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The Catholic Record.

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The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1909.

WHAT IS A SIN?

A correspondent puts the following questions: "If a person commits sin and at the same time does not know it to be a sin yet knows he should not do it. Is it a sin? Must he confess it? Have his confessions been bad?" Certainly as the case stands it is a sin. The subjective rule for a human act is conscience—the practical judge upon particular acts. If conscience sees something wrong in an act, or as in this question, judges that the act should not be done, then the party has no right to do it. He may be in doubt about it, in which case he must solve his doubt. He may be certain that he should not do it. In this instance he is acting against conscience. It is not necessary that the party should know that the act is a formal sin. In order that he may incur guilt it is sufficient that he knows that he should not perform the act, or has a reasonable doubt about it. He should confess it. As to his past confessions much depends upon his conscience which, although it is false and not well formed, might on account of good faith excuse him. It is difficult for us to see that he can really be in good faith. We recommend him to explain his position to his confessor. From the data we should not like to say that his past confessions have been invalid. What he needs most is a good guide in the proper formation of his conscience.

THE REV. MR. KER'S ANNUAL HARVEST THANKSGIVING.

Our friend, the Rev. Mr. Ker, of St. George's Church, St. Catharines, delivered the other day an able and eloquent discourse at his Annual Harvest Thanksgiving. It is impossible to give the whole sermon, as our space is too much occupied. After speaking of the rarity of gratitude and the sting of ingratitude he touched upon the favors and blessings which Canada is filled. "The lines are fallen unto us in pleasant places; yea, we have a goodly inheritance." But seasons of national or individual prosperity are not without danger. Too painful and too convincing evidence is thrust upon us that God is forgotten and His temples abandoned whilst the haunts of pleasure and the courts of Mammon are crowded. The following paragraphs—timely and forcible, as they are, we give as reported:

"There is among the rising generation appalling ignorance of God's word, and a widespread and painful indifference to the fact on the part of parents who appear to disregard their own responsibility for the neglect, and in many instances neglect has grown into avowed contempt and it has been publicly proclaimed from the house-tops that the decalogue is no more worthy of regard than a college syllabus. If the Almighty crowns the fleeting years of our national life with His goodness, and the nation fails to respond, a line of Dreadnaughts stretching from Newfoundland to Liverpool will not prevent inevitable decay and disaster. Such is the lesson of history which in the pride of our great achievements, and the vast accumulations of our wealth we shall do well to lay seriously to heart. The Church instructs her children to return thanks for the manifold blessings of this life, but above all for the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ. Do we need to be told what that redemption means? If so we turn to our liturgy, where it is solemnly amplified. Listen to the awful words: 'Almighty God, our heavenly Father, Who of Thy tender mercy didst give Thine own Son Jesus Christ to suffer death upon the Cross for our redemption; Who made there by His one oblation of Himself once offered a full perfect and sufficient sacrifice, oblation and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world.' This is the foundation truth of Christianity, and without it the faith of the universal church is nothing but a cunningly devised fable." Learned unbelief is rampant to-day in college halls, in university chairs, and in countless so-called Protestant pulpits; indeed, it is literally true to say that many of them have long since parted company with Christ, and are prepared to swear with erring Peter, 'I know not the man.' Others, 'cry them, seeing like Judas, 'or, 'Hail, Master, and kissed Him. They are fond of dilating on the character of Christ, the beauty of His teaching and the high moral of His whole life, and therefore its value as an example; but all this is nothing more than the traitorous kiss of a pupil Judas who has paid a high salary for his academic vapourings. It is simply paganism under a new name and lacking in pagan honesty. 'Very God and very man' is

not a discovery of the schools, it is a divine and supernatural revelation. Such a revelation is not amenable to 'schoolcraft' or modernism—'Catholic or Protestant, and because the 'natural man,' be he a professor in a Methodist, a Presbyterian or an Anglican college, cannot receive the things which are 'spiritually discerned' the kick against the supernatural and everything running counter to the peculiar canons of infallibility which his craft has called into existence. The heresies which are rampant to-day and which threaten to destroy absolutely the Protestant interpretation of Holy Scripture held so tenaciously since the time of the Reformation are, after all, but the old heresies under new names. The central truth of all other truths is the divinity of Christ. The professors and higher critics who laugh at St. Paul on the Areopagus have their exact counterparts in the university professors and men of like craft in these days, and the simple story of the cross that swept away the intellectual skeptics of Greece and Rome will in the end surely put to flight the armies of the aliens who have laid unholy hands upon the ark of God.

THE HARVEST IN THE WEST.

The cry from the West for more harvest hands is both gratifying and depressing; gratifying in that it shows that Nature's bounty is not abating; depressing because it emphasizes a labor scarcity due in considerable measure to the attractions the cities offer to well-to-do young men to-day. If we hope to keep men in the country, high wages alone—yet to be heard of—will not prevail; we must also make the country attractive in some of the ways that the large cities are attractive. More means of wholesome amusement, better mail and news service, better schools, better roads, are some of the country's problems which the cities, for their own sakes, should help to solve.

A WARNING.

It is gratifying in the extreme to know that those who have charge of affairs at some of our non-sectarian colleges seem determined to prohibit hazing at all hazards. Some of the unbearable snobs and cowardly bullies in attendance at these institutions have resorted to such extremes of insolence that all the intelligent sentiment of the country is aroused in opposition to them, and it has at last been deemed necessary to adopt harsh means to end their diabolical mischief. Five students were recently expelled from one institution and six others suspended as a punishment for defying the authorities in persisting in hazing the under class men. It is to be hoped that this wholesome lesson will have a beneficial effect.

THE BEGINNERS.

Hundreds of normal graduates will start their life-work this fall, with worthy ambitions, commendable fitness and crammed note-books. They have hung on their professors' words and jotted down panaceas for every ill they could foresee. But the best use to make of these cherished books, now that they have fulfilled their purpose of aiding memory, is to pile them high in a sacrificial bonfire. They are only crutches and nobody ever grows wings by leaning on crutches. No reason for grief as the precious books disappear. The fundamental principles absorbed from instructors and the normal or college "course" cannot burn. The individuality of each student-soul cannot fall to ashes. The character, on which depends failure or success in the uncharted future, is not scorched, even though every scrap of note book equipment vanishes in flame. All that is worth while, all that is the real secret of true, earnest work remains—invisible and indestructible.

THE BETTER WAY.

Success is the glittering goal toward which all mankind is striving. It is the siren of hope that lures youth onward and upward, and prevents sober manhood from faltering by the wayside. An appeal to this natural desire for self-advancement is seldom made in vain—a fact which reformers should seriously consider. Much time and energy are wasted in fighting the evil side of life, which should be devoted to cultivating the good. We tell the wayward boy he will go to the bad and land at the gallows—and most probably he will. Let him hear, instead, "that success and happiness are possible for all; that the world needs him, and there is an honorable place waiting for him as soon as he is ready to fill it." And your words will put new hope in his heart and turn his young energy in the right direction. There is nothing that sets our blood to tingling and nerves vibrating, as our effort like the feeling that we are needed; that there is work for us

to do, and an honorable reward for our doing it. We do not fully realize how important it is to keep in the vibrations of people who are in earnest; who are filled with noble impulses and desires to be of some use to others.

PHILANTHROPY.

In speaking of alms giving one of our enterprising weeklies has this to say: "The fruit of inconsiderate giving is manifest in an army of tramps, a host of shameless mendicants and a multitude of professional beggars, all of whom are what they are for the simple reason that it is easier thus to maintain themselves in idleness and comfort. Why should some workless person for that which will supply them with the necessities of life? And the terrible feature in this condition of things is that the money which has maintained all this idleness and imposture, and probably created a large proportion of it, would have been properly expended, have relieved almost every case of real destitution in the country. There can be no stronger demonstration of the fact that we need professors of philanthropy to properly organize and teach us the science of charity. But the scope of philanthropy, so-called, is infinitely wider than simple almsgiving. It includes schools, hospitals, orphanages, old men's and infants' homes, libraries and other beneficent institutions. It covers temperance reform and a multitude of intricate and bewildering questions appertaining to dense population. It is, in short, to solve a thousand-and-one of the perplexing problems that beset human progress presents. The world has gone at this in a haphazard manner heretofore. The Church, the State, and here and there a society or organization, have done what was possible under the circumstances, but always regarding it as of secondary import. It is but just beginning to dawn upon us that indiscriminate almsgiving is not a success, that the giving of charity is a distinct science in itself, to be taught as other sciences and practised only under the leadership of those worthy of the title: professor of philanthropy."

Yet it is to be hoped that sweet compassion still remains.

THE OTHER SIDE.

There can be no question that many noble qualities of courage, faithfulness and self-sacrifice are brought out in the crucible of war. But if one seriously studies the actual picture of what happens, it is not very inspiring to the higher moral nature. Here, for instance, is an extract from an eulogy on a certain colonel as having performed "the maddest act of courage," the "bravest deed ever seen."

"The first rank of the enemy went down like a swath of grass, but others pressed forward; the colonel leading, we fired again, the colonel reeled and fell forward, shot through the leg. But almost instantly he was up again; the wounded leg hanging horribly limp and trailing upon the ground, he leaned upon a rifle, using it as a crutch, and so forced himself forward in jerks, calling hoarsely to his men, beckoning them on angrily with his arm, and thus limping calmly to the very muzzles of our Mausers. It was splendid and, when he fell for the last time, well, we were sorry."

Here we have men, because they are not rational enough to settle their differences, lining up against one another and with "devil's machines," as some one calls them, trying to blow one another into eternity. Note the inspiring picture; a man made to the image and likeness of God reeling forward with a broken leg, note his jerking himself forward with rifle as a crutch, calling hoarsely and beckoning angrily to his men. Is that a picture of anything else than a wounded, blindly enraged animal? And what more does war mean than stupidity to begin with and brutal passion to end with? Its origin is a selfish dispute over some worldly possession or question of vanity and its prosecution rouses all the hell of anger, hatred and revengeful rancour of which the human heart is capable.

A WORD TO THE MOTOR "SCORCHERS."

A certain English brain specialist thinks the present craze for "going fast" may develop a class of motor maniacs. He has seen many a man die with the most agonized look on his face, and he has seen a bicyclist with exactly the same look. Fast going is certainly a great strain on the mental faculties when racing motor-cars reach a speed of eighty miles an hour. They must drive themselves, for no brain is capable of dealing with all the emergencies that may and must arise should that rate be maintained for any period worth speaking of. The human animal is not designed to travel eighty miles an hour. Neither the human eye nor the human brain can keep pace with it. The brain declines to respond to the tax upon it; so the big racing-car dashes on, minus

the brain by which it is supposed to be controlled, and the unexpected obstruction is smashed up, or the car is, before the mental activities come into play. Automobiling is not the very best thing for the mental powers; it is too intense. The automobile scorchers is the very natural successor of the bicycle scorchers. It is well to remember that he gets most out of all things in life who follows none to excess.

THE REVELATIONS at the West Peterboro election trial should be a cause for reflection amongst all good Canadians. If even only a small percentage of the voters become degraded through the devious methods of the ward politicians we may have in the public life of Canada a considerable contingent of those charlatans who are in the game of politics solely for personal gain. At the present writing, we have not in mind any particular political party or any particular candidate or member. We desire to look at the question broadly from the stand-point of that sterling Canadianism which should be the attribute of every public man. So far as the unseemly features of an election contest are concerned, neither of the great political parties can show a clean slate. Even if we look at the matter solely from the sordid view point, we would ask the political workers, what is to be gained by purchasing the votes of those who place only a money value on their franchise? At election time a certain element of both parties is in the vote market picking up job lots offered for sale by the low-minded franchise holder. At the end of the contest it is usually found that the purchasing power of the one party equals the purchasing power of the other party. Where, then, is the advantage? Were the vote-buying element out on election day, each side would stand on precisely the same plane. It would be an excellent thing were the Liberals and Conservatives at each contest to eliminate the vote-buying feature. If this is not done, and done soon, it would be well were the vote-seller and the vote-buyer disfranchised. Let us not forget in this connection that the juried evidence given at election trials gives proof that many Canadians are sadly wanting in a high standard of morality.

MR. WM. F. FOX, district deputy of the Knights of Columbus, recently made a speech at the meeting of the national council in Mobile, in which he made some excellent points. Amongst others he drew attention to the importance of taking action in regard to certain detailed reports of criminal proceedings which appear in the daily papers. Fortunately we have not much to complain about in this respect in the Dominion of Canada, but it is not too soon to take action with a view to keeping our house clean. This reckless newspaper reporting is a matter which should be dealt with by those who have at heart the welfare of the community, and the only effectual measure is to inaugurate a crusade against the circulation of the yellow paper. Every organized body in the community should aid the Knights of Columbus in this work. That the minds of innocent children have been poisoned and incentive to crime engendered in them by the reading of these papers cannot be denied. It is well therefore to show the purveyors of filth that their business may become an unprofitable one. That is about the only way the disease can be eradicated.

IN THIS CITY on Sunday last a demonstration of a very touching character took place. It will be remembered that a few years ago His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, when Bishop of London, had erected in St. Peter's cemetery Stations of the Cross. The custom was then introduced of having a yearly procession to the cemetery. On account of the inclement weather which usually prevails later in the season it was decided this year to have it early in October. It was a most edifying spectacle to witness the thousands who wended their way last Sunday afternoon to the City of the Dead, each one bearing a load of sorrow for the departed ones and offering a silent but heartfelt prayer that the God of Mercy would give them eternal peace. At the cemetery the Stations of the Cross were recited by Rev. Father O'Neil of the cathedral staff. He was accompanied by Rev. Fathers McKean and Tobin of St. Mary's church, and Rev. Fathers Lowry and Valentin. The singing of the joint choirs of both churches was excellent and tended not a little to add impressiveness to the occasion. The Catholics of London look forward each year to the recurrence of this beautiful devotion and we hope we

will be called upon to record its introduction in many other places throughout the Dominion.

IT IS PAINFUL to notice what a peculiar vision comes to some of our non-Catholic contemporaries when dealing with Catholic countries. The Church, in their minds, seems to be the root of all evil. If a great disaster of any kind occurs in any country the Church is at once found guilty and sentenced to death. The most graceless form of humanity is held up for adoration if he puts a knife in the Church. The Christian Advocate tells us that Briand is the most eloquent and persuasive speaker in the chamber and is not vindictive. The Catholic Standard and Times of Philadelphia answers its neighbor in this wise:

"The Combes Ministry showed how accurate is the description. So did the Clemenceau one. Pontius Pilate was anything but vindictive. Neither was Danton nor Marat nor Robespierre: these were all paragons of magnanimity. M. Briand bears 'no malice toward Christ, nor does M. Viviani—only they want Him to be wiped out of existence on the earth. He redeemed. Oh, no; these gentle souls are not vindictive—they just hate like slave Frenchmen and politicians."

CARDINAL GIBBONS does not believe that prohibition will succeed in suppressing the use of intoxicating liquors. If conditions are such that men must have drink, and women, too, very often, the suppression of its manufacture will not be the means of compelling them to discontinue its use. Were prohibition to become the law of the land, as society is at present constituted, smuggling would become an enterprise of magnitude and illicit stills would spring up in many places throughout the country. With the Cardinal, we have always contended that reform must come from within not from without, as we cannot make people virtuous with legislation. The great work is to be done with the rising generation. If there is no demand for intoxicants the trade will fall to pieces. But while this trade is permitted to exist it should be regulated in such a manner that its evil effects should be minimized to the utmost.

AS WE EXPECTED, Home Rule as well as the budget will be the issue at the next election. T. P. O'Connor, M. P., one of the most brilliant Irishmen in public life to-day, will shortly sail for America with the object of soliciting funds to carry on the campaign. The latest despatches tell us the king's intervention between the Lords and Commons has failed to bring about a settlement of the difficulty. This is the crucial period in English history. That the people are determined to put a stop to the unreasonable opposition of the House of Lords to needed reforms there can be little doubt.

THE IRISH LAND BILL, providing for compulsory purchase, although passed by an almost unanimous vote in the Commons, was practically killed in the House of Lords by an overwhelming majority. The provision for compulsory purchase was eliminated from the bill. Mr. Birrell, Chief Secretary for Ireland, said the Land Purchase Bill was as important as the budget, and the Government will not accept, as he termed it, its vivisection in the House of Lords. The conduct of that House he described in robust but justifiable language. He could not imagine, he added, a method of conducting business "so absurd, so idiotic, so productive of disorder and so provocative of crime as that now existing in regard to Irish affairs. The time must come, and it could not long be delayed, he continued, when common sense and business principles would relegate all such purely Irish affairs to Ireland, where alone they could properly be understood. Winston Churchill, in the course of his speech, also referred to Ireland, with which, he declared, the Government would make a national settlement such as had been made in South Africa.

FROM the publishing house of Little, Brown & Co., Boston, we have received a charming little volume entitled "A Round of Rimes," the author of which is Denis A. McCarthy. The Irish element in the United States, including John Boyle O'Reilly, Jas. Whitcomb Reilly, and Thomas Augustine Daly, has given us some very sweet singers. We are pleased to be able to include Mr. Denis A. McCarthy in the list. There is nothing common or forced in his verses. The fruit of his poetic genius comes to us like a liquid stream of beauty embodying thoughts betokening the highest, the noblest and sweetest impulses.

The "Building Inspector."

When ground is broken on the site For your new church, some busy bug is certain to assume the right To pose as chief inspector. He deems it quite the thing that he Should represent the laity, And watch the builder's work and see He doesn't cheat the rector.

Of course the whole thing's badly planned, He tells you, and you understand How good it is that he's at hand To check some greater blunder. The mortar's bad. He breaks a crumb Between his finger and his thumb, And shakes his head and murmurs "Bum!" Who sold 'em that, I wonder?"

Thus after church each Sunday morn, With mingled pity, grief and scorn, He goes about on his forlorn Grim duty of inspection. But no, not every Sunday though— That statement's not exactly so— Some Sunday you take up, you know, The building fund collection.

—THOS. AUGUSTINE DALY.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

Right Rev. William George McCloskey, D. D., Bishop of Louisville and the oldest member of the American hierarchy, both in years and in point of continuous service, died on Sept. 17th.

Of the large capitals of the world, the most unchristian is probably Berlin. Only nine per cent. of the Berliners are churchgoers, and this 9 per cent. is largely made up of Catholics. The Catholic body of Berlin is an admirable one.

In Connaught, Ireland, a great temperance crusade has just been organized. The six bishops of the province of Tuam have issued regulations for the guidance of the new movement, which is to be known as "St. Patrick's Temperance League of the West."

To be a Catholic and a thief is incompatible. Recently a package of bills valued at \$1,200 was left on a mail box near Brooklyn bridge in New York unguarded by the thousands of passers-by. It was left by a thief who addressed it to the owner of the cash saying he could not face his priest as a thief.

An important movement for the grouping together of all the Catholic forces of France in view of the coming elections in May next is taking a very tangible form. What has been named the "Entente Catholique" has been founded, with many of the leading Catholics at its head.

Fifty converts and one hundred children were confirmed in Eureka, California, Sunday, September 5, by Right Rev. Bishop Grace. The ceremony took place at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The Bishop preached a very eloquent sermon at the High Mass on the "Necessity of Faith," and also gave instruction in the afternoon.

Rev. L. J. Evers, of St. Andrew's Church, New York, the Church in which the "Nightworkers' Mass," now celebrated in nearly all the great cities, was first established as a regular service, has been elected an honorary member and the regular chaplain of Typographical Union, No. 6, the largest body of printers in the country.

For the first time in its long history, St. James' Pro-Cathedral, Brooklyn, the cradle of Catholicity on Long Island, witnessed the great and solemn ceremony of the consecration of a Bishop recently, when the Right Rev. George W. Mundelein, D. D., was consecrated Bishop of Loryna, and auxiliary to Bishop McDonnell.

The Messenger of the Holy Childhood is authority for the statement that among the students of the Propaganda recently ordained to the priesthood at Rome was a young Zulu, the son of a prominent chief who is still a pagan. He made a brilliant course in theology, and speaks fluently, besides his own language, French, Italian and English.

In passing the death sentence recently on a criminal, Judge Sutton, of Omaha, Neb., departed from the old custom of fixing Friday as a date for executions. In offering his reasons, Judge Sutton pointed out that the custom, dating back from antiquity, was nothing less than a mockery of the crucifixion of Our Lord. The Omaha Ministerial Association adopted a resolution commending the action.

From Paris comes announcement of the death, at the age of seventy-four, of the famous Jesuit priest, Pere Stanislas du Lac de Fagners, who for more than ten years a familiar figure in the streets of Canterbury, England, whither he had taken refuge in 1880, when his order was expelled from France, and who attained, as the head of the Paris Jesuit College in the rue des Postes, a celebrity which almost assumed the proportions of a legend.

Cardinal Gibbons upholds the decision of Judge Milliken of New Bedford, Mass., in directing Mrs. Manual Amaral, whose husband is suing Father McReisses for \$1,000, to repeat the conversation she had with a priest in the confessional. The cardinal said the testimony of the woman in such a case was not privileged and that the action of the court was in accordance with established precedent. "If she wanted to relate conversations in the confessional, it is evidence," said the prelate, "but the priest is privileged from being forced to go on the stand and tell what has been said to him in the confessional. This latter was established in New York something like one hundred years ago in the Coleman case, where it was laid down that a priest does not have to tell the conversation of the confessional."

and cheerfulness of word that had never failed her even in the darkest hours were still apparent in her deportment and speech. She was always one to help others; her heart was as guileless and warm as a child's and as ready to go forth in love. It was a heart that knew no age. If there was a little more pride in her bearing than in the old times, was not that justifiable, when away in London town her son was becoming famous?

Already there had come word of the plays and poems he had made. Had not Richard Field, himself a Stratford man, printed "Venus and Adonis" and that sadder, graver story of poor Lucrece? Had not all London town talked of them? Had not the young Earl of Southampton been glad to be the friend and patron of such a man of genius as sweet Master William Shakespeare? And he had made substantial proof, ay! that he had, of his friendship and love.

Suppose William were silent about his work? It was always his way to give no praise to himself. But good Master Field let the folk of Stratford know the highest esteem in which the poems were held by people of quality and learning. And those plays that crowded the theatre during the season—that magician's hand had called them into being? Was it possible—was it possible—how the mother's heart grew tremulous with delight—that it was the same hand that, in the long ago, had clung to her gown and had patted her face so lovingly?

What a brave showing the mere titles made! "Harry the Sixth"—or truly all that was best in it!—the pleasant, conceited historie of The Taming of a Shrew, "Errors," "Love's Labour's Lost," "The Gentlemen of Verona," "Richard the Third," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Venetian Comedy"—and there were more to come. "Why, he said he had just begun to write a play about a pair of hapless lovers—he had told her that much already—and he would weave therein a bit of poor Mistress Charlotte Clopton's story—that that had died a fearful death the year of the great plague in Stratford town—God rest her soul! And, after that, there would be more and more. The wonder and the glory of it! Surely a woman had a right to be proud of a son like that, but, deep in her heart, she felt that, beyond all his genius, the real reason of her pride in him was because of his love for her and his tenderness and help to them all. What did they not owe him?

The family in Henley Street had grown smaller with the flight of years. Of the others, Edmund was the only one at home—a tall stripling, with his hair already turned Londonward, but now and then to go whether they would, were bothered by no such dreams. They were content with the tranquil life of the near-by hamlets, where they followed their simple pursuits and found their diversions in sheep shearing festivals, wakes, and harvest-tide, the annual fairs at Stratford, the entertainments connected with Christmas, New Year's and Easter, the May-day sports, the delights of Whitsonide, the beating of the bounds and the Guildhall of their own native town or in Coventry, only a short distance away. These home-keeping youths had much to amuse them without going far afield.

Pretty Mistress Joan Shakespeare was no longer an inmate of her father's house; she had exchanged her early home for one of her own in Scholar's Lane, which Master William Hart had provided for his bride. The wedding had occurred the previous August, when the twins were ten years old, and it had been an occasion of great rejoicing. Hamnet and his sisters had rilled the woods and lanes the day before, of flowers and vines, and had helped the young maids deck the rooms of both houses—the old home and the new—with the sweet-smelling treasure; they had hither and thither on errands, and foot as the deer in the heart of Arden, and had even penetrated into the kitchen, there to receive frequent rewards for their good behaviour. And on the auspicious day itself, with the bride-favours floating from their shoulders, they had borne themselves right bravely in their different parts.

TO BE CONTINUED.

KATHLEEN'S STORY.

The day she came to us my mother was ill. The cook had departed suddenly without notice, as cooks sometimes will; the housemaid had developed a painful wound on the first finger of her right hand; and I, a young, inexperienced girl of seventeen, was launched for the first time on the sea of a house-keeper's experiences. And, oh, what a troubled stormy sea it was! Therefore my heart bounded with hope when I fled the pretty grey-eyed Irish girl, who came in response to an advertisement in the morning paper, to my mother's room.

"You look very young, my dear," said my mother in her sweet, kindly voice, as I lifted the blind a few inches that she might see the face of our prospective housemaid.

"And sure I am young, ma'am," she replied, as one surprised that her state of youth should have been detrimental to the cause in hand. "But I always heard it was good to be young when one is strong, and I'll be growing older every day. Praise be to God that brought me under a Catholic roof this morning! And I hope you'll let me try, ma'am, and see what I can do for you. It's sorry I am that you're lying on your back this beautiful spring day. But we'll have you up before long, I hope ma'am."

There was not the slightest hint of forwardness in this speech, though to the reader it may seem familiar as falling from the lips of a girl not two days "landed." It was simply the delicious innocence of youth and inexperience. We both felt it. I looked quickly at my mother as if to say, "Is she not delightful?" and she answered my thought with a smiling glance of comprehension.

"But what can you do?" she inquired. "Where have you lived?"

"At home in Ireland I could do all there was to be done in the house,

ma'am," she answered. "But here I don't know the ways. They are very strange. But I can learn, ma'am, and I'm not slow."

"You do not mean that you have never been at service in England?"

"Yes, ma'am I mean that. It would be very wrong and foolish for me to pretend otherwise; though some women on the boat told me if I acknowledged the truth it would prevent me from getting a place. I think myself it would be far worse to say I could do the things I know nothing about, and then when I came to do them be telling on myself."

She had two of the prettiest dimples in her rosy cheeks that were ever seen. They appeared to me irresistibly, and to mother also. As the stranger looked from one to the other, with that lovely smile half parting her beautiful lips, the innocent grey eyes, under the longest lashes I ever saw, were scarcely to be withheld.

"My dear child," observed my mother, "I fancy you will have to be taught almost everything."

"Your fancy isn't far from right, ma'am," was the instant reply. "But I'll try my best; and maybe the young lady will teach me a little till you are on your feet again."

The domestic situation was explained to her, my own inexperience, and the temporary disability of the housemaid, who had come home that morning.

"I do not know what to do," said my mother, as she finished the recital of our woes.

"Let me stop anyway till yourself are better and you can find one to suit you," was the prompt response. "I can wash the pots and pans and scrub the floors for the young lady, so that she'll not be soiling her hands too much entirely."

Her eyes met mine: Youth spoke to Youth.

"Do let her stay, mother?" I pleaded; and the easy victory was won.

Afterwards we both laughed heartily at the mistakes Kathleen made in the beginning—mistakes that would not have occurred if I myself had not been so inexperienced. But by the time she had been in the house three weeks everything was running smoothly; though our fortunes, already falling, made it necessary that we do without another servant. Before she had been with us six months my father died; the large house was let, and my mother, Kathleen and myself moved to a smaller one which we owned in the suburbs.

"Why didn't she marry him herself?"

"They were cousins, miss," Kathleen replied. "And if they weren't I don't believe they would have had each other, they were both that cross. She put me herding the sheep and wouldn't allow me to go to school, though we had always a boy tending the cow before, and my father left her comfortable. But she couldn't make me marry Peter though she made my life so miserable that I ran away from her at last. I placed myself under the special protection of the Blessed Virgin, trusting that she would take care of me; and I say her Rosary every day. And that's all the story. Did I do wrong, think you?"

She was speedily assured that she had not done wrong, and that was the end of the episode. No reply was ever sent to Peter, and for two years longer we rejoiced in our little Kathleen.

But one spring day, while we were having some repairs made, a handsome young carpenter made her acquaintance, and not long after Kathleen blushingly asked permission to receive him as a visitor. The inevitable end soon came to pass. Felix was apparently all that could be desired, and reluctantly we gave our treasure into his keeping. They emigrated to Pennsylvania, and we had several cheerful letters from Kathleen. The oil fever was at its height at the time, and she wrote that he was making splendid wages putting up machinery for the operators.

Misfortune continued to follow us. Our little house with all its contents was burned to the ground leaving us almost penniless. Then a bank failure completed the ruin. Not only myself, but my poor mother was obliged to seek for employment. So Kathleen passed out of our existence.

For a dozen years or more I had been housekeeper in a large hotel. The responsibility was great, but my duties were not arduous; and my mother was with me. She employed her time in mending and marking the linen, and we were happy in each other. One day I was requested to prepare the finest suite of rooms in the house for the family of a famous oil king, whose riches were almost fabulous, and of whose charities and those of his wife the papers had long been filled.

"By the way, they are of your religion," Miss Donaldson, said mine host. "It was specially asked whether this house was in easy reach of a Catholic church. I wrote them that there was one around the corner."

"They arrived in the afternoon, but as my duties did not call me in the direction of their apartment, I had not seen any of them. The maid who attended the party described the mother as a very beautiful woman, the girls lovely, and the boys remarkably handsome.

About nine o'clock my mother and I were in our little sitting-room reading, when someone knocked at the door.

"I will, Miss. Sure, why should I have any secret from yourself or the mistress? I'd have told it long ago if I thought there was any need of it. And I'm afraid he'll pursue me now that he knows where I am."

"But he cannot take you, Kathleen, if you do not want to go with him."

"I'd go to my grave first, Miss Florence," she replied.

At this moment my mother entered the kitchen and the letter was read once more. I think I should have called her if she had not appeared, knowing well that Kathleen's story could not fall to be interesting, and



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knowing also that I could never have repeated it in her own simple and delightful manner."

"Ma'am," she began. "I don't think of bothering you and Miss Florence with my little affairs if it were not kind of forced on me by what's happened. I was out one day, and I met a boy from my own place, and it's he that has told where I am. He asked if he could come to see me, and I told him I didn't care for any company; but I was foolish enough at the same time to tell him where I lived. It's my stepmother that's the cause of it all. My father was an old man when he married her, and after he died nothing would do her but that I marry another old man and join the two farms."

"Why didn't she marry him herself?"

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Miss Florence, for whom I have been searching the world over, and of whom I have told you hundred of times. Here they are, thank God! But they will not be here long. To-morrow morning will change all this.

They proved to be as lovely, as kindly, as affectionate, and as grateful as their mother—those handsome unspoiled children. Glad in her gladness, rejoicing in her joy, they surrounded us and bore us off with them to their own rooms, where we talked and feasted till midnight. Next day we were the heroines of the place. Unashamed of the lovely station in which we had known her, Kathleen and her blessed family told the happy story everywhere. Henceforward we were numbered among their own; and, though in spite of all entreaties I declined to give up my position on the instant, summer fogginess established in their seashore cottage on the east coast.

My dear mother died several years after with my arms about her and Kathleen's hand in hers. The boys and girls are all married now, but are constantly writing to me from the maternal nest. I believe I am almost as dear to them as their mother; they send their little children call me "Aunt Florence."

WHY THEY DON'T GO TO CHURCH.

The September American Magazine prints the following from Thomas F. Woodlock, formerly editor of the Wall Street Journal, addressed to Ray Stannard Baker, upon the subject of Mr. Baker's articles on the Spiritual Universe.

"People do not go to church—the Protestant churches—because the churches have ceased to teach them religious truth with authority, and because Christendom, so-called, outside the Roman Catholic Church, has ceased to believe in the fundamental truths of religion.

"The Protestant churches started in business, so to speak, on the basis of 'faith, not works,' and now have drifted to the absolute opposite of that position, viz., 'works, not faith.' Dogma is a thing abhorred, creeds are outworn, all truth is relative, man is not fallen, Christ is not God, atonement is a fiction, and an unnecessary fiction at that, everything is explained away on natural grounds, there is no hell to fear—why should people go to church?

"Protestant Christendom has already lost faith in the Incarnation, a large part of it no longer believes in original sin, and a great many who call themselves Christians do not even believe in a personal God. What is religion if it be not that group of truths which express man's relations with and duty to his Creator? What are these truths but dogmas? How can there be an undogmatic religion?

"There is no Christianity properly so called in the world to-day—that is, Christianity as a religion—outside of the Roman Catholic Church. Protestantism in all its forms is an empty shell now, and even the shell is rapidly disintegrating. The generation now growing up will demonstrate that to you and me if we live our allotted space according to the psalmist. And not even 'refined vaudeville' will then suffice to keep the churches open.

"But you won't find the Catholic churches closing!"

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THE MAGIC MIRROR OF THE SALOON.

Walt Mason, a western newspaper man, does not write high class poetry, though we have no doubt he could do so if he tried; nor does he condescend to put his philosophical rhymes on current events and everyday happenings into the usual form. Walt casts all his verses into prose form, so that one has, in the beginning, to hunt for the rhyme. But no one ever has to hunt for the reason in Walt's verses. Take for instance the following which, for all its slang, has a very good lesson:

"I went one night with my high-priced thirst to loaf in the booze bazaar, and as I sipped the old red I leaned on the handsome bar. My purse was full of the good, long green and my raiment was smooth and new, and I looked as sleek as a cabbage rose that's kissed by the nice west dew. Behind the bottles a mirror stood, as large as your parlor floor, and I looked and looked in the shining glass, and wondered, and looked some more. My own reflection did not appear, but there where it should have been, I saw the form of a cringing bum all crawled and soaked with gin. His nose was red and his eyes were dim, unshorn was his swollen face, and I thought it queer such a seedy boy would come to so smooth a place. I turned around for a better look at this effigy of despair, and nearly fell in a little heap, for the effigy wasn't there! The barkeep laughed. 'It's the magic glass,' he said, with a careless yawn; 'it

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God spoke to him, and of the angels, such a better goal will guide you to... Behold what brings us to this venerated sanctuary, where our prayers will ascend towards God as a sacrifice...

god St. Anne, mother of the Mother of God. Behold what brings us to this venerated sanctuary, where our prayers will ascend towards God as a sacrifice...

to establish such close relations between the Canadian people and St. Anne. Do we not see the aim with which God had when He inspired the first founders of this colony...

the dispenser of miracles whose bounty extends to the uttermost limits of this and all Dominions, may to the whole North American Continent, to the faithful of every nation and tongue...

of the humility of her in whose person God was to perform such great things, the veil was rent asunder under the New Law after reality had revealed the shadow. The publicity of the cult of St. Anne is as great as was the obscurity of her earthly life...

As far as the names of possible creations mentioned by the journals are concerned, it is as well to say they are all mere guesswork. Probably the archbishops of Paris and of Westminster will be created at the first consistory held, as these sees have had always the cardinalatial dignity attached to them...

It begins in the very infancy of the Church; the friends of the Apostles bear it with the tidings of salvation to the Gentile nations; its origin, in the Old World, whence it radiated throughout the universe, is lost in the night of Ages; traces thereof exist in the traditions of all Christian nations, and in liturgical documents of antiquity...

W. S. BOND, Esq. Loydstown, Ont., March 16th, 1900. "For some years I have been greatly troubled with headaches and indigestion, brought on by stomach disorders, constipation and biliousness. I had tried many remedies with only indifferent success, until 'Fruit-a-tives' came to my notice...

remember rightly, he mentioned San Clemente, the Irish Dominicans, and the residence of his confessor. I have often come direct from there to visit my husband and myself. He usually spoke the French language when writing to me, and so sublimely beautiful were some of the thoughts contained in these letters that I have carefully preserved every one of them...

THE LATE MARION CRAWFORD. It is not too late in the day to answer those scribblers who dragged the memory of F. Marion Crawford in the dust as soon as he had breathed his last in a manner which they would not have dreamed of doing were he still living...

Anne de Beaupre. She was a red letter history of St. Anne's life. She witnessed many a miracle. Never before together under the same roof or within its walls, she has been the subject of such a veneration. Such a veneration is only possible at the hands of Bishops. Promptly after the arrival at St. Anne's of the Bishops descended and formed an escort to the Redeemer's hall vested. The Bishop and with crozier, and mitre, and surplice, marched from the entrance of the Basilica into the church will as countless pilgrims and sang hymns. The Apostolic Delegate from the lips of all that, I say, is capable of breaking, in the twinkling of an eye, the chains of sin, and of uplifting the soul from the earth to throw it in the arms of God, victorious in itself, and overcome by the grace within it.

God does not act without motives. In choosing this corner of the Canadian earth upon which to show His power and goodness, what has He wished? What are His motives? It is good to understand them. In creating this pilgrimage of St. Anne de Beaupre God has wished to establish a tie of likeness between the Canadian people and their great patroness, the good St. Anne. Hundreds of years ago, there lived a married couple whose union was to be blessed above all the unions on earth. The old faith of Israel burned in them, with its hereditary virtues. The breath of novelty which had taken hold of the Jewish nation and carried it to its ruin could not touch this patriarchal family, which had remained faithful to the morals and traditions of the past, Anne and Joachim remained unshaken in their faith as in their hopes.

After the Mass Father Lindsay of Quebec delivered the English sermon: Surrexerunt filie ejus et beatissimum praedicaverunt. Her children rose up and called her blessed. (Priv. xxxi 2d.) Your Excellency, Most Reverend and Right Reverend Fathers in Christ, My dear Brethren: Never were these words of Holy Writ more fully realized than on this auspicious occasion. The entire Church of Canada is here assembled in the persons of her venerable chiefs and pastors.

St. Anne was, therefore, a scion of that illustrious line of Kings and prophets, from which the Messiah was to come forth. And the noble blood of her forefathers had not degenerated as the Redeemption drew nigh, toward the dawn of the Immaculate Conception. On the contrary, and justly so, it had grown purer and holier still. In proof of this, suffice it to mention those of her kindred, saintly and venerable figures familiar to readers of the Gospel, St. Anne's eldest sister, Mary mother of our grand-nephews two Apostles, St. James the greater, and St. John the beloved. By a younger sister, she becomes the aunt of Elizabeth, mother of St. John the Baptist. She also numbers among her collateral descendants, St. James the Lesser, first bishop of Jerusalem, whom St. Paul calls "the brother of the Lord," the Apostles St. Jude and Simeon, successor to St. James in the See of Jerusalem, and who was martyred under Trajan.

THE COMING CONSISTORY. DIGESTARIES NAMED FOR SOME OF THE FUTURE VACANCIES IN THE SACRED COLLEGE. Correspondence of the Catholic Standard and Times. Rome, September 16. For some time past it has been considered almost certain that a consistory at which several Cardinals shall be created will be held in November. Within the last few days, however, a probability has arisen that none will be held until the new year. This delay would be rather unusual, especially since there are no less than fifteen vacancies in the Sacred College of Cardinals, which vacancies, however, for some reason or other, Pius X. seems in no hurry to fill up. At the present time only two dignitaries are certain of elevation to the position of prince of the Church at the consistory, viz., Mgr. Bisleti, majordomo of the Vatican, whom those of our readers who have been to Rome, will recall as the undersized, kind prelate who fixed their audiences with the Pope, spoke in bad English and treated them with the greatest possible courtesy; and the Patriarch of Lisbon, partly owing to the concordat that exists between the Vatican and Portugal.

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Twentieth Sunday after Pentecost.

TELLING LIES.

"Putting away lying, speak ye the truth every man with his neighbor, for we are members one with another."

Do these words of the apostle, my dear brethren, awaken your consciences? Do they give light to your souls regarding the much too common offence of lying? We trust it may be so, for it is really distressing to observe the prevalent disregard of truth. Sometimes it would seem as if the eighth commandment had been entirely forgotten, and that it was a matter of indifference whether we spoke things true or false, our convenience alone guiding us in our choice.

Surely there must be a sad lack of appreciation of the virtue of truth when such a state of neglect of it can exist. There must be a grave error somewhere. Truth in itself is lovely, and should be cultivated because it gives a beauty to the soul which without it it cannot possess. Purity and temperance and almsgiving are virtues; and bestow upon those who have them a peculiar quality. They are sought after, and great efforts are made to obtain them and to keep them. Why? Because they are virtues. What is truth, if it is not a virtue? And if it is a virtue, why not love it and seek after it? For it is not only the utterly unscrupulous man of the world, who has no higher object in life than to serve himself and promote his real or fancied interest at whatever cost—it is not only he who makes light of lying; but many who call themselves good-living people are frequent offenders in this matter.

Many, indeed, would not tell a grave injury to lie, yet they seem to have no horror of lies of excuse, as they say, or untruths concerning trifling things. Nor have they any real sorrow apparently for falsehoods of this kind, nor a sincere purpose of amending.

And yet these are sins—venial sins, it is true; still they are sins. They are displeasing to God, and offences against His majesty; and they do no little harm, moreover, to the soul, depriving it of many graces and laying up a store of material for the fires of Purgatory.

But setting aside the consideration of the sinfulness of falsehoods in themselves, the dishonesty and the duplicity of which we are of necessity guilty when we descend to these things destroy our self-esteem. Soon we cease to respect ourselves, and progress from that to a general suspicion of the veracity of our neighbors, until in the end our confidence in those about us is gone and we are in a doubting, uneasy, troubled state of mind, fearful of all, trusting in none.

Thus our untruthfulness dishonors God, and deprives ourselves of the assistance which we might receive from our fellows, were we honest men and women.

Even if we practised this virtue from purely natural motives our lives would not be so barren as they are without it. Our friends would be about us, helping us with their advice, and we in our turn would sustain them in their difficulties, because we would know them and they us, and we would have trust in each other. But as it now is, how many are these truthful and honest enough to give and receive counsel? Love the truth, dear brethren, for the truth shall set you free.

DRAMA TICS INCIDENT MARKS MISSION.

PROVIDENTIAL ANSWER TO QUESTION PUT FORWARD BY CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST.

What gave added zest to the mission for non-Catholics given recently by the Paulist Church in San Francisco by a band from the Apostolic Mission House was the presence of a large number of Christian Scientists. These folk came every night, and every one was loaded with questions for the missionaries, Fathers Doyle, Welsh and Towey. One of the questions read:

I listened with interest to your proofs that the power of forgiving sins exists in the Catholic Church to-day, and I am about convinced that it is so. But what about the power of healing that was given at the same time? Has it vanished?—A Christian Scientist.

Father Doyle was answering questions that evening. "Not so," he replied. "The power of healing has always remained with the Church. It was exercised in apostolic times in a more striking way because there was need of abundant proof to convince the pagan world of the truth of Christianity. But the same power of healing has been exercised ever since. The lives of the saints bear evidence that the gift of miracles has been present in the Church in all ages. Read the story of Lourdes if you want proof of this modern times."

He then related a miracle that came under his own observation at Lourdes, where a man born blind received his sight. Then, to prove still further his statement, Father Doyle proceeded to read an affidavit that Father Wyman had given him as he ascended the pulpit, in which a well-known mining man of Nevada county, California, declares under oath that he had been suffering from a stroke of paralysis for nine years. His left side was withered, and the doctors pronounced his case incurable. Last May he began with some Catholic friends a novena. He himself was a non-Catholic at the time. At the termination of the novena he found, and the doctors certified, that he was completely cured, when he began he could not walk alone. At the close of the novena his limbs had assumed their normal size and strength. Since then he has been received into the Church. All this was recited in detail in the affidavit and sworn to before a notary public.

Father Doyle was quite unprepared for the climax which followed. No sooner had he finished reading the affidavit and turned to the next question when a strong, healthy-looking man stood up in the middle of the church and said in a loud, clear voice: "I am the man."

This produced a profound sensation. Every one present, particularly the coterie of Christian Scientists, showed

Here's a good nourishing meal for 5 cents. SHREDDED WHEAT Biscuit with half pint of milk, a little fruit and a cup of coffee. Delicious and strengthening. Try it.

signs of being affected by the incident, and after the services they made the gentleman who had borne witness the centre of an interested and sympathetic crowd. It seemed a providential answer to the question of the Christian Scientists, and several of them applied later for instruction in preparation for entering the Church.

"Under the above heading The Monitor, of San Francisco, gives the details of the case referred to by Father Doyle, also the text of the affidavit read by him. Says The Monitor: 'A miracle in this materialistic age is not thought possible. Even the wonders of Lourdes, which defy the rationalist, and yet sometimes conquer him—are generally discredited. Yet the age of miracles has not passed, and wonders, in the name of God and to His glory, do not cease. An indisputable proof of this had just been made here in the city of San Francisco. A miracle has been wrought by faith and proven beyond question. The Monitor has secured the evidence in the matter and presents it herewith. The following affidavit, signed and sworn to by J. S. Goodwin, of You Bet, Nevada county, California, tells the story completely. Before reciting it, it will be interesting to note that Mr. Goodwin has been baptized and joined the Church. In the words of the Nevada City Transcript he was 'one of the most prominent members of the Masonic fraternity in Nevada county, he being well up in Nevada Commandery, Knights Templar.' The same paper, under date of August 20, said:

'Jerry Goodwin was in Nevada City some time in the middle of last week. His friends remarked at the time that he was a greatly improved man; that he carried himself with the energy and agility of a man enjoying the best of health. He was seen parading the streets without the aid of a cane, which caused a number of comments. He also had the appearance of a man who has a long tenure on life. This was so different to the Jerry Goodwin of recent years that it led to more than the customary street gossip, and every one said how well the erstwhile paralytic looked.'

THE AFFIDAVIT. Here follows Mr. Goodwin's own story: 'In the middle of August, 1899, I left Bartlett Springs, where I had been spending several weeks of rest for San Francisco. On my way to that city during the stage ride I was stricken with paralysis, and my left side was so effected as to render me absolutely helpless.'

'In this condition I was taken to Lakeport and examined by Dr. Kellogg, who pronounced my case such that I would never reach San Francisco alive. 'However, I continued on my journey, and upon arriving in San Francisco I was taken to the Lane Hospital, where I was again examined, this time by Dr. L. C. Lane, who also considered my case as a hopeless one. Under his skillful treatment, however, I recovered my health to such an extent as to be able to leave the hospital after three months. 'The serious nature of the stroke had left my left side withered, there being very little flesh left on my arm and leg, but I was able to move about with the aid of a cane. 'The sense of feeling had left my hand and arm; my left leg felt heavy and I could not bend the knees, and only with difficulty could I walk on level ground. I remained in this condition a little over nine years. 'In the winter of 1907-1908 my foot became badly swollen and discolored, so I consulted Drs. Stillman and Rexford, of Lane Hospital, and they told me that there was no circulation in my foot, and that medicine could not reach the difficulty. 'They advised me to remain at the hospital for a while, but my business compelled me to return home, which I did with the thought that it was the only place for me, and that there I would have to remain in that helpless condition. 'At that time I became acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy M. Clark of Nevada City, Cal., who were devout Catholics. Mr. Clark often invited me to spend a few hours with himself and wife at their home, but being unable to walk or leave my home, I had to postpone my visit. 'On the third day of May, 1908, after spending a lonely day at home, I decided to drive to the Clark home. After discussing my condition with Mrs. Clark, her enthusiasm over the miracles caused by faith in the Blessed Mother of Our Divine Saviour aroused in me the deepest interest. 'I had taken Catholic papers for twenty years and had read of many such occurrences, but never had chanced to meet people who had witnessed a miracle. 'Mrs. Clark explained to me how she had been healed of a similar affliction.

For proof that fits can be cured write to: M. W. STINSON, 134 Elm St., Toronto, Ont. (or pamphlet giving full particulars of simple home treatment, 20 years success. Over 1000 testimonials in one year. Sole Proprietors.) Trench's Remedies Ltd., Dublin

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The 1900 Washer Co. 337 Yonge Street Toronto, Ont.

tion when a little girl, and she said that if I would give her a chance she would take the matter up immediately and prove to me that faith in our Mother and her Divine Son would overcome all obstacles. 'I left the Clark home that evening deeply impressed, and my heart was filled with all the intensity of a human soul suffering under such a hopeless affliction. 'I resolved to follow Mrs. Clark's advice and begin at once the May devotions to the Blessed Virgin Mary. Mr. Clark called on me the following evening, and I expressed a desire to have him send his wife to me, that I wished to see her, and that I wanted her to teach me her faith. On the evening of the 5th of May we started our devotions, which consisted of reading the meditations of the Most Rev. P. B. Kenrick's work, entitled 'The New Month of Mary.'

'On the evening of the 5th of May, 1908, I undressed in my bath-room to take a bath, and to my great surprise, I found that my leg had filled out to nearly its normal size and was covered with good, healthy flesh; and by the end of the month of May I found myself in a perfectly healthy condition. 'My rapid recovery has been noticed by all of my acquaintances and naturally they are all anxious to know what treatment I had taken; and to satisfy their curiosity and to be of benefit to the afflicted, I have decided to make the circumstances of my cure known to the public. 'J. S. GOODWIN. 'Subscribed and sworn before me this 20th day of August, 1900. 'FRED SEARIS, 'Notary Public. 'Nevada county, Cal.'

THE MONTH OF THE ROSARY. October is the month of the Rosary, which by order of the Holy See is recited daily in every church throughout the world from the first day of the month to the second of November, during the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass or during the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament.

The use of beads for a set formula of prayers goes back to remote days, but it is to St. Dominic we owe the present form of the beads, which we call the Rosary, and the spread of this devotion among the people. Like many other Catholic practices, the Rosary was the outcome of the needs of a critical period in the history of the Church. In the twelfth century the Albigensian heresy was laying waste to the Church in France. Like the Modernists in our days these heretics persisted in calling themselves Catholics. Their errors were infecting thousands of the faithful. They denied the prerogatives of the Mother of God and tore her statue from its place in the Church. When conditions looked darkest God raised up St. Dominic as the champion of His Church. The saint had been accustomed to use beads in his private devotions, and one day the inspiration came to him of their appropriateness as a means of overcoming the enemies of God. The result was the rosary or chaplet of roses to Our Lady. Armed with this weapon, he and his followers attacked the enemy. He set about instructing the people in the practice of this devotion. The Church began to regain what it had lost and the devotion spread throughout Europe. Popes and saints since that time have not ceased to recommend the devotion of the Rosary. St. Pius V., a Dominican Pope, in the year 1571, relied on it for the victory over the Turks, and he was not disappointed. The victory of Lepanto evinced the intervention of the Queen of the Rosary. During the reign of Clement XII., Prince Eugene of Savoy with a comparatively small army signally defeated the

said the beads. Unfortunately attractions of all kinds that often are the cause of no end of evil, kept the father and children out evenings, and the good practice of ages of greater faith has been dropped. What better result could be desired from the impetus of the Rosary during the month of October than the renewal of this custom in every Catholic home? Let every father and mother do his or her part. Its blessings will redound on a generation that is too easily and too surely forgetting the faith that brought forth the Rosary.—Pilot.

His was as one seeing a vision, which towered up, imperious, consistent, dominating—and across her brow the title the Catholic Church. Far above all the melting cloudland of theory she moved, a stupendous fact; living in contrast to the dead past to which her enemies cried in vain; eloquent when other systems were dumb; authoritative when they hesitated; steady when they reeled and fell. About her throne dwelt her children, from every race and age, secure in her protection and wise in her knowledge, when other men faltered and questioned and doubted.—Robert Hugh Benson in By What Authority.

Do you want to Save \$62 a Year? You must pay the washerwoman fifteen cents an hour. It is hard-earned money that if you do your own washing or have the servant do it, this steaming, back-breaking, hand-chopping, cold-catching, temper-destroying work will cost you more than 15 cents an hour in the end. It takes eight hours' hard labor to do the average family wash. Eight hours, at 15 cents, cost you \$1.20 per week for washing. This means \$62.40 per year, without reckoning fuel for fires, or wear on clothes. We will save you half of that—or No Pay. We will send any reliable person our "1900 Gravity" Washer on a full month's free trial. We don't want a cent of your money, nor a note, when we ship you the Washer on trial. We even pay all the freight out of our own pockets, so that you may test the machine as much as you like before you agree to buy it. From that time on you pay us, every week, part of what our machine saves you, say 50 cents per week, till the Washer is paid for. Each "1900 Gravity" Washer lasts at least five years, yet a very few months, at 50 cents per week, makes it entirely your own, out of what it saves you on each washing. Every year our Washer will save you about \$50.00. Yet the "1900 Gravity" Washer won't cost you a cent, under our plan, because we let it pay for itself. You need not take our word for that. We let you prove all we say, at our expense, before you decide to buy it on these terms. We will risk the freight both ways with thousands of people if we did not know our "1900 Gravity" Washer would do all we claim for it. It costs you only the two-cent stamp on a letter to us to bring this quick and easy Washer to your door on a month's trial. That month's free use of it will save you about \$2.00. You try risk nothing but the postage stamp to prove our claims, and we practically pay you \$2.00 to try it. This offer may be withdrawn any time if it crowds our factory. Therefore WRITE TO-DAY, while the offer is open, and while you think of it. A post-card will do. Address me personally for this offer, viz., C. R. Y. Bach, Manager, The "1900" Washer Company, 337 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont. 1913

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GREAT LAKE TRIPS All ports on the Great Lakes are reached regularly by the excellent service of the D & C Lake Lines. The ten large steamers are safe, speedy and comfortable. Every boat is of modern steel construction and equipped with the Clark Wireless Telegraph Service. The D & C Lake Lines operate daily trips between Buffalo and Detroit, Cleveland and Detroit, four trips per week between Toledo, Detroit, Mackinac and waypoints, and two trips per week between Detroit, Bay City, Saginaw and waypoints. Special steamer leaves Cleveland twice a week direct for Mackinac, stopping at Detroit every trip and Goderich, Ont., every other trip. Send two-cent stamp for illustrated Pamphlet and Great Lakes Map. Address: L. G. Lewis, C. P. A., Detroit, Mich. RAIL TICKETS AVAILABLE ON ALL STEAMERS P. H. McMillan, President A. A. Schantz, Gen. Mgr. DETROIT & CLEVELAND NAVIGATION CO.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

A masterful railroad-man, Edward H. Harriman, died the other day. He aimed to grasp the transportation facilities of the whole American continent.

Robert Scott Lovett. The man who succeeds E. H. Harriman began life in even humbler circumstances than did his predecessor.

Mr. Lovett began his railroad career, in a literal sense, right at the ground. In fact, his first employment away from home was with a railroad that was being built when he was fourteen.

Then came his return to the railroad business, when, through the influence of his brother-in-law, Charles Uden, he was placed in charge of the new Shepherd station of the Houston, East and West Texas.

Mr. Lovett was counsel for this road from 1881 to 1889. Then he became assistant general attorney of the Texas and Pacific Railway Company.

Practically, he awakes to find himself famous. Yesterday, known in a limited way in American financial and business circles, he is now known wherever interest centers in American enterprise and continental development.

There are Lovetts in our politics, in our manufacturing world, in all the professions, in the banking world, and in the pulpit.

The Difference One Man Made. In 1841 a lad of nineteen came up to London from Devonshire. He was so small and insignificant that the London retail merchant to whom he applied for a place at first refused to take him.

For Sale at Drug Stores. LLOYD WOOD, Toronto, Canada. General Agent.

Where the Fishers Go. The Story of Labrador by REV. P. BROWNE. Member Historical Society of Nova Scotia.

What difference does one young man make? Some nothing, persons ask this question. Here is the difference one young man has made.—Forward.

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Young Inventors. When the wireless telegraphy was developed hundreds of American boys began to experiment in this new science and house roofs were decorated with amateur antennae on which messages were successfully received and from some of which signals were sent.

All such enterprising youths should be encouraged. It is always safe to regard them as potential inventors. No one can tell who will be the Stevenson or the Marconi or the Roentgen or the Wright or the Parsons of the future.

Some of the boys of to-day, reading of past successes, will be inspired to invent as wonderful contrivances as any that now minister to human comfort and delight.

A Fair Share For Everybody.

Under the seeming injustice of life and its attendant circumstances, there is more of equalization than we often think. Nature keeps books with the individual, and if we would often do a little auditing of the books on our own account we should find that many of the supposed inequalities do not exist.

Let The Other Fellow Do It. A friend in speaking of a wealthy and successful business man of Chicago, one as widely known in the sphere of Christian usefulness as in the commercial world, said of him in connection with the countless things he did and aided, "I don't think I ever heard him suggest that the other fellow should do it." That is a brief but satisfactory bit of character-drawing.

Even in this age of the world there are some people whose joy has no present tense. They never have a good, bright day, and if one should come they do not enjoy it, for they say it is a "weather breeder" and will be followed by the unfavorable kind.

There is nothing so beautiful in the character of youth as simplicity of manners and the absence of design in its undertakings; it is this quality that makes it lovable and attractive.

Whatever you may hope to gain, Keep your self-respect. Whatever losses you sustain, Keep your self-respect. Not perjure yourself of a king, Can any compensation bring, For loss of this one priceless thing, So keep your self-respect.

Opportunity comes to a man once in a lifetime, but there is no limit to the number of visits a man can make to opportunity.

"The world will never understand," said Athelstan, "that there are men born outside common rules—born to scramble through life, like lizards, seeking safe crannies where toil, ugliness and mean cares cannot creep in. Base burdens! I wasn't born to sweat under them, but to follow my desires. This absorption in self has, however, never blinded me to the goodness of others."—The "Rescuer," by Perry White, in Catholic Columbian.

Oshawa Galvanized Steel Shingles. You can't afford to roof a thing without Oshawa Galvanized Steel Shingles. Good for a hundred years. Send for the free booklet. PEDLAR People of Oshawa Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, St. John, Winnipeg, Vancouver

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Rear Admiral Franklin and His Commander-in-Chief.

Uncle Jack, of the Sacred Heart Review, wonders how many of his boys know anything about the late Rear-Admiral Franklin, U. S. N., who was a convert to the Catholic Church.

All you Little Defenders are pledged to honor the Holy Name, and Uncle Jack wants to see you fearless and constant and outspoken in your devotion to our Master.

It is not the boy who goes to army, or navy, or fire department, or life-saving corps, that is the hero, simply on that account alone; but the boy who anywhere and everywhere does his duty, on land or sea. The boy who never misses Mass and who goes regularly to the Sacraments, the boy who obeys his parents, the boy who is not afraid never to swear or lie or pilfer, no matter who entices him, the boy who is true and pure and brave, and joyful with a real innocent gladness, that is the boy who is Christ's soldier and servant, yes, anywhere and everywhere.

This splendid type of naval officer, whose active service, when it closed twelve years ago, had covered a period of forty-six years, was a brother of the late General William Buel Franklin, corps commander during the Civil War, whose memory is fragrant of glory to Hartford and Connecticut and whom the Army and Navy Journal numbers among America's Immortals.

During the life of the General, his no less distinguished brother was a frequent visitor at his home on Washington Street, Hartford. And while in the city he was a regular and devout attendant at St. Peter's Church of the Immaculate Conception on Park street, invariably assisting at the High Mass, accompanied by his wife, who was also a Catholic, and occupying a pew well up towards the front.

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man good to look upon, whom one was apt to remember. "He seems never to have lost the first fervor of his conversion and his religion was the greatest thing in the world to him, the pearl of great price, for the possession of which he would have parted with all else.

A group of girls sat around a bright fire. It was the half hour, the precious half-hour, before the ominous call "Lights out!" would silence the merry voices. They were discussing ideas—what they would rather have, do, and be in life.

Dorothy meant to write books. She had always received "excellent" on her themes, and felt sure that if she sank into an ordinary career a great writer would be spoiled.

"The returns are all in except from the fourth ward," prodded Nannette, giving the long braids of the silent one a playful twist.

"I have been listening to you all and thinking," was the reply. "I am not pretty, and I can't hope to be a belle; I am not intellectual or gifted and can't hope to write books or paint pictures.

Young man! remember that the world does not delly drones. If you would make a place and name for yourself, be up and doing.

Professional. DR. P. J. MUGAN, Physician and Surgeon. Office, 720 Dundas Street. Hours 11 to 12 a. m. 1 to 3, 6 to 8 p. m. Phone 2098. JOHN F. FAULDS, Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public, etc. Money to Loan. Robinson Hall Chambers, Opposite Court House, London, Canada. Telephone 977. JOHN FERGUSON & SONS, 180 King Street. The Leading Undertakers and Embalmers. Open Night and Day. Telephone—House, 373. Factory 543. W. J. SMITH & SON, UNDERTAKERS AND EMBALMERS, 113 Dundas Street. OPEN DAY AND NIGHT. Phone 586.

A SPLENDID GIFT "CANZONI"

BY T. A. DALY. These poems, mainly in Irish and Italian dialect, are full of the spirit of humor and pathos.

PRICE \$1.10 POST PAID. Catholic Record Office, London - Canada.

So, whilst the rest of you are filling your lofty stations I will hunt me some quiet little corner and just try to be helpful. Looking back through the vista of years, and recalling the varying fortunes of these four room-mates, I believe the girl who aspired to be "I will be helpful" had reaped life's best reward.

Young man! remember that the world does not delly drones. If you would make a place and name for yourself, be up and doing.

While They Last Canada Series

A NATIONAL SERIES OF BOOKS FOR BOYS and GIRLS. FULLY ILLUSTRATED.

"The man who loves his home best and loves it most unselfishly, loves his country best."—F. G. HOLLAND.

IN ORDERING choose several books and state which one preferred. In case your first choice is sold we shall send you the next to appear on the list. This is a rare opportunity to get a good library at a low cost.

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Regular Price 50c, now 35c. Indian Life in the Great North-West, by Egerton R. Young.

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