, a dozen muskets were discharged, and half of the Doones dropped lifeless, like so many logs firewood, or chopping-blocks rolled over.

Although I had seen a great battle before, and a hundred times the carnage, this appeared to be horrible; and I was at first inclined to fall upon our men for behaving so. But one instant showed that they were right; for while the valley was filled with howling, and

with shrieks of women, and the beams of the blazing houses fell and hissed in the bubbling river, all the rest of the Doones leaped at us like many demons. They fired wildly, not seeing us well among the hazel-bushes; and then they clubbed their muskets, or drew their swords, as might be and furiously drove at us. For my part, admiring their courage greatly, and counting it surer upon madness that two should be down upon one, I withheld my hand while, for I cared to meet none but Carver; and he was not among them. The whirl and hurry of this fight, and the hard blows raining down—for now all guns were empty—took away my power of seeing, or reasoning upon anything. Yet one thing I saw which dwelt long with me; and that was Christopher Badoeck spending his life to get Charlie's.

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Therefore, was I not surprised, so much as all the rest of us when in the foremost of red light, Kit went up to Charlesworth Doone, as if of some inheritance, and took his seat of right upon him, being himself a powerful man, and begged a word aside with him. What she said, I know not; all I know is that, without weapon, each man killed the other. And when Christopher Badoeck came, and was and hung upon her poor husband, and died that summer of heart disease.

Now for these and other things (whereof I could tell a thousand) was the reckoning came that night; and no line we missed of it, soon as our bad blood was up. I like not to tell of slaughter, though it might be of sweet revenge, and that was a night of fire and slaughter, and a very long harbored revenge. Enough that ere the daylight broke upon that was March morning, the only Doones still left alive were the Counselor and Carver. And of all the dwellings of the Doones inhabited with luxury, and luscious tastes, and licentiousness, not even one was left, but all made potash in the river.

This may seem a violent and unholty revenge upon them. And I (who led the heart of it) have in these latter years doubted how I shall be judged, not for men—for God only knows the error of man's judgments—but by that great God Himself the front of whose forehead is mercy.

man, sadly lacking the polish of high society; but he was dreadfully afraid of hurting the colonel's feelings. It was evident the poor old man was starting, yet how was it possible to help him?

They turned into the narrow, miserable street where the colonel lived.

"No, no, not alone; my little grand-daughter lives with me."

"I don't wish to intrude, sir; but I should very much like to see her. I remember Mrs. Marden, and Miss Sybil, too. I should like to see Miss Sybil's child."

"You would?"

"Yes, sir, I am very fond of children. I have half a dozen of my own."

The pride of the patriotic soldier was high even now. Colonel Marden had been born and brought up under a system of caste almost as rigid as the castes of India. There was a great gulf between him and the man who had served as a trooper in his regiment. But for all that, he weaved.

"Let me, colonel, it would give me great pleasure to see her."

"You are a good fellow, Webb. I am afraid you don't understand. I am not receiving visitors just now. My arrangements, you know—" he hesitated and stammered.

"It's a liberty, I know, sir; but you won't refuse an old soldier; you used to say you owed me something for what I did at Omdurman."

"Ah, remember. Not sure I don't owe you my life, Webb. You ought to have had the V. C., but there were others. Come upstairs, you'll have to mount a good way."

They ascended the dark, rickety staircase of the old house. On the third landing the colonel looked out a key and opened the door. It was almost dark in the little room.

"Marie," the colonel called.

"No answer."

"Marie," he uttered the name again with a strange note of terror in his voice and bent over the child's cot.

"Yes, grandpapa," said a feeble little voice. "I've been asleep, and dreaming of rank and file. Oh, I'm so dreadfully hungry! What have you brought, grandpapa?"

"I have brought some one to see you, Marie," said the colonel, "and I have brought a soldier who was with me in India and Egypt. Look up. Come in Webb, and close the door."

Webb came in bareheaded. It was almost dark; but quite light enough for him to read the story of the room.

"How are you, miss?" he said, approaching the cot. "I am very glad to see you. I remember your mother and a beautiful young lady she was." He took the little hand in his and kissed it.

"What is your name? I didn't quite hear," asked Marie.

"George Webb, miss."

"I am pleased to meet you, Webb," said the little lady.

Webb lifted her up and carried her to the window. "Why, you'll be a rare beauty one of these days, miss; just like Miss Sybil," he said.

Marie laughed up at him and pulled his mustache. "Do you belong to the relieving force, Webb?" she asked; "and have you got through with supplies? We can't hold out any longer."

"Yes, miss," he said huskily. "I belong to the relieving force." He was very glad the room was dark. He laid the child gently in her cot again, then turned to the colonel. "Colonel Marden," he said in a low voice, "God knows I don't wish to offend you; if I do, perhaps you'll forgive me for the sake of old times. I ask you if you will honor me and my wife as to come home with me now. I shall be very proud to show you my house. I live in the Clapham road, the cars will take you there in a few minutes. I know it's a liberty, but—"

The bonds of caste were broken. The patriotic soldier and the lowly born man of business could not see each other's faces distinctly. They stood there and clasped hands in silence. The colonel put on his old hat again and walked to the window. "Come along, miss," said Webb cheerily, "get up and put on your things; you and your grandpapa are coming to my house. It's all settled, grand time with my little girls. The siege is over, the relief column has come up, and the enemy is in full retreat."—John Cleland in Cassell's Journal.

**A CURE AT LOURDES**

The following account of the cure of a young Englishman is translated from the relation of the incident given by his father, a convert clergyman, in the *Journal de la Grotte* of June 13, 1910.

I, the undersigned, Edward Duncan Boothman, M. A., Contab., formerly Recor of Shelton, near Stoke-on-Trent, Dorset, make the following declaration before Drs. Boisserie and Cox in the Bureau des Constatations at Lourdes:

My son, Joseph Duncan Boothman, aged 16 years, here present, miraculously healed, and desiring to be examined by medical experts, has suffered for ten years past from otitis, involving the almost complete destruction of the drum of the left ear, more with chronic suppurative, with intense pain and absolute deafness, even by conductivity through the bones of the head. He has been treated by several specialists in Brussels, Dover and London.

On May 13 Dr. Lake, a distinguished oral surgeon, of 69 Harley street, London, W., declared that the boy's life was in imminent danger, and gave the following opinion: "The condition is so serious, that unless the operation is performed, it will be fatal."

I have examined Master D. Boothman, and find a destruction, almost complete, of the drum of the left ear, with chronic suppurative, and I consider an operation advisable, and ultimately necessary.

RICHARD LAKE.

May 13, 1910.

He added, after examining by speculum, that the inflammation had taken an acute form, and might at any moment reach the brain and cause death. At this date my son displayed the following symptoms: Great tenderness at the mastoid and at the base of the ear; purulent, fetid suppuration; contraction of the muscles attached to the mastoid, causing the head to lean to the left; acute pain in the ear; loss of sleep; general emaciation of the body. The diseased ear was totally insensitive to the vibration of a tuning-fork applied to the bones of the head; no sound of the voice could be heard by the left ear. In giving the above certificate, Dr. Lake stated that the operation which he advised for the ear, was, in his opinion, the only one that could be performed; and that, when successfully achieved, the boy would be absolutely deaf for life on the left side.

When I had thus obtained knowledge of my son's condition from such eminent medical authority, I told Dr. Lake that I would take the case to a higher power than that of the medical science; that I was a convert clergyman, having a firm devotion to our Blessed Lady; that I had carefully examined the evidence of the Apparition to Bernadette at Lourdes, and of the undoubted miracles wrought through the use of the miraculous water of the Grotto, in connection with the offering of Holy Mass and the prayers of the faithful. Dr. Lake replied that, evidently, upon surgical questions, I saw things from a totally distinct point of view from his own convictions, but he begged me most earnestly to lose no time in putting my views to the test, since the danger of my son's life was becoming daily, he might say hourly, more threatening.

I thanked the courteous and eminent surgeon and withdrew. The next day, May 14th, I obtained co-operation in prayer from several religious communities, and several priests, and my son and I, for nine days, morning and evening, offered our solemn water of which I always keep a supply in my house and practicing devotions in a miniature grotto which I constructed some two years ago in my little garden, carefully reciting the "Memoré" twice daily, and offering my daily Communions for the special intention my son and I had in view. We also daily renewed the vow that if the Holy Virgin would obtain the healing we asked, we would go in pilgrimage to Lourdes and offer our services as stretcher-bearers of the sick, as an act of thanksgiving.

The days of the Novena wore on, and on Sunday, May 22nd, the Feast of the Most Holy Trinity, my son was serving Holy Mass in the Church of the Conception of the Angelic Ladies of the Precious Blood at Kearsney Manor, near Dover. At the moment of the Elevation of the Sacred Host my son felt a sharp pain in the left ear, and when Mass was over, told me of it. He assured me that the ear was well, the suppuration ceased, and that he could hear better than he had done for years. That this was indeed the case soon became evident to us all, and we noted also a manifest change in the boy's features. His sister Mary, who is 15 years old, when she saw him, declared that at first she did not recognize him, so marked was the disappearance of the lines of suffering with which she had long been familiar.

On Monday, May 23rd, Dr. Howden, of Dover, rang me up on the telephone to tell me that he had just received a letter from Dr. Lake asking why the operation he had advised was not proceeded with, warning him at the same time that the slightest delay was attended with great risk. I was able to reply on the telephone: "My son is healed; he hears quite well; I will bring him to you to-morrow (May 24th), so that you may examine him." On Tuesday, May 24th, Dr. Howden examined the boy, and pronounced his hearing by conductivity to be normal, and that he could hear the ticking of a watch at the distance of three inches from the left ear. On the 25th, the boy was examined by Dr. Murphy at Dover, who gave his certificate in these terms:

24 Waterloo Crescent, Dover.

I have to day examined him, and find the ear dry, free from suppurative, and the hearing immensely improved.

C. F. MURPHY, F. R. C. S.

As he handed me the certificate, he said: "The case is indeed wonderful. I congratulate you, but you must understand that a recrudescence is possible. I answered: 'Doubtless; but it would be equally possible were the healing the result of human science.'

with shrieks of women, and the beams of the blazing houses fell and hissed in the bubbling river, all the rest of the Doones leaped at us like many demons. They fired wildly, not seeing us well among the hazel-bushes; and then they clubbed their muskets, or drew their swords, as might be and furiously drove at us. For my part, admiring their courage greatly, and counting it surer upon madness that two should be down upon one, I withheld my hand while, for I cared to meet none but Carver; and he was not among them. The whirl and hurry of this fight, and the hard blows raining down—for now all guns were empty—took away my power of seeing, or reasoning upon anything. Yet one thing I saw which dwelt long with me; and that was Christopher Badoeck spending his life to get Charlie's.

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**THE RELIEF FORCE**

Across Waterloo Bridge the wind was strong and bitter, and the colonel must hold his battered old hat on his head. There was the dark river, the last refuge of the waste of life, hurrying on its way; but no, not that, little Marie waited his return, perhaps crying in her loneliness and pain. The colonel raised his dim eyes to the dark, gray sky in mute appeal. A man crossing the road hurriedly struck against him and sent him reeling against the stone parapet of the bridge. The colonel's hat fell off. The man was a robust figure and was well dressed.

"I beg your pardon," he said heartily. "I am afraid I was entirely my fault, and drawing himself up raised his hand to his hat. "Colonel Marden," he said respectfully.

The colonel recovered his hat, and peered at the stranger through the gathering gloom.

"You don't know me, Colonel?"

"My eyesight fails me a little. No, I don't know you."

"Webb, sir, George Webb. Captain Singleton's troop."

"Aye, I remember you. Very glad to see you, Webb. I hope you are doing well," said the colonel kindly.

Webb looked at his old C. O. with a pitying eye. He could read the marks of fatigue in the old man's face. He knew why the shabby frock-coat was so closely buttoned up. "Yes, sir," he replied, "I am doing very well indeed, thank you," and on the impulse of the moment he smiled flickered over the colonel's worn face. "You are an honest man, Webb," he said. "You know what they say about me, can you take my hand?"

"Take it, Colonel! God bless you, sir, I'm only too honored," and he gave the colonel's hand a grip that hurt.

"No man of the old regiment that I ever met you, I think they were rather hard upon me. The men knew me better, Webb, the men knew me better."

Webb was silent, pondering many things. He was a bluff, good-hearted

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

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 a strong Catholic spirit.

CONVALESCING

We are glad to be able to say to our readers that the Most Rev. Archbishop of Toronto is rapidly recovering from the severe illness which has been his portion for the past few months.

THE EMPTY CRADLE OF THE ENGLISH RACE

Under the above caption the Mail and Empire of a recent date draws attention to the fact that it is all too patent that the Anglo-Saxon birth-rate has decreased alarmingly in recent years.

BAD WEEDS

It is a pity, indeed a thousand pities, that there are yemen who go from Ontario to the North-West bringing with them a well-packed bundle of bigotry and intolerance.

then would the onus which is so often shirked be deemed a privilege, a glory and an honor. The maternal instinct in woman is a gift of God which widens and deepens in the exercise of devotion to the proper object of a mother's love;

In the days when the Blue Laws were in force, when the Catholics were but a little persecuted colony on the Atlantic seaboard, Judge Haliburton, in that unique volume, "Sam Slick, the Clock-maker," prophesied that a century hence the Roman Catholic faith would be dominant in New England.

No! Banning will not cure this evil. The vacant pews of the sectarian churches cannot be filled by putting a premium on church-going.

THE DEMAGOGUE

One of the greatest nuisances that infests the public life of Canada to day is the demagogue or mob-orator. He possesses certain characteristics by which he may be easily recognized.

First of all, there is the religious demagogue. Religion, outside the Church, having so little positive about it, is sustained by prejudice, and consequently offers an inviting field to the genus referred to.

What we have chiefly in mind is the man who appeals to the passions and prejudices of the working classes. The Fisherman's Advocate of Newfoundland affords us a sample of the latter.

COWARDLY WORK

The mode of traducing the Catholic Church employed by some of the "missionaries" and extreme evangelists is unique in its way.

LETTER FROM SPAIN

Valadolid, Spain, 30th June, 1910. So much has been written concerning Spain, with the design of prejudicing the reader against it, that it is a somewhat congenial task to take up the pen for a contrary purpose.

delay give him an opportunity of proving his statements in the public courts." Be careful, Dr. Spruille! Be careful, Samuel Hughes! Be careful, all you reverend chaplains of the Orange lodges!

THE INFIDELS IN MONTREAL

It might be expected that the small coterie of French infidels residing in Montreal would do something to discredit the great demonstration of Catholic faith which will take place in that city next month.

"At one time we are told that it is an oath taken by all Jesuits, at another that it was imposed on the acolytes of the Popish Plot, in 1678, and again that it was meant for Catholic Seminars under Queen Elizabeth.

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Some government buildings, museums and public buildings as well as numerous fine churches and a royal palace. The churches are exceedingly rich in beauty of decoration, but have not the same interest as the more ancient Gothic cathedrals.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

A new prior has recently been appointed to preside over the Benedictine Abbey of Fort Augustus in Inverness-shire, Scotland. The Very Rev. Dom Hilary Willson, O. S. B., to whom this honor has fallen, is a great nephew of that Bishop Willson, first occupant of the See of Hobart Town, and practical founder of the Church in the antipodes, who distinguished himself so greatly as the friend and benefactor of the penal colonies in that then remote region of the world.

On the left side of the ground year land prats and the the

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OSE OF THOSE fanaticism from populace seem recently in the being the plac outside of an city. There i Daughters of tion on somevly, to the mal fer years ag peace in Can sight of an or any other persons or thi in reverence, the vile passi fact that in t the offenders fury of the m emblem assoa together with and remiss "episcopacy, irreverent w Lang has calv tionate cov to have "th removed for that if it wa compel wou the corpora power to in priere was putting up the person of young gung cust argue that Who but he cowardly a children, a most revol the evil sp land still l litious are That on th in Scotland his sway a provost act tify. As to the effect him and turn their to their aspiration hopes rea

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THE READER'S CORNER

CONDUCTED BY "COLUMBA"  
 "Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die," is hardly synonymous with "take up thy cross and follow Me." Hedonism and Christianity are as distinct as the poles. Still, within legitimate bounds it is not forbidden to cultivate happiness. We must not forget that He went out doing good to all, and so we who are imitators of Him in all things should do our little best to increase the sum of human happiness. No mortal endeavor to make the world a little happier because of our presence.  
 "He prayeth best who loveth best, all things, both great and small, For the dear Lord, who loveth us, He made And loveth all."  
 We are at one with the American reviewer of Dora Melegari's book, "Makers of Sorrows and Makers of Joy," when he says that the shrewd, family-bully may be actually as culpable as one who kills in anger. If nagging, bad temper, jealousy, lack of charity and consideration drive others to suicide or make life more bitter than death, may not those who indulge those "minor faults" be morally as guilty as those who commit crimes of violence?

We have space but for a few brief quotations from this interesting volume. "The day will come when every sincerely good human being will be as careful not to be a maker of sorrow as not to commit deeds that are dishonest and cruel." . . . There are those who on their path through life, quietly trample under foot the little flowers that grow by the wayside. Their brutal hands break and bruise all that comes in their way, and that with scornful indifference. They do not care for the progress, the joy, the sullen, the unjust and the jealous torture the lives of others quite unconsciously, so freely it is admitted that detestable dispositions of this class will not deter possessors of them from being esteemed. This is exactly a point on which humanity needs to be reformed.

"Have you known any maker of Joy? . . . Without the smiles they have called forth, they should rise in the hearts they have cheered, and the radiance they diffuse into the lives of others, the sun would have long ceased to shine on a world sunk in sadness and gloom; the earth would have grown cold, and the last shivering man would have expired."  
 This is no new doctrine. "By this men shall know that you are My disciples if you love another," was spoken two thousand years ago. The Christian Gospel is a gospel of Love, built on the two-fold foundation of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. But charity, more than anything else, is growing cold in our hearts. The voice of the Galilean Prophet is drowned in the din of commercialism and materialism. For this theory of fraternity, Unplanned, for this theory of the brotherhood of man, I believe him to be a brother and co-heir to the Kingdom of God. Why should I myself consider him? Why should I consider him if our interests clash? The joy-makers are the true followers of Him who went about doing good. Hedonism is egotism softened with materialism. Philanthropists are but voices crying in the darkness. Here, as in everything else, we must seek our motive and inspiration in the carpenter's Son.

Of very few of us can it be said as of Macbeth that we are too full of the milk of human kindness. Let us try to be more than we are less than human. Let us not forget Cardinal Newman's definition of a gentleman as "one who is kind to everybody, but kind above all to those of our own family circle, for it is strange but true that many who are urbane and polite abroad are being very reverse at home. Let us try to leave the best portion of a good man's life—His little unremembered acts of kindness And of Love,"

to be offered at the feet of a dead idol. Let us plant the seedling of kindness in the living heart, not in the cold mount of the departed. These are some things that cannot be possibly be brought under a standard of money value, but that yet are the dearest things that a man can purchase. Sympathy inspires purpose, sweetness, effort; it gladdens the heart that was growing sad with lonely thoughts, it nerves the flagging spirit and cheers the overwrought spirit that was high to fainting, but not to death. Life is not so short but there is always room for courtesy and kindness, Emerson tells us. And Moore, too, had a proper appreciation of the value of kindness. "The thread of our life would be dark, heaven knows, If it were not with friendship and love intertwined." A modern Irish-ireland poet, Brian O'Higgins, writes thus beautifully

There are no dead flies lying about when WILSON'S FLY PADS are used as directed. All Drug-gists, Grocers and General Dealers sell them.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

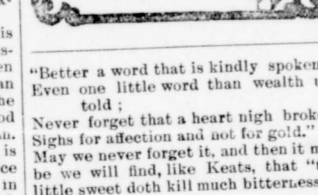
THE YOUNG MAN'S AIM

We are to reach heaven by journeying through earth's pilgrimage, for this is the path to heaven. God has ordained that we strive to win heaven, that we earn heaven as well as receive it. He has placed us on earth and enjoined upon us as our task that we should pass through things temporal as to become worthy of things eternal. Our life upon earth is a preparation for the life to come, which we must pursue courageously.  
 Faith teaches us that the road which leads to heaven is a steep and rugged one, uncompassed by fortuitous violence. Our Lord speaks of the "burden and heat of the day," and St. Paul tells us that "our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers, against the spirits of wickedness in high places." The whole world is seated in wickedness. Therefore it requires courage to resist and conquer the enemies who come to meet us with drawn swords. He who has the courage to bear with patience the hardships and trials of this world—courage to resist and conquer the enemies who come to meet us with drawn swords. He who has the courage to bear with patience the hardships and trials of this world—courage to resist and conquer the enemies who come to meet us with drawn swords.

**The Standard of Piano Construction**  
 The question of quality is the only one which should be considered when buying a piano. The beauty and permanency of tone—delicacy of touch—superiority of materials and workmanship—are synonyms of quality. The recorded judgment of eminent musical experts is that the New Scale Williams quality is the standard of piano construction.

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 You will find our new Catalogues of vital assistance in selecting the best piano for your home. We will send these free on request, and also explain our plan of easy payments, if you care to purchase a New Scale Williams Piano in that way.

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"Better a word that is kindly spoken—Even a little word than wealth untold; Never forget that a heart high broken, Sighs for affection and not for gold. But charity, more than anything else, is growing cold in our hearts. The voice of the Galilean Prophet is drowned in the din of commercialism and materialism. For this theory of fraternity, Unplanned, for this theory of the brotherhood of man, I believe him to be a brother and co-heir to the Kingdom of God. Why should I myself consider him? Why should I consider him if our interests clash? The joy-makers are the true followers of Him who went about doing good. Hedonism is egotism softened with materialism. Philanthropists are but voices crying in the darkness. Here, as in everything else, we must seek our motive and inspiration in the carpenter's Son."

It is hard to overtake a lie; it is hard to kill a slander, be it slandered an individual or a nation. We have become so used to hearing the adjective drunk applied to the Irish that we are half inclined to assent to the propriety of this qualifying epithet. Now even though we never saw the Liffey or the Shannon we should resent this insult to an old Catholic people. We are too parochial in our interests. Let us be Catholic more than names. And let us cultivate an intelligent interest in all things Catholic. We should have an answer for the slanders of our Catholic brethren whether they hail from Mexico, the Argentine or the Congo or Ireland. They are slandered, not because they are Mexicans or Irish, but because they are Catholics. Now, no country to-day has such a perfectly organized temperance society as Ireland. No country can point to so much solid work done for temperance. Every town, village and country parish boasts its temperance society. Special temperance missions are being given up and down the land. Great temperance meetings are being held like that recently at Dundalk, when thirty thousand heard the address of Cardinal Logue, or Bishop Hoare's meeting at Longford—the largest demonstration seen in the midlands since the "monster meetings" of O'Connell. To show the thoroughness with which the army of Catholicism is being met, mention that Bishop Brown of Cloyne, not content with administering the pledge to all the children at confirmation, is now establishing special boys' clubs to look after them. Thus they will be able to see that the boys keep the pledge. It is alright to take the pledge. Everyone feels more or less heroic during a moment of enthusiasm. But that all do not persevere the ranks of the "weary wobblers" testify. The boys' confraternities are a step forward.

Spend God's day like a Christian. Don't take Sunday for carrying in coal, splitting up the wood-pile, mending the back fence, or cleaning out the cellar. Take out the screens some week-morning early, and get up the next morning and wash in the water-strepper, but don't save it all for Sunday.—Father Eagan, C. S. R.

**OUR BOYS AND GIRLS**  
**GOOD MANNERS AT HOME**  
 Our home ought to be to us the dearest place on earth, and it is the duty of every member of the family to make it so. As children, we spend the long period of our growth at home, where we are fitted to take our place in the large family. We should be more thoughtful, more entertaining and more helpful at home than anywhere else. Thus, when we go out into the world, we need not put on a show of good manners, for these will have become part and parcel of ourselves.  
 Good manners will become natural if they are habitually practiced in the family circle. The child's behavior towards his parents must ever be marked by love and respect. They must love their parents because they must love their greatest benefactors. They owe respect and obedience to their parents who hold the place of God and have their authority from Him.  
 A child that loves its parents will seek every opportunity to render them some little service, and grieve when it cannot add to their happiness, will never

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

HECLA FURNACE

And its FOUR Big Features

The "Hecla" has four exclusive features that have brought it steadily to the front as the perfect warm air furnace.

These improvements are so vital—they mean so much in comfort and health and economy—that every man who is going to put in a furnace this year, should study them in detail.

**Fused Joints**  
 are the only permanent joints between castiron and steel. By means of these joints, we prevent gas and smoke from getting in the Air-chamber and from there into the house.

**Individual Grate Bars**  
 Each bar can be shaken separately. Fire can be cleaned thoroughly without using a poker or slaking down good coal or live fire. No clinkers to clog the grate as is the case when bars are fastened together. Of course, one bar is much easier to shake than four.

**Castiron Combustion Chamber**  
 We found out, by careful tests, that steel would not stand the intense heat of the furnace chamber, which has proved its wonderful strength, service and durability.

**Steel Ribbed Firepot**  
 has three times the radiating surface of any other. It never becomes red-hot—will not burn out—and will save 3/4 of your coal bill by actual test.

Our little book "Hecla Heated Homes" tells you a lot of things you ought to know about a furnace, besides the exclusive features mentioned above. Let us send you a copy. It's free. Write.

Send us rough plan of your house—and we will submit estimate of the cost of installing the proper size "Hecla" in your home. 100

Clare Bros. & Co. Limited, Preston, Ont.

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Catholic Record

Richmond St. London, Canada  
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 Do not wait. Drop a post card to-day for full particulars of our plan whereby we ship sewing machines, freight prepaid, at LOW FACTORY PRICES, to any place in Canada, without a cent deposit in advance, sept. 4  
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**MEDETS**  
 They meet all kinds of all stomachs—flat, break, gas, indigestion, acid, water back, etc. No matter what the trouble, anyone can use Medets. It is a natural, pure, scientific medicine. Buy sample package. Price, COMPLETE PACKAGE \$1.00. 100 TABLETS, 50c. AGENTS: COLLETTE MFG. CO., Dept. J., Collingwood, Ont.

FAITH IN THE REAL PRESENCE

The editor of the Catholic Sun, of Syracuse, N. Y., writes:

"The other day we happened to be in a neighboring city. On a street car were half a dozen men, one of them a priest, and one woman. The woman occupied the seat with the priest. It could easily be seen that they were not acquaintances. Presently a church came in view, and stranger to relate every man save one lifted his hat. They were Catholics and the church bore a cross.  
 Shortly after passing the edifice, we noticed the woman in the case pass her card to the priest. Now our readers will kindly forgive us if we do a little eavesdropping.  
 "Tell me, Father," said the woman, addressing the priest, "why do you lift your hat when you pass a church?"  
 The clergyman was evidently taken by surprise, for he did not reply at once, finally saying simply, "Our Lord is there."  
 Then there was a silence of several moments, followed by questions and answers. At last, as the priest prepared to leave the car, we heard the woman say, "If I could only believe that my Saviour was in the church, I would spend the rest of my days before the altar in adoration."  
 There is an expansive force in beauty which broadens and enriches life.

Vigorous Health

—the power to enjoy to the full He's work and pleasure—comes only with a good digestion.

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tone up weak stomachs—supply the digestive juices which are lacking—ensure your food being properly converted into brain and blood and active energy. 50c. a box at your druggist's or from National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal.

Do not leave your room before you are properly dressed. Then take holy ground, make the sign of the cross, begging God to bless you for the day that you are about to begin.  
 Be very particular about washing yourself thoroughly, and learn to groom your hair decently. Cut or trim your finger nails, but never do this in the presence of others. Then kneel and say  
 Never rush hastily into a room. If, upon entering a room, you should find company there, salute them with a "good day" or a "good morning." You need not shake hands with the visitors, unless they first offer to do so. Never do this in the presence of your elders, or while in the presence of the wall, or make unnecessary noises of any kind when people are near. Do not shout when you want to speak, whether in doors or out.  
 Brothers and sisters can do much for one another. This relationship ought to be one of the most pleasant and most helpful in life.

A DISTINGUISHED CONVERT.

PROFESSOR VON RUVILLE OF HALLE UNIVERSITY

One of the most remarkable conversions of modern times has been that of Doctor Albert von Ruville...

How, then, asks the Franciscan reviewer, did Ruville receive the enlightenment that brought him over to the Church?

Many illusions awaited him, however, even in his early days of Christian practice. He was criticized much by his friends for the frequency of his visits to the churches...

After several years of unsettled mind, he read in 1908 the work of Professor Reinhold "The Old and the New Faith"...

WE HAVE BECOME IN ALL WAYS THE MOST EXTRAVAGANT PEOPLE IN THE WORLD...

At the eighth annual convention of District No. 22, United Mine Workers of America...

Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and guaranteed relief for all kinds of skin eruptions...

WEATHERING THE STORM

A story, probably as old as the human race, is that of the tyrant, who sees that the bounty of nature is rapidly diminishing...

Whatever the historical quality of such tradition may be, there is a special reason why Christians should regard them with favor.

Editor RECORD.—On the 25th of this month the Toronto World published a sermon by Pastor Russell...

What every local preacher in the back settlements has seen related time and again, Pastor Russell of Brooklyn...

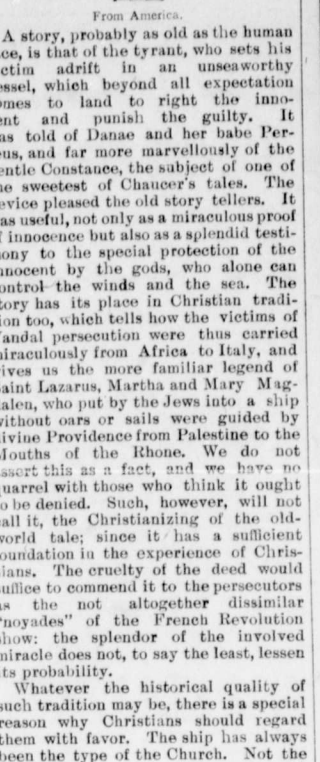
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The Catholic Record, London, Canada

The Pope he taken away the whole Church goes with him. Such exaggerations, though they cannot help the opponents of the Catholic Church...

DRINK AND HUMBUR IN IRELAND

Dear Sir,—You have called Mr. William O'Brien's organization against the Budget a whiskey party. He and his, and the Tories, protest that fresh whiskey taking is ruining Ireland.

THE CHANGE IN ENGLAND

The diamond jubilee of the restoration of the Catholic hierarchy in England was celebrated the other day in connection with the consecration of Westminster Cathedral.

WESTERN FAIR London, Canada, Sept. 9-17, 1910

CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY

The Seventeenth Annual Report of the Neglected and Dependent Children of Ontario has just been issued.

AN ANGLICAN LADY CHAPEL

On June 30, the first instalment of the Liverpool Anglican Cathedral, of which the architect is a Catholic...

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13 DAY VACATION CRUISE \$50.00 UP

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THE HOME BANK OF CANADA



The Accounts of Lodges, Labor Unions, Societies, Clubs and associations solicited...

Head Office 8 King St. West TORONTO

LONDON OFFICE 394 Richmond Street

BRANCHES IN THIS VICINITY St. Thomas Thorold Ilderton, Lawrence Station Melbourne

Cathedral is dedicated in honor of a saint or of the Virgin, as the case may be, but in all cases the Trinity alone is worshipped.

A BEAUTIFUL POEM

It has been a long time since we have seen any poems in the News signed "W. M."

TEACHERS WANTED

QUALIFIED TEACHER WANTED (CATHOLIC) for S. S. & G. S. Grades. Salary \$50 per annum.

WANTED FOR FEMORE SEPARATE SCHOOL an assistant teacher, holding a Normal School Certificate...

TEACHER WANTED FOR S. S. & G. S. GRADES for S. S. & G. S. Grades. Salary \$50 per annum.

WANTED FOR FEMORE SEPARATE SCHOOL an assistant teacher, holding a Normal School Certificate...

TEACHER WANTED FOR S. S. & G. S. GRADES for S. S. & G. S. Grades. Salary \$50 per annum.

WANTED FOR FEMORE SEPARATE SCHOOL an assistant teacher, holding a Normal School Certificate...

TEACHER WANTED FOR S. S. & G. S. GRADES for S. S. & G. S. Grades. Salary \$50 per annum.

WANTED FOR FEMORE SEPARATE SCHOOL an assistant teacher, holding a Normal School Certificate...

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

Our separated brethren "the lid" on these good things are awful object lessons of bigotry. To put us dug out of the mass of charges may well disgust...

STRANGELY S

WE HAVE NEVER SEEN

IT SEEMS TO US

IT IS TRUE THAT

IT IS TRUE THAT

IT IS TRUE THAT

IT IS TRUE THAT