











FIVE MINUTE SERMON

REV. J. J. BURKE, PHOENIX, ILL. FIRST SUNDAY OF ADVENT

THE GREAT PROBLEM

So you also, when you shall see these things come to pass, know that the kingdom of God is at hand. (Luke xxi, 31)

My dear friends, the Gospel read in the Mass on the first Sunday of Advent is most instructive and impressive. It cannot but inspire serious thoughts and earnest reflections. These thoughts are of God, of eternity, of the last day, of man's duty, and of life's problem.

The Great Problem is to learn how to live that we may spend an eternity in the kingdom of God. For since the end of our creation is by serving God here to be happy with Him hereafter, our duty is to advance towards this end. Nothing is so natural as the desire, and nothing so pleasing as the promise of eternal happiness. In pursuit of knowledge the philosopher may examine all creation; may become skilled in every art and science; may dive into the depths of the sea and shift the interior of the earth; may trace the shining orbs and planets in their revolution through the heavens and number the stars of the firmament; but something will still be wanting to dignify his knowledge and make it profitable to eternal life.

The poor unlearned man who tries to know, love and serve God by a good intention in all he does is not only solving the great problem but is a better and a wiser man.

If we look out into the world we find the majority of mankind engaged in everything else but serving God. Attached to the goods of the earth they seldom wish for anything but the gratification of their senses. Thus the greater part of Christians live. They do not regard the obligations they owe to God. Dress, amusement and the amassing of wealth are the great business of life to them. God, eternity, the future seem never to enter their minds. They seem to be incapable of a serious thought. Apparently, they never ask themselves the great question: "What is the end and aim of my existence? For if they thought of this question, they would soon begin to act seriously, to act, to live as though there is a God, the Creator of all things, who made them for eternal happiness.

When we consider the wonderful creation of the world out of nothing, we magnify the power that created it; when we view the order and harmony of nature in all its works, we adore the providence that governs it. Yes, all nature proclaims a Deity. For if a watch suggests a watchmaker, a church an architect, how much more does this beautiful universe with its wonderful order and harmony pre-suppose a Maker?

This maker of all things perishable is an eternal, independent Being. Without a beginning and without end, no period of time can measure the duration of His existence. Angels and the souls of men are immortal; neither are eternal, as they had a beginning. None but God, the only one supreme and independent Being can be properly styled eternal; for His greatness knows no bounds, His perfections are infinite and His existence had no beginning and will have no end. Millions of years may roll away, they will not shorten its duration; millions of ages add nothing to its length.

Before the mountains were made," says the prophet David, "or the earth and the world was formed: from eternity and to eternity Thou art God." "In the beginning, O Lord, Thou foundedst the earth, and the heavens are the works of Thy hands. . . . They shall perish, but Thou remainest. . . . Thou art the self-same and Thy years shall not fail." (Lxxxix and ci psalms).

These words of the inspired writer clearly tell us that God was before this world and that He will continue to be after all shall have passed away. That He always was and always will be, unchanged and unchangeable.

"MY ONLY MEDICINE"

Says Mrs. Corbett, Are "Fruit-a-lives" "They Keep Me In Perfect Health"



MRS. ANNIE A. CORBETT AVON, ONT., May 14th, 1913 "I have used "Fruit-a-lives" for Indigestion and Constipation with most excellent results, and they continue to be my only medicine. I am highly pleased with "Fruit-a-lives" and am not ashamed to have the facts published to the world. When I first started, about six years ago, to use them, I took four for a dose, and gradually reduced the dose to one tablet at night. Before taking "Fruit-a-lives" I took salts and other pills but the treatment was too harsh. I thought I might as well suffer from the disease as from these treatments.

Finally, I saw "Fruit-a-lives" advertised with a letter in which someone recommended them very highly, so I tried them. The results were more than satisfactory and I have no hesitation in recommending them to any other person. They have done me a world of good. I get quite a lot". ANNIE A. CORBETT.

60c a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

Nor would we shrink from misfortune and suffering, did we reflect that we can make them meritorious for that eternity which we are soon to expect. Faith teaches us that the tribulations of the Just will be succeeded by joys unending. An eternity of joy or an eternity of pain will be our lot.

"These thoughts are suggested by my text. "So you also when you shall see these things come to pass, know that the kingdom of God is at hand." When we compare our fleeting existence here with the eternity of God, how short, how next to nothing, is the life of man. A few days or years and he is no more. One sudden stroke and he is cut off in the middle of his career. Even the longest life is but a fleeting shadow, a passing cloud that disperses in air almost as soon as it is formed. In fact life is a continual death that begins to destroy us when we begin to live. Though short, it is often badly spent. Let us begin to day to spend the remainder of our fleeting existence better; let us spend it in preparation for that eternal happiness which God has prepared for His elect. Otherwise, we shall be cast with the reprobate into eternal misery. Our days are numbered. We know not when our summons shall come. But when it does come we shall enter into everlasting joys or pains. Are we prepared now to answer at the tribunal of a just God? If not, let us prepare at once. A few years of life on earth are granted that we may prepare ourselves to live eternally in heaven. Let us use these few years well. Let us use them in learning to know, to love and to serve God here, that we may be happy with Him hereafter. This is the solution of the great problem. Lifted on the wings of heavenly knowledge, we soar in thought above all created things and view the glorious perfections of God revealed that constitute the happiness of saints and angels.

To contemplate God, to meditate upon His perfections, to ponder upon His wonders, to praise and glorify Him, to do His holy will constitute the occupation of the Blessed in heaven; and while we employ our mind in the same exercise, we begin to do in time what we hope it will our happiness to do in the kingdom of God for all eternity.

CLUNY ABBEY In the years 1122-1156 the great Benedictine Abbey at Cluny in France was considered only second to Rome as the centre of the whole Church and Christian world. The Abbey was a vast and magnificent structure, and was regarded as one of the wonders of the Middle Age.

LIQUOR AND TOBACCO HABITS A. McTAGGART, M.D., C.M., 155 King St. E., Toronto, Canada

TEMPERANCE

THE GREATEST SAFEGUARDS

Dr. Evans, who is paid \$10,000 a year to write a daily health article for the Chicago Tribune, must be a man of considerable knowledge and experience. In that light, it is worth while reading twice the following paragraphs from one of his recent articles:

"When a young life starts out from the shelter of home to fight the battles that must be fought and brave the dangers that must be faced, one of the most priceless safeguards he or she can have is that of total abstinence from all alcoholic liquor.

"This, I think, is one of the saddest things that can be said about alcohol; that many a life that otherwise had kept its purity, but now inhabits the underworld of our social system, entered the pathway that leads to the gutter whilst under the influence of alcohol; and there, sooner or later infected, becomes a source or infection to other lives trooping that way, led on by the king of the carnival—"alcohol."

EFFECTS OF INTEMPERANCE "Intemperance interferes with the intellectual as well as the moral, eye, even the physical life of the individual," says a writer in the Father Mathew Record. "It injures his mind and will; it weakens his energy of action and his power of endurance; it interferes with the faithful discharge of his duties; it often makes him a pauper and a burden to society, and usually leads to other vices and crimes. Who has not heard of the havoc and injury wrought in families, the misery endured by wife and children? Intemperance is a high school of degeneracy, a most disastrous and degrading influence on the moral sense of the community, and where common among the lower classes it retards their intellectual and spiritual progress no less than efficiency of their work. Who cannot see what would be the deplorable results for society, in religious, moral, intellectual, social, political and even purely economical fields, when intemperance has once been allowed to grow to such dimensions that it may be justly called a common vice of the people? Nor can its feature in another most important way, which has not always received the consideration it so imperatively demands. I mean the dire consequences in hundreds of cases resulting to the yet unborn generation."

SQUANDERING OF MILLIONS Professor McCook estimated that the tramps of the United States alone cost the country over nine millions a year to support them; "a half more than the cost of the Indian Department, and one-half the cost of our navy."

"From a sociological standpoint," says Nammack, "we are compelled by incontrovertible evidence to acknowledge that (alcohol) is of all causes the most frequent source of poverty, unhappiness, divorce, suicide, immorality, crime, insanity, disease and death." What greater reasons should prompt us to take an active part in our strange and sad ignorance of its destroying power, people take drink without any apprehension of its danger; yea, rather as if it were the cure for all the misfortunes and miseries "to which the flesh is heir." Whereas, as science is every day proving more and more, and as experience is also daily teaching, it is, for the generality of mankind, the most dangerous thing any one could take and that for most persons it proves disastrous ruin.

THE SANE SYSTEM The man who early goes to bed, instead of painting landscapes red, assisted by a demijohn, until the roosters half the dawn, will rise refreshed at break of day, and sing a joyous rondolet. His mouth is clean, his eyes are bright; he has a horse's appetite, and to his maw he gaily rakes a half a quire of buckwheat cakes, and ham and eggs and bread and cheese, and sundry other things like these. Then to his daily toil he goes, all full of vim from crown to toes. He works so well his boss observes: "I'm surely mashed upon your curves, and so, beginning with to-day, I'll add a guilder to your pay." The man who paints the village red instead of going to his bed at seven minutes after ten, on waking thinks a setting hen has used his mouth three weeks or more; his eyes are red, his stomach sore; he cannot eat the wholesome steak, the scrambled egg or buckwheat cake, but sadly chews a pickled bean and takes a drink of kerosene. He does his task in languid way, and ere he is put in half a day the boss exclaims: "You make me tired! Put on your hat and go—your're fired!" If you would hold a good job down, be wise and let 'others paint the town.—Walt Mason.

CONSISTENCY'S GAIN Dr. Kraepelin, a Heidelberg professor, is ready to furnish proof that the best method for fighting the drink evil is "the personal example of total abstinence." Some may find this warfare against alcohol a bit burdensome—in fact, much more troublesome than preaching total abstinence—but what is lost in hilarity is more than compensated for by what is gained in consistency. For twelve years the professor has

RECENT CONVERTS

ST. PETERS' NET GRADUALLY CLOSSES UPON THE MOST ENLIGHTENED STUDENTS OF HISTORY, THEOLOGY AND HOLY SCRIPTURE

The Missionary publishes the following partial list of recent converts to the Catholic Church. Their names are selected because of their prominence in the religious and mercantile life of the country in which they reside and because many of them are well known to the reading public.

The Rev. E. F. Ekins, curate at St. Augustine's Church, Kilburn, London, graduate of Oxford and Ely Theological College, son of the late General Ekins.

The Rev. Franz W. H. Schieweels, late curate at St. Mark's and St. Clement's Episcopal Churches, Philadelphia.

The Rev. Alexander Thompson Grant, of the Scottish Episcopal Church, and ex-chaplain to Weywys Castle, Fife, Scotland.

The Princess Luigi Colonna of Rome; born a daughter of Count Victor von Platen, of Hanover, Germany; sister of the late Duchess of Devonshire (England); Lutheran. She married Prince Colonna over fifty years ago.

Mrs. Hugh Cleland Hoy of Bristol, England, wife of a prominent Ulsterman and journalist.

The late Neil Kennedy, M. I. C. E., of the Rio Tinto Company, Wimbledon, London; Presbyterian.

The late Richard Wilson, president of the Ewbank Electric Transmission Company, vice-president of the Title and Trust Company of Portland, Oregon, who left a large portion of his \$500,000 estate to the Church.

The late William Oscar McCurdy, Berlin, Texas; a prominent editor, publisher and capitalist; received on his deathbed by the Bishop of San Antonio.

President

Give a manly man A manly gift. He will appreciate a pair in a Christmas Box.

Suspenders

Miss Eva Chambers, Denver, Col. One hundred adult converts were confirmed on June 22 at the Paulist Church of Chicago.

Nine converts were confirmed at the Church of St. Ignatius, Los Angeles, on June 13.

Thirteen adult converts were confirmed on June 22, in St. Liborius' Church, St. Louis.

Five converts were confirmed at St. Cara's Church, Oxnard, Cal., on June 22.

The Archbishop of Philadelphia, on June 1, confirmed fourteen adult converts at St. Luke's church, Glenside, Pa.

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An Old Age Pension

What will your circumstances be when you are 55 or 60? Have you the assurance that you will be able to live in comfort? It has been computed that 90 per cent. of the men at age 60 are dependent upon their daily earnings or the beneficence of friends.

But a North American Life Endowment Policy will guarantee you an income in your declining years. There is no uncertainty about it. It is an absolute guarantee.

This investment is within the reach of the man of most moderate means. Enquire from any representative of North American Life Assurance Company "SOLID AS THE CONTINENT" HEAD OFFICE, - TORONTO, CANADA

Don't get fooled into thinking that every change means progress.

BELLS, PEALS, CHIMES Church Bells Peal Memorial Bells a Specialty. Send your Raw FURS to John Hallam. FREE HALLAM'S TRAPPERS GUIDE. Here's A Good One. THE Mutual Life Assurance Co. of Canada Waterloo, Ontario.

Learn Railroading. Railroads need men—two great transcontinental lines will open next year. Na-Dru-Co Headache Wafers. Sick headaches—neuralgic headaches—splitting, blinding headaches—all vanish when you take Na-Dru-Co Headache Wafers.

SOMETHING UNUSUAL. Something that we see rarely advertised to in Protestant journals is gracefully mentioned by the Churchman (Protestant Episcopal) namely, the fact that the Gospel was not first brought to China by Protestant missionaries, but that Catholic missionaries, centuries before Protestantism was born, had converted millions to Christianity in that land. Every Home Has Dozens of Uses for Panshine. Keeps woodwork and paintwork spotlessly clean and white. Scours pots and pans. Cleans cutlery and glassware. Makes bathrooms spick and span. Keeps kitchens immaculate and sweet. PANSHINE is a clean, white, pure powder that has no disagreeable smell, won't scratch and will not injure the hands. Buy Panshine. You'll be glad you did. Large Sifter Top Tin 10c. At all Grocers.

**CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN**

**WHO DOES NOT?**

Who does not love a tranquil heart, a sweet tempered, balanced life? It does not matter whether it rains or shines, or what misfortunes come to those possessing these blessings, for they are always sweet, serene and calm. The exquisite poise of character, which we call serenity, is the last lesson of culture, it is the flowering of life, the fruitage of the soul. It is as precious as wisdom, more to be desired than gold. How contemptible mere money wealth looks in comparison with a serene life, a life which dwells in the ocean, as it were, of truth, beneath the waves, beyond the reach of tempests, in the eternal calm! How many people we know who sour their lives, who ruin all that is sweet and truly beautiful by explosive tempers, who destroy their poise of character by making bad blood. In fact, it is a question whether the great majority of the people do not ruin their lives and mar their happiness by lack of self-control. How few people we meet in life who are well-balanced, who have that exquisite poise which is characteristic of the finished character!

**PROMOTION**

Who is the young man who is promoted? He is the young man who dusts the desk in the best manner, and the young man who is selected for the next promotion further along is he who is doing his particular work in the most capable manner in which it may be performed. The first few places don't call for much brain work, perhaps, but they give you a chance to develop. When the time comes for you to do something else you must have a mind trained to comprehend what it told you, what you are doing, and why you are doing it. You must have an eye on the job ahead of you. Your mind must advance; it must be receptive so that you are competent to do the next thing ahead of you.

**CONCENTRATION**

Concentration lies back of all success. Genius is powerless without it, while with its assistance, a very modest little talent can do wonders.

Concentration is acquired. It is no more a native endowment than knowing how to spell. It is true that some people spell more easily than others, but study and practice can make anyone a good spell-er.

Pin your thoughts to what you are doing. Every time you allow your attention to wander from the task in hand, every time you indulge yourself in mingling with the doing of the present duty recollections of some pleasure past, or anticipation of another to come, you are lessening your power of concentration, and so your likelihood of success.—True Voice.

**ROUTINE AND DUTY**

Think what we lose when we are faithless to some small duty imposed by the law of love. We lose character and life itself. For, after all, life cannot be satisfactorily measured by the excitement of striking occasions, or by the thrill of great sensations, or by the joy of overpowering emotions. The greater part of life for most of us is made up of small, humdrum duties; of routine. And routine can be inspired (so Jesus teaches) by a high sense of duty, and unselfishness can be combined with loyalty to noble ideals of faith and love and transformed into the opportunity of spiritual growth.

We take it for granted that people know how we appreciate them. How often we speak the critical word! How rarely the complimentary one! We know very well how we feel when others tell us how our work and our talents are appreciated, but we are prone to forget that our neighbors, our friends, and our fellow workers are the same kind of people with the same kind of hearts. Most of us would rather have a little more "tatty" while we are living and a little less "epitaphy" when we are dead; a few flowers on the desk and less on the grave. Speak the good word, and speak it in good season.

**OUR HUMAN HERITAGE**

Man's human heritage is higher than the average man takes it. To work, to suffer, to smile a little and play a little—this is the sum as commonly set down. Only once in a long while does one arise who seems to fully appreciate the greatness of the grant conferred by human existence. To help, to better, to brighten—these are the sublime possibilities within reach of each individual, no matter how poor or how lowly.—Intermountain Catholic.

**A GENTLEMAN**

Robert Louis Stevenson's definition of a gentleman is a classic, "The man who could meet a prince without being overpowered, and a coal heaver without overpowering him." In other words, the gentleman has in his soul the ideal of Christian brotherhood, fraternal love for every other man from prince to coal heaver.

Our centre is the will of God; God wishes that I should do this action now, God desires this matter of me; what more is necessary? While I do this I am not obliged to do anything else. O God, may Thy will be done, not only in the execution of Thy commandments, counsels and inspirations which we should obey, but also in suffering the afflictions that befall us.

**OUR BOYS AND GIRLS**

**NOT WASTED**

"Belle Converse, you'll never do it." "Won't I. Just wait and see! O I know all your objections beforehand. I cannot afford it. It's too extravagant." A waste of money. But while the rest of you may get what you please, good, sensible presents, and I'll not say you may, my presents to grandmother is to be roses—great, creamy beauties—which shall fill the room with fragrance and her heart with delight at the same time.

"But, Belle, they are so expensive! and they will last so short a time; it does seem that a more substantial present—something that would be a benefit to her all winter—would be far more sensible, and I am sure grandmother would say so, if you asked her."

"Now, Grace, I know that I have no money to waste, and all the sensible things you would say, but I shall not listen. For many years grandmother's birthdays have brought presents of plain, comfortable clothing that she must have had even if there were no birthday to be taken into account, and though it may be unwise, I have decided to give her a sweet, lovely present, such as I might give to a dear teacher or friend whose necessities I did not need to consider. If she is vexed I shall be sorry, perhaps, that I did not buy stockings, instead, but I am going to take the risk."

In the home of her daughter, Grandmother Girwood sat quietly knitting at a dark brown sock, thinking gratefully of the many blessings that were still here, though her own home had gone into the hands of strangers, and she had for many years been at the bedside of another. She knew the girls, as she delighted to call them, would be in soon with some little gift for the day.

Presently they came—Belle, Kate, Grace, Molly and Dorothy, and laid their offerings in her arms. They were useful, sensible gifts, made thrice welcome because she knew they were prompted by the love in their hearts and tears filled her eyes, but they were tears of joy.

Half-timidly Belle handed her the long box from the florist, hardly knowing what reception it might receive; but their astonishment was great when Mrs. Girwood burst into tears.

"For me, Belle! for myself—the roses! O, my dear, I longed for pretty things all my life, but there has never been enough of anything for luxuries. Belle, they are the first, the very first flowers I ever had bought for me. I—I she struggled with her sobs. She kissed the soft, creamy petals, and then held them at arm's length and brought them slowly back, inhaling their perfume, the tears rolling down her cheeks, and the smiles chasing them swiftly away. "May the roses of life garland all your path, dear. O, I am so glad you thought of it!"

"These will fade, we will try to get you some more."

"They will never fade from my heart," then turning to the others, she said tenderly: "Your gifts were lovely, my dear; they will make me comfortable in days to come, but those—those roses they have made me so happy!"

And Grace, turning to Belle, with a tearful smile, said: "You were keener of sight than we; something must have told you how true were the poet's words: 'A rose to the living is better than sumptuous wreaths to the dead.'"

**ST. GERTRUDE**

The thirteenth century—that century rich in saints of more than ordinary fame—received towards its close as a crowning gift the great and beautiful Saint Gertrude.

The illustrious saint was born at Eisleben a small town in the county of Mansfeld, on January 6th, 1263. Her father was the Count of Lichenborn, and, it is said, was related to the imperial house of Germany.

Following a custom which prevailed at that time—no doubt in imitation of the Presentation of our Blessed Mother in the Temple—Gertrude was placed in the famous Benedictine Monastery at Rosendorn when she was five years old. Her sister, Mechthilde, who was two years younger, soon joined her.

In this garden of sanctity the little countess grew in wisdom and grace. She was very fond of study, and her writings are regarded among the stars that pointed the way to the mariners of old, they have guided many a woman's soul to the beautiful port of heaven.

Her sister, in religion had such a high opinion of her prudence and virtue, that in 1294, when Gertrude was only thirty years old, they chose her as their Abbess. This office she held for forty years until her death. She was a kind, gentle mother; patient and humble, although filled with zeal for the honor and glory of God.

every movement caused her intense pain, she considered it as nothing in comparison with being allowed to adore our dear Lord in this Mystery of His Love.

At length the day came when this happy, and a thousand times blessed soul took its flight to the eternal realms of heaven. The Church, throughout the world celebrates her feast on the 19th, of November, the day of her happy death.

**GIVING AWAY FLOWERS**

In Connecticut, a few years ago, lived a lady who had a beautiful flower-garden in which she took a great pride. The whole country was proud of it, too, and people drove miles to see it.

She fastened two large baskets on the outside of her fence next the road, and every morning they were filled with cut flowers—the large, showy kinds in one basket, and the delicate, fragile ones in the other. All the school children going by helped themselves, and studied the better for it. And the business men took a breath of fragrance into their dusty offices which helped the day along. Even the tramps were welcome to all the beauty they could get in their forlorn lives.

"You cut such quantities," some one said to her, "aren't you afraid you will rob yourself?"

"The more I cut, the more I have," she answered. "Don't you know that if plants are allowed to go to seed they stop blooming? I love to give pleasure, and it is profit as well, for my liberal cutting is the secret of my beautiful garden. I'm like the man in Pilgrims:

"A man there was (though some did count him mad),  
The more he cast away, the more he had."  
—Sunday Companion.

**ALWAYS REMEMBER**

- To rise when an older person is standing.
- To respect gray hairs.
- To respect your parents.
- To be kind to those physically deformed.
- To be kind to the sorrowing.
- To be gentle to the weak.
- To speak ill of no one.
- To be respectful to your teacher.
- To avoid slang and vulgar language.
- To not shuffle your feet.
- To always have clean hands.
- To be pure of heart.

**THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND SOME OTHERS**

A minister in the Christian Register (Unitarian) writing under the pen name of "Rev. Bromide Smith, D. D.," says that last summer while in the city he felt he ought to solve the mystery, why a certain number of people will insist on going to Church. He visited in the next few weeks a good many churches and took part in a good number of differing forms of services, and he submits the results of this investigation for what it is worth, to the readers of the Christian Register. The parts we quote as follows will, we are sure, interest our readers.

"The Church which has had the largest congregation and in the service of which the people seemed most heartily and sincerely engaged was the Roman Catholic Church, in the whole service of which there was not a single word I could understand. It seemed as if every member of that vast congregation had come there for the one purpose of praying; and pray they did, with all the earnestness and apparent zeal that could be desired. Nothing could exceed the knowledge of average human psychology upon which the service was based. The coming and going of lights, the processions, the elevation of the Host, the continual voice of music or of prayer in the distance, the sense of prostration before an infinite mystery, all had their part in the wondrous result of a whole worshipping congregation."

"My next place of visitation was a large Evangelical hall used as a church. Here also there was a huge congregation, but no sign of worship. It was an audience rather than a congregation. Soon a man appeared in front and began to wave his arms and shout. We were to sing. The music of the big organ began tumpety-tump, and soon he had the whole audience swaying and jumping and singing like a country fair. It felt good to something that was in you, of which you were rather ashamed, so to sway with the mass of simple folk and shout in unison rag-time music. Then another man appeared and said 'Let us pray,' and, closing his eyes, addressed a few remarks to the Deity and preached a short, indirect sermon. Then a lady stood up and sang a song, and at last the preacher arose to preach upon the devil. The part of his sermon that brought down the house and sticks in one's memory was his proof of the existence of the devil. He said that a friend of his had drunk too much and got delirium tremens; in this state he had seen many little red devils. Now it seemed to him (the preacher) that, if there were these little devils, the old fellow must be around somewhere. Shortly after this he sunk his voice and told us that all those who were Christians were to sit and those who wanted to be were to stand, and he said, 'Thank you, sir,' over and over again as he looked over the audience. Then he asked those who had stood to meet him in the room behind the platform, and the meeting was over. What struck one, on looking over the audience, was that it was having a good time, but the idea of worship did not

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seem to enter into the situation at all.

"The next church visited was the most famous and fashionable of the liturgical churches in the city. It was fairly well filled by well-dressed people. The service was well speeded up mechanically, though something might be done to run a little faster through the rather meaningless Psalms which were sung. The singing by the boy choir gave one the impression as being the real thing for which the people had come and was listened to devoutly. At the close of the service a preacher, who, although disguised as a man of thirty years old, was, evidently from his remarks, a Sophomore in the High school, spoke for five minutes upon the life of Moses as portrayed in the morning lesson, and how it taught us that we should all be good. The feeling in this service was that of peace and comfort, and, apart from the long stands, left one feeling very rested.

"The last church visited was of the more liberal school in theological matters. The quartette was fine, and the sermon was fine, but there was no atmosphere and no congregation. Why? The devil immediately whispered in my ear that the reason was because good people are few, but I do not think we can lay that flatter-

ing unction to our souls. I think we Protestant churches have been obsessed by the vaudeville show, the symphony concert, and the lecture hall, and different denominations of us have tried to turn our churches respectively into one or other of these. The Roman Catholics with all their faults have kept their churches deliberately as places for the psychology of the prayer atmosphere. Are you inclined to pray yourself, my reader, when a man on a platform in front of you gets up and says, 'Let us pray,' and shuts his eyes? Would you feel more inclined to do so if, when you went into the church, you saw the minister kneeling at the altar saying his own prayers? But we Protestants have put the prayer to one side, and run shows like the great-angelical services, with the devil and the room behind the platform as features, or we have arranged concerts, as the newspapers on Easter Saturday show us all to our shame, or we have run a lecture hall where after the 'preliminary services' the preacher lectures on Darwin or Browning.

"So my net results are these: People would rather have a show or a good chorus concert than a lecture with two pieces by a quartette thrown

in; but the most popular place of all for them to go would be a place where they would find themselves mysteriously in a spiritual atmosphere, and out of which they could come ennobled and strengthened by contact through all their being with an infinite power."—Sacred Heart Review.

**FATHER FINN QUILTS**

Chicago Paulist chorists are to lose their founder and director, the Rev. William J. Finn, C. S. P., of St. Mary's church, who leaves Chicago in December to found a training school of church music in St. Louis.

A fund of \$200,000 will be required to found the school and it will be raised by individual contributions. Father Finn has the approval of his superior to begin the work, which will be under the auspices of the Paulist Fathers and started in St. Louis by request of Archbishop Glennon.

Father Finn's choir of Boys has made an international reputation for Chicago, being the first choir of American's to make a concert tour of Europe and the winners of the first prize at the international music fete in Paris, in which four hundred and ninety seven choirs from all over Europe competed including the famous Sheffield choir of England.

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"In one Denver rectory," says the Catholic Register, "the priests rarely ever arise from a meal that there are not two or three persons waiting to see them. They never eat that the telephone bell does not ring once or twice. Let it be infrequently that parishioners wonder why fathers will not stop eating to listen to their business. Often the good priests do stop eating long enough to receive their untimely guests. But when they make the callers wait, every now and then one of the latter can not understand why. . . . Be patient with the priest. Men, women and children of all stations are calling for his services from morning until night. He has no time that he can really call his own. It is not his fault that he can not always be

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I took up a little book the other day, written by Father Bede Jarrett, O. P. M. A. It is called "Medieval Socialism" and is sold for sixpence. It interested me extremely, for it showed what beautiful teaching some of our old and now almost forgotten saints delivered to the men of their generation. Few of us English Catholics, I imagine, would gladly submit to an examination on the life and work of St. Antonio, Archbishop of Florence, and a leading mind in the world of the Middle Ages were doubtless warriors of progress, and may still teach us much wisdom.

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trouble and unrest of society in our day. The industrial unrest is not likely to cease. It is more likely to increase. For the rich are growing richer, while the poor grow poorer. For the problem which his social question is raising, believe the Catholic Church holds in her hands the true and only solution—the doctrine of justice between man and man. Her apostle, a tent-maker, her chief Founder was a carpenter, her great apostle a fisherman. Labor in her eyes has never been a stain on character. Nor does she to day look on idleness as a badge of gentility, on trade as a slur upon reputation. Her theologians and her moralists have treasures old and new. And I am tempted to hope that soon the day may dawn when men and statesmen, wearied with paltering over economics, will turn to the Church, as to the mother of unearthly wisdom, and ask her to embark upon the new crusade of teaching the rich and the poor the dignity of work and the degradation of idleness and the sacredness of the example of Jesus Christ and St. Paul.—Liverpool Catholic Times.

"REVERTING TO ROME"

At a Protestant Diocesan Conference recently in Manchester, England, the Bishop, Dr. Knox, observed signs that the Church (Protestant) is threatened with the forces of disruption. "We see," said he, "the cardinal facts of the faith, the incarnation and the Resurrection, explained away and on the other hand there is a re-education of the 'Reformation' and a frankly expressed desire to revert to the doctrines and discipline of the Church of Rome, its liturgies, and its rites and ceremonies."

Manifestly this is the situation—Protestantism is reverting on one side to infidelity; on the other, to the Church unchanged and unchangeable, where no "cardinal fact of faith" is "explained away."

THE KINGDOM OF GOD

If Rev. Washington Gladden, who pleaded so earnestly with his federated Protestant Church listeners at the Old Stone Church recently to find the kingdom of God, could have spent a few days out on Euclid avenue when the Church of St. Agnes was being moved from its physical foundation of over twenty years he would have found thoughts to think we know. This church was built at the formation of a parish which has grown to be one of the largest and most important in the city. From its pulpits through all these years no other theory or subject has been sounded or expounded save the kingdom of God. No social life or human respect missions have been advocated or exploited. The goal of this little frame church was the kingdom of God.

The pastor of the little frame building... The other day the little church was moved from its moorings of over twenty happy struggling years. Nearly every family in the parish had some tender, loving and often sad scene of life enacted there. To every member it meant—even though a place—it meant regret for the happy struggling years and "the dear days that are no more."

The pastor's teachings were all remembered. However, the little church stood, even upside down. What did that matter? It was still the gateway to the kingdom—the kingdom of God. If Rev. Washington Gladden could have been there even through the week mornings, he wouldn't have had to wait to see crowd after crowd on Sunday—just any week morning, and see the altar rails filled with men and women, and best of all, boys and girls. And if he could have been there in that little topsy turvy church he surely would have found thoughts to think about the kingdom of God.—T. B. O'H., in Catholic Universe, Cleveland.

"MEN DON'T GATHER FIGS FROM THISTLES"

"SO THE CHURCH OF ROME MUST BE A TREE PLANTED BY GOD," WRITES A SCOTCH PRESBYTERIAN

"J. Murray, Engineer," is the signature appended to a striking communication published in the Oct. 23 issue of the Southern Reporter, of Selkirk, Scotland. Moved to indignation by a local manifestation of narrowness, Mr. Murray solicits "space in which to show a few of the fruits of holiness for the good of humanity."

"The tree is known by its fruit," he quotes. In the summer of 1849 there were lectures on the Tower Knowe, at Hawick, on charterism, Protestant religion, atheism, pantheism, the efficacy of cure-all disease medicine, etc. But when the cholera broke out all those orators became filled with terror and took flight. Then "the funeral bell" was the only sound which broke the solemn silence of the town. Then came forth Rev. Father Taggart, of the Catholic Church, and Rev. Mr. Campbell (who shortly after became a Catholic), of the Church of England. These two priests went to the aid of the cholera-stricken and distressed. The flight against disease was not a "projectile" warfare, where they could attack the disease from a distance. Those two priests, actuated by the love of God and man went daily "down to the valley of the shadow of death" and fought against the cholera in its own trenches. They went into the poorest homes; they prayed for and soothed the cholera-stricken; they pointed the dying to the Father's home of many mansions; they spoke encouragingly to the bereaved, and prayed for God's grace for all.

"There were seven Presbyterian churches in Hawick at that time. All of the ministers were Scotsmen. There was one of the seven who came to the aid of the cholera-stricken, the Rev. Mr. A. Thomson, and the Rev. Mr. Munro, of the Congregational Church. These two did their utmost, along with the two priests, to aid suffering humanity. 'Men don't gather figs from thistles,' so then the Church of Rome must be a tree planted by God. 'Perfect love casts out fear.' The Church of Rome must have love, for those priests had no fear; for they acted as if they had a charmed life. Jesus Christ said: 'In so far as ye have love for each other, ye are disciples of the Father, who has sent me into the world.' Thus the disciples of the Father are the disciples of our Saviour. Then it was remarkable that not one of the many lecturers on the Tower Knowe put in an appearance to help the cholera-stricken, which shows that they were social spendthrift driven into oblivion by their terror of the cholera. There was also another Christian who acted for the good of the cholera-stricken—the late Walter Wilson of Hawick was his name. He was a Scotch Presbyterian and his life was a life of self-sacrifice. This was when Hawick's 'glory was set and its spirit was low' the Eternal sent His heavenly messengers divine—Father Taggart, Rev. Mr. Campbell and others—to its aid. Yes, we Scotch Presbyterians of Hawick owe the Catholic Church an eternal debt of gratitude. I have observed that the Catholics far excel in complacency and fine sympathetic manners."

THE UNVARNISHED TRUTH

While the Episcopal Convention was in session in New York one of the delegates, Bishop Weller of Fond du Lac, preached in the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, which is so imitative in its ritual that simple people often mistake it for a Catholic Church. According to the New York Sun of October 6, Bishop Weller announced that an entire congregation of Catholics in the part of the country in which he officiates has been received into the Episcopal Church.

Naturally, the Catholics of New York and elsewhere were somewhat startled by this apparently wholesale apostasy, and a letter was immediately dispatched to the ecclesiastical authorities of Green Bay, Wis., to inquire about the facts. The Chancellor of the diocese, Rev. Joseph A. Marx, informs us that the "congregation" which Bishop Weller boasts of having received consists all told of seven families. They belong to a small mission of Bohemians. When the bishop of the diocese determined to unite that mission and two others, which were about a mile apart, into one central parish, these seven families, yielding to the persuasion of a saloon keeper whose business the change would injure, refused their consent to the new arrangement, although all the

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