

THE BANK CANADA NATIONAL CHARTER 1854
8 KING ST. WEST TORONTO

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXXI.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY MAY 22, 1909.

1890

The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1909.

A FEW REMARKS.

That old friend of ours has been talking to us again about sundry things in his own enthusiastic way. His hair is gray, his step faltering, but his heart is young. Yet his face has been drenched with sorrow's rain, and his feet been bruised by the stones of life. He is without bitterness, however, and pain has but given him the vision that sees the true value of life. He tells me that the best things in the world are to be had for nothing. At some time or other we speak likewise, but merely to portray a passing word or to echo the thought of one another. But our friend's belief is of the very warp and woof of his being. He is owner of the foam-flecked waters; the wind plays symphonies for him, and the leaves and flowers are for him a source of measureless wonder. Rather queer, this talk, he says. It is not practical in an age which worships the god of Getting On, lands the Captain of Industry and scorns everything that cannot be measured by the rule of the dollar. But the vision that can discern the reflections of the Infinite is better far than riches, or the acclaim that going and coming gives neither peace nor joy in any permanent degree.

BEWILDERING.

A big prayer-book is not a passport to the eternal city. A sewing circle to provide pants for the heathen is not necessarily a refuge for the sanctified. But it is ever a cause of bewilderment to some of us who pose as good Catholics to seem to be ignorant of the essentials of Christianity. We refer to the people whose voices are always heard in the land, criticizing, censuring, railing, gossiping and scattering slander with a complacency that is startling to the poor mortals who believe that love is the dominant note of Christianity. They should regulate their consciences and get them attuned to the law. One reason for the progress of socialism is that the beautiful and compelling argument, "See how these Christians love one another," is not made so often as it should be.

TOO MUCH TALK.

In reply to a correspondent we beg to say that it boots little to rail at organizations without the fold. That they have Catholics on the membership roll, and have nets spread on all sides to catch the unwary, are details which may be true, or due largely to the imagination of our friends. But, assuming that his contention is justified by facts, what we ask is, what is he going to do about it? Writing letters to journals is an ineffective barrier to the inroad of the non-Catholic society. Voluble utterance, energetic as it may be, is but to agitate the atmosphere. But what our friends should do is to perfect their own organizations. What is more to the point is the shepherding of the lads who drift in the streets and are played upon by bad influences. Looking out from well-appointed homes, and bemoaning that some of our own are picked up by the non-Catholic is surely a strange way to remedy the evil. But why don't they do something for their brethren? Why don't they plan and work for their brethren? Why not devote some of the time they lavish on their pleasures, on the trumpery things that represent but a waste of time, to the souls for whom Christ died. Why don't they study their religion and realize their duty and responsibility towards their brethren? Instead of talking—work; and in place of aimless censuring give us achievement.

THE "BETTER CLASS CATHOLIC."

Surely some humorist on the staff of a contemporary penned the account of a concert which was attended by the "better class Catholic." At first we thought it was a kind of modernistic entertainment, but a careful reading of the article allayed our dismay and removed all suspicion as to orthodoxy. But "the better class Catholic" is a phrase that is un-Catholic. The Church has no caste system. Before her altars all stand on level ground. In one spirit were we all baptized, into one body, whether Jew or Gentile, bond or free. In a Catholic parish all should be brethren, aiding one another and giving a due quota of attention to parochial interests. The Catholics, however, who exclude themselves from the poor and

uneducated and offer criticism instead of contributions should not take themselves too seriously. The best asset of a parish is not the man with a bank-book but the man with a prayer-book.

A TERRIBLE INDICTMENT.

From time to time we have commented on theories subversive of Christianity and antagonistic to sound ethical doctrine, championed by professors in some seats of learning in the United States. We were accused of special pleading and reminded that a study of the theories in question would keep us within the domain of accuracy. But in a current popular magazine a writer has, after a searching investigation, laid bare the ravages made by these theories in the American secular university. He found that the Ten Commandments were no more sacred than a syllabus. From the college standpoint there is no God—these are established covenants. They teach young men and women, plainly, that an immoral act is merely one contrary to the prevailing conceptions of society; and that the daring who defy the code do not offend any deity, but simply arouse the venom of the majority—the majority that has not yet grasped the new idea. Out of Harvard comes the teaching that there are "no absolute evils" and that "the highest ethical life consists at all times in the breaking of rules which have grown too narrow for the actual case." He found that marriage was regarded as a transitory standard, and that home, as an institution, was doomed; that the conceptions of right and wrong were as unstable as the styles of dress; and that society can make any kind of conduct right.

If this indictment be true there should be some means, drastic if you like, to cleanse the secular university. If the leaders of to-morrow are to be men devoid of sound moral principles the future is far from being rosy. And yet we were told by parents that the faith of children entrusted to the care of the secular college would not be imperilled, and that commingling with students of other and no creeds, and under the direction of professors who are not lacking as to personal magnetism—that all this would but strengthen their character. How it could, never troubled them; they simply acted on the belief that the Catholic college wore the badge of inferiority in the world of learning. A man may come through these teachings unscathed, but the rule is that he is either a poor Catholic or a polished imitation of ungodliness. Perchance the day is not far distant when all seats of learning shall hold in reverence this golden rule, "no man can be the client of science who does not love justice and truth; but there is no truth or justice without the light of the knowledge of God."

TO BE PROUD OF.

Writing in the London Daily News, a correspondent says that in thirty-two counties of Ireland, excluding the cities of Dublin, Belfast and Cork, where crime was of a very normal type, there were only one hundred and thirty-eight indictments, mostly of a very ordinary character. This number works out at only four a county in thirty-five to each million of the population. He asks: "Do the records of any country in the world exhibit such immunity from crime?"

THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

By the Rev. Patrick H. Casey, S. J.
I am going to speak on the Catholic Press. The subject is suggested by a recent Gospel. The good shepherd guards his sheep from the wolf. He keeps them away from places where there are thorns and briars, and poisonous weeds. He keeps them away from the quagmire and morass. But all this work of the shepherd is negative. He might do all this and let his sheep starve. He has positive duties to fulfill. He has to lead his flock to pastures where the grass is plentiful and rich, and the air is dry and the sunshine healthful. These positive duties of the good shepherd are beautifully set before us by Almighty God Himself, in the thirty-fourth chapter of the Prophet Ezechiel, where He says: "Behold I Myself, will seek My sheep and will visit them. And I will bring them out from the peoples, and will gather them out of the countries, and will bring them to their own land. I will feed them in the most fruitful pastures, and their pastures shall be in the high mountains of Israel; there shall they rest on the green grass and be fed in fat pastures upon the mountains of Israel." Here, then, is the positive duty of the good shepherd. He must not only guard his sheep from what is harmful, but he must lead them to where the pastures are rich and the sunshine healthful.

Applying these thoughts, we see at once that the priest's duty of feeding

the flock of Christ means more than the duty of cautioning his people against reading what is bad or dangerous. It means the duty of pointing out to them what they may profitably read, and what they ought to read and where they may get it.

For centuries the work of teaching the people of Christ had to be carried on in the Church chiefly by the spoken word. But with the art of printing, a new means of teaching came into existence. That means has gone on year after year, growing in power, till to-day the press is a rival of the pulpit. About the power of the press I have nothing to say. The topic is already time-worn and every school boy can write on it. But "the obligation" of using the press for the spread and preservation of Catholic truth, this is the topic I wish to urge.

It was well said by a great French Catholic writer that if St. Paul were to come back to earth to-day, he would edit a newspaper. Only a few weeks ago a like sentiment was expressed by Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines, on the occasion of a visit to Rome. "Talking about newspapers," said the Cardinal, to a Roman newspaper man, "I permit me to express the pain I feel every time I come to Rome and find that the immoral and anti-clerical press is every day gaining ground. This morning I went to celebrate Mass at the church of St. Francesca Romana in the Forum; it was early, and near the Church stood a news vendor. Every one of the working men who passed by bought his paper, and went on his way reading it attentively. There were all anti-clerical sheets. Take my word for it—the necessity of conserving all our forces to the development of the Catholic press, is a necessity of capital importance at the present moment. I, Bishop as I am, would delay the building of a church in order to help in the founding of a newspaper." Words from a great Cardinal that should be posted up at the entrance of every Catholic church!

OUR CATHOLIC BISHOPS.
We Catholics of the United States need not leave our own country to find out what we are to think of the press as a means of defending, strengthening and spreading our religion. Let me read you a passage from the pastoral letter drawn up by the Archbishops and Bishops of the United States when assembled in the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore. This pastoral letter was signed by seven Archbishops and thirty-eight Bishops:

"We cheerfully acknowledge the services the Catholic press has rendered to religion, as also the disinterestedness with which, in most instances, it has been conducted, although yielding to publishers and editors a very ungrateful return for their labors. We exhort the Catholic community to extend to these publications a more liberal support in order that they may be enabled to become more worthy the great cause they advocate.

"We remind them that the power of the press is one of the most striking features of modern society, and that it is our duty to avail ourselves of this mode of making known the truths of our religion, and removing the misapprehensions which so generally prevail in regard to them. If any of these papers are not all that we would wish them to be, it will be frequently found that the real cause of their shortcomings is the insufficient support they receive from the Catholic public. Supply and demand act and react on each other; and if in many instances the former produces the latter, in regard at least to Catholic populations, demand must precede supply."

When the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore assembled, eighteen years afterwards, another pastoral letter was sent out; this time in the name of fourteen Archbishops and fifty-seven Bishops. Here are a few lines from what they say about the Catholic press: "Finally, Christian parents, let us beg your earnest consideration of this important truth, that upon you, singly and individually, must practically depend the solution of the question, whether or not the Catholic press is to accomplish the great work which Providence and the Church expect of it at this time. So frequently and so forcibly has the providential mission of the press been dwelt upon by Popes and prelates and distinguished Catholic writers, and so assiduously have their utterances been quoted and re-quoted everywhere, that no one certainly stands in need of arguments to be convinced of this truth. But all this will be only words in the air unless it can be brought home to each parent and made practical in each household. If the head of each Catholic family will recognize it as his privilege and his duty to contribute towards supporting the Catholic press, by subscribing for one or more Catholic periodicals, and keeping himself well acquainted with the information they impart, then the Catholic press will be sure to attain to the rightful development and to accomplish its destined mission."

This was in the year 1884. Only the previous year the Archbishop of New York and his nine Suffragan Bishops set here in this city for their fourth Provincial Synod; and at its close they sent out a pastoral letter to all their priests and people urging them in the strongest possible terms to the support of our Catholic papers. Here are their words:

"We have also several Catholic newspapers and journals. But how little support they receive! You complain of their insufficiency and their shortcomings. Who is in fault? Give the publishers and writers more encouragement by your patronage and they will soon be enabled to furnish

you more interesting reading. Our best writers have to labor for the secular press; they would gladly devote their talents to higher purposes if they were only properly supported by those whose cause and whose rights they would rejoice to defend. If every Catholic family had one or two Catholic newspapers your children would know how to reply to objections often speciously presented against their faith; difficulties would be solved and doubts dispelled. Now there is scarcely any family so poor as not to be able, by practicing a little economy in other ways, if necessary, to contribute at least to one Catholic journal."

After these weighty words from the illustrious Archbishops and Bishops of the United States, there is little for me to say, except to summarize and emphasize in some way, the reasons I shall not say for supporting our Catholic papers—but for making even sacrifices for their support. Let it be laid down as a first principle that in every Catholic family there should be at least one Catholic weekly. Let it be laid down as a second principle that this Catholic weekly should be selected according to the tastes and the requirements of the family. Let it be laid down as a third principle that when the tastes and requirements of a family are different, there should be more than one Catholic weekly in that family.

THE QUESTION OF EXPENSE.
Do not talk about expense. The price of most of our Catholic papers is only 5 cents—the price, let me say it plainly—of one glass of common drink. Cannot a man omit one glass of drink during the week, and bring home a Catholic paper on Saturday evening to his Catholic family? Or can he not refrain from one glass of stronger drink for which he pays 10 cents, and bring home another Catholic weekly? If a man has any real desire to support the Catholic press, money will be no obstacle in his way. The poor man finds means of getting 5 cents to spend on the Sunday secular paper, perhaps for the sake of its colored, comic supplement—a supplement, which only a few nights ago, at a banquet of six hundred representatives of the press here in New York City, was declared by one of their principal speakers to be "a damnable sheet," when it was not purchased. The same speaker went on to say that he wondered if the men who published such a supplement ever let it fall into the hands of their own children. Still, for these colored pages and their concomitant paper, the poor man, the father of a family, is willing to pay 5 cents Sunday morning. No! If a Catholic has any real desire for Catholic news, or what is more important, if he has any real desire for the advancement of Catholic interests, the cost of a Catholic paper will cause him no concern.

THE WORK OF CHRIST.
Remember, then, my dear brethren, that the work of the Catholic press is the work of Christ. It is a work carried on for the spread of the Gospel, and for the salvation of the souls for which Christ died. Therefore, if we have any real love for Christ, it is a work we should help in every way in our power.

You help the work of the missionary—the missionary among the Chinese, among the Negroes, among the people of Alaska, and the missionary that here at home, a Catholic paper is a missionary in every house where it enters. Even though you are too busy to read the paper yourself, by being a subscriber and thus helping its circulation, you enable a copy to go into some home where it will be read, and where it may spread untold blessings. In a volume of sermons published this year by Cardinal Gibbons, I find the following, appropriate passage:

"It is difficult to overestimate the blessed result which follows the judicious dissemination of literature fervent of Catholic doctrine. Many a fervent Christian is indebted for the first seeds of faith to the perusal of a Catholic pamphlet or periodical which chance threw in his way. To illustrate this fact I will relate an incident that occurred when I was Bishop of North Carolina. I received from a certain prominent physician of that state a letter in which the writer desired to be informed regarding the leading tenets of the Catholic Church. At the close of a correspondence between us I sent him some books explanatory of the religion of Christ. In the course of some weeks he informed me that his mind was convinced, and that he would visit me within a few days, with his wife and children, in order to be baptized, if he were deemed worthy of that grace. After receiving the whole family into the Church, I asked the doctor what had first prompted him to direct his steps towards the fold of Christ. He replied: 'No Catholic was ever known to reside in my native country; I never entered a Catholic Church before I came to this city to-day, and I never spoke to a priest until I met you. The first glimpse of light that ever dawned on me came from the perusal of a sermon by a distinguished preacher which casually fell in my way. Three hundred souls were soon afterwards added to the faith in the locality in which the physician resided from the influence of his zeal and example.'"

ONE PAPER'S INFLUENCE.
A Catholic paper going into a district where there lived no Catholic, and where no priest ever visited! And that one Catholic paper won three hundred souls over to Jesus Christ. Ah! how little had been the person who had sent that paper! What confidence that would give me for the day when I shall stand before the tribunal of Christ.

But there are many reasons bearing on our own immediate interests that should stir us up to an active and practical support of the Catholic press. Is

it not the part of a good Catholic to be interested in what his Catholic brethren are doing in all parts of the world? The old pagan poet expressed a grand and much admired sentiment when he said: "I am a man, and nothing of human interest is alien to me." Should not each one of us be able to say, "I am a Catholic, and nothing that has a Catholic interest is alien to me?"

True, the secular press gives us a fair amount of Catholic news; but not all the news we should like to get. The secular press has been often accused in regard to Catholic matters of what is called "the conspiracy of silence." Even when important Catholic news comes through the secular press, are we sure that the news is reliable? Are we sure that some essential circumstance has not been omitted—a circumstance that makes a world of difference for us? Our American editors tell us that they try to be impartial. I sincerely believe that the great majority of them do try to be so. But even if our editors here at home are impartial, how do we know that their agents in Europe are? Were they impartial in their accounts of the French Separation Law? Could anything be more iniquitous?

Again, if our religion is misrepresented in a secular paper, will the secular paper correct the misrepresentation if you write to it? You will in all likelihood be politely informed that the editor cannot start a religious controversy; and your reply to amissrepresentation that was circulated among tens of thousands will remain forever a secret between yourself and the editor.

But apart from any controversial value of our Catholic papers, we should give them our support, that we may see our religion, not as it exists in the Catechism or the prayer book, or around the altar or the confessional, but see it also in its relation to the history of the world, to the great questions of the day, and to every movement in the world's progress.

From your Catholic paper, dear brethren, you will learn what books to read and rely on; what books to buy and recommend to other; what books to ask for at the public libraries—what books to condemn as unjust to Catholics and as false to history. You will find subjects for conversations that will be both interesting and elevating. Instead of discoursing on your neighbor's character and shortcomings, you will find yourselves talking about the heroic deeds of your Catholic brethren at home and abroad. What a blessing this will be for a Catholic family!

This last reflection brings me to what I consider one of the most powerful motives for your support of the Catholic press. If you will not support it from any motive of purely personal advantage; if you will not support it for the sake of those who are sitting in darkness and waiting for the light; support it at least for the sake of your Catholic children. You contribute generously to the support of Catholic schools; but remember that an education is far from being complete if it does not include a taste for good reading. A taste for good reading is an essential part of your children's education, and a part that to a very large extent, depends on you. Besides, it is one of the greatest graces that you can secure for them. It will save them from many a temptation, and from many a sorrow. It will enable them to understand their faith better and better as they grow up and grow in love for it as they grow in years. Isn't this after all the one thing necessary for your children?

Christ, our Good Shepherd, did not forget the children when giving His commission to the Apostle Peter. After saying to him, "Feed My sheep," He said: "Feed My lambs." This commission given to Peter, and through him to the priest, must in a great measure, be carried out by you. Supervise then and direct, dear Catholic parents, the reading of your children. Take them away from what is dangerous and hurtful, and lead them to what is safe and pure and healthful. They are the lambs of Christ. Lead them up from the quagmire and morass. "I shall feed My sheep," saith the Lord "in the mountains of Israel." Lead up your children from what is low and degrading and impure. Go before them yourselves, by example. Lead them up to the hills—the pure of Catholic truth, and the sunshine of God's own word.—The Beacon.

TWO TOUCHING INCIDENTS.

Two most touching incidents marked the occasion of the veneration of Blessed Joan of Arc by Pope Pius X. in St. Peter's. When the Pope had finished speaking the aged Archbishop of Rheims, in whose cathedral the Blessed Joan witnessed the crowning of King Charles VII., Cardinal Coullie, who has almost lost the use of his limbs and had to be carried in a chair to his place in St. Peter's, asked permission to kiss the Pope's ring. He was assisted up the steps of the throne by Cardinal Merry del Val, but before he could kiss the Pope's ring Pius X. bent down to him and kissed him twice on the forehead.

A few minutes later, while the procession was returning through the midst of the silent multitude, a French banner was waved close to the Papal chair. The Pontiff stretched out his hand and raised the edge of the banner to touch it twice with his lips. For a few moments the people hardly realized what he had done, then suddenly they broke forth into a tornado of exclamations, the first that have been heard in St. Peter's since March 3, 1903, when Leo XIII. celebrated the 100th anniversary of his coronation.—Rome.

Remember.

When over your head the bright blue sky,
Seems in its joy to mock your cry;
When even the sunshine scorns and sears
And the bird's song seems echo of tears;
When sorrow and you sit down alone,
And the dote of bread turns out to be stone;
When all of your loves, your hopes and peals
Shiver in pieces on Life's sharp wheels—
Remember, my soul, though tied to a stake,
Remember, my heart, though like to break;
Up at the head of the heavenly stairs,
Christ, He listens, and Christ, He cares.

—FRANCIS AUGUST MATHEWS.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

The Little Sisters of the Poor of Toledo, Ohio, have been bequeathed the sum of \$500 by the will of Mrs. Margaret Pierce, a non-Catholic.

Charles Warren Stoddard, author and educator, and a convert to the true faith, died at Monterey, Cal., April 24, aged sixty-five.

Rev. Patrick Farrell, D. D., rector of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Cleveland, Ohio, and one of the best known and most beloved priests of the diocese, died May 1.

Rev. David Plante, one of the oldest members of the Jesuit order in Canada, has, with permission granted by the Holy Father, left his congregation in Montreal to enter the Trappist community at Getsemani, Ky.

A boiler in the convent of the Congregation of Notre Dame at Cote St. Paul, near Montreal, Canada, exploded last Sunday morning. In the wreck and fire which followed two of the nuns were so badly injured that they died on Tuesday.

Twenty-five acres of ground have been purchased in Kansas City for a site for a new Jesuit college to be established there. The cost was \$50,000. The new college will be known as Rockhurst College of Kansas City, and in architecture and plan will be modelled after the famous Stonyhurst College in England.

Americans bearing Irish names and serving in the New York legislature have secured the passage of a law making it a misdemeanor for a person arrested for crime to give an assumed name. The common practice of offenders of all nationalities to give Irish names as their own has stirred Americans proud of their Irish ancestry to take steps to put an end to the practice.

Rev. C. I. Smith, formerly rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Charleston, S. C., has become a Catholic. The congregation of St. Paul's is normally a colored congregation. It is made up of freedmen who earned their freedom before the war. Many of the congregation are so white in appearance that in the North they could hardly be distinguished from white people. They constitute a class apart in Charleston.

A group of wealthy Americans have purchased at Turin a handsome automobile laundrette, of thirty horse-power, which is to be decorated with the Papal coat-of-arms, upholstered in white leather and lighted with electricity. It is to bear an image of St. Joseph and on the back seat will be a richly bound breviary. The automobile is intended as a present for the Pope for his use in the gardens of the Vatican. The cost will be \$4,000.

A record of remarkable fidelity came to light on a recent visit of the Most Rev. Archbishop of St. Boniface to Ste. Anne des Chenes, where two French Canadians lay ill. One of these, though the oldest man in the province, has never missed Mass on Sunday, while the other used to tramp thirty-eight miles to attend Mass. It is worth while to note that, notwithstanding the long journey he had to make, the latter arrived at the church six minutes before the beginning of the services.

On the occasion of the recent beatification of Joan of Arc, Most Rev. Francis Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster, sent to the Holy Father a beautiful silver statuette of the Maid of Orleans. It is the work of the Artist's Guild of Bromsgrove, Worcestershire. It is about one foot in height. Joan is represented in the act of receiving the sword of Fierbois, which she holds in both hands. With the statuette was sent a beautiful booklet published by the same guild. It is a short life of the Blessed Joan.

Right Rev. Thomas W. Wilkinson, D. D., Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle, England, and president of Ushaw College, died April 17, aged eighty-four years. The venerable prelate was of a distinguished family, two members of which became vicars of the Church of England. He himself studied for the Anglican ministry, but was early troubled by doubts as to the true religion, resulting in 1846 in his reception into the Catholic Church. He was distinguished for his piety and great learning.

A sacerdotal jubilee of interest to Catholics all over the country was the celebration last Thursday, April 29, of the fiftieth anniversary of the ordination of the Rev. Louis A. Lambert, LL. D., editor of the New York Freeman's Journal, and one of the most brilliant controversial and polemical writers in the Church in the United States. The little town of Scottsville, N. Y., where Father Lambert has been pastor of the Catholic church for the past twenty years, was on fête all day in honor of its distinguished townsman. Father Lambert is easily the first citizen of the place and the whole community, Catholic and non-Catholic, united in an effort to do him honor.

remitted or col-
made anywhere
Canada. Letters of
issued for the con-
of Canadians
ing in any part of
world. Foreign ex-
bought and sold.

Two Branches in
Ontario

WANTED AT ONCE on ad-
they and expenses. One good man
each locality with rig or capable
of handling horses to advertise and
guaranteed Royal Purple Stocking
offices. No experience necessary.
work for you. \$25.00 week and
position permanent. Write
NS MANF'G CO., London, Ontario.

MISSIONS

A DISTINCT SPECIALTY
New Imported
Brass Goods
Alfar Plate
Vestments, Etc.

J. J. M. LANDY
St. 305
Toronto
Phone 403

Reading Beautiful Illustrations
—JUST READY—26th Year

Catholic Home Annual

FOR 1909

Reading Frontispiece in Colors and
question of other illustrations.

PRICE 25 CENTS

By Mail. Per dozen \$2.00.
Interesting Articles of the Best
Astronomical Calculations—Cal-
Feasts and Fasts—A Household
—Reading for the Family.

CONTENTS OF THE 1909 ISSUE.
of Catholic Progress. By
THE Tide Came In. By MARY
Words of Wisdom. Civil War
THE STORY OF THEATERS, THE SPECTA-
By Hon. MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, LL.D.
By MARY T. WAGGAMAN. Four
By MARY E. MANNING.
By MARTY
By ANNAL T. SAGAN
Five Illustrations.
By JEROME HARTZ. Two
By GRACE KEON.
By MAGDALEN RUCKEL.
The Catholic of the Year 1901
Five Illustrations

Catholic Record

LONDON, CANADA

HANDLES

WILL & BAUMIER

KIND

All Qualities
All Sizes
All Shapes

The BEST on the MARKET

Brands—Stearine,
Argand and Star
Beewax
Standard Alfar
L'Auteil & Purissima

SEND FOR PRICE LIST

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

LONDON - CANADA

uable Farm
Property For Sale

Hundred and Twenty Acres situated four
from Canadian Northern Railway, twelve miles
river, Sask., and seventy-seven miles south-west
tation. North of section Nine, Township
Two, Range Fifty-n. Chocolate clay suitable
Farming, climatic conditions favoring stock
particulars apply to C. R. H. Catholic
London, Ontario.

B. A., Branch No. 4, London

the 2nd and 4th Thursday of every month
at 8 o'clock in their hall, in Albion Block, Room
100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200.

John, as usual, Terry had a sleeve, he said, surprise packet, in the mill-owner appreciating the seriousness of the circumstances may be anticipated a movement to their end to make an assurance of their cards. Fair last thing they to the ace of clubs in himself it may his own country, encouragement, as chiefly, indeed, in loyal, to race over, with years conditions wholly to long inexpress- freedom of the town, the life they to leave. There ht have suggested, as in the factory, was admitted with negotiation which was to be no more to be done, yet not to be done. Beside children was before him, absorption in stay. To such as appealed with a he, young, hopeful he was, was as- Gosselin, Moise Beauchamp may be adherents outside of it, by him- self case, as he com- gratefully, he could not credit even had he had this, simply be- st he was too modest in any sense the moment which already definite shape! not An instrument at ng but wholly unim- great cause was, in view of his position, account for so small as...

of his power, for the priests whom he had come across had, without exception, been unable to speak or understand the English language. H-d Dermot O'Kelly wished to practice his religion, the same obstacles would have stood in his way, for he could speak neither French nor Portuguese, and the clergy in the towns which could boast of a resident priest be- longed to one or other of these nationalities. Had he been so inclined, he could, of course, have practiced his religion, when at home; but if month after month a man has nothing to bring his religious duties to his mind, has no opportunity or possibility of hearing Mass or sermon, or even of speaking to another Catholic, it is not for those at home who have churches at their very door to judge him if he gradually be- comes a Catholic only in name. So it had been with Dermot O'Kelly. He had drifted away so gradually, that until now he hardly realized how far he had gone from God. "When you go on your own account!" How could he tell the dying man, who spoke so simply and so certainly of his religion, the state of mind, or rather the indifference into which he had fallen? But there was no resisting the plead- ing of those falling tones. The officer fell on his knees by the rude bunk and buried his face in his hands. "God help me, MacCarthy!" he said, in suppressed tones. "Who am I that you should confess your sins to me? You're a better man than I am." A dusky red rose to his very fore- head, and his voice grew thick and husky. "I've neglected my religion," he went on. "I've forgotten my prayers, I've not been to the sacraments for years. Why, I hardly call myself a Catholic, and yet you ask me this—" "There never was one of the name but was a Catholic," murmured the dying man, only half understanding the officer's passionate words, "its coming—death's coming, and I have sins on my soul. Will you hear me, Mr. O'Kelly? I'm a dying man, sir."

MADE IN CANADA MAGIC SODA or SALERATUS IS THE BEST E. W. GILLET CO., LTD. Toronto, Ont.

PAGE WHITE FENCES Get the Best. Styles for Lawns, Farms and Ranches. Made of high carbon wire, galvanized and then painted white. Get 1909 prices and illustrated booklet. THE PAGE WIRE FENCE CO., LIMITED Largest fence and gate manufacturer in Canada. WALKERVILLE TORONTO MONTREAL ST. JOHN VANCOUVER VICTORIA 223

Educational. St. Jerome's College, BERLIN, CANADA Commercial course—latest business college features. High School course—preparation of matriculation and professional studies. College of Arts course—preparations for degrees and honours. Natural Science course—thoroughly equipped experimental laboratories for physics and chemistry. Special attention. First-class board and tuition only \$1500 per annum. Send for catalogue giving full particulars. REV. A. L. ZINGER, C. R., President!

TEST OF 24 YEARS PETERBORO BUSINESS COLLEGE has been tested in the crucible of experience, with the fire of public opinion, and has not been found wanting. The largest and most popular Business School in Eastern Ontario. Individual instruction. No vacation. Mail Courses. Enter any day. Write for particulars. SPOTTON & McKONE PRINCIPALS

literature—good books—of which there is plenty as well as of the bad. How best to get them amongst the people and get the people to read them is the problem.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal. "MERELY NUMBERS."

Office of the Rector of St. James' Church, Philadelphia, Pa., 2210 Sanson Street. Dear Sir,—The statistics to which you refer, published in the Southern Churchman, were merely 1 number of men received from the different denomina- tions. I never had the names of the Roman priests. Yours truly, W. C. RICHARDSON. April 5, 1909. No comment is necessary.—Inter- national Catholic Truth Society.

FAILURE OF SECOND ATTEMPT TO OBTAIN NAMES OF EIGHT CATHOLIC PRIESTS WHO HAVE "GONE OVER TO THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH." During the month of March several of the secular papers of the country, such as the Literary Digest, of New York, reprinted from the Southern Churchman a tabulated statement pur- porting to give the number of "con- verts" to Episcopalianism from the clergy of the various Protestant sects and from the Catholic Church. The statement was compiled by the Rev. W. C. Richardson, of Philadelphia for the purpose, doubtless, of offsetting the effect produced upon the public by the large number of Episcopalian ministers of standing who had been received into the Catholic Church during the past year. The statistics of the reverend gentleman informed us that eight mem- bers of the clergy of the Catholic Church had become members of the Episcopal Church. An intimate ac- quaintance with the character of the average "ex-priest" type made me anxious to know who these eight men might be whose "conversion" was thus gloried in as an Episcopalian triumph. The following correspondence ensued: "International Catholic Truth Society, 407 Bergen street, Brooklyn, N. Y. April 2, 1909.

DR. PATTON AND THE POPE. In the confusion of misunderstanding and of adverse criticism which even at this late date is prevalent among non-Catholic teachers and writers in their comments on the stand taken by the Church authorities in regard to Modernism, it is refreshing to find a vastly kinder tone ringing out of the utterance of one of their great leaders in this country. Dr. Francis L. Patton, president of the Princeton Theological Seminary, an institution which appears to have lost none of the strongest orthodoxy of Dr. McCosh's day, recently lectured in Buffalo on the fundamentals of Christian- ity. "Is there a personal God, and has He spoken to us through Jesus Christ?" During his stay in Buffalo he was interviewed by the Buffalo Express and was asked: "Do you think liberal theology is weakening our churches?" "Yes, I do," was his reply. "Are the liberalizing influences growing?" "Yes, and the situation is going to be worse before it grows better." Dr. Patton said with emphasis, "the churches are drifting away from the doctrine of the Incarnation." "Then you sympathize with Pope Pius and his stand on Modernism," the reporter further ques- tioned. "Yes, in a way I do," replied the Princeton theologian. And after a moment of deep thought, he added: "Yes, I agree with the Pope in his protest against the extension of liberal theology and those in the Catho- lic Church who are advancing it."

THE OFFICE OF THE CENSOR. The Churchman re-ates with commenda- tion the establishing of censorship over the moving picture exhibitions. Until recently these were unregulated in New York City and shocking condi- tions were brought to the Mayor's notice with the result that Mr. McClellan felt obliged to revoke licenses by the whole- sale last December. When it is re- membered that over seven hundred thousand children attend these moving picture exhibitions weekly, it is clearly seen how necessary some regulation is. The exhibitions themselves have de- manded from the civic bodies of the city, a censorial representation, whose word and advice would be strictly en- forced. This board of representation has been formed with five members whose censorship will have effect not only in New York, but through the man- ufactures of films throughout the whole country.

"Mr. William C. Richardson, care of the Southern Churchman, Richmond, Va. Dear Sir.—Our attention has been called to a tabulated statement recently printed in the Southern Churchman over your signature, purporting to give the number of clergymen who, during the year 1908, had come over to the Episcopal Church. "May I ask if you will kindly give the names and addresses of the Roman Catholic clergymen, whose number is placed at eight, who joined the Epis- copal Church during the said year? It is evident that the value of such statis- tics as you have been pleased to collect depends largely upon the moral, in- tellectual and spiritual character of the "converts." It is a pleasure for Catho- lic writers to publish openly the names of converts to their Church, because, as a rule, they are men and women of integrity and knowledge, and consequent- ly their coming back to the Mother Church of Christianity is a tribute to her faith and holiness. "In the name of truth we ask that the names of these eight 'converts' to the Episcopal Church from the Catholic priesthood be disclosed to the public. If it is found that these men were recognized as priests of sterling moral worth and men of intellectual refine- ment on a par with the Episcopal gentle- men who have recently joined the Catholic Church, your report will be of great value to all of us and will be particularly useful to the members of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Yours very truly, WILLIAM F. MCGINNIS. President I. C. T. S."

The compiler of the statistics replied as follows: "The effect of all this upon society everywhere Bishop Grimes does not exaggerate, though the pictures it in- sults and denigrates the basic principles of the world or merely around the country wherein you live. See to what a sad state society has reached at the present day. What has brought about the alarming change? What is it that fills so many hearts and homes with grief and shame, by the cowardly suicides, the cold blooded murders, the corruption in high places, the reckless speculations, the base rumpuses, so destructive to society at large? What has begotten those two great evils which like cankering worms, are gnawing at the very vitals of family and society, the dissolution of the marriage tie, and the cruel, unnatural tampering with life in its very bud? Why is there so widespread unbelief nowadays? What has robbed so many noble souls of all hope of Heaven? What has driven them to seek their whole and sole hap- piness here below? Whence springs that unquenchable thirst for low pas- times and pleasures? Go to the anti- Christian immoral press, the lewd litera- ture scattered broadcast over the land. There you will trace the source, the fountain-head of the streams of evil threatening to sap the very foundation of all order, social or civil."

It is better to endure the hatred of the wicked, than to lose one's soul through a connection fatal to virtue.—St. Anselm.

MCCARTHY'S MESSAGE.

"Beg pardon, sir—" The steward of the steamship Siren accosted the first officer, Mr. Kelley, as he stood by the bulwarks looking out over the wide expanse of waters that lie to the east of the Chinese coast. "You'll excuse my mentioning it," he went on, "but it is about the poor fellow who is dying down below. He's an Irishman, like yourself, sir, and he's took a fancy to see you. I thought maybe you'd be good enough to step that way." All right, Johnson, replied Dermot O'Kelly, "of course I'll go, if it pleases him. But is he really dying? Is there no hope? Don't you think that he may pull round after all?" Johnson shook his head. "He's too far gone for any pulling round in this world, sir. Indeed, I doubt he'll see another night. He's quite conscious just now, though," he added, not liking to ask the first officer to go at once, yet anxious that his shipmate's last request should not go unanswered. "O'Kelly was not slow to take the hint, and turning, he made his way down to where the dying sailor lay. "Johnson says that you were asking for me, MacCarthy," he said, bending over the sick man, and taking the wasted hand that lay upon the rough cover- let. "If there is anything that I can do for you, any message that I can take, you know I'll gladly do it."

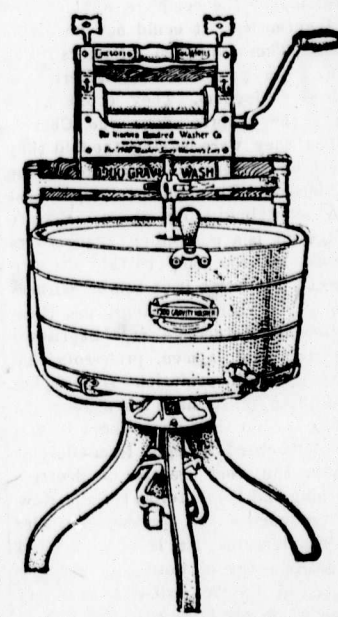
BAD BOOKS.

Bad books and the innumerable evils of which they are the source and cause was the subject of a recent eloquent dis- course and warning to his people by Most Rev. J. J. Grimes, Bishop of Christ- church, New Zealand. "The pen is mightier than the sword," but it is to be feared that to a great extent it is mightier for wrong than for right, might- ingly against than for religion, truth and justice. This Bishop Grimes emphasized and lamented. The power of the press, he said, is put to base purposes. It too often becomes the instrument of lying, disorder and iniquity! Is it not de- plorable to see society flooded with licentious and obscene productions con- sidered to be the idealizing of the gross- est passions and doctrines of the degrading? Who can behold, unmoved, the crowd of shameless writers who seem to have no other mission in life than to sully, whilst attacking, all that is pure and noble and holy? Foes of every idea of order, duty and justice, they prostitute their talent or their pen to the service, nay, to the very justifying of the unclean vice, which they would fain make attractive, by the expounding of guilty theories, or the depicting of morals more guilty and no dangerous still. Writers of little or no talent often make capital out of the evil passions and corrupt inclinations of fallen nature to draw readers by the bait of immorality. The effect of all this upon society everywhere Bishop Grimes does not exaggerate, though the pictures it in- sults and denigrates the basic principles of the world or merely around the country wherein you live. See to what a sad state society has reached at the present day. What has brought about the alarming change? What is it that fills so many hearts and homes with grief and shame, by the cowardly suicides, the cold blooded murders, the corruption in high places, the reckless speculations, the base rumpuses, so destructive to society at large? What has begotten those two great evils which like cankering worms, are gnawing at the very vitals of family and society, the dissolution of the marriage tie, and the cruel, unnatural tampering with life in its very bud? Why is there so widespread unbelief nowadays? What has robbed so many noble souls of all hope of Heaven? What has driven them to seek their whole and sole hap- piness here below? Whence springs that unquenchable thirst for low pas- times and pleasures? Go to the anti- Christian immoral press, the lewd litera- ture scattered broadcast over the land. There you will trace the source, the fountain-head of the streams of evil threatening to sap the very foundation of all order, social or civil."

Read a FREE Book PEDLAR People of Ontario

about better ceilings. Tells of two thousand designs for every sort of structure, from a cathe- dral to a warehouse—proves why our ceilings cost less. Get the book. Ask our nearest office. PEDLAR People of Ontario Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, St. John, Winnipeg, Vancouver

THIS WASHER MUST PAY for Itself A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse, and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But I didn't know anything about horses much. And, I didn't know the man very well, either. So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said, "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give back your money if the horse isn't all right." Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right," and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now, this set me thinking. You see, I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer. And, as I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machines as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it. But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see, I sell all my Washing Machines by mail. (I've sold 20,000 that way already) So, thought I, it's only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse. Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash clothes, without wearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand, or by any other machine. When I say half the time I mean half—not a little quicker, but twice as quickly. I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, in less than 12 minutes, without wearing out the clothes. I'm in the Washing Machine business for Keeps. That's why I know these things so surely. Because I have to know them, and there isn't a Washing Machine made that I haven't seen and studied. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easily that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman. And it doesn't wear the clothes, nor fray the edges, nor break buttons, the way all other washing machines do. It just drives soapy water clear through the threads of the clothes like a Force Pump might. If people only knew how much hard work the "1900 Gravity" Washer saves every week, for 10 years, and how much longer their clothes would wear, they would feel over each other trying to buy it. So I said to myself, I'll just do this: I'll let the man to do with the horse. Only, I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer to do it first, and I'll make good—the offer every time. That's how I sold 20,000 Washers. I will send any reliable person a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a full month's free trial! I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket. And if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month I'll take it back and pay the freight that way too. Surely that's fair enough, isn't it? I don't think it proves that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is? How could I make anything out of such a deal as that if I hadn't the finest thing that ever happened for Washing Clothes—the quietest, easiest and handsomest Washer on Earth. It will save its whole cost in a few months, in Wear and Tear on clothes alone. And then it will save 50 cents to 75 cents a week over that in Washwomen's wages. If you keep the machine, after a month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. It saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.



New, don't be suspicious. I'm making you a simple, straightforward offer. You don't risk anything, anyhow. I'm willing to do all the risking myself! Drop me a line to day and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in 6 minutes. Or I'll send the machine on to you, if you say so, and take all the risk myself. Address me this way—C. R. V. Bach, Manager "1900" Washer Company, 357 Yonge street, Toronto, Ont. Don't delay. Write me a post-card NOW, while you think of it.

Advertisement for teachers, situations wanted, etc., 25 cents each insertion. Remittance to accompany the order.
 Approved and recommended by the Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa and St. Boniface, the Bishops of London, Hamilton, Peterborough, and Ogdensburg, N. Y., and the clergy throughout the Dominion.
 Subscribers changing residence will please give old as well as new address.
 Obituary and marriage notices cannot be inserted except in the usual condensed form. Each insertion 50 cents.
 When subscribers ask for their paper at the post office it would be well were they to tell the clerk to give them their **Catholic Record**. We have information of carelessness in a few places on the part of delivery clerks who will sometimes look for letters only.
 Messrs. Luke King, F. J. Neven, E. J. Broderick, M. J. Haggarty and Miss Sara Hanley are fully authorized to receive subscriptions and transact all other business for the **Catholic Record**. Agent for Newfoundland, Mr. James Power of St. John. Agent for district of Nipissing Mrs. M. Reynolds, New Liskeard only.
LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.
 Apostolic Delegation.
 Ottawa, June 12th, 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 it promotes the best interests of the country. Following these lines it has done a great deal of good for more and more, as its wholesome influence reaches more Catholic homes. I therefore, earnestly recommend it to Catholic families. With my blessing upon your work, and best wishes for its continued success, I am, Yours very sincerely in Christ,
 DONATUS, Archbishop of Ephesus.
 Apostolic Delegate.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA,
 Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900.
 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. Blessings and wishes for your success, believe me to remain.
 Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ,
 D. FALCONI, Arch. of Larissa,
 Apost. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1909.

PRIVATE JUDGMENT AND HIGHER CRITICISM.

The many attempts on the part of private judgment to silence higher criticism serve to emphasize the weakness of the former and the threatening danger of the latter. Simple minded well intentioned people, believing in the divine authorship of the Bible to which they cling with zeal as their only inheritance, cry for protection. They are robbed of their treasure. What they thought was God's Word is but myth and fable. Their gold is turned to brass. Modern analysis touched it, and lo! it perished. Had they been worshipping an idol? To think that the religion undefiled of Protestantism, whose early ambition and boasted pride were that it was to purify Rome, should have the Bible stolen from its hands was too hard to bear. Many of these people were and are sincere. They accept the Bible with undisputed confidence. They have an indefinite, unformulated belief in the divinity of Christ. It is only when these things are questioned, when it is asked what is meant by inspiration or by the Incarnation that they manifest ignorance and weakness. Times of peace are apt to be wasted. Protestantism had thrown away the scientific theology of the middle ages. It could not logically keep it and stay outside the Church. One fault in logic always begets another. Outside the Church these heresies were determined to be. They, therefore, cast from them all forms and symbols, all proper explanation of theology and took the Bible, the whole Bible and nothing but the Bible. They did not stop to reflect that the only true witness to this Bible was the living Church whose protecting roof they were leaving. So infatuated were they with their pride and hatred that they burned the single bridge over which they had passed. A worse evil haunted Protestantism—the complete want of lawful authority. It could not be otherwise. These so called reformers broke with the power and jurisdiction of Christ's kingdom. They could never take the sceptre from the Church. Since they were leaving the fold they must be content to circle around the wilderness, without guide or help, amidst the ever increasing gloom. Private judgment is a misleading compass. Its needle has too many earthly disturbances. The worst is at hand. Witness the city of Toronto. Anglicans, Presbyterians, Methodists and Baptists—ministers and laymen, professors and students, all in confusion—some crying that these critics have taken away the Bible, nor do they know where to find it. A teacher is brought from Glasgow—from the very centre of Scottish learning and Presbyterian belief. Now correspondents are quoting Dr. Orr against himself. He is only a blind guide, a sower of words—as strongly imbued with higher criticism as any of those whom his hosts expected him to condemn. The Bible requires a living teacher and an immortal defender. Those who undertook to protect the Bible relied upon Dr. Orr as the man who best agreed with them and who maintained the divinity of Scripture. He is found wanting. Neither he nor any other individual can be the living teacher and the unerring guide, saying

to the Christian: **This is God's word, this is what it means.** Private judgment condemns itself out of the mouth of its own disciples. The greater difficulty remains. There is no authoritative voice to stop the confusion. If it does stop immediately it is merely postponed; for criticism advances with unhindered boldness. If it does not stop it leaves the well disposed without shelter or friend. Bible gone, all is gone. What are the prospects may be foreseen by the fact that the Rev. Mr. Jackson, who a short time ago was condemned by the supreme authority of Methodism in this country, the general Superintendent, Dr. Carman, is appointed Professor at Victoria college where he was welcomed by the students and future ministers. Lay delegates are taking up the defence. They threaten to exclude from the ministry candidates who will not pass a satisfactory examination, not upon the knowledge of scripture but upon their belief. Naturally we who are in the Church wonder how men can talk so foolishly about these sacred matters. Private judgment has no jurisdiction—can call for no belief from others any more than it can define its own. Through the whole house of confused Protestantism there is not sufficient authority to make peace or secure unity. Lay delegates may tighten their purse strings; their power stops here. Self-created, self-confident, these new judges of Israel may mourn the evils of their people. They cannot retard, nor can they withstand, the devastating avalanche of higher criticism.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

We have before us a rather good lecture upon this subject by one of the Boston members of Christian Scientists. If called to task why we consider it in any way good it is because we find what is rare in such discourses, a grain or two of truth. There is a great deal of truth. But amidst all the waste we come upon a few things against which no complaint can be raised. Prof. Young opens his lecture by telling us that "No ordinary system of education has ever given a knowledge of God." If this statement refers only to Public schools the lecturer is undoubtedly right. It is the insuperable objection to that system which, pretending to be non-sectarian, is irreligious and bigotedly sectarian. Catholics have always maintained the stand that no education can be approved from which the study and knowledge of God are omitted. All the boasting of modern education is unfounded, for the system is limited to the material and the temporal. What is a system of education? In order for anything to be a system it must possess regularity and co-ordination and tend towards a definite end. Nor can this term be at variance with the ultimate end of man. We can recognize no system of education without the primary element of all education—God, Who is at once the supreme teacher of His intelligent creatures and also the highest object of all learning. Theology is not merely the sublimest subject of study, it is the most necessary and important. It is for the child the best preparation for life. For the young man it is the safest remedy against the evils which beset him. For all it is the light of law and grace in the pathway to heaven. Let us turn again to our lecturer. He says that "prevailing educational methods are based largely, if not wholly, upon matter." What can any one expect from these methods? By omitting God and by exaggerating matter the noblest aspirations become starved; they languish and die. All that is highest in man is dwarfed, cabined and confined. The spiritual cannot be completely absorbed by the material. Hence the attention which Christian Science is attracting. It is a reaction—unphilosophical and unsystematic indeed, still a reaction against the exaggerated materialism of the last couple of generations. Its fault is that which is common to reactionary movements; it rushes to the other extreme. It exalts the spiritual by denying the material. With the opposite school all was material in man, nothing was immaterial. With the Christian Scientists the spiritual and immaterial is everything, the material is nothing. Virtue lies in the mean. The argument that because God is a spirit and man His image and likeness, therefore man is all spirit, is unsound. Herein consists the untheological and the unphilosophical fault of Christian Science: unphilosophical in that like most Cartesian systems it presupposes an unfathomable gulf between the spiritual and the corporeal, untheological in that it limits God's power. It makes the greater confusion of denying evil and suffering because God is all good and all perfection. Man's likeness to God is to be found more in the efficacious action of redemption and sanctifying grace than in his own wounded and death-disposed nature. To claim that "disease has no cause, no substance, no being, no law," is too absurd to be con-

tradicted. These predicative terms which the lecturer employs are used in an entirely unscientific meaning. Medical men assign a cause to many of the diseases with a satisfactory degree of certitude. And as for a disease having no being it is the extreme and erroneous fallacy of those who start upon the false principle that matter is nothing, or who do not thoroughly appreciate the significance of privative being. A healthy mind in a healthy body is a great desideratum. It would be poor comfort to tell the lingering sufferer that his consumption had no being. Minimize disease as we should wish to do, and fortify ourselves against its inroads, human nature will turn for help to mountains higher than those which skirt the map of Christian Science. Treatment by prayer as advocated by these Scientists seems more like tempting God than appealing to His providence. We cannot in reverence to God lay aside the natural means for regaining health. Prayer is always good, laudable and conducive to many spiritual as well as bodily helps. God's order in sickness clearly shows that besides prayer we should employ the aids which are stored in nature's pharmacy. We might as well depend entirely upon prayer for strength without taking food. God's conservation of us is not altogether spiritual—it is mixed with material aid and our own work.

THE CANADIAN PLENARY COUNCIL.

The official call of the Canadian Council was issued by His Excellency, the Apostolic Delegate, upon the 2nd inst., the feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph. It was happily chosen. In every respect it is a great history-making event bearing not only upon Canada but upon the universal Church of which St. Joseph is the Patron. It will no doubt present Canada in quite a new aspect to the hierarchies of older countries. The first Council of Canada, it will collect the scattered forces, harmonize the different views and outline more definitely a uniform discipline for the whole country. Presided over by Mgr. Sbarretti, the Apostolic Delegate, the Council holds the bond of union through St. Peter's primacy. Furthermore, Canada has in its Delegate one of the most learned canonists of the present day, so that the deliberations and forms of the Council will have the advantage of His Eminence's learning and judicial spirit. It may be out of place, yet we cannot help expressing our gratitude that the Delegate has devoted himself with so much zeal and affection to the summoning of the Council. To him is the idea due. His erudition outlined the scheme, and his presiding over the council will bring its deliberations to a happy conclusion. Canada owes a deep debt of gratitude to His Excellency for thus opening a new era for the Church in this young Dominion. The "Litterae Indictionis," very happily alludes to the growth of the Church from the seed time to the present harvest. "For where," says the Letter, "tribes of untutored and superstitious savages roamed through forests and over open plains, where two centuries ago but one venerable Bishop of Quebec ruled a small flock of the faithful, to-day we behold with joy even a great part of the aborigines brought to the light of the true Faith, a large number of Catholics, many Prelates ruling over dioceses and Apostolic Vicariates, a numerous clergy both secular and regular, magnificent sacred edifices and numberless institutions of education and charity." According to the Church Directory of the present year the following figures are given: Archbishops, 7; Bishops, 26; Secular Clergy, 2,734; Regular Clergy, 1,228; Seminarians, 13; Universities and Colleges, 73; and Charitable Institutions, 314.

The purpose and need of the Council arise from the expansion of the country itself, the religious needs of the various peoples and races who have settled within the broad lands of our growing country, and lastly from the uniformity which is best suited to the character of the Church. As the "Litterae Indictionis" puts it: "Wider still must the pure light of the Gospel be spread abroad by the Catholic Church, errors everywhere creeping in must be driven out, with good morals the young must be informed, and in solid culture instructed, the emigrant must be looked after, and his present and future necessities provided for; the whole Canadian Society must be more imbued with the Christian spirit, so that all things may be restored in Christ, Who is the way, the truth and the light." His Excellency is acting under letters of approval from the Holy Father, Pius X., dated the 25th of March last, to whom the Sovereign Pontiff entrusts the office of convoking the Council and presiding over it. In accordance with these instructions His Excellency has been pleased to convoke the Council to be

opened on the 19th of September next in the Metropolitan Church of Quebec. In order to obtain grace for the Council public prayers are commanded through the Ordinaries to be recited every Sunday in all the churches of the Dominion of Canada. A solemn fast for the same purpose is also prescribed throughout the country, on Friday the 10th of September. With deep devotion the Apostolic Letter closes by entreating the Blessed Virgin, the Seat of wisdom, to intercede to God that by the divine grace all the Delegate's actions may be fruitful for the good of the whole Canadian Church. Nothing can be added. A faithful people will join with a zealous clergy in asking God's blessing upon the members and deliberations of the coming Council and particularly upon its president and apostolic representative.

THE CONSTANT FACTORS.

Looking forth from the Church, the Pillar of Truth, a double feeling takes habitual possession of the soul. It is a sentiment of security for ourselves and sympathy for those less favored who search and struggle with more earnestness than success. We are led to these and kindred thoughts upon reading the brief report of Prof. Orr's parting advice to a large gathering of Protestant clergymen and laymen in Toronto. Amidst the many changes which affect mankind, two, according to this speaker, remain: "God and the soul." The essentials of human nature and human need, he continued, are the same as in the dawn of history. "These are the constants of history, and over against them are set the constants of redemptive truth—Christ, the gospel, the Cross, the Spirit of life." Not bad. One constant factor has been strangely omitted: whether through forgetfulness, or deliberately, or from an imperfect report we do not pretend to decide. It is the Church. As long as the others are left to the buffeting waves of private judgment Christ and the Cross are no longer constant. Were it not for the light of the Church still shining upon the crests of those hills where for so many centuries it had kindled homes and nations the name of Christ would be forgotten. There is no use for men to ignore the truth, who, on the same platform and in the same breath, claim to defend these great truths. The Church is their constant, unerring witness. What do men say of the Christ to-day? They are saying all manner of things. Each succeeding speaker goes a step farther than his predecessor. It is a matter of opinion. One more skilled in rhetoric clothes his theories in polished garb and subtle argument. Another starts with a novelty to get round an imaginary obstacle. So the crowd turn this way and that way without guidance or obedience. One man's judgment is weighed against another's. The Incarnation to the man in the street, and to the majority of those whom Prof. Orr was addressing has lost its profound meaning and its sway over thought and conduct. Without the official, authoritative witness—the Church—the constancy of the gospel and all therein vanishes into thin air. If Christ is the Eternal Son of God, true God and true man, must there be a constant, unerring witness to Him. His coming cannot be hid. His mission can be no secret. His work no patching. He cannot be confounded for others; nor others mistaken for Him. His word is unchangeable law; His virtue the healing of the world. These things cannot be lost. There is One standing in our midst whom private judgment and pride of reason may not know, but Who reveals Himself to the little ones of earth, and Who has placed a beacon light upon the shore of history to testify to Him forever more. This witness is the Church. The Church was established that it might give evidence to the passing generations concerning Christ and His Gospel and His Cross. Immortal in vigor and indefectible, this factor would be constant amid the fluctuations of human opinion. God and the soul remain. But what about the relations between them? Redemption, sanctification, faith, grace and glory are words. In the mind of the Church they are stern realities, the tremendous sweep of God's mercy, His condescension towards and elevation of the soul whose natural endeavors could never add to its stature or exalt its dignity. Cross and Precious Blood and Atonement and Spirit of Life are treasures committed to the Church. The constant factor in the solution of questions of the soul is the Church to whose guardianship the keys of the kingdom of heaven are entrusted. That the Church never hesitated as witness to the truth, that her treasures of grace are still free to all, that St. Peter's faith has not failed, that the spirit of God still abides with the Church—these are the constant factors which render us secure in the momentous relations between God and the soul.

A GOOD APPOINTMENT.

Our new Secretary of State, the Hon. Charles Murphy, is setting the pace for other ministers of the crown, both federal and provincial, in the matter of selecting material for departmental work. He has a habit of looking about the country with the purpose of picking out for his staff the best men, from every point of view, which the country can afford. His latest exploit has been to take Mr. Thomas Mulvey, K. C., Assistant Provincial Secretary for Ontario, from Premier Whitney, and place him in the position of Under Secretary of State, with a salary of \$5,000. The Globe truly says that Mr. Mulvey has been one of the most efficient civil servants of the Ontario Government. His career has been such as to place him in rank with the very strongest of the strong men of the Dominion. Sir James Whitney paid a graceful compliment to Mr. Mulvey and added value may be attached thereto when we remember that the new under-secretary of state is not of the political faith of the powers that be in Toronto. But perhaps a still greater compliment was paid by Mr. Hanna, Provincial Secretary, who said that Mr. Mulvey had been sent to Ottawa many times as the representative of the Ontario Government on matters of dispute affecting the province. On these occasions his splendid work was duly noted. Mr. Hanna now declares that Mr. Mulvey's call to Ottawa is the price he pays for having sent him to the capital as his representative. Mr. Mulvey is a native of Toronto, his father having come there as a child at the time of the city's incorporation. He was educated at St. Michael's college and graduated from the University of Toronto. The high place which Mr. Mulvey holds in the estimation of his fellow-citizens has been earned by a patient, persistent and laudable ambition to reach the topmost round of the ladder. No laggard was he. Indomitable energy, loftiness of purpose, manly, honest and straightforward. Such are the attributes of Thomas Mulvey. We congratulate the Hon. Chas. Murphy upon the excellent choice he has made. In the new and more enlarged sphere of activity Mr. Mulvey will be of still greater service to his country.

MAYOR CHISHOLM.

We congratulate Mr. Joseph A. Chisholm, K. C., upon his election to the mayoralty of the important city of Halifax. We are all the more gratified at this election because it is an evidence that in the province by the sea there exists not the same measure of unreasoning prejudice against Catholics which is altogether too much in evidence in the province of Ontario. Toronto and Hamilton never yet had a Catholic mayor. London in the course of its existence, dating back about eighty years, has had one, the late Sir Frank Smith, but that was at a time when the mayor was elected by the Board of Aldermen. Had he gone to the polls it would have been a different story. Mr. Chisholm, the new mayor of Halifax, has not been much in the public eye outside of his native province. This is owing, we think, to the fact that he is by nature of a retiring disposition, but under cover of this retirement there is to be found by those who know him a brilliancy of intellect, a personality most charming, and a rectitude which, we doubt not, was duly taken into account by the citizens of Halifax when looking about for a man to occupy the highest place in its municipal life. He studied at St. Francis Xavier's College, Antigonish, and at Dalhousie University. He was admitted, in the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia, to the Bar in December, 1886, and joined the law firm of Ritchie, Borden & Chisholm, from which firm he retired a few years ago and opened an office of his own. He has engaged considerably in literary work, and in this connection it may be mentioned that he edited "The Life and Letters of Joseph Howe." With the formation of the Canadian Club of Halifax he was actively connected, being President for one term. He was President of the North British Society, and has been lecturer on law at Dalhousie University. We hope the new mayor of Halifax will in due time occupy a still higher place in the public life of the country.

CATHOLIC DISABILITIES.

Bigotry and intolerance die hard. A bill for the removal of Catholic disabilities in the United Kingdom has been introduced into the House of Commons by Mr. John E. Redmond. Premier Asquith has given the measure his hearty approval. The exclusion of Catholics from the Lord Chanceryship of Great Britain and the Lord Lieutenantancy of Ireland he declared to be unjustifiable on the grounds of either justice or policy. Referring to the Accession Declaration he truly declared that it was a flimsy and unnecessary safeguard of the Protestant succession, dating from probably the

worst period in English history. A motion to reject the bill was made by A. C. F. Boulton, who said that in recent times the Pope had claimed the right to interfere in the internal government of the British Empire. In proof of this he referred to the Jesuits' Estates Act passed in Canada in 1888. This declaration has placed the British bigot in a very unenviable position. Evidently he has been inspired by the utterances of the Orange Sentinel of Toronto or resolutions passed by some Canadian Orange Lodges. About the real merits of the case it is quite evident he knows nothing. To such men it would appear to be a divine right to confiscate the property of the Catholic Church. The second reading of the bill was carried by the narrow majority of ten, the vote being 133 to 123. We may now expect an active propaganda against the bill on the part of the Orangemen of the Dominion. There will come the walling gruesomeness of Dr. Sproule, Grand Sovereign of British North America, and the splendid splendor of Col. Hughes will appear in a blaze of Kentish fire. But it will all be to no purpose. The spirit of the age is against them. It is not likely that Mr. Redmond's measure will pass this session, as the bigots will make a bitter fight, and the House of Lords is to be reckoned with.

MANY OF THE NEWSWriters, both in the United States and Canada, notably the religious press, are discussing the effects on the rising generation of the dime theatres. The consensus of opinion seems to be that as a rule they are harmful. Some of the managers of these places of entertainment are but adventurers who have little or no conscience. They care not what may be the effect of their shows upon the rising generation so long as the money flows into their pockets. How to cure the evil is the problem. To starve them out would be the most effective method. But how is this to be done? The rising generation are not nowadays as tractable as in the olden times and for this godless schools is in a measure responsible. Meantime the authorities should keep a vigilant eye upon these theatres. But will they do it?

A SERMON of the Anglican Bishop of London has drawn about him a hornet's nest, but the Bishop will in all probability live through the ordeal. His theme was "Backbiting as Practised in Society." Of course the Bishop may have been guilty of slight exaggeration, but that there is a world of all manner of uncharitableness in the chit-chat of certain social gatherings cannot be denied. It is a thousand pities that so many of the daughters of the well-to-do seem to have no object in life save to play the butterfly in the giddy whirl of society gatherings. Pin them down to a conversation on any serious subject of world-wide interest and their minds are as a blank, but talk to them of the latest society novel, where may be found blood curdling recitals of social crime, heroes and heroines of the divorce court, and the excesses of those mannish women of England, the suffragettes, and they will glow with enthusiasm and prattle eloquently. But there is another kind of woman in England, and in Canada, too, those women who grace the home and bring up their families in the fear and love of God. That the former may lessen in numbers and the latter increase should be the prayer of all.

THE SACRED HEART REVIEW, referring to England's policy in Ireland, based on the motto "divide and conquer," refers to conditions which prevailed in that country before the English invasion. "Long before the Irish ever saw the face of a Norman or an Anglo-Saxon or even a Dane," says the Review, "the Irish were divided, and perpetually quarrelling among themselves. England only took advantage of a natural weakness of the Irish character. In the old days when fighting was the game, no English Lord Deputy ever went forth to battle with a troublesome Irish chief, without being reinforced by another chief of the same race as his adversary. Irish loyalty in those days was manifested toward the clan or the family, but as to any sense of loyalty to the nation—that does not seem to have played much part in the history of the quarrels of chief with chief. Some Irishmen at the present day do not appear to be much more advanced in this regard than their forefathers of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries." All of which is very true, but many people, when referring to divisions amongst the Irish race, seem to overlook the fact that almost every other country in the world gives us conditions of a like character. It is pleasant to know, however, that never before in the history of Ireland was there such a desire as at present to promote a spirit of amity amongst the Irish race at home and abroad. The Irishman, who endeavors to promote this condition deserves well of his race.

From Editor The Sir, I on Baptis ly, and I if you w points the

COMMENT Before singly w general baptism o (Mk. 1.) remissio quired as ness was the forg; the crown baptism w with w baptize v fire." (b) the bapt higher a should b Christ baptism, bring al "Unless Spirit he of heaver ordered nations, who so b be save should b these in them: one of for the shall re water, b he baptis says, C these sh received. And he in the 47). In holds "Cor. 1 convers "arise thy siri xxii, 16 The with th were l through Christ may als vi. 24. Bapt "Chris lived sanctifi have a (v. 25) through the ren iii. 5.) From constr baptism of wat spiritu infusio As re Christ sin ar tions; tion at itself. edifica institi merits be im Chure can re incorp Kingd This saying unto Kingd mentized, these mosta tion; guarant The ent a the must institi "bein Christ work

prop do no cros tuted bapt of a souls in pl hold disp but (2) bapti ing, wort from that for W but sion rece sacer forgn in bute of of s of cly the (the) pen pos fan per flu Als the the evi Kingd Ch

BAPTISM DISCUSSED.

From the Examiner, Bombay, India.

Editor The Examiner, Bombay:

Sir,—I enclose herewith two papers on Baptism, marked A and B respectively, and I should consider it a kindness if you would be pleased to deal with the points therein contained.

Yours etc. (SIGNED).

COMMENT ON THE FOREGOING LETTER.

Before dealing with the questions singly we shall work briefly over the general outlines of the subject. The baptism of John was a baptism of water (Mk. 1.) a baptism or penance for the remission of sins. Repentance was required as a disposition, and the forgiveness was required as a disposition, and the forgiveness through baptism was the crown of that repentance. Of Christ's baptism John said, "I indeed baptize with water; but there is one who shall baptize with the Holy Spirit and with fire." (Mt. iii. 11), thus showing that the baptism of Christ should be of a higher and more powerful character.

Christ Himself, referring to Christian baptism, declared that its effect was to bring about a new or second birth. "Unless a man be born of water and the Spirit he cannot enter into the Kingdom of heaven" (Jn. iii. 5). Finally, He ordered His Apostles to "teach all nations, baptizing them * * * and who so believed and was baptized should be saved, while he who believed not should be condemned." (Mt. xxviii. 19).

We find the apostles carrying out these injunctions: "Peter said to them: Repent and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of your sins, and you shall receive the Holy Ghost." (Acts ii. 38). "And they went down into the water, both Philip and the eunuch, and he baptized him" (Acts viii. 38). "Peter says, Can any one forbid water that these should not be baptized, who have received the Holy Ghost as well as we?" (Acts x. 47). "And they went down into the water, both Philip and the eunuch, and he baptized him" (Acts viii. 38). "Peter says, Can any one forbid water that these should not be baptized, who have received the Holy Ghost as well as we?" (Acts x. 47).

The ceremony involved a connection with the death of Christ. "We who were baptized are buried with Him through baptism unto death; that as Christ was raised * * * so too we may also walk in newness of life" (Rom. vi. 2-4).

Baptism is called a cleansing laver: "Christ so loved the Church, and delivered Himself up for it, that He might sanctify it, having cleansed it in the laver of water by the word of life" (Eph. v. 25). And again: "He saved us through the laver of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost." (Tit. iii. 5).

From the foregoing passages we can construct a summary of the doctrine of baptism. Baptism is a ceremonial use of water to signify and bring about a spiritual cleansing of the soul, and an infusion of a new spiritual life in Christ. As regards adults at least, belief in Christ and repentance and sorrow for sin are required as preliminary dispositions; but the forgiveness and renovation are imparted through the ceremony itself. The function derives all its efficacy from the death of Christ, who instituted it as the means by which the merits and graces of that death should be imparted to individual men.

The Church has always held that infants can receive this sacrament and thus be incorporated by a new birth into the Kingdom of God. This belief is confirmed by Christ's saying: "Suffer little children to come unto Me * * * for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven, and also the mention of whole households being baptized. But observe, we do not claim these passages as affording a strict demonstration of this point. The tradition of the Church is quite a sufficient guarantee of our practice.

The papers sent in by our correspondent are written by a Protestant, who in the first place admits that baptism must be performed because Christ has instituted it. But he objects to its being put in place of repentance—of Christ, of His blood, of His finished work on the cross."

With this sentiment we agree; but properly instructed Catholics at least do nothing of the kind. Christ's work of redemption was completed on the cross, and the baptism which he instituted was intended simply as a means of applying that work to individual souls. The ceremony must not be put in place of repentance or faith; for we hold that a man must have both these dispositions before he can receive baptism, or else it becomes a mockery.

But the writer goes to hold that baptism itself does not confer any blessing, but is merely a testimony to the world that the recipient has been saved from sin by his previous conversion, and that he is dead to sin and going to live for God.

We reply: Baptism testifies to this, but it means more than this. Conversion is a preliminary condition for the reception of the sacrament, but the sacrament crowns this conversion by forgiveness and the gifts of grace.

In other words, conversion contributes man's part to the complete work of salvation; but unless the man contributes his good dispositions God will not crown them, and the baptism will be sacrilegious and void. The passages of Scripture cited above show distinctly that baptism produces spiritual effects and does not merely testify to their existence.

But the writer objects: If repentance and faith are necessary dispositions for baptism, now can an infant be baptized? We answer: Repentance and faith are requisite conditions for those who are capable of them. But infants are incapable of sin and also of repentance and of faith. Hence these dispositions are not required in their case. We hold that God wishes even infants to be received into the kingdom of heaven, and to become Christians by baptism as soon as they are born. The graces of redemption do

not depend upon man's efforts, but are purely the free gift of God; and He can confer them on an infant just as well as on an adult. The only difference is that the adult has the use of reason, and is therefore expected to use his faculties in wishing for the gift and preparing himself for it; whereas the child is helpless in the matter, and can only be the passive recipient of graces which he will gradually learn to use as his mind develops. On this point it is no use arguing further. We believe in infant baptism on the authority of the Church, that is the end of the question as far as we are concerned. We have cited some passages which seem to hint at infant baptism, and certainly there is nothing in Scripture against it.

But the writer takes up another point. The penitent thief went to heaven through repentance and faith only, and therefore baptism cannot be the means by which forgiveness and salvation are conferred.

We answer: He who worked out our redemption is master of the fruits of redemption; and He who instituted baptism as the ordinary means for conferring grace, is master of the situation and can, if He likes, confer the same graces without the intermediary of baptism. Not only so. We believe that Christ sometimes confers forgiveness and salvation on other men besides the penitent thief, in cases where they are seriously repentant but are unable, through ignorance or error or external circumstances to receive baptism. But that is not the ordinary way; it is an exceptional way by which God meets exceptional circumstances. The ordinary way is by making use of baptism. Hence we must not count on direct forgiveness by conversion alone. We must also take the means which Christ has appointed in order to secure the rewards of conversion.

But the writer objects that baptism does not take away sin. If by sin he means actual sin committed by the individual, this is obviously untrue. St. Peter tells his converts to "repent and be baptized for the remission of sin" (Acts ii. 38); and Ananias tells St. Paul to "arise and be baptized and wash away his sins" (Acts xxii. 16).

St. Paul, too, speaks of the Church (that is, the assembly of converted souls) being sanctified and cleansed in the laver of water, in the word of life. (Eph. v. 26), etc. So it is evident from Scripture that, although repentance is necessary as a preliminary condition, it is baptism which washes away or secures the forgiveness of sins when repented of.

But he argues that baptism at least does not remove original sin, if only for the simple reason that there is no such thing as original sin. Where (he asks) is original sin mentioned in the Bible? We answer: The term "original sin" is not found in the Bible, but the thing is clearly there. St. Paul says that "Through one man sin entered into the world, and through sin death; and so death came to all men—in whom all sinned." (Rom. v. 12). And again: "As the sin of one was to all men for judgment (or condemnation) so the righteousness of one was to all men for justification." (ib. 18).

This is what is meant by "original sin"; and the term "sinful nature," which the writer admits, is only another way (though not so clear a way) of saying the same thing. Of course original sin is not the same thing as actual or personal sin. By it we mean that all men shared in the fall of Adam, in that they lost collectively with him that supernatural status which otherwise they would have enjoyed. It is a difficult idea to convey to one who is not in the ordinary orthodox ways of thinking. But for argument's sake let us say this:

In some way or other the whole human race fell under a sort of ban incurred by Adam's fault, and stood in need of restoration; and Christ was called "the second Adam" because he restored to the first Adam what he had destroyed, together with the residence of the Missaries; a school kept by the native Sisters of the Immaculate Conception was burned down and the Jesuit College has also suffered. The number of victims is not known, but it is more than likely that some missionaries, and their converts have sealed their faith with their blood and that we shall soon hear of other losses to our missions.

The French Jesuit girls' school at Adana was burned on Saturday night. Many persons are dying from exposure, and relief measures are exceedingly pressing.

A letter received by messenger from Harai says that every man there has under ten years of age have been left alive. The churches and houses were plundered, and most of them were burned.

Hadjin is facing a terrible famine. There is neither money nor food in the city. The orphans that have been cared for by the missionaries are crying for even a small piece of bread, and the missionaries are anxious that their benevolent friends be notified of the situation.

Notwithstanding the presence of the troops the situation is desperate, owing to the lack of food and medical supplies. The troops arrived just in time, as the besiegers had succeeded in setting fire to a house on the edge of the city. The fire spread, but as the breeze was blowing away from the town, only few buildings were destroyed.—New World.

Christ's baptism of death was followed by His resurrection. The going down into the water signifies death to the old man and his lusts, and the rising from the water signifies resurrection to the new life in Christ.

But baptism does not merely typify this process, it achieves it by what we may call a cleansing and renovating bath. The Church is said to be "washed in the laver of water in the word of life" (Eph. v. 26), and baptism is called the laver of regeneration (Tit. iii. 5), etc.

That is the natural significance of the rite—to express the washing away of whatever kind of sinfulness, original or actual, there may happen to be in the soul, and to invigorate the spiritual life.

Finally, the writer insists on immersion as essential. We have no objection to immersion, which was practiced in the early Church. But it is not essential. Any flow of water is sufficient; and so the method usual in the Catholic Church is not open to objection.

To our correspondent who is engaged in this discussion, we give one bit of advice. Do not allow a wandering-off to fresh points, but stick to those already broached. Is the answer on these points satisfactory or not? If not, what dissatisfaction still remains? That is the thing always to insist on, otherwise you will wander all over the place, and make no progress. In other words a discussion, to be profitable, must concentrate instead of spreading out. Neglect of this is the reason why such discussions usually end in smoke and fire, too, sometimes.

Another remark. Protestants often reject any kind of evidence which is not found "in the Bible." Appeals to history or reasoning have no effect on their minds. One can only say that such a limitation is quite unreasonable; and we cannot accept or admit it. Evidence is evidence, no matter whether it comes from the Bible or from elsewhere.

THE ARMENIAN AND TURKISH MASSACRES.

JESUITS AMONG SUFFERERS.

For the last few weeks hardly a day has passed without the newspapers relating some fresh massacres of Armenians by the brutal Turkish soldiery and the Moslem fanatics. There is little doubt that these massacres were incited from Constantinople to provoke an intervention of the powers and, perhaps, to prevent the great events which were preparing and which, none the less, took place.

The total population of the Armenian race is about 3,500,000. They are scattered over various provinces of the Turkish empire, Persia, Arabia, Russia, Galicia, etc., not to mention those who have come to our shores and who probably number 40,000. The great majority are schismatics; out of 3,500,000 only 105,000 are in communion with the Catholic Church.

The work of bringing the dissidents to the fold is in the hands of seventy-five European Jesuits and Capuchins, assisted by some 200 nuns. The details as to the losses of the Catholic missions during the recent outbreaks are not complete. We knew, however, that at Adana, where the storm seems to have centered, the Catholic church has been destroyed, together with the residence of the Missaries; a school kept by the native Sisters of the Immaculate Conception was burned down and the Jesuit College has also suffered. The number of victims is not known, but it is more than likely that some missionaries, and their converts have sealed their faith with their blood and that we shall soon hear of other losses to our missions.

The French Jesuit girls' school at Adana was burned on Saturday night. Many persons are dying from exposure, and relief measures are exceedingly pressing.

A letter received by messenger from Harai says that every man there has under ten years of age have been left alive. The churches and houses were plundered, and most of them were burned.

Hadjin is facing a terrible famine. There is neither money nor food in the city. The orphans that have been cared for by the missionaries are crying for even a small piece of bread, and the missionaries are anxious that their benevolent friends be notified of the situation.

Notwithstanding the presence of the troops the situation is desperate, owing to the lack of food and medical supplies. The troops arrived just in time, as the besiegers had succeeded in setting fire to a house on the edge of the city. The fire spread, but as the breeze was blowing away from the town, only few buildings were destroyed.—New World.

MANLY DEVOTION.

A Frenchman once said that if the proportion of men to women in heaven be about the same as the proportion of attendants of the two sexes at church, then it will be a very lonesome place for the women, unless, of course, they are very different from what they are here below. An American writer has answered this by saying that heaven would not be heaven for most women unless the men they loved and prayed for and cared for, fathers and brothers and husbands, also followed their way there in large numbers, so that we can be reasonably sure there will be a goodly army of them there.

However that may be, one thing is sure; the dear old Catholic Church has not lost its influence over men, and while they may not attend church services as frequently or in large numbers as does the devout female sex, there is no doubt about the depth or sincerity of their Catholicity or their readiness to respond on appropriate occasions to demands made upon their time by church observances. This is all the more striking because the ceaseless complaint of the ministers of the Protestant sects is that they are losing their influence over the men. The great majority of men outside the Church have practically no religion left. Religion is, after all, the assumption of a new bond toward the Creator.

It means that a man binds himself again by religious observance to do all that he is bound to do for the Providence that has made him and overrules his existence. All acknowledge their duty towards a higher being, but only some bind themselves to do this duty doubly, and that is religion, for the etymology of the word religion is a rebinding.

Anyone who thinks that the old Church had lost her influence over men—intelligent, educated, busy, enterprising, successful men—should have been in New York during the week before last Sunday to see from 1,500 to 2,000 men assemble every evening of the week to spend over an hour and a half in the exercises of the annual retreat of the Xavier Alumni Sodality. People who saw them come out of the Church—this vast body of men without a woman among them—wondered what it was all about. Some passerby on Sixth avenue asked a strike that was being planned. The man who asked this was told that it was a strike, a strike against any longer occupying themselves entirely with the passing affairs of this world, and a resolve to occupy themselves with the more serious business of the hereafter. On Palm Sunday morning some 1,800 men received Communion together in the vast church of St. Francis Xavier, which was packed to the doors.

In the crowd who received Communion were judges of the supreme court, distinguished lawyers and physicians and successful merchants, some of them millionaires, railroad magnates, stock brokers, presidents of banks, and all the busy world of New York and its representatives.

A well-known Protestant minister said the other day, "What's the use of talking about the Catholic Church having its main attraction for the poor and the uneducated? We all know that it is able to hold the better classes to their duty toward the Church much better than we can, and while it has such influence over the poor and the ignorant, are not we all aware that they are just the ones that we cannot influence at all?" This scene in New York, which now has had its recurrence for the better part of a decade, shows how truly living and influential is the spirit of the Church over all classes. This was no emotional incident, nothing like a revival; it was just a rehearsing of the great serious truths by which a man's life must be guided, and men came and listened. The work was not the leasting, however, but in the resolves they made that life would be larger for themselves and others as a consequence of their having gone over the old things always so true, yet so likely to be forgotten. What a tribute it all is to Mother Church!—Buffalo Union and Times.

THE KNIGHT OF SONG.

Sir Charles Santley, over in London the most famous of modern baritones, has exceeded by several years the allotted span of three score years and ten. His long career has been an interesting one, and has brought him in contact with many interesting people. What he thought of them and in one or two instances what they thought of him is set out in the story of his life presented to the public in book form. The volume is exactly the sort of book that anybody who knows the author would suppose it to be: a sincere and earnest book, an honest and outspoken book, a blunt and rugged book—in short a reflection of the veteran singer himself. Sir Charles does not write to tickle our palates or to produce an impression of literary skill, there is no pretence, no "fine writing." He has a story to tell and he tells it in plain words, in his own direct way. Transparent sincerity and simplicity are its principal characteristics.

The book is by no means all small talk. How could it be with such a record as Santley's to set down? Many an interesting glimpse of men and women famous in the theatrical and musical world—Sims Reeves, Sir Michael Costa, Mario, Manuel Garcia, the Kembles, Mrs. Sartoris, Carl Rosa, and others of whom numerous anecdotes are told. Admirers of the genius of Sims Reeves will be grateful to Sir Charles Santley for an almost passionate vindication of the great tenor, whose memory he defends from an off-hand stigma. Of his dead friend he writes: "I have never known a man so beloved. . . . We were intimate friends constantly engaged in the same performances from the year 1858 until a few months before he died. I had every opportunity of knowing him intimately, and I declare I have never met a more generous man as regards either his character or his art."

There is a good deal of sharp criticism of persons and practices scattered throughout the book. In the earlier part of his career Sir Charles' experiences of managers were not happy ones and he says so; nor does he hesitate to name the delinquents when they are no longer in this world. The author is rightfully indignant at the tricks played by bosses to get an artist's services for an evening by offering him a dinner. He exposes this form of moral fraud ruthlessly as it deserves. Interviewers often worried him, but not always to their advantage. An amusing anecdote is related of an incident at Colombo. "Before landing I was boarded by an interviewer whom I dismissed with my blessing and without any information which may have been the cause of an announcement in the next day's journal of the arrival of Stanley, the great African explorer."

A player as well as a singer (he took one of the second violins in the "Toy Symphony" at St. James' Hall in the seventies), Sir Charles has his own views upon the merits of many singers and composers and sets them down with a candor that in some quarters will be thought positively shocking. Witness the temerity of the man who in 1908 will write like this of Richard Wagner and his work: "Two people bawling and screaming at each other for a considerable time, drowned by an orchestra sufficiently powerful to drown a chorus, an orchestral hubbub! (Tannhauser). "I have no right to criticize Wag-

ner, . . . but my impression of him is that his evil genius led him down to the musical abyss instead of up to the region of celestial harmony." How differently he regards Mendelssohn treasuring a note book which that composer had once carried as a most precious gift. Musical critics, like doctors, are prone to differ and this same Mendelssohn is denounced by Mr. Ernest Newman in the Contemporary Review, as having been "so far as English music and musical life are concerned one of the most malignant forces in history!"

In this book Sir Charles clearly indicates, but never obtrudes his own earnest spiritual character. He became a Catholic nearly thirty years ago; "I turned," he puts it, "to the faith of my forefathers." He refers to his connection with St. Joseph's, Highgate, where he long sang in the choir, to his friends among the clergy and his meetings with Cardinal Moran. A rebhishop Carr of Melbourne, Dr. Donnelly, Bishop of Canea, and other dignitaries; tells of concerts organized in Capetown for the Sisters of Nazareth, and other occasions when his generous Catholic heart has prompted him to employ his gift of song in the cause of charity. With devout appreciation too, he speaks of the joy with which he received the Holy Father's blessing on his professional jubilee, and his subsequent audience with his Holiness. Previously in 1887, Pope Leo XIII. had conferred on him the title of Commander of the order of St. Gregory the Great. His co-religionists will not forget also two appearances which he has made in recent years at the Royal Albert Hall, in the role of a singer but of speaker—once when he stood forth to plead with his fellow Catholics in London for prayer on behalf of threatened schools, and more lately when he addressed the great meeting for men held in connection with the Eucharistic Congress.

Two short quotations, both of them illustrative of Sir Charles Santley's splendid religious spirit, and we close this record of a useful and honorable well-spent life, which, let us earnestly hope, will be preserved for many years to come. Concerning education he writes: "A man may be thoroughly instructed, perfect in knowledge, but unless actuated by the Spirit of God he will not accomplish the work God assigned him—the sole end and aim of a true man."

And here is the final sentence in the book: "I take no formal farewell" we may say, "but I shall not be here, I mean that I may meet where there will be one Composer, one Conductor, and that we may all join in one choir to sing His praise for ever and ever!"—New World.

MODJESKA'S FAITH.

AN INCIDENT RECALLED BY JOSEPH SCOTT IN LOS ANGELES TIDINGS.

An impulse touches me to recall an incident in the life of Mme. Modjeska here in Los Angeles which characteristically exemplifies her remarkable fervor as a Catholic woman. During the heyday of A. P. Aism in this section some fifteen years ago, Mme. Modjeska returned from a triumphant tour of the country and played for a week at the Grand Opera House in this city. To the astonishment of even some of her Catholic friends who had the mere commercial instinct she selected as the principal piece of her repertoire for the engagement, her far famed role of Mary Stuart. But a crowded house greeted her upon that occasion among others being present the late Bishop Mora, the late Vicar General, Father Adam, and other representatives of the clergy; and to any one who had the privilege of witnessing that performance, the recollection can never be effaced. It was as if the gentle nature of Mme. Modjeska wanted to hurl back into the teeth of the narrow and bitter critics of her religion the lines and sneers with which they had referred to her Mother Church. At the final scene of the play, as Mary Stuart passes out to her execution, Modjeska in the title role held us spell bound by the intense emotions of the situation. The sight of her beautiful face upturned to heaven, showing the expression of the zeal and fervor of her Catholic heart, was intensified by the manner in which she carried the crucifix and rosary in her hand, and was the last glimpse of her as she disappeared from the stage. There was a thrill passed over the audience which had its effect, not only upon the unbeliever, but likewise upon the pusillanimous members of the Church. It was in truth a tremendous call for us not to droop in the heat of the conflict which then surrounded us, and exemplified the virtue of Christian courage in a noble woman, which had its effect upon the more timid hearts of the male members of the Church; and having felt the inspiration and the benefit of that scene, I wish to record it now in humble thanksgiving to the good God who blessed both ourselves and our religion with such a noble example of all that is best and dearest to us—Catholic Universe.

When the Saloon is Respectable.

During a lively discussion on the subject of intemperance in an Allegheny mountain stage, one of the company who had hitherto remained silent said: "Gentlemen, I want you to understand that I am a liquor-dealer. I keep a public house at —, but I would have you to know that I have a license, and keep a decent house. I don't keep loafers and loungers about my place, and when a man has enough, he can't get any more at my bar. I sell to decent people, and do a respectable business." "Friend," replied a quaker, "that is the worst part of the business. If there would sell to drunkards and loafers, there would help to kill off the race, and society would be rid of them. But thee takes the young, the poor, the innocent, and the tussling, making drunkards and loafers of them." When their character and money are all gone, thee kicks them out, and turns them over to other shops to finish off, and thee ensnares others and sends them on the same road to ruin."—Sacred Heart Review.]

LANCASTER, ONT. CARRIED BY "FRUIT-A-TIVES"

These Wonderful Fruit Juice Tablets Are Winning Friends on Every Side.



Lancaster, Ont., Sept 16, 1906. I was a martyr for many years to that distressing complaint, chronic Constipation. I tried many kinds of pills and medicines without benefit and consulted physicians, but nothing did me any real good. Then I began to take "Fruit-a-tives," and these wonderful little fruit tablets entirely cured me. At first I took five tablets a day, but now I take only one tablet every two days. I am now entirely well, and thank you for "Fruit-a-tives." I give you permission to publish this testimonial. (Madame) Zenophile Bonville.

There is only one more link in the chain of proof that "Fruit-a-tives" never fail to cure Constipation or non-action of the bowels. See a box, or 4 for \$2.50, or trial box 25c. At dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

CARDINAL AIDS JEWS.

Cardinal Gibbons attended the charity bazaar given under the auspices of the Baltimore Judaic Union for the benefit of a free dispensary, made an address in which he expressed great pleasure at being able to attend the function which he declared to be worthy of the support of all the citizens of Baltimore. "It gives me great pleasure to be here this afternoon," said the Cardinal, "having met a distinguished rabbi of the Jewish faith on my return from Rome which I was presented with a loving cup by a number of prominent Jewish people of this city. We are social beings, created for each other's society. Man is poor without the companionship of others and the wealth of a Rockefeller or a Vanderbilt would bring no happiness, without a friend to grasp by the hand. The work of establishing this dispensary should warrant the assistance of every citizen of Baltimore, regardless of religion or nationality."

JUST PUBLISHED Child of Destiny

BY Dr. William J. Fischer AUTHOR OF "Songs by the Wayside," "Winona and Other Stories," "The Younger and Younger," "The Toller and Other Poems." ILLUSTRATED BY CARLO CATTAPAN AND GEO. A. LOUGHRIDGE

Price, \$1.25 Post-paid

THE CATHOLIC RECORD LONDON, ONT.

This is the Season FOR FIRST HOLY COMMUNION

We have included amongst our recent importations a LARGE and VARIED assortment of First Communion Prayer Books First Communion Certificates (French and English Text) MEDALS and other suitable gifts

WRITE FOR SAMPLES and PRICES W. E. Blake & Son

Manufacturers and Importers of Church Furnishings, Vestments, Statues Stations of the Cross, Etc. Library and Premium Books for Schools, Academies, Colleges and Public Libraries. 123 Church Street, Toronto, Can.

Valuable Farm Property For Sale

Three Hundred and Twenty Acres situated 14 miles from Beauty Station, Sask, and eight miles west of Milford. South half section Twenty-One Township Forty-Five Range Twenty. West of second Meridian black loam with clay sub soil. Terms: Three Dollars per acre down, balance at six per cent. For further particulars apply to B. H., Catholic Record, London, Ontario 1897-19

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON. Sunday Within the Octave of the Ascension.

AFTER A MISSION. There is nothing, my dear brethren, which can give more joy and consolation both to pastor and people than a mission.

Thank God, there were many who had been living previously in sin, but who really turned from it then with their whole hearts, and who now have a happiness in those hearts which they had long before been strangers to.

What was the reason that they did not persevere? Why was it that they had the same sad story to tell when they came back this time that they had a few years ago?

But, after all, there are not many Catholics who do not know that it needs God's help to persevere. Oh! yes; almost every one will say, when asked after confession if he is going to avoid sin for the future, that he will, "with the help of God."

Well, then, what is the matter? If we know that we are in danger, and that we can escape from it, but only by God's help, why does not that help come and save us?

I will tell you why it does not. And to do so I have only to turn to the first words of to-day's Mass: "He shall call on me, and I will hear Him; I will deliver Him, and glorify Him."

That is the whole story. If we want God to deliver us, we must ask Him to do it. In other words, if we wish to persevere, we must pray. If we do not go to God to get the strength which we need, we must be without it.

Oshawa Fireproof Building Materials

You can gain buying from us everything in the line of Fireproof Building Materials for Exteriors and Interiors. Free Catalogue for the asking.

in his life; he loved wine and women too well to remain in the ranks of the Catholic priests, and was excommunicated from the Church and after while he turned against the Church which had been his mother, and said some of the nastiest things that ever escaped the lips of man.

UNBELIEF AND THE MASSES. Christianity, in our day, is menaced with a new danger. We may gauge the nature and strength of this danger from the attitude of the masses in general towards religion.

IGNORANCE ABOUT THE CHURCH AND HOW TO REMOVE IT. Recently the Rev. Mr. Hemmeon, a Methodist minister of Waterville, N. S., told our readers of the dense ignorance not only of Catholic doctrine but of the history of Christianity before the Reformation which prevails among Methodists, even Methodist students.

TOBACCO HABIT. Dr. McTaggart's tobacco remedy removes all desire for the weed in a few days. A vegetable medicine, and only requires touching the tongue with it occasionally. Price \$2.

Put a little "Sunshine" in your home. An old-fashioned, ill-working furnace is a non-producer. It consumes the coal, but through leaks and cracks wastes the heat.

DRESSY, SERVICEABLE. Made to Measure SUITS FOR SPRING. English-made by expert tailors from superior quality cloth, \$6 to \$14, or smart suit lengths, \$2.50 to \$7.50.

THE CHANGES OF HIGHER CRITICISM. Professor Harnack has published another book in which he reforms some of his conclusions regarding the date and origin of the Acts of the Apostles.

Cures Every Disease by Re-Vitalizing THE SYSTEM. So long as the body is in perfect condition and full of vitality, no disease can get a grip on you, and if by any means you can supply the loss of vitality, any disease which is present will be thrown off.

Dr. H. SANCHE & CO. 380 St. Catherine St. West Montreal, Que. You owe it to yourself to investigate this remarkable health-giving instrument, Dr. Sanche's OXYDONOR.

The Limited Payment Life Policy is a Favorite Form of Contract with Insurers. THE FACE AMOUNT of the Policy is payable at death, whenever that occurs, but the premiums are limited to a specified number.

SEAT YOUR CHURCH COMFORTABLY. Interior Fittings and Panelling. ALTARS PULPITS FONTS RAILS LECTERNS DESKS.

It's the Crimp. That's the part that counts in a Washboard. And the Crimp that insures Easy Washing and Few Destroyed Linens is the RIGHT Crimp.

ALTAR WINE. Recommended by Archbishop McEvay, Toronto. Jules ROBINET, Sandwich, Ont. O'KEEFE'S LIQUID EXTRACT OF MALT WITH IRON.

When You Are Old. who will provide the money to keep you? Will you be compelled to keep on working the same as some old men you know?

Dominion Land FOR SALE. Any Dominion Land open for Homestead or pre-emption entry may be acquired by the purchase of scrip issued by the Dept. of Interior.

Church Bells. Memorial Bells a Specialty. MENEELY & CO. WATERLOO, ONT. The Old folks: CHURCH, CHINESE, MONASTIC, MERRY, FAVORITE, BELL, SCHOOL & OTHER BELLS.

CHATS. In the spring turns to love why it does not, Christ, of his life. Let his face respect that ment, and i as it please. For inde reverence. putation of union of nature, with nal. The geance thour power. Men who often die otherwise fall victims come upon them, false drivers, happily over tempt the Poverty misery and traceable to Strength, friends an, who faithf judgment. It is all want a w honorably him besee safe from o to him in endeavor t and strive support a

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Catholic Columbian.

In the spring the young man's fancy turns to love. And there is no reason why it should not, in a reasonable, discreet, Christian way. For love is the wine of life.

Let his fancy have for matrimony the respect that is due to that holy sacrament, and it may turn to love, as much as it pleases.

Indeed marriage is worthy of reverence. It is God's way for the perpetuation of the human race. It is the union of two lives. It is a mystery of nature, with consequences that are eternal. The Creator pursues with vengeance those who abuse the life-giving power.

Men who commit the crime of Onan often die a sudden death. Men who otherwise violate the laws of chastity are frequently stricken with disease or fall victims to insanity. Misfortunes come upon them, accidents happen to them, false friends injure them, trouble drives happiness away from them, melancholy overshadows them, and despair tempts them to self-destruction.

Overly, drunkenness, craziness, misery and final repentance are often traceable to impurity.

Strength, health, long life, peace, prosperity, opportunities to do good, friends and happiness are usually his who faithfully observes the Sixth Commandment.

It is all right for a young man to want a wife. Let him think of her honorably and pray for her daily. Let him beseech the Almighty to keep her safe from evil and to make her known to him in due season. Then let him endeavor to make himself worthy of her and strive to earn enough to be able to support a family.

The sooner a man marries after he is twenty-five, the better, provided that he is fit and free to wed, has found the right mate, and is in a position to take proper care of her. Some men should get married at twenty-one, and others may wait until they are over thirty.

As a rule, at twenty-five a young man has sense enough to know his own mind, to understand what this existence is for and to appreciate the really awful responsibility of joining another person's life to his, until death does them part.

But until he does get married, he is bound to the law of continence.

If he wants to be true to himself, he will take the means to preserve his physical integrity.

1. He will avoid the occasions of sin—the persons, the places, the amusements, the drinks, the thoughts, the practices, etc., etc., that tend to make him the victim of passion.

2. He will keep his body in subjection—by shortening his hours of sleep, by getting up as soon as he awakens in the morning, by taking plenty of fatiguing exercise, by using a cold bath for three or four days every week, by eating light suppers, and by inducing on himself pain, if necessary, to subdue irregular inclinations.

3. He will fill his mind with thoughts of which he would not be ashamed if the whole world knew them. He will not listen to dirty stories, much less tell them. He will not read indecent books. He will not look at immodest pictures.

4. He will have his heart clean and his hands innocent.

5. He will strengthen his soul for the conflict with his flesh, the world and the devil. He will pray often every day. He will invoke the aid of the Blessed Virgin. In honor of her spotless purity he will say three "Hail Mary's" every morning. He will go to Holy Communion at least once a month. It would be better for him to go every week. He will fly from temptations against the angelic virtues. The best safety lies in innocence from the occasions of sin. In time of trial he will divert his thoughts as quickly as possible—to the weather, to the man across the street, to the friend he saw last night, to the joke he heard yesterday; he will remind himself of the presence of God—that the Lord is looking at him at that very moment; and he will use short ejaculatory prayers like these: "My Jesus, mercy," "Lord, I am Thine; keep me from sin;" "O sweetest Heart of Jesus, I implore that I may ever love Thee more and more."

6. He will read good books and visit nice people.

By these and other precautions, suitable for individual cases, the young man who wishes to keep pure will hold his passion in check.

He will not consort with the vicious and he would rather die than corrupt the innocent. He will call on no young woman who will allow any one to take liberties with her, in the way of kisses or caresses. Hands off! must be his motto as well as hers.

By keeping body, mind and soul in a state of defense against evil, the devil of impurity can be driven off.

God takes delight in a young man who perseveres in the state of grace and who fights with his lower self in order to be pure.

To such a man Heaven will surely send a wife who will be as visible guardian angel during the rest of his life—his best friend, his dearest companion, his faithful love.

The Waiting Hour.

"I suppose it's a fact," said Mr. MacWhack, "that about the worst habit one could contract is that of sitting down and waiting for something to turn up."

"I've known a lot of 'em that have had this habit, but I never know of one of them to have anything come to him yet. Of course there's a chance of a man's being struck by lightning, but if you take the total population of the world and divide it by the number struck you would find that the chances of one's being struck are very small, and the chances of anything coming to a man who is waiting for something to turn up are a great deal smaller still."

"You see, as I tell my son, William MacWhack, Jr., something—that is to say, that the something that we are always looking for to turn up, is really not, as you might say, a thing of migra-

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, SS. LUCAS COUNTY.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every copy of a certain book or paper entitled "HALL'S CATARH CURE," written by FRANK J. CHENEY, Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1908.

(SEAL) A. V. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists 75¢. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

tory nature; that is, not a thing that seeks people. In fact one of its chief characteristics consists in its inclination to stick somewhere, generally more or less far off, in which it is like gold in its raw shape, which lies buried in the earth at a great distance, where we must go and dig for it and dig hard if we want to get it. Measles and various other afflictions come to us, but not so, as a rule, with something, meaning prosperity which we must go out and seek.

"So I tell William that I hope he won't join the great army of those who sit down and wait for something to turn up. He might be struck by lightning, but the chances are so much against it that it would be a terrible waste of time to figure 'em out and there wouldn't be anything coming to him then."

"What I hope is that William will get out and look and dig for what he wants and not sit down and wait and he won't find the competition as keen as perhaps he thinks for really there is not such an everlasting lot of steady, stick-to-it diggers. There's a chance for every man that means business."

"And when I tell Willie that if he doesn't get the biggest prize in the whole world he'll get something, and something worth having, if he'll only get out and get to work around among men in the places where the diggings are found."

"That's what I'm hoping William, Jr., will do—go out and work like a man for what he wants; the thing of all others that I hope he won't do is to sit down and wait for something to turn up."

In the Matter of Digging.

A gentleman came across an old ditch-digger busily at work, and feeling some compassion that such hard toil should fall to one whose life had numbered so many years, he said something of the kind. But the work it appeared, was a matter of free will. The old man straightened himself proudly and answered that he expected to continue the labor as long as he was able, and added the explanation that there was "a deal more to digging ditches than just throwing mud out of a whole."

"When I lie on my bed at night it seems like I can see the water running through the tiles 'Pee-lee!' he said, "and if I'd left any place so the water would get clogged, sure I couldn't sleep."

A humble enough employment it seemed, but for him it was quite lifted out of the realm of commonplace drudgery by the thought and skill he was bestowing upon it, and by his interest in results. There were hundreds of other men digging ditches, and for the majority of them, perhaps it was nothing whatever but throwing heavy shovelfuls of earth out of a hole—so much distasteful toil necessary to earning a day's wage. The point of view makes all the difference. Whatever one's employment may be he will get out of it according to what he puts into it. Thought, skill and intelligent interest pay a fair dividend to whoever will invest in them. There is more to most things than mere digging if one wills to have it so, and in great measure the people who have congenial employment and the people who are only hirelings and drudges have classified themselves.

The Follow-up System.

Business men know what it means. It is one thing to gain the attention of a possible buyer, and another to hold it till a sale is made. So, when a professional skillful salesman makes calls on him and sends letters to him till at last the merchant yields to the force of steady, systematic inducement. Continual dropping wears away the stone. Arguments presented continually and with cumulative force, at last overcome the man's objections or his indifference and he becomes a buyer.

A good beginning is a small thing unless we persevere. If success be our aim, and not a mere salving of conscience by a little perfunctory effort, we

will keep on till the task is accomplished. If we genuinely desire to do a thing we will determine to make a good ending as well as a good beginning.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS WHEN LITTLE JOHN HELPED.

Every time the neighbors drove by Grandpa Brown's melon patch they shook their heads and said, "Too bad." There was nothing wrong with the melons. No one in the country ever raised a better crop; round watermelons and long watermelons, covering five acres.

"The trouble is," Grandpa Brown explained to little John, "there's no market. You can't give them away. Seems as if every farmer in the country planted melons this year. The grocery stores won't take them. Last season it was different. Melons scarce and prices high."

"Too bad," sympathized little John, echoing the sentiments of the community.

Every one respected Grandpa Brown. He was a good man, a kind neighbor, always did what was right so far as he knew, and he made it his business to know what was right.

"I can't believe," said Grandpa Brown to Grandpa Brown, "that crop of fine melons is going to waste."

"But it is," commented little John as he trudged toward home, "it is, because my father says so. Too bad."

Three days later Grandpa Brown asked little John over the telephone if he would do an errand for Grandpa Brown.

"Yes, a big yes," answered the child.

"Then let me speak to your mother, please," continued Grandpa Brown.

This is what little John heard his mother say between pauses: "Oh, it's funny when the boy passed his farm. Truth is, she didn't feel like smiling when her small boy went trudging by in the hot sun with six melons in the express wagon."

"Poor little fellow," said she, "he'll be so tired!"

Ezra Mason, who was working in a field near the town road, tried to be funny when the boy passed his farm. "You're a-goin' to help save the nation, hey, Bub?" he inquired. Afterward Ezra wished he had kept still; it made him feel uncomfortable to think that he hadn't given Grandpa Brown his melon counts, and I'm going to haul as many loads to town as I can. I'll be worth about one cat power, but I'll help!"

Little John was relieved when his mother hung up the receiver and he stopped nodding and smiling at the telephone.

"Is it something about watermelons?" he inquired.

"Yes, dear. If he can get his melons to the freight house before 6 o'clock this afternoon he can sell his entire crop. Mr. Evans, the commission agent down town, has an order for all the melons he can get, if they are at the station in time to be delivered in the city to-morrow morning. There is a sudden demand for melons."

"Why, mamma, Grandpa Brown can't take more than seven loads to town in one day, if he started yesterday and works all to-morrow. The thing can't be done."

"Possibly it may if you help him."

Little John laughed. He knew his mother was poking fun at him because he so often tried to help dear Grandpa Brown.

"What errand do they want me for?" he asked.

"You are to go to Isaac Underhill's and ask him if one of the Underhill boys can be spared for the day with a wagon and pair of horses. From there, they wish you to call at Mr. Burton's—Mr. Sam Burton's—and ask if he can come over with a wagon too. Grandpa Brown says they will call up as many of their friends as possible over the telephone."

"Oh, if every one will help a little," exclaimed the boy, "the thing can be done. Good-bye, mother."

"Good-bye, my son."

An hour later little John returned.

"What luck?" asked his mother.

"No luck at all," grumbled the child.

"Worst neighbors I ever saw. Every one of 'em too busy to help Grandpa Brown, every one 'cept Mr. William White and Mr. Green, and honestly, mamma, they were the really busiest of any. Both those men said they'd let their work go and turn in and help the old gentleman. So three loads of melons are on their way to town, and I came home for my little wagon!"

"Your little wagon, child?"

"Yes, sir, ma'am—yes mamma! Every melon counts, and I'm going to haul as many loads to town as I can. I'll be worth about one cat power, but I'll help!"

Mother could hardly keep her face straight, although she managed not to smile in the face of such earnestness. Truth is, she didn't feel like smiling when her small boy went trudging by in the hot sun with six melons in the express wagon.

"Poor little fellow," said she, "he'll be so tired!"

Ezra Mason, who was working in a field near the town road, tried to be funny when the boy passed his farm. "You're a-goin' to help save the nation, hey, Bub?" he inquired. Afterward Ezra wished he had kept still; it made him feel uncomfortable to think that he hadn't given Grandpa Brown his melon counts, and I'm going to haul as many loads to town as I can. I'll be worth about one cat power, but I'll help!"

Little John was relieved when his mother hung up the receiver and he stopped nodding and smiling at the telephone.

"Is it something about watermelons?" he inquired.

"Yes, dear. If he can get his melons to the freight house before 6 o'clock this afternoon he can sell his entire crop. Mr. Evans, the commission agent down town, has an order for all the melons he can get, if they are at the station in time to be delivered in the city to-morrow morning. There is a sudden demand for melons."

"Why, mamma, Grandpa Brown can't take more than seven loads to town in one day, if he started yesterday and works all to-morrow. The thing can't be done."

"Possibly it may if you help him."

Little John laughed. He knew his mother was poking fun at him because he so often tried to help dear Grandpa Brown.

"What errand do they want me for?" he asked.

"You are to go to Isaac Underhill's and ask him if one of the Underhill boys can be spared for the day with a wagon and pair of horses. From there, they wish you to call at Mr. Burton's—Mr. Sam Burton's—and ask if he can come over with a wagon too. Grandpa Brown says they will call up as many of their friends as possible over the telephone."

"Oh, if every one will help a little," exclaimed the boy, "the thing can be done. Good-bye, mother."

"Good-bye, my son."

An hour later little John returned.

"What luck?" asked his mother.

"No luck at all," grumbled the child.

"Worst neighbors I ever saw. Every one of 'em too busy to help Grandpa Brown, every one 'cept Mr. William White and Mr. Green, and honestly, mamma, they were the really busiest of any. Both those men said they'd let their work go and turn in and help the old gentleman. So three loads of melons are on their way to town, and I came home for my little wagon!"

"Your little wagon, child?"

"Yes, sir, ma'am—yes mamma! Every melon counts, and I'm going to haul as many loads to town as I can. I'll be worth about one cat power, but I'll help!"

Mother could hardly keep her face straight, although she managed not to smile in the face of such earnestness. Truth is, she didn't feel like smiling when her small boy went trudging by in the hot sun with six melons in the express wagon.

"Poor little fellow," said she, "he'll be so tired!"

Ezra Mason, who was working in a field near the town road, tried to be funny when the boy passed his farm. "You're a-goin' to help save the nation, hey, Bub?" he inquired. Afterward Ezra wished he had kept still; it made him feel uncomfortable to think that he hadn't given Grandpa Brown his melon counts, and I'm going to haul as many loads to town as I can. I'll be worth about one cat power, but I'll help!"

Little John was relieved when his mother hung up the receiver and he stopped nodding and smiling at the telephone.

"Is it something about watermelons?" he inquired.

"Yes, dear. If he can get his melons to the freight house before 6 o'clock this afternoon he can sell his entire crop. Mr. Evans, the commission agent down town, has an order for all the melons he can get, if they are at the station in time to be delivered in the city to-morrow morning. There is a sudden demand for melons."

"Why, mamma, Grandpa Brown can't take more than seven loads to town in one day, if he started yesterday and works all to-morrow. The thing can't be done."

"Possibly it may if you help him."

Little John laughed. He knew his mother was poking fun at him because he so often tried to help dear Grandpa Brown.

"What errand do they want me for?" he asked.

"You are to go to Isaac Underhill's and ask him if one of the Underhill boys can be spared for the day with a wagon and pair of horses. From there, they wish you to call at Mr. Burton's—Mr. Sam Burton's—and ask if he can come over with a wagon too. Grandpa Brown says they will call up as many of their friends as possible over the telephone."

"Oh, if every one will help a little," exclaimed the boy, "the thing can be done. Good-bye, mother."

"Good-bye, my son."

An hour later little John returned.

"What luck?" asked his mother.

"No luck at all," grumbled the child.

"Worst neighbors I ever saw. Every one of 'em too busy to help Grandpa Brown, every one 'cept Mr. William White and Mr. Green, and honestly, mamma, they were the really busiest of any. Both those men said they'd let their work go and turn in and help the old gentleman. So three loads of melons are on their way to town, and I came home for my little wagon!"

"Your little wagon, child?"

"Yes, sir, ma'am—yes mamma! Every melon counts, and I'm going to haul as many loads to town as I can. I'll be worth about one cat power, but I'll help!"

Mother could hardly keep her face straight, although she managed not to smile in the face of such earnestness. Truth is, she didn't feel like smiling when her small boy went trudging by in the hot sun with six melons in the express wagon.

"Poor little fellow," said she, "he'll be so tired!"

Ezra Mason, who was working in a field near the town road, tried to be funny when the boy passed his farm. "You're a-goin' to help save the nation, hey, Bub?" he inquired. Afterward Ezra wished he had kept still; it made him feel uncomfortable to think that he hadn't given Grandpa Brown his melon counts, and I'm going to haul as many loads to town as I can. I'll be worth about one cat power, but I'll help!"

Little John was relieved when his mother hung up the receiver and he stopped nodding and smiling at the telephone.

"Is it something about watermelons?" he inquired.

"Yes, dear. If he can get his melons to the freight house before 6 o'clock this afternoon he can sell his entire crop. Mr. Evans, the commission agent down town, has an order for all the melons he can get, if they are at the station in time to be delivered in the city to-morrow morning. There is a sudden demand for melons."

"Why, mamma, Grandpa Brown can't take more than seven loads to town in one day, if he started yesterday and works all to-morrow. The thing can't be done."

"Possibly it may if you help him."

Little John laughed. He knew his mother was poking fun at him because he so often tried to help dear Grandpa Brown.

"What errand do they want me for?" he asked.

"You are to go to Isaac Underhill's and ask him if one of the Underhill boys can be spared for the day with a wagon and pair of horses. From there, they wish you to call at Mr. Burton's—Mr. Sam Burton's—and ask if he can come over with a wagon too. Grandpa Brown says they will call up as many of their friends as possible over the telephone."

"Oh, if every one will help a little," exclaimed the boy, "the thing can be done. Good-bye, mother."

"Good-bye, my son."

An hour later little John returned.

"What luck?" asked his mother.

"No luck at all," grumbled the child.

"Worst neighbors I ever saw. Every one of 'em too busy to help Grandpa Brown, every one 'cept Mr. William White and Mr. Green, and honestly, mamma, they were the really busiest of any. Both those men said they'd let their work go and turn in and help the old gentleman. So three loads of melons are on their way to town, and I came home for my little wagon!"

"Your little wagon, child?"

"Yes, sir, ma'am—yes mamma! Every melon counts, and I'm going to haul as many loads to town as I can. I'll be worth about one cat power, but I'll help!"

Mother could hardly keep her face straight, although she managed not to smile in the face of such earnestness. Truth is, she didn't feel like smiling when her small boy went trudging by in the hot sun with six melons in the express wagon.

"Poor little fellow," said she, "he'll be so tired!"

Ezra Mason, who was working in a field near the town road, tried to be funny when the boy passed his farm. "You're a-goin' to help save the nation, hey, Bub?" he inquired. Afterward Ezra wished he had kept still; it made him feel uncomfortable to think that he hadn't given Grandpa Brown his melon counts, and I'm going to haul as many loads to town as I can. I'll be worth about one cat power, but I'll help!"

Little John was relieved when his mother hung up the receiver and he stopped nodding and smiling at the telephone.

"Is it something about watermelons?" he inquired.

"Yes, dear. If he can get his melons to the freight house before 6 o'clock this afternoon he can sell his entire crop. Mr. Evans, the commission agent down town, has an order for all the melons he can get, if they are at the station in time to be delivered in the city to-morrow morning. There is a sudden demand for melons."

"Why, mamma, Grandpa Brown can't take more than seven loads to town in one day, if he started yesterday and works all to-morrow. The thing can't be done."

"Possibly it may if you help him."

Little John laughed. He knew his mother was poking fun at him because he so often tried to help dear Grandpa Brown.

"What errand do they want me for?" he asked.

"You are to go to Isaac Underhill's and ask him if one of the Underhill boys can be spared for the day with a wagon and pair of horses. From there, they wish you to call at Mr. Burton's—Mr. Sam Burton's—and ask if he can come over with a wagon too. Grandpa Brown says they will call up as many of their friends as possible over the telephone."

"Oh, if every one will help a little," exclaimed the boy, "the thing can be done. Good-bye, mother."

"Good-bye, my son."

An hour later little John returned.

"What luck?" asked his mother.

"No luck at all," grumbled the child.

"Worst neighbors I ever saw. Every one of 'em too busy to help Grandpa Brown, every one 'cept Mr. William White and Mr. Green, and honestly, mamma, they were the really busiest of any. Both those men said they'd let their work go and turn in and help the old gentleman. So three loads of melons are on their way to town, and I came home for my little wagon!"

"Your little wagon, child?"

"Yes, sir, ma'am—yes mamma! Every melon counts, and I'm going to haul as many loads to town as I can. I'll be worth about one cat power, but I'll help!"

Mother could hardly keep her face straight, although she managed not to smile in the face of such earnestness. Truth is, she didn't feel like smiling when her small boy went trudging by in the hot sun with six melons in the express wagon.

"Poor little fellow," said she, "he'll be so tired!"

Ezra Mason, who was working in a field near the town road, tried to be funny when the boy passed his farm. "You're a-goin' to help save the nation, hey, Bub?" he inquired. Afterward Ezra wished he had kept still; it made him feel uncomfortable to think that he hadn't given Grandpa Brown his melon counts, and I'm going to haul as many loads to town as I can. I'll be worth about one cat power, but I'll help!"

Little John was relieved when his mother hung up the receiver and he stopped nodding and smiling at the telephone.

"Is it something about watermelons?" he inquired.

"Yes, dear. If he can get his melons to the freight house before 6 o'clock this afternoon he can sell his entire crop. Mr. Evans, the commission agent down town, has an order for all the melons he can get, if they are at the station in time to be delivered in the city to-morrow morning. There is a sudden demand for melons."

"Why, mamma, Grandpa Brown can't take more than seven loads to town in one day, if he started yesterday and works all to-morrow. The thing can't be done."

"Possibly it may if you help him."

Little John laughed. He knew his mother was poking fun at him because he so often tried to help dear Grandpa Brown.

"What errand do they want me for?" he asked.

"You are to go to Isaac Underhill's and ask him if one of the Underhill boys can be spared for the day with a wagon and pair of horses. From there, they wish you to call at Mr. Burton's—Mr. Sam Burton's—and ask if he can come over with a wagon too. Grandpa Brown says they will call up as many of their friends as possible over the telephone."

"Oh, if every one will help a little," exclaimed the boy, "the thing can be done. Good-bye, mother."

"Good-bye, my son."

An hour later little John returned.

"What luck?" asked his mother.

"No luck at all," grumbled the child.

"Worst neighbors I ever saw. Every one of 'em too busy to help Grandpa Brown, every one 'cept Mr. William White and Mr. Green, and honestly, mamma, they were the really busiest of any. Both those men said they'd let their work go and turn in and help the old gentleman. So three loads of melons are on their way to town, and I came home for my little wagon!"

"Your little wagon, child?"

"Yes, sir, ma'am—yes mamma! Every melon counts, and I'm going to haul as many loads to town as I can. I'll be worth about one cat power, but I'll help!"

Mother could hardly keep her face straight, although she managed not to smile in the face of such earnestness. Truth is, she didn't feel like smiling when her small boy went trudging by in the hot sun with six melons in the express wagon.

"Poor little fellow," said she, "he'll be so tired!"

Ezra Mason, who was working in a field near the town road, tried to be funny when the boy passed his farm. "You're a-goin' to help save the nation, hey, Bub?" he inquired. Afterward Ezra wished he had kept still; it made him feel uncomfortable to think that he hadn't given Grandpa Brown his melon counts, and I'm going to haul as many loads to town as I can. I'll be worth about one cat power, but I'll help!"

Little John was relieved when his mother hung up the receiver and he stopped nodding and smiling at the telephone.

"Is it something about watermelons?" he inquired.

"Yes, dear. If he can get his melons to the freight house before 6 o'clock this afternoon he can sell his entire crop. Mr. Evans, the commission agent down town, has an order for all the melons he can get, if they are at the station in time to be delivered in the city to-morrow morning. There is a sudden demand for melons."

"Why, mamma, Grandpa Brown can't take more than seven loads to town in one day, if he started yesterday and works all to-morrow. The thing can't be done."

"Possibly it may if you help him."

Little John laughed. He knew his mother was poking fun at him because he so often tried to help dear Grandpa Brown.

"What errand do they want me for?" he asked.

"You are to go to Isaac Underhill's and ask him if one of the Underhill boys can be spared for the day with a wagon and pair of horses. From there, they wish you to call at Mr. Burton's—Mr. Sam Burton's—and ask if he can come over with a wagon too. Grandpa Brown says they will call up as many of their friends as possible over the telephone."

"Oh, if every one will help a little," exclaimed the boy, "the thing can be done. Good-bye, mother."

"Good-bye, my son."

An hour later little John returned.

"What luck?" asked his mother.

"No luck at all," grumbled the child.

"Worst neighbors I ever saw. Every one of 'em too busy to help Grandpa Brown, every one 'cept Mr. William White and Mr. Green, and honestly, mamma, they were the really busiest of any. Both those men said they'd let their work go and turn in and help the old gentleman. So three loads of melons are on their way to town, and I came home for my little wagon!"

"Your little wagon, child?"

"Yes, sir, ma'am—yes mamma! Every melon counts, and I'm going to haul as many loads to town as I can. I'll be worth about one cat power, but I'll help!"

Mother could hardly keep her face straight, although she managed not to smile in the face of such earnestness. Truth is, she didn't feel like smiling when her small boy went trudging by in the hot sun with six melons in the express wagon.

"Poor little fellow," said she, "he'll be so tired!"

Ezra Mason, who was working in a field near the town road, tried to be funny when the boy passed his farm. "You're a-goin' to help save the nation, hey, Bub?" he inquired. Afterward Ezra wished he had kept still; it made him feel uncomfortable to think that he hadn't given Grandpa Brown his melon counts, and I'm going to haul as many loads to town as I can. I'll be worth about one cat power, but I'll help!"

Little John was relieved when his mother hung up the receiver and he stopped nodding and smiling at the telephone.

"Is it something about watermelons?" he inquired.

"Yes, dear. If he can get his melons to the freight house before 6 o'clock this afternoon he can sell his entire crop. Mr. Evans, the commission agent down town, has an order for all the melons he can get, if they are at the station in time to be delivered in the city to-morrow morning. There is a sudden demand for melons."

"Why, mamma, Grandpa Brown can't take more than seven loads to town in one day, if he started yesterday and works all to-morrow. The thing can't be done."

"Possibly it may if you help him."

Little John laughed. He knew his mother was poking fun at him because he so often tried to help dear Grandpa Brown.

"What errand do they want me for?" he asked.

"You are to go to Isaac Underhill's and ask him if one of the Underhill boys can be spared for the day with a wagon and pair of horses. From there, they wish you to call at Mr. Burton's—Mr. Sam Burton's—and ask if he can come over with a wagon too. Grandpa Brown says they will call up as many of their friends as possible over the telephone."

"Oh, if every one will help a little," exclaimed the boy, "the thing can be done. Good-bye, mother."

"Good-bye, my son."

An hour later little John returned.

"What luck?" asked his mother.

"No luck at all," grumbled the child.

"Worst neighbors I ever saw. Every one of 'em too busy to help Grandpa Brown, every one 'cept Mr. William White and Mr. Green, and honestly, mamma, they were the really busiest of any. Both those men said they'd let their work go and turn in and help the old gentleman. So three loads of melons are on their way to town, and I came home for my little wagon!"

"Your little wagon, child?"

"Yes, sir, ma'am—yes mamma! Every melon counts, and I'm going to haul as many loads to town as I can. I'll be worth about one cat power, but I'll help!"

Mother could hardly keep her face straight, although she managed not to smile in the face of such earnestness. Truth is, she didn't feel like smiling when her small boy went trudging by in the hot sun with six melons in the express wagon.

"Poor little fellow," said she, "he'll be so tired!"

Ezra Mason, who was working in a field near the town road, tried to be funny when the boy passed his farm. "You're a-goin' to help save the nation, hey, Bub?" he inquired. Afterward Ezra wished he had kept still; it made him feel uncomfortable to think that he hadn't given Grandpa Brown his melon counts, and I'm going to haul as many loads to town as I can. I'll be worth about one cat power, but I'll help!"

Little John was relieved when his mother hung up the receiver and he stopped nodding and smiling at the telephone.

"Is it something about watermelons?" he inquired.

"Yes, dear. If he can get his melons to the freight house before 6 o'clock this afternoon he can sell his entire crop. Mr. Evans, the commission agent down town, has an order for all the melons he can get, if they are at the station in time to be delivered in the city to-morrow morning. There is a sudden demand for melons."

"Why, mamma, Grandpa Brown can't take more than seven loads to town in one day, if he started yesterday and works all to-morrow. The thing can't be done."

"Possibly it may if you help him."

Little John laughed. He knew his mother was poking fun at him because he so often tried to help dear Grandpa Brown.

"What errand do they want me for?" he asked.

"You are to go to Isaac Underhill's and ask him if one of the Underhill boys can be spared for the day with a wagon and pair of horses. From there, they wish you to call at Mr. Burton's—Mr. Sam Burton's—and ask if he can come over with a wagon too. Grandpa Brown says they will call up as many of their friends as possible over the telephone."

"Oh, if every one will help a little," exclaimed the boy, "the thing can be done. Good-bye, mother."

"Good-bye, my son."

An hour later little John returned.

"What luck?" asked his mother.

"No luck at all," grumbled the child.

"Worst neighbors I ever saw. Every one of 'em too busy to help Grandpa Brown, every one 'cept Mr. William White and Mr. Green, and honestly, mamma, they were the really busiest of any. Both those men said they'd let their work go and turn in and help the old gentleman. So three loads of melons are on their way to town, and I came home for my little wagon!"

"Your little wagon, child?"

"Yes, sir, ma'am—yes mamma! Every melon counts, and I'm going to haul as many loads to town as I can. I'll be worth about one cat power, but I'll help!"

Mother could hardly keep her face straight, although she managed not to smile in the face of such earnestness. Truth is, she didn't feel like smiling when her small boy went trudging by in the hot sun with six melons in the express wagon.

"Poor little fellow," said she, "he'll be so tired!"

Ezra Mason, who was working in a field near the town road, tried to be funny when the boy passed his farm. "You're a-goin' to help save the nation, hey, Bub?" he inquired. Afterward Ezra wished he had kept still; it made him feel uncomfortable to think that he hadn't given Grandpa Brown his melon counts, and I'm going to haul as many loads to town as I can. I'll be worth about one cat power, but I'll help!"

Little John was relieved when his mother hung up the receiver and he stopped nodding and smiling at the telephone.

"Is it something about watermelons?" he inquired.

"Yes, dear. If he can get his melons to the freight house before 6 o'clock this afternoon he can sell his entire crop. Mr. Evans, the commission agent down town, has an order for all the melons he can get, if they are at the station in time to be delivered in the city to-morrow morning. There is a sudden demand for melons."

"Why, mamma, Grandpa Brown can't take more than seven loads to town in one day, if he started yesterday and works all to-morrow. The thing can't be done."

"Possibly it may if you help him."

For Real Deliciousness with Fruit, get a Box of



TOASTED CORN FLAKES

10¢ Kellogg's

will keep on till the task is accomplished. If we genuinely desire to do a thing we will determine to make a good ending as well as a good beginning.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS WHEN LITTLE JOHN HELPED.

Every time the neighbors drove by Grandpa Brown's melon patch they shook their heads and said, "Too bad." There was nothing wrong with the melons. No one in the country ever raised a better crop; round watermelons and long watermelons, covering five acres.

"The trouble is," Grandpa Brown explained to little John, "there's no market. You can't give them away. Seems as if every farmer in the country planted melons this year. The grocery stores won't take them. Last season it was different. Melons scarce and prices high."

"Too bad," sympathized little John, echoing the sentiments of the community.

Every one respected Grandpa Brown. He was a good man, a kind neighbor, always did what was right so far as he knew, and he made it his business to know what was right.

"I can't believe," said Grandpa Brown to Grandpa Brown, "that crop of fine melons is going to waste."

"But it is," commented little John as he trudged toward home, "it is, because my father says so. Too bad."

Three days later Grandpa Brown asked little John over the telephone if he would do an errand for Grandpa Brown.

"Yes, a big yes," answered the child.

"Then let me speak to your mother, please," continued Grandpa Brown.

This is what little John heard his mother say between pauses: "Oh, it's funny when the boy passed his farm. Truth is, she didn't feel like smiling when her small boy went trudging by in the hot sun with six melons in the express wagon."

"Poor little fellow," said she, "he'll be so tired!"

Professional.

DR. P. J. MUGAN, Physician and Surgeon 1 to 3, 5 to 8 p.m. House and Office Offices.

JOHN F. FAULDS, Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public, &c. Money to Loan. Robinson Hall Chambers, Opposite Court House, London, Canada. Telephone 997.

JOHN FERGUSON & SONS 180 King Street The Leading Undertakers and Embalmers Open Night and Day. Telephone—House, 373. Factory 543.

W. J. SMITH & SON UNDERTAKERS AND EMBALMERS 113 Dundas Street OPEN DAY AND NIGHT Phone 536.

A SPLENDID GIFT "CANZONI" BY T. A. DALY

These poems mainly in Irish and Italian dialect, are full of the spirit of humor and pathos. PRICE \$1.10 POST PAID Catholic Record Office London - Canada

THE ROMAN INDEX of FORBIDDEN BOOKS

Briefly explained for Catholic book-lovers and students by Frances S. Betten, S. J. PRICE 35c, Post Paid

THE CATHOLIC RECORD LONDON, CANADA

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Very Low Rate for Summer Trip to Pacific Coast \$74.10 Return from LONDON Good going May 20 to Sept. 30

Return limit Oct. 31. Liberal stopovers. Wide choice of routes. Go by the direct Canadian line—see your own country—the West, the Rocky Mountains. Visit the Seattle Exposition and other special attractions. Talk

