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The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXXI.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1900

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The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1900.

TO OUR LADY.

Shine now before me, Lady mine, A pure, sweet splendor high, And bright above the pathway that Duth dimly onward lie.

THE "SERVANTS OF RELIEF."

It is not commonly known that Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, the daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne, is a religious worker among the poor of New York.

Are there no heroes in these days? Such might be the conclusion when we read that, although the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission was only organized some four or five years ago with a fund of \$5,000,000, not an award has yet been made to a single hero in Canada or the United States.

PIUS X. A priest of the New York diocese, writing of conditions in Rome, in one of our annuals, says:

"Much has been written about the Holy Father's abolition of a great deal of the form and ceremony at the Vatican, but little or nothing has been said of his pastoral work. Perhaps this is due to the fact that the Government papers have not noticed it.

Space forbids further quotations from this interesting book, but enough has been said to give an idea of what manner of man is he who now fills the Chair of Peter, and to show the simple, benign, charitable character of our beloved Holy Father.

A WARNING. There are some robberies which the law is powerless to punish, and of which society takes no account.

THE REMEDY. In this busy, bustling twentieth century of ours, people are kroyed to such a degree of tension that healthy repose is almost an unknown quantity.

truth, that crushed to earth it shall rise again. But never to so lofty a height. Each ascent after a downfall is feebler than before. Finally it ceases to rise at all, and the soul settles down in that noisome valley of despond where only evil things live and where health, beauty and energy rapidly die away.

WORK. "And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame, but each for the joy of the working."

TRY IT! "This world is so full of beautiful things, I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."

Mr. Bliss Carman has written some good poetry, and "From the Green Book of the Bards" is as engaging and pleasing as his former works.

A QUERY. Are there no heroes in these days?

ANARCHY'S HIDEOUS WORK. Last week the world was startled by vivid accounts of deeds of savagery committed in Barcelona, Spain, which recalled the darkest days of the French Revolution.

A HOBBY. One of the worst hobbies of the day is the mania for self-doctoring.

THE CULT OF A CLAMOROUS FEW. DEATH OF ENGLISH MODERNIST CALLS ATTENTION TO BRIEF LIFE OF MOVEMENT.

THE BASIS FOR CHURCH UNITY. We sympathize with Dr. Van Allen's desire for unity between the Catholic Church and the Episcopal denomination.

THE BATTLE OF SMILE AND FROWN. A bright smile once held claim On a beautiful woman's face.

THE NATIONAL CONVENTION OF THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS OPENED AT MOBILE, ALA., ON TUESDAY, AUGUST 3RD.

DR. RYAN-DEVEREAUX OF WASHINGTON, FORMERLY A SURGEON IN THE UNITED STATES ARMY, WHO WENT THROUGH THE SPANISH WAR, RETURNED ON MONDAY ON THE CLEVELAND WITH HIS SEVEN CHILDREN.

AS THE DIRECT PRACTICAL RESULT OF A NON-CATHOLIC MISSION GIVEN IN PORT SCOTT, CAN., BY REV. XAVIER SATTON, C. P.

ADOLPHE ROTTE, WELL KNOWN THROUGHOUT FRANCE AS AN ANARCHIST WRITER AND ORATOR, ASTONISHED HIS ADMIRERS BY GIVING UP THE PRINCIPLES OF ANARCHY AND BECOMING RECONCILED TO THE CHURCH.

RECENTLY HE MADE A PILGRIMAGE TO LOURDES, AND AFTER HIS RETURN MADE A RETREAT WITH THE BENEDECTINE FATHERS, AND HAS APPLIED FOR ADMISSION TO THEIR ORDER.

HE HAS BEGUN HIS NOVITIATE.

HE WAS DENIED CATHOLIC BURIAL.

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CHURCHES, convents and charitable institutions. Defenseless nuns and monks, whose lives were consecrated to the service of humanity, were shot down with as little mercy as if they were so many mad dogs.

THEIR MURDERERS, as if obsessed by the devil, were not satisfied with murdering nuns and monks but savagely sought to glut their vengeance upon the inanimate bodies of their victims.

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ERRORES OF HIS PHILOSOPHY. Summing up his philosophy and the errors into which it led him, America says:

FATHER TYRRELL'S mental habit was more speculative than practical. He was not disposed to make, or to follow, the researches and critical studies of modern scholars in the very questions upon which he loved to speculate.

HE WAS NOT AN expert in historical or biblical criticism, though strange to say, he had an excellent idea of the experts in these fields and attributed unquestioningly to them an authority which he denied somewhat bitterly to the masters of theological study.

HE LABORED WITHOUT the large success he had expected, he began to attribute his failure to the inherent difficulty of his doctrine, or to the previous futile attempts to express it.

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AUGUST 21, 1909.

dying affection that now fell so easily from my eyes, a sudden noise arose from the street beyond the prison. It was the roll of drums, the call to arms. A thousand, too, all the church bells of the city began to ring, and there were sounds as of crowds of men hurrying hither and thither.

What could be the cause of all this commotion and alarm? Was there any truth in the rumor that the patriots would make an attempt to land and rescue their comrades in the prison, and rescue myself?

Reports of intended invasions of this kind had been current during the entire winter, and the soldiers had been called out many times. Some one on the look-out was always on the alert for the least sign of an object on the lake which might prove to be an armed vessel, would give the alarm; the tocsin would be sounded, the bells rung, the soldiers would hasten to their posts, and the din created might have awakened the Seven Sleepers. And all for nothing.

As I listened to it now, therefore, I recalled a night some seven weeks earlier, when the ice began to break up. On that occasion, as the mysterious ship still glided on into the bay and those on board refused to answer to the challenge, a smart fire was begun from the shore and apparently gallantly sustained by the oncoming craft. When morning dawned, the ship was discovered to be a great raft, supported by a storm of many pointed poles, had fallen into the lake and floated down. The branches and bushes, also swept away with it, were presumably boats in the wake of the ship, loaded down with hostile soldiers.

Now the signs were ominous. The troops of the garrison had perhaps taken a more grog than usual and, when the alarm became general, they grew more boisterous than is commonly permitted among a soldiery liable to be suddenly called out. The shouts, the wild hurrahs, succeeded the discharge of the cannon. Just as I began to be afraid, the turnkey came running up the corridor and paused at my cell in great agitation and excitement.

"Out with it, man," I demanded. "What is the meaning of this pandemonium?" "Oh, sir," he cried, "a steamboat floating the American flag is coming up the bay. At first it was thought she meant to fire upon the city, but her signals show she has come on a friendly errand, and so the shots from our cannon have turned into a salute."

The next day, the second one that appointed to be my last, Jaquette came again escorted by Captain Weston, who had obtained for her the privilege. Blessings on my darling, the young voice that gave me glad news now, as before it had given me hope.

"Nial, Nial," she cried, "the governor has granted you a respite because of a petition brought by the steamboat from the United States and to please your countrymen in Canada. For he says, the young Queen of England is grateful to them, believing the Irish saved the province during the uprisings. And so they did. Had they been with us, we would have gained our cause. But oh, Nial, Nial, you will soon be free."

And with this cry she fainted in my arms. TO BE CONTINUED.

EVEN THE LEAST!

A TRUE STORY. Written for the Catholic Standard and Times by Rev. Richard W. Alexander.

There was intense, yet suppressed, excitement in the Pasture Institute of Mercy Hospital that afternoon. The long, wide corridors echoed the noise of scurrying feet, and from the operating room came sounds of weeping, with now and then a shrill note of painful pain.

A crowd of boys—there were six of them—had been bitten by a mad dog, and their terrified parents had rushed them to the Institute for treatment that would prevent the dread hydrophobia. They were all more or less severely bitten, and the dog, which had been killed, undoubtedly had the rabies.

They were all placed in position to receive the treatment—injection of the serum—and both from fright and nervousness the lads gave vent to loud weeping and wailing. Their mothers were almost as bad, and, altogether, the worried nurses and doctors had their hands full.

One of the patients was a slight never to be forgotten. He was a colored boy of twelve, George by name, a faithful object as he lay in his "mummy" lap, quivering but silent, while big tears splashed down her black cheeks as she rocked him to and fro. It was found he must be put on the operating table at once. His upper lip and part of his nose were torn off, one eyelid and cheek were hanging by shreds of skin and his arm on the same side was horribly lacerated. Tenderly they lifted him and placed him on a stretcher-carriage and rolled him to the operating room, where his gashes were washed and closed, and twelve stitches brought him to the appearance of humanity, albeit swollen and disfigured.

his prayers, and what church he attended. George knew no prayers, and had never been in any church before he saw the hospital chapel. He was "too bad to jine a church." By degrees he learned he had an immortal soul, and it was pathetic to see his great eyes looking out of the disfigured face as he drank in every word that Sister spoke to him of God's love for even the least of His creatures.

"Ah never knowed dat de Lawd had much time for lil' nigs like me," he said. "An' if he be baptized an' you ladies sah dat ah can suze into heben?" He was assured that such was the promise of Him Who never breaks His divine word. "An' will mah black soul turn white?" He was told that there were no black souls in heaven. It took much patience and instruction to give George the spiritual side of the matter, but at last it dawned on him, and at that he seemed to grow thoughtful and often said he wanted to be baptized and become pleasing to the good God Who had saved him from death when he knew nothing about Him.

Twenty days of the treatment were now over, and there were great hopes that all danger of hydrophobia had passed. George found out from his mammy that he had "never been christened"; she had no time. So it was decided that George should be baptized in the hospital chapel when he was a little better instructed. George went home to the poor shanty his mother occupied when she was not out washing or scrubbing, but he returned every day for examination and treatment.

The other boys were pronounced immune, but the doctor was not so sure of George, he had been so frightfully bitten. Three days passed, and George had not put in an appearance. The Sisters and the doctors were distressed, not knowing what to think.

On the evening of the third day two colored men who belonged to the stable appeared at the hospital door with George between them. He was snapping and growling, with saliva flowing out of his mouth.

Poor little fellow! After all the efforts that had been made, he was doomed. It was the dreaded hydrophobia. He was perfectly conscious, and immediately recognized the Sister in whose care he had been.

"Ah is gwine to be baptized right soon, Sister. Ah feel powerful surly dat ah is a orful sick boy, ah has such a orful misery in de troat."

"Yes, George," said the Sister, deeply sympathetic; "we shall have you baptized very soon."

Her practical eye saw evidence at once of the awful paralysis of the throat, that prevented swallowing even the saliva. George was carried to the isolated ward, where an orderly and a nurse were detailed to watch him. It was now nearly midnight, and soon his convulsions were frightful to witness. He was strapped to the bed, but he would work out of the bed onto the floor, while the terribly infectious spittle flew in all directions. Twice he was rolled in a linen sheet by the attendants and laid on the bed. It was courting death to go near him; the infection might be communicated through some little abrasion of the skin, and the poison that dropped from the poor swollen lips never ceased.

Between the convulsions he was perfectly conscious, and would cry out pitifully that "he couldn't help it" that "he was so sorry," and "when would he be baptized?" Poor little George! About 3 o'clock Sister came to the room, and leaning over the head of the bed, looked at the poor lad. He was in an interval of quiet and exhaustion, but she saw that the end was near.

"George," she said, "I am going to get the priest to baptize you. I will go for him at once, and then you will soon see God and the angels in heaven."

"Bress de good Lawd!" said the poor dying boy between his gasps. "Po' black George is a-gwina to see You in heaben. Po' lil' nigga will hab a white soul!"

The priest came hurriedly. George was in a terrible convulsion. It was almost impossible to touch him, and the sight of the water visibly increased his agony. "Close your eyes, George," said the chaplain; "I am going to baptize you."

George made a good deal of noise. "Ah is longin' to be de good Lawd!" Ah is longin' to be quite still, and quickly and reverently the priest, leaning over the head of the bed, poured the waters of regeneration on the poor little negro. He had indeed a "white soul" now, and with a sigh of relief he was quite calm and still.

He may last a few hours," said the priest as he left the room. "I will come back after Mass." At 6 o'clock the Mass bell was ringing, and as the priest crossed over to the sacristy, he met the Sister who had charge of George. She whispered: "Remember George in your memento, Father; he has just died." The Lord had taken to His Sacred Heart one of His least.

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of the past and predicts that they will be the triumph of the future. Nothing easier than to borrow from the heroes of the past, from Comte, to go further back, Harrison, Emerson, Spencer, Swedenborg, and even from the monist group in Chicago, and weave some of their visions into a vivid dream of the future. What Eliot foresees in the future Channing and Sparks actually thought they saw in their day long past—the supernatural eliminated from religion, and the sacraments and sacrifices as well; and, instead, a divine spirit energizing in the human spirit, with a painless Journalism where tears and sorrow shall be no more. The prophet foresees only the ideal for which Harvard has stood since it became the Unitarian Propaganda of the United States but which it could never realize among the plain matter of fact New Englanders who could more easily divest themselves of all religion than embrace a chimera. Summer schools are dull places at best, and a divinity school in summer above all other places needs enlivening. Perhaps the doctor thought that Harvard divinity summer school needed an infusion of the new virtue of the new religion—the virtue of truth—and could not resist the temptation to give it to the pupils in strong doses. He surely could not have fancied that they would regard his prophetic vision as novel or original. If we are to believe the reports that come from some of their examination rooms they would regard his utterance as trite and commonplace. All he proposes has been found wanting. No doubt everyone of them could have assumed the gift of prophecy quite as readily and have predicted far more glowing things of the future of religion than it had ever entered into his mind to conceive. However, with all their advancement they must needs be more cautious; they are entering upon their career; they are retiring from the stage. They must dispense truth prudently; he can afford to speak out. They are young, inexperienced, living more in hope and on poetic views of the future which they fail to formulate philosophically; his generation is passing, his experience has been in large measure the realization of his hopes, and his vision is unwittingly a key to his own ideals in the past rather than a light for us in the future. Throughout his career he has consistently depreciated what is sacred in the Catholic religion, the supernatural, the sacramental, the miraculous, the sacrificial. The religious pupils in strong doses of these elements. The motives to which he has appealed had none of their inspiration. Fortunately he has never exerted a deep influence on men. No doubt this is why he presumes to predict for the future what he could not impress on the past.

Dr. Eliot is only formulating for the general public what thousands of our college professors believe and what hundreds of them are actually teaching. What La Rue has written so impudently in the Educational Review, or Low so dillipantly in the Nation, is said over and over in the classrooms of our universities, and we need not the sensational

arrangements of Mr. Bole in the Cosmopolitan to know what is taught to the students. No doubt the vast number of students, as the President of Princeton tells us, care more for sport than for study; some of them may not need the noxious influence of some of the lecture halls to corrupt their morals; but scarce one of them can come off unimpaired by the fact that men of reputation for learning and often for integrity treat religion and morality, follow no religion, and question whether morality can have a fixed basis. For the Catholic it is incredible that such conditions can prevail even in denominational institutions. Accustomed from youth to very definite religious belief and to an unalterable moral code; acquainted, if not by experience, at least by close contact with which obtain as a rule in Catholic schools and colleges, he can rarely appreciate the vague and irresponsible theories which receive prominence in the teaching of our institutions or the lack of self-restraint which is tolerated among the students. Difficult as it is to believe such conditions possible, it becomes still more difficult when the attention is diverted to imposing buildings, comprehensive programs of study, distinguished lists of professors, social advantages, and prospects of future advantage. Still the noxious influence is there, and the man is yet to be found who has passed under it unscathed unless provided against it by early training or by a sort of home influences during the ordeal.

Dr. Eliot should be praised for having spoken out. It is always worth while knowing where we stand. For centuries Catholic controversialists have had to speak out for their non-Catholic antagonists who dared not declare what they believed, or rather, to express what he had to urge the Protestant logically from one untenable conclusion to another, always hitherto to find him unwilling to admit that his creed was a formula instead of a faith. Gradually the Protestant is going on record, repudiating the faith that is in him, striving vainly to express what he would wish to believe, and every one that speaks out is relieving the Catholic of the thankless task of revealing to the world how with faith gone morality goes also. Our universities began for the most part as denominational colleges with ministers in the administration and with unreasonably high standards of scholarship. Unreasonably high standards then upon the students nor profess them without losing the respect of their fellow professors. One by one they have retired before the rationalism which has invaded their strongholds. Those who follow them, never having had an opportunity to know what religion truly is, glory in having banished it from their halls, and in having banished it from their minds. The contempt which many of them have for its deceptions, such as they have known them, they extend unreasonably to all that goes by the name and to the claim that without it there can be no morality. For the present their attitude is hostile, and their influence over youth, particularly over religiously trained youth, can only be malign.—America.

Justice and Mercy. Our holy Church teaches that God's mercy is open to us so long as we are here on earth, but that His justice prevails when death calls us to judgment. Too often we are tempted to lean upon His mercy with such confidence that we forget His justice, yet God never ignores a law that He Himself has made. He will, suspend its action temporarily to further His own divine purpose, but that the law itself is not abolished and we must reckon with this fact in our attitude towards God and our fellowmen.

Frequently we see souls that are notoriously steeped in mark and mire of the sins of "the world, the flesh and the devil" that, through the mercy of God at the hour of death, are brought to final repentance. We have the authority of Our Divine Lord Himself that God will not the death of one sinner but rather that he should be brought to repentance and gain life everlasting. And so we have a right to hope for let us strive to bring home to our minds the tremendous power of God's justice. Every act of our lives and its effect upon the lives, the characters and the immortal souls of others, either for good or for evil, must be accounted for and judgment rendered accordingly. Think not that in the next world we can escape the consequences of our evil deeds even though we may shun them in this. We may repent of them, and let us pray that God's mercy will give us the grace to do so, but we must also atone for them; and the justice of God provides hell fire for the atonement of sins so far reaching in their baneful effects that no other punishment would fit the crime.

Let us not, in our self-righteousness presume to pass judgment upon any soul but let us strive to make our own lives conform so closely to the divine law that our sins will not merit so severe a judgment but rather that the purifying fires of purgatory may cleanse our souls from the stains of sins and fit us for life everlasting with God in heaven.

It is not only the effect that our mortal sins have upon our own souls that makes them so heinous in the eyes of God, but that they may open the way to countless other souls to even greater sin or that they may bring human misery and death to innocent helpless ones who have a right to demand the highest and best inheritance from us.

God expects every soul which He creates and sends forth into the fiery cauldron of life's hard experiences to bring back to Him a rich harvest of good deeds. He endows us with intelligence to guide us, bestows a grace upon us to fortify us, provides us with a holy Church to direct us, and gives us free will to choose our own course. Keeping ever in mind the terrible consequences of an evil course, let us strive to live that while hoping for God's mercy we may not fear His justice.—The Tidings.

Church of the Masses. I am not a Roman Catholic, but I venture the assertion, without fear of successful contradiction, that the Roman Catholic Church is the only church in the land into which a poor, ragged, friendless man may go and feel that he is welcome. So far as outward appearances go, all are on the same plane in this Church, whether prince or pauper. This is one reason why this great Church has such a hold on the masses of the people, for it has always stood for the people against their oppressors. —Writer in Everybody's Magazine.

Let us therefore love God, because God first hath loved us.—St. John.

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The Catholic Record

Price of Subscription—\$2.50 per annum. THOS. COFFEY, LL. D., Editor and Publisher.

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

Mr. Thomas Coffey. My Dear Sir:—Since coming to Canada I have been reading your paper, and have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and, above all, that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA. Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1909. 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.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1909.

EDUCATION AND EXAMINATIONS

For several years—long enough to have a test—the youth of Ontario have in their educational evolution been a much examined generation. They could not step from class to class, much less from school to school, without the official, departmental judgment.

the same statesman was Governor General of Canada for several years. We are enlightened upon the social condition of Elizabeth's reign by being told that in her time the people were polished though they blew thin soap and wore their hats at the table.

THE ECONOMIC SIDE OF RELIGION.

Too frequently Socialism denies religion upon the ground that it concerns itself only with another world and with the soul. This world and the body are allowed to take care of themselves.

formation. On the other hand, Christianity is personal. Everything is for the individual, church, state and home. He must, however, remember that as all are his so he is Christ's and Christ is God's.

SUNDAY OBSERVANCE.

We have received a letter asking us to apologize to the Lord's Day Alliance because we said that they petitioned the Governor General not to attend the Woodbine races.

very difficult to lay down a general rule for the religious observance of Sunday. Congested cities, with an overworked population, cannot be constrained under the pretence that Sunday, to be holy, should be spent in silence and at home.

MEDICAL ADVISERS.

Only one profession has more to do with the welfare of families and individuals than the medical profession. We have always thought well of the profession itself and its members.

ORIGIN OF ORANGEISM.

Some friend has sent us from Napanea a lengthy clipping which contains an account of the Battle of the Boyne. As a piece of history dealing with the war between James II., the lawful king of England, and William of Orange, we do not question it.

to perish. Only lately we have the anti-Catholic riots of Liverpool. "Orange lawlessness," says the Liverpool Catholic Times, after the death of one who had been injured in these riots, "still smoulders in certain quarters of the city, breaking out into flame wherever there is a brief chance of escaping the vigilance of the police."

WE ARE PLEASED to be able to announce that Mgr. Sbarretti, Apostolic Delegate to Canada, has arrived in this country, after a visit to the Eternal City.

OUR ESTEEMED Boston co-laborer, the Sacred Heart Review, tells us that while Catholics condemn the coarseness and unseemliness of the regular play houses, they should be careful lest the very evils they criticize so severely may not creep into the entertainments presented under Catholic auspices.

FOR THE YOUNG MAN there is a fund of wholesome advice in an address recently delivered to the graduating class at St. Jerome's College, Berlin, by Mr. W. E. Kelly, K. C., a prominent lawyer of Simcoe.

The man wedded to the wine cup, the victim of the gambling table, the cowardly grumbler, the perpetual worrier, these are slaves. The musician who must take daily practice to maintain his fame, the mind that must have the best books and the inspiration of good companionship, the soul dependent upon prayer and the Holy Sacraments of the Church, these are free.

THE LATEST news from France gives the Christian world a shock. It plainly shows that the governing class in that unfortunate country are fast tumbling to the lowest depths, and it will require a terrible humiliation before the French people fully realize their criminal negligence in permitting a coterie of infidels to rule the country.

Mrs. O. H. P. BELMONT who, we are told, has devoted a great deal of time and money to the cause of women's suffrage, has decided to open Marble House, her Newport residence, for lectures on this subject. Mrs. Belmont, we beg humbly to suggest, could do much more good for humanity were she to give her spare hours to the cause of charity and the uplifting of the fallen instead of endeavoring to put women in a sphere which nature never intended they should occupy.

SUPERSTITIONS have been prevalent amongst people all the world over from the beginning, and doubtless they will last until the end. It is hard to kill them. They have, like the chain prayer, as many lives as a cat.

LORD LANSDOWNE is very much perturbed. The noble lord looms large in broad acres, and because the House of Commons put an additional tax upon unproductive land he is in a white heat.

A DESPATCH from St. Louis tells us that a private car filled with mourners and flowers, on July 28th, conveyed the plush-casketed body of "George," a setter dog, to its last resting place.

A JUDGE IN NEW JERSEY, while refusing to grant a licence for the sale of liquor in a township in that State, referred to one phase of the question which is entirely new. A protest against the granting of the license was presented by 137 women of the county.

THESE IS DOUBT that a toper in being short of months' old baby a drink. For humanity we founded on fact however, state Many years ago sold the dead medical college ity that one or stories, may be one shudder. ence, however, some drunkard depths indeed. for the young take a drink at "ALCOHOLISM the title of a author of which P. P. Trindle. The good father thanksgiving great favor g lished this b pleasing to Al of its pages wh ing the cause amongst the terrible habit in alcoholic b as might be subject in the authorities, a which are cal cause of total pamphlet wh in those char be done in th A SIGNIFI comes to u criminal cou years of ag years in the Starting ou cheques, an cepted" ste forged che The counse for mercy criminal, at clever at medalist. Canada we that colleg stock upon Christian p AND NO book for t come is no moters. I gentlemen. So painful wish to de of spelling be used b etc. The continue way, leavi possibly n children? Those wh books are selves. THE REL The re In France ent mom papers ar abroad. As a n the "Co Living in its draw standpoi from the views a that the end. The ad its break but, un thereby Being r French and bec advanta the avo sicut C leave shocked tude of Catholi self. But s before change which i present whose "Conc in the been c wonder just th liberty The must lasting a Par whose religio served start w we liv It n ous o thoug truste ward natur ing or ignor force stead throu powe

There is doubt cast upon a statement that a toper in New Rochelle, N. Y., being short of money, offered his eleven months' old baby to a saloon keeper for a drink. For the sake of our common humanity we hope the story is not founded on fact. Some of the papers, however, state that it is only too true. Many years ago we read a report in a paper that a notorious drunkard had sold the dead body of his father to a medical college for \$5.00. The possibility that one or other, or both of these stories, may be correct, tends to make one shudder. We all know by experience, however, that the depths to which some drunkards descend are very low indeed. Here is an object lesson for the young man who thinks he can take a drink and leave it alone.

"ALCOHOLISM and its Treatment" is the title of a very neat pamphlet, the author of which is Rev. C. J. Creamer, P. P., Trinidad, British West Indies. The good father says that as an act of thanksgiving to Almighty God for a great favor granted to him he has published this book. It will indeed be pleasing to Almighty God if the reading of its pages will be the means of promoting the cause of temperance, especially amongst those who contracted the terrible habit of indulging immoderately in alcoholic beverages. Father Creamer, as might be expected, deals with the subject in the same manner as the church authorities, avoiding all those extremes which are calculated to do harm to the cause of total abstinence. We trust the pamphlet will have a large circulation in those channels where there is work to be done in the good cause.

A SIGNIFICANT piece of intelligence comes to us from Toronto. In the criminal court a young man, twenty-two years of age, was sentenced for three years in the penitentiary for forgery. Starting out with a number of bank cheques, and having stolen the "accepted" stamp, he raised money on forged cheques all over the country. The counsel for the prisoner pleaded for mercy because of the age of the criminal, and added that he was very clever at college and became a gold medalist. Just here all who wish Canada well will be inclined to think that collegiate training is poor capital stock unless it rests on a foundation of Christian principles.

AND NOW we have the new spelling book for the public schools. The outcome is not at all creditable to the promoters. It would appear as if these gentlemen were advanced "Jingoes." So painfully imperial are they that they wish to deprive us of the Canadian way of spelling English. The "our" must be used hereafter, in splendor, candor, etc. The great majority of people will continue to spell these words in the old way, leaving out the unnecessary u, and possibly many teachers will advise the children to follow the same practice. Those who have revised the spelling books are sadly in need of revision themselves.

THE RELIGIOUS CRISIS IN FRANCE. From America. The religious condition of the Church in France is a subject that, at the present moment, is much to the fore, in papers and magazines, both at home and abroad.

One of the chief instruments of the unrelenting campaign carried on against religion is "la Ligue de l'enseignement," that appeals to the government teachers, men and women. Craftily and perseveringly the government began by enlisting the sympathies of these lay teachers. Even the village schoolmaster is a power in this country. It appealed to their interests and sense of importance, and it is an undoubted fact at the present moment that, barring a few exceptions, the schoolmasters and school mistresses in the towns and villages of France are M. Clemenceau's most dangerous auxiliaries. Both from a social and in a political point of view their influence is unlimited, and it is exercised on behalf of the government, from whom they expect promotion and favor.

The adversaries of the Church, having laid their hands on the education of youth by the iniquitous suppression of the teaching orders, gained the gratitude and sympathy of the adult citizen by the encouragement bestowed on associations touching the material welfare of the masses: syndicates, savings banks, insurance companies; even athletic clubs. These associations, that in themselves are excellent, have become, in many cases, a means of propagating anti-clerical and atheistical doctrines.

The true policy of the "children of light" is to make use of the means and methods successfully employed by the "children of the world;" hence the necessity for the twentieth century French priests to adjust themselves to the demands of the day if they wish to prevent their countrymen from drifting back to paganism.

Being no longer paid functionaries, they are free to identify themselves more closely with the interests, needs, aspirations, of the people among whom they live. That they have begun to do this was excellently shown by Count Albert de Mun, in a remarkable speech delivered last month in presence of the Archbishop and of the leading Catholics of Paris.

On Sunday last in the presence of high dignitaries of the church as well as representatives of both the Federal and Provincial Governments and a concourse of seven thousand people, a monument was dedicated to the memory of the Irish immigrants who were stricken with typhus fever, and gave up their lives on the rocky shores of that secluded spot in the summer of 1847.

It is pathetic to note how often these little ones, mere babies in age, are called upon to confess their faith. The so-called neutral schools are hotbeds of religious prejudice and petty tyranny, where the boys and girls who practice their religion have to endure mocking words and scathing remarks. The priests, so not numerous enough to instruct their charges efficiently, and it is hopeless to believe that the over-worked, often ignorant parents, can supply their place and impart a knowledge that they do not possess. Hence, the importance of "L'Oeuvre des Catechismes," that brings together men, women and young girls who, on stated days several times a week, catechize the children of the suburbs and prepare them to receive the instructions that are given by the parish clergy. If the teaching of the latter is to produce good fruit, it must fall on ground prepared to receive it, and many of these "faubourgs" children are as ignorant as little savages. Quite lately, a priest showed a crucifix to a small boy. "This," he said, "is your God." "How can it be God," was the answer; "it does not move."

The voluntary "catechists" belong to all ranks of society; among them we know of young girls and women, apparently the gayest of the gay, but whose brilliant lives have a better side known to God alone.

The "œuvre des Catechismes" held its annual meeting the other day, when it was stated that 32,988 children, belonging chiefly to the poor suburbs of Paris, and educated at the government schools, are catechized by 3,381 devoted teachers. It would be idle to pretend that the present condition of religion in France is satisfactory, but it is equally unjust to consider only the dark sides of the picture. Two facts are certain; in the country villages religion is losing ground, and there all the rising generation is indifferent, if not hostile; in the large towns, in Paris especially, there is a decided reaction in favor of the faith that the Government wishes to stamp out. This reaction is not as yet a steady break, but in the opinion of those best qualified to judge, the abolition of the Concordat has hastened, rather than impeded, the movement.

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colonial secretary and announced that the Imperial Government intended spending £500,000 in sending out families who would be employed as laborers on the farms, and to provide them with log houses with small lots of land sufficient for a garden. The attorney-general objected to the scheme, and it fell through. When the potato crop failed in Ireland with the result that there was a famine, the landlords were ready with a fleet of 200 vessels, but no finances. Many of the immigrants when dying in this country, made allusions to the effect that they were refused relief from the Government famine fund until they had surrendered their lands, and when these advances were sent back to Ireland, the truth was admitted. When the immigrants were sent out their passage was paid and a sum of ten shillings was given each adult. On their arrival in Canada great sympathy was shown them, and many Canadians even lost their lives in nursing the sick.

Since that time the Irish in Canada have been planning a fitting monument to the immigrants, and the unveiling today is the result.

We are pleased to be able to print in full the following speech delivered on the occasion by that eloquent and sterling Irishman, Hon. Chas. F. Murphy, Secretary of State:

Monuments are as old as the race, and as varied in form and purpose as the persons and events to which they are dedicated to commemorate. The Celtic Cross, which has been dedicated here today, is so distinctively Irish in form, and is designed to commemorate an event of such tragic interest to the Irish Catholic people of Canada that, as their representative in the Government of the Dominion, I considered it a paramount duty to assist and presence pay tribute to the memory of those Irish men and Irishwomen whose ashes are commingled with the dust of this island.

This occasion is at once pathetic and historic. Pathetic because it is impossible to take part in these proceedings without recalling one of the saddest chapters in the history of our land, the Irish people have stamped her as the Field of Nations. Historic because it not only bridges the span of years that separates us from the horrors of 1847 and 1848, but because, at the same time, it marks a new stage in the forward march of our race.

their religion they would have been fed and housed. And then in one brief paragraph the author lifts the curtain upon the tragedy that was to be enacted in Canada. "The people forced by famine flocked to leave their country—they crowded on board the ships—all sailing vessels. A tolerably quick passage occupied from six to eight weeks, while passages of ten or twelve weeks, and even a longer time were not considered at all extraordinary. The people were infected with fever when they embarked. The vessels literally reeked with pestilence. Thus the people went on the ocean, warped by the four winds of heaven."

The climax of the tragedy is, perhaps, best told by Maguire in his "Irish in America."

"On the 8th of May, 1847, the Uralia from Cork with several hundred immigrants on board, a large proportion of them sick and dying of the ship fever, was put into quarantine at Grosse Isle. This was the first of the plague-smitten ships from Ireland which that year sailed up the St. Lawrence, but before the first week in June as many as 84 ships of various tonnage were driven in by an easterly wind; and of that enormous number of vessels there was not one free from the taint of malignant typhus, the offspring of famine, and of the foul ship-holds.

"The authorities were taken by surprise, owing to the sudden arrival of the plague-smitten fleet, and, save sheds that remained since 1832, there was no accommodation of any kind on the Irish race. These sheds were rapidly filled with the miserable people, the sick and dying, and along their walls lay groups of half-naked men, women and children in the same condition—sick and dying. Hundreds were literally dug out of the beach, left amid the mud and stone to crawl on the dry land how they could. Many . . . gasped out their last breath on that fatal shore, not able to drag themselves from the slime in which they lay. Death was doing its work everywhere—in the sheds, around the sheds, where the victims lay in groups, under the canopy of heaven, and in the poisonous holds of the plague ships, all of which were declared to be, and treated as, hospitals."

Few descriptions could be more affecting than Maguire's summary of the deaths and burials at Grosse Isle: "Upon the barren Isle as many as 10,000 of the Irish race were consigned to the grave pit. By some the estimate is made much higher and the actual number is considered nearer to the actual number. A register was kept, and is still in existence, but it does not commence earlier than June 16th, when the mortality was nearly at its height. According to the death roll, there were buried, between the 16th and 30th of June, 487 Irish immigrants whose names could not be ascertained. In July 391 were thrown into nameless graves; and in August 318 were entered in the register under the comprehensive description 'unknown.' There were interred, from the 10th of June to the closing of the quarantine for that year 2,905 of a Christian people, whose names could not be discovered amidst that fatal confusion and carnage of that fatal summer. In the following year 2,000 additional victims were entered in the register, without name or trace of any kind to tell who they were or whence they had come. Thus 5,000 out of the total number of victims were simply described as 'unknown.'"

FRIGHTFUL STOMACH TROUBLE

For Four Long Years He Suffered—Then "Fruit-a-tives" Brought Relief. Stratford Centre, Wolfe Co., Que., May 11th, 1909. I have been completely cured of a frightful condition of my stomach through this wonderful medicine, "Fruit-a-tives." I suffered for four long years with this trouble. My head ached incessantly. I could not eat anything but what I suffered awful pains from indigestion. I used every known remedy and was treated by physicians, but the dyspepsia and headache persisted in spite of the treatment.



I was told to try "Fruit-a-tives," and I sent for six boxes, and this was the only medicine that did me any good. I am now entirely well. I can eat ordinary food and I never have a headache, and for this relief I thank this wonderful remedy "Fruit-a-tives." My case is well known in this vicinity and you may publish this statement. ALCIDIE HEBERT. 50c a box, \$ for \$2.50, or trial size 15c. If for any reason your dealer does not handle "Fruit-a-tives," they will be sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

opportunity of associating myself with this patriotic movement. Not only myself, but the Canadian Government as well. Having performed my duty in that regard, it seems to me that another duty remains to be performed, and with its performance I would like to be associated. Thanks to the Ancient Order of Hibernians, the memory of the Irish exiles who perished here has been rescued from oblivion. But what of the clergy of all denominations who laid down their lives at humanity's call? Is there not a duty cast upon the Irish race to commemorate their heroic also, and thus furnish posterity with a record of human greatness and a noble example to emulate? Personally I feel that there is such a duty cast upon us; and in view of the success with which Mr. Cummings and Mr. Foy carried to completion all the arrangements for the erection of this Celtic Cross, I would suggest that they take charge of another movement, to erect a monument to the Catholic and Protestant clergy who died here in 1847 and 1848, and if they will undertake such a work I will ask the privilege of being allowed to contribute one hundred dollars to the monument fund.

When speaking at the St. Patrick Society dinner in Montreal on the 15th of March last, I announced that the Dominion Government had made a free grant of a site for this monument, and ventured to point out the national significance of the monument itself. I feel, Sir, that in conclusion I cannot do better than paraphrase the words I used on that occasion: "Primarily, this monument will commemorate the heroism of those who left their native land rather than abjure that which they prized more dearly than life itself. In the next place, it will commemorate the kindness of the French-Canadians, who soothed the dying hours of these Irish exiles, and later assumed the duties of parents towards their orphan children. But the monument, Sir, will serve another and a more important purpose. We are told that the Statue of Liberty standing in majestic watch and ward over New York harbour was designed to impress the incoming stranger that he is arriving in a land of freedom. At best, Sir, that Statue is an abstract symbol whose import is grasped by few individuals among the teeming thousands who enter New York harbour for the first time. Not so with the Celtic Cross on this island. As the incoming stranger sails up the St. Lawrence River, his gaze will rest on this monument, and no sooner will he hear its story than his mind will receive an indelible impression that this is not only a land of freedom, but that it is a land of brotherly love—a land where the races live in harmony and where each vies with the other in promoting the great work of national unity.

"Less time than courage is required to make a saint."—Olivant.



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

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON. Twelfth Sunday after Pentecost.

LOVE FOR OTHERS. The Gospel of to-day, my dear brethren, tells us the familiar story of the good Samaritan. The special lesson which our Lord wished to teach us by this would seem to be plain enough; that true charity is universal, considers every one as its neighbor, and is ready to do good to all, even though it cost a good deal of personal sacrifice.

This is a lesson which we learn with difficulty and easily forget. The priest is obliged, indeed, to keep studying it all the time, for every one is coming to him with his trials and troubles, and cut off as he is by his profession from the natural ties of family, he has to consider all as his brethren and to try to treat them as such. But you who have your own whom you are obliged to support and the cares which they bring, and have to be continually reminded that there are others outside your own family circle whose wants God will not allow you to neglect.

But here something happens which is a little strange. If an appeal is made for the orphans, or for some foreign mission, or for the sufferers by some calamity a long way off, these seem to step to the front as neighbors without much difficulty, and we cannot complain that they do not get a reasonable share, especially when we consider that plenty of people outside the parish are helping to the same end. Yes, these get along well enough, but the ones who suffer are the neighbors who are so in every sense, who live right in your own street, or at most only a few blocks away; the neighbors, moreover, who have no one but just you to help them. Now this, I say, is a little strange.

For this is really the principal, the most necessary and urgent appeal that we have to make. To help in the parish work is the first duty of every Catholic, after the wants of his own household are reasonably well attended to. To help in the parish work is to help in each and every one, his fair share to the very great expense which parish work, when properly done, calls for.

Now, some people, indeed I fear we must say most people, do not seem to get hold of this idea at all. On the contrary, they appear to have an idea of their own which is truly an absurd one, and which would be even ridiculous were not the subject one of such gravity and importance. They, perhaps, I may say, have two ideas, though they often run together in one confused mass. One is that there is little or no parish work to be done, at least of a kind that costs money, and that when the priest is asking for money all the time, he wants it to spend on himself; the other that there is some work, but that it belongs to the priest himself to do it.

My dear brethren in Christ, when will you wake up to the truth that there are few priests indeed that are millionaires, or even thousands, or that want to be, except for their work's sake? But even if the priest were a millionaire, he would not be obliged to put all his money into the Church work unless it had come from the people. He gives his time and his life to the service of the Church, but he is not obliged by his ordination to put all the money he has received by inheritance or like ways into it, unless in order to give you an example. But really the rich priest is a rarity that is not worth talking about. The real state of the case is just this: there is an immense deal of work to be done for the Church and the poor right here and in every Catholic parish. The priest will do it; that is what he is here for; but he must have money to do it—money for this work, not to spend on his back or his table, God knows. And as God holds him to account for his time and his labor, so—yes, exactly so—will He hold you to account if you have prevented him from doing it by not giving him the means to work with.

We beg of you, then, for God's sake and for your own sake, to put your shoulders to the wheel. For your own soul's sake, don't go before the judgment seat of God with a beggarly account of pennies spent for Him and dollars for the ten and hundred on yourselves.

SOCIALIST BAITS FOR CATHOLICS. AN IMPORTANT AND MISLEADING PHASE OF THE SOCIALIST PROPAGANDA.

From The Messenger. A phase of the Socialistic propaganda deserving the special attention of Catholics is the extraordinary effort being made just now to eliminate all reference to the essentially anti-religious character of Socialism, and to insist that it is purely an economic and political movement. The reason of the effort is not far to seek. A recent Socialistic visitor to our rooms "extends a warm, sincere, glad hand of welcome to every Catholic whose heart is burdened with the woes of mankind, and who is studying to find the way out of the wilderness of economic misery for all our race." No doubt the writer appreciates how coldly the welcome will appeal to a Catholic who realizes that Socialism is necessarily antagonistic to the faith which is dear to him as life. With a plausibility that must work mischief with superficial minds, the Socialists reiterate in many forms this latest catchword—"Socialism is not concerned with matters of religious belief." Thus, to urge the point, a recent so-called Catholic Special Edition of the Christian Socialist, published in Chicago, makes much of the confirmatory argument that there are to be found in the ranks of the Socialists not only infidels and atheists, but also believers of all denominations, Protestants and Catholics, and even ministers of the Gospel. In similar strain references are culled from the writings of saluators and doctors of the Church clearly, so it is argued, making for the Socialistic position, and eloquent passages are quoted from Christian preachers of our own day all in line with the Bill of Rights as set forth by the Socialists. Men who make ardent appeal to the fundamental sense of justice, as our Socialistic friends profess to do, should evince a more honorable spirit of fairness in their controversy.

One should not need to remind them that it is quite impossible to agree in

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the diagnosis of the ills affecting the commonwealth to-day, whilst differing as pole from pole in prescribing the remedies judged most likely to work their cures. When, for instance, a well-known and able Catholic priest of the Middle West proclaims "that Socialism is powerful because it voices what every toiler feels, because it recognizes the need of reform and claims to possess the remedy for social ills;" when he further eloquently pictures the economic burdens of our time and the black injustice of many phases of the life of the struggling poor when he accounts the efforts of philanthropists or of partisan politicians to remedy these evils as a disappointment and failure, he does not, therefore and at once, align himself with the Socialists to spread their doctrines as the one saving antidote to the poison that is destroying the peace and well-being God would have flourish in our social economy. Rather, and it is here that the unfairness of our Catholic Special Edition betrays itself, does the zealous priest whose work it terms "splendid," in his entire lesson to his people affirm his purpose to do just the opposite to that which he is editorially announced as doing.

Whilst agreeing with the Socialist in the recital of facts, portraying the need of radical reform in social conditions among us, he has started a men's class to see "what there is good in Socialism, which of his recommendations are tenets can be accepted and adopted by loyal Catholics." He does not "speak out for Socialism." Rather does he adopt the historic attitude of the Church of which he is a minister. That Church ever insists that her children be not blind in their service. She does not ask her followers to accept her teachings in those matters that are clearly within the scope of rational inquiry simply and solely because she has pronounced this or that to be the truth—may she eagerly urges upon all the propriety to inform themselves fully upon the problems of the day; that the "reasonable service" befitting men may be ever theirs.

As to her stand in reference to Socialism, no one can be in doubt. Whilst her teachings are clear in their acknowledgment of economic conditions entirely out of accord with the best development of humanity, yet will she have sought to do with the Socialism ordinarily advocated to-day, as a proper stem according to whose principles social reform is to be achieved. For Socialism, besides being an economic and political movement, is also a philosophical system, a new evolutionary philosophy, a new interpretation of history and of the entire world process. The civilized world to-day knows this, the Socialists themselves proclaim it most ostentatiously. As a philosophical system, moreover, Socialism is essentially materialistic, and, therefore, atheistic, opposed to all positive religion and hostile to Christianity. This is an equally incontestable fact admitted among the fundamental tenets and the consequences of Marxian philosophy by prominent Socialist authors themselves. Who, then, of Catholic training, can allow himself to affirm that Socialism is not concerned with religion, is not the clamor of the Socialist propaganda proclaiming the system to be primarily an economic and political movement?

EVER ANCIENT, EVER NEW.

As Christ, so His Church. It is ever the same in its spirit. Its outward form may change, as it has from the time when the twelve apostles went forth to convert the world, till the present time when the Church has its hundreds of thousands of bishops and priests in all parts of the world preaching the divine word. The cathedrals and churches everywhere stand in marked contrast to the almost absolute want of roofs to shelter the priests of God in the first ages, and yet the teaching and the spirit of the teachers are no different now from at any other time of the Church's history.

It is, as St. Paul taught, Christ and Him crucified, that the Church is teaching the world over to-day, for all that the Church does and says has Christ as the central figure and His life and death as the inspiration of its thoughts and the aim of its endeavors. There may be new things started and new ways employed in the non-essentials of religion, but as regards the essentials, the Holy Sacrifice and the sacraments, the doctrines taught are ever the same.

It could not be otherwise, for they were instituted by our Lord Himself Who founded the Church and must be, like Him, unchangeable. They suit every age, and every condition of life; they were begun with the time of Christ and are to last till the end of time; they are old and new at once—old in their origin and new in their application to present conditions and circumstances. The material nature around us does not change. The sun shines as brightly to-day as the first day it was placed by God in the firmament; the stars and all creation around us, the stars and all creation around us. The same must be the rule with regard to the things founded by God in the spiritual order—they have inherent in them permanence and continuity and will remain to be the last things of time and the first of eternity.

True religion is divine. It comes from God and tends to Him. He is its

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author and its life. Man is only its object. It is to act upon his intellect, his affections and his will, and it has power within to induce him, if he but yield to its gentle influences, to turn his mind to his Maker and to serve Him with all the faculties of his being. God, Who made our immortal souls, speaks to us always, but in diverse and manifold ways. In the old days He spoke by the mouth of Moses and the prophets, but in the new He spoke to us by the voice of Christ His Son during the time of His earthly mission, and He addresses us ever since through the voice of holy Church speaking in His name. Men essentially are the same in every age; it is whether it is Christ Himself they are hearing or His Church, the lessons are always the same. These lessons we would never know unless God taught them to us. We would never have the gift of faith unless God gave it to us of Himself through others, sent by Him, for faith, as the apostle says, "cometh by hearing." There is in man's nature the inclination to look up to and to listen to somebody above him, and this being is his Maker and that Maker we call God, infinitely powerful and infinitely good God has made man so and for his part He speaks to man to guide him in the way of truth and righteousness. Millions and billions heard that divine Voice since it first spoke; may heeded it in fullness, more corresponded to its teachings in greater or less degree, some, and not a few, turned a deaf ear to it. It was the wise and good that built up this world, established its laws and founded its prosperity. Wherever the Christian religion has flourished civilization and progress have flourished with it. May we not say that it was God Who did all these things, for the wise and good could not do them of themselves; it was His grace that inspired and emboldened them, even though it was through their instrumentality that the results were attained.

Sometimes men, led away in the pride of their intellect, have lost sight of God in thinking of and admiring themselves and have tried to destroy religion or establish new creeds and new religions; but vain, and forever must be vain, all such efforts. Man cannot destroy religion; it is contrary to the nature of things. Now is it for a man to make a religion, but for God to make one for him. God has been faithful to man in this regard from the days of Adam, and will be faithful to the end. There were the sacrifices of Abel, of Abraham and Melchisedech under the old dispensation: There was the sacrifice of Christ under the new, which is renewed and will be renewed mystically till the end of time. Like all God's works certain sacrifices are final; its merits are infinite and inexhaustible and it needs but the priest whom He has called chiefly for this and by whose hands He may offer Himself to be a propitiation to the justice of God and as impetration to His mercy to the end of time. As with the sacrifice, so with the sacraments which Christ left His Church. They are so many infinite blessings to those craving them, the more of them. Let man remember, then, that God alone can aid and comfort him. Altruism and humanitarianism have failed and must ever fail; they are man's creation and have no lasting life in them. It is only divine love and charity that can last, because God always lives. He lives in His Church, and lives again in the faith and virtues of His children. God would bless all men in mind and in heart, in body and in soul, but bless them through His Church and through the faithful children of the Church, "the City of God"—"ever ancient, ever new."—Bishop Colton in Buffalo Catholic Union and Times.

THE "NEW RELIGION."

Dr. Eliot's recent outgiving about something he calls the "new religion" is in consonance with the utterances of certain agnostic professors, as reported by Mr. Bolce. They all look towards the same objective—secession from Christianity. In this new religion, says the president of Harvard University, "there will be no supernatural element; it will place no reliance on anything but the laws of nature." As God is only supernatural, this proposed new religion is atheism or pantheism. There is no alternative; it is no God or All-God. Against both these errors Christianity stands like a wall of adamant. By Christianity we mean the Catholic Church. This new religion "will not be bound by dogma or creed," says the president. Then it has a creed, if the doctor is its mouthpiece; its creed is that it shall not be bound by any creed, or that it shall be found hard to build a new religion or any kind of religion on negations. The doctor's program is limited almost exclusively to telling us what the new religion will not do, or be. It would be more enlightening if it told us what it is to be and what it is going to do. It is like a man that give in its long list of foods only to state that are not to be served. The hungry diner would prefer mention of something that he could get.

"It will place no reliance on anything but the laws of nature."

Here is a dogma or creed, after pledging itself to have none.

"Its workings will be simple, but its field of action limitless."

Here is another dogma.

"Prevention will be its watchword."

There is another creed or symbol of attitude and purpose, though it does not tell us what it is going to prevent.

It will "have a skilled surgeon as one of its members."

This is a wise provision, for intellectual appendicitis requires skill. But these should be more than one, if he is not to be worked to death.

"There will be no personification of natural objects."

This will be hard on poets and orators. It will even prevent Dr. Eliot from being personified, for he is a natural object, quite natural; yet it is very convenient to refer to him as "he," rather than "it."

"God will be so immanent that no intermediary will be needed. His priests will strive to improve social and industrial conditions."

All this after telling us that there is no supernatural! It is clear that the god the doctor refers to is not that supreme and infinite, personal Being whom Christians worship; it is the All-god of pantheism, the deification of nature, the creature.

"The priests of this pantheist god "will strive to improve social and industrial conditions."

Were moral conditions intentionally omitted?—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

THE CARDINAL ANDRIEU AND THE EPISCOPACY.

Three more Bishops—there are now forty—have just declared their adherence to Cardinal Andrieu, those of Carcassonne, of Nevers and of Langres. The new Bishop of Marseilles, Mgr. Fabre, has given to his adhesion a particularly solemn form. On the very day of his consecration, at which Cardinal Andrieu assisted, he said, responding to an address of the Archbishop of Bordeaux: "In mounting the throne of the Primate of Aquitaine, you denounced in connection with despotism certain laws; you have declared that they placed no obligation on one's conscience; that one had not only the right, but the duty, to disobey them, that one ought to make them null and void. These declarations have spread far and wide. To-day the government is seeking you; to-morrow she will condemn you. "Of little import to you are threats and punishments. You vanquish them

VACATION TIME. When preparing for the summer vacation it would be well not to lose sight of the fact that sooner or later a permanent vacation is coming for all, and now is the time to make proper preparation for it. You will be able to enjoy the summer holidays all the more if you have the consciousness of having fulfilled your duty to those dependent upon you. If your life is not already insured, or if you are not carrying all the protection you should, better procure a Policy at once from the North American Life Assurance Company "Solid as the Continent" HOME OFFICE - TORONTO

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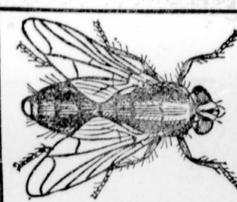
The Wisdom of Experience.
Here are some quotations from a recent syndicated editorial by Herbert Kaufman.
"If you hope to improve the world, first look to be reformed." Man is suspicious of his benefactors.
"You can't plant a new crop in an old field until you clear away the stubble. The birth of an idea usually means the death of an ideal."
Columbus was sure that the world was a giant apple and not a geological pancake, but he had to produce a western hemisphere before the fifteenth century believed in an eastern one.
Your father had a chance to buy a share of the original telephone stock, but because he was an average man, and therefore narrow and suspicious of all that he did not understand, he congratulated himself for his common sense and invested the money in cigars.
Those who yearn to wear the laurel wreath must learn to bear the fool's cap. Great ambitions must be backed by great control, great denial and great determination. They who understand most are understood least.
Just one man in a hundred can see beyond his nose—the short-sighted people are in the majority—and the majority rules. Only imagination can visualize what the best-most people have no imagination, therefore they doubt and ridicule what they do not comprehend. To them the oak is never apparent in the acorn.
"That fool" rang in the ears of every crusader of progress.
"Fortune disdains mereability—brain is nothing without bravery. The man who can be thrashed by a sneer has been treated before he was defeated."
Success is only for those who are willing to stand by their standards—misjudgment—who are prepared to face the fire of criticism and to accept defeat until they become vaccinated against it. Most men who gave up would have arrived if they had kept up.
"Nothing can be accomplished by a coward—everything is possible to the courageous. The real of 'You Can't' is being eaten away by each successive surge of advancement."—Extension.

The Single Aim.
It is the single aim that wins. Men with monopolizing ambitions rarely live in history. They do not focus their powers long enough to burn names indelibly into the roll of honor. Edward Everett, even with his magnificent powers, disappointed the expectations of his friends. He spread himself over the whole field of knowledge and elegant culture, but the mention of the name Everett does not call up any one great achievement as does that of names like Garrison and Phillips.
Voltaire called the Frenchman La Harpe an oven which was always heating, but which never cooked anything.
Hartley Coleridge was credited as endowed with talent, like Sir James Mackintosh, but there was one fatal lack in his character—he had no definite purpose, and his life was a failure. Unstable as water, he could not excel. Southey, his uncle, says: "Coleridge has two left hands." He was a morbidly shy from living alone in his dreamland that he could not open a letter without trembling. He would often rally from his purposeless life, and resolve to redeem himself from the oblivion he saw staring him in the face; but, like Mackintosh, he remained a man of promise merely to the end of his life.

The world always makes way for the man with a purpose in him, like Bismarck or Grant. Look at Rufus Choate, concentrating all his attention first on one juryman, then on another, going back over the whole line again and again, until he has burned his arguments into their souls; until he has hypnotized them with his purpose; until they see with his eyes, think his thoughts, feel his sensations. He never stopped until his head projected his mind into theirs, and permeated their lives with his individuality. There was no escape from his concentration of purpose, his persuasive rhetoric, his convincing logic.
"Carry the jury at all hazards," he used to say to young lawyers; "move heaven and earth to carry the jury, and then fight it out with the judge on the law questions as best you can."
The man who succeeds has a programme. He fixes his course and adheres to it.

There is no grander sight in the world than that of a young man fired with a great purpose, dominated by a unwavering aim. He is bound to win; the world stands on one side and lets him pass; it always makes way for the man with a will in him. He does not have one half the opposition to overcome that the undecided, purposeless man has who, like driftwood, runs against all sorts of snags to which he must yield, because he has no momentum to force them out of his way. What a sublime spectacle it is to see a youth going straight to his goal, cutting his way through difficulties, and surmounting obstacles, which dishearten others, as though they were but stepping-stones! Defeat, like a gymnast, only gives him new power; opposition only doubles his exertions; dangers only increase his courage. No matter what comes to him, sickness, poverty, disaster, he never turns his eye from his goal, and sooner or later, he is certain to reach it.

The Right Kind Again.
The kind of man women like best is the manly man.
He is honest to the last measure of a penny, and just and kind in every estimate of those whom he honors with his friendship. He would be a true friend at any cost of trouble to himself, right and wrong and a keen sense of humor. He is witty without ever being silly, and he is considerate and gentle without ever being effeminate.
He never leaves undone a thing he undertakes to do, and the life that would be most intolerable to him would be a life of laziness and inactivity.
He is very careful and neat in his dress. In all personal habits and characteristics he is refined and reserved.
He is generous to the limit of his means, and finds his best happiness with



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the one he loves best, considering a pleasure only half a pleasure without her.
He has a deep, abiding reverence for women, and, according as they deserve, holds them in higher honor or profoundest pity.
He is a man whom men esteem for his worth and integrity and whom women instinctively trust.
A Few "Learns."
Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine. Learn to tell a story. A well-told story is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sick room. Learn to keep your own troubles to yourself. The world is too busy to care for your ills and sorrows. Learn to do something for others. Even if you are a bedridden invalid, there is always something that you can do to make others happier, and that is the surest way to obtain happiness for yourself. Let your aim be high. Let some great object fire your whole being. Our country holds out a thousand situations which you might fill honorably. Seek to be such that the present generation and all posterity will hold you in the sweetest remembrance of doing some sunshine work.
Be a Living Example.
The most depressing influence in the world is the thought that there is nothing in life worth living for. Draped in such mournful reveries one dies a new death every hour. If you have nothing to do, make an active start in a course of self-improvement. Form friendships with individuals of strong, sterling character. Store your mind with the world's knowledge and humanity's lessons, refine your manners, look after your health, shine up in every way. As you develop a creative and charming will develop personality and charm that will draw every one to you and, before you know it, you will become a power for encouraging other men to take the most and the best and the sweetest of themselves. It is something to be a good example.—New World.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Pleasure in Little Things.
There is no more pleasant friend or agreeable companion than the one who finds amusement and interest in even the smallest things; there is no more depressing or disagreeable one than he who always has some fault to find or unpleasant comment to make with everything which life can produce.
There are those who seem to think it shows an up-to-dateness to be hard to please, or gives them the appearance of fastidious tastes which they imagine is refined. Again others do it for no other reason than to be contrary or to differ from others. If this is up-to-dateness, or refinement, we may long be preserved from these qualities. And if we choose by our own will to be discontented with everything, and disagreeable with those with whom we associate, why we richly deserve the discontent for which to all appearances we are aiming. Our aim should be to make the best of life, and get out of it all the pleasantness we can while making it our chief motto to make it agreeable and pleasant for those around us.
If we ourselves do not care to be pleased, we certainly will not find pleasure in things, little or great. If we make up our minds to listen, to take notice, and enjoy the small pleasures when they come our way, the battle will be half won. If we have fallen into the "disagreeable pit," let us climb out again as soon as possible.
Many of us are disagreeable and poor companions for the simple reason we

don't half listen to what is spoken to us, and therefore lose the pleasure and richness of what is being spoken to us; we only hear it with a half ear, while our thoughts are elsewhere, and consequently it is as good as lost on our mind and pleasure capacity.
Work.
There are many young women, yes and men, too, who look upon themselves as most unfortunate because they are required to work either from the necessity of supporting themselves or others dependent on them.
There is no more miserable person than the "do-nothing." They kill time by spending it in sleep, reading trashy novels or newspapers, by dressing and chatting with persons as silly as themselves. This idleness soon palliates upon them and they sigh for a change, and it usually ends in wrong and sin.
Every one should find pleasure in work well done, not only from the reward of such labor, but for the work itself. Our being of necessity demands something on which it can spend its force and energy, and when we are engaged in work it grows always stronger and better.
Young women, particularly, you should not be found with idle hands, no matter how rich you may be. There is always something you can do for the betterment of the home, something you can learn to your advantage, and outside you can find abundance in helping worthy charitable institutions if you but look around and wish to work. Whatever your position or station in life, find some work to perform. It necessarily obliges you to work, strive to do your work well. Be ready to learn and improve, whether rich or poor, or in what station you may be placed. Any one who works in this way will find, no matter what it is they have to do, if working for a living or for the betterment of their own body and soul, or the good of others, will find work easy and pleasant.—The Tablet.

ONE CHRIST AND ONE CHURCH.

There is a certain Dr. Myers, who lives in Chicago and who is numbered among the enemies of Professor Foster. Dr. Myers of course is a Baptist clergyman. He is a brave man, is Dr. Myers. He went to a dinner given at the Haeckel Club to speak on "The Divinity of Christ." Be it known that the Haeckel Club is composed of atheists and free-thinkers. Dr. Myers was nothing if not positive before his scolding audience.
"Enter Jesus Christ is the biggest fraud on earth," he said "or He is a God Incarnate."
"If Jesus Christ is not the Son of God, He is a liar and not even a decent example."
"The Bible is either the Word of God or it is the greatest book of lies ever penned."
All three of these statements, without doubt, are absolutely true and we recommend them for consideration to the Fosters and the Trapezes, as well as to the Lays and Tyrells of our own incipient—very incipient—higher critics. There is and there can be no compromise. We can not understand the logical process of a man who lauds Jesus Christ as the greatest of teachers, while he him a liar, by denying His divinity, calls Him a liar. If Christ lied about Himself, we can lawfully cast suspicion upon all the rest of His statements. In the same way, we are at sea regarding even the common sense of a man who calls the Bible an inspired book and denies its truth on a thousand questions. Surely it was bad enough in the old days to insist upon interpreting its statements as we pleased, but how terrible is the modern idea of making a liar of it half the time and exalting it as the very inspiration of Heaven for the rest.
But Doctor Johnson Myers, for so he is called, might have listened to sterner words just as strong as those he flung into the faces of the Haeckel Club and find that he, too would have to take refuge in scolding, for he could give no answer.
Doctor, either Jesus Christ is the biggest fraud on earth or the Catholic Church is the one and only true Church since He established it and promised to "be with it all days"; promised to "send the Spirit of Truth to abide" in it, "even to the end of the world." If the Church taught error once, and teaches error to-day, then, dear Mr. Myers, Christ is not the Son of God and "not even a decent example."
The Bible has every mark of being anything but an inspired book, if it upholds to the slightest degree the confusion, errors, gropings and misunderstandings of what men to day call "modern religious thought."
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ONE CHRIST AND ONE CHURCH.

There is a certain Dr. Myers, who lives in Chicago and who is numbered among the enemies of Professor Foster. Dr. Myers of course is a Baptist clergyman. He is a brave man, is Dr. Myers. He went to a dinner given at the Haeckel Club to speak on "The Divinity of Christ." Be it known that the Haeckel Club is composed of atheists and free-thinkers. Dr. Myers was nothing if not positive before his scolding audience.
"Enter Jesus Christ is the biggest fraud on earth," he said "or He is a God Incarnate."
"If Jesus Christ is not the Son of God, He is a liar and not even a decent example."
"The Bible is either the Word of God or it is the greatest book of lies ever penned."
All three of these statements, without doubt, are absolutely true and we recommend them for consideration to the Fosters and the Trapezes, as well as to the Lays and Tyrells of our own incipient—very incipient—higher critics. There is and there can be no compromise. We can not understand the logical process of a man who lauds Jesus Christ as the greatest of teachers, while he him a liar, by denying His divinity, calls Him a liar. If Christ lied about Himself, we can lawfully cast suspicion upon all the rest of His statements. In the same way, we are at sea regarding even the common sense of a man who calls the Bible an inspired book and denies its truth on a thousand questions. Surely it was bad enough in the old days to insist upon interpreting its statements as we pleased, but how terrible is the modern idea of making a liar of it half the time and exalting it as the very inspiration of Heaven for the rest.
But Doctor Johnson Myers, for so he is called, might have listened to sterner words just as strong as those he flung into the faces of the Haeckel Club and find that he, too would have to take refuge in scolding, for he could give no answer.
Doctor, either Jesus Christ is the biggest fraud on earth or the Catholic Church is the one and only true Church since He established it and promised to "be with it all days"; promised to "send the Spirit of Truth to abide" in it, "even to the end of the world." If the Church taught error once, and teaches error to-day, then, dear Mr. Myers, Christ is not the Son of God and "not even a decent example."
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Aug. 27 From Stations Toronto and east, including Sherbrooke and Kings-ton, and all Stations in Ontario west of Renfrew, also Stations on C.P.R. & O. Ry., and Stations on R. & P. south of Renfrew, Toronto to Sudbury.
Sept. 7 From all Stations Toronto and west, including Stations on C.P.R. Toronto to Sudbury.
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There are good only on special Farm Laborers' trains and will be issued to women as well as to men, but will not be issued at half fare to children.
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AN ANGLICAN EPISCOPALIAN POPE.

The Churchman, July 24, dwells on the difference which has arisen of late between the Protestant Episcopal Church in America and the Anglican or Mother Church in England.

The claims of Canterbury could be upheld, were the Anglican Church entitled to be called Catholic. As it possesses no such title, these claims are absurd.

In repelling the claims of Canterbury, the Protestants, Episcopal Church in America, or for that matter in any other country, is right in rejecting them.

The Protestant historian, W. C. Taylor, A. B., of Trinity College, Dublin, in his History of Ireland, vol. 2, page 260, says: "In 1795 a Protestant banditti, calling themselves Peep-of-day Boys, served notice on most of the Catholics of the county of Armagh, to quit their farms before a certain day, threatening destruction of property, and even loss of life, in case of disobedience."

The papacy is not tyranny, because it is legitimate power, legitimately exercised. It is not of man but of God. It has its origin in the mission given to the Apostles.

The Province of Ontario is indebted to the late Ogle R. Gowan as the "father and founder" of Orangeism, in the year 1831.

With such an unsavoury record of Orangeism and its "founders," one is surprised to find intelligent men like Professor Goldwin Smith, Dr. Pyne, our Minister of Education, and "Sir Knight" John Ross Robertson endorsing it.

Mr. Hazlehurst says: "She was Sarah Worthington of Cincinnati, the widow of Edward, youngest son of Rus King, and a great-aunt of Nicholas Longworth, the husband of President Roosevelt's daughter."

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on the work of Christ or to constitute a new body of jarring members with a head elected by themselves.

Such is the ideal of the Church presented by St. Paul, an organic body, distinguished by ordinary and extraordinary gifts, which finds its fulfillment in the Catholic Church and in her alone.

"THE BATTLE OF THE DIAMOND."

There are thousands of Canadian Orangemen, who celebrate the 12th July, who know nothing of the origin of the Orange Society as an organized body, and for that reason it may not be amiss, at this season, to examine its history, taken from Parliamentary records and historical sources, as follows:

In the year 1795, in that part of the county of Armagh (Ireland) known as "The Diamond," a faction-fight took place between a body of men associated as Peep-of-day-Boys, consisting of Protestants on one side, and a party styled "Defenders," consisting of Catholics, on the other side.

The Peep-of-day-Boys did not lose a man. It was after a sanguinary affair that the Peep-of-day Boys found it advisable to change the name, and they adopted the more euphonious name "Orangemen," instead, and to commemorate the victory a song was composed, of which the following is the last verse:

"The battle of the Diamond A triumph song we sing; We're not to hug the rebel's coat, Nor bow the neck in ring; The shouts of Protestants shall swell, And value-bills from the shore, And it shall be in Ireland A toast for evermore."

The London Evening News has the following to say regarding the attainments of this young and gifted Canadian; Regret will be felt in musical circles that Miss Maria Ricciardi—whose recital at the Eolian Hall last June was so much appreciated—makes her farewell appearance in England at Dr. Theo. Lierhammer's pupils' concert at Bechstein Hall to-morrow.

Dr. Theo. Lierhammer in London, has returned to Ottawa, her old home. Miss Ricciardi is the eldest daughter of Mr. Charles T. Gibbs, of Ottawa. Her last appearance in London was at Bechstein Hall on the 10th July, where she sang leading soprano at a concert of Dr. Lierhammer's pupils.

Dr. Lierhammer considered his pupil's voice was destined to be heard among the greatest artists of the world. It is a high lyric soprano, ranging over nearly three octaves—Toronto Saturday Night.

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DEATH OF MR. W. F. O'BOYLE

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in St. Peter's. In the middle of the Mass Mrs. Peter turned to my aunt, asking what her impressions were of the service. Of course my aunt, being a Protestant, replied in the usual denunciatory language so common even among educated people at that time.

To this account we can add an item of interest in the chaplain's life of Mrs. Peter. One evening in April, 1882, while the troops were going through military drill on the battle-field of Shiloh or Pittsburg Landing in Tennessee, we noticed an elderly lady and, with her, eight or ten nuns, who were watching the evolutions with great interest.

We approached them and entered into conversation with the lady who seemed to be the leader, though not in nun's attire. She said: "I am Mrs. Peter of Cincinnati. I hired a steambot and these Sisters came with me hoping to be of assistance to the sick and wounded."

This was perhaps two weeks after the battle and the sick and wounded had all been transported to Cairo, Mound City, and other hospitals on the Ohio River. It was only in such permanent hospitals that the Sisters and other women nurses could be of any practical use to the army.

Mrs. Peter was ignorant of all this. The evening we met her she asked if we would celebrate Mass on her boat the next morning for her and her companions. We assented, and the next morning went to the boat and found the lady's cabin prepared and a temporary altar fixed over the piano.

After breakfast we bid adieu to her and her companions and never saw them after. They returned to Cincinnati, being in that city recently we spent some very pleasant days with Mr. Eugene Sullivan and his excellent and charming family.

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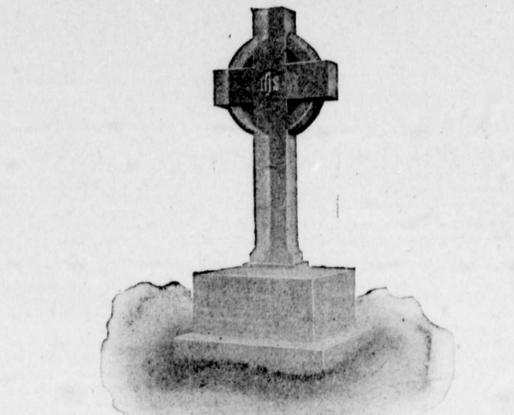
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A CELEBRATED CANADIAN SINGER.

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The above Panel, 8 ft. 6 x 11, has just been completed by The Thornton-Smith Co., Church Decorators 11 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO

FOR THE JESUIT MEMORIAL CHURCH, PENETANGUISHENE and is the first of a series of compositions to be placed in this beautiful edifice.

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