

The Catholic Record.

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

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"Not Understood."

"Not understood," we move along
asunder:
Our paths grow wider as the seasons
creep,
Why life is life we marvel and we
wonder,
And then we fall asleep,
"Not understood."
"Not understood," we gather false im-
pressions
And hug them closer as the years go
by,
Till virtues often seem to us transgres-
sions,
And thus men rise and fall and live
and die,
"Not understood."
"Not understood," poor souls with
stunted vision
Of measure giants by their narrow
gauge,
The poisoned shots at falsehood and
deceit
Are oft impelled 'gainst those who
mould the age—
"Not understood."
"Not understood," the secret springs of
action
Which lie beneath the surface of the
show
Are disregarded; with self-satisfaction
We judge our neighbors and they
often go
"Not understood."
"Not understood," how trifles often
change us;
The thoughtless sentence or the fan-
ciful slight
Destroy long years of friendship and
estrangement us;
And on our souls there falls a freez-
ing blight,
"Not understood."
"Not understood," how many breasts
ache
For lack of sympathy? Ah! day by
day,
How many cheerless, lonely hearts are
breaking,
How many noble spirits pass away,
"Not understood."
"Not understood," how men would see a little
clearer,
Or judge less harshly where they can
not see;
"Not understood," how many would draw a little
nearer
To one another. They'd be nearer
Thee
"Not understood."
—THOMAS BURKIN, in Sacred Heart Review.

A Song For December.

The earth's shroud is embossed
With gems of twinkling frost;
The heavens snap with cold,
A wind mysterious thrills,
Above the sleeping hills,
With music sweet and old,
The stars sang one December
And shake with music yet;
For aye they will remember,
Although the world forget,
The God-child's birth-ery ringing
From out a lowly place
That set the planets singing
In farthest fields of space.
From warm sweet depths of sleep
Where little child-hearts keep
Their faith until the morn,
Beyond the sunset bars
To shake the farthest stars
Another song is borne,
Their hopeful dreams ascending
In waves of music flow,
A joyous chorus blending
With that of long ago,
With that the night is teeming,
But, oh, how mute we are,
Who have no faith for dreaming
Nor wisdom of the star!

"THE SPIRIT OF RELIGION, LIKE VIRTUE MUST GROW."

TEXT OF A NOTABLE ADDRESS BY THE
ARCHBISHOP OF BOSTON AT THE
CHURCH EXTENSION CONGRESS.

The Catholic Missionary Congress called together by the young and vigorous Church Extension Society marks the opening up of a new era in the history of the Church in America. It is the concentration of the forces of a young giant, now grown to man's estate and conscious of power, to meet the tasks which lie at the threshold of another period of life.

The spirit behind this movement is nothing new, but as old as the Church itself, tracing its root back to the historic day when the Pentecostal fires generated in human hearts an ardent, unquenchable love for the truth of Christ and its spread over the earth which gradually transformed the ages of unbelief and idolatry into the ages of faith and worship.

The record of missionary zeal which dates back to Apostolic times is the most luminous in the pages of history. That consuming fire which was caught from heaven has been kindled in the breasts of apostles in all ages of the Church and warning and inflaming the nations with its sacred flame has changed the face of the earth. No human obstacle was able to withstand it. The imperial power of Rome, the barbaric hordes which rushed down to overwhelm her, the aboriginal tribes of the men of the forest, each in turn has yielded to its sacred influence and has been brought by its power into the pale of the Church.

In its train it brought not only the blessings of faith, but the refinements of civilization, and whatever noble standards of living and ideals of progress we hold to-day have come from the light which illumined from on high

the minds of the few fishermen whom Christ sent forth to preach His gospel. Stronger than death, unconquerable in the face of every privation and persecution, however bitter and cruel, the love of heavenly truth and zeal for the spread of the faith of Christ have descended down through every generation as a precious heritage of the Church and as a treasure to be guarded beyond all price.

The vigor of faith and staunch loyalty to Christ have ever been commensurate with the love which fostered this apostolic missionary spirit and in every age the strength of the Church and the measure of devotion which inflames her followers depends upon the more or less jealous care with which they fence round from the indifference and carelessness of an unbelieving world this hallowed birth-right.

The spirit of religion, like virtue, must grow; it cannot stand still or rest in complacency upon its laurels without dealing a deadly blow to the very core of its life and progress. To rest satisfied with what has been accomplished is to stagnate, and stagnation is the beginning of death. So vital to the very life of religion is the fostering of the apostolic spirit of zeal for the spread of Christ's faith that it must be nurtured at the cost of any sacrifice. The luxuries of religion we may well dispense with. Too often they have brought only harm to the Church and have been the enemies within the gates.

Magnificent buildings, splendid ceremonies, superb apparitions, are all good in their place, for the worship of Christ can never be too adequately expressed, even by all that the noblest endeavor and most brilliant genius of man may bring to its expression, but if these things are to breed a selfish content and rob the Catholics of any generation of that primitive apostolic zeal which inflamed the breasts of their first teachers, then is it far better to dispense with these external embellishments and in poverty and hardship cultivate the gift which made the first promulgators of the faith of Christ the conquerors of the world.

It is time, then, for the Church in America to be vigilant in preserving the usefulness and get a little of spirit which animated the pioneer Catholic missionaries who planted in this continent the seed of faith. In no other way may the steadfastness of faith which is distinctive of our people in the United States be fully safeguarded. It is the inexorable law of self-preservation, and failure to comply with it can bring only disaster and ruin.

We may well draw a lesson from the foresight and prudence displayed by the great nations of the world. There comes a time in their history when they must reach out to find an outlet or the national life an activity. They will understand the folly of remaining quiet and shutting the door of opportunity to the surplus talent of their people. Instinctively and inevitably led on by this feeling of self-preservation, they reach out into other lands and find new fields for the unworked energies of the nation.

They recognize that to keep doing the 'law of life and that the accumulation of unused forces is the precursor to stagnation and death. The Church in the United States must avoid this peril at all costs. It must not rest on what has been already accomplished, but even in the face of sacrifice reach out in spreading the faith of Christ where it is now either unknown or dormant for its very necessary reason that in this way alone may it conserve intact and undimmed the brightness of the faith which has already done so much for the progress of the Church. In the isolated regions where there are scattered populations of Catholics without the ministrations of the priest the zeal of the more favored must assist actively to bring the blessings of the faith to these neglected regions.

In the Philippines, in Porto Rica and in all our outlying possessions the Church must go, heralded by the missionaries of the English-speaking race who are now called upon by providential design to perform the work which has long been so nobly done by others. It is the time set by divine providence for this apostolic undertaking. In the first ages of the Church when imperial Rome ruled the world and Latin was the universal language, it was the missionaries of the Latin tongue who went forth from Rome and for centuries spread the faith in the countries of Europe. In a later day when French was the diplomatic of the nations, France became the missionary country and her sons and daughters have given an example of self-sacrifice and devotion in spreading the faith in foreign lands that is worthy of all emulation.

Time inevitably brings changes. To-day the language of the whole Orient is English. The language of diplomatic usage has been succeeded by the language of trade, and from Port Said to the furthest point of Japan the language which the people know best next to their own and like best is English. Already Japan is clamoring for English-speaking missionaries, and the field which once yielded such a faithful harvest to the apostolic labors of St. Francis Xavier lies ready for cultivation at the hands of English-speaking apostles.

The providential hour of opportunity has struck. We must be up and doing. All indications point to our vocation as a great missionary nation. To be recreant to such a high calling is to abdicate a blessed vantage ground and to unduly grade the good which has already been accomplished in this land by the apostolic zeal of the Church's followers. Our country has already reached out beyond her boundaries and is striving to do a work of extension of America civic ideals for other peoples. Shall it be said that the Church in this

land has been outstripped in zeal and energy by the civil power under which we live?

But the call to which every Catholic should hearken has already been sounded. Rome has spoken and in the plenitude of her power has taken us from out the ranks of the mission countries and placed us among the normally organized and developed portions of the Catholic inheritance. She thus indicates to us our plain duty. We are sufficiently developed within to take up the task of evangelizing those who are without. We may depend absolutely upon her judgment in the matter. She has the wisdom of the ages behind her and a way is now lighted before us of spreading far and wide the blessings of the faith which we ourselves enjoy to the neglected populations of our own country and to the millions who are waiting for the sound of our voices to embrace the truth of Christ. She has set the seal of her approval upon this Church Extension Society and the spirit that it stands for. Its purpose and its works are no longer subject to question or cavil. It is an approved institution of the Holy See. It has upon it the blessing of the Holy Father to make it effective and fruitful. The word that comes from Rome must be accepted by all in its entirety and spirit. The time has come, therefore, for us to take up our high calling, and as a son of the Church, profoundly believing in her sacred mission through the providential instrumentality of the English-speaking race, I am glad to say this word in favor of the Church extension movement and to bear my message of encouragement to a world which is destined with God's blessing to extend the boundaries of the Kingdom of Christ, and to keep burning with undimmed lustre the faith and zeal of our people.

The other great address of the evening was made by the Hon. W. Bourke Cochrane of New York. A message of thanks was sent to the Holy Father and an address was presented to Archbishop Falconio for the encouragement given this first missionary congress.

Among the papers read on the last day was one on "The Layman's Opportunity." Other topics discussed were "Missions as a Unifier," "Our Five Million Immigrants," "The Philippines and Obstacles to Be Overcome." A stirring address was given by Alexander Granger of Kansas, Ill., who sounded the keynote of the new movement when he declared that the assimilation of various races into one nation was going on in America, and that it could be most effectively forwarded by the Catholic Church.

JEROME BONAPARTE AND ELIZABETH PATTERSON.

The Nineteenth Century and After for November contains a very brightly written article by Mrs. Strlingham, Elizabeth Patterson of Baltimore who, in 1803, married Jerome Bonaparte, the youngest brother of Napoleon Bonaparte, then First Consul of France. From this union is descended Charles Joseph Bonaparte, their grandson, the present Attorney General of the United States. Elizabeth Patterson was a brilliant and singularly beautiful young woman when she first met Jerome Bonaparte. He so admired her that he "renounced France, Napoleon, riches, glory, may even the far more remote chance of regal splendor, if only he might become the husband of the beautiful American." A singular career, indeed, lay before this woman who was to become the wife of a king and the sister in law of an emperor, who was to disturb the peace of the greatest conqueror of modern times; to produce a rupture between a Pope and a monarch; and to become a brilliant leader at foreign courts, where her beauty, her wit and her romantic history were to make her conspicuous among the most remarkable women of the century.

The wrath of the First Consul was not unlike to be incurred by his brother's marriage with one who was not of noble birth; moreover, Elizabeth was a Protestant. Every detail was forthwith planned to ensure the validity of the union. The religious ceremony was to be performed by the Bishop of Baltimore, the Primate of the Catholic Church in the United States, and the civil contract was drawn up with every precaution against its future rejection. Mr. Patterson further pinned his faith to the fact that, although Jerome might be making a union which would not be considered binding in France, the Catholic Church refuses to annul marriages for irregularities which can be rectified.

ROBERTS VII.

This trust in the Catholic Church was not a mistaken one. Indeed, Napoleon was incensed against his brother; and denied the legality of the union. He commanded that Elizabeth should never be allowed to land in France, and when Jerome and his young wife heard that the First Consul had proclaimed himself Emperor of the French they were ordered to give up his bride and return home. Nevertheless they sailed for Portugal together, and there found that she was not allowed to land, and that Jerome must go to meet his brother alone. Only once again were husband and wife to meet. To her, England opened its hospitable doors, and in England her son was born, June 9, 1805, and was named Jerome Napoleon. "For a time, it is said, Jerome tried as earnestly as he failed ignominiously, to move the determination of Napoleon. 'Your marriage is null, I will never acknowledge it,' was Napoleon's answer to his representations." But the world-conqueror was to meet with one will as inflexible as his own.

"The Emperor ordered Pius the Seventh to publish a Bull annulling the marriage, but here, for the first time, the autocrat found his power defied.

The Pope refused, and on this, as on one or two subsequent occasions, he rivalled Napoleon's own. A story runs that one day, tired out with the vain endeavor to force the Pontiff to consent to measures which his conscience disapproved, Napoleon said to one of his ministers: 'Why do you not try what ill-treatment can do, short of torture?' I authorize you to employ every means. 'But, Sir,' was the humorous reply, 'what do you think one can make of a man who lets the water freeze in his holy water font without complaining that he has no fire in his room?' The wrath of Napoleon, however, found expression when he imprisoned the indomitable Pontiff in the Chateau of Fontainebleau, a place where, by a curious irony of fate, he himself was subsequently to sign the abdication of his own throne.

THE UNLAWFUL DIVORCE.

Jerome, however, at last consented to a divorce, and on Aug. 12, 1807, he wedded the Princess Frederica Catharina, daughter of the king of Wurtemberg. Meantime Elizabeth, his lawful wife, had returned to Baltimore. "She saw herself left a mere injured heroine of romance, an object of curiosity and pity to her fellow-townsfolk, condemned to a life of obscurity such as her nature abhorred, while a rival enjoyed the splendid fate which, by civil and religious law, should have been hers. . . . The bright and joyous girl whose beauty had captivated the heart of the fickle Jerome was changed to a cold, cynical woman, whose unattainable ambition was henceforth to entail upon her a life of bitterness, and whose sarcasm was admired and feared. . . . For her enemy Napoleon, indeed, Elizabeth retained the respect which one strong nature can feel for another: 'The Emperor,' she wrote in 1849, 'hurled me back on that I hated most—my Baltimore obscurity. Even that shock could not destroy the admiration I felt for his genius and glory.'

ELIZABETH UNCONQUERED.

"But for the man who had won her love and then cast it aside, she felt only the most profound contempt, which, however, she had the dignity to cherish in silence. Twice only is she known to have given public expression to it. When, later in life, Jerome offered her the title of Princess of Smalkalde, with 200,000 francs a year, she declined the offer, and accepted instead a yearly pension of 60,000 francs from Napoleon. Jerome expressed his indignation at such conduct. 'I prefer,' she explained, 'to be sheltered under the wings of an eagle than to be suspended from the bill of a goose.' When Jerome offered her a residence in Westphalia, she answered that 'it is indeed a large kingdom, but not large enough to hold two Queens.' Napoleon, it is said, was so pleased with the spirit of this answer that he caused to be conveyed to her his willingness to do for her whatever did not interfere with his own schemes. 'Tell him,' she said, for the second time in her life—'I am ambitious. I desire to be a Duchess.' But the promise to comply with this request, though given, was never fulfilled.

Even in the matter of religion Elizabeth's heart was true to the faith which she had adopted in her youth. It was not until she was in the prime of life that she adopted any form of faith, she said, it should be the Roman Catholic, because that was a religion of kings—a royal religion."

QUEEN OF HEARTS.

"Only in Europe did Elizabeth find the panacea for much which she had suffered. Between the years 1815 and 1834 she visited the continent, and as Bonstetten said of her: 'If she is not queen of esthonia, she is at least queen of hearts.' Of her wanderings through Europe, the deserted wife of Jerome was a person apart, a queen un-crowned—inequity, but still a queen. Her position was unique; she upheld it by reason of her beauty and her charm. Her tragic history silenced enmity, her tact and grace gained devotees, her exquisite dress and jewels roused universal admiration, and her reputation remained unimpaired. At every Court which she graced by her presence, she was a welcome and an honored guest; . . . she was the friend of the celebrated men and women of her country, despite the fact that her tongue could sting, her tact counteracted the wounds made by her too ready wit."

NOBILITY OF SOUL.

"Yet it was but a sorry triumph that her own life had been wrecked beside her own; and as in silence Elizabeth contemplated the trend of events, no expression of vindictiveness ever escaped her against the man whose weakness had wrought her such grievous wrong." As an instance of this, she said, when the Duchess d'Abantes published her work on the Bonaparte family: "I have refused to give her any notices, either of praise or blame, or of myself; she has already said enough ill of him, and more of my talents and beauty than he deserve."

Napoleon himself at last acknowledged Elizabeth's worth. In St. Helena, he "spoke with admiration of her talents and regretted the shadow he had cast upon her life. He had been told of her enthusiasm for his genius, and, one day, speaking of her, he said sadly to Bertrand: 'Those whom I loaded with kindness have forsaken me, those whom I wronged have forgiven me.' This tribute is the more striking, in that Napoleon knew his appreciation to be shared by the man who was his greatest foe. The Duke of Wellington always professed for Elizabeth a profound admiration and friendship; and it is perhaps illustrative of the strangeness of her position that the favorite pet of this sister-in-law of Napoleon was a little dog which had been given to her by the 'Victor of Waterloo.'

ELIZABETH'S SAD LOT.

But sorrow continued to be Elizabeth's lot. She succeeded at length in securing from Napoleon III, the recognition of her son's legitimacy; but the fate which she most dreaded came upon her. "I hope that Providence will let me die before my son," she had prayed throughout life; but her son predeceased her and in her old age she would remark pathetically: 'Once I had everything but money, now I have nothing but money.' There is something strangely pathetic in the fact that, despite her irritable contempt for Jerome, she still believed, or wished others to believe, that, although overborne by the pressure of circumstance, that fickle lover of her youth had ever been faithful to her at heart."

The author of this interesting article queries whether her heroine's astonishing exterior calmness "was, after all, but the mask by which a proud spirit concealed an incurable hurt? or was it that the strongest emotion of which Elizabeth Bonaparte was capable was but the petulance of a spoiled child who had been balked of the toys which it coveted?" We find ourselves thinking that a different life Elizabeth's might have been, could she have quelled her strong ambitions, accepted "the Baltimore obscurity which she loathed," and sought comfort in the Catholic Church whose Sovereign Pontiff had dared the wrath of Napoleon in defense of the lawfulness of her marriage tie.

CONVERSIONS.

In addressing, recently, more than seven hundred Catholic pilgrims from the diocese of Cologne, the Holy Father said: "I earnestly hope that the faith you received in germ in baptism, and have since developed by works of religion and piety, and that the example of your virtues shed its influence on your families, on your fellow-citizens, and especially on those of them who are not Catholics, and who feel the need of a friendly Catholic voice to enlighten them and induce them to know and appreciate the Catholic faith."

In saying these words, our Holy Father gives a much needed lesson to all Catholics everywhere, and not to the pilgrims from Cologne only. We are all bound to give good example to our families, and to our fellow-citizens, and especially to those who are not Catholics; but let us note the following phrase, "to those who feel the need of a friendly Catholic voice to enlighten them and induce them to know and appreciate the Catholic faith."

Do we ever consider that there are, among our friends and acquaintances, some thoughtful souls who would really like to know what the Catholic Church truly is—what she herself teaches instead of what her enemies say she teaches? Do we ever try to enlighten these thoughtful, intelligent souls? Do we ever lend them books or papers that contain the truth? Do we ever ask them to accompany us to Mass? Do we ever show them that we profess to belong to the one true Church of the one true God, wish that they also were gathered into her saving fold?

Another thing we do realize that there are, among our non-Catholic friends, certain very spiritual natures that look to God, pray to God, love God, and desire to come nearer and nearer to Him and to serve Him more devotedly and truly, if they could see the way? What would not the Real Presence of Jesus mean to such souls, if they only knew it? What would they not give for union with Jesus in the Holy Eucharist, if they only knew it? Are we living such lives as to make them wish that they had that mysterious grace which we have? Are we trying to show them by our example what it is to feed on Jesus, to live one with Jesus?

To the intellectual seeker we are showing Jesus as the Truth? To the soul craving more divine love, more divine union, are we showing Jesus as the Life? Are we pointing Him out, as the one true way, to any soul whatsoever, in all the circle of our acquaintance? In short, let us put to ourselves, searchingly, the strong, abrupt question: "Have I ever in my life been the means of bringing our single human soul into the Catholic Church?"

There is a story told of a certain Catholic who had lived for years on friendly terms with a "High Church" neighbor, and was about to remove to another place. On leaving, he said something to the effect that he wished his friend would consider the claims of the Catholic Church. The unexpected answer came, full of reproval: "Why did you never speak of that to me before?" To how many of us might not the same penetrating question be put by our non-Catholic neighbors? To how many of us might not our Blessed Lord say reproachfully: "Why have you never tried to save these souls that are beloved by Me?"

Henceforth, let us make it a special subject of prayer, that we may be guided by God's Holy Spirit, to think of conversions, to pray for conversions, and, by God's assisting grace, to gain conversions.—Sacred Heart Review.

STOP A MOMENT AND THINK!

Did you ever try it? Did you ever think what it is to think? If more men tried it there would be fewer jail wardens. Idleness is the root of all evil. Thoughtlessness nourishes the root. If we could pull this up, sin would go with it, and with sin all our woe. Every sorrow, pain and anguish is a sacrifice to thoughtlessness. From Johnnie's stubbed toe to the gallows, all pay tribute to thoughtlessness. Our first parents didn't think, and we all take after them. God is infinite thought;

man is infinite thoughtlessness. Socialists want to make earth a heaven. Communism makes man a machine that would take the place of thought. Some people talk about revolutionizing the world of thought. The way to do that is to think. One big wave of thought across this earth would turn all our ideas and our ideals topsy-turvy.

Tell a business man to stop and think. He has no time. "What are you doing?" "Making money." He hears a sermon. "Remember, man, that thou must die." Does he believe it? What thought does he give it? If everybody thought for ten minutes a day men would begin giving their money away and wearing Ingersoll watches. Thought is like pulling a tooth. There is no fun in thought. It is easier to dig into the ground than into an argument. It means work; that is why most men belong to "the working class." If our digestive organs didn't work without our exertion, we would all die in this country. If we had more thought and less work men would be happier. The donkey is given a loud voice, but no sense. Anybody can talk, but it takes a saint to think. Words are supposed to convey thought. The brain is the centre of this telephone system, but the line is seldom busy—it is the buzzing you hear.—W. H. G., in Catholic Union and Times.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

The estate of Forestspringfarm, situated near Libertyville, Ill., and estimated to be worth from \$75,000 to \$100,000, has been presented to the Christian Brothers, by the owner, C. C. Copeland, a convert.

The Catholic census taken under Archbishop Glennon for the Census Bureau, Washington, is expected to foot up 17,000,000 Catholics in this country. With the Philippines and Porto Rico, this makes upward of 25,000,000 Catholics under the United States flag.

The two wings of St. Jerome's College, Berlin, which were destroyed by fire a week ago are to be rebuilt in the spring. In the meantime, the old building will be torn down. The new structures will be four stories high, and will be built on the same plans as the new building.

Rev. John J. O'Keefe, pastor of St. John's Church, Clinton, Mass., has organized in his town the Association of Domestic Science. He has purchased a home for a new work that is designed to serve the public regardless of creed or sect.

Rev. Albert Reinhart, O. P., has gone to Washington to take up his task of translating the German Dominican Father Deilide's life of Luther. The work will occupy Father Reinhart for several years, and while engaged in the translation he will remain at the Dominican House of Studies.

By direction of the Pope a Mass of Reparation was celebrated Sunday in all the churches in France "for the dead who have been defrauded by the law of devotion," i. e., the law by which the bequests meant to be used for the Masses for the dead were turned from their original purpose.

A late Rome despatch says that Pope Pius X. is almost embarrassed by the multitude and multiplication of his jubilee gifts. Costly ritual objects have been poured upon him by the sovereigns of Catholic countries and their courts, from convents and from private members of the Church all over the world.

The Catholic students of Barnard College, the female wing of Columbia, in New York City, have formed a club of their own as a protest against the attitude of the Young Women's Christian Association, which will allow them to pay their dues but not to vote or to hold office. The club is to be called the Craigie Club in honor of the English Catholic writer who died last year.

Last week, Andrew Carnegie, the great philanthropist, signified his willingness to co-operate in the interests of college education of the youth of the South, and made the larger contribution of \$11,850 to further the good work of the Catholic Benedictine college at Cornington, La., recently destroyed by fire. This gift will be employed in toto in partial payment of the cost of construction of the new abbey and college.

The sixtieth anniversary of the coronation of Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria-Hungary was celebrated Wednesday by a Solemn High Mass of thanksgiving in St. Patrick's Church, Washington. President Roosevelt, Vice-President Fairbanks, Justices of the United States Supreme Court, many of the leading members of the diplomatic corps and a large congregation representative of Washington life were in attendance.

The Casket of Antigonish, N. S., noting that the Baptist Mission at Grand Ligne, Quebec, spent last year \$22,000 and converted eleven Papists, remarks that this is at the rate of \$2,000 for each convert. "If we may judge the present by the past," says our esteemed contemporary, "we need scarcely add that they are not worth the money." In the old days, down South a healthy negro man cost between \$400 and \$500; women from \$300 to \$500. Evidently Baptist converts come higher.

Russell J. Wilbur, one of this year's many distinguished converts from the Episcopalians, is now in Rome, a student at the American College. A press dispatch states that the opening of a special house for converts who wish to study for the priesthood in Rome is under consideration. There is already such a house, the Beda College, founded by Pope Leo XIII, at the English College. At the present rate of accessions to the Church in America it would seem well worth while similarly to increase the facilities at the American College.

led to my brother-in-law, Sir John Scott of Loch Doine. With him I buried my injury from the world, but it lived in my heart; it haunted me day and night, calling for revenge. In such an hour, how did I receive the tidings that Sir William Wallace was in our grasp against the tyrant? It was the voice of a patriot calling to me to peace of mind. Even my belated kinman partook of my emotions; and with his concurrence, I led a band of his clansmen to reinforce the brave men of Lanark on this rock. Two days I have now been here, awaiting the arrival of Wallace. Oh! we will mingle our injured souls together, and set forth to Stirling, and there sacrifice the tiger Crossingham to the fate he merits.

"But what, my brave friend," asked Murray, "are the forces you deem sufficient for so great an enterprise? How many fighting men remain of Wallace's own company, besides your own?" "About a hundred," replied Kirkpatrick, "including yours."

"Then how inadequate will be our strength to force so formidable a place as Stirling Castle. We must outflank it, but resolution, not rashness, must be the principle of our proceeding; and my opinion is, that a few minor advantages obtained, our countrymen would flock to our standard, the enemy would be intimidated, and we should carry thousands instead of hundreds before the walls of Stirling. To attempt it now would invite defeat, and pluck upon us the ruin of our project."

"You are right, young man," cried Kirkpatrick; "my grey head, forgetting its experience, and rendered impetuous by insult, did not see the timidity of my scheme. I would rather for years watch the opportunity of taking a signal revenge, than not accomplish it at last."

Stephen and Kor now entered; the latter paid his respects to Sir Roger, and the former informed Murray that having disposed of his present followers with those who had arrived before, he was come to lead him to the banquetting room. "What!" cried Murray, "is it possible that my cousin Helen's troops have reached their destination? None other belonging to Bothwell Castle had any chance of escaping."

Kirkpatrick interrupted Stephen's reply by telling Murray that, while he and Kor were at the table, he would watch the arrival of expresses from two brave Drummers, who were each to send him a hundred men. "So, my good Lord Andrew," cried he, "shall the snow-ball gather that is to fall on Edward to his destruction!"

Murray approved his zeal, and followed Stephen and Kor into the hall. While the young chieftains were recruiting their strength, Stephen sat at the table to satisfy Murray how the detachment from Bothwell had come to Craighuelloch, and how Wallace escaped from the Carliane Crags. "Heaven smiled upon us," said Stephen, "the evening of the day on which Kor left us, there was a carnival in the English camp. We heard the sound of the song and of riot, and many an insult cast upon our besieged selves! About an hour after sunset, the noise sunk by degrees, and it seemed to intimate that the revelers, overcome by excess, had fallen asleep. At this time so great a vapour had been exhaled from the lake, that the northern side of the cliff was covered with a mist so thick, we could not discern each other at a foot's distance. "Now is the moment," said our gallant leader, "the enemy are stupefied with wine; the rock is clothed in a veil. It is the shield of God that is held before us; under it shelter let us pass from their hands!" He called us together, and commanded the children and women to keep silence. He led us to the top of the cliff; it overhung a cave, and also a strong guard of the enemy. By a rope, held above by several men, our chief made his way down the rock, and stood at the bottom, till all the men of the first division had cleared the height. He then marshalled them with their pikes towards the foe, in case of an alarm. Wallace ascended the rock half-way; and, receiving the children, he handed them to the old men, who carried them through the bushes. The rest of our little garrison soon followed; and our sentinels, receiving the signal that all were safe, drew silently from their guard, and our march through the cave. This effected, we blocked up its mouth, that should our escape be discovered, the enemy might not find the road we had taken.

"We pursued our course till we reached the valleys of Stirlingshire. Here some shepherds gave the women and children shelter; and Wallace seeing that if anything were to be done for Scotland, he must save his last, put the party under my guidance; giving me orders that when they were rested, I should march them to Glenfinlas, and there await his return. Selecting ten men, with that small band he turned towards the Forth, hoping to meet some valiant friends ready to embrace her cause. He had hardly been an hour departed, when Dugald observed a procession of monks descending the opposite mountain. They halted in the glen. A crowd of women followed the train, and gathered round a bier, which the monks set down. I came close to the leader of the procession. "Friend," whispered he, "for charity conduct us to some safe place, where we may withdraw this bier from the eye of curiosity." I desired the train to follow me into a byre belonging to the shepherd who was my host. On this, the people went away; and the monks entered the place.

"I am, in soul and arms," Then knowest thou not the chief of Ellerslie? As I spoke, I perceived the pall shake. The monk answered: "You mean Sir William Wallace? Yes," I replied. The bier shook more violently, and I saw the pall hastily thrown off, and a youth in a shroud start from it, crying, "Thou is our pilgrimage at an end! Lead us to him!" The monk perceived my terror, and exclaimed, "Fear not! he is alive, and seeks Sir William Wallace. His pretended death was a stratagem to insure our passage through the English army; for we are soldiers like yourself." As he spoke, he opened his grey habit, and showed me the mailed tartan beneath.

"What, then!" interrupted Murray, "these monks were my faithful clansmen?" "The same," replied Stephen. "I assured them they might now resume their own characters; for all who inhabited the valley were in woe, through poor and aged Scots. The young had long been drafted by Edward's agents to fight his battles abroad."

"Ah!" interrupted the shrouded youth, "are we a people that can die for the honor of this usurper, and are we ignorant how to do it for our country? Lead us, soldier of Wallace, to your brave master; and tell him that a few determined men are come to shed their blood for him and Scotland! This astounding youth—did he not appear to be more than fifteen—stood before me in his robes of death like the spirit of some saint of Fingal; I looked on him with admiration, and explaining our situation told him whither Wallace was gone, and of our destination to await him in the forest of Glenfinlas."

"While your brave clansmen were refreshing themselves, we learnt from Kenneth, their conductor, that the troop left Bothwell under an expectation of your soon following them. They had not proceeded far before their scouts perceived the outpost of the English which surrounded Carliane Crags; to avoid this danger they took a circuitous path, in the hope of finding some unguarded entrance. They reached the convent of St. Columba, at the western side of the crags. Kenneth knew the abbot, and, entering it under cover of the night, obtained permission for his men to rest there. The youth, now their companion, was a student in the church. He had been sent thither by his mother, a pious lady, in the hope that, as he was of a very gentle nature, he would attach himself to the sacred tonsure; but courage often springs with most strength in the softest frames. The moment this youth discovered the errand, he tried every persuasion to prevail on the abbot to permit him to accompany us. But his entreaties were vain, till at last he threatened that, if he were prevented joining Wallace, he would take the earliest opportunity to escape, and commit himself to the peril of the English pikes. Seeing him determined, the abbot granted his wish; it was he who proposed the disguise of a funeral procession. While he painted his countenance of a death-like paleness, and stretched himself on the bier, the abbot sent to the English army to request permission for a party of monks to cross the crags to the cave of St. Columba, whither they carried a dead brother to be entombed. Our young leader hoped we might thus find an opportunity to approach Wallace; we were friends, and ready to reinforce his exhausted garrison."

"On our entrance into the passes of the crags, the English commander mentioned the fate of Bothwell and the captivity of Lord Mar, and ordered the bier to be opened, to see whether it did really contain a corpse, or provisions for our besieged countrymen. We had expected this investigation, and we might as well have wrapped the trunk of a tree in the shroud as a human being. We knew that the superstitious hatred of the Southrons would not allow them to touch a Scottish corpse, and therefore we feared no detection from the eye's examination alone. This ceremony over, we expected to have passed on without further notice; and, in that case, the youth would have left his pall, and performed the remainder of his journey in a similar disguise with the rest; but the strict watch of an English guard confined him wholly to the bier. In hopes of at last evading this vigilance, on pretence of a vow that his bearers should perform a pilgrimage through the crags, we traversed them in every direction, and I make no doubt, would have finally wearied out our guard, and gained our point, had not the circumstances transpired of Wallace's escape. How he had effected it, his enemies could not guess. Not a man of the besiegers was missing from his post; and not an avenue appeared by which they could trace his flight. On this disappointment, the Southrons retired to Glasgow, to their commander-in-chief, to give as good an account as they could of so disgraceful a termination of their siege. Dismayed at this intelligence, the guard hurried us into Stirlingshire, and left us at the other side of the mountain. But even then we were not free to release our charge, for, attracted by our procession, the country people followed us into the valley. Had we not met with you, it was our young chief's design to have thrown off our disguises in the first safe place, and, divided into small bands, have severally sought Sir William Wallace."

"But where," demanded Murray, "where is this admirable youth? Why, if Kenneth has learnt I am arrived, does he not bring him to receive my thanks and friendship?" "It is my fault," replied Stephen, "that Kenneth will not approach you till your repast is over. I left him to see your followers properly refreshed. And for the youth, he seems timid of appearing before you. Even his name I cannot make known to you, till he reveals it himself; so I know him here by any other than that of Edwin. He has mentioned to-morrow morning for the interview."

"I must submit to his determination," replied Murray; "but I am at a loss to guess why so brave a creature should hesitate to meet me. I can only suppose he dislikes the idea of resigning the troop he has so well conducted; and I

so, I shall think it my duty to yield to his command."

"Indeed, he richly deserves it," returned Stephen; "for the very soul of Wallace seemed transfused into his breast, as he cheered us through our long march from the valley of Glenfinlas." Stephen also stated that they had met with Sir Roger Kirkpatrick, who had joined them. Kenneth Mackenzie then entered the hall. Murray received him with a warm embrace; and, soon after, Stephen Ireland led the warlike chieftain to a bed of freshly gathered heath.

THE BELLS IN THE HIGH Belfry of St. George's Church, which had remained silent for months, were ringing joyously to announce to the population of the Adlum the arrival of Doctor Bugenhagen, the ambassador of the preacher of Wittenberg.

All the influential men of the town were assembled to welcome the Reformer. At the head, riding on a richly caparisoned white horse, was Baron Hermann von Schankelmatt. This young noble was chatting familiarly with a young artisan named Louis Schuback, who was waiting beside him.

"And what about your fiancée?" asked the Baron.

"Oh, there is nothing easier than to bring a young girl to reason!" "How have you begun with her?" "I have not done much, just yet Your Excellency. Yesterday evening I visited her and informed her that I would marry none other than a convert to the true gospel."

"Well?" "She just wept. That is all a woman can do; then she said: 'Very well, it is all over between us, for I shall remain a Catholic, and I may tell you all women of this town will remain so, too!'"

"Are you quite sure of that?" I asked her. "What about your friend, Elizabeth, and Marguerite Muller and Lydivine Bomberg?" "They are a little shaken, perhaps, but I assure you all three will remain firm—yes, all the women of Adlum, without a single exception!"

"What absurdity!" exclaimed the Baron, shrugging his shoulders. "But you have not yet told me, Louis, how you succeeded in overcoming your fiancée's prejudices."

"I did not stop to argue with Therese. I simply repeated that I would marry none other than a convert to the true gospel."

"Reflected," I added, "do you not see that the reign of papacy has come to an end? Why, all Germany worships Martin Luther. No more fasting, no more confessions. All that sort of thing was too bothersome. Faith alone will now suffice." Therese tried to reply, but I said to her, "if you are not at St. George's Church to-morrow to hear the new doctrine, which is to be preached by Doctor Bugenhagen, then we must break our engagement."

"Splendid!" said the Baron, "and what did she do?" "Loud cheering drowned the response made by Louis. A little way off could be seen the emissary of the Preacher of Wittenberg, wearing a long black gown, a four-cornered cap, the insignia of a doctor or, on his head, advancing solemnly, rocked to and fro by the slow, calm walk of his black mule. A number of cavaliers, sent by the newly converted town of Nuremberg, escorted the new apostle."

Baron Hermann von Schankelmatt dismounted and in the name of the people of Adlum, heartily welcomed Doctor Bugenhagen. "All hearts," he added in termining, "all hearts are already won to our cause and in a few days you will be able, without any difficulty, to root out all the old superstitions. The men are all impatiently awaiting your exposition of the New Gospel. Already, before your arrival, we—and I was one of the valiant number—expelled the priests who were in charge of St. George's; we broke the confessional, the crucifixes and the statues of the Virgin. The women alone are not yet converted, but before many days we will let them see that we are the masters."

"Pardon, Your Excellency, they are already converted," added a voice. The Baron turned around in surprise. Who had dared to interrupt him in his brilliant address?

Louis, the watchmaker of Adlum with whom we are already acquainted, stepped forward in an excited manner. "Yes, most reverend Doctor Bugenhagen, I assure you, even the women are now gained. That is just precisely what I was about to say to the Honorable Baron von Schankelmatt, when the arrival of Your Grace interrupted our conversation. I have just now looked into the church to make sure that everything was in readiness for the ceremony and imagine my surprise when I beheld all the women of the town assembled in the holy edifice."

"And to what cause do you attribute their conversion?" "The divine grace has touched them, and I believe my fiancée was used as an instrument, for in the front bench, wrapt in contemplation, I saw my Therese."

"That is extraordinary, young man, but you should not interrupt the orator."

"A thousand pardons, venerable Doctor, but I am sure His Excellency will forgive my audacity."

"I forgive you willingly, Louis." "What had been presented to the Doctor, the procession restarted, and an hour later reached Adlum. The town was gaily decked with flags and bunting. Continuous cheering greeted Luther's disciple. Before the church door, the Burgomaster welcomed Bugenhagen and having assisted him to dismount, presented him, on an embroidered velvet cushion, the large, finely worked keys of the church and presbytery. "The doors were thrown wide open and the organist lut ned in a loud voice, which was greatly admired by the people, Luther's new canticle, "Our God is a Strong Fortress."

But a very small number of men were able to enter the church, already invaded by the women, who were all kneeling and immovable, awaiting the arrival of the reverend doctor. The latter mounted the sculptured pulpit, now despoiled of its statues of prophets and apostles, which had formerly ornamented it. A profound silence reigned within the vast assembly.

"My dear brothers and sisters in Christ Jesus," began the preacher, "the town of Adlum has asked for a doctor of the Holy Gospel, and behold me here in the midst of you. I have been happy to respond to your appeal and I bring you the pure gospel will reign alone; no longer shall we be subjected to the tyrannical power of the Pope, that Anti-christ, whose advent was announced in the Apocalypse. Rome, the great Babylon, has been destroyed. No more Mass, no more confession, no more fasting, no more saint worship. No more will no longer call upon the name of Mary; we will no longer honor her as Mother of God."

Hardly were these impious words uttered than all the women at a given signal drew out their rosaries and in a loud and vibrating voice began: "Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou amongst women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb Jesus."

The Doctor, astonished, muttered: "My dear brothers and sisters—"

The women again began: "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us, sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen."

The reformer recommenced. "My dear brothers and sisters in Christ Jesus—"

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WIT AND HUMOR. SOME PLANKS IN DOOLEY'S PLATFORM. Following are a few gems from the platform, as "Dooley" writes: "We favor an Income tax, an Income suitable to support th' same in proper state. We believe in rural free delivery. Every farmer shud have his bills on th' first iv th' month. On th' currency question we have an impression that we have said enough. Anywan who wishes to know our opinions on this momentous question can look thim up in th' files iv th' papers iv twel-ve years ago, an' may he lose his eyesight doin' it. An' finally, an' this is where we come in strong, we denounce an' deplore al an' sival th' policies iv th' administration now drawing to a close. Under this rejeept poverty has increased until it is now powerful beyond th' drearms iv avarice, th' laborers is no longer worthy iv his hire, or wasn't until a little while ago; fortunes have become swollen until the banks, th' courts are no longer th' refuge iv th' poor and oppressed, but what they were intended to be."

A GENEROUS CONFESSION. "Gents," said the bookkeeper on Labor Day, "I approached the boss last week and said humbly, 'Sir, I have been in your employ now six years, Sir, I have worked diligently, and have taken the liveliest interest in the welfare of the firm. My salary, however—"

"The boss patted me on the shoulder and smiled in a kindly fashion. "Have no fear, Jones," he interrupted; "if you continue to do your duty faithfully your salary will not be reduced."

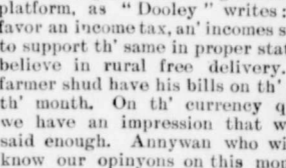
"Where are you going, ma?" asked the youngest of the five children. "I'm going to a surprise party, my dear," answered the mother. "Are we all going, too?" "No, dear. You weren't invited. After a few moments' deep thought: "Say, ma, then don't you think they'd be lo's more surprised if you did take us all?"

THIS IS NO JOKE. "Yes, your reverence, our Johnnie is a wonder. He can play cards, bowl and cuss like a tr soper." "Can he say his prayers?" "No, he's too little for that."

Twice Catholic. A sectarian paper's reference to the Churches as "our foreign sister" leads the Casket to observe: "There is only one institution in all the world that is as much at home in one country as another, and that is the Roman Catholic Church. Every other religious body has a national stripe or a local color. Imagine the Church of England feeling comfortable in France! Or imagine the Greek Church feeling happy in England! The successor of the Fisherman is at home in all lands, and is loyal to all flags. In other words, the Church is catholic as well as Catholic, universal in fact as well as in name.—Ave Maria.

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"Ah! what is that you say Therese?" "You told me, the day before your famous Doctor arrived—and do you know what I have done?"

"No, Therese, I do not know."

"Well, then, I arranged the whole affair, I appealed to my friends and as you know they followed my advice."

"It was you, Therese, who conceived such a trick?"

"Yes, Louis, and you see we know how to keep a secret. Some say that women cannot possibly bear the burden of a secret! Did you have any suspicion about anything?"

"None whatever."

"Well, you know what I have done—I am quite resigned and, since God has willed it, I shall die an old maid."

"Who told you that?" "Have you forgotten what you told me a month ago?"

"No, Therese, I have forgotten nothing, but I am no longer the villain who formerly wished to dispense with fasting and confession."

"What is that you say?"

"Nothing but the truth. Listen, dearest Therese. When you began reciting the Rosary, I was seized with such a frenzy that, had it been possible I would have strangled you without pity."

"What a charming lover!"

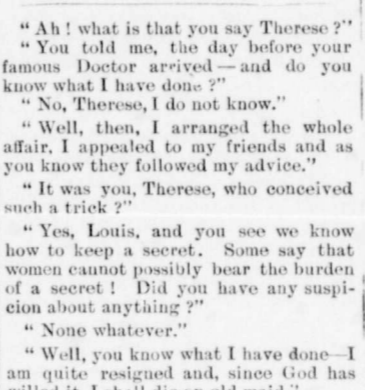
"Listen—little by little, however, I do not know how it happened, but in hearing you pray so ardently, I began to reflect and I saw over again, in fancy the sweet scenes of my childhood's days, when my mother, God rest her soul, used to take me on her lap and taught me to kiss the Rosary. 'If my mother were alive,' I said to myself, she would be there with the others at this moment, praying like Therese, praying like the other women.' My anger cooled down. I heard, as in a dream, your ardent invocations. Very soon, in a mechanical way, I began to recite with you the 'Hail Mary,' which, in my infancy, I had so frequently repeated. Will you believe me, Therese, suddenly I saw myself transformed. I then understood that I had been blinded, that I had been a criminal, and I wept bitter tears."

"Ah! Louis, what glad news! May the Virgin Mary be a thousand times blessed."

"Yes, Therese, I believe what I believed when I was in my mother's lap, and I crave your pardon. Have you still any wish for me?"

"Come and let us inform my father of this joyful conversion. You know he is also a Catholic and firm in his faith, one who has never made any compromise with error."

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION. Apostolic Delegation. Ottawa, June 13th, 1905.

Mr. Thomas Coffey

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

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION. Apostolic Delegation. Ottawa, June 13th, 1905.

Mr. Thomas Coffey

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

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1908.

CHRISTMAS.

"The time draws near, the birth of Christ. The moon is high, the night is still. The Christmas bells from hill to hill Answer each other in the mist. Peace and good will, good will and peace. Peace and good will to all mankind!"

Friday next will be Christmas Day—the feast of feasts—the first point in the Church's long line of glorious festivals—the day when the feast of heaven becomes the feast of earth. There is only one feast in heaven—the birth of the Son of God. It is the event of that changeless eternity whose beginning no creature can comprehend and whose unending cycles no finite intelligence can number. This is the uncreated wisdom and glory of the Father, that Word by whom all things were made, that Splendor Who being God of God and light of light is the joy and delight of heaven—heaven itself. In the fulness of time this eternal Son came down to earth. He did not merely walk upon earth as a vision from on high. He took to Himself human nature, became like to us, men, in all things save sin. The Eternal came in time; the Splendor of God looked forth upon us from the veil and shade of our lowly nature; and the Invisible became visible. It is the feast of the whole race—bringing greatness, liberty, truth in its train, lighting Jerusalem with glory, filling earth with joy and man with hope. Well for us, reader, wherever you are, to go over to Bethlehem that blessed day to see the Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger. What a contrast to the world! The world looked for splendor and the Lord, the Emmanuel, when He came, He brought poverty. Freedom to the poor and the slave, freedom from sin, and victory over base selfishness, the light of truth—all these came with the Expected of the Nations. It is our joy and gladsome duty to visit Bethlehem in spirit. Knowledge of God, love and worship of God, are the noblest aims and energies of man. That the Eternal Son should quit the bosom of His Father to come down into this vale of tears, that He, quitting the ninety-nine, should search the one lost sheep, is the mystery of time, the hymn of Zion, the praise of heaven everlasting. No plan was there in the councils of the Most High so wonderful in conception or so loving in purpose as that of the Incarnation. It is the new canticle sung by saint and essayed by sinner, into whose heavy heart it breathes hope and love. "Come to Me." What are we that we should go to Him, save for condemnation? "The sick need the physician." These were His own words else we had not turned to Him, so broken were we. Nothing so fulfils our despondent souls or fans again to flame the smoking flax of our poor ash-choked heart, as Bethlehem's Babe and Holy Mother's prayer. But is this He that was to come? If He be King where is His sceptre—and if He be God where is His majesty? It is not ours to judge, God's ways are not our ways. He comes as Saviour. His name is Jesus. You will find Him a Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes—on a wisp-straw—a manger for His cradle—dumb beasts for His nursery. Why did He come? Was He a stranger in His own creation? Were these things—poverty and midnight darkness—not known in the Kingdom He had left? Was man so dear that he must be purchased at such a price? He is Saviour—never more so—always Jesus—Key of David—seceptre of the house of

Israel, Sun of justice—our Legislator—our Shepherd, our God. We praise Thee, we thank Thee that Thou comest into this vale of tears. Comfort Thou our hearts. Take possession of them. How can we sum up all the joys that poured in upon the dull earth and man's heavy heart through the Babe of Bethlehem? Glory to God and peace to men of good will. This is what it all means. This is what the earth strove to produce and could not. This is what the heavens rained down when the Just One lay a Babe in the stable, and the earth brought forth its Saviour. We extend to our readers and all their's the joys of the holy tide. May God reign in their hearts, and peace and plenty with God's grace in their homes.

ANOTHER UNIVERSITY SERMON.

We are indebted to the Toronto Globe of the 7th inst., for a brief report of a sermon delivered to the students of the University of Toronto. Its opening sentence: "Christ is not necessary to religion," is an outrage. We protest against any such preaching in our public institutions. Better that students play football every Sunday of the year than that this proposition should be a text for their creed or a measure of their truth. This was the declaration of a Rev. Dr. Eber Crummy, pastor of a Methodist Church in Toronto. Students would be doing much more on the campus, in the gymnasium or anywhere else rather than in Convention Hall listening to blasphemy. As for Mr. Crummy he should forever hold his peace. If he is a Christian at all he belies his profession. Not only is he a blind guide but he is a false guide. It is not many years ago since the Methodist authorities took up one of their professors for teaching un-Christian theories about Christ. Here is a pastor who repudiates Christ, who categorically asserts that Christ is not necessary for religion. He does not know either who Christ is or what religion means. To state that Christ, the Lord of the temple, is not necessary for religion is to sweep away the whole temple, foundation stone, altar, everything. Nothing can palliate, still less explain this conscienceless denial. No "but," no saving clause, can make up for it. After that it is useless to say that "Christ is the great, the one true essential for the full development of the highest things in man." When he adds further that "it is Christ Who gives man a glimpse of God, that He shows man the qualities of God, and in that is the only true means of attaining to his noblest stature," Mr. Crummy is still more severely to be condemned for his first assertion. If Christ is not necessary for religion how can He give us bread in the wilderness or show us the Father? By what sophistry does He speak the words of eternal life Who is not necessary for religion. We, poor children of the Church, were always told that without Him we could do nothing—that He is the vine and we are the branches. Many such truths were told, and are told every Sunday—not in Convention halls where ear-ticking preachers air their novelties, but in humble chapels and grand cathedrals where the holy Sacrifice is going on and where among us gentiles God's name is magnified. Christ, we were always taught, is the alpha and omega of religion, the first and last. True, we Catholics have been taunted because of the honor we render the saints as derogating from the worship we owe to Christ. Yet how false this charge is, even those know who make it. The simplest of the flock are fully aware who Christ is and how absolutely necessary was His Incarnation, His Redemption, His Sanctification. Here is a Christian minister in cold blood telling a congregation of fairly intelligent students, who are likewise supposed to be Christians, that Christ, the Word made Flesh, the Eternal Son of God, is not needed for religion. We want no more. All that Mr. Crummy can say on all the Sundays to come can never atone for that dechristianizing blasphemy. How these university preachers are selected we do not know. Of one thing we are certain, that it would be far better to have no services than have infidel Christianity.

TREND OF THE TIMES.

Few commend themselves to us with so much esteem as the Rev. Mr. Ker of St. Catharines. We like an honest man. He is undoubtedly the noblest work of God. When honesty of purpose requires sacrifice—when a pastor, so far from flattering his flock or turning with the current of human esteem, bids them row the other way, that man is worthy of double respect. Mr. Ker is just such a man. It is easy for a Catholic priest to tell his people not only what is right and wrong, but to bring it home to them that they are not doing their duty. In fact if a priest does not do that he will lose caste. People know it is a pastor's duty to correct abuses and to urge them strongly along the narrow path. It is not so with others. They have no authority. When, therefore, an Anglican

clergyman like Mr. Ker speaks the candid and forcible truth he deserves the respect of his own flock and the admiration of all. To say that modern Protestantism has been converted into an academic forum; to charge that vaudeville churches are not likely to advance the cause of Christ among men; and to accuse the pulpit of "seeking to hold its place by preaching another gospel which bears about as much likeness to the preaching of Christ as day to night"—is a bold undertaking for any minister to attempt. To follow the disintegrating elements into the family is simply carrying out the courage of his convictions. "Upon parents," Mr. Ker says with truth, "God has placed the responsibility of training their offspring. If parents are worldly, self-seeking, profane, neglecting worship and the ordinances of religion, the children must inevitably reach the same level, and they, in due course, exhibit all the paternal failings in an intensified form." Mr. Ker points out three striking features of the rising generation—a loss of all sense of the future life and its responsibility. This is evident in the irreverence, the want of manners, the absence of respect for authority. The second is that money is the great aim of life. Thirdly, the chief end of man is not "to glorify God and enjoy Him forever," but to have what is popularly termed a good time. These are the low ideals which are paganism for the family. Nor should it be forgotten that the family is the unit of the two collective bodies, the Church and the State. If the family is weakened both Church and State suffer. To what is all this havoc due? Mr. Ker is right when he attributes it to the neglect of proper training "in the divinely appointed season of childhood." This is what the Catholic Church, in good repute and evil repute, has been insisting upon. It is her teaching that, a few minutes on Sunday will not do as a substitute for the want of religion in daily education. The "head" requires five or six hours a day and home-work in addition. Whatabout the heart—the very centre of moral and religious life? If not trained in Christian grace and faith, from it, as our Blessed Lord has told us, will proceed all manner of evil thoughts and deeds which defile a man. "We have," says the rev. gentleman, "perverted the divine order; and boys and girls are allowed to grow up selfish, self-opinionated, a dislike for everything that gives trouble or calls for self-sacrifice; hence parental responsibilities have become irksome and a barrier to selfish enjoyment, while the Christ-consecrated blessing, 'I motherhood has fallen into disrepute among the ease-loving votaries of pleasure." That cap will fit many outside of Mr. Ker's congregation. It is very different preaching from the clap-trap stuff delivered to the University students, to which we have referred in another column.

THE SECTS AND THE SCHOOLS.

A couple of weeks ago the "Federal Council of the Churches of Christ"—not including the Catholic Church—met at Philadelphia. In the course of the proceedings a resolution was brought forward proposing that the Public schools be closed one afternoon each week so as to allow the children to attend religious services and receive religious instruction. It was defeated. Two Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal church urged that the Federal Council should not take a stand with those organizations which claim the right to interfere with the religious freedom of the Public schools. If a student is looking for logic he ought always go to a Methodist for it. If he is in search of truth it is another thing: he had better turn the corner. What organizations are pressing their claims, to give parents the right to have their children taught religion according to their conscience, we may easily guess. The Church which stands for this essential in education is the old Church with real Bishops and with the noblest lessons to teach her children. It is a farce to talk about the "religious freedom" of the little red school-house. There is neither religion nor freedom: there is nothing but paganism and the tyranny of a conscienceless and selfish majority. How long will godless education pose before the world and try our patience? When Christianity shall have broken still more into fragments and a few may see the dangerous evil. In the meantime irreligion must work its way.

BISHOP WEBB ON DIVORCE.

A remedy for the divorce evil is proposed by a Protestant Bishop of the United States. Bishop Webb of Milwaukee maintains that social ostracism is the only remedy for the growing evil of divorce. Whist society, in all self-respect, should deal with divorced people in the way suggested, we are far from admitting that such ostracism or boycotting alone would be efficacious. It might lessen the evil in certain classes. The door would still be open to the curse. We

are astonished that Bishop Webb's weapon has not been more in use. Surely parents with pure homes and young daughters whom they are anxious to shield from the very shadow of anything suggestive, ought to be most particular upon this subject. Charity requires it: parental vigilance prompts it; and respect for one's own sacred marriage bond demands it. Society, however, can do much more. If Bishop Webb, on careful examination, finds that ostracism is the only weapon in his armory, we are sorry. As a citizen he must admit that it lies within the power of the body politic to wipe divorce from the statute book. Another protection lies in the sects exercising more care, and providing greater precaution in marrying couples. It is a scandal the ease with which Protestant ministers marry every couple presenting themselves. Let the sects cut a leaf from the legislation of the Catholic Church in matrimony, and there would be much fewer divorcees. Social ostracism—an unpleasant remedy to administer—would then become less necessary.

ANGLICANS AND THE THEATRE.

We are glad to see that the Anglicans of Ottawa have come out definitely upon the moral censorship of the theatre. At a conference of the clergy of the city, Bishop Hamilton, the English Church Bishop of Ottawa, presided. The whole question of present day dramatic performances was discussed, and a committee was appointed to consider practical means for controlling the theatre as to the character of plays. They all come round—slowly yet surely. Catholic morality, like Catholic dogma is ever fresh and immortal. Supervision and censorship have always been the practice of the Church. Our first principle in amusements or any other line of conduct is, that we must avoid the occasion of sin. Where our neighbors are lax it is diligent for us to restrain our young people within the limits we should wish. Too many of them are careless upon this very question of theatre going. Some who are pious and who loathe anything which might in the least endanger the most delicate conscience, do not hesitate to attend plays of a most doubtful character. This is a grave scandal. No one, Catholic maid or Catholic young man, can attend such representations. The theatre, thanks to the Protestant puritanical ideas, and the complete lack of authority in Protestant denominations over their people, has sunk beneath respectability. The sects would have nothing to do with the theatre—it belonged to his satanic majesty. In the meantime people kept going to the theatre. Morals became lax, taste, was debased. Plays in order to be popular kept pace in the descent. Now the churches are beginning to see that they must take hold of them if they wish to live up to anything like the mere appearance of Christian virtue.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING" may be applied to a recent despatch from Dublin, which states that in the parish of Castleconnell, county of Limerick, the remains of a Protestant were forcibly taken from the Protestant rector and buried with the rites of the Catholic Church. It has reference to a man named John Enright, who, it is said, was hotel-keeper at the place named. We speak from personal knowledge of the locality. John Enright was not the hotel-keeper. The "public house," as it is called, was kept by his mother. Her husband, who was a Protestant, died many years ago. The son, we believe, was also a Protestant. The despatch states that, under the influence of his mother, he became a Catholic. If this is the case we do not think Canon Ross Lewin had any right to interfere with the funeral arrangements. He says that the disgraced doings at the funeral will show Protestants how sad their conditions would be under Home Rule. The clergyman evidently belongs to the ascendancy class, and believes that Catholics have no rights which he is bound to respect. The Protestants in the parish number about one in fifty and have always been treated kindly by

their Catholic neighbors. Indeed, we well remember the time when Catholics would turn out in a body and put in and harvest the crop of the minister. If the present incumbent is not on good terms with the Catholic people it is probably his own fault. The many disabilities which Catholics suffered in Castleconnell and other parts of Ireland in the old days have been well forgotten and forgiven. Rev. Mr. Ross Lewin, we fear, is of the turbulent stamp, and would revive unpleasant memories. He is perhaps too young a man to remember that during the starvation period soup kitchens were established by the Irish Church Mission Society in Castleconnell, but the soup was reserved for those only who were willing to abjure the faith of St. Patrick.

IN SOME OF OUR Catholic exchanges severe criticism is given to what is known as the "hurry-out-Catholic." This is the individual who attends the holy Sacrifice partly for the reason that it is customary, and who rushes out of church before the priest leaves the sanctuary. In nearly every case it is not because he has other duties to perform or that he wants to get home to his family, but he is anxious to take his place at the curb stone and watch the people coming out. It is true what a contemporary states that in the majority of cases this conduct is the result of thoughtlessness. "If the hurry-out-Catholic gave himself a little more time in church," says the Catholic Universe, "perhaps he might collect his thoughts from their various distractions long enough to realize something of the beauty, the stupendousness, the value to himself of the great sacrifice he is witnessing." Our contemporary continues: "If he ever let his mind really work on the subject of religion it might interest him to such an extent that he would discover the depths of his own ignorance and be tempted to enlighten it. It has had that effect on greater minds than his. No Catholic who knows his faith, who stops to think of the dependence of the human soul on its Creator for everything in this world and in the world to come, who has ever realized the meaning and the mystery of the Mass, can be satisfied with a half-hour's grudging service to God once a week." Another characteristic of "the hurry out Catholic" is his piousness. He is usually found standing in the vestibule or occupying a seat in a pew for which he pays nothing. If he contributes at all to the church it is the smallest piece of coin he can find in his pocket. The parents whose negligence has produced the "hurry-out-Catholic" have reason to be ashamed of themselves.

JOHN BULL MOVES SLOWLY.

JOHN BULL moves slowly. The Christian sentiment of the world has at last aroused him to action in the matter of the Coronation Oath. A despatch from London, dated December 9, informs us that the Earl of Creve announced that the Government would introduce a bill changing the coronation oath, so that the clauses denouncing Roman Catholicism as idolatrous would not be in the oath, but not otherwise changing its Protestant features. Lord Lansdowne, leader of the Conservative Opposition, announced his own and the party's hearty concurrence in the proposal. The Duke of Norfolk and Lord Ripon, Conservative and Liberal Roman Catholic Peers, expressed their gratitude at the announcement, which they declared, would be heartily welcomed by the Roman Catholic people. The Earl of Kinnaird, an independent, and leader in many religious movements, especially in home missions, expressed grave doubt about the wisdom of such a change, and was not at all sure that the country would endorse the proposal. The Earl of Kinnaird represents that element in the mother country of which the late John Kensit, the apostle of fanaticism, was the spokesman. That there will be a few protests against the action of the Lords we have not the least doubt.

are thirty years of age. Young girls have their own sins to account for, but they are of such small proportions when compared with the lapses of young men, that they are scarcely worth mentioning. For these who do not take heed for the future when they are young there will be a day of reckoning when middle life comes to them.

THE PROTESTANT ALLIANCE OF ENGLAND.

THE PROTESTANT ALLIANCE OF ENGLAND is drawing upon itself some very uncompromising remarks from Protestant clergymen who are outside its ranks. The Alliance lately issued a request to all the Protestant clergy of the United Kingdom asking them to preach a sermon on what they have been calling Protestant Sunday. We have not been informed if they supplied the text, but we may reasonably assume that the clergymen were expected to say something uncomplimentary to the Catholic Church. Rev. A. S. Woodward, of St. Mark's vicarage, Belfast, who says he is not only a Protestant clergyman, but an Orange chaplain, charges the alliance with irreverent and flippant treatment of sacred matters in their pamphlets of the Eucharistic congress. He also charges the alliance with bringing the good old name of Protestant into disrepute. It is a pity we have not a few such Orange chaplains in Canada as Rev. Mr. Woodward. Those we have usually say things on the 12th of July and on other occasions which not only does not promote, but retards, Christian-like behaviour amongst the people.

WHEN A BISHOP OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

WHEN A BISHOP OF THE Catholic Church lays down the burden which he is no longer able to bear, it is edifying to note that he carries with him into retirement the deepest affection of his brother Bishops, his priests, and his people. Such a man was the Right Rev. John Lancaster Spalding, of Peoria, Ill. This estimate of the great prelate from the pen of his former secretary, Rev. Thos. D. Kennedy, is but the simple truth. It may be added, however, that the great Bishop was held in the highest esteem by all the people of the Republic. "To live in close communion with such a Bishop," says Father Kennedy, "is to learn something new every day. He is erudite in an extreme degree and has ever possessed the faculty of imparting that knowledge to others, being a born leader and educator. When dealing with his priests and people he used the golden mean. He trusted men on their honor and naturally obtained the highest and best results. Upon my visit to Rome this spring I very agreeably became familiar with the fact that the dignitaries all connected with the Vatican revered and loved Bishop Spalding, the light and delight of Peoria."

SOME EMINENT NON-CATHOLICS OF THE UNITED STATES.

SOME EMINENT NON-CATHOLICS OF THE United States are beginning to realize that they have been treating their Catholic neighbors most unjustly by compelling them to pay a double tax for the education of their children. Mayor Rose, of Milwaukee, a Protestant, is one of these fair minded men. "I know what I am going to say," he declared, "will lay me open to the charge of political heresy. But I believe that with thirty-six thousand children in the Public schools and over twenty thousand in the provincial institutions, it is short-sighted public policy that demands parents who send their children to the schools of their choice to place upon themselves a double burden of taxation. The day will dawn, and speedily, when either they will be exempt from aiding in maintaining the Public schools, or the provincial schools will be aided from the fund for education." All of which is respectfully submitted to the consideration of the Provincial government of Manitoba, which, by its school policy, stands in unenviable contrast to all the other provinces of the Dominion.

WE DESIRE TO DRAW THE ATTENTION OF THE "MISSIONARIES TO THE FRENCH-CANADIANS."

WE DESIRE TO DRAW THE ATTENTION OF THE "MISSIONARIES TO THE FRENCH-CANADIANS" to a pronouncement lately made by Judge Ermatinger, of St. Thomas. In the course of his charge to the jury of the County of Essex he said he desired to enter a strong protest against the prevalent use of profanity in public places by the people of Ontario, and incidentally drew a contrast between Ontario and Quebec, which was all in favor of the French province. He asked the jury to present a report on the question of profanity in that district. The conditions pronounced upon by the judge will draw attention to that species of fanaticism which prompts men to send "missionaries" to a part of the Dominion, which, as to Christian conduct, is a model for all bearing the Christian name in other parts of the country.

A CONTEMPORARY PUBLISHES AN ADVERTISEMENT OF MARIA MONK'S BOOK.

A CONTEMPORARY PUBLISHES AN advertisement of Maria Monk's book. It matters not that this unfortunate woman's writings were proved beyond question to be entirely false. So long as there is a market for such literature there will be found in the commercial world men of depraved minds who will joyfully turn

the dirty pot, the thirty per cent, prison for offence. We need see their duty shod advertisements a newspaper. IT IS WITH Lambert, pas and editor of restored to h yet long in the editorial greatest and newspaper wr A RED "A few ro battered by only reminds in North Am late atx Chir Verte, are t uly, which r the supli former years astic French a French-Cla These isla few weeks, be the islander Colonial artl and Stripes, legislation w of religious e "None of e continues th such vicissit ago of St. P's quered so oft ies by Engl Notwithstan those vain Cabots—the the eleventh by Danish ers. The B thirtieth ce Cartier visi he found her sailor-fishm Dieppe, from But, not ti foundations b by founding islands assu station. The Dinan, Paim coast of Briti Increasing n came the nu midable navy St. Pierre milike some really a bit to the West, what moder genius of j os-cart, the checked N, a picturesque ers of the Arch ally a replic land; it ha "Reign of T and even its St. Pierre ence civilly cent difficult past. The h present exist the records disaffection the distant e to the inqu years in Fra the exclusio manual schoo In former, organized ce bers of you Newfoundland struction as not secure a excellent tea men and v from the e When the s ous teachi politicians i seuction agt Pierre; and which ten lars. There instruction accordance who sat in Colony. The Pierr and would hence the d recently re seething fo and this on tion of the down-trodd St. Pierre in Colonial of peaceful 1702, its fir and its fort stroyed by "Beaucoup remarks a strain. By the Utrecht (17 sion of Aca Pierre; and "It shall n of His Most of France, said "Islan treaty," sa; name is fa "wrested fr the portals foundland; dline of the of the Revo St. Pierr the Engl then restor fishermen." (Feb. 10th forbad t Island; for "that His King of Fr these island og them, b the conven

the dirty penny. Several persons in Toronto, not long ago, were sent to prison for offering for sale immoral literature.

It is welcome news that Rev. Dr. Lambert, pastor of Scottsville, N. Y., and editor of the Freeman's Journal, is restored to health and once again able to enter the editorial arena.

A REMNANT OF EMPIRE.

"A few rocks, obscured by fogs, and battered by the waves, these are the only reminders of an ancient splendor in North America: St. Pierre, Miquelon, Isle aux Chiens, Grand Comble, Isle Verte, are the last remnants of a sovereignty which still were ours, were it not for the supineness of Legislators in former years."

These islands have, within the last few weeks, seen scenes of disorder; and the islanders have dealt a blow to colonial authority by raising the "Stars and Stripes," as a protest against the legislation which would deprive them of religious education for their children.

None of our Colonial possessions," continues the same writer, "has known such vicissitudes as the little archipelago of St. Pierre, conquered and reconquered so often during the past centuries by England and France in turn.

Notwithstanding the pretensions of those vain English explorers—the Cabots—these islands were visited from the eleventh to the fifteenth century by Danish and Norwegian explorers.

The Basques fished here in the thirteenth century; and when Jacques Cartier visited these coasts in 1535, he found here a large number of Breton sailor-fishermen from Honfleur and Dieppe, from St. Malo and St. Brieg.

But, not till Champlain laid the solid foundations of our regime in the West by founding Quebec, in 1608, did the islands assume importance as a fishing station.

Then vessels from Granville, Dinan, Paimpol and other parts of the coast of Brittany came annually in ever increasing numbers; and St. Pierre became the nursery *peninsula* of our formidable navy.

St. Pierre is a busy little town, not unlike some of the Breton seaports, it is really a bit of old France transplanted to the Western Hemisphere, tho' somewhat demoralized by the progressive genius of its people.

The Archipelago-colony is historically a replica in miniature of the oldland; it has had its Revolution, its "Reign of Terror," its "Liberty Tree," and even its "coup d'etat."

St. Pierre has had a romantic existence civilly and politically; and the recent difficulties are in keeping with its past. The history of the disaffection at present existing there must be sought in the records of the Quai d'Orsay; and the disaffection now so widespread is but the distant echo of Breton antagonism to the iniquitous legislation of recent years in France; it is a protest against the exclusion of religion from the Communal schools.

In former years St. Pierre was a recognized centre of learning; and numbers of young men and women from Newfoundland sought there such instruction as, in these days, they could not secure at home.

St. Pierre has occupied a large place in Colonial History. After a century of peaceful progress, it witnessed, in 1702, its first assault by a British fleet; and its fort, mounting six guns was destroyed by Captain Leake's Squadron.

St. Pierre remained in possession of the English for fifty years; and was then restored to France as "a refuge for fishermen," by the Treaty of Paris (Feb. 10th, 1763). This treaty also forbade the fortification of the island; for it is herein stipulated—"that His Most Christian Majesty, the King of France, engages not to fortify these islands, nor to erect buildings upon them, but they are to be merely for the convenience of the fishermen; only

a guard of fifty men shall be kept upon the islands for their protection."

The enactment of this treaty by the British Parliament was the occasion of the momentous scenes in the House of Commons. Lord Chatham, who rose from a sick bed to take part in the debate on the situation, denounced the treaty as "an infamous measure."

Lord Bute was openly charged with bribery, and the very sum—Three hundred thousand pounds (\$1,550,000.00) was named which had been paid him by the French, Junius, in one of his celebrated letters charged one of Bute's colleagues—the Duke of Bedford—with a similar crime; he says: "Belle Isle, Goree, Guadeloupe, St. Lucia, Martinique, The Fishery, The Havanna, are glorious monuments of your Grace's talents for negotiation.

After the conclusion of the treaty several Acadian refugees settled in St. Pierre, preferring the hazardous life of a fishing colony to residence elsewhere; but they do not seem to have taken kindly to the rugged life of the colony.

They subsequently abandoned St. Pierre and located in the Magdalen Islands and Cape Breton. (Prowse: History of Newfoundland.) Between the years 1763 and 1776 the Colony made great forward strides owing to its trade with the New England States; and then began the contraband dealing with the other Colonies which, evidently, still continued.

In 1778 St. Pierre was again taken possession of by the English; Rear Admiral Montague took possession of the Colony without any show of resistance on the part of its inhabitants. By the Treaty of Versailles (1783) was again restored to France; but this treaty, says a French writer, "did not impose upon the French colonists the humiliating conditions (les conditions humiliantes) of Utrecht. But it is declared by English authorities that it did not rescind any of the provisions of Utrecht. The Treaty of Versailles also defined "the limits of French fishing rights" on the Newfoundland Coast.

Out of this arose the famous French Shore Question which, for so many years afforded emoluments to the legal fraternity of Newfoundland, and sundry trips to the British Isles for local politicians. This Question was adjusted in 1804, much to the chagrin of the French merchant and the Newfoundland jurists. One very patriotic French writer says of the conclusion of this difficulty: "L'entêtement britannique (panic faith) devait fatalement triompher la victoire." England indemnified the French for their claims on the Newfoundland coast. This is how it reads in the language of diplomacy; but in demagogic phraseology, it means, that Britain paid one hundred thousand pounds and exchanged territory elsewhere for supposed "rights" on the coast of Newfoundland.

St. Pierre, like the motherland, in revolutionary days, had its General Assembly, and its Committee of Notables; and the meetings of these organizations were even held in its parish church. In 1789 the Cure of St. Pierre, M. Allain, declined to participate in these Jacobin orgies; and he refused to take the oath of allegiance. He subsequently departed from the colony to the Magdalen Islands, taking a number of his faithful parishioners with him.

During the regime of the Assembly a "Jacobin Club" existed under the title of "Le Club des Amis de la Constitution;" for a while there was a veritable "Reign of Terror," and in a riot caused by members of this club, a woman named Genevieve Laroche was killed.

The 8th of April, 1793 was a memorable day in the French republic; a big spruce tree had been secured on the Newfoundland shore, and it was solemnly planted, with all pomp and ceremony, on the east shore of the harbor as a "Tree of Liberty." "The scene is changed," and soon all this Republican farce and playing at Parliament came to an abrupt termination; St. Pierre again became a possession of England; and its population was deported to Halifax. (Prowse: History of Newfoundland.)

The "Peace of Amiens" (1802) again transferred the territory to France; but within a year, it again became a British possession. At this period a large number of English families from the Berlin peninsula, in Newfoundland, emigrated to St. Pierre; and some of their descendants are still found there. The Treaty of Paris (1815) transferred the Archipelago Colony to France, under whose jurisdiction it has ever since remained.

The exiles returned from Halifax; and trade was resumed with the Newfoundland coast and the eastern shores of Canada. Little of a political nature transpired for many years; but in 1851 the Colony had its little coup d'etat. It was brought about by the Republican faction headed by a French *aux long cours* who organized the malcontents against the exactions of Imperialism. It was, however, of short duration; and Monsieur le Capitaine came into the clutches of the law, and he was condemned on some trivial charge to twelve months' imprisonment, and later, deported from St. Pierre. The administration of justice in the Colony seemingly left much to be desired in these days; for about this time a rich merchant of the town shot one of the disciplinaires (military prisoners) dead in his hall; the poor hungry prisoner was in quest of bread. The murderer was sentenced to one month's imprisonment, which he spent under surveillance in his own luxurious house. (Op cit.)

The greatest rivalry has always existed between the French Colony and Newfoundland; and it exists to-day seemingly as formidable as when Imperial mandates were enforced at the cannon's mouth. The cause of this rivalry is—Fish.

The life of St. Pierre is codfish; and everything in the Pierrais colony is suggestive of the piscatorial business of its people. "Sans la morue, says a writer in La Depeche Coloniale, Saint Pierre n'a plus sa raison d'être." Fish, in St. Pierre, is the source of blessings and

curse; it develops greed among the poor, and is the cause of woes unnumbered among the poor." All topics of conversation revolve around "la morue."

In the early days of Spring the thud of the caulking iron and mallet is heard late and early; the highways and byways are crowded with fishermen laden with bundles of oakum and canvases; and the air is redolent—of Stockholm tar and fumes of the barking-pot. The fishing fleet is being made ready for the banks; and there are daily arrivals of festive *marins* from the St. Malo, Granville, and other Breton sea-ports.

They are a hardy, energetic race these Bretons; and they are reared in a school which develops the qualities which best fit them for their future vocation—the French Navy. "Formidable men, says the French statesman, these Bretons; they are one of our glories, and the source of our national pride!"

From five to seven thousand of these fishermen come annually to St. Pierre to engage in the fishery which is so vigorously prosecuted inshore and on the banks which lie off to sea. The total value of these fisheries, which are gradually declining, owing to reasons which will be stated later, is approximately \$1,500,000. For every quintal of fish caught on the banks or inshore French fishermen receive a bounty of ten francs, if exported, and five francs, if consumed on French territory. This bounty system is the cause of the constant and persistent antagonism between Newfoundland merchants and the business community of the French Colony. This it was which brought about the enforcement of the celebrated "Bait Act," which has been the chief means of the decline of the French fisheries. This is admitted by the St. Pierre business community. In a St. Pierre newspaper, referring to the Bait Act, we find this admission: "Since the enforcement of the Bait Bill French fishermen have found their industry less productive than before."

Bait is the great requisite for bank fishermen; and now that the French are unable to catch or purchase it on the Newfoundland coast, they are obliged to seek it elsewhere; and it is found nowhere so plentifully as in Newfoundland waters.

St. Pierre exports besides codfish other fishery products such as *sounds* (noves) and cod-roes (rouges); the latter are used as bait for the Sardine fishery on the coast of Brittany.

Apart from fishing St. Pierre has practically no industries, excepting a small foundry and some dory-manufacturing plants, which are not extensive. The little Colony has one of the most expensive Civil Administrations to be found anywhere. Its Governor is appointed by the Home Government; and he is surrounded by an official staff capable, numerically of administering a Colony ten times its size. Its Judiciary is also complicated and expensive. It is said that St. Pierre with a population of less than six thousand has several hundred civil servants. Discontent is rife; and those who are interested in the future welfare of the "nursery for the French navy" are clamoring for a less expensive and more capable administration. "Let us have," says a recent writer, Administrators of worth (hommes de carriere); these were less likely to be governed by sordid motives. . . . A rigorous examination of our budget, an active surveillance over the Administration, more attention to our affairs imperatively necessary just now, if we wish to save our colony from ruin. It is being bled to death by certain individuals, it is paying subsidies which are in novise justifiable, for which we receive inefficient services; we are bound by contracts made by ourselves but against our own interests."

Socially, St. Pierre almost rivals the gay "Metropolis" of Liverpool. "Gai Paris" — in its festiveness during the winter season; during the summer time everybody is too busy to attend to the social side of life. The Pierrais are extremely hospitable, and those who visit the little colony do not soon forget the bonhomie and rare grace of its people.

Unfortunately it is difficult to reach St. Pierre by making a voyage from Halifax or North Sydney. It will have no business connection with its near neighbor—Newfoundland, and the latter will have no commerce with St. Pierre. Time was when there was too much business (of a kind) between the western shore of the ancient colony and its rival the business known as smuggling. This has almost ceased, as western officials are located along the western coast, and a Government patrol-steamers is hovering always in the vicinity. What will be the outcome of the present difficulties in the French colony? It is difficult to say. Possibly by the time Newfoundland decides to enter the Dominion of Canada St. Pierre will also be disposed to join her with her old-time rival, and become a province of this great country. Herein lies the solution of the difficulties of both.

Halifax, N. S., Dec. 3, 1908.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

Concerning the wiping out of the saloon in the South, Booker T. Washington, the negro leader, says: "The abolition of the bar-room is a blessing to the negro second only to the abolition of slavery."

That alcoholism affects the normal tone of the muscles of the heart and makes them give way to fat, was the declaration of Dr. Charles J. Muttart, dean of Philadelphia College of Osteopathy and professor of anatomy in an address on "The Body at work." He said: "Alcohol is a stimulant that irritates the mechanism of the heart, and serves to increase its action. It has positively no curative value, and acts simply as would a whip to a tired horse."

Father Coffey of St. Louis, who has for years been prominent in Catholic temperance work, said recently: "The Catholic Church has been condemned severely by many who are not familiar with her true history, because many of her alleged members are linked with the saloon business. But those who condemn have no idea of the vast influences the Church possesses and what she is constantly doing in behalf of temperance."

ance. They do not understand how thousands of priests work in the confessional for the betterment of the people. We are ourselves to blame for some of the impressions which have got abroad. We Catholics hide our light under a bushel. How little has been heard of the total abstinence societies outside of their convention work!"

One of the most striking and at the same time most practical monuments ever erected to the cause of temperance may be seen in Temperance street, Worcester, England. A certain man who had spent much money on intoxicants suddenly awoke to his folly, and determined to save the sums he would have otherwise frittered away in this direction. With the money thus saved he erected a fine row of cottages, giving instructions to the builders for certain bricks to be so arranged as to form the words, "The blessing of God on total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks." —Quiver.

IT WAS A GREAT CONGRESS.

The most interesting event of the month past was the Great Missionary Congress at Chicago. It brought together a half hundred Bishops, a host of priests and a throng of people from all parts of the United States. It awakened a great deal of enthusiasm, and to it may be credited a very important advance in the missionary movement in this country.

It was held under the auspices of the Church Extension Society and it was managed with consummate skill. It has for its direct purpose the development of the missionary spirit, and the distinct impression that it left was that the huge organization of the Catholic Church is stirring with unwonted activity.

In so far as it is both the sign and measure of this activity it is a source of intense joy to all who are interested in missionary progress.

The Congress was a mighty evidence of the life which stirs within the Church of Christ. It was a great spectacle that Sunday morning as the procession slowly wound its way up the aisle of the Cathedral of the Holy Name. Priests and Bishops were there. The simple black robe of the self-immolating secular missionary was there. There, too, was the white biretta of St. Norbert, the white cord of St. Francis and the deeper dye of the Sons of St. Benedict. Monsignors, Bishops and Archbishops passed on into the sanctuary. And last of all the gentle, grey-clad Delegate, our honored messenger from Rome, ascended the altar, where the mighty sacrifice of our fathers was renewed. With majestic chant, and 'mid curling clouds of incense, the terrible rite proceeded until the Angel of the Great Council reposed on His altar throne, while adoring priest and people knelt and knew that Christ Himself was there to declare the Congress open and to strengthen and renew all there in Himself.

Forth from the august Presence they went to spend the ensuing nights and days in voicing the needs of God's people in this land of ours. Not a class was overlooked, not a voice went unheard. The Negro from the far-off South spoke through his natural protectors. There, too, was heard the voice of the Catholic farmer, of those parts where the priest is seldom and parts where the plow is seldom of our great and more needy throng who are covered with the corruption of error and the darkness of bigotry, was heard. These, with our immigrants, our poor, and our boys, all pleaded before the assembled body for their rights in the mystical body of Christ.

And even from the land of St. Austin was heard a gentle voice reminding us that the nerve and sinew of the work lay in the things that we see not, in the region of prayer and continuous intercession.

Such a Congress could not have been held ten years ago. There was not then missionary enthusiasm enough to gather a title of representatives of organizations that are now actively engaged in Church progress. When the Catholic Missionary Union started it was almost alone in its work of awakening activities on missionary lines. The first issue of the Missionary found comparatively a small public to appeal to and when it affirmed the positive duty of the stronger dioceses in helping the weaker ones it did not meet with a cordial response. The principles were nevertheless right. The Church in this country is a homogeneous body and the stronger parts must await the slower progress of the weaker ones, that all may go ahead together, and now the principles are securing more or less of universal recognition. These principles have given birth to the Church Extension Society, and with the vigor of a younger organization they have raised still higher the note of appeal and aroused a larger public sentiment in favor of the missionary helpfulness. The Chicago Missionary Congress for this reason marks an epoch. The reports that have gone out over the country of the enthusiasm of its members and the public interest that has been awakened everywhere will impress even the dulllest that the Church is on the move like a conquering army and that nothing can resist its onward progress.—The Missionary.

MAY BECOME CATHOLIC.

King Edward's sister openly disapproved of Protestant petition against Catholic converts.

Princess Henry of Battenburg, when at home in the Isle of Wight, pays daily visits to the converts of French nuns of several orders who settled on the Isle after they were expelled from France. The constant association of the King's sister with the nuns has given rise to the report that she is being instructed in the Catholic faith, to which her daughter, the Queen of Spain, was converted before she married King Alfonso XIII.

Many things strengthen the rumor that the princess leans toward Catholicism. When she resided at Kensington Palace she received frequent visits from the Carmelite monks, whose monastery is within a few hundreds yards of the palace. The other day when Bishop Brindle, formerly

a Catholic chaplain in the army, went to Litchfield at the palace, the princess, to the amazement of her suite, knelt and kissed his ring as any good Catholic would do.

It is said, further, that the princess was the veiled lady who occupied a seat in the Duke of Norfolk's private gallery in Westminster Cathedral during the splendid religious ceremonies connected with the recent Eucharistic Congress.

The princess openly expressed her disapproval of the great Protestant petition she had seen carried through the streets; a petition urging Parliament to pass a bill ordering an inspection of convents. The company was surprised by the fervor with which the princess declared the nuns should be free from such unwarrantable intrusion.

AN INTERESTING EVENT.

The erection of the first cross in Daysland, Alta., on Providence General Hospital.

Last May the Sisters of Charity, Kingston, Ont., came here to do hospital work. For some time previous, Mr. E. W. Day had petitioned the Bishop of St. Alberts for Sisters. The Bishop, seeing that Daysland, situated on the line via Metaskivik to Winnipeg, and being the centre of a vast, well-settled and fertile country, willingly gave his approval. The hospital is located on a block given by Mayor E. W. Day, and will accommodate about twenty-five patients. We have two doctors, Dr. Oensell and Dr. Sherriffs, who attend to the surrounding country, and have more work than they can attend to. The nursing staff will also be enlarged in a few weeks. The Church will be finished in December. One priest remains in Daysland and probably another will come in the near future to take charge of the missions on the line. The sermons are in English but confessions are heard in Dutch, German and other languages. Notwithstanding the great generosity of Mr. Day, town council and citizens of Daysland, who generously subscribed \$6,000, there still remains a debt of \$10,000 on the hands of the Sisters. This is a great debt when we consider the amount of charity patients cared for in the Sisters' hospital. Will the charitable public not lend a helping hand? The smallest donation will be thankfully received by the Sisters. At this season, how many could give and not miss the offering. God who leaves nothing without reward, will certainly bestow His favors on those who help this great work undertaken for the glory of God and suffering humanity.

CITIZEN OF DAYSLAND.

KIND OF FAITH THAT COUNTS.

It has been insisted in these columns time and again that the need of the times in this country is a strong, open, assertive faith. Not a faith alone which leads religiously to the Church and regularly to the sacraments. Not a faith which conceals the individual exclusively and takes not into account the individual's neighbor.

To-day there are unmistakable signs that this aggressive faith, through some cause, has been confined among American Catholics. And if it be asked wherein are the evidences, one need only point to the recent public demonstrations in New York, St. Louis and Boston, in each of which forty thousand men—Catholic men—marched for God, for Church and for Country, impressing and edifying hundreds of thousands who watched the magnificent pageants as they passed.

This is the kind of faith that counts. It counts for the hosts who participate and with the hosts who looked on. It is typical of the spirit which filled the first dispensers of the Gospel; which nourished the early Church; which animated the early Christians; which led to the discovery of the American continent; which explored its coasts and rivers, which sustained its pioneer missionaries, and which made the savage docile. The same spirit which to-day stands as the highest expression of our civilization, and the surest guarantee of our national perpetuation.

How truly, therefore, is it the kind of faith that counts. And how opportune this hour of its re-awakening when men and nations are running to their ruin. The one by their anti-Christian theories, the other by their anti-Christian practices.

What man is so dull that he cannot see the power for good to city, state and nation that these marching armies are

THE FRUITS OF THE EARTH

Seem To Be Nature's Provision For Keeping Man Healthy and Warding Off Disease.

Cereals, vegetables and meat supply the elements needed for man's nourishment. Yet fruit—though it has very little food value—has proved to be absolutely necessary for perfect health.

Careful investigation has shown that all the common fruits act on the Liver, Kidneys, Bowels and Skin. These are the organs that rid the body of acids, poisons and waste products, and the fruit juices stir them up to more vigorous action, thus keeping the whole body clean and healthy. But few people eat enough fruit. Realizing this, after several years of experimenting, a prominent Canadian physician succeeded in combining the juices of apples, oranges, figs and prunes in such a way that the medicinal action is many times multiplied. Then he added valuable tonics and made the combination into tablets called "Fruit-a-tives." They are really Nature's cure for Constipation, Indigestion, Pittuitousness and Stomach Troubles. Mild as itself—but more prompt and effective. Sold by dealers at 50c. a box—6 boxes for \$2.50—trial size box 25c. Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

capable of? If there be any who fail to understand, it is because they do not understand the Catholic Church and her doctrines. It may help them, however, to understand, if they will but bear in mind that since the days of her divine establishment, she has always and everywhere preached, Give unto God the things that are God's, and unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's. That doctrine makes men good Christians and patriotic citizens, and that's what these marching hosts profess by their public demonstrations of faith.—Church Progress.

FATHER CORCORAN'S RETURN HOME.

Rev. P. Corcoran, pastor of Seaford, Diocese of London, who has been on an extended visit to Europe and Asia, has returned to his parish. We learn from the local papers that the congregation availed itself of the opportunity of presenting him with an address of welcome and a purse of \$100. The address was signed by John Devereux, sr., Duncan McMillan, J. Shine, T. Corbett, T. Geary, D. Shanahan, C. Kennedy, J. Canning, J. Ryan, Father Corcoran returned thanks for the kind sentiments expressed toward him. He said during his absence he did not forget to offer the Holy Sacrifice for his people in Bethlehem, Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre of Our Saviour, places which will be ever dear to Christian hearts.

The Press. From all parts of the world comes the cry: "Support the Catholic press." In an address delivered by the Rev. Dr. McCarthy at the recent Catholic Congress in Johannesburg, South Africa, the speaker dwelt upon the important part played by the Catholic papers in strengthening the hearts and lightening the minds of Catholics. It is the same story to-day wherever a voice is applied in the Catholic cause—the Catholic press is spoken of as one of the keenest and strongest weapons in the armory of truth. Yet how many of our people seem to be unmindful of this!—Sacred Heart Review.

Every man is watched. His life is an inspiring example to others if it is lived in the fear and love of God. It is a stumbling-block to others if it is an unworthy life.

DEAF 25 YEARS

Can Now Hear Whispers. I was deaf for 25 years. I can now hear whispers with my artificial ear. I have tried every other method, but I cannot hear. Write for my artificial ear. It will hear for you. Price \$10.00. GEO. P. WATSON, 37 Adelaide St. Detroit, Mich.

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We are always glad to answer mail enquiries.

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Fourth Sunday of Advent. CRITICIZING OUR PASTORS.

"Therefore judge not before the time." (1 Cor. iv. 5)

These words, my dear brethren, were addressed to those who judged and criticized God's ministers and priests.

Why are we so quick to judge and criticize our pastors? Because by doing so we offend God, we impede the work of God in our part of the Church, we injure seriously our own souls.

How do we offend God when we judge and criticize His ministers? By meddling with God's business. Those in authority over us, our pastors and priests, are what they are and where they are by God's appointment.

Why are there not more converts? That's the problem that puzzles the young theologian, that Pusey and Gladstone could not see the truth as well as Manning and Newman?

What must we do, therefore, my dear brethren, to keep from offending God in this manner—by impeding His work in our parish, and to keep our souls from so sad a fate?

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so much of the present day heretics known as modernists. It is as difficult to answer this question as to answer the questions, How could Lucifer, who had seen heaven and known God intimately, fall from his high estate?

Why is it, questions the young theologian, that Pusey and Gladstone could not see the truth as well as Manning and Newman? The whole problem of conversion is a mystery of grace, very hard to fathom, and it is only after reading the story of their conversion by men like Newman, Ives and Brownson that the young theologian realizes all the difficulties that have to be overcome by the soul struggling through the quagmire of doubt, the black forest of temptations, where the lion, the panther and the she-wolf block the path that leads to the top of the high mountain illumined by the light of faith.

Why are there not more converts? That's the problem that puzzles the young theologian, that Pusey and Gladstone could not see the truth as well as Manning and Newman?

Still, although it seems almost impossible to give an adequate answer to the question why there are not more converts, in view of all the light that exists, we may find some explanation of the fact in secondary causes. The first is ignorance. In spite of all our publicity of churches, schools, books and newspapers, there exists outside of the Church wholesale ignorance of Catholic doctrine and practice.

The second reason that there are not more converts is because of the scandal that is given to non-Catholics by bad Catholics, both male and female.

We find that the best material for conversion is a good Protestant or a good rationalist, one who observes the natural law. They are more ready to receive the divine grace. All our best converts were good Protestants or good rationalists before their conversion, and they make the best Catholics.

It is not surprising that the Holy Father has asked the members of the League of the Sacred Heart to pray fervently for a widespread increase of devotion to the saints. No one who has followed attentively the course of his pontificate can fail to observe the zeal and energy with which he has endeavored to enkindle in all hearts that fire of divine love which burns so ardently in the souls of the saints.

The Church has always been solicitous in urging due homage and veneration to the saints. They are the choicest products of her labors and the living proof of the efficacy of her doctrines, her precepts and her means of grace.

What the Church primarily intends, however, in recommending devotion to the saints, is that we should imitate their example. This implies that we should regard them as our models and endeavor to follow closely in their footsteps, as they followed in the footsteps of Jesus and Mary.

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inordinate attachment to the world and to self, so that we love all things else in their relation to God. This was the secret of success in the saints, and it is within our reach as completely as it was in theirs.

Readers of the daily press and of the popular magazine, readers who masticate and digest the food therein offered them, who are interested in things religious and the things which relate to the philosophy of human society can not fail to be impressed with the fact that our social and national life is being fed with deadly poison.

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Flowers, moreover, sometimes minister to the vanity of the living. Unthinking relatives measure the worth of the deceased by the quantity and quality of the flowers that are sent to his funeral.

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DOMINION LAND FOR SALE Any Dominion Land open for Homestead or pre-emption entry may be acquired by the purchaser of scrip issued by the Dept. of Interior. Volunteer Bounty Scrip entitles the purchaser to take up two adjoining quarter sections and after residing on or near the land and cultivating it or keeping stock thereon for three years he will receive a patent from the crown.

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CHATTS WITH Anger Wren It is well known temper affects the psychophysicists presence of poison after such plains why we haused, and here has swept through in its wake vice other harmful s and blood. There is no coe it will ultimately stant racking an centers caused by per. Every time reverse all of th physical process rebels against f mental faculty abuse. If people only deceptions in hot delicate nervous only see with the age, as they the wake of a t dare get angry. When the brai from a fit of ter severely impari ruined. The p poison, the shock is what makes t and demoralized. One reason w poor or indiffere life is continual by vitiated abun ity, can reach when this ment constantly goi system. The brain a were intended t harmoniously, a capable of an e work and happi piece of materia speeded, or not it is run with steady its mad shake itself to p There is some cation, the trai not control him that he is a m that the rest of that often the r runs riot in his Lack of Self A lack of self other lacks an fatal to be big who can not b tainly will not A lack of self-e mental balance keep his balanc who can not ce per, who lacks volcano of his p self-mastery, h The person v passion, who is of influences, w or get the cou The man who c always at a dist tion in life. Zopyrus, th "Secrets of th stupid, brutal drunkenness," alysis by sayin dieted to all t only "restrain continual pra In one of th Emerson s Marcellus, w liar, assassin, wait, gentlem exhausted." In Revelati the final conc triumphed ov lay claim to a slave of his p The Great ma a divine a match for most vicious elop and use the slave of a Emerson s would like to yours, appoi and live the great actor v actor of the how great y you may req possibly quire ha in mind, or its entirety, elout faculty or deficient to attain a toward it w proximate j tenacity and to attain. You Becc If you are if you "fly i annoyance, greeting t everybody Just assume balanced co your ideal j made your tempered, you are cal that you tanget at that you es be amazed ing no mi continue t is nothing which lets in an ins best friend a sense of can supply

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Anger Wrecks the System. It is well known that a violent fit of temper affects the heart instantly, and physicians have discovered the danger of poison in the blood immediately after such outbreaks.

There is no constitution so strong but it will ultimately succumb to the constant racking and twisting of the nerve centers caused by an uncontrolled temper.

When the brain cells are over-heated from a fit of temper their efficiency is seriously impaired. If not absolutely ruined, the presence of the anger poison, the shock to the nervous system, is what makes the victim so exhausted and demoralized after loss of self-control.

One reason why so many people have poor or indifferent health is that the cell life is continually starved and dwarfed by vitiated blood. No one can have abundant, abounding life, a superb vitality, can reach his greatest efficiency, when this mental poisoning process is constantly going on in his nervous system.

The brain and nervous mechanism were intended to run quietly, smoothly, harmoniously, and when so run they are capable of an enormous output in good work and happiness. But like a delicate piece of material machinery, when over-pressed, or not properly oiled, or when it is run without a balance wheel to steady its motion, it will very quickly shake itself to pieces.

There is something wrong in the education, the training, of the man who can not control himself; who has to confess that he is a man part of the time only; that the rest of the time he is a beast; that often the beast in him is loose and runs riot in his mental kingdom.

Lack of Self-Control is Lack of Power.

A lack of self control always indicates other lacks and weaknesses which are fatal to the highest attainment. A man who can not hold himself in check, certainly will not be able to control others. A lack of self-control indicates a lack of balance. A man who can not keep his balance under all circumstances who can not control the fire of his temper, who lacks the power to smother the volcano of his passion, can not boast of self-mastery, has not arrived at success.

The person who is the football of some passion, who is at the mercy of all sorts of influences, will never respect himself or the confidence of his fellow-men. The man who can not control himself is always at a disadvantage in every situation in life.

Zopyrus, the physiognomist, said, "Socrates' features showed that he was stupid, brutal, sensual, and addicted to drunkenness." Socrates upheld the analysis by saying: "By nature I am addicted to all these sins, and they were only restrained and vanquished by the continual practise of virtue."

In one of the greatest political crises in France, Mirabeau, when speaking at Marseilles was called "calumniator, liar, assassin, scoundrel." He said, "I wait, gentlemen, till these amenities be exhausted."

In Revelations, the writer refers to the final conquerors as those who have triumphed over the beast. No one can lay claim to mastery while he is the slave of his passion.

The Creator has implanted in every man a divine power that is more than a match for his worst passion, for his most vicious trait. If he will only develop and use this power he need not be the slave of any vice.

Emerson says, in effect, the virtue you would like to have, assume it as already yours, appropriate it, enter into the part and live the character just as does the great actor when absorbed in the character of the part he plays. No matter how great your weakness or how much you may regret it, assume steadily and persistently its opposite, until you acquire the habit of holding that quality in mind, or of living in its wholeness, its integrity. Hold the ideal of an efficient faculty or quality, not of a married or deficient one. The way to reach or to attain anything is to bend oneself toward it with all one's might. We approximate just in proportion to the intensity and the persistency of our effort to attain.

You Become Like Your Thought.

If you are inclined to storm and rage, if you "fly all to pieces" over the least annoyance, do not waste your time regretting this weakness, and telling everybody that you can not help it. Just assume the calm, deliberate, quiet, balanced composure, which characterizes your ideal person in that respect. Persuade yourself that you are not hot-tempered, nervous, or excitable, that you are calm, serene, and well balanced, that you do not fly off at a tangent at every little annoyance, and that you can control yourself. You will be amazed to see how the perpetual holding of this serene, calm, quiet attitude will help you to become like your thought. All we are or ever have been or ever will be comes from the quality and force of our thinking.

A bad temper is largely the result of false pride, selfishness, and cheap vanity, and no man who is worthy the name will continue to be governed by it. There is nothing manly or noble in the quality which lets loose the "dogs of war" which in an instant may make enemies of our best friends. A well-poised mind gives a sense of mastery which nothing else can supply.

We all know how hard it is to control our feelings and our words when the blood flows hot through the frenzied brain; but we also know how dangerous, how fatal it is to become slaves to temper. It is not only ruinous to the disposition, and crippling to efficiency, but it is also very humiliating for a man to have to acknowledge that for some of the time he can not control his own acts, that he is not his own master.

Think of a man, who is in-duced to be absolutely master of all the forces of the universe, stepping down off the throne of his reason and admitting that he is not a man for the time being; confessing his inability to control his acts; allowing himself to be the mean and low thing, to say the cruel words that hurt and sting; to throw the hot javelin of sarcasm into the mind of a perfectly innocent person! Think of that mad man who makes a man strike down his best friend, or cut him to the quick with the cruel word!

A child learns by experience to avoid touching hot things that will burn him, or sharp things that will cut him; but many of us adults never learn to avoid the hot temper which sears and gives us such intense suffering, sometimes for days and weeks.

The Man Who Knows How.

The man who has learned the secret of right-thinking and self-control knows just as well how to protect himself from his mental enemies as from his physical ones. He knows that when the brain is on fire with passion it will not do to add more fuel by storming and raging, but will quietly apply an antidote which will put out the fire—the serenity thought, the thought of peace, quiet, and harmony. The opposite thought will very quickly antidote the flames. When a neighbor's house is on fire, we do not run with an oil can to put it out; we do not throw on kerosene, but an antidote. Yet, when a child is on fire with passion, we have been in the habit of trying to put out the fire with more of the same kind. What misery, what crime, what untold suffering might be prevented by training children in self-control, by directing their thought into proper channels!

If we see a person who is mired in a swamp and desperately struggling to extricate himself, we should run to his rescue without hesitation. We would not think of adding to his embarrassment or danger by pushing him in deeper. But somehow, when a person is angered, instead of trying to put out the fire of his passion, we only add fuel to the flames. Yet people who have had tempers are often grateful to those who will help them to do what they are not able to do themselves, to control them and prevent them from saying and doing that which will give them much chagrin afterwards.

When next you see a person whose inflammable passion is ready to explode, and you know that he is doing his best to hold himself down, why not help him, instead of throwing on more inflammable material and starting the conflagration? By doing this, you will not only render him a great service, but you will also strengthen your own power of self-control.

The man who can not control himself is like a mariner without a compass; he is at the mercy of every wind that blows. Every storm of passion, every wave of irresponsible thought buffets him hither and thither, drives him out of his course, and makes it well-nigh impossible for him to reach the goal of his desires.—O. S. M., in Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Lucky Piece.

Jimmy was whistling. He always whistled when he was in a quandy, and of late he had found it necessary to whistle a good deal.

It was not of Christmas, now only two weeks off, nor of the snow, which had been falling all day transforming the soot-begrimed tenements into fancy palaces of glittering whiteness, that he was thinking as he stood at the window with his hands in the pockets of his rather shiny knickerbockers, whistling. His mind was busy with problems not to be found in any arithmetic—problems which many a man of fifty had found impossible to solve, so no wonder that thirteen-year-old Jimmy could not come to a satisfactory conclusion.

It was possible that it was only a year, less than a year, since the busy doctor had been stricken by the fever then ravaging the city, contracted probably from some patient in the hospital, and before his wife and children had grasped this fact they were left fatherless and almost penniless. Only a year since he had looted his desk on his "i esome books," and pocketing the key, had rushed out into the snow-clad college grounds. Little did he dream that he would never open the desk again for by the time the Christmas holidays were over he was the only breadwinner of the family, and was receiving five dollars a week as officeboy in one of the large commercial firms of the city.

Things went all right for a while, but in the spring the little brother had taken sick. Then came doctor's bills and medicine and all sorts of dainties for the little invalid, and now, today, Jimmy had drawn the last dollar from the bank to pay the rent. And it was, besides, only Wednesday and he would not receive his salary until Saturday.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian tube. When the tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out of the tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever, nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness, caused by Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

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little invalid and said: "Climate too cold. He ought to go south for the winter, m'am."

Jimmy had to gulp hard at that. Why they could hardly find a living here, so how could they manage to go south? And if they didn't? Jimmy put the thought from him. It was too dreadful. Somehow, too, they all seemed to rely on him, his frail little mother, least on him, almost as though he were his father, the little invalid brother, the baby sister, all seemed to think he could help them out of any difficulty. If he were only a man and could earn at least ten dollars a day, wouldn't it be grand? But he was just a boy, with no experience, and about as much education as the ordinary lad of his age.

And so it was that on this stormy December day, Jimmy stood at the window with his hands in his pockets, whistling partly to keep his spirits up, and partly to aid his thinking.

Suddenly there seemed to come an answering whistle from below, and looking down Jimmy beheld a boy, smaller than himself running along with a pile of papers under his arm. Like a flash came the thought, why couldn't he do that, too? Before 9 and after 5 o'clock, he had nothing to do, and those were exactly the hours for which he might be sufficient to take Freddy to the till, on Monday never tell, and it was something—something to keep him from thinking.

So before and after business hours Jimmy turned paperboy. Of course, like everything else, it had its disadvantages. At first he found it very hard to get up in the dark and cold, and to run along the snowy streets, lighted only by the street-lamps, but he would have done much more, for the additional dollar and a half it brought him.

But the worst time, of the whole day, was from 5 to 7 o'clock. He was tired after his busy day's work, the weather was cold, the papers heavy, and he was new at the business.

Then, too, he sometimes met his old chums, and while the majority of them treated him as in the old days, a few jeered at him and although he told himself, that "he didn't care," and that, "it was honest work at any rate," still it hurt. But his mother's smile when he handed her the proceeds, (sometimes fifty cents, amply repaid him.

He soon found out that the station was the best place for this kind of business, and it was not long before he had a flourishing trade.

One day, when Jimmy had been about a week in the paper business, a gentleman came hurrying through the station.

"Telegram, Times, Post, sir?" asked Jimmy.

"Post," said the gentleman and hurriedly snatching the paper ran through the gate to catch his train.

Jimmy looked at the coin which the gentleman had given him, and then dashed after him, but the train had gone and so had the man.

Jimmy returned to his stand at the door and looked at the coin again—it wasn't a five dollar gold piece after all: it was only—he caught his breath—and looked at it again—it was a fifty dollar California gold piece. Freddy would go south. They would all go and he would find a position there and they could remain as long as they wished. Freddy would be cured, and his mother would get strong again and she would never look tired any more. Oh! it was lovely, lovely—almost too lovely to think about.

It must be owned that Jimmy did very little business that evening. He seemed to be in a dream, and a beautiful dream it was, too. His regular customers were rather surprised to see, the usually bright Jimmy handing them for a Times or a Post or a Telegram for a Times, in a most pre-occupied manner.

Force of habit made him stay until 7 o'clock, but when at the time he started for home he still carried half his bundle of papers. Instinctively he turned the right corners and kept out of the way of the cars. When about half way home, he stopped suddenly right in the middle of the street and dropped his papers. He had come out of his day dream with a start. "The money was not his," said a dreadful awakening. What would he do his first thought. Go home and tell his mother the whole story? No! She had enough troubles. What then? As he stood gazing about him, his eye caught the glimmer of the moon's clear rays on the golden cross of the great cathedral, and his question was answered.

Confidently the little figure walked up the aisle. Never before had the old cathedral seemed so still, so grand, and to the little storm-tossed life the sanctuary-lamp sent a message of help, and safety, and comfort. Here he could pour forth all his troubles, sure of receiving assistance. He was too tired to think much, so he just knelt there drinking in the splendor of this holy place and by degrees the answer came and the strength to do what was right.

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He crept home tired but victorious, and in the morning set about his task of finding the owner of the gold piece. As he did not know the gentleman's name he was forced to wait until he would see him again.

He waited all that day and all the next—the gold piece ever on his mind, and almost burning a hole into his pocket he thought.

On the third day, however, there was a meeting of the board of directors of the company, in whose employ he was, and he was sent into the board-room with some papers. To say that Jimmy was surprised, is a very inadequate word to describe his feelings, when he beheld the gentleman of the gold piece and of his thoughts in the president's chair.

Shyness was never one of Jimmy's characteristics, and boldly approaching the president, he laid the gold piece before him, on the table saying: "I think, sir, you made a mistake in giving me this, the other night, at the 'epo.'"

The president looked first at the money, and then at the boy. "Where did you say you got that?"

"You gave it to me, by mistake, I guess, when you bought a paper from me Monday night."

"How do you know it was I?" he asked with a smile.

"I wasn't likely to forget you, sir, when you gave such a scare."

"Scare! It was nothing to the scare I gave myself. Its my lucky piece, my boy, and I wouldn't lose it for half what I own."

"It was a present, too, and I've carried it for nearly thirty years. I thought it was gone for good, but I see that even newsboys can be honest."

The little officeboy threw back his head at that and looking the grey-haired president straight in the eyes said, with a touch of pride, "I hope I'll always be honest, no matter what work I may have to do."

Although around the table all cheered at that, and the president smiled a little sadly, it must be owned, as though he regretted something of by-gone days.

That was all just then and Jimmy was sent to his work again, but after all the other men had gone the president called him into the room alone.

"I hope you'll forgive me for slighting you, my boy," he said, "and now I want to know how much you expect as a reward."

"Reward! For what, sir?"

"For returning my money, of course."

"I didn't think of any, sir. I wasn't expecting—"

"But it seems to me a boy in your position might like something. Now wouldn't you like to buy something for Christmas?"

Although Mr. Bennett was expecting anything from a dollar to a fifty dollar article, as the desired Christmas gift he was not prepared for the answer.

"Oh, sir! I'd like to go south."

"South!" he asked, "and pray for what?"

Then out came the whole pitiful story, and as Jimmy continued, he grew more and more confidential, until at last he felt as though he had been talking to his father.

"And you're Dr. Mitchell's son. Well, if you're as good as he was, (and I think you will be), you'll do."

"So you would like to go South with your brother would you?"

"Oh! I don't want to go. I want him to go, that's all."

"Well, your father saved my life once so I guess I can afford to save his boy's. I'll just pack you, and the whole family down to the same place, from which my lucky piece came."

But although Jimmy thanked him, in behalf of his mother and the little ones, he refused to go himself.

"I can't pay you now, sir, but I'm going to some day, and if you'll allow me, I'll commence to pay up now, by working for you since I have no money."

The Holy time is quiet as a nun. Realize with a-or-ten. Probably about the same hour in thousands of humble homes throughout the land the Rosary was being recited just as devoutly as in Bryan Coghlan's, and we can well imagine the Mother of God and the whole court of heaven nightly bending their earnest gaze on our own little spot of earth, "our own loved island of sorrow," and listening with strained and enraptured attention to the full chorus of praise that swells upward from Erin in one grand symphony to the throne of the Most High.

Willst the fourth decade was being said a neighbor and kinsman of Bryan's, Mat Coghlan, lifted the latch of the door and entered. Finding the family at the Rosary, he quietly dropped on his knees, as was customary in such cases, and joined in the responses. At a silent intimation from Mrs. Coghlan, he even said the fifth decade, a privilege of which he seemed to be proud. As he seldom came for candle so late, Bryan instinctively associated his visit with bad news, and his heart sank.

The Rosary finished, each spent a considerable time in saying what they denominated "their own prayers." Although Mrs. Coghlan, according to an invariable custom, now extending back over many years, had already recited the first two parts of the Rosary (in the morning and at mid-day) and had consequently completed the devotion, nevertheless she was the last to rise from her knees after completing "her own prayers."

A delicate compliment to her in particular, the visitor did not arise sooner, and only then did he exchange salutations with the household.

"Well, Mat, what's the best news?" Bryan observed, apparently in an indifferent way, though, truth to tell, he was deeply concerned about the reply.

"Bad news—very bad news for all of us, I'm afraid," Mat answered, and he leisurely lit his pipe with a live coal, and then tried by various audible drawings and puffings to kindle up the obstinate dudder.

Although all were awaiting in silence the momentous intelligence, he proceeded, before giving any further information, to "ready the pipes" with Mrs. Coghlan's knitting needle, and applied another coal to the tobacco with great deliberation and extreme care. In reality all this was a bit of acting in order to break the news gently.

"The rint warner was at my house to-day," he said, "and he told me for certain that the new landlord intends to raise the rint on some of the strong tenants next gale-day. He was afraid to come here to tell you himself, he has a mortal dread of Tom here since the time he pitched him into the bog hole for calling the Coghlan's 'bog-trotters.'"

Sure, aren't we the direct descendants of the famous owl 'Maw' Coghlan, a member of the Irish Parliament in College Green, who owned in castle times as many as a dozen fortified castles in the barony of Garrycastle? Howsom-ever, it was not to tell ye the family history I came here this late hour o' the night. I'm sorry to be the bearer of bad news, but as sure as your name is Bryan Coghlan your rint is going to be raised on you, and mine, too. God help us both this blessed and holy night, wid our big, helpless families to support, and we had set enough as it is to struggle round and make ends meet wid the bad times that is in it."

"Mat," says Bryan, "I knew this was coming. Before we began the Rosary I felt that some mecca was over us. Do you know, but to-night, while I was having a blast out of the pipe, when I looked at the corner and saw all the bags of meal we brought from the mill the other day, and when I seen all the children—God bless them!—around me lookin' so happy and gay, and herself there so brave and hearty, I thought that I was too well off, and that maybe I didn't deserve to be so comfortable, and that, like Job, that Father John preached about last Sunday, God would try me with a touch of poverty and misfortune. But, sure, if He does, welcome to His holy will! Whatever He sends must be for our good, Mat, avic, even though we mightn't think so ourselves; for our ways aren't God's ways at all times."

There are quarrels among relatives because there is no sparing of disagreeable truths.—F. Fabr.

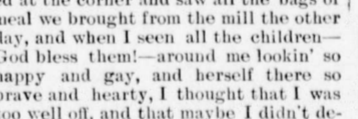
A GLIMPSE OF AN IRISH HOME.

When Mrs. Coghlan, after putting the younger children to bed, made the usual nightly announcement: "To yer knees, to yer knees!" Bryan had already been kneeling a good ten minutes, and with all the fervor of his soul had already besought the God of Mercy to avert misfortunes from his innocent children, adding, however, the invariable ejaculation of the Irish peasant when asking for temporal favors, "Welcome be the will of God!"

In the family circle of Bryan Coghlan the Rosary after supper was never omitted. There was a tradition that in the old homestead of the Coghlan's it was said nightly without any break or interruption for three generations, and the present family would no more think of neglecting it than they would of abandoning the faith.

Mrs. Coghlan "gave out" the Rosary in a low, sweet voice and in a manner so deeply reverential that one could not listen to her without being moved to sentiments of greater piety and devotion.

As she knelt there, with her mild blue eyes raised heavenward, and with a holy calm and peace radiating from her gentle, spiritual face, one could not help comparing her with the statue of Our Lady of Lourdes in the Chapel of Doon, or, if influenced by literary associations, of thinking of Wordsworth's exquisite sentiment:



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Table with 5 columns: Year, Income, Assets, Surplus, Business in Force. Rows for 1897 and 1907.

Head Office - WATERLOO, ONT. The Cardinal's Mercy. It is not perhaps generally known that his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, who lately visited Ireland, the land of his forefathers, has in one noteworthy feature in his career broken the record. He is the very first native of the New World who as a Cardinal has taken part in the election of a Pope, when he assisted at the Papal conclave which resulted in the election of His Holiness Pius X. A delightful anecdote is related of him, which states that he was present when on one occasion a brother ecclesiastic was denouncing the wrongdoing of a priest then under censure, and at last turning to the Cardinal, asked for his judgment on the offender. "You have given judgment already," was the reply; "so I intend to follow suit with mercy."

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TRIFLING WITH SACRED THINGS.

ATTITUDE OF CATHOLIC CHURCH COMMENDED BY WOMAN'S PAPER.

A few days ago a woman, thinking no doubt that she was making social fame, something that seems to be very dear to the hearts of some women, held a reception in celebration of the granting of her divorce. She made up her lists of guests, according to the published accounts, from her friends and acquaintances of both sexes who had gone through the divorce courts, regardless of whether or not they remarried, and when this list ran out she even sent invitations to notable persons she did not know who had had the marital ties legally severed, not neglecting to send a special invitation to her ex-husband. It was a unique gathering and attracted a great deal of attention. But the editorial columns of the newspapers had not finished with the affair before the editorial columns of many reputable publications were denouncing it as even more indecent than it was unique. There can hardly be too opinions on this, but obvious as it is, there is little to it that is a worse assault on the domestic life than the so-called "prize wedding" and public matrimonial affairs that are coming to be so common. It is refreshing to read of the denunciation from the pulpit of these affairs as a gross violation of the sanctity of the marriage rite. Monsignor Fox, a distinguished dignitary of the Catholic Church of Trenton, N. J., has given his flock and all members of the church in which he stands so high, solemn warning against the immodesty of such affairs, and admonished them in the plainest possible terms against countenancing them by their presence or in any other way.

The more common plan is for a couple to agree to be married in public in the presence of the members of a lodge or a club or other organization, or even in a public hall before a general public, a sum of money being given them and an admission price being charged. This is sometimes done at country or town affairs, and even at gatherings of religious organizations, the justification being found in the fact that the organization, lodge or club gets a percentage of the money returns. Monsignor Fox doesn't hesitate to declare in the plainest of French that such pretended marriages are no justification at all, and in fact there can be no justification for such trifling with the sacred and solemn rites of marriage. He denounces the public prize wedding, whether for advertising or for other purposes, as even worse than the exhibition of a similar manner of the granting of a decree of divorce. Marriages of the kind mentioned are essentially bad, and have in them the essence of villainy. They are the chief aids and abettors of that condition in society that contributes to the growth of the divorce evil, and makes a mockery of that which should be revered and held sacred. In the same category the distinguished churchman places the so-called mock marriage of fictitious ceremony, sometimes gone through for money-making purposes and sometimes merely for amusement and in a spirit of foolishness. All such things, in his view, are making light of the gravest and most important function in life, next to death. "Sacriligious buffoonery" is what he calls it all, and there are a great multitude of people who will agree most heartily with him and utter a fervent amen to his words.

THE POPE OF ORDER.

FRENCH WRITER PAYS BRILLIANT TRIBUTE TO PIOUS X.

Paul Bourget, one of the most brilliant of French contemporary writers, pays a striking tribute to Pope Pius X, as the "great Pope who will be known in history as the Pope of Order." "For consider," he says, "the end to which all the acts of this Pope of Order have been directed since his accession: solidly and indefatigably to maintain coherence between men's minds and wills. He is like those clear-sighted physicians whose diagnosis goes straight for the diseased part of the organism. He has divined at a glance that the real danger for the Church lay in the recession, hidden menace of an anarchy all the more dangerous from the fact that it was latent. That anarchy has its cause in that spirit of adaptation to the age which so many of the faithful honestly profess, but which is just the surest way not to be able to act on the age. What these children of the age ask of the Church is not to bring them together, but to give them their minds, thrown out of order by the "critical spirit," a fixed point above all discussion of which they feel the need; what they require is that there should be given to their sensibilities, unmoved by the Revolution and its perpetual repetition, the spectacle of a constant force, always equal to itself; that there should be presented to their energies, worn out by the abuse of individualism, the sensation of a society, really organized, where all the elements are developed subordinating themselves, in which every one tends to harmony."

Pius X. contemptuously described as a 'country parish priest,' just as though the qualities of a parish priest are not those of an apostle, this great Pope has spoken and modernism has seen its day. Catholic thought has suddenly taken on new vigor, and the

unity of doctrine has been once again consolidated. He has spoken and the danger of schism has disappeared—that of schism, for which the way was prepared by a law devised with such skill that we should all have become the victims, in which it would be the acute diagnosis of the Vatican. Behind those associations 'cattelles' which seemed to offer so many advantages, he has shown us where anarchy lurked; as in Italy, he has revealed to us behind other organizations, and these perhaps animated by the best intentions, the conflict interests, in which the faithful and upright Bishops and the formation of a party, or recalcitrant Catholics. And in Italy, as with us, he has warned of the peril when the hour for doing so arrived. Not that reforms have any terrors for this firm and sure genius, but he wishes them to be real reforms, like for instance, those just carried out for the Roman Curia. He wishes them to converge for the strengthening of that masterpiece of social and moral architecture (if one may so describe it) called the Church, our own Church, that model of all societies, in which independence and obedience, tradition and election, the temporary and perpetual, movement and fixity, are balanced in marvelous equilibrium. That equilibrium Pius X. has in his own mind and through it he works. Thus, too, he works for our own country, for amid the ruins that threaten France the Church represents one of the ultimate elements of order—that against which the votes of deputies is of no avail.

CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS AND NOVELTIES.

At half price. We secured last week about \$500 worth of Bells and other decorations at our own price. In order to make a quick sale of them we are going to cut the prices in two: 1c. Belle de a doz, 5c. Belle 3c.; 20c. Bells at 10c.; 10c. Bells at 5c. Denison's Garland, 1 doz. in a box, in red and green effect, that we have sold at \$2.50 a box, each or 3 for \$1.00 while they last. Flag garlands \$2.00 a doz, other garlands \$2.00 a doz, \$1.00 a doz, Christmas green 40 cents a doz, Christmas fans in red and green 40c. a doz, Garland extending 10 yards or over with about 8 sacred Catholic pictures to each garland, 50 cents a doz, other garlands, 25 cents a doz, wistaria garlands, 25 cents a doz, Electric light shades in any color at 15c. each. Express paid on all orders to the amount of \$2.50 or over. Any one ordering from us and are not satisfied with the goods they received will refund the money and give them the goods free. We have in stock all kinds of goods for Bazaar purposes from 10 cents a dozen and upwards. Get your order in early so as to receive prompt attention. We will give free to all who place their orders in at once, a large round rosette measuring 20 inches in diameter, which makes a pretty decoration. They sell at 50 cents each. Write the Brantford Artificial Flower Co., Brantford, Ontario, Box 45. 1573-2

It would be well were many public officials to follow the example of James H. Hodgins, Deputy Reeve of London township. He divides his yearly allowance between the Catholic and Protestant orphan homes. Mr. Hodgins is in the field for re-election and we trust he will be retained in the position he now so worthily fills.

Deep within us and ever we know that these fruits of the spirit are more to be desired than any things in the world of sense. Yet they have no place, no jurisdiction, in our lives except as we are spiritual, God-born beings, while we have no possibility of their possession as long as we set first the fruits of the dust, the trivial, empty prizes for which we are now striving.

DIOCESE OF LONDON.

SUCCESSFUL CHURCH FAIR AT STRATFORD, ONT. We congratulate Rev. D. J. Egan, the pastor of Immaculate Conception Church of Stratford upon the success which has attended the church fair lately held in that town. The net proceeds were \$1,850, and being a list of the principal prize winners: Books given by Rev. M. O'Neil \$10, Miss Williams, Stratford, books given by Rev. P. Brennan, \$10, W. J. Kelly, Buffalo; books given by Rev. J. T. Ayward \$10, Miss B. A. Maloney, Peterboro; books given by Rev. J. McKean, \$10, Lizzie Halton, Stratford, books given by Rev. M. O'Neil \$10, William Travling, \$1 Weston avenue, Toronto; books given by Rev. D. P. McManis, Chatham; oil painting given by Rev. J. Dunn, \$10, Michael, Stratford; books given by Rev. P. Fay, Stratford; cash given by Rev. J. P. O'Donnell, Stratford; \$10 in gold given by C. McHargue, Harold Walters, 391 Erie street, Stratford; \$10 in gold given by Rev. P. King, Wm. Greenley, Essex; bedspread given by J. A. Duggan, Park Melver, Stratford; case of soap given by

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"A Mystery Play." In honor of the Nativity of Our Lord. By Robert Hugh Benson. With illustrations. Published by Longmans, Green & Co. Price 75 cts net.

ARCHDIOCESE OF TORONTO. The following appointments and changes among the clergy have been made by His Grace, the Archbishop of Toronto, to take effect on January 9th, 1909: St. Michael's Cathedral—Rector, Rev. M. Whelan, Cathedral Staff—Rev. J. M. Cruise, Rev. A. O'Malley, Rev. A. Foley, Rev. B. Jaak, Rev. F. Kermahan will be Assistant at St. Helen's, Niagara-on-the-Lake. Rev. T. O'Donnell—Pastor St. Augustine's (A new parish). Rev. J. McLeod—Pastor St. Anthony's, West Toronto. (A new parish). Rev. M. Woodcock—Adm. St. Patrick's, East Toronto. Rev. J. Bensch—Pastor St. Monica's, North Toronto. (A new parish). Rev. F. Smyth—Pastor St. Mary's, St. Catharines and Port Dalrymple. Rev. H. Sweney—Pastor St. Matthew's, Merrickville. Rev. G. Kermahan will be Assistant at St. Helen's, Niagara-on-the-Lake. Rev. E. Georffroy—Adm. St. Patrick's, Perth, Ontario. (A new parish). Rev. M. Woodcock—Adm. St. Patrick's, Schomberg. Rev. R. Walsh—Adm. St. Patrick's, Toronto Gore. Rev. S. Morrow—Adm. St. Peter's, Orangeville. Rev. G. Kermahan will be Assistant at St. Helen's, Niagara-on-the-Lake. Rev. T. Grant will be Assistant at St. Mary's.

Farmers' Advocate. The weekly paper bearing this name and published in London is and has been for well over forty years the leading farmer's journal of the Dominion. Its Christmas number this year will prove a most interesting addition for its very large constituency. The illustrations and letter press are of the most faultless character. We highly recommend the Farmers' Advocate. It is a high class publication and every farmer would find it in its columns information concerning this industry which would render subscription a good investment.

DIED. HANAHAN—At her late residence, Explanade Sydney, C. B. N. S. Miss Mary Hanahan, aged fifty-five years. May her soul rest in peace!

PICTURE POST CARDS. Twenty-five good post-cards, assorted landscape, flowers, views, comies, for 10c NORMAN PEEL, Mir., London, Ont.

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TEACHERS WANTED.
WANTED A CATHOLIC LADY TEACHER for Public school in Josephsburg, P. O. Co. Waterloo. To commence Jan. 4th 1909. Address Louis Gatschen, Josephsburg, P. O., Co. Waterloo. 1570-11.
TEACHER WANTED FOR S. S. NO. 7. MARA. A Catholic male or female teacher holding a first or second class professional certificate to commence Jan. 4, 1909. Applicants please state experience, qualifications and salary expected. Address Peter Mangin or Edward Kenny, trustee, Stratford, Ontario. 1572-3.
FEMALE TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. S. S. No. 3. March, holding a first class certificate (professional) none excepted need apply. State salary and experience. Duties to begin Jan. 4th, 1909. Address Thomas Scobie, Sec. 7, Hamilton, Ont. 1572-3.
WANTED TEACHER HOLDING FIRST OR second class certificate for R. C. S. S. No. 2. Apply to Joseph Cain, Sec. Port Lambton, Ont. 1572-3.
WANTED TEACHER FOR R. C. SEPARATE school No. 1. Gloucester, and 3. Goddard. Holding second class certificate. Duties to commence Jan. 1, 1909. Salary \$300 per annum. State experience, send testimonials. Address all communications to F. B. Fenwick, Sec. Woodstock, Ont. 1572-3.
TEACHER WANTED FOR THE R. C. S. S. No. 2 and 4. Woodstock. A teacher holding a first or second class professional certificate. Duties to commence Jan. 4th, 1909. Salary \$300 per annum. State experience, send testimonials. Address all communications to F. B. Fenwick, Sec. Woodstock, Ont. 1572-3.
WANTED FOR PUBLIC SCHOOL SECTION No. 4. Adminton township, Renfrew County, Ont. An experienced teacher holding a second class Normal certificate. Catholic preferred. Duties to commence after Christmas holidays. Apply stating salary and experience in Ontario to Matthew Kane, Sec. Treas. Mt. St. Patrick, Ont. 1572-11.
WANTED TEACHER FOR R. C. SEPARATE school No. 4. Asphodel. Holder of second class professional certificate preferred. Duties to commence Jan. 1909. Apply stating salary to John Egan, Norwood, Ont. 1572-3.
QUALIFIED TEACHER WANTED FOR JUNIOR and SENIOR English and French. Salary \$120. Near station and boarding house. Apply to Mrs. Belle, Sec. Elmstead, Ont. 1572-3.
TEACHER WANTED HOLDING FIRST OR second class professional certificate for No. 2. R. C. Separate school. State qualifications and salary expected. Address Timothy Sheehan, Sec. Brynedale, Ont. 1572-3.
TEACHER WANTED FOR THE R. C. SEPARATE school No. 3. Biddulph. Duties to commence Jan. 4th, 1909. Apply stating salary and qualifications to William Feoley, Lacom, Ont. 1572-3.
TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. SEPARATE school No. 2. Grifflin. Duties to commence Jan. 4th, 1909. Apply stating salary, experience, etc. to James O'Brien, Sec. Treas. Grifflin, Ont. 1572-3.
WANTED, THREE FEMALE TEACHERS holding second class professional certificate. One at least able to speak French for the Boys' department of the separate school, graded, Catholic. Apply to J. E. Tallon, Sec. S. S. B. Cornwall, Ont. 1572-3.
A TEACHER WANTED HOLDING SECOND class professional certificate. Duties to start Jan. 4th, 1909. Apply stating salary to Jas. J. Gallagher, Eganville, P. O., Ont. 1572-3.
TEACHER WANTED FOR SCHOOL SECTION No. 6. Huntley, holding a second class certificate. Duties to commence Jan. 4th, 1909. Apply stating salary to John Carr, Sec. 4, Corby, Ont. 1572-2.
TEACHER WANTED—A LADY ASSISTANT for R. C. Separate school, No. 6. Ellice and Logan, holding a second or third class professional certificate. Duties to commence Jan. 4th, 1909. State qualifications, experience and salary. Address P. J. Flanagan, Sec. R. C. S. Board, Kirkcubbin, Ont. 1572-3.
TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. SEPARATE school, Fort Williams, Ont. Holding second or third class professional certificate. Salary \$450. Duties to commence January 5, 1909. Apply to K. O'Donnell, Sec. Treas. 143 South May st., Fort Williams, Ont. 1572-3.
WANTED FEMALE TEACHER FOR R. C. Separate School, Fort Williams, Ont. Holding a second class professional certificate or better. Salary \$520. Duties to commence January, 4, 1909. Apply to W. K. O'Donnell, Sec. Treas. South May st., Fort Williams, Ont. 1572-3.
TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. SEPARATE school, St. 6. Barry's Bay village, must have second class certificate or better. Duties to commence the first of January 1909. Church school, Post Office, and Railway Station at the village. Apply stating salary and number of years experience to James Murray, Sec. Treas. Barry's Bay, P. O., Ont. 1572-3.
A TEACHER WANTED FOR UNION SCHOOL No. 1. Logan and Ellice for the year 1909. Male or Female. State qualifications and experience, also salary expected. Duties to commence on the 4th of January 1909. Apply to Daniel DeCourcy, Sec. S. No. 1, Logan, Birmham, Post Office. 1572-2.
A TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. S. S. RICHMOND, Ont. for 1909. Apply stating qualifications and experience to R. W. Murphy, Forest Hill, Ont. 1572-3.
A TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. UNION school, No. 815, Middleburg, Ont. Salary \$420 per annum. Duties to begin after Christmas holidays. Apply stating references and qualifications to M. J. Kane, Sec. Treas. Middleburg Cross, Ont. 1573-3.
WANTED A FEMALE TEACHER AS ASSISTANT in R. C. Separate school No. 7. Tilbury North, Essex County, Ont. Salary paid this year \$320. Address Thos. D. Enquette, Sec. Tilbury, Ont. 1572-3.
WANTED A PROPERLY QUALIFIED TEACHER, able to teach both French and English for the R. C. Separate school No. 7. Tilbury North, Essex County, Ont. Salary paid this year \$320. Address Thos. D. Enquette, Sec. Tilbury, Ont. 1572-3.
TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. SEPARATE school, Section 3. Must be able to teach French and English. Duties to commence Jan. 4th, 1909. Apply to John B. Simard, trustee, Fletcher, Ont. 1572-3.
WANTED CATHOLIC TEACHER WITH second class certificate, year 1909, for Sep. school, No. 16, Augusta. Salary about \$300 per year. Apply to John Evans, Tilbury, Ont. 1572-4.
LADY TEACHER WANTED FOR ROMAN Catholic Separate School No. 11, Hay. One with French knowledge preferred. State salary, and number of years experience. Apply to J. C. Harrow County, Sec. J. Joseph, P. O., Harrow County, Ont. 1572-1.
HOMES WANTED. GOOD CATHOLIC HOMES WANTED FOR a few boys, aged fourteen to sixteen years. One of these boys has had experience on a farm. Apply to Wm. O'Connell, Inspector, Neglected Children's Department, Parliament Buildings, Toronto. 1572-3.
POSITION WANTED. REFINED HIGHLY RESPECTABLE WOMAN would like housekeeper's place where she could have five year old boy with her. Thoroughly competent and no objection to work. Address, "C. H. H.", Catholic Record, London, O. 1572-4.

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