

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXX.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1908

1668

Vespers.

The house of God my palace is,
Its shadows down its aisles are dear,
The sunshine through its dome.

On altars grand the tapers glow
Mid lilies set in palms;
The organ breathes its deep refrain,
To David's wondrous psalms.

Yes, raise to Him His noblest songs,
O, all ye choros tones;
Lift up to heaven your heaven heads,
O all ye sculptured stones.

Let wax-lights burn and roses bloom,
And fumes of incense rise;
Let tinted sunrags gild the shrine,
And gleam of praying eyes.

I love to hymn my country's praise;
To think how heroes died;
All litanies of noble deeds
I chant with joyous pride;

But richer far the solace proves
Of sitting at Thy feet;
Thy tabernacles, oh how fair!
Thine adoration sweet.

—JOSEPH O'CONNOR.

THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

WHY THE WORLD HATES THEM.—SERMON BY FATHER GEORGE, O. F. M.

The preacher at St. Francis', Glasgow, in aid of the Notre Dame Training College Building Fund in that city was the Rev. Father George, O. F. M., of Gorton, Manchester. The occasion provided the reverend gentleman with a subject that he dealt with in his usual eloquent and incisive manner. He said:

You are aware that I have come here to appeal to your generosity in aid of the Notre Dame Training College Building Fund, and I have chosen Religious Institutions as the subject of my discourse. The existence and work of Religious Institutions forcibly sets before us one of the traits of the Church's note of sanctity. As the learned Protestant writer, Leibnitz, declares, "Nor is it the least among the marks which commend us to that Church, which alone has preserved the

"SAME AND BADGES OF CATHOLICITY that we see her alone produce and cherish these illustrious examples of the eminent virtues of the ascetic life." I know, my brethren, that Religious Orders are one of the many features of Catholicity which Protestantism and infidelity hate and would destroy. The voice of Luther, the apostate monk, raised in Germany nearly four centuries ago, still echoes down the corridors of time, denouncing these institutions. All the infidel philosophy of modern times is permeated with the Protestant spirit, and hence the revolutionary intolerance towards Religious Orders, and the cruel injustice towards those who belong to them, which we see in our day.

On many pleas the world seeks to destroy and denounce the Religious Orders. They are said to be a display of mere fanaticism, or the outcome of Papal superstition and agrandisement, and the destroyers of human liberty.

But such charges are either the result of ignorance or, as Leibnitz says, they are the expression of "a vulgar and plebeian conception of virtue, which foolishly measures the obligations of men towards their God by their perfunctory discharge of ordinary duties, and by that frozen habit of life, devoid of zeal and even of soul, which prevails commonly among men." The charges made against Religious Orders simply form

THE WORLD'S VERDICT OF HATRED against Christ Himself. Whose spirit animates the Church and especially the Religious Orders? Because Christ "gave testimony of the world that the works thereof are evil" (John vii. 7). "If the world hate you," said Christ after the Last Supper, "know ye that it hath hated Me before you. If you had been of the world, the world would love its own, but because you are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you." (John xv. 18, 19). The real reason, I say, why the world hates Religious Orders is because Religious Orders are opposed to the worldly spirit. The spirit of the world is indeed, "all that is in the world is the concupiscence of the flesh and the concupiscence of the eyes and the pride of life, which is not of the Father, but is of the world." (1 J. ii. 16). In proof of this we have only to take cognizance of patent everyday facts. For what do we find? We find the "concupiscence of the flesh" wasting the individual, destroying the family, and ravaging society. Impurity stalks over the world with gigantic strides, leaving deformity everywhere. It is corrupting bodies and damning souls; it is threatening the world with a complete reversion of the shamelessness of pagan times such as prevailed at the fall of Pompeii and Herculaneum; nay, it is making the world a very Sodom of all the countries, deserving to be consumed in the fire of God's wrath, as were the cities of Pontapolis. The popular literature of the day is made up of novels

EXHALING A STYGIAN STENCH of newspapers and pamphlets teeming with salaciousness. The popular songs and music often fill the mind with insidious suggestiveness. Theatrical posters and picture postcards are oftentimes object-lessons in lasciviousness. Not infrequently the stage panders to the lowest passions. Often medical science, honorable as it is declared to be in Holy Scripture, is prostituted to further the vile of impurity; and the legal profession is sometimes degraded to back up and support immoral suits. As justification for all this the world alleges its blasphemous jargon that the body must yield to the necessities of its nature, and that perfect purity is impossible. Again, my brethren, if you do not note everyday facts, we shall

find the "concupiscence of the eyes" a very dominant factor in modern times. The Golden Call is defiled and enthroned, and ever increasing crowds of silly votaries fall down in admiration before it. Indeed, Christian Europe is fast becoming moribund, poisoned by this idolatrous worship. "To what wilt thou not drive men, accursed thirst for gold!" This was the question of the poet Virgil in pagan times—*Quid non mortalia pectora cogis, auri sacra fames?* Who, my brethren, can describe the sharp practices and over-reaching transactions commonly resorted to nowadays for the sake of gain? In pursuit of it might be oftentimes held to be right—the poor are wantonly oppressed by the subtle tyranny and

ORGANIZED DESPOTISM OF WEALTH; whilst the honest capitalist is hardly safe amidst the din that threatens the abolition of all private rights and ownership. Greed, thirst for gold, Man lives for it, wears himself out and dies seeking to acquire it; for according to the world's standard it is the only thing worth living for. It is the world's idol, its supreme good, its God; yet again, my brethren, look at the world and see how it is influenced by the "pride of life." A spirit of independence and insubordination to all lawful authority is widespread. The sacred name of Liberty is misunderstood and misapplied, and made to signify, not what it really is—submission to law—but mere freedom from restraint, or licence. Such is the climax of so-called "scientific thought" and of "independent morality" which men boast so much of, and which constitute the spirit of the world. No wonder, then, that the world hates and seeks to destroy the Religious Orders, for the spirit that animates these is the spirit of Christ, as taught and fostered by the Church, and is diametrically opposed to all worldliness. The spirit of Religious Orders is one of voluntary poverty, perpetual chastity, and entire obedience. Indeed, these three vows, by which fixity or stability is given to the religious profession, making it a "state" of life, are the very essence of the religious life. There is the vow of poverty, as opposed to the "concupiscence of the eyes," for Christ declared, "If thou wilt be perfect, go, sell what thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come, follow Me" (Matt. xix, 21), and He Himself, as St. Bernard says, "came on earth to espouse poverty," because it "was not found in heaven, but it abounded on earth and was not valued." Thus

CHRIST MADE HIMSELF POOR lying in the manger of Bethlehem, when lying on the straw wrapped in swaddling clothes; poor in Egypt when He begged His bread; poor in Nazareth when He worked in the carpenter's shop; poor in His public ministry when He had not whereon to lay His head; poor when He died naked on the Cross, and when after death He was buried in another man's grave. Thus members of Religious Orders must espouse and always practise poverty, for Christ's sake, for "Blessed are the poor." There is the vow of chastity, as opposed to the "concupiscence of the flesh," by which man's spiritual nature completely triumphs over his animal nature, for "the virgin thinketh on the things of the Lord that she may be holy both in body and in spirit"; and Christ coming down from heaven wreathed His own personality in His most transcendent beauty, holy virginity, and dying on the Cross committed His Virgin-Mother to the care of His virgin-disciple. "O how beautiful is the chaste generation with glory for the memory thereof is immortal; because it is known both with God and with man" (Wisdom, iv. 1). There is the vow of obedience, as opposed to the "pride of life," for before coming on earth, speaking to His Heavenly Father in the bosom of eternity, God the Son said, "A body Thou hast fitted unto Me, and when He had come, He said: "My meat is to do the will of Him who sent Me." Christ was made for us obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross. "That contrast, then, between the spirit of the world and the spirit of Christ that animates the Religious Orders. The one manifests itself by seeking to gratify sinful concupiscence, the other by producing

FRUIT UNTO SANCTIFICATION. No wonder the world wages war upon the Religious Orders, for, as Leibnitz says, "they are a sort of celestial soldiery upon earth for the use of the universal Church." They are the picked regiments in the victorious army of God's Church. Never have they failed in their allegiance. After sketching the work of the Religious Orders throughout the Christian era—by their rendering the world's tribute of prayer to God, by their zeal and success in educating childhood and youth, and by their exercise of the spiritual and corporal works of mercy, the preacher continued: Thus do Religious Orders bear witness unto Christ and the divinity of the Catholic religion! Showing themselves to the world, Religious Orders say: "Here we are, taste our fruits, and in tasting them, are other by producing

THE ORDER OF NOTRE DAME. Time will not permit me to discuss the holy life and work of these good Sisters. Nor is it necessary, for you yourselves are well aware that, whilst faithfully observing the religious life themselves, these Sisters send forth from their training colleges teachers well equipped with every qualification of secular knowledge, but above all, animated with the true Catholic spirit which is so essential for the proper education of our Catholic children. Will

you not seek to have a share in their good work by giving generously to-day towards the Building Fund for their Training College at Down Hill. You are not all called upon to embrace the religious state. "Not all take this world, but those to whom it is given." To choose the religious life is only a counsel—it is a counsel, however, upon the following of our Divine Lord congratulated Magdalene. And all are called, nay, are even commanded to labour with every power of soul and body, no matter in what condition of life we may be—no matter how many things we may be troubled—for the attainment and spread of Christian perfection, whereof consists the "one thing necessary," and "the best part which shall not be taken away" from us. Whilst, then, to-day you give generously towards the furtherance of the great cause for which I appeal, resolve always to "walk worthy of the vocation in which you are called," and show forth in some measure of humanity and daily life that evangelical spirit which finds its perfection in the Religious Orders.—London Catholic Times.

and self-seeking has entered. Public office is no longer a public trust, but an opportunity for self-enrichment. Dishonesty and evil methods have so long prevailed that distrust and suspicion exist in the public mind even against the honest and faithful workers. Public confidence in the honesty of men is weakened. In the family life, we hear so much of the evils of divorce and the corruption of that sacred state that we are shocked and scandalized by the revelations of the divorce court. Courageous men arise here and there to stem the tide of these evils. Valiant leaders of the government seek to offset these corrupting influences. Public opinion has frequently been stirred against these frightful conditions, and yet they continued to threaten and menace society.

THE PASSION FOR WEALTH. FATHER ANDERSON OF BOSTON, SOUNDING A CALL TO CATHOLIC MEN TO HIGHER CITIZENSHIP AND BROTHER SERVICE.—THE CONTAGION OF EXTRAVAGANCE.

A stirring and suggestive address warning Catholic laymen against the selfish and self-seeking spirit of the age was preached before a great gathering of the Knights of Columbus in the Boston Cathedral, Sunday evening, October 11, by the Rev. Joseph G. Anderson, director of diocesan charities.

Father Anderson appealed to the "right" in behalf of those great aims and movements of humanity which at this time are piercing the indifference and awakening the conscience of the world. "What are you doing?" he asked them. "Is there no cause, no movement, no work of serious import which appeals to you or rouses you to enthusiastic action for the interest of suffering humanity or for the good of religion? Is there no cause for which you are not doing your best? Are there no problems which stir the body politic, in which you might be of service by voice, pen, or deed? I mean by this not politics, for politics, as such, is rightly discarded from your organization, but social questions and social works in which you might, in a special way, show your interest and prove yourselves active citizens zealous for every cause that makes for the welfare of society.

WHERE WORKERS ARE NEEDED. "But besides these duties to the Church, what interest and zeal are you showing as citizens in your country's welfare? What are you doing as citizens in her regard? Are you merely observing the laws, paying taxes, and exercising your right of suffrage? Is there nothing else in which you are interested or seeking to show your loyalty and devotion? Are there no evils that threaten the welfare and stability of society? Are there no problems which stir the body politic, in which you might be of service by voice, pen, or deed? I mean by this not politics, for politics, as such, is rightly discarded from your organization, but social questions and social works in which you might, in a special way, show your interest and prove yourselves active citizens zealous for every cause that makes for the welfare of society.

THE PASSION FOR WEALTH. "These same qualities of character which stood forth so strikingly in the knights of old, and in the life of Columbus," he continued, "are demanded of you at the present day. As flowers of Christ, and as citizens of this nation, you have a duty of loyalty and devotion to religion and society in upholding the principles of truth, honesty, justice, and morality, against the evil tendencies of a corrupt, selfish, and materialistic age. It is an age when, through the power of commercialism, materialistic standards of morality prevail. The value of wealth predominates over the value of man. The passion for wealth has so lowered the standard of moral principles that justice, honor, honesty and truth have no longer their high significance and value. Trusts, corporations, and combinations, have made might appear right, have attempted to corrupt and control legislation and the courts, have so corrupted justice, affected honesty, and bartered away truth that confidence has been destroyed and the honor of the nation weakened. As a result of this passion for wealth, countless evils exist which threaten society—namely, dissipation, love of ease and comfort, immorality, the desertion of the married life by divorce, and the disregard for the rights of others. These evils have become so pronounced that Socialism and anarchy seek to relieve society. This discontent on the part of the laborer, the distinction of classes by the rich growing richer, and the poor becoming poorer—the over-reaching and the taking advantage of the necessities of the people, only aggravate the situation.

GREED IN PUBLIC LIFE. "Not only in commercial life but in public life this spirit of selfish greed

and self-seeking has entered. Public office is no longer a public trust, but an opportunity for self-enrichment. Dishonesty and evil methods have so long prevailed that distrust and suspicion exist in the public mind even against the honest and faithful workers. Public confidence in the honesty of men is weakened. In the family life, we hear so much of the evils of divorce and the corruption of that sacred state that we are shocked and scandalized by the revelations of the divorce court. Courageous men arise here and there to stem the tide of these evils. Valiant leaders of the government seek to offset these corrupting influences. Public opinion has frequently been stirred against these frightful conditions, and yet they continued to threaten and menace society.

THE UNDERLYING SPIRIT OF ALL THESE EVILS IS SELFISH GREED AND SELFISH INTERESTS. It is selfishness which causes man to ignore the rights of others, to plot and scheme for the control of wealth and power. It excites all the meaner feelings and sentiments of honor. It blinds men to all other interests except their own. It cripples all self-sacrifice and kindly consideration for others. It weighs and examines every cause and movement before acting, to see what gain, benefit, or reward will accrue to it. It does nothing except for reward or pay. It sees nothing of value except what is measured by its own selfish standards. Such a spirit can never accomplish any good. It is too narrow to reach out beyond the little circle of its own existence. Such a spirit existing in the various branches of society, namely, in its commercial, social and family life, must inevitably bring ruin and disaster.

THE INTEREST OF RELIGION AND THE WELFARE OF SOCIETY DEMAND THAT YOU SHOULD MAKE SOME EFFORT TO OFFSET THE PREVAILING EVILS OF SOCIETY. However, no real reform, no amelioration of these conditions can be effected unless you show in your own lives and principles which you would inculcate in others. Be men, then, of pure lives, upright, high-minded and noble, by living up to the teachings of your faith. This is the first duty of loyalty to Christ and His Church.

SELF-SACRIFICE. "It is true that you have already shown some generosity of spirit in the cause of charity and Catholic education. These works more than anything else have brought honor and glory to your organization. But why rest content with this? There is still a great work to be accomplished in behalf of the poor, neglected and orphan children. The success already achieved only enhances the value and amount of the work to be done, and proves the necessity of its establishment. But in this, as in every charitable work, what is required is not the mere giving of money, but the giving of one's self. It is the active personal interest that counts and that achieves results. As has been pointed out to you, one of the most sacred duties of the knights of old, a duty which they bound themselves by oath to fulfill, was the care of the poor, the widows and orphans. It is true that your society is not a charitable organization, but there ought to be something of a religious and charitable aim in your efforts, to lift you up from a mere social existence, and inculcate you to something higher and nobler for the good of your fellow-men, for the cause of religion, and for the welfare of society. As citizens you certainly should have also the welfare of society at heart and become interested in all that makes for its moral uplift and amelioration. But in this, as in every good cause, you must be actuated by the highest principles. If you would hope to achieve any good or offset the evils of the present day which affect society, you must be moved to act by the spirit of unselfishness and generous self-sacrifice. You must not be self-seekers, seeking your own interest, or weighing the advantages, benefits or rewards before acting. But whenever any good and important cause appeals to you, you should be influenced to act only from pure and unselfish motives.

THE DUTY OF PROTEST. "In public life, whatever position you may hold let it be for the highest and best interests of society and not for your own self-aggrandizement or material welfare. Too long has this spirit prevailed. Stand for what is right, honorable and true, no matter what the cost or sacrifice. Here is where true courage is shown against corruption, dictation and human respect. Here is where society needs your best efforts. Wherever there is bribery, corruption, graft, dishonesty, unfaithful service, abuse of power, the thwarting of justice, the desertion of civic duties and virtues, there is your duty as citizens. To a man, stand against such evils! Raise your voice in thundering protest against such evils and take the necessary legitimate measures to repress them! In commercial life, wherever there is dishonesty, injustice, deceit, corrupt and over-reaching methods, let your protest be heard, and your influence be felt. Stand fairly and squarely against these evil practices. But first of all, be just, be honest and fair in your dealings and business relationships with others. Let not the low standards of others influence you! No matter what others may say—no matter what the majority may say, right is right, and wrong is wrong. Be men, valiant and courageous for justice, honesty and truth. It is only by such strong and determined efforts that right will be right, and justice, truth and honesty will prevail.

HIGHER DUTY OF EXAMPLE. "But you may say that the effort is hopeless against such opposition and against such odds, and that it is impossible to do this single-handed and alone. Selfishness, cowardice, and weakness can never accomplish these things, but courage, self-sacrifice and uprightness—nobility of mind and perseverance can.

Did not Columbus, almost single-handed and alone, and against all opposition, succeed in winning his cause and accomplishing his aims by his sincerity, his courage, and his perseverance? Did not Daniel O'Connell, Winthorpe, O'Connell, Garcia Moreno, and many others whose names are emblazoned on the pages of history, single-handed and against every opposition, succeed in winning the public cause for which they labored, by reason of their persevering efforts, undaunted courage, and generous self-sacrifice? May there not be among your members some leader, some noble soul, undaunted and fearless, who is ready to step forth into the breach, and rally you round the standard of Columbus in the cause of truth, justice and holiness, to contend against these evils and inspire men with right principles for the welfare of society? In the family life, there are duties likewise to be fulfilled in contending against the evil influences of this selfish, materialistic age. The effect of these influences is to destroy the simplicity and sacredness of the home life by extravagance, lavish display of wealth and dress, and excessive pleasure and dissipation. Be not led to excess—live not beyond your means. Be frugal, but not parsimonious and niggardly. Be not extravagant. Live not for mere display or for excessive pleasures and dissipation. Have a higher, nobler, holier purpose in life than mere pleasure. Men seem to lose sight of the higher things in this life, and to be concerned only with amassing wealth—that they may enjoy ease, comfort and pleasure. What is needed to offset these evils is to ignore self and selfish interests—to have high-minded and noble purposes, to be actuated with noble principles and high resolves, to be ready to sacrifice one's self for the good of others."

HOLY NAME SOCIETIES. In studying the history of the Catholic Church one cannot help being impressed by the practical manner in which she has ever gone about the work of combatting evil in whatever guise it appears. She does not confine herself to denouncing it in general terms, but summons to her side her sons and her daughters to make a relentless fight upon it. So it has been in the centuries that are dead and gone; and so it is today. The Spouse of Christ was never an indifferent onlooker when the Powers of darkness were at work. It was fortunate for the perpetuation of the essential principles of our civilization, that this was the case. The chaos which would have ensued if the moral influence of the Church had been withdrawn, may be easily imagined if we consider that such withdrawal would have meant the making of brute force the final arbiter in the affairs of mankind. But it was not only in great questions affecting the general welfare of mankind that the Church took part. She also devoted her energies to details. Nothing was too great or too small to escape her attention. Whenever and wherever she discovered the germs of evil, she lost no time in seeking to exterminate them. She, therefore, is but living up to her traditions when she undertakes to stem the tide of blasphemy which is sweeping over this country.

We need not dwell upon the good which will be accomplished if the anti-blasphemous crusade is crowned with success. The blasphemer in this land is recruited from all ranks of society. He is to be found among the grey-haired, standing on the brink of the grave, and among school boys who put the other day were babes in their mothers' arms. He taunts himself before the public in fine clothes, and he utters his blasphemies in rage. He is utterly regardless of what is due to the properties. In the public thoroughfares he blasphemes his Maker without bestowing a thought on the shock he inflicts upon those who hold in reverence the name of the Deity. His foul language poisons the very air. In the interest of public decency, not to speak of morality, something had to be done to suppress him. In some of the States of the Union laws have been enacted making blasphemy in public places a penal offence. But these laws have become practically obsolete. The evil the State could not cope with successfully the Catholic Church has undertaken to hold in check. In doing this she has had recourse to the methods she so often employed in the past. She has enrolled her sons in what are very appropriately called Holy Name Societies, which have been organized for the express purpose of making war upon blasphemy in its various forms. The members, by individual abstention from the use of improper language, as well by their personal influence with those addicted to such use, are exerting a moral power which is sure to produce beneficent results in coming years.

The public demonstrations of their numerical strength, which the Holy Name Societies annually make in our cities, are productive of good by attracting the attention of the public to the fact that here is an organized effort to suppress blasphemy which unfortunately has grown altogether too prevalent. A demonstration of this kind on behalf of clean speech took place the other day in Newark, N. J., which is thus referred to by the Newark Star: "Pledged to clean speech and to revere the name of God, over 18,000 members of the Holy Name Societies of the Catholic Church paraded in a mammoth demonstration yesterday. Fully 50,000 turned out to watch the parades and follow them to the site of the new Cathedral of the Sacred Heart. The impression left by this manifestation of reverence for the sacredness of God's name must tell in favor of the work in which the Holy Name Societies are engaged.

Whilst Newark was witnessing this magnificent display of Catholic condemnation of blasphemous language, another New Jersey city, Paterson, beheld a similar scene which is thus described by a local newspaper: "Fully 5,000 Holy Name members participated in the parade here this afternoon. The turnout eclipsed anything hitherto attempted by the United Holy Name Societies, and was the largest religious demonstration in the history of this city." Some days before the Newark and Paterson parades took place, the Brooklyn Holy Name Societies marched through the streets of that city. On the coming All-Saints Day, Boston will see some thirty thousand men pledged to make unceasing warfare upon blasphemy, marching through the streets. Bishop O'Connor, of Newark, in his address to the Holy Name Societies of his diocese, described well their mission when he said:

"The apostleship of the Catholic laity under the banner of the Holy Name will supplement that of the teaching Church, and with a more widespread knowledge of God and His law, with a wider propagation of His teachings communicated to us through right reason and revelation, will come increased reverence for His name, increased love for our Creator and Redeemer, and the manifold evils that flow from ignorance or forgetfulness of God will gradually disappear in the light of His word, the holiness of His teachings and the good example of men like yourselves who put them into practice."

We have spoken of the work in which the Holy Name Societies are engaged because of itself it is worthy of all commendation. But apart from that fact the existence of these organizations is evidence of the practical and effective manner in which the Catholic Church devotes herself to the task of dealing with moral evils. In the Holy Name Societies there are enrolled thousands, who possess a great and organized moral force which will be a powerful agency in ridding our beloved country of the heinous sin of blasphemy.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

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CATHOLIC NOTES.

An era of extensive church building in St. Louis culminated on the 16th in the laying of the corner-stone of the new Catholic Cathedral, which when finished will cost more than \$2,000,000.

Very Rev. Canon Jeremiah C. Moy-nihan, who last May celebrated his one hundredth birthday, died Oct. 13th in Chicago where he had been living for the past three years.

According to the Figaro, the Bishops of France have received a circular from Cardinal Merry del Val, the Papal Secretary of State, absolutely forbidding them in the future to attend the lectures of the State faculties.

In Innsbruck, Austria, recently, the Rev. U. Heurter, S. J., celebrated the golden jubilee of his professorship. He is the younger son of the well-known historian, Frederick Heurter, who in 1814 renounced Lutheranism and was received into the Catholic Church.

The foundation in the near future of two great French Catholic newspapers is announced. One is to be published at Nevers for Central France, and one at Bordeaux for the South-west. Moreover, the Unvers, the principal Catholic paper of Paris, has recently secured new capital to the extent of \$100,000 with which to enlarge its field of usefulness.

Rev. Frederick L. Olenbach, S. J., director of the Meteorological Observatory of St. Ignatius College, Cleveland, has invented a process by which communications between moving trains are made possible. The device, which has been patented, is applicable to telephone and signal communication, and is now under consideration by the Interstate Commerce Commission. It is claimed that the new invention will revolutionize railroad operation, and reduce the possibility of accidents to a minimum.

In London there are now about 140 Catholic churches, not counting the convent chapels. To very many of these there are elementary schools attached, some of them ranking with the best non-Catholic schools, both as to site and equipment. Of convents, monasteries and other religious houses the metropolis possesses over 170. Twenty-eight orders or congregations of men have one or more houses in London and between 60 and 70 congregations of women. Several hundred priests are actively engaged in special work.

The idea of celebrating the Jubilee of the Holy Father by presenting him with a wonderful organ for St. Peter's originated in France, but apparently it has been decided not to leave the whole work to Frenchmen, at least according to the account published last Thursday by the Avvenire of Italy, of Bologna. To fill the immense nave of St. Peter's, says this paper, it will be necessary to build an organ of colossal proportions of a powerful sonority and mechanical resources hitherto never attempted.

A number of non-Catholics visited the Baltimore Cathedral last week and in token of their admiration of Cardinal Gibbons presented him with a silver loving cup. The presentation address was made by former Congress Charles R. Schirmer, who is a Spiritualist. In his address he referred to the fact that among the donors was a rabbi. This interested the Cardinal, and when he asked for the rabbi, Rev. William E. Rosenau, of the Eutaw Place Synagogue, stepped forward and was cordially greeted by the Cardinal, and the couple exchanged felicitations.

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CHILDREN OF DESTINY.

A Novel by William J. Fischer. Author of "Songs by the Wayside," "Winona and Other Stories," "The Teller," "The Years Between," etc. etc.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE CARDINAL'S CHOICE.

Two months later Sister Benita was again seated in the plain convent reception-room, indulging in quiet conversation with two callers. They were Gracia Gravenor and Jerome Chelsea. Love had drawn the hearts of the latter so closely together that they were thinking of a not far distant day which was to bring them the realization of all their most hopeful wishes—that day when which could be crowded all life's endless years of sorrow and suffering.

Only the day before Jerome had sent Sister Benita a beautiful picture as a gift to St. Agatha's. It was a picture of Christ as a child of six, sitting in a far-off eastern garden of flowers and shadows. His Mother bending over him tenderly, look in hand, teaching him some little, helpful lesson, a look of hopeful yearning upon her noble face.

"Thanks very much, Mr. Chelsea for that beautiful picture," the Sister said after a few minutes. "It was very good of you. We are all in love with it and my pupils fairly rave over it. It is so life-like and original. We have set it up in the art room where everyone can see it. The Cardinal, too, admired it this morning after Mass. He thought the idea a pretty one and asked me the artist's name. I told him and he expressed a desire to meet you, Mr. Chelsea."

"The Cardinal saw the picture?" Jerome asked. "And he liked it? Well, I'm so glad—the dear, old man. It was very good of him to say so much. Do you know, Sister, I too would like to meet His Eminence."

"That can be arranged very easily. We expect him for Benediction at 3, and if he is not hurried, I will arrange with Reverend Mother for a meeting."

Sister Benita knew the Cardinal was intending to have the whole interior of his cathedral decorated in oil. He had seen Jerome's work in the chapel and had praised it frequently. No wonder she was anxious that he should see it in person. The Cardinal had mentioned several artists from amongst whom the fortunate man was to be selected. She had never heard him mention Jerome's name, yet in her heart she hoped he might yet be the Cardinal's choice.

"I appreciate your kindness very much, Sister," Jerome said gratefully. "It is all very good of you, but I tremble at the thought of meeting the great Cardinal."

"You need have no fear, Mr. Chelsea," she replied. "His Eminence is the plainest and humblest of men. Everybody loves him. He is so good and kind. He is a father to all."

"And has the heart of a child," Gracia interrupted. "I met him frequently. He always takes such an interest in everything I do."

"The day you will have news for him today, I am sure," Sister Benita added smilingly.

"Certainly, Auntie," the girl answered, "and he shall know all, even to the ringing of the wedding bells. I intend asking him to marry us. Do you think he will refuse?"

"No, child," the nun spoke tenderly. "He could never refuse a Gravenor. The Cardinal and my father were the best of friends. He called daily to see him when he was ill. They were like two brothers almost—partners of a friendship that was strong and abiding. But when he was the wedding bells to ring, Gracia?"

Gracia's eyes stole over to Jerome, and for an instant the two exchanged smiles. Presently the latter came to the girl's rescue.

"A month from to-day, Sister," he remarked glacially. "We are to be married the twenty-third of June."

"The month of roses and true lover's bliss," interrupted Gracia.

"The twenty-third of June," thoughtfully repeated the nun—"the day following your birth-day, child."

"Yes, I shall be twenty then."

"Benita, a shadow creeping silently over her face. "How time flies!"

"I am sure it will bring gladness to the young girl's heart," she murmured. "On his deathbed Arthur asked me to be good to the child for his sake. For his sake? I wonder why?"

Sister Benita seemed troubled yet she was not anxious to show her present feelings, therefore she said in the sweetest voice: "I rejoice with you both that the day is near at hand. Love, when sanctified by grace and blessed by God, is a great and noble gift and I am glad to know you are both possessors of the priceless jewel."

She came near telling them about her brother's letter, but decided that it was best not to do so for the present.

"I have a favor to ask of Mother Bertille, Auntie," Gracia exclaimed. "Do you think she will grant it?"

"I hardly know. It all depends upon what it is."

"Well, I am going to ask her to let me take you home. I want you to be with me on my birthday and on my wedding day. You have not seen Blair House for years."

"I would like to see the old place again," the nun spoke gladly, "the blessed home with its tender and clinging memories, but you know, dear, we seldom leave these convent walls. Love, I know, but I must have you—and I am going to succeed. Can I see Reverend Mother now?" she pleaded.

"Yes, child. I shall ring for her."

"No, never mind. I shall find her. Where is she?"

"In the community room, I believe."

"Then I shall go to her. Cardinal Richelieu once said: 'In all the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as fail.' I am going to succeed."

"I hope so."

"When she was gone, Sister Benita turned to her visitor.

"Do you know, Mr. Chelsea," she began. "I really believe Gracia will win

Mother over—the little imp! However I should be glad to be with both of you on that day of days."

There was a momentary silence and she continued: "I suppose you find your work very trying, Mr. Chelsea. I use it of the brush frequently, and very often the smell of paint is really nauseating to me."

"It is not so with me. During the act of creating I am happy. I fairly long to see the pictures of my fancy come to life on the canvas, and yet when the work is done I am exhausted and ambitionless. I have had a busy winter and spring of it and I long to get out into the open, far away from my workshop for a little while."

"I am sure a holiday would do you a world of good."

"I know it, sister, and I intend going away to have almost decided to leave to-morrow."

"So soon?"

"Yes, you see, I intend remaining away three weeks. This will leave me a week to prepare for the wedding."

"And pray may I ask where you intend to go?"

"I am going to the Place O'Pines. They say it is a pretty place."

"You will not be disappointed. It is a garden of roses."

"Were you ever there, sister?"

"Yes, years before I entered the convent. I went there with my brother and enjoyed the stay immensely. The scenery is perfect—a rare delight to an artist's eye. It is summer all the year round at the Place O'Pines. Do you intend doing any sketching or painting there?"

"I do not, Sister. It would not be much of a rest for me then. But I intend to do some hunting."

"The pine woods are full of game. I remember when I was there hunting was rare sport for the men."

"Are you going alone, Mr. Chelsea?"

"No. My good friend, Dick Freer, accompanies me."

"That will be very nice indeed."

"Just then the door opened and Gracia entered, her face beaming with smiles."

"This all settled Auntie, dear," she exclaimed taking the nun's hand in her own. "Just think of it Mother Bertille has granted permission and—"

"Really?" interrupted Sister Benita. "I can hardly believe it. I consider it an extraordinary favor."

"And so do I," added Gracia. "I told you I would succeed. Remember, you are going to spend two whole days at Blair House. Thank God for it! A carriage will bring and take you back safely each night."

"Mother Bertille is very gracious indeed to grant me such an unexpected pleasure. I shall live the past all over again. To me it was a cold, cheerless country. Now it is alive with the song of birds and warm with memory's sunshine."

"They will all be delighted to have you there. Poor Aunt Hawkins and Matt Pency will not close their eyes in expectation for nights when I tell them the good news."

Presently a little silver-toned gown sounded in the hall outside.

"It is time for Benediction," Sister Benita remarked. "Come, we have special music this evening. Some of the pupils are going to sing. I shall see, Mr. Chelsea, that you meet the Cardinal after service."

Thirty minutes later His Eminence joined the little group in the waiting-room. He was a man in the eighties, distinguished and benign looking. Tall and full of majesty and grace of motion, he looked like a ruler amongst men.

The son of a distinguished diplomat he was an able and cultured man. His face had a thoughtful almost a serious look upon it, and he possessed morning black eyes. His snowy hair glistened a silvery white from under his little red cap.

"Well, Gracia, child," he exclaimed tenderly as he came across the room and took her by the hand, "I am glad to see you. You look as cheerful as ever, child."

Then Sister Benita introduced Jerome to the distinguished dignitary. A slight blush stole to the artist's face as he stepped forward.

"Your Eminence—Mr. Jerome Chelsea the artist," the nun spoke calmly.

The two shook hands and the Cardinal sat down.

"Sit down, Mr. Chelsea," His Eminence said thoughtfully. "I am pleased to make your acquaintance. I understand you decorated the chapel here at St. Agatha's. I have often admired your artistic gifts. Only this morning Sister Benita showed me 'The Garden and the Child,' which you so kindly donated to the institution. Since then I have been impressed more than ever with the promise of your work. Have you been in Kempton long?"

"About a year, your Eminence."

"It seems strange we should never have met until now," the red-robed Cardinal said thoughtfully. "However, it is better late than never. I am glad your work is earning such favorable criticisms. I often come across your name in the art journals from the continent."

The Cardinal was a deep student of art and an admirer of the lofty artistic spirit which makes for the uplift of humanity.

"I am intending," he continued, "to have the cathedral decorated in oil. I have thought of a color scheme, and I think you are the man to give expression to the idea. Are you willing to undertake such a task?" he asked kindly.

Gracia and Sister Benita exchanged glances, expressions of intense joy written upon their faces.

"With all my heart, your Eminence," the artist answered gladly.

"Then, Mr. Chelsea, you may call at the Palace, and we will talk the matter over. I suppose you will be able to start shortly."

"Well—well," the artist stammered nervously. He hardly knew what to say, but in that moment of mortification Sister Benita came to his rescue and answered:

"Your Eminence, Mr. Chelsea leaves to-morrow for a three weeks' trip to the Place O'Pines and on his return he is to be married."

"By whom?" he asked.

"By whom?" he asked.

"To Gracia," came the nun's quick reply.

"Well, well. This is a surprise," the Cardinal remarked. "I thought I read a secret in Gracia's eyes when I entered, but after all what does a poor old Cardinal know of such things. However rejoice with you, children, and I will gladly hold over the decorating of the cathedral until you, two, are settled in your own house."

"Will your Eminence grant a request?" Gracia pleaded earnestly. "Pardon me if I appear bold, but will your Eminence officiate at the ceremony? We should be the proudest people in the world."

There was silence for a few moments. Then the Cardinal said: "I cannot refuse you, my children. For the sake of my old departed friend, William Gravenor and the strong abiding memories which that friendship still gives me, I shall be only too glad to pronounce the words which will bless your union."

Then he shook hands with the two lovers.

"God bless you both!" he said as he left the room, gathering his red cloak about him.

Sister Benita was elated. The proposed work at the cathedral would help the young artist materially. It would add another jewel to his crown of successes.

Gracia, too, in her heart of hearts felt glad that friendship still gives me, I shall be only too glad to pronounce the words which will bless your union."

"He is the Cardinal's choice. Think of it!" Sister Benita whispered to her as she kissed her good-bye at the convent door. "I am glad for both your sakes."

CHAPTER XXVI.

IN THE PINE WOODS.

Jerome Chelsea and his chum, Dick Freer, arrived at the Place O'Pines eagerly longing for the pleasures which the famous resort was to afford them. They had been friends tried and true, for many years, and this holiday trip, previous to Jerome's intended marriage, would give both a much needed relaxation from stern and more strenuous duties. They had met several years before in Paris where Jerome was pursuing his studies in art. By mere chance he had met Dick in one of the cafe chantants. Dick had come to the French capital in order to study the banking systems in vogue on the continent, previous to taking over his father's institution at Kempton. Afterwards letters, gentle breathers of a strong friendship—travelled to and fro continually from Kempton to Paris and before very long Jerome opened a studio in Kempton.

Dick Freer, who had already lived twenty-three years of his life, was one of the rising young men of Kempton. Manager of one of the largest banks in the city his name was highly respected in commercial circles. His father, too, was considered one of the wealthiest men in the place, and some day Dick was to become heir to all his wealth, for he was an only child.

A week passed quickly at the Place O'Pines for the two friends. It had been a week of genuine comfort and rest. Jerome revelled in the riotous changes of color that moved slowly along the distant wide range of hills from dark to light, his eyes glancing drunk in the majestic gray, peacefully upon the miles of wild, embracing sea and the acres of lordly pine forests. He really beheld June at her loveliest—the breath of sighing winds from her lips, the glimmer of roses in her cheeks, the sudden glory of long, languorous moonlight, the bright, gleaming eyes of his artist-soul longed to give expression to the pictures that loomed continually before him! But no! he had left brush and palette behind in Kempton and had promised himself not to indulge in his favorite occupation until some time after the middle of August.

The evening breeze rustled through the chattering leaves of the scene, and his eyes were clear and so soon before long, the clear solemn dawns, the warm golden afternoons, the peaceful, crimson dusks and the bewitching, starry nights in all their dazzling display of color and atmosphere, the vision of all of these would some day be transferred to canvas—some day when Gracia and he would live gloriously together as man and wife.

He could not forget Gracia, girl of his affections. Beautiful and pure, she was the artist's life, and he possessed her ever bright. He wandered in imagination with her continually through leafy avenues of sunshine and shadow. Go where he might she rose before him like some white-robed angel, and each time he thought her more lovable, more beautiful. And in many a careless, singing brook he caught the music of her voice, clear and soft, and consoling.

"Ah, my pretty one—my little singing bird!" he would often exclaim to himself. "Soon I will take you home to your own nest. I cannot understand it at all. Thousands and thousands of miles divide us, and yet I never feel lonely. Your presence always seems near."

One morning after breakfast he sat on one of the balconies of the Clarendon, reading his morning paper.

Dick soon appeared on the scene.

"What's new to-day?" Dick asked, sinking into the chair beside him.

"Nothing much," he answered. "These foreign papers do not interest me. I wish the Kempton Chronicle were here. Some how or other I feel just a little lonely this morning. I sent it to long for the old place."

"Cheer up, Jerome—don't grow morose! It's very unbecoming of you. Let's shoulder our rifles and make for the pine woods. They tell me there is fine shooting."

"Has the morning mail arrived, Dick?" he asked absent-mindedly.

"Yes, I think it must be distributed now. But what about going hunting? This is a fine, clear morning."

"No one is finding fault with the weather, Dick, but some how or other I don't feel exactly right here, pointing to his heart. 'Everything seems to be out of place.'"

He had been waiting almost daily for a letter from Gracia, but alas! the longed-for missive had not arrived. His heart was beginning to have strange misgivings. Gracia had promised him faithfully to write the day after he left Kempton, but she had not fulfilled her

promise. A whole week had passed now, and there were no signs of a letter.

"Come, Jerome. Stop your dreaming!" said Dick. "I shall get the rifles ready, eh?"

"Very well then, but I would like to leave over my morning's mail before leaving."

"Then I shall get it for you down stairs."

"Thanks."

Ten minutes later Dick arrived with a bundle of papers and letters.

"See here, Jerome," he exclaimed glacially, "this is for you. The office clerk, noticing my awkwardness in handling a mail bag and the elevator. So you see you are getting to be quite a man of importance, receiving letters and papers by the armful. Surely you are not going to read through all those papers, will you?"

"I will be right before you finish, and it will be night before you finish, and our day's sport in the woods will be only an unrealized desire."

"Have patience just a few minutes! I merely want to see the letters. Here's one from Paris, a few from London and here's the Cardinal's handwriting."

His fingers moved so fleetly and when he read the post mark on the last letter a look of disappointment stole into his face.

"Pshaw! confound it anyway! I'll not go shooting to-day, Dick. I am sorry, but I am down and out. I feel disgusted myself."

"Perhaps this then will lighten your spirits, Jerome," Dick said smilingly as he drew forth a letter from his pocket. "I think it is the one you have been waiting for, the one with the scent of rose-pear, the only one from."

He did not finish the sentence, but he knew the handwriting too well to be mistaken.

"You wretch—how sly fox!" cried Jerome. "And you dared be so cruel as to keep it from me?"

Eagerly his eyes scanned the handwriting. A smile came to his eyes and he exclaimed in the fullness of joy: "Thank God! it has come at last from Gracia! Dick! I'll hunt with you all day if you like. Gracia is well and happy."

He gave a sigh of relief and all his heavy thoughts and feelings disappeared.

"You poor, love-sick boy," Dick remarked teasingly. "I am glad for your sake, that the letter has again put your heart in its right place. I think you got over the dislocation mighty quickly, and that too without the aid of surgeon or chloroform."

"Love, my dear fellow, overcomes every difficulty," Jerome answered with a smile. "In my case you see she was a severe surgeon, anesthetist, all in one. Some day, Dick, you will be the victim. Then it will be my turn to laugh."

Just then the clock struck the hour of ten.

"Come let's off to the woods," Jerome exclaimed with an outburst of enthusiasm. "I long for the breath of the wild pine."

Soon they were off, their rifles on their shoulders, eager for a day's sport. An hour later they stood in the very midst of the pine woods—that vast cathedral of green and shadow.

"See here, Dick," cried Jerome, somewhat nervously, "there's blood trickling down this large rock. I wonder what it means?"

In a moment Dick was at his side, and together they watched the little stream of blood trickling slowly into the valley where they were standing.

"Some animal or bird must be lying on top somewhere," said Dick, "bleeding to death—a victim of a sportsman's bullet."

"Very likely," rejoined Jerome, "but it seems to me a bird would hardly lose so much blood. See! the stream is running faster now. Let's climb the rock and trace it to its source. What do you say, Dick?"

"It will be interesting to do so. Here's rather a strong tree. It will carry us, and from some of its branches we will be able to swing to the top of the rock."

The next moment the two men's bodies were swaying on the tree's branches. They mounted higher and higher, slowly and cautiously. Presently Jerome stepped onto the top.

"At last! at last!" he exclaimed. "Come, give me your hands and I'll pull you up, Dick. If you should slip or the branch should break it would mean certain death. So come! I'll pull you up. Then with the strength of ten Jerome landed Dick who was struggling to gain his breath.

"See here," cried Jerome, "this blood seems to be running from the little stream yonder. Let's trace it to its source."

For a moment they stood gazing into the stream that flowed on lazily. "By Jove!" exclaimed Dick, "I swear the water is the color of blood."

"What can it mean?" asked Jerome, puzzled. "Let us follow it up farther."

They felt something stirring in the tall grass ahead of them.

"At last we have reached the spot," Dick said with satisfaction. "The water seems to be getting redder."

"I seem to hear sighing—the sound of living breath," Jerome whispered trembling. "Come on, Dick!"

"They saw something dark stirring in the grass."

"It must be some wounded animal," said Dick, "that cannot leave the spot for the loss of blood."

Slowly and with strange misgivings they drew closer.

"Heavens!" shrieked Jerome, "it is a human being—a woman. Come, Dick quick, for goodness sake!"

The woman was kneeling beside the brook bathing her head in the water. The blood oozed out of several wounds in her scalp and she seemed very weak. Quickly they lifted her back and instantly a dark made pressure over the scalp wounds with his handkerchief. The woman's face was thin and pale. Its many wrinkles seemed to indicate either suffering or crime. Her gray hair testified that she was well up in years and her shabby clothes and generally unkempt appearance proved plainly that she lived in poverty. She stirred for a moment and then stretched herself full length upon the grass. Her lips were bloodless and her eyes were closed. She seemed to be unconscious.

"There has been foul play here, Dick," remarked Jerome. "Here is the axe."

He bent over and lifted it from the ground. It was stained with blood.

"I am sure the woman has been murdered," cried Dick. "She has been done to death with that axe."

The woman opened her eyes. She struggled to gain her speech, but seemed unable to collect her thoughts. Presently her lips moved. A lucid interval had come, her mind was clear and she spoke with difficulty in the faintest whisper, slowly but distinctly.

"Murdered? Ah, no. Do not say that. There has been no murder. I came to cut down some small trees for wood. I gather my own fuel in these woods. There is my axe in your hand, and the blood came."

"How long have you been lying here?" questioned Jerome.

"Not very long. I do not know. I feel so strange!"

"Do you live near here?"

"Yes, in a little cottage, a half mile or so from here."

"Then we shall carry you home."

She raised her hand as if to ward them off. "No you must not," she said. "I am going to die here."

"But you are not going to die," Dick spoke kindly.

"The end is not far off," the woman answered trembling. "The blood flowed too freely, and I am so weak."

Jerome lifted her head slightly from the grass. It was cold and clammy. Then with the other hand he kept pressure upon the wound.

"I am so glad you came, gentlemen," she continued, her tears flowing down her cheeks. "I am so glad—so glad!"

"Pray," questioned Jerome, "will you tell us who you are? Perhaps we can find your friends."

"Friends?" questioned the old woman. "I have none. I am all alone in the world. My life has been a record of crime and degradation." She halted a moment as if to catch her breath.

"The world about the Place O'Pines knows me well. I am a companion of thieves and murderers."

She moved about uneasily. The two men saw that she was growing weaker.

"I have lived an awful life of sin and shame," she said again, her speech coming interruptedly, "and now I know my minutes are numbered. I beg God's forgiveness for all my sins. I am sorry, heartily sorry, for all the wrongs I have done. If, O God, it is not too late, cleanse this soul of its guilt by washing it in the fountain of Thy mercy! Gentlemen, you have come at the right hour. I am dying—I know, I feel it. Before I go I would like to make a confession to you which will startle the people around here. Publish it in all the corners of the island; I am sorry for my share in the crime. It has been a mystery to the people long enough. Friends, on my part, you take down every word on paper. Hurry! I would like to speak while my memory is yet clear."

Jerome, pencil in hand, sank on his knees and waited breathlessly for the dying woman's words.

At last she began in a faint, trembling voice: "On my death-bed here in the pine woods, in the presence of you two gentlemen, I wish to unravel the mystery surrounding the Lescot tragedy which has puzzled the dwellers about here for nearly seventeen years. Mazie Lescot, a three-year-old child was not murdered, but stolen, and I, God forgive me, did the act at the instigation of a certain wealthy man from Kempton who paid me well for my trouble."

Jerome and Dick exchanged glances for a moment, roused to the highest pitch of interest.

"This strange man," the woman continued, "came to my cottage one night, wearing a red wig. I saw it was a disguise. He did not tell me his name, but on his purse I read—'Arthur Gravenor, Kempton.'"

Arthur Gravenor, Kempton? shrieked Jerome, almost wildly. "Gracia's uncle—Sister Benita's brother. What does it all mean?"

There was a look of terror in his eyes. The dying woman did not notice Jerome's interruption. She seemed anxious to finish her story and continued: "I entered Mazie Lescot's house, stole her little daughter, Constance, and carried her to the bend of the river where Gravenor met me. He chloroformed the child, embarked on the steamer and left the Place O'Pines that same evening, taking the child with him. I heard of his death soon after. I have often wondered since what became of Constance. Mrs. Lescot died within twenty-four hours of a broken heart, thinking her child had been murdered. So you see Mazie Lescot's child was not murdered—murdered, I repeat—but stolen by this wretch who realized too late, what it means to tear heart's assunder. And now, O God, I am sorry for all my crimes—"

The words came slower and fainter: "I wish that I had lived a better life. There was once a Magdalen and Thou, my Creator, didst bless her. This gives me courage—and hope—Lord—forgive—me! My heart is breaking—with—sorrow."

She paused for a moment, lingering upon the sentences her cold lips had just uttered.

"Raise—my—head—quickly," she gasped. "I—can—hardly—catch—my—breath—pencil—let—me—sign. Quick!—before—it—is—too—late—within—twenty-four hours of a broken heart, thinking her child had been murdered. So you see Mazie Lescot's child was not murdered—murdered, I repeat—but stolen by this wretch who realized too late, what it means to tear heart's assunder. And now, O God, I am sorry for all my crimes—"

She breathed heavily, the death staring coldly out of her cheerless eyes. With trembling fingers she signed the written document.

"There—she gasped, "it—is—finished. Thank God!—Mad Nance—dies happy."

Her head sank on Jerome's arm. Her eyes opened staringly. There was a slight twitching at the lips and then the struggle was over.

CHAPTER XXVII.

DARK CLOUD

7, 1908.

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thoughtfully replied Dick. "I can hardly believe it, and yet Mad Nance told such a seemingly honest story that it cannot be otherwise."

"If that is the case, Dick, that we were the fortunate possessors of the facts that would clear up the Lescot mystery they would have found it until they had forced the secret from our lips. No, they shall never know."

"It is better so."

"Was it not a blessing after all that we came upon this woman at the time we did. It seems God led our footsteps to the spot. Had her words fallen upon other ears her strange confession would not remain a secret. Soon the terrible truth would dawn upon Gracia Gravenor that she was the stolen child and that the very man, whose kindness had fashioned a home for her, was indirectly the cause of her mother's death. Poor Gracia!"

"Then, Jerome," interrupted Dick surprised, "you think Gracia is the Constantine spoken of in the document?"

"I am afraid it is only too true," he answered sorrowfully. "Would that God might work a miracle now! But it is too late. It is all so very clear that I cannot drive the thought away."

"If such is the case then Gracia's brother is probably still alive somewhere on this wide, green earth."

"It is to be hoped that he is," thoughtfully answered Jerome. "I have often heard Gracia repeat the fact that she had never known the love and devotion of a brother."

When the two reached the Clarendon both seemed very tired. Some minutes passed and neither spoke. A tear trembled in Jerome's eye. It seemed to startle him out of his reveries and he moved about uneasily in his chair.

Dick had been watching his companion's face for some time. When he saw the tears start he knew that deep down in the artist's heart there was a gnawing which would not be appeased.

"What is the matter, Jerome?" he asked kindly. "You are not feeling well, are you?"

"No," he answered. "I feel anything but well. This morning's developments have totally upset me. I see about me nothing but darkness and despair and oh, how I long for peace. I must away from here and as soon as possible. What say you, Dick?"

"I shall be satisfied to leave whenever you are ready. In two, twelve or twenty-four hours."

"Then let us start to-night. Would that I could fly to Kempton and—to Gracia!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

HIS MOTHER.

BY FLORENCE GILMORE.

In what is perhaps the most unattractive quarter of Paris, dirty, noisy, crowded and poor, there stands a fine old church of purest Gothic, but with the general air of shabbiness that soon pervades a building when there is lack of means to keep it in repair.

In one of its graceful chapels, shortly after noon one bright spring day an aged priest and a gentle, sad faced old lady were teaching their catechism to two classes of ragged little boys who squirmed restlessly in spite of their efforts to "be quiet and pay attention"—always an impossibility at their age.

Father Bonvais and his helper were taking advantage of the long interval between the morning and afternoon sessions which is given to many French schools to prepare the children for their First Communion.

The priest soon dismissed his little band and crossed the aisle to the other. "So this class is ready to be examined," he said pleasantly.

The boys grinned nervously, looking at their teacher as if for help and she smiled encouragingly—a wonderful smile which transformed her sweet, stern, but sad face into an attractively bright and merry one.

Father Bonvais asked each a few important questions and turned to her, saying approvingly: "They are splendidly instructed, my child,"—the anxious young faces relaxed—and I think if they really wish it, we must let them make their First Communion on Pentecost."

"Oh, yes, Father, please do, Father," they cried eagerly; "We'll be awfully good."

Madame's face beamed. "They are my consolation, Father, the brightest boys in Paris I tell them, I'm sure they know more than I do," she laughed, with the rapid enunciation and animated manner so noticeable in many French women. "But Father," she said aside, "all these children have at least two years in a parish school. The others are not like them."

"God will take care of France," but he sighed heavily as he walked away. "And now boys I have a little present for each of you to-day," and opening an unwieldy bundle she gave every one a nice crucifix. "Hang them up at home," she begged earnestly and added impulsively— "Oh how I wish I could

scatter crucifixes all over Paris, all over our poor country and be sure they would be revered as of old!" The echo of a late atheistical speech was ringing in her ears; "We have driven Jesus Christ from France."

With hearty though shyly expressed thanks, and a hurried good-bye the boys ran away to be replaced in a few minutes by the second division.

"I have something to tell you," began a ragged little fellow as soon as they were seated. "Wait until I have heard the lesson," Madame commanded.

"Well, what is it, Jean?" she asked at length when they had stumbled through the short answers. "Papa says I can't come any more, he only let me come to-day so I could tell you."

She looked distressed. "Where do you live?" she asked and made a note of the address. "My papa says this is a woman's religion," burst out a sharp faced child, "but St. Louis you told us about was a great king and nobody could say that Bayard was a coward, and I told him so."

"Mamma says the saints were really the greatest and bravest men who ever lived," decried a nice looking boy who had a devoted mother and rarer still a Catholic father.

Madame talked to them for some minutes, giving them a simple, practical instruction suited to the needs of those poor innocents living in the very hotbed of unbelief. When the last boy was gone she turned to the old priest.

"Father," she asked with childlike simplicity, "do you really think I do them good?"

"My child, I'm sure of it. I don't know what I should do without you, I cannot reach them as you do."

With a radiant face she knelt reverently on the altar-step and remained there for some time lost in prayer. Tearing herself away at last she went to a grocery nearby and bought bread, butter and eggs and some canned goods and asked the clerk to put them in a basket for her. Staggering under her load she made her way to the third floor of a dilapidated house not far away.

A feeble old man on crutches smiled joyfully as he opened the door and recognized her.

"Well, Pierre, how are you?" she inquired and began to chat pleasantly, telling him first of all the army news. Poor old soul he had volunteered in the Franco-Prussian war, and had served only a few weeks when he lost his leg in the battle of Sedan, but from that time he had considered himself a tri-d veteran whose great interest in life was, naturally enough, military affairs. The thoughtful old lady kept herself well informed for his sake. Swiftly, though not very skillfully, she prepared a simple meal and told him what to do with the remaining things.

After a few moments' silence Pierre began despondently. "I suppose you'll be going away from the city soon now that it's getting warm?"

"Oh no, I'm not afraid of the heat," she answered brightly. He looked somewhat relieved but went on, still anxiously: "I've been thinking, Ma'am, I ought not let you come here to help me, you're not young yourself, nor rich either, I'm afraid, and yet you give me so much. I'll ask Father Bonvais if I ought not to go back to the old people's home. You see, Ma'am, if I hadn't such a little span to live and eternity wasn't so long, I might not mind but here I manage to get to Mass nearly every morning and what of my poor soul if I go back to the Home with the Sisters gone and no Blessed Sacrament and no Mass? I stayed a month after the great change and I had to leave. But Ma'am, it isn't right for me to be depending on you."

His friend's face was unutterably sad as she answered: "Pierre, I tell you truly that I do not miss the little I give you, and it is—well, I want to come."

explained, was a doctor but had lost the sight and they had nothing—nothing. He had been a pupil of the Jesuits, who had seen that they were provided for, and their friends were none the wiser, but after the religious orders were expelled they found themselves penniless and friendless, too proud to beg and unable to find work.

"What do you know how to do, my dear?" the old lady asked, gently, at the close of the pitiful story. "I can sew—well, I think," she replied diffidently.

Drawing a card from her purse Madame wrote a few words on it and gave it to her saying, "Show this to Madame,"—naming a fashionable dressmaker, "and she will give you work. I once did her a little favor," she added in explanation, "and she is more grateful than there is any reason for being," and with a farewell kiss she hurried off leaving a far brighter face behind her than she had found there.

Wearily, oh, so wearily, Madame went to find the home of the child who was to be withdrawn from her class.

"It is not my fault," his mother protested. "I managed to hide from my husband that Jean was going to the instructions but last night he overheard when I was helping him with his lesson. Oh, ma'am, he was furious! I don't let him go any more!"

Puzzled, Madame thought for a moment, then asked when he would be home.

"He may come any minute," the woman answered rather feebly. "Then I will wait."

"Here's Jean's catechism teacher; she wants to see you," called his wife, as an ill-favored man came to the door a little later.

He entered rudely, but glancing at her took off his cap awkwardly. "Oh, you're the lady who got me work last fall, aren't you? Well, I'd like to do what you want, but I'm not going to have any church business about my house. Anyhow, it might tell against me at the lodge if they knew my boy went to catechism class and they'd find it out soon enough."

Madame argued with him with much spirit and some impatience, until finally he agreed to let her teach the child if she came to the house to do it and then see that he made his First Communion in a neighborhood where he wouldn't be recognized.

Dusk was falling when she turned homeward at last, tired, tired, tired. There was no possibility of getting a cab in that quarter of the city so she walked swiftly saying to herself as she glanced at her watch. "I must be home in time to dress carefully, for this is the evening the English ambassador is to dine with Francois and Marie." Lost in thought, she started across the crowded Rue—

A few moments later, her mangled form, crushed by an automobile, was carried gently to the sidewalk. Father Bonvais, seeing the accident, was at her side in an instant and, stooping over her, in an effort to discern some sign of consciousness, he recognized his old friend.

"My poor child," he exclaimed, tremulously, and gave her conditional absolution. At the sound of the familiar voice she opened her eyes and smiled peacefully. "All—in reparation. Have mercy—on him, oh, my Jesus—have mercy!" A gasp and all was over.

"Take the body to—" And the priest gave an address in the most splendid part of Paris. "Oh, do you know her, who is she?" the bystanders questioned.

"She was the mother of— who more than any one man in France to-day is accountable for the spoliation of the Church. The poor child!" he added to himself, as he turned sadly homeward.

Twenty-third car, a youth darted under the arm of a stout woman and plumped himself down in the seat she was about to occupy. Glaring, she hurled at him, "If I wasn't such a perfect lady I'd swear you one on the mouth." Another young man arose, raised his hat, and begged her to sit down. When seated she beamed upon him and said, "Sir, you're a gentleman; them others is hogs."

THE SANER SOCIALISM. BISHOP BURLTON GIVES HIS VIEWS, SOCIALISTS AND THE CHURCH. London Catholic News.

Under the auspices of the Catholic Young Men's Society attached to the Pro-Cathedral, Clifton, His Lordship the Bishop of Clifton lectured to a large audience in the pro-Cathedral Hall on Socialism.

"Very Rev. Canon O'Brien, who presided, said he thought the society was to be congratulated on having His Lordship to give the first of that series of lectures. The chairman mentioned that the young men selected their own lectures, and selected for those lectures their subjects. The young men fortunately were not satisfied with simply playing billiards and games, but desired to improve themselves and keep in touch with the question of the day."

His Lordship the Bishop introduced his subject by describing it as a wide, vast and mighty theme, so that he would have to confine himself to only one particular aspect of it. He wished to reply to one question. "Is the out-and-out Socialist, the 'whole hog' Socialist, as they might designate him, the friend of liberty?" As far as his poor lights went, the out-and-out Socialist was the only logical type of his tribe, but

There were Varieties of Socialism, and There were Varieties of Socialists. The out-and-out Socialist would give to the community not only all the means of production, but all capital whatsoever, including land. In their system all private ownership would vanish, and the fruits accruing from the immense patrimony transferred to the State would be distributed even-handedly by the State to the members of the community. Each member of the community would be a worker, and would receive for his toil what the State would hand him in return.

If he could not work he would be supported by the State. But reforms, even when unattended by political convulsions, might be purchased at too dear a cost, and they were to consider whether such wholesale shovelling of the rights of property into the hands of the State, the great digester and distributor, would not end in robbing every man of his liberties. Advanced leaders of Socialism made no secret of what their views as regards religion were—materialism and atheism. The Catholic Church was, and ever must be to them the arch-enemy. Under the social regime, the chief motive power of self-betterment, being abolished, all would languish on the same dull level, forming a congregation of stunted growths and dismal mediocrities, inhabiting

A Huge Monkey from Which the Joy and Hopes of Religion Would be Banished. Private wealth had had, and no doubt still had, its abuses, some of which cried to heaven for vengeance, and the sooner those abuses were remedied the better. The Socialists laid it down as a principle that a child was born the child of the State and belonged to the State. The child was already regarded as a State product. If the State were allowed to claim the product, it was but one step to allow it to claim the factors of production. Would not that be to strip parents of all parental rights and duties, and to sink them beneath the level of rational creatures? To the Socialist the State was an infallible divinity. If they shifted authority from individuals to the being known as the State, all their sins would vanish as at a touch of a magic wand. It was a curious illusion. He contended that

The out-and-out Socialist was by no Means the Friend of Liberty. The Socialist movement, however, was one that could not be ignored by any country. It warned each to put its house in order. Short of all its errors and excesses, a sane Socialism might aid in bringing about a consummation devoutly to be wished, towards which every progressive State must perforce tend. It might aid in establishing the just and true equilibrium between wealth and increasing population. In many of their desires and aims they were at one with the saner kind of Socialist, but they differed from him largely on questions of means. There was another kind of equality which was not only possible, but was laid upon them as one of their highest duties, the equality that flowed from the great law of charity promulgated by Christ; that law which bade them see in the

WIT AND HUMOR. "Mr. Justyn," said the editor, looking over the new reporter's story of the political meeting. "In this write-up of yours you say 'resistless waves of applause from the audience fairly overwhelmed the speaker.' Look at the absurdity of that figure of speech. How could a 'resistless wave' of applause or anything else come from an audience, Mr. Justyn?"

"It could come from a sea of up-turned faces, couldn't it?" insisted the new reporter.

"No, I shouldn't want to live in a house like Philander's," Mr. Lawton announced after a visit to a nephew. His cellar, now—it's most despoorately over-crowded whenever the weather is any-ways damp."

"Just what do you mean by desperately over-crowded?" asked Mrs. Lawton. "I mean," said her husband, mildly, "that all they had to do was to open the door that led from the kitchen down cellar, and the apples come floating right in onto the kitchen floor. Is that plain to ye?"

A woman entered a police station in Holland and asked the officer in charge to have the canals dragged. "My husband has been threatening, for some time, to drown himself," she explained, "and he'd been missing now for two days."

"Anything peculiar about him by which he can be recognized?" asked the officer, preparing to fill out a description blank. For several moments the woman seemed to be searching her memory. Suddenly her face brightened. "Why, yes, sir. He's deaf!"

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poor and outcast not only their equal but their brother, a fellow-payer also across this world, their companion and partner in the joys to come. To-day the air rang with the recital of wrong, reforms were loudly demanded, theories of redress were everywhere propounded—some just, sane, and pacific, others fierce, immoral, and revolutionary, that would pluck up society from its very foundations, and that, so far from opinion and through that warring of excited passion they would steer their course surely and tranquilly, if in all things they accepted the guidance of the Church, their common mother, and kept the words "Charity to all men" inscribed upon their banner. (Applause.)

HOW SHALL BISHOPS BE ELECTED HEREAFTER. REMOVAL OF PROPAGANDA RAISES INTERESTING QUESTION FOR CHURCH IN THIS COUNTRY.

Under the heading, "Propaganda's Last Session," the reliable Rome correspondent of the London Tablet makes the following reference to the much discussed rejection of the terna for a coadjutor-archbishop of San Francisco: "The last and most difficult point to be settled by their Eminences was that of a coadjutor to the Archbishop of San Francisco. Over a year ago three names had been forwarded to Propaganda, but only one of them was ever seriously considered—that of the Rev. Dr. Hanna, of the diocese of Rochester. When the question was brought before the Cardinals for the first time, efforts were made to show that the learned doctor had published articles which savored strongly of modernism. This caused the matter to be deferred for further consideration, but when Dr. Hanna had successfully cleared himself on the score of unorthodoxy, doubts were raised as to the validity of the manner in which the terna was formed, and it was on this ground, and not on any question of orthodoxy, that Propaganda has exercised its jurisdiction for the last time over America, by deciding to send back the terna and to order the formation of a new list which will be considered by the Congregation of the Consistorial."

Commenting on this incident, the editor of the San Francisco Leader says: "The illegality of the San Francisco election appears to be established, but the question arises under what law will such elections be held in future in the United States. In many new countries just removed from Propaganda no two have the same methods of presenting candidates to the Holy See. It is probable, however, that the Holy Father will try to introduce uniformity in countries that have no concordat, and as he anticipated the codification of the canon law by the promulgation of the marriage decree and the decree for the reorganization of the courts, so he may promulgate general rules for the election of Bishops in countries recently emancipated under the regular canon law.

"As far as opinion among the clergy goes in this country, there appears to be a strong feeling in favor of the Irish system, which gives every pastor a vote. Certainly the Holy See will have that method to get a better idea of the mind of the diocese than if the selection is left to a small body like the canons, as

in England, or like the consultors and irremovable rectors, as in the United States, though when we consider the fact that assistants, especially in the large towns serve from fifteen to twenty years, is difficult not to feel that the best way would be to give the franchise to every priest in good standing who had been attached to the diocese, say, five years.

A PATHETIC STORY. A pathetic story of a child's heroism is told by a Dublin gentleman. Recently he proposed to drive with his wife to the beautiful Glasnevin cemetery. Calling his son, a bright little boy, some four years old, he told him to get ready to accompany them. The child's countenance fell, and the father said: "Don't you want to go, Willie?"

"The little lip quivered, but the child answered: "Yes, papa, if you wish." The child was strangely silent during the drive, and when the carriage drove up to the entrance he clung to his mother's side and looked up in her face with pathetic wifeliness.

The party alighted and walked among the graves and along the tree shadowed avenues, looking at the inscriptions on the last resting places of the dwellers in the beautiful city of the dead. After an hour or so thus spent they returned to the carriage, and the father lifted his little son to his seat. The child looked surprised, drew a breath of relief, and asked: "Why, am I going back with you?"

"Of course you are; why not?" "I thought when they took little boys to the cemetery they left them there," said the child.

Many a man does not show the heroism in the face of death that this child evinced in what, to him had evidently been a summons to leave the world.—London Telegraph.

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

Apostolic Delegation.
Ottawa, June 13th, 1905.

Mr. Thomas Coffey:
Dear Sir:—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and above all that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit. It strenuously defends Catholic principles and rights, and stands firmly by the teaching and authority of the Church, at the same time promoting the best interests of the country. Following these lines it has done a great deal of good for the welfare of religion and country, and it will do more and more, as its wholesome influence reaches more Catholic homes. I therefore, earnestly recommend it to Catholic families. With my blessing on your work, and best wishes for its continued success. Yours very sincerely in Christ,
DONATUS, Archbishop of Ephesus,
Apostolic Delegate,
UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA,
Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1905.

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

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1905.

SPIRITUALISM.

The spirits are going into photography. So far their studios are limited to a few Anglican churches. Whether the business will be sufficiently remunerative to open branches in the Methodist and Presbyterian chapels we cannot say. It takes time to develop new business lines, however novel and encouraging they may be. Of all the mortals to bring back to earth we venture to assert that the man or woman with the kodak is the most uninviting. Friends we called them every time they strove to spot us when innocently recreating ourselves upon a quiet lawn or on the deck of a steamer or trying to catch the beauty of some landscape. Friends they are still if any justice on the other side is done to injured feelings. Leave them alone, say we; for it was provoking enough that they should carry our photograph around with them in this world. To think that they are taking the same liberties with it in the other world passes the limit of our patience. These kodak fiends from the other side of the Styx had not come our way yet—and we are confident they never will. It seems some of them appeared lately in England, that is, if we are to give credence to Archdeacon Colley, rector of Stockton, Warwickshire. He lectured in Manchester and at the close exhibited what he called "spirit photographs." These were not photographs which these kodak-fiends had taken on the other side, and brought with them to sell or show their old friends. They were not enlarged portraits of the old boatman Charon, or of any of the judges whom ancient mythology placed in charge of Hades. They were the pictures of friends. One of them, we are told, was taken in March last. It showed the Archdeacon's mother who was dead for fifty years. Another represented his father. "A third print," says the report, "showed some archaic Greek characters, and around them in ten eccentric lines some microscopical writing which, according to the Archdeacon, contained a message from a friend who has been dead for twenty-five years." From the description given by the Archdeacon they have improved upon the ordinary kodak. This photograph was taken without a camera. Archdeacon Colley went to the house of a friend, took out three plates, sealed them and retained possession of them in his hands. His friend clasped his hands, and a lady had to take part. She placed her hand above and below the friend's hands. Then the friend went into a trance, exclaiming: "They are writing." And out came the photograph and the archaic Greek. For a sensible man to describe this ridiculous scene to a congregation from a pulpit is more than imagination can picture. The task is dangerous for weak-minded and the strong-minded alike. The former may be inclined to practise the forbidden art; and the latter, scandalized by the farce, would turn away disgusted. We quote the description, not that any of our readers may try the experiment, but in order to show how careless non-Catholics are of God's house. The whole story seems to us nonsensical. Its truth does not excuse an Archdeacon who uses his pulpit for the purpose of parading his own misconduct in this necromancy. Marks of superhuman intervention are not altogether wanting

in history; these are, however, all the more to be shunned and dreaded as interventions of the evil one. When the Lord visits His people He does not come in the noise of the loud wind or in the danger of uncalled for hand-clasping or any abnormal exercise of the faculties. None of these mark the coming of the Holy Ghost. All is calm; the intelligence is illumined, the heart kindled, the will strengthened. There is no crisis, no forgetfulness on awakening. Whenever we meet with the reverse we know that if any spirit is present it is an evil spirit. Catholics are protected because they are forbidden to indulge in any of these practices. They cannot conscientiously take part in them, were it only for amusement. These things are superstitious and alien to that faith of ours which is always intelligent. The art of photography has field enough in this world with the living. Let the dead rest in peace.

A WORD UPON FACULTIES.

Arguments seem to take place upon strange subjects. Here is a correspondent who lately had an oral controversy as to whether an excommunicated priest could hear confessions; again, whether such a priest could prepare a dying person for death. In danger of death, every priest has faculties to absolve—even an excommunicated priest if others be unavailable. Outside of the sacrament of penance, which requires jurisdiction for its validity, an excommunicated priest can validly administer any of the sacraments of which a priest is the ordinary minister. Whether an excommunicated priest can licitly administer the other sacraments we must distinguish between excommunication *latae sententiae* and excommunication *non-latae sententiae*. The former can administer the other sacraments as often as they are asked to do so by the faithful. The latter cannot except in cases of great inconvenience. They can administer Viaticum and Extreme Unction when the sick man cannot on account of the nature of his infirmity duly confess his sins, because in these circumstances he could not receive the sacrament of penance. From these few words and the distinctions which they indicate the Church respects the validity of the sacraments—She insists upon the sanctity of her priests, and She opens as wide as possible the gates of mercy to the dying.

CHRISTIANITY AND SCIENCE.

One of the most useful tasks science could at present undertake is to explain its own principles and define clearly its own terms. The fault of all nominalist philosophy, and modern science is nominalistic, is that its language is obscure, shifting from point to point in the compass of thought. Unstable in use and unreal in meaning science brings confusion and unbelief in its train. It was the very opposite with scholasticism. Its logic was unassailable, its terminology exact, its system complete. Whatever benefits scholasticism conferred upon the learning of its own age, its richest legacy to succeeding ages was the careful and well-ordered use of its language. All this perished when at the so-called reformation the scientific arrangement of theology made way with the secessionists for private judgment and the sacramental system for justification by faith. Learning reeled under the blow inflicted upon Catholic theology by the would-be reformers. Reason found itself standing alone in the great hall—its higher light extinguished, its heavenly support gone. No more could it lean upon its beloved. No more would it appear coming up from the desert, radiant as the sun and beautiful as the gentle silver moon. The supernatural soon became dim. Philosophy sprang up whose principles were materialistic and whose conclusions threatened all religion. Protestantism rejected not merely Catholic creed and theology but scholasticism. A new order had to be created, a new language coined. It was not so easy. The only principles worth preserving had been engrafted into the old system, under whose fostering care faith and reason had shown their beauty and strength of union. Now they must walk apart. There remained the natural order for cultivation and development. It passed that way Bacon and Locke dug the earthly channel and turned the waters down the rocks of material bills and along the plains of temporal utilities and comforts. People called it science, for so it may be. There may be an initial point and a regular line along which the system ran. It is a poor substitute for what once produced saints and swayed the thoughts of scholars. It is of the earth earthy; and concerns itself entirely with things temporal. Science then let it be termed. Those who use it must remember that it is mere physical science—with no wider field of investigation than the horizon of sense, limited on the one hand by the range of the telescope and on the other by the search of the microscope. This science cannot satisfy the immortal soul

which is ever face to face with deeper problems than those presented by the natural elements. For several generations philosophy pursued a path of its own—separate from religion. This would not do. Science and religion must unite, for in the ultimate analysis and search for truth there cannot be dualism in man's mind. But prior to such union it is essentially necessary that the term science be clearly understood. There is no quarrel in Catholic schools to-day between faith and science, for the sound reason that the two have always been united and that faith is the higher light. Another reason why the term should be properly understood is that science is becoming too cheap. What passes for science is often not the real article. Union with that class of science is artificial, a make-shift, unconvincing and useless either for religious purposes or scientific advancement. We have a case in point—and we apologize for being so long in reaching it. The subject itself is wide. The difference between Catholic and Protestant is, we know, one of deep principle. It is also one of language. If Christianity and science are to unite Protestantism must change both its theological and philosophical basis, and in its language it should become more definite and real, less obscure and nominalistic.

TO BE CONTINUED.

CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

A most exquisite specimen of the book-making art has been lately issued from the press of the above mentioned association. It is entitled "The Last Battle of the Gods," in allusion to the war which Julian the Apostate declared against Christianity. Its author is the Rev. Francis Clement Kelley, who has been instrumental in founding one of the grandest works of the century. The first portion of the volume is devoted to a history of the newest missionary movement. The second part consists of a series of charming tales, written in a picturesque and attractive style, and breathing that intense earnestness and burning zeal which has caused this young western clergyman to become veritably a new crusader. The whole purpose of the book, as well as of the organization with which it deals, is to make known to the public at large the crying needs of the Church in the remote districts of the Great Republic. A few words concerning its origin and aims may be of some interest, in view of the fact that there is question of extending the Church Extension Society into Canada. In October, 1905, nineteen men assembled in the archiepiscopal residence in Chicago. They were representatives respectively of the far South, the far West, the South-west and the North. They included two archbishops, two bishops, eight priests and seven laymen, and amongst the latter were lawyers, manufacturers, editors and captains of industry. They had met to consider the condition of those vast tracts of country that are churchless and priestless, where thousands of souls are lost because there is none to minister to their spiritual needs. The result of their deliberations was the foundation of the association which has already put its shoulder to the wheel and set in motion a machinery that has, in a brief space, accomplished wonders in the spiritual domain. What has been already done can scarcely be described in cold type. In fact, it reads like a page of romance.

The Extension Society has its offices fitted up in "The Roostery" in Chicago, with a staff of competent workers, and where the methods are most business-like and up-to-date. It has established a magazine, "The Extension," issued monthly, at the low price of \$1.00 a year, and this, while supplying excellent reading, keeps the reader informed of the progress of the work and assists its revenues. It is impossible to particularize the good that has been done in the building of churches, supplying of priests, distribution of literature and assisting of missionaries, who have been struggling single-handed for years against almost insuperable difficulties. More than this, it has opened the eyes of the country at large to the heroic toils, the almost incredible privations, in some cases the absolute destitution, of these pioneer prelates and priests, who have been laboring in the wilderness for the cause of God, and has made manifest the necessity for united effort.

Amongst the wonders wrought is the sending forth of a chapel car, fully equipped for the saying of Mass and the administration of the sacraments, in places where it is, so far, impracticable to provide church or priest. The success which has attended this venture is such as to encourage its promoters beyond their wildest hopes. This car is the munificent gift of the Hon. Ambrose Petry, K. C. G., who also, it has been said, has built twelve hundred chapels in honor of St. Anthony, a use of wealth, by the way, which is highly commendable. The pennies of the poor and the

mite contributed by the worker, have also been found in this, as in all Catholic works, to be of immense value. Every one, in fact, can do a little for the good cause. The list includes people of all classes and conditions. The Board of Directors and of Founders and Life Members, whose donations begin at a thousand, includes a goodly number of Archbishops, Bishops and priests, both regular and secular, besides prominent laymen.

May it be hoped that this splendid organization may extend into Canada, where it is scarcely less urgently needed—and where, in the vast regions of the North-west, conditions are somewhat similar to those of the southern and western states. It is clear that its efforts would be for the material no less than for the spiritual interests of the country, since the supplying of churches and priests would attract a desirable class of emigrants and promote good citizenship in these already arid. By the report of synodical conferences, it is evident that the derominations outside the church are making strenuous efforts to spread their various and conflicting doctrines amongst the red men of the northwestern plains, as well as to the white settlers. And while honoring them for these efforts, it is the province of those who possess the one, indivisible doctrine of the Church of Christ to be still more urgent in their endeavors to spread the kingdom of God upon earth.

A SCOTTISH BISHOP AND THE POET BURNS.

Amongst those who kept alive the light of the faith in Scotland during the latter half of the eighteenth century was Bishop John Geddes. He was born in Banffshire in 1735, was ordained priest at the Scots college in Rome in 1759, and in 1779, while rector of the Scots College at Valladolid, in Spain, was named as coadjutor to Bishop Hay, of Aberdeen, Scotland. This consecration took place at Madrid on St. Andrew's day of the same year the function being performed by the Archbishop of Toledo, assisted by the Bishops of Nigel and Almeria. After his consecration he resided for a time in Edinburgh, but later took up his abode in Aberdeen. Bishop Geddes had considerable literary attainments, and on this account he became acquainted with many distinguished persons, amongst them being Robert Burns. A letter written by Bishop Geddes in 1787 contains a brief reference to the poet, who had recently emerged from his rural obscurity in Ayrshire: "One Burns, an Ayrshire ploughman, has lately appeared as a very good poet," writes the Bishop. "One edition of his works has been sold rapidly, and another by subscription, is in the press." On another occasion Bishop Geddes writes to the same effect: "There is an excellent poet started up in Ayrshire, where he has been a ploughman. He has made many excellent poems in old Scotch, which are now in the press for the third time. His name is Burns. He is only twenty-eight years old. He is in Edinburgh just now, and I supplied with him once at Lord Monboddo's, where I conversed a good deal with him, and think him a man of uncommon genius; and he has, as yet, time, if he lives, to cultivate it."

The Bishop seems to have taken an active interest in the young poet. In the Edinburgh subscription list prefixed to the edition of Burns' poems, published in 1787, we find many of the Scottish foreign colleges and monasteries, with Valladolid at their head, inserted, no doubt, by the amiable Bishop. The poet reciprocated the friendly feeling implied in the act. An interesting letter addressed by Burns to Bishop Geddes dated Feb. 3, 1789, has preserved the memory of their mutual regard. Amongst other things, we learn from it that the Bishop's copy of the poems "was at that time in Burns' possession, for the insertion of some additional pieces, by the poet's own hand; and that Burns anticipated the pleasure of meeting the Bishop in Edinburgh, in the following month.

The above information was taken from the old records in the Catholic Church in Aberdeen and has never before appeared in print. We doubt not it will be of peculiar interest to the large number of Scottish subscribers to the CATHOLIC RECORD.

WE ARE PLEASED TO KNOW that London will have a visit from Thomas Augustine Daly, poet and humorist. Mr. Daly is on the staff of the Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times, a paper which ranks amongst the very best Catholic papers of America. The poetry and humor of Mr. Daly is known and appreciated throughout the continent of America. He deservedly takes rank with James Whitcomb Riley, and Dr. Drummond, the poet of the habitant. We trust he will be received in London with a bumper house and that his visits to Canada will be quite frequent in the future.

"THE WORLD TO-DAY," a very influential publication, deals with the nomination of Mr. Debs, the Socialist, for President of the United States. "The religious attitude of socialism," it says, "as viewed by most of its leaders, can be no longer disguised. Socialists are materialists and agnostics." It is quite true the Socialist convention adopted a plank to the effect that it was not concerned with religious beliefs, but our secular contemporary contends that this was a mere expedient until the time came for a campaign of materialism. Morris Hillquit, a noted socialist, puts the case in very candid fashion: "We should not," he says, "go out in our propaganda among the people who are still groping in obscurity and tell them that they must first become materialists before they can become members of the socialist party." This is very plain speaking indeed. If there are any Catholics who have a leaning towards the new paganism, beautiful to look at, but only a sea fruit, we trust they will ponder on the pronouncement of Mr. Hillquit. True happiness both here and hereafter will be found in close alliance with the Catholic Church.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Boston Transcript, Mr. E. M. Thompson, was present at the Quebec celebration. Writing to that paper he remarks that "many Protestants suppose that the Church gives very little to the people in return for what it takes from them, but that this is an error due to prejudice. The fact is, he says, that the Church renders the people of Quebec great service not merely in the spiritual but also in the temporal order. The test of a civilization, he declares, is: Does it produce a people remarkable for industry, morality, good humor, fecundity, good manners, physical strength and contentment? All these things are found in French Canada, and therefore, Mr. Thompson concludes: We English-speaking Protestants have more to learn from Jean Baptiste and his Church than they have to learn from us." All which we respectfully submit to the consideration of our non-Catholic neighbors of the Baptist, Methodist and Presbyterian denominations, who spend large sums of money by employing missionaries in the province of Quebec for the purpose of converting the habitant from the "errors of Romanism."

IN INDIANA one of those poor unfortunates calling himself an "ex-priest," and whose name is Delaney, is going from place to place lecturing against the Catholic Church. He will have audiences, because there will be always with us people who carry about with them a large stock of bigotry and a small stock of common-sense. This individual was never a priest no did he even study for the priesthood. He at one time aspired to be a Christian Brother but was expelled from Epiphany Apostolic College at Baltimore, because he figured in a number of doubtful transactions. He finally disappeared, but has now turned up as an ex-priest. We might add that he attempted to enter the Lutheran and Baptist communions, but in each case was expelled because of charges of embezzlement, the truth of which he admitted. We would advise our non-Catholic friends to beware of ex-priests. If they give them encouragement trouble is in store for them.

BISHOP CONATY, referring to the Total Abstinence Movement, says there are "not wanting men who regard it as prohibitive of good for drunks, while they do not hesitate to call it fanaticism when an appeal is made to them to become total abstainers, even though it be for the purpose of saving others from the dangers of drink. Now, the Board of Health that would occupy itself in time of an epidemic with simply relieving the plague-stricken, while neglecting to take measures to dry up the sources of the plague, would not be considered as possessing good judgment nor capable of providing for the welfare of society." We know many good Catholics who never touch intoxicating beverages but who cheerfully became members of Temperance Societies with the purpose of showing their less fortunate neighbors a good example. This is the real Catholic spirit. Would we had more of it.

FOR THE CATHOLIC RECORD.
OUR FELLOWSHIP WITH THE SAINTS.

The Catholic Church, the Mystical Body of Christ, is comprised of three great component parts, the Church militant, the Church suffering, and the Church triumphant. The Church militant is that part which is engaged in the struggle here below against the obstacles of the world, the flesh and the devil, that it may overcome them, and thus mature itself for its eternal glory in heaven. The Church suffering is that portion of the Mystical Body which has ceased to fight, and is now undergoing the process of cleansing, that it may be made fit to take its appointed place with those members who are more closely united with the head. The Church triumphant is composed of those members who have both finished their warfare, and whose process of purification has been accomplished either here on earth, or in the refining fires of purgatory, and who now by their perfect union with Christ, their head, form an integral factor with him in the work of the salvation of their brethren.

But notwithstanding that these three are in a sense separated from one another; notwithstanding the fact that the circumstances of death and suffering are the causes of conditions that delay for a time the fullest and most perfect state of union, nevertheless they are intimately associated—one with another by an indissoluble union; and the source of that indissoluble union is Jesus Christ their Head. They have all been made members of His Body by their baptism, and as a consequence, members one with another. They have become, by union with Him, a living body, and they derive their vitality and their intercommunion from the divine spirit, which has been diffused through each individual unit.

Such being the case, those who have now passed beyond the veil, and are reigning in eternal bliss, being all members of that same body of which we on earth form a part, are intimately connected with our affairs on earth. They watch our actions with deep interest; they sympathize with us in our sorrows, our afflictions and our cares, they are sharers with us in our true joys, and they join with us in the prayers and intercessions which we offer to God for the welfare of our souls and for the salvation of our fellow beings. By their union with their Head and ours, which is Christ, they form, as it were, a part of us. Our joys are their joys, and our sorrows and afflictions are the subject of their prayers. They pray, not for themselves, for their time of suffering and of conflict is past, but for

ONE OF OUR NON-CATHOLIC contemporaries draws attention to the fact that considerable space is given to Catholic Church news in some of the secular dailies, and because of this a suspicion has crossed his mind that the "Romish Church" is gaining entrance into the editorial sanctum. We would ask our esteemed contemporary not to be perturbed. Even if all he advances were true there is no danger whatever of our civil and religious liberties. We would like to whisper in his ear a bit of news of which he seems to be entirely in ignorance. Here it is: A priest will never be found button-holing reporters but the reporters have a habit of button-holing the priests. Scarcely if ever is it the case that a priest is fond of newspaper notoriety. He has a habit of minding his own business, and he has a well-established horror of the newspaper lime-light.

A NON-CATHOLIC LADY in Portland, Oregon, Mrs. Mason, left \$1,000 to the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, \$2,000 to St. Vincent's Hospital, and liberal donations to other Catholic charities. This might well be taken as a rebuke to the many wealthy Catholics, both men and women, who remember not God and His Church when making their wills. It is well, of course, to provide suitably for one's own, but it is a poor will that ignores God's kingdom upon earth. We have in mind wealthy Catholics who left large fortunes to their relatives but not a penny to the Church. We have also in mind some cases in which these fortunes were spent in riotous living, and premature death and dishonored names were the portion of the legatees.

OUR FRIENDS OF THE JEWISH faith have taken steps to put a stop to caricatures of their nationality on the stage. In this they are quite right. The action taken by the Irish people has had a salutary effect. We now seldom see the ragged Irishman under the influence of whiskey and holding a short black pipe in his mouth. The average Jew and the average Irishman are very different from what they are represented in the play-houses. There are, of course, some Jews and some Irishmen who are no credit to their kind; but this may be said of all nationalities. The best way of stopping these vulgar misrepresentations is to avoid going to places of amusement where they are permitted.

THE BREWERS of the United States have placed themselves upon record as opposed to indecent and lascivious advertising in connection with the sale of liquors. They have resolved that any member making use of such obscene matter will be expelled. This should be placed to their credit. Some of the matter referred to is shocking in its indecency and comes to us for the most part in the shape of pictures on calendars.

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their brethren... But to m Catholic C... quently ar... of our desi... affirmative... teaching of... authority i... and dare... in which... saints to... is warned... dangerous... the matter... It may b... Saints wh... that is of... found in... the human... The hun... of a head... associated... est possi... gether by... and b... the most... well know... important... veins, wh... vey the... particle... or and... something... that vast... fibres wh... brain, an... brain be... slightest... body wh... suffer in... the intell... divines t... rate it... is affecte... become... members... affected... varying... And a... body of... known t... the Hea... individu... parted... bers of... time of... less on... our joy... through... with C... sympath... small... this fa... pel: "... the ang... penance... things, partak... The illu... separa... enjoy... how c... that w... our ow... Heave... ment... same... petit... move... that... a hu... brain... them... before... Durin... grim... offere... anxie... that... they... in t... strug... petit... Le... feel... them... Let... afflic... with... tion... to th... who... will... sire... sing... who... best... the... An... clo... lay... rou... to t... Jes... our... ?... cor... the... tri... fri... ma... mc... Ne... is... ot... ar... th... sp... to... io... is... a... p... b... a... -... l...

their brethren here below who still endure the hardships through which they themselves have gone, but which in the strength of their Redeemer they have overcome.

But to many outside the pale of the Catholic Church the question frequently arises: Can the saints know of our desires, and hear our supplications? The Catholic's answer is in the affirmative, for he knows that it is the teaching of the Catholic Church, (whose authority in matters of faith he cannot and dare not deny) though the manner in which almighty God permits the saints to be acquainted with our affairs has not been revealed, and the Catholic is warned that it is useless and even dangerous to make idle speculations on the matter.

It may be well, however, to illustrate this doctrine of the fellowship of the Saints with us by an illustration for which we have scriptural authority, and that is of the close analogy that is to be found in the mystical body of Christ to the human body.

The human body we know is composed of a head and a number of members all associated with one another in the closest possible manner, all compacted together by means of a frame-work of sinews and bones that enclose or support the most important parts, which are too well known to enumerate, and not the least important, by means of blood vessels and veins, which are the channels that convey the necessary vitality to every particle of the body, filling it with vigour and activity. But, further, there is something more marvellous still. It is that vast but delicate network of nerve fibres which have their centre in the brain, and by means of which the brain becomes cognisant of the very slightest touch upon any portion of the body whatsoever. The least pain I may suffer in my arm is at once conveyed to the intelligence, and the brain instantly divines the cause of that pain, or at any rate it knows what portion of the body is affected. And not only does the brain become cognisant of it, but also the other members of the body are in some way affected by it, in a manner, however, varying with the degree of pain that is inflicted.

And so it is also with the mystical body of Christ. Much of that which is known to Him Who knows all things, the Head of the Church, conserving the individual members on earth, is also imparted to the chosen and glorified members of His body in Heaven. The holy Apostle says: "We are members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones," and "everyone members one of another," so that "if one member suffer, all suffer with it; if one rejoice, all rejoice with it." It is true that the saints in heaven cannot suffer, for the time of their suffering is past, nevertheless their pains and afflictions as well as our joys are made known to them through the channels of their union with Christ, and they are moved to sympathize or to rejoice with us in no small degree. Our Lord has revealed this fact to us in the words of the Gospel: "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner doing penance," and if the angels know these things, so also do the saints who are partakers with them in glory.

The analogy shown above will then illustrate to us more clearly this inseparable communion that we on earth enjoy with the blessed in Heaven. And how can we touch them in such a way that will cause them to convey each of our own special petitions to our Head in Heaven? It is by prayer. The moment we pray to them in sincerity, that same moment also do they convey our petitions to Him in Whom they live and move and have their being, and it is with a speed infinitely more rapid than that which ensues from the touch upon a human body conveyed to the human brain. They claim no power inherent in themselves to help us. All that we lay before them is instantly referred to God. During the period of their earthly pilgrimage, it was to him alone that they offered their conflicts, their trials, their anxieties and their sorrows, and now that these are to them things of the past, they interest themselves more perfectly in the spiritual welfare of their struggling brethren, and all their petitions are offered in their behalf.

Let us then in addition to our own feeble prayer that we offer to God, touch them continually by invoking their aid. Let us tell them of our temptations, our afflictions, our sorrows and of our sins, with the assurance that our supplications will be instantly conveyed by them to the Sacred Heart of our Divine Lord, who will grant them according to His will, who has promised, to hear the desires of all who call upon Him with singleness and sincerity of heart, and who will more readily and abundantly bestow His gifts upon those who ask for them through the medium of His saints. And seeing that we have so great a cloud of witnesses over our head, let us lay aside every weight and sin that surrounds us, and let us run with patience to the fight proposed to us, looking unto Jesus, who is the Author and finisher of our faith. G. F. FERRIS.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—The above contains some beautiful thoughts upon the strengthening and consoling doctrine of the Communion of Saints. Our friend has given an explanation of the manner in which the Saints hear, or, more correctly, know our prayers. Nothing is settled upon the point. It is an open question in theology. The other opinion is that God Himself primarily receives all our prayers. They then are made known to the saints by special revelation. It is not our purpose to reason out one or other of these opinions. One thing is certain that not only is the example of God's chosen friends a motive to us, not only are their merits at our disposal, but their intercessory prayer is continually rising like incense before the throne for us exiled children. Mother Mary's omnipotent petition—apostles and martyrs and all the others—confessors and virgins pray for us. How they hear us pleading or how in

their joy they can learn of sorrows without a tinge of sadness themselves we know not yet; but we do know, and it is sweet to think so, that we have a fellowship here with the saints above. It gives us double courage; for their sufferings strengthen us and their prayer is so much more powerful than our poor lisping cry.

THE REVEREND FATHER BENSON ON CHRISTIAN DISSENSIONS.

The Rev. R. H. Benson, M. A., delivered the first of a course of sermons on "The Marks of the Church" on Sunday evening last at the Church of St. Peter and Paul, Ilford, to a large congregation, the sacred edifice being completely filled. The reverend preacher opened his discourse with a reference to the belief of some people in England that Our Blessed Lord came on earth to save each soul directly, and that the idea of a Church society or organization of Christians was erroneous. There were, he added, who entertained that opinion, for it was an impossibility to read the Scriptures with any amount of intelligence without understanding that Our Lord came to found a society of some nature, into which each separate soul should be incorporated, and that He called people specially apart in order to participate in that society. Not only by His actions but also by His words, Our Blessed Lord showed that He descended on earth to found a company or society, for He often referred to the kingdom of God, and before ascending into heaven, Our Lord gave to this society He had founded authority

TO PREACH AND BAPTIZE in His name. Nearly all Christians agreed that Our Lord came in order to establish some description of society. Where there were so many divisions amongst Christians, it was comforting that they were in accord upon one or two points, though there were many upon which they could not agree. He supposed that the very bitterest controversies that ever raged in the world were on the question of what the society was, where it could be found, the marks it possessed, and in what manner those marks were to be identified. The ordinary Nonconformist would probably say that the society was composed of all people who loved the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, and it was not of consequence whether the person was Wesleyan, Congregationalist, or Baptist, and, if the Nonconformist was very broadminded, he would say it did not matter even if the man was a Roman Catholic. The Anglican, perhaps, would be stricter in his views. In the Anglican's opinion, Our Lord gave certain rules to the society, and if anybody did not conform he might save his soul but was not really part of the external society. An Anglican would consider that the Catholic Church, the Greek Church, and the Anglican Church were parts, and all three if they preserved the creed and Sacraments, composed the divine society on earth. What did it mean when they said that

THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST upon earth was one? The Anglican said that common belief and faith in Jesus Christ and the ministry of the creed and Sacraments made them one. What made an earthly kingdom one? The British Empire was not one because they spoke one language and were of one colour, or because their customs were alike, but because they had unity of government. The Americans were of the same descent and language, but they were not one with the British Empire, though they once were so, for that which made an earthly kingdom one was submission to one head. He wished to refer to the Kingdom Our Blessed Lord came to found upon earth, and not to His Heavenly Kingdom. If they turned to the Nonconformist belief, they would find no unity of government. The Wesleyans were one among themselves and might be Christ's Kingdom, but with the Congregationalists and Baptists they could not be, for there was

NO UNITY OF GOVERNMENT between these three. Although it was a most attractive and pleasant theory that all who loved Our Lord formed His earthly Kingdom, when they tested it by common sense it would not answer, for there must be unity. The Anglican belief broke down on the same point. The Anglican, Greek, and Catholic Church might agree on many matters in the same way as the Americans agree with the British, but they could not possibly be one kingdom. Our Blessed Lord had also told them the Kingdom would have another sort of unity in addition. The night before He suffered He prayed that His Kingdom might be one in such a sense that the world might know He Himself was the Son of God. He prayed that the nature of His Kingdom might be of such a nature that the world, the man in the street, would be arrested by its super-human unity. Did the Nonconformists and Anglicans pass that test? Let them think of all the Christians who professed to serve one God and hardly agree upon one point of doctrine with the other. If Christ had been divine, said the man in the street, He would have given a better unity to His society. It was the disunion that held so many people back from Christianity altogether. Did the world fall down before the supposed union of the Anglican, Greek, and Catholic Church, and say they must be the society Christ founded? The man in the street gazed at the Church of England and saw that even the ministers themselves could not agree. One man believed in the Real Presence and another said it was idolatry. The thing that kept people out of the Church of England was not the wickedness of her members—for, thank God, many lived holy lives—it was the differences between her ministers. Supposing some sort of society was to be founded, they must have a head, or president. If they expected a society to survive more than six months, they would appoint a person who at any rate would have a casting vote, and he defied them to find any society since the beginning of the world, lasting more than a week or two,

that had not had in some form one man at the head. Amongst the non-Conformists, there was the one man who had the casting vote? It was not the President of the Congregationalists or Baptists. Where was the man they all obeyed? Was it possible that Our Blessed Lord should have founded a society on lines which

CONDEMNED IT TO FAILURE and left out the absolutely essential? Turning to the Church of England, there was the one man? They had to find a society that possessed three things: it must have a union of government, a superhuman unity so that the attention of people should be arrested, and its government must culminate in one person. It was not enough to say that it culminated in Jesus Christ, for the head of the earthly Kingdom must be in the same nature and order of life, and they must have an earthly head. Where did they get such a head except in the Catholic Church? With regard to unity of government, if he went out to Greenland, and the Esquimaux met were Catholics, they were one with him, for they were under one head; but if he met a High Churchman in the street they might agree on a large number of points of doctrine but they were not one because they did not share in one unity of government. There was

ONLY ONE SOCIETY all over the world that claimed to be Christ's kingdom, that possessed that unity of government, and that was the Catholic Church. The unity of the Church was a thing the man in the street could understand—the Esquimaux, the Hindu, American, Frenchman, Spaniard, and Englishman at any rate were one. He would tell them what gave him his first thought that the Catholic Church was true. Four or five years before he became a Catholic he was travelling in the East, and at a village on the Nile, many hundred miles from the Mediterranean, there was a little English chapel and Chaplain and he attended the service. While riding, he passed through a little village and in it found a small Catholic church, and in it he saw all the things he had seen in Catholic churches in France and England, little things, cheap things, but the same. It sounded a very little thing to be the beginning of

THE MOVEMENT OF GRACE but he traced back his conversion to the movement when he was startled in that manner by the superhuman unity of the Church. It was not a little Church brought with them by the Europeans as the English chapel, but was amongst the mud huts of the ignorant Arabs of Egypt. In ninety-nine out of a hundred conversions, the unity of the Church first drew the converts to it. The irreligious man by the streets said: "I don't pretend to be better than my neighbor. I have no religion, but if I did take up any religion, it would be the Catholic religion, for Catholics know what they believe." Statesmen were trying to bring about agreements between countries; with the *entente cordiale* and Exhibition they were trying to make England and France one, but they could not, whereas the Catholic Church made the French and English one centuries ago. Was it possible to look through the Scriptures without seeing that Our Blessed Lord had done what every founder of a permanent society had done, and that they looked through the ages they would find one person always sitting on the throne of Peter—they would find Peter at the beginning and Pius X. at the end.—London Catholic News.

EVILS OF PURELY SECULAR TEACHING. CARDINAL GIBBONS SHOWS HOW IT IS RESPONSIBLE FOR CRIME, GOOD WORK CATHOLICS IN AMERICA ARE DOING FOR THE STATE. In a pronouncement on the subject of Religion in the American schools Cardinal Gibbons says: However much we may blink the fact it is still a fact that we are fast becoming a de-Christianized nation; and that because of our public schools, from which Christ is barred. It is no secret that not long since, in both New York and Baltimore, word was sent around to the teachers at Christmas that whatever exercises might be held, they should have no Christian significance. The struggle is no longer whether the Gospel read in the public schools shall be the King James or the Douay version; but whether our teachers may make any allusion at all to Christ as our Saviour, whether children are to be raised with Christian faith and morals, or brought up pagans as far as the Christian religion is concerned in the life of the public schools.

If it is allowed to continue I see no remedy among a great portion of our countrymen for our many and growing vices, and divorce, theft, manslaughter, suicide, the murder of the innocents who have an ever-increasing number of victims, for our school system, as now operated, is, and has shown that it is, incapable of checking the evils. Education without religion is very defective, and even baneful. Intelligence without virtue breeds the shrewdest criminals. Whereas the perfect man and citizen is naturally intelligent, but also virtuous and therefore religious. Indeed, religious knowledge is as far above human sciences as the soul is above the body, as heaven is above earth, time above eternity.

The little child that is familiar with his catechism is really more enlightened on truths that should come home to every rational mind than the most profound philosophers of pagan antiquity, or even than many so-called philosophers of our times. He has mastered the great problem of life; he knows his origin, his sublime destiny, and the means of attaining it—a knowledge which no human science can impart without the light of revelation. If indeed our soul were to die with the body, if we had no future existence beyond the grave, if we had no account to render to God for our actions, we might the more easily dispense with religion in our schools. Though even then Christian morality would be a fruitful source of temporal blessings,

for, as the Apostle St. Paul teaches, "Piety is profitable to all things having promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come." (I. Tim., iv., 8.) But our youth cherish the hope of becoming one day citizens of heaven as well as of this land. And as they cannot be good citizens of this country without studying and observing its laws, neither can they become citizens of heaven unless they know and practice the laws of God. Now it is only by a good religious education that we learn to know and to fulfill our duties toward our Creator.

The instructions given once a week in our Sunday schools, though productive of very beneficial results, are insufficient to supply the religious wants of our children. They should, as far as possible, every day breathe a healthy religious atmosphere in their schools, where not only their minds are enlightened, but where the seeds of faith, piety and sound morality are nourished and invigorated. By what principle of justice can you store their minds with earthly knowledge for several hours each day, while their hearts, which are being far more cultivated, must be content with the paltry allowance of a few weekly lessons?

Napoleon was surely a man of power and practical sense, though not over-possessive withal; yet he is quoted as having said, "There is no sound morality without religion."

"Unquestionably the school is a powerful agent for good or ill for any nation it can lift up or cast down." Christianize or paganize our land, for what William von Humboldt said is as true to-day as it was then: "Whatever we wish to see introduced into the life of a nation must first be introduced into its schools."

"If, then, our school system debars religion from its classrooms, whatever other good ends it may serve, it cannot, in the estimation of either of these great men, be an efficient means of training up for the nation strong, moral citizens."

You may say that the home is the greatest factor and proper place for inculcating these principles held necessary for good manhood. Very true, but it needs the co-operation of the schools to supply its deficiencies and foster the growth of the good seed first sowed at home. And hence, in the school as in the home, God, Christ, heaven, hell, faith, hope, charity, duty, all these doctrines and maxims are needed.

We have tried the opposite—we have shut Christianity out of the schoolroom, and—let us honestly confess it—we have failed; for what have been the results? Statisticians tell us that of recent years crime has greatly increased in the United States.

Comparing the United States with Canada (and who will say that by race and national temperament we are different or inferior?) comparing ourselves with the Canadians, where religion enters the schoolrooms, we have to hide our faces when told of our thousands and tens of thousands of divorces annually granted in the United States, whereas divorce is scarcely known in much of Canada. More exactly, taking an average of divorces granted in the United States and Canada during the twenty years prior to 1886, in the United States 10,000 were annually granted, whereas in Canada only six.

So, too, our desecration of the Lord's Day, our scornful papers, taboos against even entering Canada our deserted non-Catholic churches, etc.; does not all this point to some cause—not blood, not occupation, not country, but the school?

For years Catholics have been alive to this need and have cheerfully paid millions annually to operate schools of our own, wherein religion might be taught our little ones. And let it not be said that Catholics are inimical to education, for even before our American Revolution was started Catholics of Illinois were urged to establish a school and pay a schoolmaster in each village. Prior to that it is a fact that Catholics in Colonial days in Maryland—despite opposition most drastic—were the best educated class in the colony. Further back still in our country's history, we find that like some great-great-grandparent of our Carlisle Indian school as early as 1568, a priest had established an Indian school in Havana. From the sixth to the sixteenth century the Church laboured with untiring zeal in establishing throughout Europe free schools for the education of the masses. "Ignorance," said Pope Benedict XIV., "is the source of all evil, above all among the working class." Yes, Catholics see, and for centuries past have seen, the need to supply, as they have long tried to supply the want of religion in our public schools by paying doubly that their children may have religion in their classrooms.

I do not believe that many of us realize how heavy a burden Catholics have been carrying patiently for long years, owing to the double taxes they pay for schools, first to the State, and then for parochial schools.

Let me itemise a few facts for you, showing what Catholics have paid and are paying for their schools, that religion may be taught there. According to the United States Census Report for 1890 for New York State the value of school property per capita of pupils in average attendance was \$117. The cost of teaching and supervision per capita of pupils in average attendance was \$21. The total cost of schools per capita of pupils in average attendance was \$98.

Catholics pay faithfully their share of this and yet over and above that they by themselves for conscience sake pay annually for the schooling, schools, books etc., for 1,300,000 American Catholic children, whom they teach without any cost to the State. And what would that amount to according to the State's cost of operating schools in New York, as given above? As each child costs the State of New York nearly \$39 annually, and as Catholics

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the average daily attendance; then, if these Catholic children went to the public schools the country would have to lay out \$117,000,000 simply to get schoolhouses to hold them.

Again, multiplying the \$50,000,000 that Catholics now annually save our country by the number of years that they have been doing this, say since the Civil war, even cutting it in two as a probable accurate average for former years, when our population was less, and as we have forty times \$50,000,000, equalling \$2,000,000,000, and dividing this by two we have \$1,000,000,000 that Catholics have saved the United States since the Civil war. Must this go on for ever? "How long, O Lord, how long!" And while Catholics are willing to go on with the present system of paying their share of taxes for the State public schools and also for the parochial schools, and would never resort to violence or anarchy to cure what they, nevertheless, insist to be, if not against strict justice and legal right, yet contrary to ethics and charity, still they desire and hope for and trust that their fellow countrymen will be fair and charitable enough soon to give them something better.

A symposium on future punishment of sinners was held by the Washington Post on a recent Sunday. A Catholic priest, six Protestant ministers, of different sects, and a Jewish rabbi took part in it. The priest, Rev. F. G. Long, of course stated the certain doctrine of the Church. The rabbi, Dr. Abram Simon, held that the discussion was not profitable; that the doctrine was indefinite; and that if there is to be suffering for sin, it must be terminable. An Episcopalian preacher, Rev. Ulysses G. B. Pierce, while making no definite statement, intimated that those who have failed in this life would be given another chance.

A Universalist, Mr. John Van Schaik, jr., taught according to his denomination that, while there would be punishment, there would be no endless hell. The Congregationalist, Dr. Samuel H. Woodrow, the Baptist, Mr. G. E. Whitehouse, the Presbyterian, Dr. Wallace Radcliffe and the Episcopalian, Mr. J. Henning Nelms declared for the doctrine of the eternal punishment of the finally impenitent. But two of them the first and the last named, made these astounding statements:

The question upon which you have asked me to write is a difficult one. So surrounded has it been with acrimonious debate that one hesitates to touch upon a theme that has generated so much violence. It is perhaps for this reason that I have never preached upon the subject.

I wish you had asked me for my views and my teaching on "future rewards," instead of "future punishment." I do not recall to have taught any definite views about the nature of future punishment, and if I have I doubt if any one was helped by it.

Protestants must be in a bad way for instruction in the elementary truths of the Christian revelation when two ministers out of six can acknowledge that they have never preached on the future punishment of the sinner. They volunteered this confession. Possibly the other four have also avoided the same doctrine. The people want to be entertained with topics of the day and comforted with joyous themes. They don't like to hear of hell. Therefore Messrs. Woodrow and Nelms were silent about it.

Hell is a terrible reality. As Father Long said: "According to the teachings of the Church 'hell' is made up of three things: First, the loss of God; second, the torments of soul and body; and, third, the eternity of that loss and of those torments. First, the loss of God." After explaining these characteristics of the state of the damned, the priest concluded as follows:

"This doctrine must not be considered in isolation, but in its relation to the body of Christian truth. The doctrine in itself seems terrifying in the extreme, but when viewed in its relation to the

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Incarnation we see that God wishes sincerely the salvation of every soul, and that no man who sincerely wishes to be saved shall never be lost. No man shall be lost except through his own fault. Christ has made the salvation of every man a possibility, and it remains for every man, through his co-operation with the grace of God, to make that salvation a fact.

God is good. The redemption of Christ is copious. His mercy is above all His works.—Catholic Columbian.

DEDICATED CHURCH.

Toronto, Nov. 1.—St. Patrick's new \$100,000 church on McCaul street was dedicated to-day, the ceremonies of which were the most impressive in the Roman Catholic ritual, being performed by Archbishop McEvay, assisted by a number of former rectors and visiting priests.

The ceremony of dedication was witnessed by a congregation that filled the church to capacity.

His Grace entered the church at 10:30 o'clock this forenoon, and, after a Psalm and prayer had been said at the door, he proceeded around the outside of the church, followed by the clergy and acolytes, who blessed the walls of the building. The same ceremony was gone through with inside the church, followed by the celebration of Mass.

The dedication sermon was delivered by Archbishop McEvay, in which he referred to the growth of the congregation and the rapid progress made which has necessitated the erection of a new edifice to accommodate the increase in membership.

When the debt, which yet amounts to some thousands of dollars, is discharged, the church will be consecrated.—London Free Press.

A Sovereign Remedy.

Prayer is a sovereign remedy for dejection of spirits. Is any one sad among you? Let him pray. Prayer is a source of comfort to our hearts. How can we as children approach our Heavenly Father, the Father of mercies and the God of all consolation, without feeling a sense of security and confidence.

You are not compelled to wait for an audience. Your heavenly Father never nods or sleeps. He is never preoccupied or engaged. He is always at home and ready to receive you. The eyes of the Lord are upon the just, and His ears are open to their prayers. You can speak to Him in church and out of church, at home and abroad, by day and by night.

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Twenty-second Sunday after Pentecost.

HYPOCRISY.

"Why do you tempt Me, ye hypocrites?" (St. Matt. xxiii, 18).

What was it in the conduct of these Pharisees that made our Lord send them away unanswered and unsatisfied? If we listen to their words, there is nothing in what they said but what was most true and appropriate. They told our Lord that they knew that He was a true speaker, that He taught the way of God in truth, that He cared for no man and did not regard the person of men. Could anything be better said than that? And yet He Who came to be the light of men dismissed these fine talkers still wrapped in darkness and ignorance. What is the reason for this treatment—a treatment so different to that which our Lord generally gave to those who came to Him?

The reason is plain. These words of theirs were only on their lips, not in their hearts; they did not mean what they said nor wish to mean what they said. In fact it was all put on. They came to our Lord to ensnare Him, to get Him into difficulties. In one word, they came to Him as tempters. But He Who not only hears the words of men but sees their hearts detected their dishonesty and insincerity, and measured out to it fitting punishment. The Saviour of mankind left these hypocrites, so far as we are told, unorigined and unsaved.

And now how does this apply to ourselves? Very closely and practically. Far and away the most important thing for all of us is that we should receive from God the forgiveness of the sins which we have committed. In order to obtain this forgiveness, we have, each one, to go in person to God, as really as these Pharisees went to our Lord, and we have to make to Him certain professions of sorrow and contrition. We have to say that we are heartily sorry for all our sins, we declare that the reason why we are sorry is that those sins have offended Him Who is infinitely good and worthy of all love, or at least that the loss of heaven or the danger of everlasting punishment makes us detest those sins; above all, we have to declare that our mind is made up not to commit mortal sin again, nor willingly to expose ourselves to the dangerous occasions of sin. These are the professions which we have all made to Almighty God over and over again. If they are sincere and genuine, they will, through the Most Precious Blood of our Lord, secure to us the remission of our sins, however many and great those sins may have been.

But the important point is that these professions should be sincere and genuine. How, then, are we to know that they are sincere and genuine? Well, of course, if we know that we don't mean what we say, that we don't intend to make any change in our life and conduct, those expressions are plainly hypocritical and will bring down upon us a curse instead of forgiveness. This is so plain that it only needs to be mentioned to see the result. But there are many people who intend to do right and yet make a mistake about the act of contrition. They think that its sincerity and genuineness depend on their feelings. They think that they ought to be able, if they are truly sorry, to shed tears for their sins, or at least to have profound emotions.

Now, no one will deny that it would be a good thing to be able to shed sincere tears of sorrow for our sins. The saints have instructed us that we should pray for the grace to be able to do so. But the act of contrition may be and generally is sincere and true if—but mark the condition—we have made up our minds not to sin again, and also to avoid dangerous occasions of sin.

This is the test of a real good act of contrition, and it is a good test, for every one must know his own mind on the point. If we have that full and sincere determination, an act of contrition is good, however dry and cold may be our feelings; but if we have not got that determination, if we have not resolved to avoid bad company; if, on the contrary, we intend going on much as before, then, although we might deluge the confessional with floods of tears, our Lord's words to the Pharisees would be appropriate to us: "Why tempt you Me, ye hypocrites?"

This, then, dear brethren, is a very important application of to-day's Gospel to ourselves; that we must take great care not to approach Almighty God with words which we do not mean, and especially in coming to confession, that we must come with a real true determination to avoid all grievous sin in the future.

CORPSES OF DRUNKARDS EXHIBITED.
History tells us of the exhibition of drunken men in Sparta to deter the young from the vice of intoxication. We have now an example in our own day and near home more terrifying in its nature.

The local option law was to go into force in Greenwood, Ind., this week. Three men there, considering it to be their last chance for a "sneak," bought two gallons of whiskey last Sunday morning and went into the woods to drink it. Two of the men were found dead and the third was found in a dying condition.

Dr. Hall, the Methodist minister, suggested that the children of the town should be shown a specimen of the deadly work of intoxicants. As an object lesson in temperance six hundred children last Monday were marched in regular file past the bloated bodies of the two victims. The names of the men are mentioned in the Associated Press dispatch.

How many there are who have overconfidence in their power while indulging "to take it or let it alone." After a time they find themselves slaves to the habit that makes them outcasts from society, shortens their lives and pushes them downward to drunkards' graves.

If you "can take it now or let it alone," we strongly urge in the name of Him Who says, "No drunkard can enter the kingdom of heaven," that you let it strictly alone now and always.—Cleveland University.

A VICTIM OF SPIRITISM.

A WARNING EXAMPLE OF THE RESULTS OF DABBING IN THE NEW OCCULTISM.

The following letters addressed to Mr. J. Godfrey Raupert by a non-Catholic gentleman, whose name is a familiar and honored one in scientific circles, and is doubtless known to thousands of our readers, affords another warning against the danger of spiritism, and shows the importance of the mission which the Pope has entrusted to Mr. Raupert. His books, "Modern Spiritism" and "The Dangers of Spiritualism," relate many striking instances of the loss of health, physical, and mental, as well as of faith and morals, as a result of practicing the new necromancy. The form of obsession here described is more common than most people have any idea of. Insane asylums now shelter an ever increasing number of patients whose mental derangement, as it is called, may be traced to imprudent excursions into the domain of the occult. That on this point not half the truth has been told, we have the assurance of some of the most eminent experts.

In these circumstances, the dangers incurred by those who dabble in spiritism should no longer be concealed; indeed it becomes an obligation to point them out. They are many and great. The wisdom of the Holy See, in renewing its condemnation of experiments in occultism, is revealed in the unquestionable fact that the inferences drawn from them are antagonistic to Christian faith and piety, though in numerous instances both would seem to be promoted.

The letter which follows is dated September 23, 1908. It will easily be understood why the writer's name cannot be disclosed. His friends are aware that his wife is now in a sanitarium, but only those with whom he is most intimate know why she is there.

DEMONIAC POSSESSION.
"You will, I know, be interested in the case I am about to lay before you. A short time ago if any one had told me that demoniac possession, such as is spoken of in the Scriptures, now existed, I should have laughed at him. I would do so no longer. I have gone through one of the most extraordinary and one of the most fearful calamities that it is possible for one to experience—at least not I, but my wife. Let me tell you the story.

Some time ago she became interested in psychic investigation, and tried automatic writing for herself, with the result that after some patient waiting she developed into a fluent writer. A 'spirit' claimed to communicate, and gave me a full history of himself through the automatic writing. This naturally delighted and interested us immensely. At first, all the communications came through the planchette board; but later on my wife developed writing with a pencil held in the hand; and no sooner had she done so than she began to experience a pain in the back of the brain—at the top of the spine—which increased in intensity as the days went by until it became well-nigh unbearable. Then sleep was interfered with, and her health became affected.

It was at this stage that the communicating intelligence asserted that he had full command of my wife's body; that she was no longer a free agent, but subject to his will. We tried various spiritual and mental cures of various kinds without success. We tried all sorts of physical treatment, going on the supposition that we had ordinary insanity to deal with. We tried electricity, baths, diet, fasting, massage, osteopathy, a change of air at the seashore—all to no benefit. We tried all that doctors could do for her—likewise a failure. She was pronounced perfectly healthy, physically; no organic or even functional disturbance could be found. More and more she passed under the control and influence of the invading intelligence, and less and less concern had she in the affairs of everyday life. We now became seriously alarmed. I tried to expel the demon by will-power and by commanding him to leave; but all such efforts simply made him worse, and his hold apparently stronger.

SPIRITS IN CONTROL.
"And now a new and a terrible feature developed. Hitherto the impulse had been to write—to write all the time and constantly, with a pen, a pencil, with a finger in the air—anything, so long as writing was accomplished. But now voices resounded in her head—two, three, four, voices—talking to one another, and freely conversing together about her. Some of these voices would praise my wife's conduct, others would blame her. Some would swear and curse, and call her vile names—names she had never heard in her normal state—while others would try to defend her from these coarser and grosser ones. The voices told her all kinds of things. At first these things were harmless; but as time went by they told her to do things that were far from harmless—suicidal acts, in fact, which she attempted to accomplish. Once they told her to escape at all costs, and she ran out of the house and down the street in her nightgown. Twice they told her to take her own life, and this she attempted to do. She tried to shoot herself; but, fortunately, only inflicted a wound. In other ways they tried to injure her also, and only the best of care prevented a fearful accident on several occasions.

One curious feature of the case was the fact that my wife realized all the while that these voices were urging her to her own destruction, and yet was unable to resist them. It was as if her will was entirely in subjection to that of these infernal intelligences. She was quite rational at times, and denied that she was in any way insane; but would argue her case quite rationally, and show you just why it was obsession and not insanity—as, of course, it is universally conceived to be. She is still in this condition, in a private nursing home, as I found impossible to keep her at home.

NOT INSANITY BUT OBSESSION.
"You may think that this is an ordinary case of insanity, and that we have here no definite proof of 'obsession' at all; but I can assure you otherwise. There is a very good proof that the phenomena are objective and not subjective in their origin. My reason for thinking so is this. During the early stages of my wife's illness, as I may call it, I went to three other well-known mediums in town, and got them to diagnose the case for me, without giving them any clue as to the real state of affairs that existed. They could not possibly have known of her case by hearsay, as it was kept very secret. But each of these three mediums agreed that my wife was obsessed, and described in almost identical terms the kind of evil intelligence that was controlling her; and, furthermore, stated certain things that had happened at our home, which in reality had occurred. But better and more conclusive evidence was this: On one occasion the intelligence that claimed to control my wife communicated through another medium, and there asserted that he had done and said certain things at our house which he had done and said as a fact. That is, we have here what the 'Psychical Research Society' would call a 'cross reference' between these two cases—the same intelligence communicating through both mediums; and stating the same facts through both; also making the claim that he had stated those facts through my wife. Here, then, we have clear evidence of external objective reality—of an intelligence active and separate from the organism through which it is manifesting. Apart from the internal evidence afforded by the case itself, we have this additional proof that a real intelligence was at work, and controlling my wife to do and say the things that she did do and say—against her own will no less than ours.

Let me say in conclusion that if ever it is proved, by means of such cases as this, that real external intelligences are operative in other cases of what is usually classed as ordinary 'insanity,' it will surely revolutionize medical science and the treatment of the insane. At the present time, the treatment of such cases is almost entirely physiological, and the utter inadequacy of any such treatment was never more clearly shown than in my wife's own case. No! I am persuaded that we have a real case of obsession here—one similar to many recorded in the Scriptures, and in modern literature, both religious and secular.

A WARNING.
Catholic parents are exhorted to guard their homes and to preserve their children against spiritualistic influences of all kinds. That seemingly harmless toy, planchette, the use of which is again coming into vogue, should be thrown into the fire. This object may easily become an instrument of ungodly evil; the amusement of such faintly innocent at first, often leads to intimate communication with mysterious intelligences, whose influence in most cases is positively baneful. It is like opening a door which can never again be securely barred, and through which there is no telling who or what may enter.—Ave Maria.

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those who give them. Let us twine the memories of the departed around our minds and hearts and keep them fresh and green by the dew of God's grace falling gently on them in response to our prayers in their behalf.

3. It is a duty we owe ourselves to pray for the faithful departed. In helping them we shall be helping ourselves. Their release will serve powerfully to save us. Their happiness attained will be the forerunner of our own. They will return our goodness a hundred fold. Our Lord and the whole heavenly court will show their gratitude for the souls we add to the number of the elect by greater grace for ourselves. Our charity will be doubly blessed and the justice we satisfy for others will justify us before God and make us pleasing in His sight. Whilst praying for the dear departed, we will be made fully conscious of our own sad state, which, after all, is in one respect, namely, the uncertainty of our end, sadder even than theirs. But we will be the more mindful to prepare for a happy death, if we help those who have died well to enter into their glory. The frequent remembrance of the souls in purgatory will keep us mindful that soon we must be numbered with the dead, and this thought will prepare us to meet our God and Judge, who will reward our charity to them by all the greater charity to us. Let us, then, do all we can for the souls in purgatory, and unite with Holy Church in her never-ceasing prayer: "May the souls of the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace."

In the spirit of Holy Church let us never tire of praying for the faithful departed. The month of November is especially consecrated to their memory. How many have been called away these last few years. Fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters are missed at the family board, and we have only the recollection of them to comfort us in our loss. But though absent in body, they are still with us in spirit, for their souls commune with ours, and we hear their plaintive voices calling out to us to help them reach their God. Who that loved them in life will forget them in death? Let us give them the help of our prayers, that God's justice be satisfied and that they share with Him the joys and happiness of heaven. Let us always remember them, but remember them especially in their special month, and by our prayers and Masses offered for them, bring them to their memory. Remember us at His throne, and gain for us many graces and blessings. "It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins."—Seedlings.

The Death of a Blasphemer.
The correspondent of the Croix at Mans relates the tragical end of a blasphemer. During the preparations for the procession of the Fete Dieu at Sainte-James sur Sarthe, a blacksmith named Auguste Railland, fifty-three years of age, mounted one of the tabernacles at a resting place erected opposite a roadside crucifix and, after indulging in coarse jokes at the procession, shouted to the image of Christ: "If you were not a humbug, you would get off that cross and pull me off your altar." Immediately on the pronouncing those words the blasphemer fell to the ground from the height of only four yards, injuring himself so seriously that he died three days later. His agony is described as having been most terrible. The emotion this incident caused in all the country round was intense.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Actions that Speak.

A thinly clad young man was walking along the city street one winter morning, eating peanuts from a five-cent sack in his coat pocket in lieu of a breakfast, when he saw a number of boys trying to attract the attention of a flock of hungry pigeons in the street by tossing cracker crumbs at them. He stopped and joined in the fun by shelling some of his peanuts, breaking the kernels into small pieces, and throwing them on the pavement near the birds.

Recognizing a new benefactor, they flocked around him, eagerly picking up his offerings, but keeping an eye on him meanwhile, prepared for instant flight in the event of his becoming too familiar. Long experience had taught them to be suspicious of strangers.

Stooping down and holding a tempting morsel between his fingers he called the birds gently.

At first they shrank back, but presently an old bird, having first inspected him critically with one eye and then with the other, stepped forward gingerly, plucked the titbit from his fingers, and darted away. Not finding the experience so very terrible, the old bird soon came back, and was rewarded with another choice bit of peanut. The other pigeons speedily followed the example.

"That's more than they'd do for any of us," said one of the boys.

"The young man gave the pigeons about half his stock of peanuts, and then straightened up."

"That's all I can spare you this time," he said, starting away.

A middle-aged man who had been watching the performance with considerable interest tapped him on the shoulder.

"Young man," he said, "are you looking for work?"

"Am I?" was the response. "I've been tramping over this town for over a week, hunting a job."

"What can you do?"

"I'm a sort of jack of all trades. I can carpenter a little, run an engine repair bicycles and—"

"Can you take care of horses?"

"Can I?" said the young man, his face lighting up. "I was raised on a farm."

"Well, come along with me. I need a coachman, and I'm not afraid to trust my thoroughbreds with you. I'll take the recommendation the birds have just given you. Will you work for me for \$30 a month and board till you find something better?"

Would he? Well!

The young man is now his middle-aged employer's trusted man of all work, with a wage to correspond, and the pigeons have never had occasion to retract their recommendation.—Youth's Companion.

Hard Work as a Medicine.

Great responsibility seems to be a powerful health protector. People in very responsible positions are rarely sick. When a man feels that great results are depending on his personal effort, illness seems to keep away from him, as a rule, at least until he has accomplished his task.

It is well known that great singers, great actors, and lecturers are seldom sick during their busy season.

Hard work and great responsibility are the best kind of insurance against sickness. When the mind is fully employed, there does not seem to be much chance for disease to get in its work, for a busy, fully occupied mind is the best kind of safeguard against illness.

The fact is, the brain that is completely saturated with a great purpose, that is fully occupied, has little room for the great enemies of health and happiness—the doubt enemies, fear enemies, worry enemies.

Busy people do not have the time to think about themselves, to pity and coddle themselves every time they have a little ache or pain. There is a great imperious must which forces them to proceed, whether they feel like it or not.

The result is that they triumph over their little indispositions and crush out little ailments before they have a chance to grow into bigger ones. Fear is the great enemy of the unoccupied mind. The person who does not feel the pressure of his vocation has time to worry over the possibility of his getting the disease which may be prevalent at the time. But if every crevice of his mind is filled with his work, his resisting powers are not weakened by the fear of disease. In other words, the busy mind is in its normal condition.

The mind was constructed for work, and when it is idle all sorts of troubles begin. The fear enemies and worry enemies creep into the vacant mentality and work all sorts of havoc. Keep your mind busy. The occupied mind, the busy mind is the safe, the happy mind. It is a remarkable fact that when any one feels under great obligations to do a certain thing at a certain time, he generally manages to do it. Other things equal, the chances of such a person being physically disqualified at a certain date are infinitely less than in the case of a person who has plenty of leisure. Mental activity is a great health preserver, a great life saver.

Exercise of mind and body seems to be the normal medicinal corrective of disease. It seems to be absolutely necessary for the preservation of robust health.

No function can be perfectly healthy, in a normal condition unless it is exercised. Work seems to be the great regulator of the human machine. Illness has always and everywhere bred mischief. Vice and crime are engendered during idleness.

When a man is busy in some useful employment he is safe. He is protected from all sorts of temptations which injure him in idleness.

Like an unoccupied building in the country, or unused machinery, the idle brain deteriorates rapidly.—Success.

A Reader's Credo.

1. I believe that reading is the moral nourishment of the soul, and that doctrines make men, in accordance with the axiom known to all centuries: "Tell me what you frequent, and I'll tell you what you are."

2. I believe that the temperament of the intellect, like that of the body, is formed by the food with which it is served.

3. I believe that the strongest character must be affected by continuous reading of the same kind; constant communication will influence the most resolute.

4. I believe that a bad book is a corrupt and corrupting friend.

5. I believe that vicious literature is as noxious to the soul as is poison to the body.

6. I believe that habitual novel-reading robs character of its dignity, life of its seriousness, the heart of its purity, and the will of its strength.

7. I believe that many persons delude themselves as to reading, both their own and that which they permit to their inferiors.

8. I believe that many who permit, favor, counsel or command light, dangerous, or bad reading, contract before God a terrible responsibility.

9. I believe that at the moment of death a number of horrible illusions will, to the detriment of very many souls, be exposed all too late.

10. I believe that if the souls lost through reading bad books were suddenly to appear to us, we should be astounded at their number.

11. I believe that if books could speak, they would divulge frightful secrets as to the influence they have exercised over souls.

12. I believe that a Christian should hold bad books in abhorrence; that, apart from peace of mind, he wastes his money in procuring them and his time and intelligence in reading them; furthermore, that, if he has any such books, his plain duty is to throw them into the fire.

And I believe all this in virtue of common-sense, experience and faith.—Translated from La Semaine Religieuse of Quebec for the Ave Maria.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Pope Pius X. and the Boys.

Uncle Jack, in Sacred Heart Review, has met with some pretty anecdotes, lately, about our Holy Father, Pope Pius X., in Rome. You must remember that he was formerly the Bishop of Venice, that beautiful city where the streets are canals, and gondolas go sailing through them, up and down, instead of cars and carriages. Pope Pius loved Venice, and now he's shut up in the Vatican and can no longer watch the Adriatic and float upon its waves.

The first little incident that I shall relate occurred on the occasion of the audience granted to Right Rev. Monsignor Freri and Father Dunn of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith! It seems that last March, the children of the Indian school of Holy Cross Mission, Alaska, sent to His Holiness a beautifully embroidered pair of moccasins and a miniature birch-bark canoe with the request that they be presented to "Our Holy Father from his Indian children, who love him and pray that God may watch over him."

Monsignor Freri presented the simple gifts, and Pope Pius immediately stretched forth his hand for the canoe and exclaimed: "Oh! look at the gondola." A wistful expression gathered in his eyes, we are told, as if the whole beautiful picture of his glorious Venice lay before him, for Rome may be Rome but Venice will always be Venice to the prisoner of the Vatican, who must occasionally, at least, long for the quiet, restful beauty of his former diocese.

A Roman paper says: "It is a well-known fact here in Rome that at papal audiences the young people have always the best of it. The Pope will often stop before a little boy or girl and begin to converse with the most charming familiarity. One day last year, some of us saw a little fellow of about eight contently take hold of the Pope's left hand, and accompany him all round the great hall, looking up affectionately into his face whenever the Pope addressed a few words to some of the kneeling pilgrims. When those memorable Sunday afternoons in the Cortile della Pigna where the Holy Father preached to thousands on the gospel for the day had to be abandoned, the Holy Father substituted for them receptions in the Vatican for the boys and girls of Rome who had made their first Communion that morning. On these occasions the Pope seems to grow young again, as he goes among the young people, giving them medals, asking them questions about their schools or their homes, and then talking to them collectively.

"One day last year, a little Dublin boy was brought to the Vatican by his mother and grandmother. He was very prettily dressed, and he had been elaborately trained in what he was to do when he entered the Holy Father's presence,—he was to make three genuflections, and then to kiss the Holy Father's ring if he was allowed; he must not be afraid, but he must be very good. It was all beautifully arranged. Before going to the Vatican they had a last rehearsal: the grandmother stood in a corner of the room in the hotel, the little fellow came in, made his three genuflections, kissed her hand, and then drew aside. At the Vatican, too, he got through the first part of his ceremony with propriety. But when he raised his head after bending his knee for the first time, and saw the white figure of the Pope standing a few yards away, with his arms stretched out, and a beautiful, fatherly smile on his face, he forgot the rest, and the ladies were taken back to see him run towards the Holy Father with his hands lifted, as if he actually wanted to be taken and kissed. What was exactly what happened—and not only that, but the Pope brought him over to his desk and selected a beautiful gold medal for him, which will doubtless be handed down as an heirloom in that young man's family.

As to the older boys who read Uncle Jack's page, they may like to hear that there was a reception, last month, at the Vatican, of the Catholic young men of Italy, about 2,500 of them, with a hundred banners, and representing nearly 300 societies which had sent delegates to the Congress then being

held in Rome. Their leader made an address, and presented to the Holy Father a beautifully wrought challenge which Catholic young men of the whole world had offered for his jubilee; and the Pope said to them in reply:

"May God reward you for the consolation you have given me by this beautiful demonstration by which you honor Jesus Christ and the Church, His beloved spouse; and God Himself, ever young and ever beautiful, reveals to us in the young some traces of His own physiognomy.

"I feel it impossible to look on a youthful countenance without being moved to affection and respect—the refinement of a young soul which has preserved its innocence is revealed in its words and acts, and has its influence even on the impious. I salute you, O young men, with all affection, because you represent in a manner the beauty of God.

"Your banner bears the three words: Prayer, Action, Sacrifice. Prayer reminds us that of ourselves we can do nothing, that all our strength comes from God. If we wish to be faithful to our vocation as Christians, we must have recourse to prayer. Pray, remember, that it is sweet to have recourse to a loving Father ever ready to listen to you—not as in the world where our prayers are often left without an answer; pray, and virtue will be preserved in you, you will conquer adversity, you will triumph over all obstacles, you will be the joy of your families, and a sweet balsam to society.

"Your action must be supported and guided by prayer. If God is with us, who is against us? Temptations and tribulations, supported by prayer, will but serve to make your action more efficacious.

"Highly, too, have you taken as your motto the most precious words of the man on earth is a warfare and Jesus Christ has reminded us that we must take up our cross and follow Him. Often you will have to renounce your own will, also win the strength necessary for sacrifice.

"God will bless your Congress as He blessed the Eucharistic Congress of London, the thousands of Catholics, in a Protestant country sang hymns to the Blessed Sacrament in the streets, and where twenty thousand young people, following the image of the Crucified, went through the streets, crying, 'God convert England!'"

ATTEMPTED MURDER OF A PRIEST.

CLERGYMAN AND BANDIT STRUGGLE—DEATH BALKED BY QUICK ACT.

With a score of little children as witnesses, and after a hand to hand struggle with his intended victim, an unidentified man recently attempted to assassinate the Rev. J. K. Fielding in the vestibule of Corpus Christi Church, Chicago, and after firing two shots at the priest, neither of which took effect, escaped.

It was one of the boldest and most daring attempts known in the police annals of Chicago, and the escape of Father Fielding was a miracle.

The vestibule of the church was filled with children awaiting the opening of Sunday school. The church vestibule is in two parts, the first on a level with the floor of the auditorium and separated by a swinging door from a similar one four steps below from which the outside doors open.

When the children were assembled they noticed a strange man in the vestibule. Just then Father Fielding came down stairs from the rector's quarters, and noticed the man.

"What can I do for you?" he asked, being attracted by the stranger's peculiar demeanor.

"I came to say my prayers," was the answer heed back in a snarly tone.

"Well, you don't look as if you knew them, and this vestibule is not the place for prayers," answered Father Fielding. "You leave me alone," retorted the stranger in a threatening manner, drawing away from the priest.

"You leave me alone, I tell you, or it will go hard with you," he repeated.

By this time the priest held his hand on the stranger's shoulder, and was forcing him towards the door leading into the second vestibule, where the children were.

MAN HAD TWO POCKETBOOKS.

"But what have you here?" said the priest, taking from the man's pocket a woman's pocketbook, and starting to reach for another which he noticed in the same pocket. By this time the pair had reached the door and the stranger made an effort to break away. Being an athlete, Father Fielding took him by the lapels of his coat and held the struggling intruder.

"You come back with me, I want you," he said, believing the man to be a thief. From the outside vestibule he children watched the struggle, and when

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the two men, both of good stature, reached the steps leading to the outer doors they became wildly frightened, some crying piteously and others making a desperate effort to get out. While on the steps below, the priest in the upper, and the assassin three steps below, the latter jerked one arm away, and quick as a flash, drew his revolver.

"By God, I'll kill you," he shouted, and fired point blank at Father Fielding. The bullet grazed the latter's face and lodged in the top of the door frame above.

This completed the terror of the little ones, who surrounded the men. Several of them fainted, while others made frantic efforts to flee from the scene.

ESCAPES DEADLY BULLET.

Father Fielding dropped his hold of the fellow and stepped back behind the doors separating the vestibules, closing them as he passed. Looking back, he saw his assailant kneeling among the children on the floor below with leveled revolver. Quickly dropping to the floor he escaped the second shot, which lodged between the door frame and the ceiling.

The man then turned and ran, struggling through the crowd of children on his way.

A large number of people passing at the time saw him running and heard the shots, but the whole incident happened in such an incredible short period of time that the assassin was able to make good his escape.

A thorough search was made of the block, but no trace could be found.

Father Fielding is one of the best known Catholic priests in the city, and is a leader in athletics among his people, being president of the Illinois State Gaelic Athletic Association.

Father Fielding is also president of the Irish Literary Society of Chicago. Before going to Corpus Christi Church he was connected with St. Dominic Church.

Asked if he had ever made any statements from the pulpit in connection with the murder of Father Heinrich at Denver, Father Fielding said that he had not and that he knows of no reason why any one should attempt to take his life.

THE HELP THAT COMES TOO LATE.

Have we not all noticed time and again how quickly, when a horse falls down in crowded street, all kinds and conditions of men rush from the sidewalks and lend assistance to get the poor beast on his feet again? And has not the sight made us feel that after all there is a great deal of humane feeling in the hearts of the multitude? But there is another side to the matter. When the poor, over-worked, over-burdened and underfed beast was plodding along, straining and tugging at his load, and staggering in his harness, but still keeping his feet, how many have offered to help him? So long as he kept at his work, no matter how much he needed help, nobody was forthcoming with a friendly helping shove over the rough pavements, but the minute he went down with a crash, a crowd of sympathizers and curiosity seekers went to the rescue.

There is a lesson in this for us Christians. The time to help a fellow-struggler is not when he is "down and out" but while he still is able to keep on. The help that comes when the horse has fallen down is often too late. "Nothing can be done. His struggles are over. So with the poor man or woman struggling along under heavy burdens. In gold selfishness and forgetfulness we often let our brothers and sisters in Christ stagger on unhelped by a word of sympathy or an act of charity. We are so wrapped up in ourselves and our own concerns that we pay no attention to those who are suffering bravely but silently around us, trying to work at best they may, though they feel themselves growing weaker and weaker every day.

A word of cheer, the offer of a little help while yet the struggler is able to help himself, would renew his courage and add new strength to his heart. Sympathy and support and help and pity—all these come too late when all hope of aid is gone, all faith, all strength have departed.

Let us not then be so blind, so cold, so forgetful, so selfish. Let us not shut our eyes and our ears to the struggles of those around us, waiting till the crash of their fall awakes us to their need. Let us help our fellow-toilers while they are yet on their feet, able to respond to a word or an act of pity or Christian kindness. Let us try to avoid the censures of our own hearts for generosity offered when the day of generosity was over, and for help which we tendered

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Affection is the sunlight of the soul. When it beams in a heart how it shines, how it illumines and brightens everything about it! If we know how to love and be kind, we should carry happiness everywhere with us.—Golden Sands.

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ROME, THE CATHOLIC CAPITAL

AS SEEN BY THE HON. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

The dominant feature of Rome is the religious feature, and it is fitting that it should be so, for here the soil was stained with the blood of those who first hearkened to the voice of the Nazarene—here a cruel Nero lighted his garden with human torches, that thinking that the religion of those whom he burned would in time illumine the earth.

The fact that the city is the capital of the Catholic world is apparent everywhere. All interest is centered in the Vatican and St. Peter's. The civil government of Italy extends to the nation's borders, but the papal authority of Rome reaches to the remotest corners of the earth. I was anxious to see the man upon whom such vast responsibility rests, and whose words so profoundly influence millions of the human race.

Lord Denbigh of England had given me a letter of introduction to Cardinal Merry del Val, our papal secretary of state, and armed with this I visited the Vatican. Cardinal Merry del Val is an exceedingly interesting man. He was born of Spanish parents, but one of his grandparents was English, and he is connected by ties of blood with several families of the English nobility. He was educated in England, and speaks that language fluently and without accent, as he does French, German, Italian and Spanish. His linguistic accomplishments are almost as great as those of the famous Cardinal Mezzofanti.

Cardinal del Val is an unusually young man to occupy such an important post—he is not yet forty. He impresses one as a man of rare ability and he possesses extraordinary versatility and a diplomatic training that will be to him eminently useful in His Holiness. The papal secretary of state is a tall, slender, distinguished looking man. His intellectual face is thin and oval; his eyes are large, dark and brilliant, showing his Spanish birth. He received us in his private apartments at the Vatican. They are among the most interesting of the one thousand two hundred rooms in that great building and were once occupied by that famous pope who was a Borgia. The ceilings and walls down to the floor are painted magnificently, the decoration having been done by the hand of a master artist of Borgia's reign. For centuries the suite now occupied by Cardinal Merry del Val has been part of the Vatican library. The beautiful walls were once hidden by a coat of rude whitewash, but the paintings were discovered not long ago and restored once more to view.

Before visiting the Vatican I called upon Monsignor Kennedy, the rector of the American college. Monsignor Kennedy is a learned and an exceedingly agreeable American, and under his efficient management the number of students in the college has been doubled within a few years. He enabled me to meet Pope Pius' Maestro di Camera. By the good offices of Cardinal del Val and the Maestro di Camera, it was arranged that I should have a private audience with the Holy Father the following day, Monsignor Kennedy acting as interpreter.

Pope Pius received us in his private room adjoining the public audience chamber, where distinguished Catholics from all over the world were collected and ready to be presented and receive the papal blessing.

The private audience room is a rather small apartment, simply but beautifully furnished and decorated. A throne bearing the papal crown occupied one side of the room. His Holiness greeted us every courteously and cordially. He wore a long white cassock, with a girdle at the waist; the fisherman's ring was on his finger and he wore a small, closely fitting skull-cap of white. I had the opportunity to study his face. It is a round, strong face, full of kindness and benevolence, but there are not lacking indications that its possessor has a purpose and will of his own. The face is straight and the nose rather long—it is straight and not arched. His eyes are large, blue and friendly. The scant hair visible below the skull-cap is white. In stature the Holy Father is about five feet, nine or ten inches and his figure is sturdy, but not too heavy. His step is light and gives an impression of strength and good health.

His Holiness has already gained a reputation as a democratic pontiff and enjoys a large and growing popularity with the people. He is an orator and often on Sunday goes into one of the many courtyards of the Vatican and preaches to crowds that gather quite informally. His gestures are said to be graceful and his voice melodious. His manner is earnest and his thoughts are expressed in clear and emphatic language. There is a feeling in Rome that Pius X. is going to be known in history as a reformer—not as a reformer of doctrine, but as one who will popularize the church's doctrine with a view to increasing the heartiness and zeal of the masses in the application of religious truth to everyday life.

I assured His Holiness that I appreciated the opportunity that was his to give impetus to the moral forces of the world, to which he replied: "I hope my efforts in that direction will be of such as to merit commendation." Answering my statement that I called to present the good-will of many Catholic friends as well as to pay my respects, His Holiness asked me to carry his benediction back to them.

If I may venture an opinion upon such brief observation, it is that heart characteristics will dominate the present pontiff's course. He is not so renowned a scholar and diplomat as was his predecessor, nor is he so skilled in statecraft, but he is a virile, energetic, practical, religious teacher, charitable, abounding in good works and full of brotherly love. I am confident that he will play an important part in the world-wide conflict between man and man.

The world has made and is making great progress in education and in industry. The percentage of illiteracy is everywhere steadily decreasing. The standards of art and taste are rising and the forces of nature are being harnessed to do the work of man. Steam, madly escaping from its prison walls, turns

myriad wheels and drags our commerce over land and sea, while electricity, magic fleet of foot than Mercury, has become the message-bearer of millions. Even the waves of the air are now obedient to the command of man and intelligence is flashed across the ocean without the aid of wires. With this domination over nature man has been able to advance his physical well-being as well as to enlarge his mental horizon, but has the moral development of the people kept pace with material prosperity? The growing antagonism between capital and labor, the lack of sympathy often manifest between those of the same race and even of the same religion, when enjoying incomes quite unequal—these things would seem to indicate that the heel has lagged behind the head and the purse. The restoration of the equilibrium and the infusing of a feeling of brotherhood that will establish justice and good will must be the aim of those who are sincerely interested in the progress of the race. This is pre-eminently the work of our religious teachers, although it is a work in which the laity as well as the clergy must take part.

After meeting Pius X., the late beloved patriarch of Venice, I feel assured that he is peculiarly fitted to lead his portion of the Christian Church in this great endeavor.—Reprinted from "The World and Its Ways" by William J. Bryan, pages 549-555.

THE COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.

Although the great Cologne cathedral, the finest specimen of Gothic architecture in the world, is not finished, its magnificent facade is so old it is crumbling. Other parts of the exterior stone work are in a like state of decay from age, and it is estimated that proper repairs will cost \$2,500,000 and fifteen years of labor.

The stone of which the principal outside features, including the magnificent flying buttresses, are built is a volcanic rock called trachyte, and came from the quarries at Draachenefels, not far from Cologne. It is a light-colored stone, hard and fine for building purposes, but after nearly seven centuries of exposure to the weather it is disintegrating from the effects of wind, rain and frost with alarming rapidity.

The great Dom, as the cathedral is called, was begun in the year 1248, but it may take a half century yet to complete it, and while the new portions are being constructed the old ones are going to ruin.

This is true only of the exterior, the ornamental shell of the splendid edifice, for the interior walls and pillars and the foundations are in the best of condition.

The present cathedral architect, Herr Hertel, has made a report recently in which he expresses grave fears that unless the work of restoration is prosecuted with vigor the most beautiful portions of the structure will go to pieces. From all parts of the cathedral huge slabs and smaller fragments of carved stone fall frequently, and some of the most characteristic of the medieval ornaments—gargoyles, flutings, finials at the top of the spires and other stone ornaments—are so defaced as to be unrecognizable.

There is a large building fund in charge of the Cardinal Archbishop of Cologne, but the interest on it is not sufficient to make the most necessary current repairs, and the money to restore the cathedral, if it is to be restored, must come from other sources.

Meantime the masons, all of whom belong to an ancient guild of cathedral builders, are still working to complete the Dom in accordance with the original plans, just as their forefathers worked and just as their descendants for generations probably will continue to work.

The great Cathedral in Milan, the most beautiful in all the world, is many centuries old, too, and is not yet completed, but the climate of Milan is milder and has not worked such ravages as has this climate of Northern Germany, with its bitterly cold winters and biting winds.

GOD'S WEAPONS, THE WEAK THINGS OF EARTH.

God has chosen those things that the world despises precisely in order that no flesh may glory in the triumphs of faith. Humbly speaking, the note of weakness characterized every agency that Christ and His apostles invoked in the cause of faith. The Incarnation and its surroundings, the life and death of the Saviour, the personality of the apostles, the weapons they used—the sword of the spirit which is the Word of God! yes, the Word of God is more powerful than all the paraphernalia of kings and peoples.

The foolishness of the Gospel has withstood the wisdom of all mere human philosophy. It has brought peace and hope and love, even amid sufferings utterable. With it, amid the torments of martyrdom, the heavens were opened to St. Stephen, and whilst his soul yet lingered on earth he saw the "Lamb of God in heaven." These same things are the treasures of the faithful still. To preserve these treasures and safeguard the faith that opens them to us, we have but to listen with docile minds and open hearts to the voice of God. He still speaks—"He that heareth you, heareth me." The on-safeguard vouchsafed is not hard to find. St. Peter points it out to us: "The devil goeth about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour, whom resist ye strong in faith."

The safeguard of faith, then, is faith itself. Let us not be more wise than it behooveth to be wise, but let us be wise unto sobriety."

Once for all, let us remember that if we want medical treatment we apply to

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a physician. If we want an opinion upon some legal question we go to an attorney for it. If we want to know God's will—God's law—God's revelation—we do not, or should not, go to the magazine or the essayist for it; we do not call in the man who denies God, or declares Him unknowable—in a word, we do not invoke the aid of those whose whole life and mind have been occupied on the things of sense. God has not left His blessed Word to the hazard of such a scheme; but we turn to the Church of ages, to that living visible organism sealed with the blood of the Saviour and animated and guided by the Holy Spirit, living within her according to the promise of her Divine Founder and Master. Loyalty to that Church is the touchstone of faith and the safeguard of faith. Loyalty in belief only as a dogmatic fact, but loyalty in the practice of her teaching.

No man ever yet made shipwreck of his faith whilst practicing it. But many have lost it through neglecting it. Faith is a virtue—a power—and to be strong and vigorous needs to be exercised, even as physical exercise is necessary to the health of the body. It appears to reason that neglect in either case is liable to bring weakness, disease and death.—Rev. G. Montgomery.

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THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST The Premier said that the old enemies of the Republic were now definitely defeated and that there was no longer any danger from the political organization of the Church, which he described as the most tyrannical in the world, or from royalist reaction. The people, he said, must understand to-day that their peril came from the extremists, and chose between the Republic and revolution. The government, he intended, the Premier said, to preserve the regime of liberty, to enforce free education and to continue the fight for an income tax and social reforms such as old-age pensions, but without interfering with the freedom of opinions, and it proposed to fight every form of anarchy.

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Re-Organization. Owing to the death of Mr. Robert Melvin, who was President of The Mutual Life Assurance Company of Canada for the past eleven years, it became necessary to re-organize the Board and for this purpose the Directors met at its Head Office, Waterloo, Ont., on the 20th inst., when Mr. E. P. Clement, K. C., Berlin, was elected President, Mr. F. C. Bruce, Hamilton, first vice-President, and Mr. J. Kerr Fiskin, Toronto, second vice-President of the Company.

Decorations.—We have seen some of the work produced by the Brantford Artificial Flower and Decorating Co., and have much pleasure in recommending the firm to anyone in need of work of this kind. It is somewhat astonishing to notice the beautiful effects produced from paper, resembling so closely the natural flower that only upon close inspection can the difference be discovered. They are now perfuming the carnations. Write for catalogue.

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