

The Catholic Register

"Truth is Catholic; proclaim it ever, and God will effect the rest"—BALMEZ

VOL. XVI., No. 37

TORONTO, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1908

PRICE FIVE CENTS



EXHORTATION TO CATHOLIC CLERGY OF OUR MOST HOLY LORD, PIOUS X. BY DIVINE PROVIDENCE POPE ON THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS PRIESTHOOD POPE PIUS X.

Beloved Sons, Health and Apostolic Benediction:

The words pregnant with fear, which the apostle of the Gentiles addressed to the Hebrews, warning them concerning the obedience due their superiors when he gravely affirmed "for they watch as being to render an account of your souls," are deeply rooted in our soul. For, if this truth expressed by the Apostle applies to all those who hold the reins of government in Christ's Church, it regards us especially who, though unequal to the burden, have received from the hand of God the supreme authority. Wherefore, night and day with care and solicitude we have not ceased to consider and plan whatever might make for the welfare and increase of the flock of Christ; and this particularly has occupied our thoughts that those who have been elevated to the Sacred orders be such as the dignity of their office demands, for we hold it true that in this way, above all others, we may hope for a healthy and happy religious condition.

Therefore, as soon as we entered our pontificate, although the venerable Brothers of the Universal Episcopate were unanimous, as they regarded the clergy of the Catholic world, in singing its many praises, we deemed it most opportune to exhort them earnestly to expend on no enterprise more care and study than in forming Christ in those who were rightly destined to form Christ in others. We know well the wishes of the Sacred Bishops in this regard; we know with what solicitude and care they have given their efforts to train the clergy in virtue, and for this it pleases us to have given them not only praise, but to have expressed to them openly our thanks.

But while as a result of such solicitude on the part of the Bishops, we congratulate many of the clergy for having enkindled heavenly desires, whence they may revive and preserve the grace of God received from the imposition of hands in the sacred priesthood, we must yet complain that others scattered over the different parts of the world have not so conducted themselves, that the Christian people gazing at them as at a mirror might be able, as it is fitting, to see what they should imitate. To these, then, we wish to lay open our heart in this letter, the heart of a father, which beats with anxious love at the sight of his sick child. Therefore, with this intent we add our entreaties to the Bishops' exhortations, which though addressed particularly to those who in their torpor are straying from the right road that we may lead them back to the better path, are intended also to encourage others, who are intent on the way by which each one should carefully strive day after day to be in truth what the Apostle has neatly expressed, "a man of God," and thus fulfil the just expectation of the Church. We shall say nothing that is absolutely novel to you or unknown to anyone, but simply those truths which all should remember. God inspires within us the hope that our voice will bear no measure fruit. This, indeed, we earnestly desire: "Be renewed in the spirit of your mind, and put on the new man, who, according to God, is created in justice and holiness of truth" and this will be a most excellent and acceptable gift from you on the fiftieth anniversary of our priesthood, and while we "in a contrite heart and humble spirit" consider before God the years spent in the priesthood, we shall appear to expiate in some way at least whatever frailty is to be condoned, by admonishing and exhorting you "to walk worthy of God in all things pleasing." We shall regard, nevertheless, in this exhortation not only your utility, but the common advantage of the Catholic people, since one cannot be divorced from the other. For the priest is not a person who can be good or bad in himself alone; his mode of living and his conduct have a consequent effect on the people. Where the priest is really good, what a great blessing he becomes!

THE SANCTITY OF THE PRIESTHOOD.

Wherefore, beloved sons, we begin our exhortation that we may incite you to that sanctity of life, which the dignity of your office demands. For, whoever becomes a priest, is a priest, not for himself alone, but for others; "for every high priest taken from among men is ordained for men in the things that appertain to God." This Christ indicated, who to show what should be the priest's conduct, wished to compare him to salt and to light. The priest, then, is the salt of the earth and the light of the world. Surely all know that he becomes this by teaching the truths of Christ, but who does not likewise know that his instruction is almost for nothing, unless he proves by his words what he preaches. His auditors insolently, indeed, yet deservedly reply: "They

finally, she adds: "If up to the present you have been tardy in regard to the Church, now you must be constant; if up to the present you have been careless, now you must be vigilant; if up to the present unchaste, now you must be pure. Behold! whose ministry is delivered to you." Then for those who are to be promoted to the diaconate she thus implores God through the mouth of the Bishop: "May the form of every virtue abound in them, modest authority, constant chastity, purity of innocence, and the spiritual observance of discipline, may their precepts shine forth in their actions, so that the people by the example of their chastity may in holy imitation follow them." But still more impressive is the warning that she gives to those approaching the sacred priesthood: "With great fear must ascend to this high dignity, and it must be an object of care that heavenly wisdom, sound morals and continual observance of what is just commend those chosen for it. Let the odor of your life be the joy of Christ's Church, that by preaching and example you may be... the House of God, that is, His people." And then what she adds most seriously urges above all other things. "Imitate what you do," which agrees in full with the precept of Paul, "that we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus."

CHURCH'S IDEAL OF PRIESTHOOD.

Since this is the mind of the Church concerning the sacerdotal life, no one can wonder if the Holy Fathers and Doctors are so unanimous on this point that one might think them too severe; yet if we consider them prudently, we shall find that they have taught nothing save that which is right and just. In a word, this is their teaching: that there should be as much difference between the priest and the good layman as there is between heaven and earth, and therefore the priest's life should be free not only of the graver defects, but even of the least. The Tridentine Synod was of the same mind when it "warned clerics to avoid "even light faults, which in them are very serious," not in themselves, but with regard to the one that sins, to whom with better right than to material edifices the words of Scripture apply: "Holiness becometh thy house." We must see in what sanctity of this kind, which the priest cannot lack, consists; for he who does not know this or accepts it perversely is surely exposed to great danger. There are those, indeed, who think, may even profess, that the priest's glory should be founded entirely on the fact that he gives himself wholly to others; therefore, neglecting the cultivation of those virtues by which man perfects himself (and, therefore, these they call passive), they contend that all effort and study should be directed to the cultivation and exercise of active virtues. This doctrine has a strange mixture of fallacy and ruin. On this subject our Predecessor of happy memory has wisely said: "He alone wishes to fit the Christian virtue to changing times, who forgets the words of the Apostle, 'for whom he foreknew, he also predestinated to be made conformable to the image of His Son.' The Master and exemplar of all sanctity is Christ, and all who desire to take their place among the seats of the blessed must adapt themselves to the rule He has given. Christ, however, does not change as the ages roll on, but is the same yesterday and to-day and the same forever." To men, therefore, of every age those words of Christ apply, "Learn of Me, for I am meek and humble of heart," and at every time Christ shows Himself "becoming obedient unto death, even to the death of the cross." In every age the saying of the Apostle holds true: "They that are Christ's have crucified their flesh with the vices and concupiscences."

SOLICITUDE OF THE CHURCH.

The Church with vigilant and unceasing care, seeks this sanctity of life, about which it is advantageous to speak somewhat at length; for this her sacred seminaries have been instituted where those who are to be the future priests, while they are grounded in the Scriptures and doctrines of the Church, should be especially trained from their tender years in every form of piety. And then, while she promotes her candidates gradually and at long intervals, like a prudent mother, she never ceases to exhort her sons to sanctity. It is pleasant, indeed, to recall her exhortations. When she first receives us into the sacred militia she wishes us to profess, "the Lord is the portion of my inheritance and of my cup. It is Thou that wilt restore my inheritance to me." By these words, says St. Jerome, "the cleric is warned in order that, he who is the portion of the Lord, should so conduct himself that he may possess the Lord for His portion, should so conduct himself that he may possess the Lord and he be in turn possessed by Lord." How impressively she speaks to those who are about to be made sub-deacons! "Think seriously and repeatedly on the heavy burden, which you desire to-day. But if you receive this order you cannot hereafter revoke your decision, but you must forever belong to God and observe with His assistance chastity." Then

to preach the Word of God, bear confessions, visit the sick, especially the dying, instruct those ignorant of their faith, comfort the sorrowful, lead back the wanderers, and in every way imitate Christ. And in performing these duties let the famous admonition of Paul be always before his mind: "neither be that planteth is anything nor he that watereth, but God that giveth the increase." It may be that going and weeping they cast their seed; it may be that with anxious care they nourished it; but to make it sprout and bring forth the cherished fruit, this is the work of God alone and His powerful assistance.

This, also, is to be well considered, that men are nothing more than instruments which God uses for the saving of souls and that these instruments must be fit, therefore, to be handled by God. By what means, indeed, are they made fit? Do we think that God is moved to join our resources to the greatness of His glory by any excellence on our part, either inborn or obtained by study? By no means, for it is written: "The foolish things of the world hath God chosen, that He may confound the wise; and the weak things of the world hath God chosen, that He may confound the strong; and the base things of the world, and the things that are contemptible hath God chosen, and things that are not, that He might bring to naught things that are." There is one quality which indisputably links man with God and makes him the pleasing and not unworthy "dispenser" of His mercy, namely, sanctity of life and morals. If this, which is but the supereminence knowledge of Jesus Christ, is lacking in a priest, all things are lacking. For, when not united with sanctity, that supply of carefully sought out learning (which we ourselves are striving to promote in the clergy), and that dexterity and skill in exercising it, even if they may be able to bestow some emolument either upon the Church or upon ourselves, are often the lamentable cause of harm to their possessors. But how many wonderfully salutary works can be, though the humblest, attempt and accomplish for the "people of God," if he is graced and adorned by sanctity, the testimonies of every age bear witness; among them John Baptist Vianney, of recent memory, the exemplary pastor of souls, to whom we are happy to have given the honors of the Heavenly Blessed. Sanctity alone makes us what our vocation demands, namely, men crucified to the world and to whom the world is crucified; men walking the narrowness of life, who, as Paul tells us, "show themselves to be the ministers of God "in labors, in watchings, in fastings, in chastity, in knowledge, in long-suffering, in sweetness, in the Holy Ghost, in charity, unfeigned, in the word of Truth," who alone seek heavenly things and strive in every way to lead others to them.

LOVE OF PRAYER.

But since, as everyone knows, sanctity of life is the fruit of our will, provided that it is strengthened by the help of God's grace, God Himself has provided for us abundantly, lest we should lack at any time the help of His grace if we desire it, and this we obtain especially through prayer. Indeed, there is a necessary union between prayer and holiness, so that one cannot be had without the other. Wherefore, in perfect consonance with this truth are the words of Chrysostom, "I think it clear to all that it is simply impossible to live virtuously without the aid of prayer." Augustine keenly concludes: "He truly knows how to live rightly who rightly knows how to pray." These words Christ Himself both by frequent exhortation and example confirmed. It was to pray that He withdrew to the desert; that He went into the mountains alone; that He passed whole nights in meditation; that He made frequent visits to the temple; nay, even to the astonishment of the crowd, He prayed aloud with eyes raised to heaven, and finally nailed to the Cross He supplicated in the agony of death His Father with cries and with tears. Therefore, let us hold this as absolutely certain, that the priest, to maintain worthily his office and his calling, must be devoted in a singular manner to the love of prayer. More frequently must we remember that he prays from habit rather than from devotion, who recites the Psalms at stated periods in a negligent manner, or says a few short prayers and gives no part of his day to conversing with God, speaking to Him through gratitude and devotion. For the priest more than others should obey exactly the precept of Christ; "we ought always to pray," to which St. Paul adds: "Be instant in prayer, watching in it in thanksgiving; pray without ceasing." How many opportunities to turn to God offer themselves during the day to the soul that desires its own sanctity as well as the salvation of others! Anguish of spirit, the onslaught and persistence of temptations, the lack of virtues, the poverty and sterility of our works, our frequent offences and negligences, the fear of God's Judgment, all these incite us to pray, and with the aid that we seek make for ourselves in heaven a treasury of our good deeds and merits. Nor must we weep for ourselves alone in this confux of crimes, which has spread far and wide, we must implore and pray for divine clemency; we must solicit Christ, who is most benignly lavish with all grace in His wonderful sacrament, spare, O Lord, spare Thy people! The principal point is to devote a certain space of time daily to the meditation of things eternal. There is no priest who can omit this without a grave mark of neglect and without harm to his soul. The most holy Abbot Bernard, when writing to Eugene III., his foster son, but then the Roman Pontiff, admonished him freely and strongly never to fail in

this daily meditation of divine things, admitting none of the many and very great cares which the supreme Apostle had, as an excuse. And he asserted that he was demanding this with justice, thus enumerating with the greatest foresight the advantage of this practice. "Meditation purifies the very spring, that is, the mind, from which it arises. Then it rules our affections, guides our actions, corrects our excesses, arranges our habits, regulates and rectifies our life; finally it gives a knowledge of human and divine truths. This is the knowledge which separates those things that are confused, puts together those that are loosely connected, gathers those that are scattered, searches those that are hidden, traces those that are true, examines those that are probable, explores those that are feigned and counterfeit. This is the knowledge which sets in order those things which are to be done, which considers those already performed, so that nothing remains in the mind uncorrected or needing correction. This is the knowledge which feeds adversity in prosperity, and in adversity is, as it were, without feeling. One of which is fortitude, the other prudence.

DANGERS OF THE PRIESTHOOD.

So this greatest of the great advantages which meditation is destined to bring forth, teaches and warns us not only how salutary, but also how necessary it is in every way. For, although the different duties of the priesthood are sacred and wont to inspire reverence, nevertheless, through frequent contact, those performing them do not treat them with that respect which is due them. Hence, as ardor diminishes, the descent to neglect and even to loathing of the most sacred objects is easy. Let me add that it is necessary for the priest to live day by day in the midst of a corrupt nation, as it were; and that often in every performance of his pastoral charity he must be constantly alert against the plots and snares of hell that lie in wait for him. What is more easy than for even religious hearts to become soiled by the filth of the world? Therefore, the fact is made apparent how great is the necessity of turning daily to the contemplation of things eternal, in order that the mind and will may presently take on new strength to persevere against allurements. Furthermore, it befits every priest to acquire a disposition to desire and strive after heavenly things. He should know, preach and recommend heavenly things; and he should guide his whole life in a superhuman course so that whatever he does for his sacred office, he does according to God, at the inspiration and guidance of faith. But it is the habit of daily meditation that effects and preserves this habit of mind and this quasi-natural union with God; a truth that is so evident to anyone gifted with prudence that it is necessary to pursue it no longer.

The confirmation of these words said, indeed, we may find in the lives of those priests who give little time to the meditation of divine truths or openly dislike it. For, behold! men, in whom the spirit of Christ, that intangible good, has grown languid; busy with the things of this world entirely, seeking varieties, desiring novelties, and performing sacred duties carelessly, coldly, perhaps unworthily. Formerly these very men, imbued with the still fresh chrism of their priestly unction, prepared diligently their souls for prayer, lest they should be like those who tempt God; they sought opportune moments and convenient places away from distraction; they sought to know the divine sense they praised, and sighed, rejoiced and poured forth their spirit with their psalms. But now, how changed! In like manner, hardly a trace of that quick devotion remains in them which they once felt toward the divine mysteries. How beautiful were those tabernacles formerly! The soul loved to be present at the table of the Lord and to call other devoted hearts there also. What cleanliness before the altar, and what prayers of a thirsting soul! their reverence in the Mass itself, the smallest ceremonies properly observed. What blessings poured forth from the heart and the good odor of Christ diffused itself happily among the people—"Call to mind," we beseech you, beloved sons, "call to mind the former days"; then the soul was warm because it was nourished with holy meditation.

WARNING AGAINST DECEPTION.

But among those who refuse or neglect "to consider in the heart," there are some who do not conceal the consequent sterility of their souls, and excuse themselves, offering as a reason that they are given entirely to the cares of the ministry to the manifold advantage of others. They are deceived miserably. For, unaccustomed to speak with God, they lack the divine fire when they speak to men about Him or impart the principles of Christian living, so that the gospel message seems to be lifeless in them. Their voice, whatever praise may be given to it for its facility and eloquence, does not render the voice of the Good Shepherd, which the sheep hear to their safety; it roars and sounds empty, and sometimes it is pregnant with dangerous examples that bring shame to religion and offence to the faithful; nor is it different in the other duties of the active life, for there can be no fruits of lasting good, or even of short duration, when the dew of heaven is lacking, which the prayer of Him that humbly Himself brings down in abundance. We cannot at this place refrain from grieving for those who, carried away by postential novelties, do not fear to think otherwise and regard the work given to meditation and prayer lost.

Alas, unhappy blindness! Would that they themselves should consider it justly and that some time they

should know to what point the neglect and contempt of prayer leads. From these were born pride and arrogance; whence arose those so bitter fruits which our paternal mind both shrinks from mentioning and desires most earnestly to forget. May God be favorable to our desires; may He look down benignly upon the wayward, and pour out upon them the spirit of grace and prayer in so great an abundance that repenting their error they may willingly seek out, to the joy of all, the ways which they in their evil have deserted, and continue with more caution. Let God Himself be our witness, as He was once to the Apostle, how we long after them all in the bowels of Jesus Christ. Therefore, O beloved sons, may our exhortation, "Take ye heed, watch and pray," which is that of Christ our Lord, sink deeply into their hearts and yours. Especially let the industry of each and everyone be exerted in the zeal for pious meditation; let also your confidence of soul be exercised, asking again and again: "Lord, teach us to pray."

THE POWER OF MEDITATION.

Nor should we consider any peculiar case unworthy of meditation; rather let the strength of our intellect and virtue be directed thither as earnestly as is possible, for this is most useful for the proper care of our souls, which is a very difficult task for us all. While on this matter the pastoral address of St. Charles is worthy of mention: "Understand, brethren, that nothing is so necessary to ecclesiastical dignities as mental prayer, preceding, accompanying and following all our actions." "I will sing," says the prophet, "and I will understand." If you administer the Sacraments, brother, meditate on what you are doing; if you celebrate Mass, meditate on what you are offering; if you pray, meditate on what you say and to whom you are speaking; if you are directing souls, think in what blood they have been washed. Wherefore, with justice the Church commands us to repeat frequently the words of David, "Blessed is the man, who meditates in the law of the Lord; his will remains day and night, and all things whatsoever he shall do, shall prosper." For all that we have said, let there be in itself great incentive that sums up in itself all others. For, if a priest is called another Christ, and is the recipient of His power, should he not both become and be considered so, even by the imitation of His deeds? "Let it then be our chief study to meditate on the life of Jesus Christ." It is of great import that a priest assiduously combine together with his daily consideration of divine things the reading of pious books, and especially those which are divinely inspired. So Paul commands Timothy, "attend unto reading." Likewise Jerome, when instructing Nepotian about the priestly life, inculcates the following: "Never let sacred reading fall from your hands," and he adds the reason: "Learn what you teach, obtain that faithful truth, which is according to doctrine, that you may be able to exhort in same doctrine and convince those that contradict you." And how much indeed, those priests advance who, though indeed, themselves to this habit; how wisely they preach Christ, and how they impel the minds and hearts of their listeners to better things and direct them to heavenly desires, rather than soothing and appeasing them. But also for another reason, and that profitable to your work, beloved sons the precept of St. Jerome applies: "Let your hands be always occupied with sacred reading"; for who does not know that the greatest influence that one friend exerts over another is the influence of him who gives candid advice, who aids by his counsel, who corrects, encourages, and recalls from error? "Blessed is the man that findeth a true friend and he that hath found him hath found a treasure." Now we ought to make pious books our faithful friends.

SPIRITUAL READING.

They tell us of our duties and they give rules of legitimate discipline; they arouse the heavenly voices that are silent in our souls; they chastise the idleness of our designs; they disturb our deceitful tranquility; they throw into a clear light our less worthy affections that are sometimes disguised; they show the dangers that lay open to the imprudent. All these favors they show us with such silent benevolence that we may regard them not only as friends, but as the best of friends. For, indeed, we have them whenever we wish, clinging as it were to our side, ready at any time to assist us in our immediate necessities—whose voice is never harsh, whose advice never partial, and whose words are never timid or deceitful. Many illustrious examples prove the wholesome efficiency of pious books; but the example of Augustine stands forth among others, whose marvellous deeds for the Church received their guidance hence, "Take and read, take and read." "I snatched (the Epistles of Paul the Apostle) opened, read in silence." As if the light of faith was infused into my heart, the shadows of every doubt rolled away." But, alas! it often happens in our day, that members of the clergy are gradually affected by the shadows of doubts and the strangeness of the age, precisely because they prefer other books and every kind and species of newspapers to divine and pious writings and these which they prefer are filled with tempting errors and deceptions. Beware, beloved sons, trust not your mature and advanced age, and do not allow yourself to be deluded by the deceitful hope that you can better provide for the common good. Let those exact limits be observed which the laws of the Church determine, and which prudence and love of self suggest; for if poison of this kind is

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The HOME CIRCLE

THE BOY TO THE SCHOOL-MASTER.

You've quizzed me often and puzzled me long, You've asked me to cipher and spell, You've called me a dunce if I answered wrong, Or a dolt if I failed to tell, Just when to say lie and when to say lay, Or what nine-sevenths may make, Or the longitude of Kamchatka Bay, Or the I-for-got-what's-its-make-lake, So I think it's about my turn, I do, To ask a question or so of you.

The schoolmaster grim—he opened his eyes, But said not a word for sheer surprise.

Can you tell where the nest of the oriole swings, Or the color its eggs may be? Do you know the time when the squirrel brings Its young from the nest in the tree?

Can you tell when the chestnuts are ready to drop, Or where the best hazelnuts grow? Can you climb a high tree to the very tip-top, Then gaze without trembling below?

Can you swim and dive, can you jump and run, Or do anything else we boys call fun?

The master's voice trembled as he replied: "You are right, my lad; I'm the dunce," he sighed.

—Edward J. Wheeler.

THE POWER BEHIND.

At a prayer meeting a good brother stood up and said he was glad to give the following testimony: "My wife and I," he said, "started in life with hardly a cent in the world. We began at the lowest round of the ladder, but the Lord has been good to us and we have worked up—we have prospered. We bought a little farm and raised good crops. We have a good home and a nice family of children, and," he added with much emphasis, "I am the head of that family."

After he sat down his wife promptly arose to corroborate all that he had said. She said that they had started in life with hardly a cent, the Lord had been good to them and they had prospered; they did have a farm and good crops, and it was true they did have a fine family of children. But she added with satisfaction, "I am the neck that moves the head."

The best tea can be utterly spoiled by exposure to contaminating influences, as bulk teas so often are. The sealed lead packets of the "Salada" Tea Company give you tea fresh and fragrant from the gardens to the teacup.

RECIPES.

Baked Eggs.—Place a teaspoon of tomato sauce in the bottom of an individual dish; lay on this a poached egg; cover with cream sauce, adding a teaspoonful of grated cheese to a gill of the sauce; sprinkle with more cheese and bake in a quick oven until brown.

Green Peppers Stuffed with Fish.—Trim the stem ends of green peppers so they will stand up. Cut off the tips, and with a small knife extract the seeds and as much of the tough fiber as will come. Mince white fish fine, moisten it with a white sauce, season and fill the peppers with the mixture. Stand in the oven long enough to heat through and serve.

Tomato Jelly.—Put a pint of tomatoes in a saucepan with three cloves, one small bay leaf, a slice of onion, two or three sprigs, a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of cayenne, simmer for fifteen minutes and then strain, put into another saucepan; add half an ounce of gelatine that has been soaked in half a cup of cold water for half an hour and stir until the gelatine is dissolved, then strain and mold according to taste. If very tart jelly is desired add one or two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice.

Cheese Puff.—Make a smooth batter by stirring one cupful of milk into an equal measure of sifted flour; season with salt and pepper and the least dash of sugar; stir into this one-third of a cupful of strong, well favored grated cheese, beat thoroughly and pour into a buttered baking dish. It will puff to three times its height in baking and must be eaten at once.

Baked Peach Dumpling.—Mix together one quart of sifted flour, one scant teaspoonful of salt and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Rub in three quarters of a cupful of butter. Make a soft dough using sweet milk. Turn on a floured board and roll out half an inch thick. Have ready some fresh peaches peeled and cut in halves. Cut the dough in four inch squares and on each lay two pieces of fruit. Draw the corners together and pinch the edges tightly to keep the juice from oozing out. Place close together in a greased baking pan. When the dish is filled, pour over the dumplings two-thirds of a cupful of cold water, cover tightly, and put at once in a hot oven. Uncover at the end of forty minutes and let them brown quickly. With them serve a sauce made with one pint of peach syrup, an inch thick of cinnamon, sugar to taste, one scant tablespoonful of corn starch mixed with a little cold water and a pinch of salt. Simmer until clear, add one tablespoonful of butter and stir until it is absorbed, then take from the fire.

Smothered Chicken.—Dress the chickens; wash and let them stand in water half an hour to make them white, put into a baking pan, first cutting them open down the back; sprinkle salt and pepper over them, and put a lump of butter here and there; then cover tightly with another pan the same size and bake one hour, baste often with butter.

Baked Sweet Potatoes.—If the rich Southern sweet potatoes are used bake them until tender; the drier, northern variety boil and skin. Cut

in thin slices. Put in layers in a baking dish, covering each layer with a generous sprinkling of granulated sugar and melted butter and bake in a moderate oven until clear and rich. Keep covered until half done.

Coffee Ice Cream.—Half a pound of sugar, yolks of six eggs, one pint of boiling milk, one pint of cream, two ounces of ground Mocha coffee. Scald the milk. Beat the yolks and sugar together until light, then add to the scalded milk. Stir and cook for ten minutes, then take from the fire and add the cream. Stir constantly for two minutes, then add the coffee, and return to the stove until thoroughly heated. Stand aside for one-half hour. Strain and freeze.

Cherry Cakes.—One-half of a cupful of sugar, one egg, three-quarters of a cupful of powder, a piece of butter the size of a walnut, flour to make a stiff batter. Into this batter stir one cupful of candied cherries, mix well and bake a delicate brown.

THE WAY WE LOOK AT THINGS.

It is the way we look at things and take them that makes troubles of any kind bearable or absolutely unbearable. If we have burdens, we must take them up and carry them, whatever they are, with all our hearts and all our strength, or they will always be underfoot and tripping us up, and making us fall and stumble; but, picked up and shouldered, even if we stagger for a while, they often turn out to be much easier to carry, and not half so heavy as they had appeared to be while we stood and looked at them. This is a recipe which needs personal trial before one can understand its value.

TO LOVE BOOKS.

To love noble books is to share with statesmen and philosophers the pleasure on which they set the highest price. Time has made trite and common place the great saying of Fenelon, "If the crowns of Europe were laid at my feet in exchange for books and the love of reading, I would spurn them all." Goldsmith declares that taking up a new book worth reading is like making a new friend; a friend from whom we will never be separated by any of the melancholy mischances on which human friendships are so often wrecked. But good books will do more than this—they will awaken all that is best in our nature, and teach us to live worthier lives. They will do for us what we rarely permit the closest friend to do—they will teach us our faults, and how to amend them. —Charles Gavan Duffy.

IT IS EXPENSIVE.

One of the very happiest lessons to learn early in life is that ignorance is expensive. Ignorance of anything, not of books alone, but of all the commonest things of life. One can not afford to be ignorant in these days. The homely saying that "All is grist that comes to the mill" holds good in the acquiring of knowledge. Never let anything slip by you until you understand it. You don't know how soon you may want to use it.

CURE FOR STINGS.

The juice of the red onion is a perfect antidote for the sting of bees, wasps, hornets, etc. The sting of the honey bee, which is always left in the wound, should be first removed.

SENSITIVENESS.

Sensitiveness is a good thing when it springs from a tender, loving heart. But even then it must be governed by common sense or every slight provocation will be hurting one's feelings. There is another kind of sensitiveness which comes from pride, and gives evidence of a vain, egotistic spirit. It robs its possessor of that gentle, unconscious grace which betokens superiority of character and true refinement. People who are on the alert for slights are fitting themselves to receive them. The proper place for sensitiveness is in the conscience. There it imparts sweetness of spirit. Otherwise it is conducive of much trouble.

HAVE PATIENCE.

The right key to a happy life is patience with little annoyances, whether they pertain to self or others. It has been well said that happiness depends much upon "cultivating the growth of small pleasures." The face that laughs in a mirror sees another that laughs back. Cultivate a happy disposition and let others see it. In many another face. Down with the black flag of ill-temper that selfishly gives no quarter, and up with a banner of good cheer, that being helpful to the world at large, is itself helped.

SEA GULLS.

That sea gulls are possessed with strong affection for each other was clearly demonstrated near the Ogdensburg ferry dock the other day. Two of these birds, evidently mates, were flying over the water about 500 feet from the ferry dock, when a man shot one of them. As the dead bird was lying on the water, her mate did everything in his power to help her up. He would fly close to her, and several times tried with his bill to raise her out of the water. He hovered around the spot some time after the dead bird was taken away.

CHARACTER.

Character is made up of small duties faithfully performed, of denial, of self-sacrifice, of kindly acts, of love and duty. The backbone of character is laid at home and whether the constitutional tendencies be good or bad, home influences will, as a rule, fan them into activity. Kindness begets kindness, and truth and trust will bear a rich harvest of truth and trust. There are many trivial acts of kindness which teach us more about a man's character than many vague phrases.

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Solemn Services for Deceased Pastors.
On Thursday, August 13th, there took place in Richmond, Ont., a celebration quite unique in its parts. It was a solemn High Mass for the repose of the souls of the deceased pastors of that place. There were a number of the neighboring priests present and a large concourse of people from all the surrounding parishes.

St. Bartholomew
St. Bartholomew was one of the twelve who were called to the apostolate of our blessed Lord Himself. Several learned interpreters of the Holy Scripture take this apostle to have been the same as Nathaniel, a native of Cana, in Galilee, a doctor in the Jewish law, and one of the seventy-two disciples of Christ, to whom he was committed by St. Philip, and whose innocence and simplicity of heart deserved to be celebrated with the highest eulogium by the divine mouth of our Redeemer. He is mentioned among the disciples who were met together in prayer after Christ's ascension, and he received the Holy Ghost with the rest.

On Thursday, August 13th, there took place in Richmond, Ont., a celebration quite unique in its parts. It was a solemn High Mass for the repose of the souls of the deceased pastors of that place. There were a number of the neighboring priests present and a large concourse of people from all the surrounding parishes. The solemn service was chanted by Rev. Father Brownrigg, the present pastor of Richmond. He was assisted by Rev. Fathers Cavanagh and Fay as deacon and sub-deacon respectively of Corkery and South March. Rev. Fathers Foley of Fallowfield and Harvill of Almonte, were also in the sanctuary, and Very Rev. Canon J. Sloan of St. Bridget's church, Ottawa, was the preacher of the occasion. The sermon was a most touching appeal to his hearers to remember their venerable deceased pastors. The preacher dwelt upon the doctrine of the Church on this matter and recalled some of the salient points of charity and self-sacrifice in the careers of the venerable old Father O'Connell, who had served the parish for the unique period of forty-four years, and Father Smith, who had come to Richmond a year before the patriot rebellion of 1837. Canon Sloan's personal attendance there was of itself a reminder of olden times, as he had from the early eighties been a successor to Father O'Connell in Fallowfield, which had till shortly before that been a mission attached to Richmond.

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the occasion, addresses were made by members of the visiting clergy. It may not be inappropriate to remark that this monument is a tribute of respect to their deceased pastor from the people of Richmond, Fallowfield and Goulbourn. Though the venerable old priest who lived in this parish for such an unusually long period practised the strictest charity, owing to his prodigal charity to the needy, his means were scant at the end of his days. He resigned the parish of Richmond when he had reached the great age of eighty-nine, and ten years after when he died, it was found that but \$200 was still to his credit after his funeral expenses were paid, and this he ordered to be given over to the orphan's home in Ottawa. He thus made no provision for a mark over his own last resting place, but left to the charity of those he served so long and so well to do as they thought fit.

There can be no doubt but that the mark that shows the world now where his bones peacefully repose, is more elaborately decorated than he would in his own humble estimation of himself deem himself worthy of, and yet when many of his old parishioners saw this beautiful stone for the first time they expressed the opinion that it was just such as would have suited his taste owing to its exquisite method of calling to mind his thoroughly Catholic and typical Celtic character. This service was the termination of the Jubilee celebration of the erection of the present structure of St. Philip's of Richmond. The parish itself is one of the oldest in this part of Canada. The first Mass celebrated here was by Rev. Father McDonnell in 1518. This priest was an army chaplain who came over with the Highlanders who settled in Glengarry. He afterwards became first Bishop of Kingston. In the new village of Richmond a rude wooden structure was built in 1822 and here Father Hearn officiated at the services held from time to time. He was succeeded by Father Cullen in 1827, and Father Smith was the first to take up permanent residence in 1836. Father Smith was one of the most energetic temperance advocates of his time, and he retired from the parish in 1848, when the new diocese of Ottawa was formed. Father Smith went to Smith's Falls and remained under his own Bishop, the prelate in charge of Kingston diocese, Mr. Phelan, till his death. Father O'Connell worked two years in Richmond as curate with Father Smith, that is from 1846 to 1848, and then took sole charge of this immense parish. In its primitive state Richmond parish included most of the County of Carleton, extended into Lanark, and crossed the confines of Renfrew. The present parishes of Almonte, Pakenham, Corkery, March and Fallowfield were then merely parts of this extensive district.

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The Children's Page

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BIRDS THROUGH AN OPERA GLASS. Florence A. Merriam, in "Birds Through an Opera Glass," says: "When you begin to study birds in the fields and woods, to guard against scaring the wary, you should make yourself as much as possible a part of the landscape..."

A NEW WAY TO AMUSE CHILDREN. (By Marie.) Little Bertha thought of a novel way to entertain her friends.

ridors of their thought without a qualm. The moment one looks these facts fairly in the face, he cannot but be deeply impressed with the utterly discreditable nature of such thought and the seriousness of its disadvantages to true progress.

One Thousand to Ireland's Leader One Thousand for A.O.H. Home. Requests amounting to \$2,000 are contained in the will of former Judge Maurice F. Wilhere, which was admitted to probate recently, says New York Freeman's Journal.

Was A Total Wreck From Heart Failure. In such cases the action of MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS in quieting the heart, restoring its normal beat and imparting tone to the nerve centres, is beyond all question, marvellous.

Clean Body, Soiled Soul. We glean from a non-Catholic magazine the following: How common a thing it is for cultivated people, on arising, to take a bath, array themselves with scrupulous neatness, sit down to a table which in its furnishings and food is the embodiment of cleanliness, and then deliberately take up a paper and read with apparent interest and avidity column after column of matter giving the details of every horrible and repulsive happening of the so-called civilized world during the preceding day.

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SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST Homestead Regulations

Any even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-agency for the district in which the land is situated. Entry by proxy may, however, be made at any Agency, on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

The homesteader is required to perform the homestead duties under one of the following plans: (1) At least six months' residence upon cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. Joint ownership in land will not meet this requirement.

(3) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of a homesteader has permanent residence on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of the homestead, or upon a homestead entered for by him in the vicinity, such homesteader may perform his own residence duties by living with the father (or mother).

(4) The term "vicinity" in the two preceding paragraphs is defined as meaning not more than nine miles in a direct line, exclusive of the width of road allowances crossed in the measurement.

(5) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming land owned by himself must notify the Agent for the district of such intention. Six months' notice in writing must be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa, of intention to apply for patent.

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TORONTO, SEPT. 10TH, 1908.

THE GREAT EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS.

Yesterday there opened in London, at the prescribed programme carried, the greatest congress of prelates and princes of the Church that ever assembled outside the precincts of the Eternal City itself. In the gathering will be found the Papal legate, Cardinal Vannutelli, also Cardinal Moran, Archbishop of Sydney; Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore; Cardinal Logue, Primate of All Ireland; Cardinal Lecot, Archbishop of Bordeaux; Cardinal Fisher, Archbishop of Cologne; Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Mechlin; Cardinal Ferrari, Archbishop of Milan, and Cardinal Mathieu of the Curia. In addition it is expected that about one hundred bishops from all over the world will assist. Each prelate will be accompanied by his own particular suite, and from a scenic point alone it can easily be imagined that the splendor of the gathering will be impressive and magnificent. The object of the assemblage is to give public testimony to the faith of the Church in the great Mystery of the Blessed Sacrament, and to make manifest to those assembled and to the entire world by means of papers and discussions the meaning of the sublime doctrine of the Real Presence around which the whole teaching of Catholicity centres.

The sessions will last until the 13th inst., the great Westminster Cathedral being the scene of the rallying of the notable body of churchmen. Not for three centuries at least has the sun looked down upon anything similar in a temple on English soil, and from the interest already awakened it is anticipated that the gathering will attract considerable attention. The fact alone that the King has signified his intention to receive the Legate in a ceremonious audience has given the event a social status which cannot be surpassed. The business part of the Congress will take place in Albert Hall and in smaller halls, two sections being conducted in English, while the business of a third will be conducted in French.

A feature of the event will be the Mass according to the Byzantine rite, when so many of the western prelates and people will have an opportunity seldom given of witnessing the Mass in the liturgy used by so many in the East. It is sometimes asserted that the days of faith are passed, that the present is an age of materialism and material things. The object of the Eucharistic Congress huris back the statement and closes the mouth of those who make the assertion with a thunderous No. Faith is not dead; faith burns as brightly in the Church of God to-day as in the days when men laid down their lives and won the palm of martyrdom in its defence.

KALEIDOSCOPE CREEDS.

We already quoted in our editorial columns the resolution, or perhaps we might more accurately say the recommendation or opinion of the Pan-Anglican Conference which met at Lambeth from July 27th to August 6th, for the purpose of comparing opinions on the diversity of questions which agitate the Anglican body. This, indeed, appears to have been the sole purpose for which the assemblage took place—a comparison of opinions—a state of mind very different from that with which our divine Redeemer endowed His Apostles when He told them to "preach His name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem"; and "you are witnesses of these things. And I send the promise of My Father upon you" (St. Luke xxiv., 47-49.) He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be condemned (St. Mark xvi., 16.) All power is given to me in heaven and in earth. Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have com-

manded you; and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world (St. Matt. xxviii., 18-20.) As the Father hath sent Me, I also send you" (St. John xx., 22.) The condition of the Pan-Anglican Congress could not be otherwise than it was. It was as truly an assemblage of discords as any convention which was ever gathered together, even though their differences were concealed behind a veil of simulated unity, and it could not be said of it that it was an authoritative assemblage of the teaching body of the one Church established by Christ on earth and with which He promised to remain till the consummation of the world, or the end of time. The Episcopal Church of the United States is certainly not identical with the original Church of England, since there is no bond of union which obliges them to hold the same truths and profess the same doctrines, yet they professed to be one Church at the Congress. Even if they had not actually diverged in doctrine since the former became an independent body, there would be a germ of dissension which, to use Professor Darwin's description, would by "natural selection" in time result in differentiating them as much as the Troglodytes differ from one another and from their supposed progeny, Man.

"Dissensions, like small streams, are first begun, scarce seen, they rise, but gather as they run; So lines that from their parallel decline, More they proceed the more they still disjoin."

But they have distinctly diverged already, and this in serious matters of doctrine.

1. In the form of Baptism of infants, the several times repeated declaration of the Prayer Book of the Church of England that the child baptized is regenerated by the Sacrament and has its sins thereby forgiven, is deliberately expunged in the American Prayer Book, and the Pelagianism substituted that the child has been already regenerated.

2. In the American order for the Visitation of the Sick, the priestly absolution of the sick man whose conscience is troubled with any weighty matter (which must mean mortal sin) is omitted, whereby it is undoubtedly signified that the American Church denies to priests the power of forgiving sins, which the Anglican Church declares to have been conferred on them by Almighty God. The American Church deals similarly with passages from the preparation for communion as it stands in the Prayer Book of the Church of England.

The lines have not yet so greatly diverged from their parallelism in the Prayer Book and canonical decrees of Canada but the time will surely come when they will do so, however long the catastrophe may be delayed.

We might give other evidences of what is in store, but these may suffice for the present.

And now, what is to be thought of the resolution of the Lambeth Conference to the effect that "all races and peoples, whatever may be their language and conditions, must be welded into one body, and the organization of different races living side by side into separate or independent Churches, on the basis of race or color, is inconsistent with the vital and essential principle of the unity of Christ's Church?"

In their beginnings Presbyterianism and Anglicanism alike enunciated it as an immutable divine Revelation that all should belong to one Church and believe in the doctrines revealed by Christ, under the divine command that "he who will not hear the Church is to be regarded as the heathen and the publican." (St. Matt. xviii., 17.)

Thus the Westminster Confession sets forth in its preface the "grief of soul" of its compilers that multitudes of errors, blasphemies, and all kinds of profaneness have like a mighty deluge overflowed this nation . . . and have helped to open the floodgates of all impieties; and therefore "a Confession of Faith for the three Kingdoms is the chiefest part of that uniformity in religion which we are bound to endeavor." And for this reason "Presbyterian Church government and discipline are established . . . to be the only government of Christ's Church within this Kingdom." (The decrees of the Assembly and Parliament, A.D. 1647 and 1690.)

The Church of England declares that "the three Creeds—Nicene, Athanasian and Apostles—ought thoroughly to be received and believed, for they may be proved by most certain warrants of Holy Scripture." (Art. 5.) But more definite still is the declaration of the Athanasian Creed, to be found in the order of Morning Prayer in the Book of Common Prayer, where we read:

"Whoever will be saved, before all things it is necessary that he hold the Catholic Faith. Which Faith except every one do keep whole and undefiled, without doubt he shall perish everlastingly. And the Catholic Faith is this, etc."

In all this there is no doubt expressed. It is plain that all are bound to believe in and obey the one true Church which Christ established on earth, the same of which the Evangelist St. Luke said: "And the Lord added daily to their Society such as should be saved." (Acts ii., 47.)

But we have now, through Bishop

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Gore of the American Episcopal Church, New York, the assurance that by the decision of the Lambeth Conference it has become clear that the time is at hand when there will be a union effected between all or nearly all the Protestant denominations.

To say nothing of the fact that reunion of Christendom is a mere sham which leaves out of consideration the question of union with the Catholic Church, the most important, the most ancient of all the Churches, and the only one which gives us the connecting link with Christ and His Apostles, we find that the proposed union can be effected only by an agreement express or tacit to ignore important articles of Christian Faith. It is in fact already agreed upon that such articles shall be suppressed. Will a Creed thus shattered and patched be the "Faith once delivered to the Saints," for which the Apostle St. Jude commands all true Christians to contend earnestly? But one answer can be given to this question.

CATHOLIC EDUCATION.

Quite pronounced is the optimistic note amounting almost to jubilation which rings through the Catholic Press of the continent, on the matter of the education of the schools. The beginning of the scholastic term, and the late triumphs resulting from the tests to which our schools and pupils in common with others were subjected during the past few months, have probably been the cause of the bringing forth of so many testimonies and so much of favorable criticism. A few years ago a feeling was abroad that while our schools were superior to others in as much as that they imparted a knowledge of Christian truths, they were perhaps inferior in matters of secular training. Whether this was so or not was probably never proven, but it was largely acceded to even by many Catholics themselves. Now, however, this attitude is changed and some are claiming superiority for us in every point of view, the "Catholic Universe" of Cleveland, for example, maintaining that whilst the teachers of the public school are as a whole good conscientious workers, the methods and many fads have ended in things being overdone, or rather in everything being underdone, and that the secular education of the country, like ambition, has "over leaped itself"; but that our schools continuing as a general thing along more conservative lines, have made better progress and show surer results than those which a few years ago claimed the right to blow the loudest blast, and did it too, without protest.

Be this as it may, there is no doubt but that sentiment on the points of contrast has changed, and that not only our primary schools, but also our secondary institutions of learning, may be regarded as doing work at which not even the most captious may cavil and beyond which none need seek to wander.

In a pastoral dated August 20th, Bishop Colton of Buffalo sends out a circular letter to parents and guardians which may be applied more or less to any city in which Catholics reside. In this circular the Bishop says:

"We trust, then, that all of school age will be sent to the parish schools unless in those cases where they are sent to some of the Catholic colleges or academies, of which we have so many and such excellent ones. It is to be expected that where higher studies are to be pursued by the graduates of our parochial schools they be sent to one or other of these colleges and academies, and though necessarily there is a charge, it is indeed so light as to bring it within the reach of almost everyone. It is well to give the more talented and promising boys and girls the advantages of this higher education. It will be the means of enabling them to take higher positions in life to the honor of themselves and their Catholic faith, of which they may be justly proud and whose glory they should strive to increase by the honor they will bring to its name. We have much to glory in from the success that has attended the graduates of our schools, colleges and academies of the past, who are winning success in every walk of life, and the outlook promises greater glory for the future—but for this we need the hearty co-operation of both old and young.

Let parents and guardians, therefore, vie with one another in their enthusiasm for Catholic education, and let the youth fulfil their hopes by profiting by all its advantages."

In Toronto, for example, none need now go outside what is provided for them. We have our academies, our De La Salle and our St. Michael's College, the latter affiliated with the Provincial University, all of which have been proven, and no excuse exists for any doing other than having an "enthusiasm for Catholic education" and obtaining it, too, in what are exclusively our own scholastic institutions of learning.

GREAT CATHEDRAL FOR ST. BONIFACE.

What is said to be the greatest Cathedral in Central Canada will be opened shortly at St. Boniface, Manitoba. The structure will be imposing in size, noble in architecture, and costly in the amount it will represent, but more than all this to the Catholic mind, it bears writ largely over every stone by which it is up-built, the story of the progress and success of the Church in the great lands of the West. Disguise it as we may, we of the more easterly provinces have not yet accustomed ourselves to dissociate the West, even though we know of its great and growing cities, from fur companies and voyageur de bois, and the vast and stately cathedral and the wealth that it represents come up before us with difficulty. In Ontario, for instance, we know of no Catholic church that will accommodate 2,500 at a sitting, nor any that represents the sum of three hundred thousand dollars, yet both of these are to be found in the erection at St. Boniface.

The large lines upon which the chief church of the West is built, typify the character of its immigration. Ever since his consecration, the figure of Mr. Langevin has loomed large before the public as a virile and fearless figure, one who above all things is the intrepid guardian of the flock over whom he has charge, and to the shelter and security of his care, the French of Lower Canada have flocked, and there they, with Quebec, are building the Church anew, a glory to themselves and a rebuke to the renegade, though one time "eldest daughter," over which the spotless lilies of St. Louis were wont to wave.

Other forces, too, work for the expansion of the already large archdiocese. The voice of the once "lone West," calling out the good tidings of its rich wheat fields, generous to overflowing for all who seek them, has been heard in many parts of the earth and as a consequence one of the most cosmopolitan populations imaginable has gathered, and not to the French alone, but to English, Irish, Scotch, Indian, Sved, German, Norwegian and many others, do the words of Whittier apply when he says: The voyageur smiles as he listens To the sound that grows apace; Well he knows the vesper ringing Of the bells of St. Boniface.

THE MAGNETISM OF MR. BIRRELL.

An interesting figure at Westminster is Mr. Birrell, whose work in connection with the passing of the Irish University Bill has placed him before the public in the light of one who has done great things for Ireland, things which men deemed much greater than he, found themselves altogether balked in bringing about.

Thirty-five years ago Gladstone—the Grand Old Man of his times—directed his efforts along similar lines, but apparently all to no purpose, and now after the flight of the decades of years, the seemingly impossible has been accomplished. That the efforts of Gladstone and others had no immediate results towards success, does not, however, prove those efforts to have been futile. No attempt of such a character is ever altogether lost, and the present success, while positively due to the personal efforts of Mr. Birrell, had been prepared for in a remote way by the efforts of Gladstone and those who worked with him in days gone by.

A writer in the Globe of Saturday describes Mr. Birrell as the spoiled child of the House of Commons. As, "laughing, discursive, turning solemn shibboleths into their inmate nothingness by some happy bit of inspired common sense," as "so infectious in his wit, so winning in his good humor, his transparent honesty and his reckless political courage, that people who hated the bill voted for it because they loved him." An attractive personality surely, and that this magnetism has been used in the direction which will assist in the educational advantages of the Irish people, advantages for which they have sighed and striven so long, speaks much for the manliness, goodness and sense of justice of Mr. Birrell, whose power as the "spoiled child of the House" might, if not governed by high motive, have been just as powerfully and far more easily exercised in other directions.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Will "One of the Interested" and "Old Subscriber," who have written us on the matter of St. Michael's cemetery, kindly send us their private name and address? We should like to publish their communications, as they show decided interest in the matter in hand, but in order to do so must for our own private information, have address as above.

COMMUNICATION

To the Catholic Register:

In my last communication I gave a description of my first touch of Ireland after an absence of many years. This renewal of acquaintance took place in the city of Dublin, on the scenic beauty, commercial conditions, and social problems of which I dwelt at length. The Irish capital had other associations of a more tender and sacred character for me, but as I expect to renew these latter before my return, I pass over them for the present.

My delightful task for the moment is to invite the readers of the Register to gaze with me on the beauties of Killarney, to which spot the "Angelus" party directed its course after a couple of days' sight-seeing in Dublin. The trip from Ireland's capital to what may be well called Ireland's paradise, was made with a rapidity and comfort highly creditable to Irish railway enterprise. The reproach which is often directed against the easy carelessness of the Irish people (and not altogether without foundation) has no place in railway circles. During a somewhat extended experience lately of travel in Canada, England, France and Italy, I have found no better service than that of the Great Southern and Western Railway of Ireland. Not only are the trains well appointed and rapid, but the hotels maintained by the railway company in connection with its railway service, are reasonable in rates and first-class in accommodation.

To add to the pleasure of travelling under such conditions, the weather was the most delightful experienced in Ireland for years. Seen under such conditions, the Emerald Isle fulfilled the highest expectations of those who saw it for the first time. As the train sped through Dublin, Kildare, Queen's County and Tipperary, it was a source of the keenest delight to those who were nursed in Erin's lap to hear the exclamations of rapture from persons who were making her acquaintance for the first time. The wonderful freshness and verdure of the fields each fenced with hawthorn furze, briar or shrubbery of some kind—the white-washed cottages surrounded by well-trimmed hedges and generally protected by a little grove of trees—the sunny streams passed at frequent intervals—the purple bloom of the heather—all this, stretching away to the distant hills on the horizon, seen under the tender blue of an Irish July sky with just a fleecy cloud here and there giving a touch of shadow to the landscape and bringing out the surrounding brightness more vividly by the contrast, evoked exclamations of: "O, how beautiful! I often heard of Ireland's loveliness, but never dreamed of anything like this." One element, however, was wanting, namely, grandeur. And this was supplied only (Continued on page 5.)

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Homes Wanted Good Catholic Homes are wanted for the following children: Five boys aged from seven to nine years, two girls and one boy aged four years, and three girls aged two, nine and ten years. Apply to Wm. O'CONNOR, Inspector Children's Branch, Parliament Buildings Toronto.

Situations Wanted A good girl from the country would like a position with some small family, good worker, home considered more than remuneration. Apply 27 Wood Street.

A young lady having had four years experience as teacher in a Separate School would take charge of children at home when she could attend night school. References, Box 5 Catholic Register.

British American Business College Y.M.C.A. Building, TORONTO ESTABLISHED 1868 The oldest and most famous of Canadian business schools has unequalled facilities for training young people for and placing them in, good office positions. Enter any time. Catalogue sent on request. T. M. WATSON, Principal.

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KELLY'S CUT RATE DRUG STORE 544 Queen St. W. BETWEEN PORTLAND and BATHURST STREETS. Is the place to get the purest quality of drugs at the lowest prices. Prescriptions carefully dispensed at a great saving from regular prices. A call is solicited.

Wanted Ladies to do plain and light sewing at home, whole or spare time, good pay, work sent any distance; charges paid. Send stamp for full particulars. National Manufacturing Co., Montreal.

MISSION GOODS A DISTINCT SPECIALTY

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at one point of the journey, namely, when the train for Killarney passes under the lofty range of the Galtee Mountains. Very fine and impressive did these appear as for miles their bold ridges and irregular peaks towered above the valley through which the railway ran.

weather was ideal. There had been much rain on the preceding week, and Killarney, fresh and beautiful from its rain, bath, was basking in the richest and warmest sunshine as the "Angelus" party set out for the Gap of Dunloe. The coach driver declared that he had never seen a more bright and warm day in Killarney. As his conveyance bowled along an excellent road with the lofty trees of Lord Kenmare's park on one side and on the other a matted hedge of holly, hawthorne, and woodbine, the last filling the air with perfume, the most delicious glimpses of mountains and lakes were caught at intervals. Seen through the screen of trees the mountains assumed the most curiously beautiful hue, namely, a deep blue.

After a couple of hours of such a drive, the entrance to the Gap of Dunloe was reached. Here the coach was left and ponies were mounted for a seven miles' climb through the gap, which is a pass through the McGillicuddy range of mountains. Your correspondent read many descriptions of this pass, and it was always represented as marked by weird gloom and rugged grandeur. The road wound between cliffs which made even noonday dim, and beside the road struggled and foamed a dark stream which formed a succession of lakelets whose depths were ever steeped in midnight. My experience of the Gap of Dunloe was of a very different character. The Gap was not a narrow and gloomy gorge between dark walls of rock, but was a wide and rugged and at the same time exceedingly grand and beautiful and bright opening between two giant mountains, one almost perpendicular, the other a greater height but not quite so steep. The road climbed in and out amongst crags and lakelets, following usually the windings of a mountain stream, until it reached a height of eleven hundred feet above sea level. The waters of the stream were not black, but of a clear amber, and it was a delight to watch and listen to them as they flashed and leaped and foamed on their downward course amongst the rocks.

As they paid their entrance fee to this square and ivy-clad ruin they were assured by the gate-keeper that from its summit they would see the grandest scene in the world. Whilst they set down this last statement to pardonable local pride, they admitted as they climbed the winding stone stairs and leaned on the iron railing which protects the summit, that the view which met their gaze was at least one of the most beautiful on God's earth. A hundred feet or so beneath them stretched the waters of the three lakes of Killarney, blue as the lovely sky above, studded with islands every inch of which was covered with the richest growth of arbutus, holly, ivy, fern and heather, and pierced with innumerable wooden headlands, whilst on each side in two ranges of successive peaks and ridges stretched the highest mountains in Ireland—the McGillicuddy's Reeks and the Toomies. Sometimes in a gradual ascent of rich farm land, then rising precipitously from the water's edge, now wooded from shore to summit, then a great pile of heather-clothed rock—these mountains stretched away, peak after peak, with the blue water and fairy islands between in the golden haze of the setting sun, until the gazer could understand the enthusiasm of the Killarney man who declared the view to be the grandest in the world. To behold it for a quarter of an hour was certainly worth a voyage across the Atlantic.

The experience of that evening communicated to the less adventurous members of the "Angelus" party led to great expectations for the morning. Killarney should be a wonder indeed if it were to equal what was expected. And that it far more than equalled their fondest dreams was acknowledged by everyone at the close of that never-to-be-forgotten day in which your correspondent and his companions for the first time saw Killarney of song and story at its best. The route mapped out for the day consisted of a coach drive to the Gap of Dunloe, then a ride on ponies through that famous defile and afterwards a boat trip through the three lakes of Killarney in succession. The

COOL COOKING

There's cool comfort these summer days in using electricity for cooking. It is not necessary to heat the entire stove and kitchen as well when you use electricity, because the heat is applied directly to the work and the perfect regulation gives no more heat than required for the actual cooking. Electrical cooking means more time and less trouble for you. Saving trouble means making your home happy.

Toronto Electric Light Company, Limited 12 ADELAIDE STREET EAST.

Clarence Creek. The present parish has been found too extensive, and the church too small to successfully administer to the many parishioners.

The attention of Catholic parents in several of the local parishes has been called to the fact that it is absolutely forbidden for them to send their children to a non-sectarian institution on passing the Entrance examination. This was pointed out, in view of the fact, that some students have been sent to the Collegiate Institute instead of to Ottawa University. It was emphasized that the latter institution had been established for the tuition of Catholic children, and that, if it had not been provided there would have been a strong appeal for its provision. No fault whatever was to be found with the teaching in the Collegiate, but that of the University was equally good, and the benefits provided by it should be taken advantage of by Catholic parents.

One of the most interesting events in the Grey Nuns' Community for some years was recently celebrated in the Golden Jubilee of Rev. Mother Dorothy Kirby, who has served for fifty years in the Order. Sister Kirby, who was the recipient of many kindly messages from the various institutions of the Order throughout Canada and the United States, was born in Fitzroy Harbor, Ont., and was a student under the well-known and widely-esteemed Mother Theresa of the Rideau Street Convent. Later Sister Kirby was stationed at Ogdensburg and afterwards at Pembroke, and then served six years as directress at Buffalo, finally becoming General-Superior in this city for two terms. Archbishop Duhamel officiated at Mass in celebration of the occasion, and delegations from nearly all the Convents of the Order were in attendance. Rev. Sister Duhamel, Mother-General of the Grey Nuns, read a congratulatory address on behalf of the whole community. Miss Dora Kirby of Chicago, a niece of the Jubilarian, and Sister Adela Grieron, her sister, from Lowell, Mass., were also present.

Rev. Father Wm. Murphy, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, and rector of Ottawa University, left on Saturday for Rome, where he will be one of the Canadian representatives at the Chapter of the Oblate Order. It is understood that while in Rome Father Murphy will endeavor to secure the necessary authority for a substantial addition to Ottawa University. This, of late years has been found inadequate to accommodate all those who wish to attend, many applicants having, of necessity, been refused during the last term. As the institution is under the direction of the Oblate Order it is necessary that its consent be obtained before the project can be undertaken and as this, at a later period, would entail another trip to Rome, it is likely that Father Murphy will deal with the matter during his present visit. Prior to his departure he was waited upon by a committee from St. Vincent De Paul Society, which presented him with a well-filled purse of gold and an appropriate address. Mr. P. Clarke, President of the Society, made the presentation and Father Murphy replied in a suitable address.

Tenth Week at Catholic Summer School.

Cliff Haven, Sept. 4.—The seventeenth session of the Catholic Summer School of America is rapidly drawing to a close. For the first time in the history of the School an eleven weeks' session is being held, only one week yet remaining.

Sunday, which was one of the quietest Sabbaths since the early part of the session, was marked by one of the finest sermons delivered during the summer. At the High Mass, which was sung by Rev. F. D. Botallacio of Florida, the Rev. John E. Burke, Director General of the Catholic Board of Mission Work among the colored people, taking his text from the Gospel of the day, spoke most eloquently of the duty of Catholics toward this race so recently released from slavery. Taking the image of Christ dying on the cross as his symbol, Father Burke pointed out how the very attitude of the Saviour in His dying moments was that of love of all mankind of whatever color or condition of life. Lately returned from a close study of the Negro problem in the South, the Rev. Father Burke gave some interesting and telling statements of the lamentable conditions, and needs of great labor for the salvation of that much neglected race.

The volunteer choir under the direction of Camille W. Zeckwer, organist, sang Ignatius Wilkin's Mass at the 10.30 Mass. Mrs. Katherine McGuckin-Leigo sang Horatio Par-

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Notice to Creditors In the Surrogate Court of the County of York.

In the Matter of the Estate of Ann Ferguson, late of the County of York, married woman, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given pursuant to Section 38, Chapter 129, R.S.O., 1897, that all persons having claims or demands against the estate of the said Ann Ferguson, deceased, who died on or about the 18th day of June, 1908, are required to send by post paid or to deliver to Edward Zeagman, 47 Stafford Street, Toronto, the executor of the estate of the said Ann Ferguson on or before the first day of October, 1908, their Christian names, surnames and addresses and full particulars in writing of their claims and a statement of their accounts and the nature of the securities, if any, held by them, duly verified by statutory declaration.

AND TAKE NOTICE that after the said first day of October, 1908, the executor of the said estate will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which he shall then have had notice, and the said executor will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof to any person or persons of whose claim notice shall not have been received by him at the time of such distribution.

DATED at Toronto this 21st day of August, A.D., 1908.

JOHN THOMAS LOFTUS, 712 Temple Building, Toronto. Solicitor for Edward Zeagman, Executor.

MEMORIAL WINDOWS SUITABLE DESIGNS AND SUBJECTS For Church Decorations Submitted

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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Dam at Latchford," will be received at this office until 4.00 p.m. on Monday, September 21, 1908, for the construction of a dam across the Montreal River at Latchford, and dredging channel at Pork Rapids, District of Nipissing, Ontario, according to a plan and specification to be seen at the office of J. G. Sing, Esq., Resident Engineer, Confederation Life Building, Toronto, on application to the Postmaster at Latchford, Ont., and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.

An accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, for two thousand five hundred dollars (\$2,500.00), must accompany each tender. The cheque will be forfeited if the person tendering declines the contract or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, R. C. DESROCHERS, Asst. Secretary. Department of Public Works, Ottawa, August 21, 1908.

Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.

TO LOVERS OF ST. ANTHONY OF PADU

Dear Reader.—Be patient with me for telling you again how much I need your help. How can I help it? or what else can I do?

For without that help this Mission must cease to exist, and the poor Catholics already here remain Without a Church.

I am still obliged to say Mass and give Benediction in a Mean Upper-Room.

Yet such as it is, this is the sole outpost of Catholicism in a division of the county of Norfolk measuring 35 by 20 miles.

And to add to my many anxieties, I have No Diocesan Grant, No Endowment (except Hope)

We must have outside help for the present, or haul down the flag.

The generosity of the Catholic Public has enabled us to secure a valuable site for Church and Presbytery. We have money in hand towards the cost of building, but the Bishop will not allow us to go into debt.

I am most grateful to those who have helped us and trust they will continue their charity.

To those who have not helped I would say:—For the sake of the Cause give something, if only a "little." It is easier and more pleasant to give than to beg. Speed the glad hour when I need no longer plead for a permanent Home for the Blessed Sacrament.

Address— Father Gray, Catholic Mission Fakenham, Norfolk, England.

P.S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation and send with my acknowledgments a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart and St. Anthony.

Letter from Our New Bishop.

Dear Father Gray.—You have duly accounted for the alms which you have received, and you have placed them securely in the names of Diocesan Trustees. Your efforts have gone far towards providing what is necessary for the establishment of a permanent Mission at Fakenham. I authorize you to continue to solicit alms for this object until in my judgement it has been fully attained.

Yours faithfully in Christ, F. W. KEATING, Bishop of Northampton.

A Pointed Question

Where do you have your laundry work done? Are you satisfied with the way it is handled? Is there a color and finish on it that will do you credit at your club, at the theatre or at social gatherings? If not, try our up-to-date methods of laundering fine linen, and it will be a revelation to you. Our laundry work is the acme of perfection.

New Method Laundry Limited 187 and 189 Parliament St. Phone M. 3289 4536

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MISSION SUPPLIES A specialty made of Mission Articles. Send in for prices and samples. You will be greatly benefited by ordering your Mission supplies from me. J. J. M. LANDY 416 Queen St. West Toronto

OTTAWA NOTES

(By our own Correspondent.) Rev. Father Decelles, who for over three years has been curate of the Sacred Heart Parish, has left for Quebec, where he will shortly engage in missionary work.

Rev. Father Cousineau, parish priest of St. Agricole, Que., is seriously ill at the home of his sister, in Masson, and but slight hopes are held out for his recovery. Father Cousineau, who is suffering from pleurisy, has been stationed at St. Agricole for about a year.

So rapid has been the growth of the parish of The Brook, Ont., that it has been definitely decided upon to build another church at Clarence Creek, which will accommodate two hundred families. For the purpose of selecting a site, and deciding upon the boundaries of the new parish, Archbishop Duhamel, last week visited

THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL

"Seein' as how the times be main bad for farmin', Mr. Longcroft."

"Aye?" said John Longcroft grimly, with his hands clasped on the crook of his stick.

"Well, he be lookin' out for a nice bit of property, 'e do see, some sweet pretty spot, he says, fine dry soil and all, and well there, Mr. Longcroft, I thought as how you might be willing to sell him White-lands."

The house agent mopped his face nervously and watched his friend out of the corner of his eye. The old man slowly turned and faced him.

"I know thee nigh forty year, Dan'l Pigg, and I never looked for thee to come to I and talk to I like that. Mark here—I were born at White-lands, and my father, and his father, and many more before thee, as thou dost know well enough; and I could say as soon sell White-lands as sell 'em dead men in their graves up on the down."

He pointed his stick at the crest of the great chalk hill above them, where the nine barrows stood dark against the fading October sky.

"Well, well, Mr. Longcroft," said Daniel Pigg at last. "I didn't think 'e'd do it; no, I didn't think 'e'd do it at that sure. But we have our duties to one and to t'other like, so I sort o' dropped along here to make certain o' what I should say."

"Now 'e do know right enough, and that's the end on it," said John Longcroft. "Well, here be Mary and the missus come out to ask 'e in to supper, Dan'l. Will 'e stop and have a bit? There'll be a nice moon up in an hour's time for 'e going across the down."

But Daniel Pigg preferred for once to get clear of White-lands without further delay. He shambled into his tax cart with a dim sensation of escaping from the neighborhood of a volcano in lively promise of eruption, a volcano, too, for which he himself seemed in some odd way to be personally responsible.

That John Longcroft would take his proposal altogether kindly. Still, as his old mare jolted down in the twilight between the glimmering slopes of the white chalky fallows, he felt that circumstances had treated him rather unfairly. Half the country knew well enough that John Longcroft of White-lands, like most of the hill farmers, was in a main poor way of late.

And when in his own line of business he had the opportunity of putting him in the way of selling his freehold at a price much above its present market value, it seemed a little queer that he should finish the interview feeling less like the most substantial property agent in Barndon than a tramp caught firing bricks.

As a rule, Daniel enjoyed nothing better than a gossip at meal times on his visits to White-lands farm, and his early disappearance and general air of perturbation did not fail to put Mary Longcroft on the scent of trouble, when coupled with the air of taciturn displeasure which her father kept up for the rest of the evening.

And of late all trouble had come to be bound up so closely for Mary in the ever-present fear of family ruin that it was not very hard for her to guess the errand on which Daniel Pigg had come. Her mother was a woman worn out before her time, and though Mary was barely 20, for several years past the management of the household had fallen naturally into her strong and capable hands.

She was a true daughter of the southern downs, with the blue Saxon eyes and yellow hair that were handed down from generation to generation among the Longcrofts, of White-lands, and a girl, too, of as cheerful a disposition when things were going passably well as any you could find in all the country. But the unspoken fear of being forced to sell their land, which of

late had hung over herself and her father alike, meant even more perhaps to Mary than to the old man, though every clod on White-lands farm was as near to him as his own flesh and blood. For the threatened disaster meant to Mary a parting not only from White-lands, but from her sweetheart as well.

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late had hung over herself and her father alike, meant even more perhaps to Mary than to the old man, though every clod on White-lands farm was as near to him as his own flesh and blood.

The two were standing next morning among the sunlit autumn beeches where a great stretch of woodland ended sheer like a wall on the lip of the down above the narrow valley, which held the farm and overlooked the far levels of the vale toward Barndon all wrapped in a faint October haze.

Three years ago Tom Haygarth had come as keeper to the cottage that lay far in the wood among its pheasant coops and kennels, and long before now he had earned a right to share in all the anxieties that were thickening around the daughter of White-lands farm. Often at these meetings all the trouble was forgotten, but on this beautiful autumn morning the black retriever, who was Tom's regular companion, very soon became aware that things were going wrong again with his master and mistress and that the occasion called for the profoundest melancholy of demeanor.

"Well, lass," said Tom Haygarth, "since Mr. Longcroft would have nowt to say to 'un, what's there to worry about? 'Twould be a sight different if he'd closed wi' 'un, seems to me."

"Ah! but Tom, father do feel it so dreadful that anyone should think of it at all, that's where it is. He hasn't never said nothing of it right from the beginning, but I do know just how it takes him. And I be so afeared as it'll be only a little while more afore we can't help ourselves at all, and be forced to go. And then I may't never see thee again."

"Ah, won't thee, lass," said Tom. "I've shifted my billet more than once for a sight less reason than that, and I count I can do it again. Don't thou fear for that."

"I didn't, Tom, not really," said Mary, smiling a moment through her tears, so that the old retriever wagged his tail in encouraging appreciation. "But I be so miserable for father, for I know 'twould nigh kill him. I think sometimes he be half heart broke always because of Philip, you know."

"I know, ay," nodded Tom, gravely. "I know." For the story of how John Longcroft years ago had driven from home his only son, a boy of sixteen, and had never set eyes on him again, had passed into the most popular legendary tragedy of the countryside.

"That were all because he were so set on White-lands, too, you see, Tom. He thought there were no such place anywhere, just like he do now, and when Philip took to fretting and asked to be let go and see more of the world, it angered him. And Philip were hasty like he, so father told him to go and see it, and never set foot on White-lands no more, since he thought so little of it. Mother do often talk about it and fall to crying; but father feels it most, I be sure, though you might think he's forgotten clean all about it ever since I were born, an' longer."

The old retriever turned sad eyes of mystification from one downcast face to the other. Mary stroked his glossy head, and brushed the falling beech leaves from his thick black coat. A pheasant called suddenly beside them in the cover, and a gray flight of wood pigeons came sweeping over the long line of the down, where the sunshine bathed the slopes of the nine great tumuli in its mellow light.

"Well, lass," said Tom Haygarth, at last, "I reckon 'twill all come right, if we put a stiff face on it. But if so be as we be forced to shift, then why shouldn't us all go up to the north where I do come from? 'Tis a main different country from all this here, and I reckon Mr. Longcroft nigh't feel so much of the change where folks hadn't known him all along. However, we needn't think of that for a long time yet, my lass. Keep thy heart up, and I'll swear there's good luck on the road for us."

So Mary went back to White-lands, and played her part bravely in house and poultry yard, while John Longcroft bent his back week by week on the plough lands with a dogged energy that put his laborers to shame. But the lean years still continued. When the autumn rains should have fallen to replenish the deep chalk springs the golden weather still held unbroken, turning day by day the crests of the great elms ranged beside the farm to deeper tones of orange and amber fire. Then, soon after New Year's, came weeks of fierce sleep-laden north-easters, so that the lambing season, which means so much to the downlands farmers, was one of the most disastrous of years past. The losses in the lambing fold, that not all the care of the old man and his shepherd could prevent, just about destroyed John Longcroft's last chance of weathering the storm. He held on through the spring and summer, and saw the bare hillsides where the young corn was shooting bleach away from the emerald of the sprouting blades and the roan of rain washed chalky loam, to a parched calcareous whiteness that threatened drought to come. And when harvest came at last and old John Longcroft worked himself like ten men in place of the laborers who he could scarcely have paid even if he could have found them, he turned dizzy one day in the wagon, and was carried in to Mary and her frightened mother with a broken arm.

So it came to pass that, although the old man never gave word or sign, he showed no anger or surprise when one September day soon after he was feebly on his legs again, the straggling red-whiskers of Daniel Pigg appeared once more at White-lands gate on a hint conveyed him from poor Mary during a visit of Tom Haygarth to Barndon. Although

Daniel had been privately primed by Mary with encouraging assurances before he made his public entry up the farm roadway, he approached the old man and his subject with considerable misgiving. His anxiety, unfortunately, found outward expression in such vigorous flappings of his red handkerchief and nervous scrapings and shruggings of the shoulders as gave him an appearance bordering on the demented, and the interview began by his old friend Mr. Longcroft sharply inquiring of Daniel if he thought his house were built from an asylum for the afflicted. This was hardly an encouraging start, and it was, after all, the old man who came to the point first.

"Daniel," he said, "is there 'er a one as be asking after White-lands these times, I wonder? I mind you speakin' of some one as came to you about it a twelvemonth ago."

"Oh, ah," said Daniel, with elaborate indifference. "I've had inquiries. But o' course, I told 'em how you said as you'd never think o' sellin' it."

The silence of the autumn sunshine closed round them, while Daniel Pigg affected an absorbing interest in the desultory progress of a black sow up the rickyard.

"Daniel," said John Longcroft, in a level voice. "I've changed my mind. I be goin' to part with White-lands. So, thinkin' as you might care for the job of arrangin' the sale like, I reckoned I'd speak about it to you."

Despite his efforts, Daniel Pigg looked quickly around at him, but the old man's face repelled his glance and forbade the slightest expression of surprise.

"Aye, Mr. Longcroft," he said in a tone he tried to bring to ordinary office pitch. "I've had inquiries from a likely client—in fact, two likely clients." The phrase gave him confidence, and he checked himself with a jerk in the act of pulling out the fatal handkerchief. "First and foremost, there be the gentleman as I told 'ee—that's to say, as applied to me a twelvemonth ago. And there was another just last week. Now, you'd naturally like to receive information as to the natur' of their affairs, in which circumstances—"

"Now, stop there, Daniel," said John Longcroft. "If one o' t'other of these here clients o' yours were to get the place, what do they want it for? D'you know ought o' that?"

"Aye, ay," said Daniel, communicatively. "The first gentleman as inquired be anxious to find a nice bit o' property to turn into a country residence for himself and family—some thing pretty fairish, I tell 'ee, with a good bit o' park to it and all. And, Lor' there, where could us find a sweeter spot for a seat like than White-lands, as I always said, were the sweetest spot in forty miles of country. Pull down the farm here, build a new mansion up there, just under the barrows—"

He saw the old man's eye strike fire, and realized that this enthusiasm for the development of the property had better have been suppressed.

"Aye, ay," he went on, "that's all as might be. But as for the other 'un as applied, he didn't say much, but he didn't seem to think of no improve-alterations like, not to speak of—"

Once more the handkerchief twitched half way out of the pocket, and was rammed home again. The old man gazed steadily at the far side of the valley, where the black junipers dotted the hill. The chances of the future were burning into his heart.

"I'd sooner sell to the second 'un," he said at last. "We can't foresee what'll happen to the place in years to come, but so long as I do live I'll never do aught toward bringin' in one as means to destroy it. But I count I ain't good for much longer, and

that's why it don't make much odds, for I ain't got no son to hold it after me. Longcrofts be done for, Daniel. They be done for at last."

So before Daniel Pigg went away it was arranged that he should enter into co-operation with the second of the two applicants who aimed at founding a dynasty of usurers at White-lands farm. The property agent secretly felt a twinge of disappointment that the glorious transformation of the freehold on the lines he had briefly sketched in a moment of indiscretion did not seem likely to come off, but the professional satisfaction of having White-lands pass through his hands at all was thoroughly agreeable to him. Mr. Longcroft took the thought of parting with it uncommon well, he thought, on the whole. But there, 'twere only for his own good to sell it for as much as he could and be done with it, as he might have owned to a twelvemonth ago.

But to John Longcroft, the succeeding days—days of mellow September sunshine and gossamer haunted stillness—were the bitterest of his life. Weak as he was already, he was visibly wasting away, and when Mary heard from Barndon that the prospective purchaser was still anxious to buy if the place proved suitable, she wrote to Daniel Pigg to urge him to hurry things on to the climax as soon as possible. Daniel sent word in due course that his client was now in Barndon, and would come to inspect the property himself within the next few days, and then the time of waiting dragged on once more. Every day Tom Haygarth came to meet her at the farm or in the fringes of the woodland and it was his presence and encouragement that seemed to give her strength to go on. Every day the old man wandered by himself over every nook and corner of the farm on which his days and the days of his race were numbered, or sat on some knoll of the down gazing vaguely before him into the far off scenes of the past. One golden windless afternoon he was sitting by the side of a hollow cart track that came over the down a little way below the farm, and caught the full view of the black barns with their yellow lichened roofs, the farmhouse with the row of great elms beside it, and the sweep of the hill above crested against the sky line with the graves of the men of old. Mary and Tom were talking together not far off, for one of Mary's self-imposed duties in these days was to shadow her father unseem wherever he went, for fear his feebleness should bring him into harm or difficulty; but seeing him safely settled there in the sunshine, they had wandered a little on. Then, as the old farmer sat there, a middle-aged man with a little boy topped the crest of the down and came slowly down the cart track toward him, stopping at last by his side. The old man turned his gaze and looked at them.

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canism is found, the same tendency is manifesting itself. In England, in Canada, in Australia as well as in the United States, it is toward the churches of the Reformation that the Episcopal Church is everywhere turning her face. At first it seemed that this was the result of the ascendancy of a new and foreign principle with Anglicanism; that broad churchism had simply by the force of worldly influence captured the Episcopal Church and was committing her to a line of action contrary to her essential life. A careful reading of history, and the consideration of the whole phenomenon of the Anglican communion will convince the thoughtful student that this is not so. The Episcopal Church in moving, towards the other Protestant churches is but instinctively surrendering herself to the logical current of her own real life. That life has long been pent up behind the dykes of High Church theories. But those theories are giving way one by one before the pressure of an energy impatient to be free. And before very long Anglicanism will be rushing onward to the end to which its origin predestined it, and from which no power can any longer hold it back.

Has the Catholic movement been without a purpose? Have all the prayers, and tears, and sacrifice been in vain, and as water poured on the earth? Most certainly not. Nothing which is done in God's name and for the advancement of His glory can ever be in vain. It all contributes to the working out of the final purpose of the divine will. But that purpose may be misunderstood or be entirely hidden from our eyes. Ofttimes we work on in the darkness with no glimpse of the ultimate object which God has in view in making use of our efforts. So it was in the case of the apostles. They accepted the heavenly calling and surrendered their all at the bidding of Christ. But they conceived that the end for which, with their Divine Master, they were laboring was that the kingdom might again be restored to Israel. Such, however, was not the purpose of Him Whom they serve. His arm was to merge into the world-wide kingdom of the Catholic Church. Israel's glory was never to be restored. Israel itself was to be lost in an empire wherein nationality would count for nothing. How overwhelming was the disappointment of the disciples when the crisis of Maundy Thursday and Good Friday made it clear to them that the hope which they had cherished would never be realized. It looked as if the movement which Christ had inaugurated had ignominiously failed. Failed indeed and had all the dreams of racial pride and exclusiveness. But the purpose of God, which was that He might gather into one the nations that were scattered abroad, had not failed. Through the grave of earthly sorrow and disappointment those who were redeemed from rejected Israel passed into the new kingdom of the Catholic Church, where there is neither Jew nor Greek, nor any other nation.

How like all this is the Catholic movement in the Church of England. Those who have been identified with it have dreamed that it would result in a restitution of the ancient glory and beauty which was the Church of England's before she fell away from the faith which once was hers. In time of apparent success and of temporary quiescence of the Protestant spirit we thought that our expectations would be realized, and that the Episcopal Church would accept the whole cycle of Catholic faith and practice. Again and again we seemed on the eve of triumph, and, like the disciple of old, we asked: "Lord, wilt Thou not at this time restore again the kingdom of Israel?" Again and again God tried to show us that such was not His purpose. The gift of permanency has never been bestowed upon any work of the Catholic party in the Episcopal Church. The land is dotted over with the churches and institutions for which High churchmen have toiled with an unsurpassed heroism, and for which they have even laid down their lives.

But when these men were gone their work was brought to an end, the souls they had gathered together scattered and left without a shepherd, and the material fabric which they had so laboriously reared was turned over into the hands of those who cared nothing for the principles which the buildings had been designed to perpetuate. The same fate awaits every parish and institution which still remains in the hands of the Catholic party. They are all built on sand; not one of them has in it the pledge of continuance. And no one understands this better than those who at present are vainly trying to maintain in them the semblance of life, while all the time they know in their hearts that it is only a question of time when they must hand over their works to the authorities of the Episcopal Church. And that means that the principles and practices of the Catholic party will be brought to an end, and the labors of years given to the winds. So by manifold disappointments and defeats God has tried, and is still trying to convince the High churchmen that they are saying to themselves: "This is our rest, and to lift up their eyes to the vision of that kingdom whose bounds are to the uttermost parts of the earth. At length God's grace has demonstrated to those who have eyes to see that it was never the purpose of God to make the Episcopal Church as a body what we would fain have had her to be. It is clear now that the Catholic movement was not for the rehabilitation of the Church of England, but was the breath of the Spirit of God breathing upon individual Anglicans and carrying them onward, little by little, to be gathered into the kingdom of the Catholic Church.

And now that divine breath has brought those who have been yielding themselves to its influence so far that they are standing before the City of God. At the gate of this city stands Peter, living on still in his successor, to whom the Lord gave the charge, "Feed My lambs," "Feed My sheep." And through him the good Shepherd speaks in the accents of divine compassion, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden," "Come for all things are now ready." Multitudes are hearing the voice of Jesus. Multitudes are in the valley of decision, and in every land many are the souls who, obedient to the heavenly calling, are braving the world's scorn and penitently passing into the one fold of the holy Roman Church and therein are finding the certitude, the peace and the joy which they sought for in vain outside the City of God.

May the Divine Spirit open the eyes of all Anglicans to see the real purpose of the Catholic movement. And may those whom God in His mercy and goodness is now leading to the door of the one sheepfold have the fortitude to enter therein, so that they may not be of the children who draw back to eternal loss but of them that in the simplicity of faith believe to the saving of the soul.

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The QUIET HOUR

THE HEAVENLY PHYSICIAN.

(Catholic Union and Times.) The fathers tell us that hideous leprosy and life-destroying palsy are but figures of the ravages of sin on the human soul.

As leprosy is repulsive in its nature and contagious in its character and while palsy is deadly in its effects, so too, is sin repugnant in itself, contaminating in its influences and destructive in its consequences. It destroys the life of the soul, which is sanctifying grace, and the sinner, on account of his injurious influences, might well be exiled like the leper from among better men.

But our Lord is true to His first established principle of having "mercy rather than sacrifice," and as He cured the poor afflicted mentioned in the gospel of their respective ailments, and since He did this and so readily for the perishable body, we may easily infer how much more will He do for the soul—the immortal soul. The body, after all, is but the earthen casket of a soul made glorious and immortal radiant with the reflection of its Maker. For if Christ died a death of cruel torment and ignominy, and so precious is even one soul in our Lord's eyes, the fathers tell us, that even if there had been but one to save, for that only one would He have undergone redemption. Any one of us could easily have been that one single soul that should thus call forth our Lord's infinite love and infinite sacrifice, and so each one should feel it a duty to make return with all the gratitude of his heart. My Saviour may be said therefor with equal truth as our Saviour, and with this in mind we ought not measure our return to God by what others do, but what we feel we should do ourselves, as if the duty rested on us alone. To return love for love and sacrifice for sacrifice is the duty of every grateful heart. We should observe that God's goodness and mercy to the afflicted ones was only shown after they had humbly acknowledged their state and besought the intervention of His power. So, too, must the sinner approach our Lord humbly and confidently.

Humility is a necessary quality of the sinner's return to God. He forsook Him in pride, he must return in humility. He preferred Satan to God, degraded his manhood by sinning against the divine law; he belittled his reason by unreasonably following the evil bent of his corrupt nature, and at this folly and wickedness he must now acknowledge and deplore and regret as he goes before His God to be cleansed of his iniquity—the rottenness and foulness of his aims.

But if the sinner is to approach our Lord humbly, he is nevertheless to approach Him confidently. We are to have faith in God—an abiding faith in His power, His goodness and mercy. It was this faith that was rewarded in the granting of the centurion's request, "I have not found so great faith in Israel, go, and as thou hast believed," said our Lord, "be it done to thee." And the servant was healed at the same hour. That ruler felt an imple confidence in our Lord's power and in His goodness to exercise it in behalf of poor afflicted humanity. His faith was so great that he felt before His God to have but to command the cure of the servant and it would be accomplished. With this great faith was also great modesty, great humility, for he said, "Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldst enter under my roof, but only say the word and my servant shall be healed." The centurion was not of the household of God; he was a gentile sitting in the darkness of error and the shadow of spiritual death, and yet, once hearing of our Lord's miracles and seeing His sacred and benign self, he was immediately converted to the truth and gave such an example of ready and compliment of our Lord, who declared He had not found any such faith among those in whom He would naturally expect to find it, viz., the children of Israel, the chosen people of God.

Should we not fear that this faith is sometimes lacking in us? We are sad and sore with worldly cares and troubles; we are disappointed in our expectations, everything seems to go against us and we turn away from Him who alone can console us and seek in ourselves and friends help and consolation for our miseries. We forget that "this world is a valley of tears" and that "man's life on earth is a warfare," and that the wages

of sin are sorrow, misery and death. We refuse to accept our portion of these miseries and thus rebel against the necessary dispensations of God. If we have our measure of life, should we not accept resignedly our measure of sorrow? If we have not sins of our own for which to suffer, ought we not to feel a little liable for those of our kind? But who is without sin before God? In Adam we have all sinned, and "if any man says he is without sin," declares holy writ, "he is a liar and the truth is not in him." Trouble should bring us all the more to God. The afflictions undergone by the leper and paralytic brought them to God and a greater blessing was the faith they received than the healing of their infirmities. So, too, with us; if we but use trial to advantage, we shall find God's crosses but blessings in disguise. God would draw us in our physical ailments that He may bless us spiritually, and greater far is it to have our faith strengthened and increased than to be freed from any temporal misery or affliction. Tried as we may be, disappointed as we will, there is one thing we can always feel sure of, that is the unchangeable love of God. This was the courage of the martyrs to make them rise superior to themselves and their surroundings, and help them submit to any torment, trial or affliction rather than give up Christ. The only real evil is sin. It separates us from God. If we are in sin we are lepers and palsied, indeed, and ought hasten to throw ourselves at the feet of Christ, the heavenly Physician. It will be our own indifference if we are not restored to grace.

ST. LOUIS.

The mother of Louis told him she would rather see him die than commit a mortal sin, and he never forgot her words. King of France at the age of twelve, he made the defence of God's honor the aim of his life. Before two years, he had crushed the Albigensian heretics, and forced them by stringent penalties to respect the Catholic faith. Amidst the cares of government, he daily recited the Divine Office and heard two Masses, and the most glorious churches in France are still monuments of his piety. When his courtiers remonstrated with Louis for his law that blasphemers should be branded on the lips, he replied, "I would willingly have my own lips branded to root out blasphemy from my kingdom." The fearless protector of the weak and the oppressed, he was chosen to arbitrate in all the great feuds of his age, between the Pope and the Emperor, between Henry III. and the English barons. In 1248, to rescue the land which Christ had trod, he gathered around him the chivalry of France, and embarked for the East. There, before the infidel, in victory or defeat, on the bed of sickness or a captive in chains, Louis showed himself ever the same—the first, the best, and the bravest of Christian knights. When a captive of Damietta, an Emir rushed into his tent brandishing a dagger red with the blood of the Sultan, and threatened to stab him unless he would make him a knight, as the Emperor Frederic had done, Louis calmly replied that no unbeliever could perform the duties of a Christian knight. In the same captivity he was offered his liberty on terms lawful in themselves, but enforced by an oath which implied a blasphemy, and though the infidel held their swords' points at his throat, and threatened a massacre of the Christians, Louis inflexibly refused. The death of his mother recalled him to France, but when order was re-established he again set forth on a second crusade. In August, 1270, his army landed at Tunis, and, though victorious over his enemy, succumbed to a malignant fever. Louis was one of the victims. He received the Viaticum kneeling by his camp-bed, and gave up his life with the same joy that he had given all else for the honor of God.

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EXHORTATION TO THE GATHOLIC CLERGY

(Continued from page 1)

once admitted into the soul, rarely can the evils of destruction thus conceived be avoided.

Besides the advantages gained from pious reading and the meditation of heavenly doctrines will certainly be more abundant, if the priest should form some scheme by which he may know whether he is religiously striving to carry out in his life what he has read and meditated.

EXAMINATION OF CONSCIENCE.

There is a certain document of Chrysostom's, especially suited to the priest, which applies most fittingly to the matter at hand. Every night before going to sleep, "Examine your conscience, demand a reckoning from it and whatever evil plans you began during the day, tear to pieces, dissect, and from these take your punishment." How good this practice is and how productive of Christian virtue, those who are more advanced in the love of the Master succeed most excellently in teaching, by their admonitions and exhortations. We are pleased to refer to that well-known passage from the teaching of St. Bernard: "Examine your life daily, as a curious explorer of your own integrity. Weigh carefully how much you are advancing, or how much you are receding. Strive to know yourself. Put all your transgressions before your eyes; place yourself before yourself as before another and thus weep over yourself." Even in this regard, it would be truly disgraceful, if this sentence of Christ's should come to pass, "the children of this world are wiser than the children of light." You can see what vigilance men care for their business; how often they look over their accounts and receipts; how accurately and closely they make their calculations; how they grieve over the losses they sustain, and how eagerly they strive to repair them. But we whose souls burn perhaps to acquire honors to foster some private interest, to obtain some unique commendation and praise by our knowledge, we oftentimes pursue our greatest and most difficult business, that of acquiring sanctity, in a half-hearted, languid manner. For, we scarcely collect our senses and explore the depths of our souls; and these, therefore, grow like the vine of the sluggish man of which it is written: "I passed by the field of the slothful man, and by the vineyard of the foolish man, and behold! it was all filled with nettles, and thorns had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall was broken down."

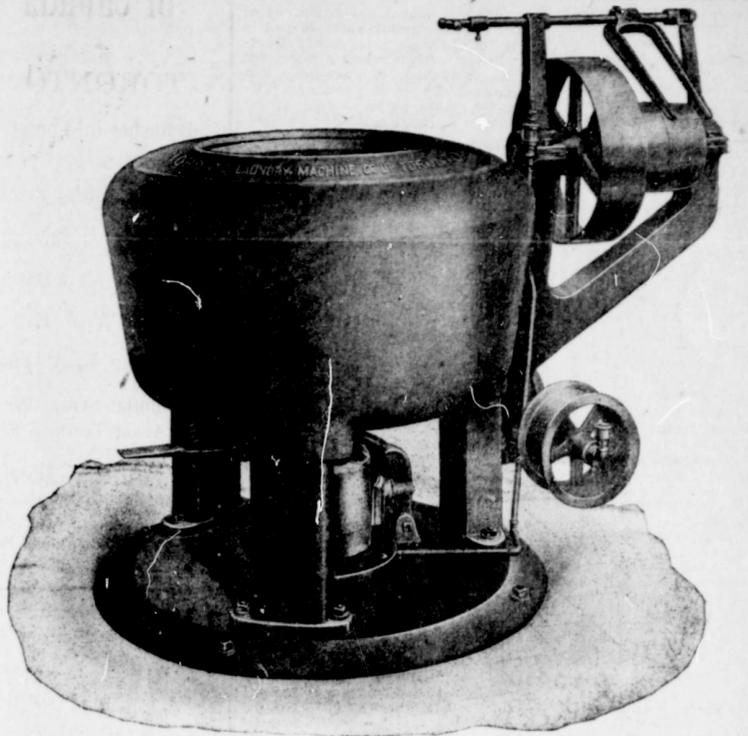
The matter becomes serious since it is surrounded with ever-increasing bad examples, which are harmful in the greatest degree to priestly virtue, so that there is need of proceeding more cautiously, day by day, and of striving more earnestly. Now, it is known by experience that he who censures himself often for his thoughts, words and deeds is stronger in soul, both for hating and fleeing evil and for desiring and loving good. It has also been the result of experience that these misfortunes and losses occur to the one who declines that tribunal, where equity sits in judgment and conscience stands accused and accusing. In him you may desire in vain that circumspection of conduct, which is approved in the life of every Christian of avoiding even less serious faults, and the soul's dread of wrongdoing, which is especially befitting a priest who should fear even the slightest offence to God. Moreover indifference and neglect of himself sometimes go so far as not to heed the sacrament of penance, which is the greatest gift that Christ in His unbounded mercy has bestowed upon human weakness. It certainly cannot be denied, and the fact is greatly to be deplored, which often happens, that he who detests others from sinning by the lightning force of his sacred eloquence should fear no such fear for himself, and become insensible to sin; that he who exhorts and encourages others not to delay in cleansing their souls of the defilements of sin by acts of due religion, should himself do this so slothfully and delay even for months, that he knows how to pour the salutary oil and wine into the wounds of others, while he himself lies wounded by the way and will not seek, in prudence, the saving hand of a brother, though it be almost within his grasp. Alas! how many evils have happened far and wide, and are happening to-day, unworthy of God and His Church, a menace to the Christian flock and a detriment to the priestly character.

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

While we, beloved sons, from a conscientious sense of duty, consider these evils, our soul is oppressed with grief and in our groaning we cry out, woe to the priest who cannot maintain his divinity, but pollutes the name of the holy God, before Whom he ought to be holy. The corruption of those who are highest is the most miserable. "Great is the dignity of priests, but great their fall if they sin. We rejoice at their dignity, but we tremble at their ruin; there is not so much joy for having obtained the highest honors as there is sorrow for having fallen from the most sublime." Woe, then, to the priest who forgetful of himself, forsakes the pursuit of prayer; who refuses the food of spiritual readings; who never enters his own heart to hear the voice of his accusing conscience. Neither the hardening wounds of his soul, nor the groanings of Mother Church will move him until those terrible threatenings strike him: "Blind the heart of the people and make their ears heavy and shut their eyes, lest they see with their eyes and hear with their ears and understand with their heart, and be converted, and I will heal them." May the God who is rich in mercy avert this sad omen from each of you, beloved sons. He who sees our heart, that is filled with bitterness toward no one, but inflamed with the charity of pastor and father toward all. "For what is our hope, or joy, or crown of glory? Are not you in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ?"

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And with a renewed and increased spirit of priestly grace in the ranks of the clergy, our proposals for further improvement, no matter how great they are, will, with God's help be of far more avail. Wherefore, it seems proper to add a few words to what we have before said as a convenient assistance for retaining and fostering this grace. First, the plan which is known and approved by some, but surely has not been tried by all, namely, the pious retreat of the soul to spiritual exercises, as they are called; this should be done yearly, if it is possible, without violating the commands of the Bishops, either alone or together with others, and the latter plan is preferred as it has been productive of better results. We ourselves have already sufficiently extolled the advantages of this system, since we have published many decrees of the same nature which pertain to the training of the Roman clergy.

FRATERNAL UNION.

Besides, it is in our heart to commend another suggestion; a closer union among priests as befits brothers, which the authority of the Bishop should strengthen and moderate. This, indeed, is to be commended, that they form a society to help one another in adversity, to defend their name and office against hostile attacks and to promote other such objects. But surely it is of more profit to enter an association to cultivate sacred doctrine and especially to

retain by means of greater solicitude the holy intention of their vocation, and to promote the interests of souls by combining together their plans and forces. The annals of the Church bear witness to the fact that in those times in which the priests lived a certain common life, innumerable good results were derived from such companionship. Why not recall something like this to our own age, fitted to the different places and duties of the priests. Can we not hope surely for those former results, to the joy of the Church? And there are, indeed, societies of this kind formed with the approbation of the Bishops, and all the more beneficial, the sooner one enters them at the very beginning of his priesthood. We ourselves fostered one in our episcopal office, having known its worth by experience, and the same one even now and others we regard with special benevolence. These help to sacerdotal grace and those also which the watchful prudence of your Bishop may suggest, as opportunity offers, so esteem and so cherish, beloved sons, that more and more day by day, "you may walk worthy of the vocation in which you are called," honoring your ministry, and fulfilling the will of God in you, which is "your sanctification."

Thus our principal thoughts and anxieties are laid before you; therefore with our eyes raised to heaven as supplicants, we frequently repeat in the voice of Christ the Lord over the universal clergy, "Holy Father, sanctify them!" We rejoice that many of the faithful, solicitous for your common good and that of the Church, are praying with us; may even it be a joy to feel that they are many souls of a more generous spirit, not only in the sacred cloisters, but in the midst of the busy world, who for the same reason offer themselves in never-ending combat with victims to God. May God in heaven receive their pure and excellent prayers in the odor of sweetness, and not refuse these our most humble supplications. May He favor us, we pray, in His clemency and foresight, and may He pour forth upon the entire clergy the treasures of grace, of charity, and of every virtue, from the most sacred heart of His Beloved Son. Lastly, we are most happy to give you our heartfelt thanks, beloved sons, for the prayers for happiness, which you eagerly and with increased piety have offered up for us, on this anniversary of the fiftieth year of our priesthood, and we wish to entrust our prayers for you to the care of the great Virgin Mother, Queen of the Apostles, so that they may be more powerful. For she taught by her example those first happy fruits of the sacred order how to persevere united in prayer, until they were clothed with heavenly virtue; and she made that virtue much more abundant in them with the aid of her prayers, and she strengthened and fortified them with counsel, so that their labors were most happily fruitful. We desire, furthermore, beloved sons, that your hearts rejoice in the peace of Christ and in the joy of the Holy Ghost, by favor of the Apostolic Benediction, which we now bestow upon you all with deepest affection.

THE NEED OF CHARITY.

The benefits of your charity, "the great multitude of languishing, blind, lame, poor," in the greatest misery numbers of young men, the dearest hope of the state and religion await you, surrounded as they are on all sides by deceipts and corruptions. Be zealous, therefore, not only in imparting the sacred truths of the cate-

chism, which we commend again and again, but strive also with whatever resources of wisdom and skill you may have at your command, to merit well and highly from all men. Assisting, defending, remedying, peace-making, you will, at length, desire and almost thirst for the winning or the retaining of souls to Christ. But alas! how energetically, how laboriously, how fearlessly is work inaugurated and pressed forward by His enemies for the immeasurable destruction of souls! On account of this glory of her charity, the Catholic Church rejoices and glories in her clergy, which is evangelizing the peace of Christendom and is bringing salvation and culture even to the barbarous races, where, by their great labors consecrated by the shedding of no little blood, the realm of Christ is extended, day by day, and the holy faith is ornamented more richly by new decorations. But if, beloved sons, contention, wrangling and calumny, be the only response to the acts of charity which you have performed, as is often the case, do not on that account succumb to sadness. "Be not weary in well-doing." Before your eyes may be seen the phalanxes of those who, remarkable in numbers as well as in deeds, and following the example of the Apostles, went rejoicing in the midst of the harshest calumnies for Christ's sake, and blessed those who cursed them. And, indeed, we are the sons and brothers of the Saints, whose names shine in the book of life, whose praises the Church sings. "Let us not stain our glory."

Nor will it be of less profit to souls, if a monthly retreat, for a few hours, is held either privately or in common, and we are glad to see this custom already introduced in some places, the Bishops favoring the plan and sometimes presiding.

PIUS X., POPE.

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In and Around Toronto

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DEATH OF REV. FATHER MACARIO NASR.

Rev. Father Macarios Nasr, who had charge of the Syrian Colony of Catholics in Toronto for the past twelve years, died on Sunday morning after a long illness of nearly twelve months' duration. While in Toronto Father Nasr had endeared himself to his congregation, who feel his death keenly, whilst amongst others he had won for himself a large measure of esteem, his gentle presence and zealous work amongst his people impressing their worth upon all who witnessed it.

Father Nasr was born on January 25, 1831, in the city of Zahleh, the capital of the Mount Lebanon district, in Syria, and after completing his primary studies entered the order of St. Basil in the Convent of St. John the Baptist, when he was ordained priest in 1861. He filled several important positions in his own country, was Superior of St. Elias Convent in Zahleh, Vicar-General to the Patriarch of his Rite in Cairo, and in 1883 was appointed Superior-General of the Order of St. Basil. He also held the position of Vicar-General of the Diocese of Bamas in the Holy Land, and of Balbec, as well as parish priest in Damascus and Zahleh.

In 1896 Father Nasr volunteered for the Canadian mission, and was appointed Apostolic Missionary to his compatriots in Toronto and Western Canada, to whom he ministered during the last twelve years with the zeal and abnegation which characterized the order of which he was so devoted a member. It will thus be seen that the deceased priest was a man of no ordinary talent, and the spirit which actuated him to leave his native land when the winter of life was even then beginning to fall upon him, and to exile himself in poverty and a stranger for the love of his people, speaks for his high missionary spirit and for his devotion to the priestly cause.

The body of Father Nasr was borne to St. Vincent's church, where he had ministered at the corner of Shuter and Victoria streets, and there vested in the robes of his priesthood, the cope enveloping him and the peculiar high cap on his head, he was placed erect in a chair according to the eastern custom, and there many paid a last tribute and before the little altar said a prayer for the repose of his soul.

On Tuesday morning, the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, the funeral Mass of requiem was said according to the Syrian rite, by Rev. P. K. Moloo, Syrian Catholic Missionary of Jerusalem, but lately of Montreal, and who has been in Toronto for some time assisting Father Nasr. The remains had been placed in a casket and lay before the altar respectfully guarded by the uniformed Knights of St. John. Col. McGinn in his handsome uniform of black and gold standing at the foot of the casket throughout the Mass.

The ceremony was most dignified and impressive, the chanting of the celebrant and his assistants being both mournful and musical though altogether unaccompanied.

Rev. Father Maloo paid tribute to his deceased confrere in an eloquent eulogy, and Rev. Father O'Malley of the Cathedral spoke in English, enumerating the virtues of Father Nasr, whom, though not long a resident in the community, he had known for ten years. He testified to the abnegation and zeal of the dead priest, in whom he said the sign of the divinity had been apparent, and urged upon those present to meditate upon death while in life as a means to a glorious eternity.

After the final absolution an opportunity was given all to take a last look, and then the congregation filed around the casket, the tears and sobs of many, both men and women, testifying to the love borne by his congregation for him who had lived and died in exile for their sake.

A large number, amongst others Rev. Father Murray, C.S.B., Rev. Father O'Malley, Rev. Father McCabe, and Mr. Abraham Nasr, a nephew, who had assisted at the Mass, took part in the funeral cortege to Mount Hope Cemetery. May he rest in peace.

HOLY NAME AT ST. PAUL'S.

On Sunday evening there will be a meeting of the Holy Name Society at St. Paul's, when the members and the congregation generally will be addressed by Rev. Father O'Malley of the Cathedral. The work of the Society is expected to gain an even greater impetus than last year, when it ranked as one of the finest in the city.

NEW ALTARS FOR ST. PAUL'S.

Three new altars in white marble are being erected at St. Paul's, the High Altar being already in position. The altars come from France and are of beautiful workmanship. Owing to industrial conditions in the matter of altar equipment in France, St. Paul's was able to secure the three altars for the sum of seven thousand dollars.

HANDSOME MEMORIAL WINDOW.

A handsome memorial window was lately placed in Holy Family Church in memory of Kenneth H. Ford. The subject is a representation of the

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Archangel Gabriel and is surrounded by rich ornamental work, the coloring of the whole being rich and harmonious. The window is from the studios of the Lyon Glass Co., who have already placed a number of windows in this church.

BENEFIT CONCERT FOR ST. PATRICK'S.

On Friday evening in the hall, McCaul street, a most delightful entertainment was given by the family of Mr. George Canning, assisted by Miss Annie Davidson, all of Cleveland. The affair was a benefit given by the talented family to the parish of which their father and grandfather had in bygone years been parishioners, and a more delightful proof of their remembrance could scarcely have been imagined. The programme was of a very artistic order, consisting of solos and harmonized selections on violin, cornet, flute, mandolin, and piano diversified by vocal solos and readings.

The instrumentation of the players was fine throughout and the vocal solos of Miss Davidson were artistically rendered. Miss Canning, in her eloquent address to the "Old Violin," showed herself the possessor of no small share of dramatic talent. Miss Christina Collins gave two readings and Miss Maud Lundy sang Kathleen Mavourneen, both receiving unstinted applause.

The event marked the first appearance of the talented Cleveland family upon the public platform, and there is no doubt but that if they repeat their venture they will meet with pronounced and immediate recognition. In the present instance the crowded hall spoke for the financial success attending the occasion, and the new church will be benefited thereby.

Mr. Cosgrave acted as chairman and at the conclusion of the programme Rev. Father Brick, C.S.S.R., rector of St. Patrick's, seconded by Mr. J. O'Hearn, gave a most hearty vote of thanks to the performers.

PROGRESS OF GAELIC LEAGUE.

The Gaelic League held its usual semi-monthly meeting on Thursday the 27th August, President D'Arcy Hinds presiding. After the various committee reports had been received, the language teaching was resumed under Messrs. Lewis and McCarthy. While it was the intention of the executive to introduce the new or direct system of language teaching as in use in Ireland, it was deemed advisable to await the opening of the fall classes. The next part of the programme was opened with a rousing, well chosen speech from one of the League's champion workers, Dr. J. D. Logan. In the course of his speech the Doctor exhorted his listeners to study and follow up the policy of the League at home, and to always remember that the one great point to which the Gaelic League owed most of its triumphal progress was its strict adherence to its non-political and non-sectarian platform.

While the League has a good many friends in Toronto, it has none better than the good-natured doctor. Mr. Chris. Erris, with Mavourneen, got a good reception. Miss McNulty's humorous recitation was a decided hit, as was also Miss Colson's singing. Mr. Devine, late of Dublin, proved himself a worthy and useful addition to the society. His rendering of "Seumas McManus' Recollections of 50 Years" was excellent.

The next meeting will be held on Thursday, Sept. 10th (to-day), in the League rooms, St. Lawrence Hall. All those desiring to commence the study of the Gaelic are requested to be present as classes will be formed and the winter session will begin on that date. The direct method, based on the Beclitz system, will be introduced. "ARDAN."

PILGRIM AT BRUGES

Bruges, Aug. 27, 1908.

London being empty and holidays the order of the day, a little digression to "furrin parts" may not come amiss, particularly when it leads us to such a centre of Catholicity as the city whose sweet chiming bells float delicately in the atmosphere as I write.

After Rome, there are few places around which has gathered such a halo of sanctity and romance as that which encircles the "quaint old Flemish city," and few indeed, Rome not excepted, have so completely retained their character, despite the bustle and stir of the modern world which surrounds them.

But long ago in the ages past Bruges set herself to a melody which has been her leit motif for six hundred years, and dreaming over those wandering evasive numbers, she has forgotten the passing of time. It is quite impossible to adequately render by any imitation, the message that the old grey belfry whispers to the listening city. The notes drop like disconnected recollections, just ceasing, yet suddenly remembering some fresh thought of beauty or pathos, of patriotism or prayer which must be told. Exquisite in their wondrous harmony, they hold that "feeling of sadness and longing" which the poet so well expresses, and they linger in the memory long after the waves of sound have sunk once more to stillness.

So having struck the keynote of the city, you may wander through the quiet streets, across the innumerable bridges which suggest her name, through the silent squares where the green blades of grass snoop up between the cobble stones, and where Memling and Van Eyck look down with stony eyes on the scenes where once they lived and moved.

Each week day has its changes in the aspect of things. If you take

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your stand in the Place de Bourg at 6 o'clock on a Friday morning you will see the country people flocking in crowds, and passing across the Place, past the wonderfully sculptured facade of the Hotel de Ville, to the venerable and beautiful little building which nestles beneath its graceful pinnacles. Enter with the simple, peasant folk, who have come to pay their adoration to the Blood of God—the "blessed vision" which Sir Galahad saw, the precious drops which were shed for us 19 centuries ago upon the Cross—for this is the Chapel of the Saint Song, brought from Palestine in 1149 by Theodoric of Alsace.

Even for those who are not of the Faith there is a wonderful impressiveness in the scene presented by the ancient chapel at these times of the exposition of this precious relic of the Passion. At the end of the low-roofed upper chapel rises a dais, to the right and left of which steps run up to a little platform, which is placed before a canopied chair. In the chair is seated a venerable priest and beside him, half hidden by crimson draperies, is an officer of Genardes. The old priest holds between his hands a long crystal phial each end of which is tipped by a golden crown. A continuous stream of people in single file, after kneeling for a few minutes in contemplation on the prie dieux before this dais, ascend the steps, stoop to kiss the crystal phials, reverence, and quietly depart. The relic is plainly visible to the eye as you stoop to kiss it, and the magnitude of the reality fills the soul with thoughts of deep solemnity. The surroundings of these precious drops—which Joseph of Arimathea collected when preparing the Body of the Saviour of the world for the tomb—have been made as suitable as human hands could devise and human skill could execute. A wonderful altar of solid silver forms the resting place for the reliquary of exquisite workmanship in gold which contains the crystal casket of the Holy Blood.

The ancient face is illuminated by stained windows of glorious hues, such as are seldom seen nowadays except in churches which have escaped the ravages of the Reformers of the 16th century. The crypt contains many interesting and ancient shrines, mostly of our Lady, at which burn ancient tapers, while around hang many votive offerings in thanksgiving for favors received, quaint some of these offerings seem to our northern eyes, wax figures of dogs and cattle, symbolic of those saved from disease, the offerings of farmers, little wax arms and legs, restored to health and soundness by prayer, hearts too, and eyes, and hands, with many simple worded legends, "O Dank U Maria Maria." Maria! She is the lady of the citadel. Her sweet face looks down at the stranger who comes from lands where her fair presence is banished, with a welcoming glance from many a quaint corner and crumpling wall. Her pictured image limned by the hands of the masters who once trod those quiet highways, fills with a sweet grace many of the gorgeous sanctuaries dedicated to her honor, while for her Assumption Bruges is en fete with a splendor of beautiful and artistic display which is only exceeded by the magnificent progress of the saint sang in May.

I was fortunate enough to be in Bruges this year on the 15th of August, when the dear old city, in addition to her natural beauty had adorned herself with flags and flowers to do honor to her Holy Mother.

On the picturesque old Quay Rosaire and behind the leafy Place Stevin, elegant temporary altars were erected for benediction, and after Vespers in the glorious Church of Notre Dame the procession of our Lady began to wind its graceful way along the broad walk of the Dyver, overshadowed by ancient trees whose stilly leaves are reflected in the silent gleaming waters of the canal. First came a jaunty band of drums and fifes, in scarlet caps, white breeches and dark coats, after whom walked the bearer of the great silver crucifix with his attendant acolytes; then came a wondrous array of exquisite and artistically clad figures, angels with feathery wings of opalescent hue, represented by young girls in flowing robes of pale amber, delicate blue, and all those tender tints of the past which Memling knew so well how to render in his paintings. These were followed by Children of Mary in blue dresses and white veils, six of whom bore a lovely life-size figure of the Immaculate Conception. After these came a company of little St. Anthonys, boys garbed in the brown robe of his order, many of them with faces resembling the Cherubs of Rubens, or to come to later times, our own Sir Joshua Reynolds. An army

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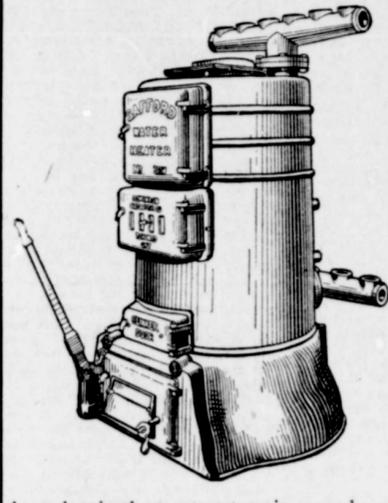
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of maidens followed in graceful old dresses with richly embroidered hems, long sleeves and loose tresses, each girl bearing a branch of silver lilies; men walked next, carrying some magnificent banners, of such size and weight that two bearers were appointed to each and relieved each other at frequent intervals. Another array of lovely babes in white walking sedately with some nuns behind them was a prelude to a group of boys in long green robes and pointed shoes who wielded lily staffs and surrounded a splendid statue of St. Joseph. More children charmingly clothed, represented the three divisions of the Rosary, each section carrying great bunches of red, white and yellow roses. The Guild of the Blessed Sacrament in scarlet cassocks and white cottas bearing silver processional torches accompanied a great statue of the Sacred Heart. Then came parties of girls representing the Christian Virtues. Hope in long mantle of blue velvet bordered with golden embroideries borne by four maids of honor, and carrying a golden anchor. After these a choir of Angels, each one bearing a scroll on which was inscribed some portion of the Gloria. I must mention that these angels were the most perfectly lovely and artistic presentations of the Heavenly Hosts that can be imagined. The wonderful hues of the dresses I have already alluded to, the wings which

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quivered from the shoulders and nearly reached the ground, composed of feathers, were very real and not at all stiff in appearance, while their tints were of the soft lights thrown through painted windows. The parts were taken by stately girls from 16 to 18 years, whose beautiful hair was unbound and fastened only by a golden fillet across the brows. The ancient statue of Our Lady bearing the Divine Infant in her arms, robed in mediaeval dress of costly embroideries set with precious stones, over which hung a mantle of sapphire velvet, rich with gold, but half hidden by a veil of priceless old lace depending from a magnificent crown, was borne by six men while two attendants followed with trestles on which it was frequently rested. A splendid Reliquary of St. Pacificus in silver and gold delicately wrought and chased, came next, and after a long array of children from the orphanages, acolytes and choristers of Notre Dame, came the clergy of the great church in cassock and cotta chanting the litany of Our Lady. Then the tinkling bell announced the near presence of the Blessed Sacrament and as the group under the canopy reached the Altar on the bridge of St. John Nepomucene by the Quay Rosaire, the great multitude who filled the streets fell on their knees or on one accord, save where a visitor or two not of the faith was

to be seen across the kneeling crowd—and in most cases, where these were men, I am glad to say their hats were removed. The monstrance was placed upon the altar, embowered in flowers, and with the sweet air of a sunny afternoon which had succeeded a rainy morning blowing across the water, and the trumpets softly intoning the Benediction hymns, the Sacred Host was lifted in blessing over the bowed heads of the people. Then all rose to their feet again, and the beautiful Pageant of love and loyalty to the Mother and the Son proceeded on its way, a sight never to be forgotten by those privileged to witness it. PILGRIM.

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