

icus vero Cognomen."-(Christian is my Name but Catholic my Surname.)-St. Pacian, 4th Century.

VOLUME XXX.

The Cry of the Dreamer.

, Toronto, CE: STREET

14, 1908.

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that morally still impresses and exalts us. Of the New Testament there re-mains the moral ideal of Christ, our

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: Record ONT.

I am tired of planning and toiling In the crowded hives of men; Heart-weary of building and spoiling And spoiling and building again. And I long for the dear old river Where I dreamed my youth away ; For a dreamer lives forever,

Agnostie"

Agnostic" grew ironical in his impat-ience at it. He wrote in The Sun: "To destroy is necessary, but it is greater to build. Have we no builders

greater to build. Have we no builders now ? Mr. Goldwin Smith's sincerity is so obvious, his earnestness so admirable, that those of us who in a humbler way are also seekers and doubters looked to

Refuge of one sort or another may

nust have. Materialism is ours today; o-morrow it will be skepticism; and day

after to morrow, negation, absolute, deadening. For this emotional part of man will live on, and the less exercise it

finds in the higher loves the more it will turn to the lower. It cannot reason.

When reason comes, already emotion is

gone. Take away its cause for being-aspiration-and it will atrophy. It can-

ot aspire continually or profitably to-vard something in which it has ceased

about 1880.

tain a reproach.

but the working tools of

I am sick of the showy seeming Of a life that is half a lie; Of the faces lined with scheming, . In the throng that hurries by From the sleepless thoughts endeavorin I would go where the children play; For a dreamer lives forever, And a toiler dies 'n a day.

And a toiler dies in a day.

han agnosticism, were it not wiser to have left us our crucifixes and our ikons? We are bidden "put aside child-I feel no pride, but pity, ish things;" For the burdens the rich endure, There is nothing sweet in the city manhood which they give us are vague mannood which they give us are vague speculations, hypotheses, dreams and shadows of dreams. Poor things, all, with which to build and perfect a sanct-But the patient lives of the poor Oh, the little hands so skillful, And the child-mind choked with weed The daughter's heart grows wilful And the father's heart that bleeds.

No. 'no ! From the street's rude bustle From the trophies of mart and stag I would fly to the wood's low rustle, And the meadow's kindly page. Let me dream as of old by the river And be loved for the dream alway For a dreamer lives forever, And the toiler dies in a day. —JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

GOLDWIN SMITH METAMORPHOSED.

have faith." Mr. Smith is fourscore years old now. A couple of weeks ago the Sun gav A couple of weeks ago the Sun gave editorial space to a letter from Mr. Goldwin Smith on the subject of "Man and His destiny." It was too long a letter by two columns at least. Its message could with ease have been com-pressed into ten lines. All its aid, in their younger days some, gains strength with years: the little that he formerly had has almost completely died out. What a pitiable spectaele. Its analysis, was this: "I am in doubt that there is any God and any immortal-ity for man. I would be glad to know the truth on this matter, and if anyboard and in his case the usual process of thought seems to have been reversed. strength with years : the little that he formerly had has almost completely died out. What a pitiable spectacle, Belisarius, in his old age blind and begging for an obolus from the passing wayfarers, was better off than the great Oxford historian begging for a little light for his sightless soul. Forty years are Goldwin Smith if the truth on this matter, and if anybody can help me to find that truth I shall be greatly obliged." This is the whole sur and matter of his inflated, space-filling

Forty years ago Goldwin Smith, if he were not dissembling as to his faith from worldly motives, was not an agnos-tic. His lectures on Pym, Cromwell and Pitt, delivered at Oxford, and printed in 1867, are full of comment which could not be peupod by an unbelieves. Seest querying and complaining-a mere mite of a bit of bread to an infinite quantity of sack. But the real question for any one who has been reading those fre-quently recurring and tiresome repetit-ions of an unquiet spirit to consider, is, not be penned by an unbeliever. Speaknot be penned by an unbeliever. Speak-ing of the Parliamentary struggles be-tween the followers of Burke and Fox and William Pitt, for instance, he says that "the East India Companys' action in human un article hermothy factor can any answer satisfy him, or does he really seek to get a satisfying answer? The difficulty in the case is the duality of Mr. Smith. He speaks in the one breath with two voices, one denying, in buying up rotten boroughs, to make of itself a great Parliamentary power, the other asserting. One sentence de-stroys the sense of another, yet the fond author appears to be unable to diswas beginning, in the secret counsels of Providence, to avenge, by its pestilen-tial influence. English politics, the wrongs of the Hindoos." cern that fact so patent to all who pos-sess that four-leaved shamrock of com-

Again, speaking of the sanguinal supmon sense which enables them to see pression of the rebellion in 1798 in the Protestant yeomanry and the Hesians, what is hidden from dupes laboring under fairy spells or delusions of the self-centred mind and the spirit of human he says that that rebellion was the natural consequence of Protestant as-cendency in Ireland, sustained by the de. For example: Bellef in the Bible as inspired and oligarchical Government and hierarchy (Protestant) of this country (England.) "They were the authors, before God, of God's revelation of himself to man can hardly now linger in any well informed and open mind. Criticism, history and science have conspired to put an end to

the rebellion, though the people died for it by earthly law." God was very clear to Mr. Smith when he was an Oxford lecturer, or else it must have been necessary for him to The "open mind" herein contemplated The "open mind herein contemplated is of the sort that is open to all sorts of doubt, but shut tight against every-thing illuminative. Now, if all belief in the Bible has disappeared in the way postulated by Mr. Smith, how comes it that a little lower down in the same col-umn he can say. onceal whatever doubts on the subject he may have had very carefully from the University Board. He ought logically, to revise his lectures or else recall his letters to the Sun as very silly produc-tions.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard "Taere remains of the Old Testament and Times. besides its vast historical interest much

> ne's, if memory serves-was a Sister of A TRUE STORY OF RESTITUTION. Charity, an Englishwoman and the en

> > " but-

odiment of cheerfulness. She seeme STOLEN MONEY REFUNDED AFTER MANY to the dying friendless one the only YEARS-CLERK YIELDED TO TEMPTA-

faith in which no uncertainty as to the authors of the narratives or mistrust of TION-LAST ACT OF HIS LIFE. them on account of the miraculous em

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1908 tator who signed himself "An Amateur

SOCIAL BUTTERFLIES VIGOROUSLY IMPALED.

consul at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. He employed in the dual capacity of clerk and interpreter a young man known as George W. Anderson, an Englishman, according to his own statement, but be-lieved by Mr. Devon to hail from the United States. He had inherited An-derson from his predecessor, with ex-cellent commendation, and had no cause to complain. Mr. Devon had been an-HANCELLOR DUNNE LASHES FEMININE PLUTOCRATS WHO DELIBERATELY EVADE THEIR DUTY OF DOING NOBLE WORKS. EVEN HOME HAS NO MEANING-LANare also seekers and doubters have him for some new light, something to guide us from the chaos of modernity into at least the outlying regions of the orderly certainty of the future. Per-haps this was too much to ask; but the leaders have hewed us a path which ends in a cul de sac. The parents in this country, and the youngest child, Mrs. Ashley that is to-day, was born at sea. GUAGE STERN AS ANY UTTERED BY TH GREAT ENGLISH JESUIT, FATHER BERN ARD VAUGHAN. hicago New World

The children of Mary Tabernacle Society resumed its annual work in behalf of poor churches and missions on the 10th of October in the Sacred Heart Academy, 607 Pine Grove avenue,

They were addressed on that occasion by the Rev. Chancellor, who said in part "It affords me great pleasure and gratification to address a few words of encoursement to such a distinguistic under the sea and the woman had been in this country only a short time when she received word that Mr. Devon had died suddenly. He had been a man of couragement to such a distinguished gathering of Catholic ladies who have a higher and a nobler purpose in life than mere dress, idle amusement and an occonsiderable wealth, and at the earliest noment Mrs. Devon returned to Rio to administer upon the estate. To her casional advertisement of their gowns and jewelry in the society columns of the newspaper. How many of our well great sorrow, she found that the trusted lerk, Anderson, had taken all convertclerk, Anderson, had taken all convert-lible securities and cash and left the country. The real estate was intact and this realized a sum sufficiently large to place the widow and her three children, all daughters, beyond want. The estate was closed out, all outstanding obliga-tions settled, and the widow, not mak-ing an effort to appropriate within the ford the serving charities within the fold the serving charities within the fold the ing an effort to apprehend the fugitive, returned to the United States. Then invited to co-operate, if they do not turn came the civil war, during which the widow and her daughters resided in one of the small cities of central New York. She lived to see the girls grown and mar-ried, and died at the home of one of them about 1880. butterflies whose great ambition is to keep fluttering in the limelight and if they succeed in obtaining an occasional

Mrs. Ashley had heard, in childhood, the story about the absconding clerk, recognition, let it be even a glance of the eye or a faint smile from the femining the eye or a faint smile from the feminine plutoerats of our great metropolis, why they are ready to burst forth like Simeon with the "Nunc dimittis servum tuum in pace. You will not find them here to-day making vestments for poor churches. Perish the thought! You will find them in the world of fashion and vanity into which women go in order to be admired and sought after ; where the great ourman, had passed from her mind, when several years after her mother's death a letter came addressed to the dead woman from Buenos Ayres. Mrs. Ash-ey opened it and found it to be from Anderson. In the missive he admitted taking the money and said that he hoped to repay it. Years afterward, another etter arrived, addressed to Mrs. Devon and sought after; where the great pur-pose in life is to display one's self to the best advantage; where feminine eurios-ity is gratified in those silly conversa-tions in which an absent neighbor's reputation is minutely dissected; where the demention event in the ostmarked Melbourne. It described he writer's misfortunes in Argentina. the damsel showing most temerity in her suspicions and most severity in her judgments is considered remarkably bright and clever. You will find them in those assemblages of the wealthy and heard of the wanderer until the recent letter arrived from the Melbourne sol-icitors, inclosing a long statement of

tion and hauteur of manner, or perhaps to display her physical form in a sheath in pencil, evidently at various times, and some of the English therein was in-tolerably bad, but it fold the pitiful tale of a "man without a constry"—a wanderer upon the face of the earth f directoire, decollette gown or some other fashionable abomination. These poor deluded creatures imbue their daughters tale of a "man without a schurth ! wanderer upon the face o' the earth ! He confessed again that b' kad embez-zled \$42,500, which Mr. s' con had left in the safe, in his custs by In Auswith the same distorted notions of social life. What is their debut but a gentle in the safe, in his cust if In Aus tralia he had tried gold ligging with int that the dear girls have been placed in the matrimonial market and are ready to receive the amorous overtures of deout success. Then he tried sheep raising and made money rapidly. Wit With irable suitors? They are formally inraduced to Vanity Fair for the purpose of dazzling and outstripping all competi-tors. Their highest aim is to so fascin his accumulations he went into trade outfitting miners, and his bank account had grown to £16,000, when he was taken fatally ill. His health had been broken by hard work and some dissipa-tion, and the hospital physicians to ate and bewitch by their dress and prattle that they shall become simply

esistless. These are the kind of people who by their follies and vanities have which the wifeless man was sent told him he could not recover. iven an opprobrious and almost crim nal meaning to the term society. His nurse in the hospital-St. Catherwomen there is no true home life with its sacred duties and domestic vir-tues, with its serious labor of self-im-provement and spiritual advancement. thousands. worthy character he had ever met in woman's habit. Till his failing eyesight For these votaries of vanity home means simply the retirement in which they rest or sad, and yet, when we come to think of it, this must often be the case. In between one round of gayety and an-other, and in which, when they have lumbered away part of their fatigue, practice it is the clerical hypochondriac vearily prepare, powder and paint, rizzle and primp for the next social on-laught. Their husbands are only rewho receives the sympathy that should go to the men who suffer and are silent. frizzle and There is the genuine ring of the true garded as the providers of their pleas-ures, furnishing them with the money necessary to their unlimited extravaparishioner in the statement of the cen-turion in the Gospel who asked the Lord to heal his son. He was a man of regance in gorgeous raiment, bridge whist ponsibility and understood the worth matinee parties and receptions. The care and regulation of the household is instant and willing obedience. And Christ was quick to approve of that loyal stand with the words: "I have not found such faith in all Israel." This is a matter giving them little concern. The education of their offspring, when hey elected to be burdened with any generally the case. The people of the ongregation who have much to attend confided to the refining influence me sectarian institution. A parochial to are the most helpful and most charitchool or a Catholic college is of course out of the question. How could their able to the priest, while those who are shiftless and careless have the most to shildren ever acquire social prestige in such establishments? Vanity or self rather under another name is the only ay. Doubtless the Church has had the grumblers like the poor with her from the beginning. In all likelihood there were individuals in old Rome and Cor-iath who found St. Peter too impetuous divinity these unfortunate people wor ship and pleasure is the sole end of their miserable existence. and St. Paul too plain-spoken. Some people would be lonely without some

tablish the kingdom of christ on earth, Yours is pre-eminently a work of charity, and charity, as our Lord assures us, is the fulfillment of the law. It occurred to me that perhaps one of the annoying features of your work is the lack of as-surance that the fruits of your labors are always expended on churches and mis-

duarters of a great organization in which His Grace the Archbishop is very deep-ly interested, the Church Extension Society. Its chief aim is the spreading of our holy religion in organization in which His Grace the Archbishop is very deep-ly interested, the Church Extension Society. Its chief aim is the spreading of our holy religion in organization in which Society. Its chief aim is the spreading of our holy religion in organization in which Society. Its chief aim is the spreading of our holy religion in organization in which Society. Its chief aim is the spreading of our holy religion in organization in which Society. Its chief aim is the spreading of our holy religion in organization in which Society. Its chief aim is the spreading spreadin Is Grace the Archolshop is very deep y interested, the Church Extension Society. Its chief aim is the spreading of our holy religion in every part of the United States where the Catholic inhabwill be wisely and judiciously expended. Of course this is merely a suggestion would fail to satisfy some of the people in our parish if he were pastor. which you are entirely free to adopt or

reject as you think best. Before reject-ing it I recommend it to your serious consideration."

OUR PARISH.

OME PERTINENT OBSERVATIONS THAT MIGHT BE MADE BY ANY PARISHIONER

" Looker-On " in Boston Pilo On moving into a new parish lately and becoming acquainted I was sur-prised to note what a small percentage f the congregation can be counted upor for active assistance and cordial operation with the parish priest. The great majority are well disposed in a negative way, contribute to the collec-tions and attend to their spiritual duties fairly well, but without much warmth or eal

Strange to say, there is a large num ber who "have something against the priest." Generally it is a trifling mat-ter, but they have nursed it so long that it has assumed magnitude in their eyes Then the amount of criticism of the pas-tor and his methods is a revelation. Some say he is too fond of money and others blame him for lavishness. aver that he is too familiar with the people and others call him "distant." He has a bad temper or is irritatingly calm according to the company you keep. I did not notice these things in the

old parish. Time and familiarity had softened down the roughness of comment and criticism and I knew that some of the talkers did not matter and that others did not mean half what they said, but here it is different, and for the first ime in my life I begin to realize what a diffi ult work is that of a pastor. Of ourse, much of this half-hearted service ad readiness to criticize comes from a lack of knowledge of responsibility. Fey of those who have so much to say about the priest give much thought to the priest's side of the question. They find it hard enough to keep their own houseolds in order and yet never hesitate to find fault with the man who must look out for a family that runs up into the

The generality of pastors do not in-form the people when they are sick, sore

tablish the kingdom of Christ on earth. Yours is pre-eminently a work of charity, and charity, as our Lord assures us, is the fulfillment of the law. It occurred was slow to criticize and large in its the fulfillment of the law. It occurred to me that perhaps one of the annoying features of your work is the lack of as-surance that the fruits of your labors are always expended on churches and mis-sions experiencing real need. Allow me therefore to make a suggestion. Head-we have here in Chicago the head-quarters of a great organization in which

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United States where the Catholic inhab-itants are unable to support a resident priest. In fact the Church Extension and the Tabernaele Society Lave prac-tically one and the same purpose, viz., the helping of poor churches and mis-sions. Why should not some sort of union or co-operation be established be-tween them? If any society is familiar with the wants of poor churches and mis-sions, and knows where vestments are most needed, it is certainly the orsions, and knows where vestments are most needed, it is certainly the or-ganization that has its chapel car trav-eling about the country twelve months in the year. Why not then make the Church Extension your clearing house in the distribution of the atlar linens and est work and his greatest self-sacrifice. an the distribution of the atlar linens and est work and his greatest self-sacrinee. will minimize the labor of your corres-will minimize the labor of your corres-the Israelities in the desert they weary the Israelities in the desert they weary the israelities of manna, of the pillar of fire. plication for assistance to the Church Extension. At the same time it will give you the assurance that your charity would fail to satisfy some of the process

CATHOLIC NOTES.

The Emperor of Germany has de-slared his intention of sending a special Envoy to Rome in November to convey his congratulations to the Holy Father on his golden jubilee.

Among 150 persons confirmed in St. Mary's Catholic Church in Evanston, Illinois, on the 11th instant, was the Rev. W. J. Granger, former pastor of St. Matthew Episcopal Church in Evanston, who became a Catholic a year ago.

Joseph O'Connor, chief of the editor-ial staff of the Rochester, N. Y., Post-Express, died suddenly while sitting in his chair in his home in that city. His writings on Catholic subjects had at-tracted widespread attention for years. Nearly 50,000 Catholic men and boys

paraded in various towns of northern New Jersey last Sunday as a part of the annual demonstration of the Holy Name Societies against the use of profanity. More than 150,000 persons viewed the processions or participated in the open air service that followed.

On his return to Baltimore, after his trip to Europe, Cardinal Gibbons was the object of a remarkable ovation. Following an official greeting at the relibered testion be started by the s railroad station by State and city officials, the beloved Prince of the Church was escorted to the Cathedral, where he reviewed a parade of ten thousand and boys

Very Rev. A. Lacombe, O. M. I., the veteran missionary of the Northwest territory, has completed arrangements for the opening of a home for the de-stitute at Fish Creek, near Calgary in the disease of St. Albert, Alberta. The the dioces of St. Albert, Alberta. The institution will be non-sectarian and will be open to all the destitute, men, women and children.

So great was the crowd in St. Joseph's So great was the crowd in St. Joseph's church, Newark, N. J., at the close of the non-Catholic mission recently that it was necessary to allow people within the sanctuary rail. There were sixty-two converts, one of them a man eighty years old, as the result of the mission. The sixty-two who accepted

He had accumulated some money there, by raising cattle, but had lost all in try-ing to increase the sum. That letter was answered and a permanent address for future correspondence was given to the man. He was also told of Mrs. Devon's death; the letter did not con Since that day Mrs. Ashley had not

dissipated where no attention is paid to the noble qualities of mind and heart, but where the only means of distinction for a woman destitute of mental charms Anderson's tribulations and struggles to amass a fortune. It was chiefly written in pencil, evidently at various times, is to parade a superior extravagance in bjects of luxury, a more marked affec-

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bellishment common to biographers of "For Mrs. Richard Ashley," said aints need materially affect. The moral letter carrier in the early part of last ideal of Christ conquered the ancient week, as he tossed upon the marble-topped counter in a tall Manhattan world when the Roman, mighty in character as well as in arms, was its master. It has lived through all these centuries, apartment house, a bulky envelope bear ing four foreign stamps, and departed. "Front!" called the clerk, in his best their revolutions and convulsions the usurpation, tyranny and scandals o

business voice, and when a young "but tons" appeared : "For Mrs. Ashley tons' There is much that impresses us, but she has just gone into the luncheo does not! exalt, in the Arabian Nights ' Entertainment and the Travels of Sir "A letter for you, madame," said the

John Mandeville; and on the same plane as these wonderful compositions Mr. youngster, as he stood at the side of a handsomely dressed woman past middle ith and all of his ilk would fain place the Old Testament, whose wonderful pro-phecies of the coming of the Messiah age.

"A foreign letter !" exclaimed th guest, first looking at the stamps ; then, were so strikingly borne out in the New after inspecting the postmark, she ex-claimed, "It is from Australia!" It was from Melbourne; had been re-addressed ment, for whose veracity in regard to the central figure in it he professes from Chicago. When the envelope was opened she

Mr. Smith detests the idea of dogma he can be not a little dogmatic in drew out a letter, upon the top of which the assertion of his agnosticism himself she read "Boulton & Boulton, Solicitors. Melbourne." Its contents began with a very formal "Madame." The writing The belief that man has an immortal soul inserted into a mortal body from which, being, as Bishop Butler phrases was execrable, and before the woman had puzzled out the first ten lines sh it, "indiscerptible," it is parted at death, has become untenable. We know that man is one; that all grows and de-

that man is one; that all grows and de-velops together. Imaginations cannot picture a disembodied soul. The spirit-George Anderson, to be specific, had alist apparitions are always corporeal." | died in a hospital at Melbourne and had "We know that man is one!" Who bequeathed the sum of \$25,000 to her knows it? Mr. Smith, who says he and a similar sum to each of her two does not know anything about God or sisters or their heirs. The woman got busy at once, and after two ineffectual the proofs or state the reasons which be advise of a Philadelphia, she sought the lead him to think so confidently on this particular and by no means inconsiderbest methods of cabling to Australia. To him the story was confided, and from able matter. He professes some vague ort of belief in the reality and respect for the all teaching of Christ. If that source it reaches the writer, with the unusual condition that his name is response were real, he would accept not to be mentioned. The story is worthy of his forbearance,

His teaching on the existence and the separability of the human soul, the loss of which he tells us mith termina im because it is, literally, that of a voice which He tells us with terrific im- from the grave. Here it is as nearly as the writer can remember its details, the

pressiveness is worse to the sinner than the loss of the whole world. the loss of the whole world. This duality of argumentation is so obvious all through the long and lab-ored surf-roll of plaint that a commen-

grew dim, he watched the sweet-faced vision in her black garb and broad winged bonnet of white. She awakened in him, he confessed, first thoughts of religion. The prospect of death, with the intent to refund the stolen mone unfulfilled, terrified him. At his re-quest, a clergyman was summoned he made his confession and was baptized into the communion of the Roman Catholic Church. The good priest assured the dying penitent that o far as he was able, he ought to repa the stolen money to the heirs of his former employer. Restitution was the only act that would wipe out the sinful-

ness of such an act. Boulton & Boulton solicitors, were thus brought into the case.

The reformed man left his entir estate to the three daughters of the dead employer, whose confidence he had betrayed. The diary is said to have been very pitiful and bearing many evidences of remorse.

Withal, it is a curious but perfectly eredible tale.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Late, Late, Too Late.

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The Appeal to Reason, which is the organ of the socialists and which is edited without reason, is scattering broadcast all through the union an issue containing a charge that Roosevelt and Taft have combined togethe with the Vatican to elect Taft to the presidency for his work "in betraying the Philippines into the hands of the Roman hierarchy."

This Appeal introduces its screech ing article by stating that it therein proves what it charges in its head line. The Bee has taken the pains to read th thing from beginning to end-for which

a righteous God forgive it 1-and finds nothing in the nonsensical slush to justify any assertion made by the Appeal.

The thing is silly and preposterous.

It is too late in the day to revive the dead and damned A. P. A.-Sacramento Bee.

But let them view the deformity of their useless lives and the certain ruin of soul and body toward which they are hurrying by the contrast presented by the true Christian woman, by her con-scientious fulfilment of all obligations which her social position imposes.

which her social position imposes. Thank God we have in every congrega-tion at least a few energetic, zealous roman who heartily devote themselve all the spiritual and corporal work f mercy within their reach. God alon knows and He alone can adequately com ensate the toil, the hardship, the humil ations, the sacrifices of time, money and feels like refusing to give anything at the

health which our Catholic women, ied and single, rich and poor shop girls, factory girls, and hired girls have to annually endure in their joint ndeavors to support our churches schools, hospitals, orphanages and othe local charities.

"You Children of Mary have for the object of your Tabernacle Society the making of vestments and altar linens for poor churches and missions. A wor-

thier or more meritorious work could tion. scarcely engage your attention. Indi-rectly at least you are helping to es-

Bishops of the Cincinnati province met in that city last week at the resid-ence of Archbishop Moeller, and de-cided to ask the Holy See to divide the Cleveland diocese into two parts for greater facilities of administration. If the plan recommended by the Bishops is carried out Cleveland will remain as the headquarters of one part of the diocese and Toledo will be the see of the other.

Bishop Grafton, the high Church prelate of Fond du Lac, is evidently deeply perturbed at the exodus of his high church followers to the Catholic Church. Some months ago, when the defection of Episcopalian clergyman was an everyday announcement in the press, Bishop Grafton, in a public statement said he was about to open a house of study for Catholic students who had "deserted Rome." Nobody has heard of the house of study since.

Mrs. Carrie Shean, of Los Angeles Cal., who died last week, was a convert from Methodism. A nurse by professome ort of a grievance against the priest. Family life is the common lot, it has sion, she came in contact with Catholics. Administering to the sick its blessings and comforts, but it often arrows a man and causes him to make and dving, day and night, she learned to understand the happiness, or ment and peace exhibited by the mountains out of mole hills. The wife and mother can stir up a small tempest by an injudicious story of some reproof Catholics in their dying moments on the one ack hand and then the uncertainty, alarm If and fear of those who faced death withgiven the children at school, some lack warmth on the part of the priest. out any fixed faith or belief. Death-bed scenes were the principal cause of uch a story about another were related to the man outside he would laugh at it, but at home it is another matter. He her conversion.

"Cardinal Gibbons is almost as well next collection and makes up his mind known in Europe, as the Pope," said Mr. David Bendann, "the prominent o tell the priest what he thinks of him. Our parish is large; it has a great Baltimore art connoisseur, who has just returned from his twenty-sixth visit to th. Old world. "He is the best known chool and a costly church. The fixed charges and incidental repairs on the plant must be thousands of dollars a of the cardinals, and on my trip I heard many encomiums of the distinguished churchman. Those who met him in year, yet I am constantly hearing people who wonder what the priest does with all the money he gets. I am surprised that Rome praised him, and his kindness a he can run the parish at all with so few extraordinary calls upon the congregaaffability were commented on during his short stay in Switzerland. While he was in London he was easily the most prominent figure in the recent assembl-

There is another fact which strikes me most impressively, the change in the age of notables of his Church."



THE CATHOLIC RECORD

CHILDREN OF DESTINY. A Novel by William J. Fischer.

2

Author of "Songs by the Wayside," "Winona as her Stories," " The Toiler," "The Years' Between." etc. etc. Other Ste

> CHAPTER XXI. LOVE'S ROSE-TIME.

to the right," the maid directed. In a moment Gracia stood at th steps sounded within, "Why, how do you do, Gracia? beg your pardon—I mean Miss Graven Gracia found a new meaning in life since the arrival of Jerome Chelsea's daintily written note. Her thoughts had probed down deeply into her soul beg your pardon—I mean Miss Graven-or," stammered Jerome, agreeably sur-prised. "Come right in, I was just thinking of you this moment, and here you are as full of life and beauty as ever. Really, Gracia—I beg your parand now the heart went bounding. Ex-cusing herself abruptly she hurried away from Aunt Hawkins, saying that she was anxious to get to work at the picture she had just sketched. "You see, Auntie," she continued.

"I am supposed to take my painting lesson at the studio to-day. Besides, I want to purchase a few necessary articles down town this morning."

short, interrupted the girl. "I sounds better." "Do you think so?" he asked, merry look twinkling in his eyes. Gracia was a picture of loveliness i her enter terrupted to be here the source of the s When Gracia reached her room sh threw herself into her large easy-chair, a feeling of intense joy in her young, untried heart. Unconsciously almost er smart spring gown of rich, black cloth. The morning sun, stealing through the large, open window, rested cloth. Th her fingers stole to her breast forth the coveted letter. She and drew full upon her pretty face—the delicate pink rose-petal complexion, the small red regular lips, the snowy teeth and the dancing black eyes. She wore a forth the coveted letter. She kissed it over and over again. She held it in her fingers as if it were some sacred thing. Again and again she read the lines. Then more slowly she repeated each word, lingering long upon the music of the dancing black eyes. She wore a plain, picturesque hat trimmed with red roses which was very becoming to her neatly arranged black hair. At her throat sparkled a tiny golden cross set with dismande

its meaning. "Dear Gracia,—Pardon my boldness with diamonds. in addressing you thus, but my heart seems to whisper that you will not be offended. For the past few weeks I have been wanting to tell you something Jerome, too, looked as if the spring had made his heart glad. Like Gracia his complexion was fair. His hair, a shade darker than hers, was rather long. When he smiled his red lips parted and several dimples showed conconcerning a matter of vital interest to But, so far, my courage both of-us failed me. failed me. When you come to the studio again you shall hear it all. Do spiced and several dimples showed con-spiceously in his cheeks. A loose working gown of thin gauzy material not stay away too long. I shall count the hours until I see you. Jerome." hung carelessly over his form. From his white collar was suspended a black

Jerome," "The dear boy!" she whispered, her heart beating joyfully. "What can he mean anyway? I am sure it must be about one of my canvasses. Perhaps word has come from Paris that it has won a prize."

tween the two from that first day

of her for hours as he sat working at hi

"Her coming into the studio seems to bring the sunshine with it. All the day's worries vanish and her gentle,

rich voice supplies many a lonely minute

be treasuring glorious visions, for, wandering along her heart's highway,

Happiness-devoted twin-sister of Vi

left the sweetest peace upon it. Then her thoughts stole to the studio and to

days that had vanished she had ofter

thought of him as some noble, strong guardian-angel who had been placed at

the very cross-roads of life just as she was passing. Often in her heart she

had penned sweet lines to her.

For some time Gracia's mind seemed to

-had come unbidden to her soul and

"She is a perfect lady," he would say.

care for me.

with music

vas an observant and thoughtful man. She paused a moment wrapped in deep Fastening his gown somewhat ner-ously he rose and said bashfully : Then again she read the last owly: "Do not stay away too thought. lines slowly: "Do not stay away too long. I shall count the hours until I Won't you be seated Gracia-here o this cosy couch ? you." In her mind she repeate his cosy couch ? Come !" Slowly he sank down beside her. es over and over again. They Soon they were engaged in the most ab seemed to voice a tender, a pathetic sorbing conversation.

"What brought you out so early ?" he Surely Jerome Chelsea, the great "Oh, I wanted to buy a few brushe artist, has not fallen in love with me,' mused the girl. "Ah, no, he does not

at the art store," she answered. "Be sides, I had other shopping to do." Even then her thoughts pained her, "Did you receive my letter ?" he continued anxiously. "Yes, Jerome, I did," she answered. for of all the places in Kempton none seemed to draw her heart like the cosy, little studio of this busy artist.

her cheeks blushing deeply. "Well, Gracia," he stammered uneas sudden attachment had sprung up be ily, "I have something to say to you— something that has been troubling my heart this long time; something vital, which Gracia had come to him as his pupil—a friendship supported by nothabiding reciprocity of esteem which in-

all-absorbing." " A sigh escaped the girl's lips. Sh stirred about nervously as one startled by fear. Slowly Jerome's hand stole into hers. The next moment they were face fused new life and animation into both their hearts. Jerome always felt sorry that the half-hour lesson was so soon over, and when Gracia was gone, he would think to face. "Gracia ! Gracia !" he continued

" Proceed ! Just call me Gracia for

interrupted the girl.

short,"

"I can keep the secret no longer. I must tell you—I must," he trembled. "Gracia—listen to me— -I— -love — Then his strong arm stole about he

She tried to release herself, but it was too late. "Gracia ! I love you," he gasped, looking into her beautiful, young face.

"You do not mean it, Jerome," sh id. "Oh, it seems hardly possible." said. Anything is possible to one who loves," he answered drawing her closer to him. "From that first day on which you came to me for your lesson. I have loved you, Gracia. I often tried

berome. It was such a blessing to such to think that he was so very near, such so comfort to know that his very fingers. In the get you, but it was impossible. When I was lonely your sweet face rose before me and cheered me; when I was discouraged your clear voice always brought to my ear some consoling message. Wherever I went you rose before me like some white-souled saint to lead me on. I was never alone. You were always with me, bound to me by was passing. Often in her heart she thanked God for it. Often she would

chain of

"Really ?" questioned Gracia, shyly. Gracia had been in this particular room many a time in the past, but all the doings about the studio were not brightened every dark shadow in her Bit every dark shadow in her "It was an inspiration, dear. The chrisknown to this fussy, little mortal who answered the door-bell. "Walk down the hall-the first turn to the right" the world dhe wird voices into heart it had given the treasures which God bestows upon His children in those first glad hours of the consecration. It had brought the springtime to her life— the blessed season which even then gave orkshop door. A gentle rap and footpromise of gay summers of happin bright autumns of hope and noble wint

f peace. Jerome regretted seeing Gracia de-part from the studio. He would have liked to have kept her there forever, but what matter now that she sat er throned in his heart?

When she was gone he lit a cigar and sank into his easy chair. For some time his thoughts traced beautiful pictures in the clouds of smoke. He pictured Gracia in the coming years helping him faithfully to attain to the lofty ideals which the future guarded zealously; he knew that her love would ever fall upon him as some tender benediction-that strong love of hers which would bridge every difficulty, surmount every obstacl and help him in his dream of beauty along the rocky road which finally led to along the rocky road which thally led to the fields of success beyond. Presently the old German clock, which Jerome had purchased in his student days at Leipzig, struck the hour of

"Time flies," he said gaily, "and I

must to work." He rose from his chair and threw his igar aside carelessly. "Oh, if that canvas were only done—

if Gracia only knew !" Thoughtfully he walked to the large,

open window. For a moment his eyes wandered across the busy street. "What a beautiful morning," he ex-

silken tie tied carelessly. He looked like a man enjoying the best of health. elaimed. " the very breath of poetry His features were clear cut and vigoreems to linger everywhere. Strange n every passing face I seem to see Gracia—my Gracia. O best love, great ous. In age he was perhaps a few years older than Gracia. The quick flashing Gracia—my Gracia. O best love! My heart burns for thee." love! My heart burns for thee." ook in his eyes showed plainly that he Then he turned and sat down at hi

asel, brush and palette in hand and began his work. There was a smile on his face as he sang lustily-

" Ask me no more where Jove bestows When June is past, the fading rose ; For In your beauty's orient deep Those flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither doth haste The nightingale when May is past ; For in your sweet divining throat She winters and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those stars light That downward fall in dead of night For in your eyes they sit, and th Fixed become as in their sphe

"There, now, that looks better," exclaimed as he lifted his brush from anvas. "I wonder what Gracia will say when she sees the picture? I think it s the best I have ever done and I do hope t will bring me something from Paris. am sure Gracia will be surprised. Only few more finishing touches and then the picture will be done."

For two hours the artist worked faith-fully at the canvas adding those little fully at the canvas auting those pro-details which are necessary for the pro-duction of a great master piece. When duction of a great master piece. When he had finished he rose from his seat, walked back a few yards and faced the picture "It is magnificent," he exclaimed, his

heart thrilling with pride. "I am so glad it is finished at last. I feel very ired. And now for a name.

He mused a moment, thinking deeply, "I have it — I have it," he cried. "I shall call it 'Love's Blossoming.'" Then he strode over to the table and rang the little bell.

Did you ring, Mr. Chelsea ?" the maid

"Yes, Priscilla. I am very tired. Bring me a cup of strong coffee and a slice of toast. I am not going out for

lunch. "Will coffee and toast be sufficient ?" "Will coffee and toast be summered t "Yes, Priscilla. I am not hungry, only tired and I want something to re-fresh me, that's all." When she was gone Jerome sank into

his arm chair. He ran his fingers through his long black hair and said through this long black hair and said pleasant park which faced the onio a beautiful name!" Then a look of instreet. The various paths were all wel tense satisfaction stole to his eyes. kept and the newly made flower-beds Gracia came to the studio that aftershowed that the nuns had already bee oon for her lesson. busy preparing for the coming of the

"Let me see," the old nun said straightening her glasses. "Why to be sure, it's Gracia Gravenor. How are you, my child? Tenderly-she pressed her hand in her own. "You are grow-"It was an inspiration, dear. The chrisening took place but a few hours ago, ing into a fine young woman,i Gracia How old are you ?" He did not finish the sentence and " I will be twenty," the girl remarked Gracia wondered why he was so reti-

cent. "I do not understand you, Jerome, Come tell me all about it—and please finish your sentences?" "Twenty," Sister Beatrice said slowly

A troubled look stole into her eyes. "Come, Gracia," he exclaimed, "let["]us ta, " the months pass on, and we grou older and wiser with them." ee the picture first. It will speak for tself. the old nun, "Gracia will com Agatha's and become one of us."

He led her into the workshop where the canvas stood just as he had left it. Gracia sprang forward with a thrill of delight and Jerome followed slowly. "Oh Jerome-it's beautiful!" she cried

her eyes wandering over the great master piece. Then her cheeks grew pale. She turned and faced him and her lips tremome rose before her eyes as in a mist strong and manly-looking. The memory of all that had occurred made her heart glad. A little, half-suppressed smile

bled. The picture was a creation in soft sub dued color, a garden scene with the spring full upon it. A clear, blue sky smiled above and shadows shone everywhere. In the foreground stood a num ber of rosebushes, and, bending over ber of rosebushes, and, bending over one of them, was a woman in white, beautiful and youthful looking. In her fingers she held a red blossoming rose. Her eyes were gazing into the very soul of the averies of the series of the of the opening flower. They had a heavenly look in them—the light of love, clear and sweet beyond all understanding.

woman in white was no other The than Gracia.

"Why did you not tell me of this weeks ago?" she asked tenderly. "Because I dared not. I loved you, but it was too early. Love's blossom-ing had not yet come."

CHAPTER XXIII.

A VISIT TO ST. AGATHA'S. "I am so glad to see you, Gracia."

It was a woman's voice that sounded in the neat, plainly-furnished room— Sister Benita's, bright, musical and cheery. In the height of her happiness, after

her lesson at the studio, Gracia had gone to St. Agatha's, to pour out her inmost feelings to Sister Benita. These visits to the convent on the hill were of a very informal nature. To Gracia they were special feasts of delight. She loved to be near Sister Benita. She was so different to the other women with whom she came in contact daily. Always sympathetic and kind, the nun possessed qualities of heart and mind which make for greatness—those noble, uplifting traits which are given to those nly who live pure and virtuous and ex-

emplary lives. Tall and distinguished looking, Sister Benita was above all else a beautiful woman. As she glided through the room one could only think of her as saint—a woman set far above the world's common lot, whose heart was filled with love for the Creator and whose life wa a grand poem of self-denial and holy living. The parting sunbeams wandered lazily over her snowy guimpe. Her clear, crystal eyes were filled with an almost celestial light and a pleasant smilo mea almost cen be the form smile was always on her face. Gracia thanked God inwardly that there was a

Sister Benita and that she lived very close to her own heart. The little reception room was spotlessly clean and plainly furnished. The walls were white. On one of them hung a beautiful representation in oil of the Nativity, the work of Sister Benita, art-mistress at St. Agatha's. Above it the Crucified One looked down from His humble cross, His eyes beaming with

"Let us go out into the open, Gracia," the nun remarked sweetly in a soft musical voice, before the girl had time to sit down. "I think it is rather close to sit down. "I think it is rather close in here. Besides it is so refreshing to ing here some day. It is so beautiful to be far from the world's wickedness and be out-of-doors when spring is in the air. I have been fenced in all afternoon

many years and am anxious for your safety. Were I out in the world I could in the class-room and just long for a breath of fresh air. So come, dear!" They drifted out of the room into the easily follow your footsteps, but-

OCTOBER 31, 1908 closed and sealed. And now for the sound of wedding bells-wedding bells,

Gracia ! Gracia !" "Not yet ! not yet !" the girl replied joyfully. "You shall be the first to hear the date." "Do not wait too long, my dear," the

nun remarked as Gracia closed the old convent gate behind her. "I wonder what that mysterious I wonder what that mysterious letter

in the little casket is all about?" the nun mused as she retraced her steps to her room. "There was a strange look in my brother's eyes when years ago he commissioned me to take charge of lder and wiser with them. "Some day, Sister," smilingly spoke he old nun, "Gracia will come to St. the enclosed letter which is to be read to the girl on her twentieth birth-day. What is the meaning of it all? Read to her on her twentieth birthday! It all t and Agatha's and become one of us. "Would that your wish might come true !" sighed Sister Benita. Just then Gracia's thoughts stole to the quaint studio, and the image of Jerseems very strange to me. Only a few months and Gracia will be twenty. Then

I shall have to fulfil my promise. TO BE CONTINUED.

THE QUEST OF FATHER MAURICE.

"Perhaps, some day, when I am world weary and this wanderlust is over, Father Maurice sat in the big bay window of the rectory parlor. It was bright daylight outside—a day in treacherous March, but full of warm I shall come and seek rest within these walls. But for the present I know the Master has other plans in store for me." A strange look came into Sister Beni-ta's eyes. "What does the child mean ?" spring sunshine; and this sunshin now in yellow bars on the dark red floor, now in yellow bars on the dark red hoor. A glorious day it was indeed, with enough of winter's frost in it—just bare-ly enough—to set the blood tingling with the very joy of being alive. But Father Maurice heeded not the ta's eyes. "What does the child mean is she wondered. "She will tell me all be fore she leaves."

"Whatever your course in life may be, Gracia," comfortingly remarked Sister Beatrice, " May God bless you and keep you from all harm! Strong, loving, pure-hearted women are needed in the But Father Maurice heeded not the sunshine not the glory of the God-given day. The blue sky outside did not apeal to him, nor the bracing air, whiffs of which came through the window as if world now, more than ever. These are world how, more than ever. These are evil days, my child, and the heart of humanity is grief-stricken. Society has placed a monster upon her throne and labelled her—woman. But she is a prey to all the evil influences of her to tempt this lover of nature into the bar of the yellow light open. A wide bar of the yellow I barely passed his eyes and rested or black, closely waving hair, bringing out the purple tints in it. He was indeed a noble-looking priest,

times. What we want are pure-hearted, hopeful women who carry in their hearts a love for innocent, little children and, His forehead was the broad one of a thinker. His eyes looked out on hun in their souls, an abiding principle of right living and truth. The mothers of ity with the faith of a child in their depths; the large mouth and the square men are fighting the battle of to-day. Gracia, and to them, God looks for the chin settled the whole countenance one of determination. A man of whom a mother might be proud as she sent him regeneration of the human race. If you to fight the battle of God against all the world. A man to whom the old might look up as the incarnation of all gentleare destined to take your place amongs this noble, fighting army, remember your responsibilities child, and God will ness, and children might cling to as the There was a comforting note in all nearnation of all strength.

His books—he was a scholar of no mean attainments—lay piled in a heap at his elbow. His papers, too, in orderly that the old nun had said, and it sank deeply into Gracia's heart. Sister Beatrice had been quite a thinker and read-er in her day. She had probed deeply into the mysteries of life and its same precision, were stacked before him. But he touched nothing. His abstracted philosophy, and her bird-like, cheery messages went to the girl's heart, carry-ing with them love and hope and peace. gaze rested on the opposite wall, and even as he gazed the rectory parlor faded from his sight and before him came Presently the angelus sounded from the high belfry of St. Agatha's. The a vision of the past.

It is a tiny room-kitchen and sittingroom combined. On the scrupulously clean floor is laid a gay rag carpet. Oldfashioned motioes are framed upon the walls, and over the mantel is a cheap picture of the Sacred Heart. Muslin curtains, held back by bright red rib-bons, are on the windows, and in these windows blossom the flowers their owner loves. She is a small woman, with a shrewd, gentle, kindly face and soft gray eyes eyes that send forth beams of charity on all her little world. She is a widow, her only child, a boy, her idol She has marvelous dreams for that boy of hers, and in his most turbulent moments the thought of his mother helps to curb the untamed spirit, as anxious to outrun bounds and seek mischiefs as any other lad of his age and healthful

activity. She has worked for him since his father's death left him with only her to guide him and take care of him. Like Anna, the mother of Samuel, she dedicated him to the Lord, and in his future were bound up all the simple ambitions of her life-all her desires and hopes. No wishes for grandeur were hers, no longings for things of comfort, no craving for material good. But on the knees of prayer she humbly besought the grace that this one child of hers might be called of God to reap the spiritual har-

vest. The prayer was heard. He had the OCTO

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have spoken the word that was nearest and dearest to her lips; often she can never destroy. Oh beloved ! I have longed for this blessed hour and would have placed her hand tenderly in his; often she would have smiled upon him in that delicious room of sketches "I, too, feel like uttering some prayer of thanksgiving, Jerome," Gracia beand paintings, but that strange some thing, rising within her, always held her gan. "If this, then is love-this glorious subtle force that is stealing through my being, I ask for no other back. Now that the little letter had arrived from the man whom she had placed on so lofty a pedestal in her heart's kingdom, she hoped that her pleasure than to rest in your strong heart, Jerome, and feel the eternal, dream might come true. abiding influence of your love. How could I help loving you?" she continued

In the

Soon Gracia was on her way down the street in the direction of one of the art-You are so noble, great and good. am only an ordinary girl and you-yo stores, whither she was going to pur chase some supplies. She peeped into chase some supplies. She peeped into many a shop-window, loitering here and are such a noted man of the world." "You may think yourself only an ordin there, her eyes feasting for the moment upon some rare thing of beauty. Pre-sently she passed a neat little cottage, ary girl, Gracia," he interrupted, that is your humility. To me you are the greatest, noblest, sweetest standing several yards from the street. On one of the windows, emblazoned in have ever known-an angel dropped from the skies, beautiful as the faller black and gold, one read the inscription snow and lovely as the stars in the blue heavens. With you always near JEROME CHELSEA

Studio.

her feelings urged " yes." So down the quaint rose-path she hurried, her heart

beating vigorously. Almost breathless she ascended the

narrow steps and rang the bell. The door opened and a pretty, girlish voice sounded.

Yes. Step into the reception roor

Gracia walked into the restful, lovely

room-that home of bric-a-brac, curios,

" Good morning, Miss Gravenor." "Is Mr. Chelsea in ?"

a minute and I shall call him

souvenirs, pictures and books.

was she to do ?

blue heavens. With you always near, my life will be a path of roses. With-out you it would have been cold and physicles." She paused a moment as if wrapped a thought. Her lesson was not until in tho three in the afternoon, and the city "Ah, Jerome, Love is sweet whe

clock across the street only pointed th anctified upon the altar of a noble hour of ten. She knew Jerome would be at home. The morning hours were heart like yours and its rose-time is joyous. Oh, I am so happy—so happy. I love you—dear." generally his working hours. How her They drew a little closer and for an eyes longed for sight of him ! It seemed

hat stron

ages since she had seen him last, yet only two days had elapsed. instant their lips met in that first white hour of Love's awakening. What was she to do ? Cupid seemed to have complete control of the situation, and

CHAPTER XXII. THE PAINTED PICTURE.

Gracia hurried home that morning

woman

complete.

anvas?"

with joy in her heart-the joy felt when me unexpected pleasure suddenly mes into one's life. In her heart sh suddenly had often longed for the love of Jerome but she always pictured it as something lying far beyond her grasp-somethin of which she was unworthy, something that was meant for another. And now since she had heard his lips speak the words that she had often heard in dreams and felt the pressure of his warm, strong hand, she knew that Love's very heaven had been opened to her at last. Like an

Presently the woman returned and bowing profoundly, said : "Mr. Chelsea is busy now and has begged me to bring innocent, pleasure-loving child she had entered that place of a thousand deyou to his working room, which you must consider a very great honor. You are the first woman I have shown to the lights, where birds madrigaled unceas ingly and flowers lifted their sweet face to the sun and smiled as she passed by.

It was a grand awakening to be so sud-

"You are on time, dear," he smiled as she entered the room, "I am glad. It seemed days since you were here, and yet it was only this morning," "Has not this been a beautiful day, Auntie?" Gracia remarked as the two walked down one of the narrow paths Then his hand stole silently into hers and he led her across the room.

"You look tired, Jerome. Are you not tion clung to the latter still, even nov feeling well?" Gracia asked, nervously, that she was Sister Benita. looking into his honest, manly face. "I am feeling quite well, thank you."

'Yes, it has been a charming day,' answered the nun. "See! the Sisters are at work over there. They have just "What have you been doing, dear." "I have been painting. I could hard-ly leave my canvas during the past few finished the last flower-bed. Do notice the little nun bending over days. It haunted me continually, and I That is Sister Beatrice, the oldest num was very anxious to finish it. in the community." "Ah yes, I remember her. I met her I painted for hours yesterday and, when evening

came, I still sat at my easel. Later went out for a refreshing walk. When year or so ago. "Think of it, she is almost a hundred When I eturned the picture again attracted m years old, and yet she is as active as any of us. She has had charge of these and I worked until after midnight. When I fell asleep the morning sun was lower-beds for over forty years. just rising.'

"Come let us go over to her," said the girl engerly. "It seems so long since we met. I think she is a darling woman. "No wonder then that you look tired," Gracia said pitifally. "I am afraid you are forgetting the laws of the conserva-Old people always inspire me. I car tion of energy. always see a heavenly halo about them.'

"Perhaps, but my very life seemed to Sister Benita and Gracia went across be in the picture. It has taken me two months, dear, to give expression to a dethe lawns that were turning green in th quickening, spring air. Soon they stood face to face with Sister Beatrice. The sire my heart has treasured for days and now all the striving and longing is nuns had in the meantime left the park, bent upon other errands, and Sister at an end. The picture is finished and it is the best I have yet done. A prize from Paris and then my happiness will Beatrice was therefore alone.

"Well, Sister, I see you are still busy with your flowers," Sister Benita re-" You must be tired."

"You intend sending it abroad?" marked. "Yes, my dear. Space has been re-served for me in the leading art gallery of Paris for six pictures and this shall The old nun raised herself straight as an arrow, a look of ineffable sweetness e one of them." "This is all news to me, Jerome,

an arrow, a low of inenance sweetness upon her wrinkled face. "Tired? Ah no, Sister," she ex-claimed happily. "I never grow tired, Why should I weary of my work when it is all done in the name of the Master? I do not have the second to do the do the Gracia exclaimed with surprise. "You have been at work upon that picture for two months and you never mentioned the matter to me?" I do not know what I would do without my flowers here. They have gladdened "I dared not Gracia, but now-"

my heart these many long years, and, "That seems strange," she interrupted. "You dared not? I hardly know what you mean. What is the name of the when spring comes speeding across the hills, my place is out here in the fresh air and sunshine. "She is a second Matt Pensy," thought

"Love's Blossoming," he replied. Gracia. "What a pretty name! Your pictures "Do you remember the young lady are always well named, Jerome. You have with me ?" asked Sister Benita. ' Do you remember the young lady I

"Never mind, auntie, I shall not go astray so long as I possess the love of What do you mean, child ?"

bells had a joyous peal in them. To Gracia they brought a sense of peace

ly and reverently she sank upon her knees beside the silent, kneeling figures

of the two women and poured out her

CHAPTER XXIV.

GRACIA CONFIDES.

Sister Benita knew that Gracia

arried a secret in her heart which she

could have been pleased to impart to

another. Something had come over the girl since her last visit to St. Agatha's

and Sister Benita was determined to find

out what it was. "You look somewhat troubled, Gracia,"

the nun began. "Not troubled exactly, Auntie. I am

happy, very happy, but—" Gracia raised her face to the nun's gaze and for a moment her lips were

"You remember me saying but a m

other plans in store for me-"

ment ago, auntie, that the Master had

"Yes, child, I remember distinctly. I

had always set my heart upon your com-

sin. I have mothered you these

that seemed almost supernatural.

came to her face and she answered

bless you !"

prayer to God.

ilent.

"I mean, auntie, that I love Jerome Chelsea, the artist. He is good and honest and we have sworn to be true to each other for life.

Jerome Chelsea, the artist who From childhood Gracia had always called Muriel, Auntie, and this appella painted the pictures in our chapel ? know him very well." "Yes, he is the man."

Sister Benita moved about nervously. The surprise had been very great. In

her heart she felt pleased. "I am glad," she said, "that love has brought you such a charming young man. A man who can paint such beautiful angel-faces and such charming heavenly Madonnas must in his hear possess many admirable qualities, my dear. He is an artist, and I know your love for pictures and beautiful things.

Gracia I am satisfied with the man of our choice. "Thanks, a thousand times !" the girl

whispered faintly. Then her hand fell into the nun's lap and for a moment the tears ran fast, but they were the tears that come in the supreme hour of joy. For the next half hour the girl poured ut her inmost thoughts to the kind nun. When later Sister Benita kissed he good-bye at the old-fashioned convent gate, there was a motherly tone in her voice as she said: "Now dear, be a good and prudent girl. You have much to

When Gracia raised her hand in parting the Sister saw a bright glimmer on one of her delicate fingers.

Sister Benita took her hand in hers and quickly examined the precious diamond which Gracia had tried so hard to conceal.

"Ah ! I see my dear," she exclaimed "It is beautiful and may I ask who ha been so good as to present you with it? Sister Benita thought that it might have been a gift from Aunt Hawkins. Gracia lowered her eyes for a moment and her cheeks blushed deeply, as she answered in the faintest whisper :

"It is my engagement ring. Jerome gave it to me only this afternoon."

The nun smiled good-naturedly and said: "Congratulations, child! I am his Bishop's letter-a kindly, tender letter written from a spiritual father to said: "Congratulations, child! I am letter written from a spiritual father to sure you are pleased the contract is his well-beloved son. In it he spoke of

d of a long line of fighting ancestors in him, even if of humble origin. The free air of America, breathed in at every pore, made his eyes clear and his brain sharp. "We need his kind," sharp. We need his kind, said the good old pastor to the delighted mother. "Vigorous, healthy stock—we need him to combat agnosticism and the worship

She did not understand what he meant, but she felt sure that her boy was destined for something wonderful by those very words. He grew and throve in health of mind and soul and body. From High school to college; from college to seminary. Daily the sweet face grew sweeter and more holy, for her boy was God's.

"A poor old woman, sonny," she wrote him, in her cramped, pains-taking hand, "a poor old ignorant woman, dear, but who, thanks to you, won't be ashamed to face God."

And what those words meant to Father Maurice only he knew. For if she were to bring him to God as her offering, dare e detract by a single unworthy thought from the value of the gift she gave? He had too high a sense of the fitness of things not to long to perfect himself to lead the highest life attainable.

The great day of his ordination came -a happy day for both, bringing with it the wondrous ceremony that set her boy apart from the world of men. On that lorious and wonderful day his mother's ace shone upon him with the peace of heaven. She had wept tears of joy. Her lips were trembling as she kissed his hands, his anointed hands, and when he gathered her shrunken figure into his treme her shrunken figure into his strong arms she put her gray head on his shoulder and sobbed aloud

in excess of delight.

And after that—silence. Where she went he did not know. Through what mistaken idea she had managed to efface herse'f he never discovered. But search for her as he might, from that day forward until this heard her voice. e had never seen his mother's face nor

This was the memory that shadowed

Father Maurice's eyes and made heavy his heart. Before him on the table lay

many,'

1908

w for the ding bells, girl replied irst to hear dear," the ed the old

rious letter bout?" the er steps to inge look in ago he ge of it and

to be read birth-day. Read to lay! It all Only a few It all centy. Then aise.

MAURICE.

).

the big bay lor. It was lor. It a day in ull of warm sunshine lay sunshine lay ndeed, with t-just bareood tingling alive. ded not the ie God-given did not apig air, whiffs window as if ure into the yellow light rested on his bringing out

wking priest. oad one of a ut on humanhild in their nd the square ntenance into man of whom s she sent him against all the the old might of all gentleling to as the

scholar of no led in a heap too, in orderly before him His abstracted osite wall, and rectory parlor efore him came

en and sittingg carpet. Oldimed upon the tel is a cheap deart. Muslin bright red riband in these ers their owner woman, with a e and soft gray orth beams of orld. She is a boy, her idol. as for that boy nost turbulent nost turn helps irit, as anxious ek mischiefs as e and healthful him since his

ith only her to e of him. Like umuel, she dedind in his future imple ambitions sires and hopes. ir were hers, no omfort, no crav-But on the knees sought the grace hers might be ie spiritual har-

rd. He had the ghting ancestors ble origin. The athed in at every ir and his brain kind," said the lelighted mother. OCTOBER 31, 1908.

contents, a gleam of pleasure lightened

He skimmed through it ; still smiling

then settled back in his chair for a slower

I told you once you could never convert me? See what a prophet I an

The whole letter, written in this non-

sensical style, touching lightly upon things which Father Maurice knew must

have turned into widely different chan

give his mother's more serious tale :

At last they came to the point con-cerning which Father Maurice was most

tious to hear. Mother doesn't understand it," he

said, laughing at the suddenly thought-

ful face of the woman opposite. " She can't understand it, she won't under-

and looked at me. ""Well, mother,' he said, 'I've got it.

I've always known I'd get it sometime, and it's come at last.'

like himself-that he very nearly fright-

"'Got what, got what ?' I cried out. "The Catholic religion,' he an-

'And she said, 'For heaven's sake, is

that all? You scared me so,'" put in

Father Maurice was shaking with laughter. The way in which Mrs. Ram-

sey mimicked her son's voice and actions

laugh at her and with her.

so true to life that he was forced to

And now that he has found out the

for the first time, comes from the chry salis of his shadowded existence int

God's own sunlight. I can imagine him

exulting in it with an almost heart-break-

ing joy, bathing in it, putting out his

hands to grasp some of its beauty, hold-ing up objects to it, so that this new

the poor sense of touch when he walked

nature vibrated in his tone. Max leaned forward, and now Father Maurice

The feeling of an intensely spiritual

in the ways of darkness.

understand ?"

d wonderful light may transfigure into loveliness-glowing iridescent, wonder ful-those things he had but known by

His tone was so solemn-so-

ened me to death.

swered.

Max.

Intosh come

jects.

ing up

At luncheon my boy came in

tinge of the ludicrous.

up his countenance. "From Max Ramsey, of all fellows,"

he said in a delighted tone. "Well!"

void in his life.

what he knew to be the young priest's earnest longing, a post on the mission-ary frontier, but also the faring of his those earnest words of his had sunk deeply into her heart, and the grave thoughtfülness of his mien when he spoke added to the impression. ary nonlifer, but also the haring of his quest, and what chances there seemed to be for its success. For well the Bishop knew the anxiety of mind he suffered in consequence of this sudden int in his life. shook herself a little, as if trying

by that movement to get rid of the feel-ing that perhaps she was one of those blind ones, who had not yet opened her Father Maurice lifted his head from his hand with a sigh now, folded the eyes. " My very first and my very worst is non-belief in the power of prayletter carefully and put it in his breast pocket. Another letter, still unopened, lay at

Father Maurice looked interested.

his elbow. He turned it over carelessly, not recognizing the writing. When he finally tore the envelope and perused its "You see," she went on, eager now to qualify her position before this grave young priest, and speaking with an amount of earnestness that made her son about of earnestness that made her son look at her in surprise—" you see, I can't conceive of any Being—supreme or otherwise, whatever He is—wanting one of His or its creatures to bow down be-fore it. Then earlies the Compton knows to of His or its creatures to bow down be-fore it. Then, again, the Creator knows the mind He gave you. He knows also its workings and its wishes, doesn't He ? Of what use is prayer in that case ? He is aware of all you would say before you speak. And as to praying to the saints, why it's ridiculous—can't see that at reading. It was a breezy epistle and humorous, to judge by the manner in which the smile broadened and settled on his lips. It told briefly of the writer's return from the continent, asked him if he ever re-gretted old college days, and added in a brief postscript that he had seen the error of his mode of living in England, why, it's ridiculous—can't see that at all. Show me first the reason why of prayer. The rest will come." baying failen under of hving in England, having failen under the influence of the English Jesuits. "So there isn't any chance for you to try your powers after all, fighting Parson Maurice, as we used to call you," it ended. "You remember

"The 'reason why,' " said Max, " has been demonstrated to this lady by no less learned priests than Fathers Dupree and Schurman, to say nothing of Father McIntosh, who simply overwhelmed her with dogma

vert me? See what a prophet I am, though it profiteth you nothing. Mother is still as calmly pagan as she brought me up to be. Come and see us, Father Maurice, before she goes again to the "Oh, dogma !" with a laugh. "I want practical proof. Snow me the answer-ing of one prayer. Then you can quote all the fathers of the Church to me." all the fathers of the Church to me." She spoke warmly, one could say hotly. The picture of a blind man groping in the dark, knowing things only by the sense of touch, annoyed her. Father Maurice, at those last words of hers, caught his breath. His eyes grew soft. He leaned forward. His face, over which some contains included disturbing its land of the idols. If you can upset her land of the holes. If you can upset her easy-going philosophy, her monumental don't-care-ism, you will be entitled to my candid astonishment. It shall be my candid astonishinent. It has you laid at your feet to do with as your

some emotion rippled, disturbing its calm, astonished her. She listened. calm, astonished her. She listened. "I am a priest four years," he said. "I had a mother once—a mother, Mrs. Ramsey, who never in all her precious life tasted the luxury you know. Her back was bent with work and age; her hands were horny and wrinkled—O God in heaven, bless those horny hands wherever they may be to-day!" Emotion choked him; he paused. "Her face was seamed and wrinkled and

nave turned into widely different chan-nels the current of a gifted mind, aroused a certain curiosity in the young priest. He replied at once, and the following afternoon found him seated in Mrs. Ramsey's drawing-room, listening to the sweet-faced, stately lady relating some of the incidents of her continental trip. weet-need, stately hady relating some of the incidents of her continental trip. Max Ramsey, a big, bluff, blond young man, with an engaging countenance, put in a word now and then that served to

Emotion choked him : he paused. "Her face was seamed and wrinkled and lined," he went on. "Humble she was and poor and a widow, and I—her only son—her only child. She gave me to God, proud of the giving, gl-~l of it, yielding me back to Him who gave me. She prayed for me, Mrs. Ramsey. I was no wiser or hetter or more talented as no wiser or better or more talented than the average lad of my years, heed-less, indeed, and careless and inclined to levity. But she prayed for me. And her prayers must have touched the heart of God she loved in her pure way, for they made me what I am. After Christ, I am His priest by virtue of my

stand it." "Pray try, to look at it with my eyes," said the mother. "He left the breakfast table in the morning—this is an honest fact—actually laughing at some preposterous dogma of the Catho-lle faith. At luncheon my boy came in other's prayers. "Well, on my ordination day she disappeared. There is but one exp'anaappeared, there was a raid to hamper my career, she was so proud of me. My poor talents were so many sources of joy to her. She thought, maybe, the son she toiled for would be ashamed of his mother who had eaten bitter bread for his sake, and was bent with much toil-ing up and down another's stairs. Mrs. Ramsey, when you spoke just now I felt suddenly that here was a way-that God meant you for His instrument. Through yours prayers He will give me back the one to whom I owe my life, my vocation. It must be an inspiration, mustn't it? How could you, wealthy, aristocratic, moving in the circles that you do-how ould you come in contact with a poor

little old woman? And I do not ask you to seek her. Just pray-pray that I may find her. God will, in His merey, give to you what He has not given to why of it," she went on, as if it were a personal grievance, "he won't explain it. I can't get a word out of him to He had touched the woman's hear eneath her cold exterior. The tears were

dear mother, it is impossible, streaming down her face-tears she did said Max, a thoughtful expression com-ing over his sunny face. "I went out not check or wipe away, though gener-ally any emotion seemed an insult to and Max, a thoughthit expression com-ing over his sunny face. "I went out that morning as veritable a pagan as— as you are now. I came back willing to believe anything they told me. Father the classim calm on which she prided herself. Max put his hand out to meet his friend's, and their fingers met warmly. His eyes, too, were moist. Father Maurice looked ashamed.

Welntosh was talking to me. He was very kind, you know, Maurice, and much interested in both of us. He had often expended his breath in finer lan-guage, and I knew it. Suddenly, just like a flash, the whole thing dawned on "Pray forgive me—for—for making you feel so badly," he said, "I do not know why I said so much—it must surebeen an inspiration. Mrs. ly have " And I went the next day along the

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

have bewitched me." "I think you have been soul-dumb," he answered. "Now that the language of the spirit is finding vent at last in rightful speech, it eraves for its true food." "Thank you-there is a good deal of meaning in that. Perhaps you are right. I have read somewhere about storming is the citadels of heaven—well, if such a fi

She turned her eyes on her son, who

She turned her eyes on her son, who smiled affectionately. The understanding that existed be-tween these two was beautiful. On the son's part the love he entertained for his mother here the day his mother broadened a disposition in-clined to aestheticism. It made him manly, as an absorbing affection for an-yet,"

other makes the narrowest masculine soul. It softened the woman's somewhat imperious disposition, prone to the arrogance her luxurious existence en gendered. To Father Maurice the mere fect was the sympathy between them. what lar He looked from one face to the other, look of

He looked from one face to a smilling now boyishly. "I am glad to hear you talk so," he said. "Very glad. You are a few steps in the great road. Two months "Your prayer has been answered in the dear. I shall stay here—per-

farther on the great road. Two months ago you would not have said that." "Maybe not," she answered, adding : "Will you get in and drive with us a ay? Perhaps, too, I can persuade you "" like to ask you." "Thank you, thank you," he answered

Father Maurice, Father Maurice

Please?" An excited voice called his name, an excited face met his gaze as he turned at the call. A man had halted in a hasty run past im and now stood in front of him, hat

hand. "Thank God, father, I met you here's store. They rung up an ambulance, but she wants the priest. Quick, too, Father Maurice. I'm afraid she's pretty

It was the call no servant of God has ever heard in vain. Without a wo Father Maurice turned and left riends and was soon lost to sight in the throng. As they went along, the man, who attended the church with which Father Maurice was connected, gave him hasty but graphic details of the accident. The crowd around the drug store fell away as they saw the priest and hats were lifted as he passed. Two chairs had been drawn together

and on them they placed the poor crea ture. A policeman stood inside the door to keep back the curious crowd, some gaping coldly, others sympathetic, but all filled with the grewsome sentiment that animates a crowd anywhere anxious to see. A kindly woman who had witnessed the occurrence had been permitted to remain. She was a young woman, and tender-hearted, and with eyes full of tears she had removed the old-fashioned bonnet and the neath darned gloves and had made a pillow for the gray head by folding up her own jacket and placing it underneath. The poor old face was ghastly white, the eyes closed, and the woman, who was kneeling beside her on the floor, looked up-gladly-when she saw the priest. "Oh," she murmured. "Father----

He was a stranger to her, but she was a Catholic, and recognized the Roman collar and clerical bearing. She fell back to allow him to perform his priestly duties

Why did Father Manrice suddenly grow rigid, and why did that strang mist swim before his eyes? Why did his face grow pale and his nostrils dilate "God, my God !" he whispered. " In any way but this-give her back to me

n any way but this——" He fell on his knees. The startled

watchers saw him put one arm under the poor old woman's head, and with the other clasp her to him. They did not understand. But the pathos of the group touched them. The big policenan at the door felt his eyes, hardened by much gazing on sorrow, grow moist He turned his head away. The woman heard his broken tones, saw the old eyes open and the wrinkled face grow suddenly into beauty under the rush of

her face. It was well to jest indeed, but life as I am about this. I think you peated over and over the simple prayers the dying-the prayers she loved. The ambulance surgeon came, but Father Maurice simply motioned him She was going fast then ne glance at the glazing eyes told the oung doctor so. He looked in some arprise at the white face bent so ten-

meaning in that. Perhaps you are right. I have read somewhere about storming the eitadels of heaven-well, if such a thing is possible, I must have weakened a few of the outer ramparts. I—I want more than an answer," she finished ab-ruptly. "I, who am in darkness, seek the light." She turned her eyes on her son, who

n her knees, sobbing audibly. Outside Mrs. Ramsay saw the crowd thinning rapidly away from the drug store, for excitement in the city is but emphemeral. She called the coachman

" Father Maurice must be in there yet," she said. "Go, Max. Perhaps we can help the poor creature, whoever she may be

Max obeyed. He entered the store hastily, coming out a few moments after-wards and approaching the aristocratic woman who awaited him. Her some what languid expression gave way to look of anxiety when she saw his face

mother dear. I shall stay here-haps I can be of some use to Maurico Max ! "He has found his mother, he has und her at last."

And she is-

" Dead dear. Go home without m heartily. "But I am on duty for the wening. Next week—let us say Thurs-you all about it."

Three months later Father Maurice was sent on his longed for mission work. Two things he likes to remember of his last few days' stay in New York. One is the reception into the fold of Mrs Ramsay, who found faith the day the quest ended, and who is now among the humblest children of Mother Church. The other is his last visit to the little -was just going to the rectory. There's The other is his last visit to the little poor woman run over up the street mound in Calvary cemetery where rest all that is earthly of his mother's form-Grace Keon in The Ruler of the King-

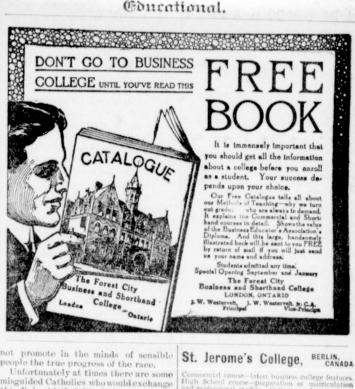
MODERN VANDALS.

The work of undermining the religiou beliefs which have held sway in the world and which have been the strength and consolation of generations which have passed away is at best a thankless task. Work of this kind, however, seems to be the aim of the Independent and other kindred publications which, from week to week, with an authoritative tone that may deceive the unwary inte believing that it belongs to the advo cacy of truth, set forth certain modern views of religion as the only ones which an educated man may hold. In reality, these pretentious position in regard to the religion of to-day have no more foundation than the vague im pression which comes from the reading of our ephemeral periodical literature which has made the mistake of thinking that novelty is always truth. Yet with

such assurance are these discussions on the essentials of religious faith put forth, that they exercise upon minds no trained to discover latent error a bane ful influence. So, from time to time, the world is vitness of the sad spectacle of a religi-

ous teacher, sometimes from some ob scatter, sometimes from some on-eure town, on other occasions occupy-ng the pulpit of some prominent city hurch, taking up these fr.nciful theories and flaunting their superiority over the stablished and consecrated religious liefs of centuries.

They enjoy a brief notoriety, have heir discourses printed in the daily ress, on account of the sensational character of the utterance, and do an inalculable harm to many whose hold or Christianity and all it stands for is none too strong. Strange to say, one of the strong points of their addresses is the appeal to sincerity and the honest search for truth, when their whole manner o procedure plainly shows that they are not seeking to discover what Christ taught, but to be what they consider



REV. A. L. ZINGER, C. R., President.



The Canada Business College

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anada's Greatest School of Business e we make a

NO STUDENTS IN ATTENDANCE DURING YEAR YEAR Catalogue C tells of the work at Chatham Catalogue H tells how we can train you ome in Book-keeping, Shorthand and Pen



D. McLACHLAN & CO., CHATHAM.

"Last week I sent a dollar in answer to n advertisement offering a method of aving gas bills," answered Ginx, "and I ust received the information."

"It was in the form of a printed slip lirecting me to paste them in a scrapbook," replied the victim, as he braced himself for another kick.

Scotland has a great reputation learning in the United States, and a lady who went over from Boston recently expected to find the proverbial shepherd quoting Virgil, and the laborer who had Burns by heart. She was dis-illusioned in Edinburgh. Accosting a

this divine birthright of the revelation of Christ for the changing, shifting, transitory vagaries of human error; but

transitory vagaries of human error; but their number is always few and in America is reduced to the minimum. The Independent can, then, without any fear of being mistaken, immediately make up its mind as to the future of Modernism in the Church in America. It will have no future. The American Catholic has too much common sense, too much locality to oven decam of suboo much loyalty to even dream of sub-tituting for the faith of the Church the ague, incoherent utterances of thos

who would usurp the office of his le mate religious teachers,-The Pilot.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Fair Soprano (having finished her rial).—Do you think my voice will fill he hall

Grim Manager .--- I fear it would have ust the opposite effect.

"When my uncle comes to town," said the young man, firmly, "he shall be properly entertained. He shall never say that I did not do him well. He shall ave e erything that his money will uy."

Shopkeeper .- Is there anything else I can send you, sir ? What would you say to a piece of this cheese ? Customer.—I wouldn't care to say anything to it. It might answer me

back !

"I diagnose all my cases from the patient's eyes," said a doctor, emphati-eally. "Now your right eye tells me that your liver is affected." "Excuse me, doctor," the patient re-marked, "but my right eye is a glass one !"

HE Barren Important Lady (who has been subjecting the child to a running fire of quesions).—Is the skin of the fox any use ?

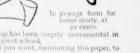
Child.—Yes. Lady.—What for ? Child .- For keeping the fox warm, of

ourse. Practical Yankee .- Well, yes, sir. I give up to you. Shakespeare was a genius ; but he didn't kinder seem to put it to a practical use. Never bene-fited civilization with a washing machine,

nor a patent turnip-peeler, nor anything of that sort. Still, he was a smart man. Lawyer.-You say the prisoner stole our watch ? What distinguishing

water is the watch ? icture in it. Lawyer.-Ah, I see. A woman in the

case. In the town of Ballinagh lived



"Well ?" queried the neighbor.

-we need him and the worship

rstand what he ire that her boy ing wonderful by grew and throve a soul and body. olle_e; from col-ly the sweet face holy, for her boy

sonny," she wrote ains-taking hand, woman, dear, but n't be ashamed to

s meant to Father For if she were her offering, dare unworthy thought ;ift she gave? He of the fitness of perfect himself to ttainable. ordination came h, bringing with it

y that set her boy of men. On that 1 day his mother's with the peace of ept tears of joy. embling as she nointed hands, and er shrunken figure she put her gray and sobbed aloud

ence. he did not know. ken idea she had rse'f he never dish for her as he forward until this mother's face nor

ory that shadowed es and made heavy m on the table lay tender -a kindly, spiritual father to In it he spoke of

"Father Maurice, I have never prayed my life. I shall do so now for your shes. There is another way of saying same route. Took particular pains even to pass by the same houses. And when wishes. it in Catholic parlance—for your inten-tion, I think it is." She paused a mo-ment, adding wistfully: "Maybe if, in return, you—pray forme"—she frowned, for she was wedded to her fetich, and ot to St. Hubert's I made Father Mc spot that he had been standing with Max the day before. I was willing to try the experiment," she ended, with a light laugh, "but the spirit didn't and hated to yield her pet point so easi--"I will come out into God's light,"

The laugh, the last words jarred or she ended with a laugh. Father Maurice. He shrank from this airy touching on the most solemn of sub-

It was fully two months afterward. The May sunshine was warm and seren and even the busy city appeared glad of the breath of coming summer. A touch of the warmthour material bodies crave "You were willing to try the experihe repeated, in his grave voice "I should hardly call the ransom of a was in the air, without a hint of the summer's torridness. Father Maurice, soul an experiment. It must be than an experiment when a blind man,

who had just left the rectory, and was walking briskly along the street, found himself hailed in glad, familiar tones. He glanced up to find Mrs. Ramsey smil-ing a greeting. He had seen very little

of her the past eight weeks-and even Max managed to call on him only occasionally. The latter sat beside his mother in the open carriage. There was a blockade just at this point, and at Mrs. Ramsey's order the coachman drew then. God has been good to me, sonny dear. He made you Father Maurice-

Mrs. Ransey sorder the coachinan drew up to the curb and halted while Father Maurice, his handsome head bared, stood beside her. After the first few words the lady plunged into the subject scarcely recognized the debonair friend he had known so well and loved. earest her heart. "Have you heard anything lately?"

she asked.

"That's it. That's it. Everything even the most trivial, is transfigured by the golden glow of faith. Maurice you've ex-"Concerning my mother?" he ques tioned, divining at once what she meant. "No, I have not. Did you keep your plained it wonderfully. Mother, can't you

She lookod at him without a shadow

Each person has his own stumblingck-a mountain which would be but of her former raillery. Her eyes were a molehill in the path of another man, earnest, her lips grave

said Father Maurice, with a smile. "I am keeping it faithfully, faithfully should hardly like to try my powers after Father McIntosh—I know of him ; he is -and what is more shall consider any answer you receive directly due to my a wonderful theologian. But what is the difficulty with you, Mrs. Ramsey?" prayers. Does this sound presumptu-ous? I can't help it. It is the queerest " That is a hard question : I have so feeling, but it is true. I have never

mother-love that transfigured it. " My son, my little boy !" she mur mured

"Mother," he whispered back in a choking voice. "My mother !" There was silence a moment. The

the sight worried her. She put up her wrinkled, toil-worn hand and wiped "Don't cry now, my little son," she said. " 'Twill break your mother's said. "Twill break your methods heart to see you cry, my bonny, bonny boy, God love you." "Oh, mother, mother, my, mother," he whispered again. "You have almost

he whispered again. "You have almost broken my heart. Where did you gowhat have you done, and why, oh

why——" "Ah, now, sonny—don't. Would it be me to stand in your way, childle be me to stand in your way, childle with the light of God shining on you big white forehead that day the day of my life, my boy. And 'twa little to do to take myself out of your And 'twas

my boy a priest! Think of 10: 1 task

"Amen," he answered solemnly. Na-ture striving in his heart, took second place as the instinct of the priest as erted itself.

"I have prayed God to give you back to me, my mother," he said. "I have loved you better than you thought I did but if He gives you to me—only to lose you, dear—His holy will—be done." It cost him an effort to say the words

for his heart was breaking. But drop for his neart was breaking. But drop-ping his voice to a whisper, he listened to her faltering confession. He had the holy oils in his pocket, and he found time to anoint her before the end, and tell with his are considered as the found

fashionable and modern. Should one look for the reason of this ertainty which these modern advocate of a new religion seem to have in their conception of religious belief and life. he will look in vain for it in the article of the periodical and in the discourse of the preacher. It is all taken for granted and to question it for a moment will bring forth from these mighty, superior intelligences the accusation of reaction

ary tendencies. All progress, accord-ing to their view, is monopolized by the opponents of traditional Christianity.

The Independent is a chief offender in this direction, and the only excus which it seems to profer for the surprise ing stand which, as a religious journal, it has taken, is a curious one. It seems to have a nightmare on the tyranny of Rome. The condemnation of Modern-ism, the suppression of a book against aith and morals, seems to be in its view restriction of intellectual liberty, mitation of some kind which is unju and contrary to the progress of mankind

So, for that matter, is the compulsion by which we are forced to admit that wo and two make four. One would consider it very strange that a man should think that his liberty was abridged, for example, because he could not hold that two and two makes five. The Independ ent is suffering from intellectual weak ess. It does not seem to know or car o understand the nature of truth.

Truth is necessarily exclusive in the ense that it must, by its very nature exclude its opposite. When the Independent will be able to show us that

hite and black can interpenetrat that light and darkness can coexist hen it may be able to give some reas for the assumption which lies behind al

its declamations against the attitude of the Church of Rome in regard to here tical teachings and writings. The Church knows the revealed truths of Christ. They have been given into her keeping and she will defend them against any and every attack, while at the same time she will be safeguarding many," she said. The levity had left been so earnest about anything in my still with his arms around her, he re- true liberty, recause liberty to err does

utcher, who was famed for selling tough neat. A countryman went in one day ase some.

"Well, my good man," asked the outcher, "is it for frying or boiling you

"Neither," replied John, "It's to nake hinges for the stable-door."

Ginx was discovered in the backyard icking himself.

"Why this strenuosity ?" asked one of his neighbors,

policeman she inquired as to the where abouts of Carlyle's house.

"Which Carlyle ?" he asked. "Thomas Carlyle," said the lady. "What does he do ?" queried the

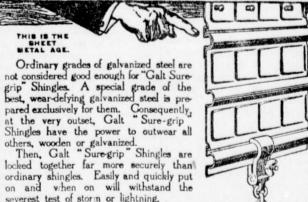
rdian of the peace.

"He was a writer-but he's dead," she faltered.

"Well, madam," the big Scot informed her, "if the man is dead over five years there's little chance of findin thing about him in a big city like this."

416

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THOS. COFFEY, L.L.D., Editor and Publisher.

sement for teachers, situations wanted, etc. each insertion. Remittance to accompan ed and recommended by the Archbishops of Kingston, Ottawa and St. Boniface, the of London, Hamilton, Peterborough, and urg, N. Y., and the clergy throughout the

bers changing residence will please give old bivell as new address. Obituary; and marriage notices cannot be inserted more time the usual condensed form. Each insertion

pt in the usuar to be a sk for their paper at the pos-hen subscribers ask for their paper at the pos-tit would be well were they to tell the clerk tr them their CATHOLIC RECORD. We have infor ion of carelessness in a few places on the part of very!, clerks who will sometimes look for letter

bight Messrs. Luke King, P. J. Neven, E. J. Broderick and Miss Sara Hanley are fully authorized to receive rubscriptions and transact all other business for the Carnolic Record. Agent for Newfoundland, Mr James Power of St. John. Agent for district of Nip using Mirs. M. Reynolds, New Liskeard.

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

Apostolic Delegation. Ottawa, June 13th, 1905.

Ditawa, June 13th, 1995. Mr. Thomas Coffey My Dear Sir.—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satis-faction 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 teach-ings and authority of the Church, at the same time promoting the best interests of the country. Follow-ing these lines it has done a great deal of good for the welfare of religion and country, and it will do more ant more, as its wholesome influence reaches mend it to Catholic families. With my blessing on your work, and best wishes for its continued success. Yours very sincerely in Christ. DORATUS, Archhishop of Ephesus, Apostolic Delegate. UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA. Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900. Mr. Thomas Coffey: Dear Sir: For some time past I have read you stimable paper, the CATHOLIC RECORD, and congra tulate you upon the manner in which it is published the source of the manner in which it is published to the source of the source of the source of the feasure, f.can recommend it to the faithful. Bless ing you and wishing you success, believe me to te main, Your to the source of the

Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ. †D. Falconio, Arch. of Latissa, Apost. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1908

MATRIMONY.

The "great sacrament" gives great trouble to editors and other young people. We have a question or two before us which will afford an opportunity of imparting a lesson touching mixed marriages. A correspondent asks us whether the Church considers the marriage of two infidels valid. Secondly, i the parties later separate and one becomes a convert to the Catho ic faith, does this circumstance in any way affect the marriage? By "infidel" we understand an unbaptized person. The answer to the first question is a simple affirma tive. All marriages between two in fidels are, prima facie, valid, and are so regarded by the Church. The second question involves the well-known Pauline privilege. St. Paul writes to the Corinthians : " For to the rest, I speak not the Lord. If any brother hath : wife that believeth not and she consent to dwell with him, let him not put her away. And if any woman hath a husband that believeth not, and he consent to dwell with her, let her not put away her husband. For the unbelieving husband is sanctified by the believing wife and the unbelieving wife is sanctified by the believing husband; otherwise your children should be unclean; but now they are holy. But if the unbeliever depart, let him depart. For a brother always spelt anarchy. or sister is not under servitude in such cases." (I. Cor. vii., 12-16). "This pas sage," says Father Hunter, "is the foundation for the doctrine that if one party to a marriage of infidels is converted and receives baptism, and the infidel refuses to live peaceably with the new Christian, then the new Christian thought or an enquiry does not concern is at liberty to contract marriage with us. It might be a sermon or some strange any Christian, and thereby to dissolve advice, or it might spring from a more the bond of the infidel marriage. When unexpected source. Before entering the dwelling together does not turn to upon the question we venture to conthe praise of God and when the faithful demn criticism of sermons. Although party is exposed to danger of perversion. many may be quite open to it, and he the infidel partner is not sanctified by the faithful partner-in which case generally contain more than we are separation is to be made." From the fact therefore, that the infidel party depart careful in the lessons which these ex_ physically or morally they may be displanations of the Sunday gospels suggest missed by the faithful party. As a conwe should soon overcome the regrettasequence the faithful party is free to enter upon a marriage with a baptized person. When the infidel is willing to dwell peaceably with the faithful partner it is per se more advisable for the latter not to send the other away, although it churches where Christ is always present is permissible, with the condition, however, that in this case the conjugal bond patient have to go from London down remains. From this we see that the past so many holy chapels and cathedrals marriage tie for its breaking or dissoluto the shrine of St. Anne on the bank of tion does not depend upon the will of the sweeping St. Lawrence, or another the faithful party. patient have to cross the ocean at great expense and fatigue to seek the special Speaking about matrimony, there seems to be a doubt in the minds of many, since the publication of the En-Lourdes ? " It seemed," adds our corcyclical on marriage last Easter conillogically and irreverently, "it seemed cerning mixed marriages. Several are under the impression that these marrias though the power of God was limited ages are no longer allowed, that the to a few chosen places on the face of the Church has absolutely forbidden them. It is a pity that ecclesiastical legislathat could go to those places and to a tion should be so seriously misunderstood. The Church has not forbidden "God could cure any person at any time these marriages. All that the Church or place He thought fit. It is presumphas done in regard to these or any other marriages is to insist that if one of the tion for us to question the power or parties be a Catholic the marriage shall authority of God." That certain spots be performed by a priest. Any Cathoare chosen by God for the special manifestation of His gifts and glory, lic, whether married to a Catholic or a non-Catholic, is not validly married that Sion should be His beexcept by a priest.

AN OLD BOOMERANG. The children of Protestantism are rising up against their mother with increasing force and numbers. Private judgment is a dangerous weapon to be placed in the hands of people indiscriminately. An open Bible has brought forth the evil fruit of untold divisions and its own destruction as the written Word of God. Criticism of, and rebellion against, authority was the third dangerous experiment in the way of Church making which Protestantism tried. All three originated from the same source and were directed towards the same end.

the ruin and fall of Rome. In place of legitimate teachers and duly appointed shepherds, Protestantism substituted every man-put a Bible into his hands, and told him to go forth. He need not go forth uuless he liked - and if he did, no one was obliged to listen to him. Protestantism originated in rebellion and separation : it tends towards anarchy. Dogma and religious belief had too strong a hold upon the mind for these false principles to produce their fruit in one or two generations. They could not, however, fail sooner or later to show forth their evil consequences or

recoil upon the posterity of those who had raised their rebel arms against their mother Church. As long as the campaign continued around the Roman hills it was all right. Private judgment and

criticism of authority tore into the sance tuary, stripped the altar and broke down the judgment chair of Peter's supremacy. Never did it cross the mind of the iconoclasts of the sixteenth century that the second campaign would be within their own walls. Because there is no teaching chair there to destroy, no tabernacle to plunder, then would they go out to proclaim anarchy against all religion. So has it come about. The Advance, Congregationalist, complains bitterly about the amount of anarchy there is just now in religion. Creeds nust have no authority, the apostles none, Jesus Christ must have only the authority of other sages, the Bible must have none but the opinion of the man expressing it and he must be at liberty to change it before noon. This is undoubtedly anarchy. It is also Protestantism. With the exception of an indefinite belief in the divinity of Christ - for faith in the Incarnation was still in evidence -with this exception the above is the first charter of Protestantism. Luther, Calvin, Melanethon, Knox, Anglicanism all said to Rome : "We do not believe you, the apostles have no authority over us-only the Holy Spirit. We stand by the open Bible. Each man must judge for himself." Anarchy in religion began over three hundred years ago-and, more strictly speaking, it originated in the first rebellion against religious authority. If in these later years it is turning against those who encouraged it, and if it is using its own Protestant principles

to further destroy all the so-called reformers strove to build, they need not complain. The children are simply continuing what the fathers began. The boomerang is now flying back, striking its holders with their own blow. From the commencement Protestantism has

PRAYER.

We have received a question upon this subject, whose long introduction we omit, as not bearing closely upon the fessor Smith sees the advancing, terrorpoint. Whatever might suggest a

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

the waters-that some wells should be holy and others merely natural, are facts old in history and saintly in recollections. What are these that should shorten God's arm or weaken His power? There are oases in the desert. God needs no prayer, no Eucharistic presence to exercise His might. Cure for Him is as easy in the sick bed as in the basilica of the Blessed Mother's tical. shrine. Why does he cure some and

not others? Why does one return from one of these pilgrimages renewed in vigor and health, whilst another is to continue their sufferings ? Until the veil is withdrawn we cannot fully understand many of these difficulties. God, no doubt, rewards both prayers. He does not always, nor nearly always, perform a miracle by curing. The proportion of cures compared with the sick who visit shrines is small. People who go to these places expecting a miracle are like those who asked our Lord for a sign. No sign will be given them ercept that which they had at home and throughout the Church-the sign of the holy sacrifice and the Real Presence and persevering prayer. The cure of the body, however important under certain circumstances, is, nevertheless, always a temporal blessing. It is inferior, therefore, to the spiritual gifts of an increase of sanctifying grace. God diminishes the number of these temporal benefits for several reasons. People frequently seek them too eagerly, set more value upon them than upon spiritual gifts, so that instead of bringing a blessing upon the recipient the cure alienates him from God. How can we explain the choice and gift of the Lord ? Who hath known His mind or been His counsellor? Many lepers there were in Israel in the time of Eliseus the prophet : and none of them was cleansed but Naaman the Syrian. The Lord hath put down the mighty from their seat and hath exalted the

humble. He hath filled the hungry with good things; the rich He hath sent empty away. We must conclude. "Think of Me," said our Blessed Lord to one of His saints, " and I will think of thee." In seeking cures people are nearly always acting directly opposite to this heavenly counsel. It is so with our prayers in general. Even in our petitions for grace our thoughts are too selfish, too intently fixed upon the gift rather than upon the Giver. Terribly selfish and cold is the world : never so much so as when in prayer before the Most High.

PAPAL POLICY.

The bugbear which has worried Goldwin Smith's life and now haunts his declining years is Papal Policy. Not only does it affect and distort his vision of the Catholic Church; it interferes with his views of other matters with which that policy is not directly connected. In a letter to the Manchester Guardian, the Professor has confidence in Canada, not altogether from an imperial standpoint, but more as a child-nation of the great mother of nations. Were it not for the Papal Policy his emfidence would be complete : Pro temantism would be safe, liberty would be secure. British institutions would be guaranteed. A door stands ajar, and through its shadow poor, timid Pro-

font of healing at the stirring of development only along the line of religion, freedom and energy. All talk about Papal interference is twaddle, unwarrranted by fact and unpatriotic in thing about their homes indicative of spirit. Catholics are ever ready to welcome a mandate or an advice from him who to the whole Catholic world is Christ's Vicar upon earth. They resent the interpretation put upon his action by division-sowers, academical and poli-

> CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY. magazines." We commend to th

Of all societies this is easily the first, readers of the CATHOLIC RECORD a the type and rule of others. We are particularly glad to see that the Canadian hierarchy are taking an interest in it, mothers whose homes will be blessed be and organizing to place its benefits withcause of their efforts to make them really Catholic homes. In them may be in reach of outlying districts. The fields found pictures which breathe the Cathoof our Canadian Church are as vast as our western plains. Reapers are fewfewer(by) reason of settlers being so scattered and 'often so different in race and language. Parishes in the great west ever, in which none of these things are and other outlying districts are an impossibility. What is wanted is a number of lic fathers and Catholic mothers who travelling chapels on waggons or cars, whose chaplains, devoting themselves to this work of zeal, would break the word of life to the lonely settler. By carrying about with them cheap religiou literature they would leave oil for the lamp of faith and the light of instrucwill realize with bitterness and remors tion when they themselves would be away comforting others. We are glad to see that the Rev. Dr. Burke of Alber-Catholic faith in their little ones. ton, P. E.I., is closely connected with the new Society, being its active President.

He is a man of untiring energy and possessed of many other gifts which will make for! the development of the Canadian Extension Society. We see from the press that one of the President's first considerations is to erect a new seminary for the training of candidate for the holy priesthood who will devote themselves to this missionary. With all our heart we wish the new society and its President unbounded success in their heaven-sent organization and labors.

BLESSED MADELEINE SOPHIE.

Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of ast week there took place at the Sacred Heart Academy, London, a triduum in honor of Blessed Madeleine Sophie the foundress of the Order. The exercises were of the most edifying as well as the most interesting character and were graced by the presence of Right |Rev. Mgr. |Meunier, V. G. Administrator, and the priests of the city. Volumes could not relate what has been done in the service of Our Divine

Redeemer and the Church which He founded by the little maid of Burgundy whose motto was humility, simplicity, charity. She was, we are told, a very delicate looking. very retiring, very shy girl. What a foundation for an edific the work in which has given heaven purest souls! It was through Blessed Madeleine Sophie, the little maid of the vineyard, that God willed to raise the structure whose branches are a benediction in all lands. What a fruit has come joy at this visible sign of religious freeto us from that little bud! God perdom. mitted misfertunes to be the portion of France, but it will be observed that he ever provides a balm for a wound. The eign of terror came, and Robespierre

A CASE WELL WORTHY the attention of the Government recently occurred in Montreal. Four boys, all under fifteen has passed away. Both are a blot upon years of age, appeared before Judge French history. The great Napoleon took Bazin on a charge of theft. The boys the stage, and, as we are on the road to had read dime novels until they had de-Loigny, to visit the house where Blessed termined to lead lives of crime. Be-

Madeleine Sophie was born, we pass by tween them they stole \$220, and with the Fontainebleau, that place where reveled noney purcha ed a new suit and winter

OCTOBER 31, 1908.

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AN AMERICAN CATHOLIC paper very ible for the existence of this state of things would be an interesting study. properly critizes in forcible terms the If a criminal, no matter how depraved, Catholic families who have little or noturns over the new leaf and leads a good life he or she should not, without their faith. "At what a slight cost of cause, be made the subject of newspaper time and money," says our contempornotoriety again. Lessons in decency ary, "might not such homes be converted into Christian homes! A few and charity might with profit be im dollars would buy some choice religious parted to some of the writers on the ellow papers. But, sad to relate, they pictures. Five or ten dollars a year do not want such lessons. They are would provide a few readable books and after the pennies. one or two attractive Catholic papers or

AN AMERICAN CONTEMPORARY makes complaint that Catholic papers in that noment's consideration of this subject country are not supported as they ought We know many Catholic fathers and to be by Catholic people. This is quite true. e But is it not well to consider that some of these papers are not worthy of support. . They are in large part made up of stereotyped plates from the lic spirit, and books and papers which foundry. . This reading may be called, promote a love and reverence for the as a rule, literary rubbish, and there is Church. There are other homes, howno semblance of Catholicity in the articles. Oftentimes there is much that to be found, and shame be on the Cathois positively objectionable. Furtherwould thus allow their children to grow more, there is printed a goodly share of articles in laudation of the Republican up in a pagan atmosphere; and they or Democratic candidate, as the case would be real pagans were it not for the oble efforts of the priests, the nuns and may be. There is very little Catholic secular Catholic teachers in our Separabout the paper save the name. The wonder is not that it is insufficiently ate schools. The years go by, and as the parents are nearing the grave, they supported, but that it receives any support or countenance whatever from the the sad mistake they made in early life Catholic people. It would be all the better for the Church if the organ of n not making provision for a sturdy the ward politician were a thing of the past.

> A CORRESPONDENT asks us if it is not a scandalous thing to see a liquor advertisement in a Catholic paper. Most certainly the space could be filled up with something infinitely more creditable to the publisher. There is a glaring inconsistency in such a business transaction, for, while in one column we find the so-called Catholic paper pointing the way to Heaven, in the next column may be seen recommended an article which in millions of cases people the other place with lost souls. There is a good deal of force in what our friend Mr. Dooley writes about editors who advertise liquors :

> "They pretend to be holy, and yet ask their their patrons to consume the rotten whisky and rank beer that no self-respecting saloon-keeper would have le-hind his bar. No, Hennessey, Schwartzmeister, with all his faults is an honor able man beside them editors. The whisky bloat that goes out from the saloon to sandbag unprotected females is a gintleman beside the illigant bloat that owns the paper which for a dollar in hand knifes the public with a stiletto ad.

> "Town Topics," of Winnipeg, has some very friendly words for the new Cathedral of St. Boniface and draws attention to the marvellous change from the old days when that place was a missionary station. Speaking of the foreign element attached to the parish of St. Boniface, it says the men and women were fine physical specimens, with bright and intelligent faces, and gave promise of becoming good Canadians at no distant day. It adds that the event gave a practical demonstration of the strength of the Catholic faith in Winnipeg and St. Boniface and that it would be well if Protestant Winnipeg laid the lesson to heart, as it was a very striking evidence of " United we stand."

ONE OF OUR CATHOLIC contemporaries in the West asks the question : "What

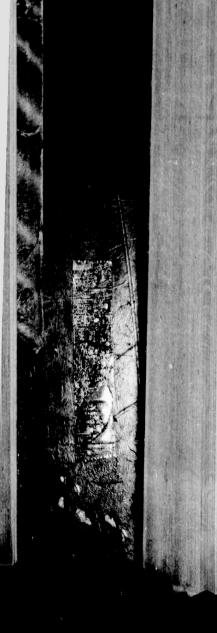
Eucharistic Congress was the reception accorded the Papal Delegate, Cardinal Va: nutelli, at the great meeting in Albert Hall. He was especially noticeable by reason of the vivid scarlet robes and skull cap he was wearing. As His Eminence stepped to the ground, assisted by Dr. Bourne, all heads

were bared, a great cheer rose from the crowd, and a number of men, women and children dropped on to their knees. His Eminence walked up the steps to the entrance, and there turned to look back on the crowd, whose cheers he repeatedly acknowledged. As the

A REMARKABLE FEATURE of the

aged Cardinal entered the hall the thousands within suddenly found tongue, and, spell-bound by a mighty roll of British cheers such as His Eminence had never heard before, and mayhap never will again, he stood, pale and smiling, gazing upon the sea of faces. Louder and louder grew the cheer, the deepest tones of the vast organ vainly endeavoring to proclaim its welcome, ounding as but a distant rumble in

that memorable moment. Handkerchiefs fluttered, hands waved, and welcome was shouted whilst the commanding figure patiently awaited a cessation. But it did not come. The pent-up feelings of the tense gathering had at last found expression ; it was as if the repression of the last three hundred years had suddenly come to an end, and, in perfect unison, all uttered a paean of



izing form of Papal Policy. The do is the religion of the French Canadians Behind it stands the Pope. In front of it quakes a man of failing sight and trembling knees. Canada he would fain protect were he not discouraged by the Pope, and the indefinite shadowy suggestions of that coming Canadian, M. sieve-like in their number of holes, they Henri Bourassa. Between the Papal Policy on the one hand and Bourassa likely to put in practice. If we were as on the other, Professor Smith is in serious difficulty. Scylla and Charybdis were always trials to the mariner's skill. The ship of the Canadian Stateble habit of criticizing the sermon and at least so thinks Goldwin Smith-will the preacher. Our friend says he has have harder work to steer between the been asked how it is that the cures at great rock of Papal Policy and the such shrines as Lourdes and St. Anne de whirlpool of French Republicanism-Beaupre do not take place in their own What this policy is, or why the Pope

takes such active interest in Canin the Eucharist. Why, e. g., must a adian affairs, we know not. We have never seen evidence of it. If religion in education is the token, if, in the es-

tablishment of new provinces provision is made for at least Catholic primary schools, it lies with the Catholics of the country to see to it. tion has been called to an error which gift of cure from Mother Mary at They know their duty : they need no introduction or exhortation. respondent's own enquirer, though most They are not turned from their trust by the sneer of people blinded by prejudice. Nor is the Papal Policy one thing to Canada, and another to England. Eduearth and to a few chosen faithful people cation is the battle-ground where the English people are gathered and just certain time that those people would be now resting upon their arms. Frequentcured." Our friend answers quite right : 1y during the contest the Holy Father has sent words of encouragement to the English hierarchy and people. This no against England. Trade and manufacture, politics and their many questions are no more rufiled or changed by this loved, and the pool of Silve the by an arrow. Canada can attain true three years after His death.

the court of the greatest military genius overcoat each, a plentiful supply of cigthe world ever saw. He too has passed arettes, hunting knives, seven revolvers away, and his triumphs we read in and a Winchester rifle and a liberal history. They have not endured, besupply of ammunition. When captured cause God's hand was not with him. they were about to leave for the wild west. But the work of the little chosen one There is surely a pressing need of setwho came to us in all humility is perpetting the criminal law in action so that uated in her sisters, and who can tell our boys may be protected from the de what they have done for the faith? plorable results of the dime novel pest. Only God. Their institution is a rose These books come to us by the ton from tree of the Church, and the countless the printing presses of the United souls they have directed unerringly to States and frequently we have evidence neaven will watch them, will guide them, that they exert a baneful influence upon will guard them, from generation to our youth, that, in fact they are direct generation, until the faithful on earth incentives to crime. We are pleased to take refuge in the beloved and loving notice in Toronto the retailers of immor Sacred Heart. al post cards have been brought to jus-



guilty, be severely dealt with. It is In one of our late issues there appassing strange that no action has been taken to correct these evils by those peared a selected article entitled "A gentlemen who are so frequently to be minister's experience, results of his efforts to convert a Catholic." It consisted of an argument between this minister and a Catholic layman. Our atten-Day.

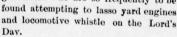
the minister attributes to his controversialist. The minister makes out that the Catholic said that his (the Catholic) Church was founded only thirty-three years after Christ died, while the Methodist Church was founded over seventeen hundred years later. Surely the

minister misunderstood his adversary. No Catholic would say such a foolish the city named. We suppose the next thing as is asserted above. The lang- step will be the location of this woman uage quoted would lead us to think that and the publication of her new name the party said, or intended to say, and address. In our modern journalism man has turned into a pretence of policy thirty-three years after Christ's birth there appears to be on the part of some which was in fact the date of the found- of the news-gatherers more of the sleuth ation and establishment of the Church. than of the reporter and such will be It would be rather difficult to prove the case so long as the depraved appepaternal encouragement than the wind that Christ founded a Church thirty- tite for the horrible exists and grows,

hould be thought of the man who takes a Catholic paper out of the post office year after year and at long last asks the post-master to notify the publisher to stop sending it, saying not a word about the mount of his indebtedness." So far as we are concerned we would prefer not to say just what we think of such a person. To fit the case properly we would have to make use of a very strong word. It may be taken for granted that such a man has but a very faint recollection of the contents of the catechism. We may be thankful that there are few such people.

THERE IS AN unlovely fanatic away off in the Western States who publishes a paper entitled, "The Appeal to Reason." It is the organ of Socialism. In almost every issue it prints some of the calumnies against the Catholic Church which are hoary with age. In a recent issue it told its readers that Lafayette once said that if the liberties of the American people are ever destroyed it will be through Catholic priests. This falsehood was refuted by Archbishop Spalding many years ago and was supposed to be dead, but die it will not. At Socialist gatherings it will ever prove a delightful bit of news.

ONE OF THE BEST KNOWN and most estimable priests in Ontario, Rev. Father Laboureau, died in the House of Providence, Toronto, on the 22nd. For thirty-three years he had been engaged in missionary work at Penetanguishene and gave his whole heart and energy to the erection of a church which is a worthy memorial to the Jesuit martyrs, Fathers Lallemant and Brebœuf. He has fought the good How far some of the papers are respons- fight. May heaven be his reward !



tice and we trust they will, if found

Some years ago a very serious crime was committed in the city of Detroit. The press as usual gave the public a full account of all the horrible details. Within the last few days a reporter of a yellow paper heard that one of the

women connected with the crime was married and now living a good life in

OCTOBER 31, 1908.

TRIBUTE FROM A METHODIST MINIS-

Rev. A. D. Morton, Methodist minister, now of Guysborough, N. S., has written the St. John's Nfld., Daily News, the following kindly letter on the death of Rev. Dean Ryan, a beloved priest of the last named city :

Dear Sir,—From some unknown but friendly source a copy of the Daily News of 28th ultimo, has reached me. In scanning the matter which fills its columns, the article which specially at-tracts my attention is the beautiful bionical sketch and portrature of the late Dean Ryan. I am almost certain that the design of the kind friend who sent me the paper was to call my atten-tion to this. If so, I want to thank him assure him that I read the article

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in question with deep appreciation. For three years I was neighbor to the late Dean, and after my removal from Hamilton street, I enjoyed intimate and intercourse for three years In June last when I had the friendly longer. in St. John's, I took the opportunity of calling upon my old friend. I was met nost cordially, and was much pleased to see the Dean once more, but distressed to find him in such poor health. He was greatly changed. The premoni-tions of early departure were only too evident. The tidings of his death came there-

fore, more as a matter of sorrow than of surprise. I would like to pay tribute to his memory, to cast one flower on his grave.

From earliest acquaintance I came to esteem him as a man of more than or-dinary saintliness. Of his gifts as a preacher or his qualifications as administrator in parochial affairs, I know nothing. But of his guilelessness, sincerity and

But of his guilelessness, sincerity and Christian devotion there could be but one opinion. Again and again I have said of him, that had he been born under Protestant auspices, he would have been a second John Flet-cher, and that from a Methodist is the highest praise. The differences in our Church relations or destrined is in our Church relations or doctrinal view were no bar to friendship, and the pecular circumstances of those former years brought us together in varied forms of association; but whenever you met Dean Ryan, you found him the same unobstrusive Christian man and minister. It is no wonder his people loved him, that now he is gone they feel a deep sense of loss. It was no wonder deep sense of loss. It was no wonder that in the city, among all Christian communions, wherever he was known, Dean Ryan's name was a synonym for love, purity and uprightness. No church is too rich in men of this character, and while his own parishioners are more sorely bereaved, yet all Christian communions experience a sense of loss in his departure. My last inter-view with him was of the nature of a sacrament. He was a priest of the Church of

closed, we bowed together in prayer be-fore the one Father, and in the name of the one Mediator. Many sincere hearts among the faithful will breathe a prayer that the soul of their bene-factor will be speedily admitted to Para-dise. but mine is the correct of the dise; but mine is the comfort of be-lieving that the emancipated spirit of Dean Ryan has already winged its flight to the presence of that Saviour Whom he truly loved and to Whose service, with whole-souled devotion his life was consecrated. "He rests from his labors and his works do follow him."

Yours truly, A. D. MORTON. Guysborough, N. S., Oct. 3, 1908.

SCHOLASTIC STUDIES AGAINST MODERN ERRORS.

By Rev. J. O'Reilly, D. D., Ph.

The Pope very plainly states in his Encyclical on Modernism that one of the chief causes of these errors is a neglect or indeed an ignorance of scholastic studies : that is of that system of Philosophy and Theology of which St. Thomas of Aquin, is the chief exponent. In the

calls the mind of the world to the old calls the mind of the world to the old truths—once given and never falsified. Higher criticism of the Bible is also Modernism. The present Pope has formed a Biblical Commission, his object formed a Biblical Commission, his object being to safeguard, by every means, the Divine Inspiration of the Sacred Books. Scientific imposters of every descrip-tion have sought to establish an antag-onism between Science and Revelation. Between the two there can be no antag-onism, because truth cannot contradict itself. Truth is one, and whilst the itself. Truth is one, and whilst the devil, an ancient and modern liar, can

seek to reconcile the most repugnant theories, God, the Author of Truth, is theories, God, the Author of Truth, is equally the author of scientific truth and of revelation. If between a "scien-tific" conclusion and a scriptural state-ment there is found to be absolute con-"scientist" should be rejected and the Biblical statement maintained as truth.

In speaking of "science" and "scien-tific" we are reminded how false philo-sophy, leading to false reasoning, has issued so many wrongly applied words. Many speak of the word " science" as Many speak of the word " science" as though there were no other than physi-cal or material " science," and from this false and ignorant theory it might be deduced that there was nothing in the universe but corporal matter. No marvel that from such ideas should arise all those gross Materialistic specula-tions which too are a part of Modernism. Here we see the necessity of defining, or saying what exactly we mean, and what we do not mean when we use a certain term. Right philosophical method requires precision of language in order to shun the sophistries of in order to shun the sophistries knaves and the equivocations of liars, besides the conceits of asinine and raw theorists. As to science — what is science? Well, science "is a certain and evident knowledge of things by their causes." Now, as there are spiritual substances in the universe as well as substances in the universe as well as material, it follows that to restrict the

word "science" to mere material in-vestigations is to have a very unscientific knowledge of the world in which w are

Another long suffering phrase is this, viz., " that we live in a scientific age." Now, do we? Well, perhaps we do ; but let us test it. James Jemson gets a message by the system of wireless des-patch. Who is the scientist, James Jemson who gets or sends such a despatch, or Signor Marconi who first invented the system ? This question answers itself. That this age avails of the experi-ments of scientific men that have lived in every age we admit ; that the age is more scientific than any preceeding age, many doubt, though all concede that the accumulated wealth of scientific knowl-edge must to-day be greater than ever before, but that does not justify every fraud that chooses to call himself scien-tific in running counter to Revelation. It is probable that the men who are loudest grainst Christianit' as opposed londes against Christianity as opposed to "science," are only repeating the word science as an empty shibboleth. Yet the Higher Critics are doing so, not Rome, I a minister of the Methodist Church; yet were we brothers in Christ Jesus, and as our interview closed, we how do the output of the detriment of many who had once ac-copted the Revealed Word as in the Sacred books. Hundreds of word as in the Sacred books. Hundreds of words may thus be shown, as meaning different things to different speakers. The terms "Civilization," "Education," "Deve-lopment" and others may be instanced. Probably nine tenths of the wrong theo-ries that abound concerning "education" ries that abound concerning "education" arise from shear ignorance of the very meaning of the word. Many people use the word education when they really mean instruction or the acquisition of certain branches of knowledge, and yet these things, though often confounded, are in effect very different. Reading, writing, mathematics, classics and the rest are eminently useful accomplishments; they are a part, but not the full definition of education. The development of the individual as to will, intelli-

gence and physical life are the essentials to complete education. Supposing the training of the will be left out the result may be a scholarly agnostic but not an educated man. All nations-pagan and Christian have recognized the need of will culture in education, and yet to day we have wide areas of the world where this is ignored, in other words where education is not education. Evidently the very meaning of the word vulgar sense the schoolmen had not bee "Civilization is another word of great popular. Their methods of enquiry into truth had fallen into disuse with elasticity. The Japs are now "civil-ized." When the other Mongolians many, because they called for genuind study for their mastery, and it was more earn the use of fleets and armies, they oo, no doubt will be "civilized," and a easy to be superficial with Kant, Hegel and DesCarts than to go to the root of the matter with the Scholastics. Modern Pantheism is the fruit of that 'really marvellous peeple." "Temperance" is also a variously understood word, almost as variable as "Temperance Reformer," a phrase genuine enough to include every one philosophical teaching which holds that God is not distinct from His own creation, but that He is an essential part of it. According to this absurdity "everyfrom the great and good Father Matthew—under whose inspiration our own excellent T. A. Society is working— down to Jabcz T. Joliway, of Minnesota, thing would be God. Idealism or sub jectivism seems to abolish all external or objective reality and reduces all things whose recent classic lectures against to the individual who thinks : that is beer were shrewdly considered by many things are; not because they are; but, because he thinks they are;" "Things as subtle attempts to advertise the breweries, and by others as an effort to can be and not be—at the same time;" "I think—therefore I am." "There is ower the price of "creature comforts. When language can be so often wrongly no real objective criterion of truth; applied it is a sign that the reasoning nethod of people requires to be adjusted o some fixed standard, such as the these perversities and a hundred other absurdities became epitomized in o some Modernist Philosophy or non-philosophy Scholastic System. and all because men became influenced The ordinary definition of Philosophy by that unreasoning prejudice which the Rationalists and the Agnostics, of the is that it is a "scientific knowledge of things in their deepest causes attained day have taken against the Scholastics, by the natural light of reason whose methods have never been and can eology as distinct from Philoso never be improved upon, because they is of things Divinely Revealed, though are according to reason itself. A sham system of muddle-brained reasoning has led necessarily to Ration-Natural Theology is also a philosophy. Human Reason can, from its own knowledge of the visible Creation, attain to a knowledge of the visible Creation, attain to a knowledge of the existence of a Supreme Being—the First Mover, the First Cause, a Necessary Being, most perfect, so that even apart from Revelation the Detinguitate mere the convinced of God alism, Agnosticism, Pantheism, Kantism, Hegelism, and all the other "isms" in-corporated in Modernism. People of all denominations will readily admit that to oppose this flood-tide of fallacy Rationalists may be convinced of God it was necessary that the Pope should take the course of issuing his letter on Modernism, which letter was a luminous being, even from reason. Philosophy so orders things that the knowledge of one principle may lead to the knowing of many truths. Philosophy is divided into exposition of the philosophical prin-ciples underlying the truths of Chrislogic, metaphysics or natural phile sophy and ethics. Philosophy naturally arose from a contemplation of the visible ianity. If men could once abolish the idea of God as a Personal Intelligence, Eternal, Existent before Creation and world Separate from that Creation; if they Aristotle, of Stagirae in Macedonia, could set their own inventions for the who lived 384 before Christianity, is the truths of Christian History it is easy to Prince of Philosophers. His philosophical methods were, in earlier centuries, not received by many of the Fathers of the Church, because of the Paganism of much importance what you do not read, the goal, and we must greatly hasten see that Christianity could no longer re-tain its power. Fortunately the Pope has endure the methods were, in callier centuries, not received by many of the Fathers of has spoken the word in season, which re-

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

the author : but in the thirteenth cen-tury St. Thomas, of Aquin, illustrated the reasonings of Aristotle by Sacred Scripture, and reduced them to a marvel-ous system of Theology and Philosophy for the defence of Christian truth. The Summa Theologica of St. Thomas, of Aquin, is a work that has been a powerful aid to the advancement of Christian knowledge. In all his works St. Thomas, of Aquin, follows the old Aristotelian That branch of Philosophy, which is the first part of the subject, is called Logic—that "art or science which guides

in reasoning, or by which the reasoner is enabled to proceed regularly, easily, and without error in scientific research." The quibbles and the drivel of sophists are averted by a just appreciation of the laws of right reasoning or of logic. As some Modernists have invented a Logi-cal System for themselves and ignored the Scholastics, we may understand what

a deluge of literary contradictions has been poured forth under the name of philosophical works. To distinguish be-tween the gold of truth and the dross of fallacy should be one of the advantages of logic. Also, logic teaches that a "little learning is a dangerous thing," and that a mole's vision is not a univering, and sal view. What is colloquially termed

sal view. What is colloquially termed the "dangerous side of an education," can only be guarded against by safe methods in the acquisition of knowledge, and history attests that the Scholastic methods are the method. methods are the most solid. Contrary methods have proved destructive, the scholastics have ever been constructive.

Flimsiness and superficiality, emptiness, blatancy, and mean outlooks gener-ally are the results of reasoning not aright; besides the insolence of unfledged genius, and the tinkling cymbols of ignorant speculation, such are the ingredients of modernistic error, consider

ing Modernism not only in the letter but also in the Spirit. Logic is divided into Dialectics and Italy.

Critics. Dialectics is concerned with the mode of argument best adapted to the attainment of truth and criticism is that part of logic which is used to dis-criminate between the true and the false n propositions presented to the reasonig faculty. Dialects treat of ideas, and terms of

judgments, and propositions, and notably of that specifically reasoning process by which three propositions are so arranged that two being granted as premises a third necessarily follow as a conclusion This is the historic syllogistic argument. If equivocation enters into the process, it becomes a sophistry—and not infrequ-ently it does become a sophistry—a thing which the student has to guard against. Sophistry is all its formed against.

Sophistry in all its forms is a device of all kinds of prevarication. Satan, the Prince of Sophists, has a powerful follow-ing. And often the sophistry deceives him who uses it, and will often deceive the student unless he know how to show where the reasoner ends and the liar be The deductive o scholastic method of

reasoning is that by which the mind proceeds from some universal affirmation or negation to a universal or less universal or particular conclusion. This may also be called the synthetical method—as opposed to the inductive or analytical method—by which the mind proceeds from particular truths to universal conclusions. Although by many it has been supposed that there is an antagonism between the two methods yet is it not so strictly, because the in-ductive method as well as the deductive has to avail of syllogistic argument or the scholastic method, thus proving that this latter is founded in the nature of things. The Scholastics distinguish entity into real and ideal. The ideal is the creation of the mind : certain uni versal abstract ideas, such as genus, species, etc. The real entities, though speculated on by the mind, have outside of the mind an objective being. These are what Aristotle first called Categorics, and are ten in number sub stance and entities non-substantial, but

adhering to substance. Truth is the conformity between the intelligence and that which is under-The various criteria of truth are stood. treated by the scholastics in that part of

logic called criticism. goods unknown to the ancients and be These few notes may be of interest to those of your young readers who have

as what you do. Cheap literature is costing the world a heavier price than our steps, not changing from the old road, but adopting all the new methods at our disposal to traverse a great dis-tance in a short time. Let us, therefore, mere money can represent ; all over the world we find the cloven-hoofed prints f ignorant and unscrupulous mis-reants, who are issuing books of every look Christian benevolence in the face " As I write to-day, I have under my

escription except the right descrip "As I write to-day, I have under my eyes some figures, above all suspicion, furnished us by Comm. Bodio, Director of the General Office of Statistics in Italy. Of the communes of Italy to-day there are 1,454 with either bad or deficient drinking; water, 4,877 without drains, 1,700 where bread is rarely action event in cases of sickness or comto-day. But, as the "mill that is always grinding will grind coarse and fine," so the press always in operation is doing nobly and vilely. The literary market can show a fine array of talents and inspiring writers, but also has in and inspiring writers, but also has it many of the caterpillar sort. It reflects the noblest thoughts and also the least noble. Hence one of the great lessons deducible from the Pope's Letter on Modernism is the need of discrimina-tion in the books that we read. Books that give false ideas of life are of no educative value. They con-tribute to that modernistic admixture of truth and fallacy which the undiscerneaten except in cases of sickness feast days, 4,965 where no meat is used except by the families of proprietors 600 which have no doctor for the poor 366 which have no corneteries. Add to all this that there are 27,303 subterranean habitations with over 200,000 habitants, 154 districts, comprising an naoitants, 154 districts, comprising an area of 90,000 kilometres with a popu-lation of 6,000,000, which are infected with malaria, and finally 100,000 cases annually of pellagra which might be truth and fallacy which the undiscern-ing use to their own perdition. The worse than Egyptian Darkness of half knowledge or the outer edge of educa-tion—the transition state between the grub and the colored winged insect— is the world's intellectual danger totruth and fallacy which the undiscernquickly cured if the victum had nu-tritious food. Add to all this a great number of poor people unable to work for whom Italy, to its shame as a Cath-olic nation, has not y, t made full prois the world's intellectual danger to-Right reading will help right reason vision, and last of all, an imme ber of unemployed whom may God keep from pouring like a devastating torrent but evil books are to day attacking would abolish Christianity itself if God did not reign. All denomina-tion of sincere men will hail Pope Pius's on the whole nation.

BEST USE FOR PUBLIC MONEY. " Meanwhile I shall here manifest :

defence of ancient truth against modern-istic fallacy with applause.—Newfound-land Quarterly. thought which to some may seem only a beautiful dream. Would it not be well that the Italian nation should lead the way for all others by establishing a Board of Beneficence and Labor in its ninistry? I unite the two things here because that union is dear to me, and I believe that it would prove most useful OVERNMENTS URGED TO CONSIDER PLIGHT OF THE UNEMPLOYED .- A CARsence ally in our times. Truly it is a beautiful thing to raise men from mis-ery, but is it not a still more beau-tiful thing ito liberate them from idle-ness and to put them on the right road, commanded for all, which is the read of One of the most profound, practical and far-seeing thinkers of the day on social problems is Cardinal Capecelatro, the venerable Archbishop of Capua, in mmanded for all, which is the road o y. Throughout a long life of con-ent service to the cause of labor and adjustment of the relations of class labour? Taxation is the contribution of private money for the public good, and who can deny that a most seriou and most important element of the pub-lic good is the betterment of the conto class, the Cardinal has come to be recognized not only in Italy but whereever his inspired words have penetrated as an authority on problems of poverty and a deep student of social conditions. dition, often really deplorable, of that portion of the people that labors and suffers for the whole nation? How He has raised his voice often during the many superfluous expenses are under taken by modern states! How many last decade of years in behalf of governmental interposition in the cause of the monuments neither aesthetic nor de served are erected ! What an amoun underpaid and the oppressed and in served are erected ! What an amount of money is consumed in increasing the comfort of those who travel, of those who write, of those who print, of those who want to go quickly from one place to another! Well, I think that it would be truly glorious for us if we had a government board which would occupy iteal and would onderwor to provide pleas for more human conditions of housing and labor for the toiler. He is always sure of a respectful audience among humane and thoughtful men of all

For years Cardinal Capecelatro has been agitating for the establishment in Italy of a Board of Beneficence and itself and would endeavor to provide efficaciously for the social question, a Labor as a regular department of the ministry. Christianity, he says, is the only world force which has applied itself board which, taking its inspiration from lofty Christian ideals, would realiz that a nation gains more greatness and to the problem of poverty, but he be-lieves now it should attack it on new and differently organized lines, preservglory by bettering and raising the con-dition of the people by means of good laws with the public money, than by ing its ancient leadership with modern feeding on vanity, on display and on luxury of all kinds." "For the last fifty years," he writes in Rome, "unbelievers and Catholics alike have been studying the problem of

CARDINAL GIBBONS ON THE DRINK EVIL.

human poverty, and endeavoring to van-quish this enemy, but hitherto their efforts have given very little fruit. I On his return from Europe, to a New have reflected often and sadly on a very significant fact which happened a few York World reporter Cardinal Gibbons gave his views on a number of subjects. years ago under our own eyes. In Lon-don, the richest, most flourishing and most industrial city in the world, there He spoke on divorce, the school question, labor topics, and prohibition. The Cardinal is much gratified that were found half a million poor persons glad to avail themselves of the bounty of a dinner from the munificence of King Bishop Greer of the Protestant Episco-pal Church, as well as members of other Christian bodies, are coming around to Edward.] Science, civilization, progress, industry, the philosophical teachings of Mar, the efforts of Ketteler and of Manthe Catholic way of thinking concerning the gigantic divorce evil. "Family purity is the one and great cure for ning, have all been of but little avail to put a stop to the evil. The poor of social ills," said His Eminence. Education is one of Cardinal Gibbons'

London alone are numerous enough to form by themselves a densely populated city. It is true that these half million of English poor, and almost all the other greatest hopes for the good of the country, and he was very anxious to make it appear so. At the same time he was more eager for religion with educa-tion than he was for education alone. of English poor, and almost all the other poor of our modern cities, have fewer privations than the poor of other times, but looking into the situation more closely it will be found that the poor of the the distribution of the situation of the

Speaking of labor, he is of opinio that the prosperity of labor and capital is interdependent : he believes there the twentieth century must suffer far more than those, both because they see should be courts of arbitration with a around them a quantity of material permanent chairman, wherein troubles night be settled.

The Cardinal does not believe in pro-

INCURABLE HEART TROUBLE

LOOKED FOR DEATH IN A SHORT

Entirely Cured by "Fruit-a-tives."

but got no better. At this time my son asked me to try "Fruit-a-tives," and from the outset of taking these wonderful tablets I was better and gradually this medicine completely cured me. I took a large number of boxes, perhaps a dozen, and new I am entirely cured and I have gained over thirty pounds in weight. I am now so well that I have sold my farm and bought 200 acres more land. I make this statement volun-tarily for the **sake of** humanity, and I am convinced that "Fruit-a-tives" is a wonderful remedy that will cure stomach trouble where doctors and thing else fall."

thing else fall." (Sgd) Henry Speers, J.P. The doctors were all wrong. Mr. Speers had what we call "irritated heart." Indigestion and dyspepsia completely upset the stomach. Polson-ous gases were formed which swelled the walls of the stomach and pressed against the heart.

against the heart. "Fruit-a-tives" immediately streng-thened the stomach, insured sound di-gestion and regulated the bowels. There were no poisons-no noxious gases remained in the system, and the heart was no longer irritated. Then the pain and fluttering stopped. "Fruit-a-tives" is put up in two sizes 35c and 50c. If your dealer has not both, write Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

Cardinal Gibbons' views are always weighty and well worthy of considera-tion. So far as the liquor question is concerned, he would enforce the law. If this were done it would quickly settle the troublesome topic.—Catholic Union and Times.

The Saying of Prayers.

The Saying of Prayers. You ask how prayers said over and over again like the Rosary can be any good. I saw young Mrs. Martin last week with her little girl in her lap. She had her arms around her mother's neek and was being rocked to and fro, and every time she rocked she said, "Oh, mother." True, she was only a child ; but "Except ye become as little chil-dren "—We are nothing more than chil-dren with God and His Blessed Mother. To say "Hail Mary," is the To say "Hail Mary, Hail Mary," is the best way of teiling her how much we love her. And then this string of beads is like Our Lady's girdle and her children love to finger it and whisper to her. And we say our pater nosters, too ; and all the while we are talking she is showing us pictures of her dear Child, and we look at all the great things He did for us, one by one ; and then we turn the page and begin again. How tender and simple it is! A great Mother whose girdle is of beads strung together which dangle into every Christian's hands; whose face bends down over every Christian's bed.—Robert Hugh Benson,

A Masonie Point of View.

Joseph W. Pomfrey, a thirty-third degree Mason and editor of the Five Points Fellowship, Covington, Ky., has the right idea of Catholics who wish to become Masons. He says : "His Holiness Pius X., following the

noble example of the long line of illus-trious Pontiffs of the Holy Roman Catholic Church, has recently issued an encyclical forbidding the laity of the

isks the rtostop out the o far as efer not h a per-'e would og word. t such a ction of We may ew such ic away mblishes to Realism. In ae of the Church a recent afavette s of the royed it ts. This chbishop was supwill not. vill ever

nd most io. Rev. House of 1e 22nd. had been at Peneole heart a church al to the nant and he good ard !

begun to study something of the history of philosophy. We naturally refer to these matters after a perusal of the Pope's Encyclical on Modernism. We have seen how much of error has arise from false reasoning, and incidentally

from false reasoning, and increasing in the importance of right thinking in contact to the acquisition of truth. Also order to the acquisition of truth. we may see the necessity of knowing our terms in order to the clear expre sion of thought. If language be not clear and definite thought has been con fused, and doubly confused will be the thought of the hearer. If that cynic who said "language was made to con ceal thought" were yet in the world, h might often note that "language wa made to conceal the absence of the that people often speak, not urged by internal force of ideas, but to concea vacuity. This is a great age, but it is also a wordful age, it is a phraseful period. It has been said by a critic that

"oratory was dying out, and that plat-form rant was taking its place." I doubt that, and really believe there is as much oratory to-day as ever-and even more. Doggerel rhymsters may not be noets and plat-form ranters may not be o and yet we have good poets and good must look for though language we must look for thought lest words should be given us for ideas; there are language swindlers too. Our young Newfoundland students

will frequently have to confront the "vexed questions" of the period, ques-tions that will inevitably arise. If in such a case the Christian, through pre ventable ignorance, be without reply to the Rationalist or Agnostic it will be discredit to him. We can securely re-commend to all a course of long and difficult Scholastic Studies, but we may say to our young readers, amongst the deluge of books that to-day floods the

earth, beware of such as have the viper of anti-Christian fallacy within their covers; beware of works that make light of the Divine Inspiration of the

cause the stimulus of desire goads them more keenly. Who knows but that many of the poor of the royal dinner in London suffered more than the beggar in the Gospel parable standing at the door of the rich man clothed in purple and fine linen, and hungering for the crumbs that fell from his table.

THE PROBLEM OF POVERTY.

A BOARD OF BENEFICENCE

DINAL'S PLAN.

creeds.

TRANSFORMED ATTITUDE TOWARDS POOR. "But however that may be, Christianity has transformed poverty in many ways. With us the poor man is not the contemptible creature he was almost always in ancient times. Christianity has created the dignity and the nobility of Christ's poor brother and our own This sentiment is so transfused in the blood of Christian nations that even unbelievers have it in them, and even the worst of us would not dare to show the contrary. Who would dare to say today to a poor man : 'I despise you because you are poor'? 'Moreover Christianity has sanc-

tioned a pact of love between rich and poor, and the law of this pact is beneficence. I am aware that the pact has not sufficed to destroy poverty, and that this still rises up against its adversaries. But is it the fault of Christiaity that there is no human power capable of utterly destroying poverty? Has unbelief destroyed it? Christ and His Church have never promised more than to diminish it and to diminish it greatly, and to render it less irksome. Nor is it the fault of Chrisirksome. tianity if the pact of charity between rich and poor has been observed only by few, and almost always imperfectly. Yet no human mind can estimate al

that has been spent in beneficence from Christ until to-day and what a sum of tears and miseries and sufferings has thus been spared to the human race The benefits done by Christian charity are like the grains of sand on the seashore which are beyond counting. IDEAL STILL FAR OFF.

"But does all that has been and is being done correspond with the Chris-

hibition. He thinks that liquor would be sold just as much under prohibition laws as under well-regulated license. The consequence is that liquor would be old contrary to law, instead of in accord with the law. He said :

"When a law is flagrantly violated it brings legislation into contempt. If creates a spirit of hypocrisy and deception; it induces men to do insidiously and by stealth what they would other wise do openly and above board. Yet all good men, all good citizens, are in favor of temperance. But you cannot by legislation or by civil action compel any man to the performance of good and righteous deeds.

"Let the virtue of temperance be pro claimed in all the churches. Let the family inculcate in the children the spinitual and temporal blessings which spring from a life of temperance and sobriety. Let the father and the mother impress upon their children the terrible consequences of drunkenness.

"We might learn a lesson from the old cities of Europe, which for two thou-sand years have been agitating this question. There is not a single city in Great Britain, Ireland or on the continent which attempts by law to pro-hibit the sale of liquor. They have learned -by long experience that the best method of regulating this article of commerce is to impose licenses, to main tain good order for the protection of the citizens and to punish the violators of the law.

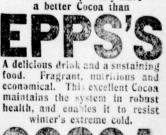
"High license, I think, is the only fiction of fines upon the violators of the law for the first offense and the withdrawal of the license or even im prisonment for the subsequent infrac tions would be proper punishment."

o comfort your soul? You cannot possibly have

CRESOLENE ANTISEPTIC TABLETS SORE THROATS AND COUGHS They combine the germicidal value of with the soothing properties of slippery el-fice. Your druggist or from us, loc i LEEMING, MILES CO., Limited, Agents, MO and li

Roman Catholic Church uniting with the Masonic fraternity. For so issuing, he is entitled to the everlasting grati-tude of Masons the world over, for the very good reason that the encyclical will have the effect to keep out of the Masonic order an undesirable class of men. A Roman Catholic becoming a member of the Masonic order and claim-ing to hold his membership in the Roman Catholic Church, cannot be true to both and if false to either, he cannot be true to either. It is fair to infer that it is not the sublime teachings of Free-masonry that attracted the Roman Cath-olic, but only the substantial benefits he hoped would accrue to him by becoming a Freemason."

If we are sometimes overwhelmed by There are sometimes overwhelmed by those moments of weariness and vague apprehension which leave the soul in isolation and darkness, cry " My God !" as a frightened child cries, "mother !" Do you believe that your mother, thus appealed to, would not come with a caress





FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

6

time

FEAST OF ALL SAINTS.

laboring under this monstrous miscol ception of the formula obligare ad pecc tum, he had not expressed it in his lectures, so that his colleagues had not had All saints, my dear brethren, and all nners who attain to eternal life, are the opportunity to set him right. Yet when he at last published his error, in a letter to the Tablet, I do not learn that closely joined together in the solemnitie hese first two days of November. morrow of All Saints' day is All any Episcopalian sprang to correct him. It is by Catholics that he has finally been convinced of his odious misappre-Souls' day. The joy of paradiae and the weariness of its vestibule are both offered to our thoughts and almost at the same We quickly leave praying to the What should we suppose that an ecclesiastical scholar of this gentleman's presumable rank would do, in examining the Jesuit Constitutions? saints in glory to begin praying for the sainters in purgatory. And this is a beautiful way of meditating on the future life, for love is too unselfish to

the Jesuit Constitutions? He finds the superiors authorized on occasion, obligare fratres ad peccatum. Being, we may assume, as ignorant of Catholic terminology as Protestant scholars almost invariably are, very nearly as ignorant as they are of Budd-hist technicalities, he would naturally at first recoil in great astonishment. Yet, if he was really a scholar, really tarry long with a happy friend while there is another friend outside the door in a state of great unhappiness. Holy Church would have us measure our charity for the souls in purgatory by our value of the joys of heaven. And experience tells how very great an effect this has on us, for we see everywhere among Catholies an intense affection for Yet, if he was really a scholar, really a thinker, really an honest man, and really indisposed, as a Christian, to im-pute to a Christian brotherhood the in-conceivable shamelessness of claiming before all the world the right of comthe poor souls waiting at heaven's gate, much intensified by the sights and sounds from within that gate which have the p en granted us beforehand on the feas

Now, there is a strict duty of friend-ship to be fulfilled in praying for the departed. They are our relatives, our former companions in the journey of life, our former associates in business and in pleasure. Can there be any doubt of this? Do you suppose that the suffer ing souls were any worse Christians than you are yourselves at this moment? In ome cases, yes ; but these were excep-ions. Nearly all who have gone before tions. tions. Nearly all who have gone before us are about the same as those whom they have left after them—poor, weak, sinful mortals, sinning and repenting, stumbling and falling and rising again, and finally disappearing in the grave.

We have every hope that they were forgiven their sins, but what about their full atonement? They have paid the great debt, but what about the last farthing—the affections still clinging to passionate indulgence, the lowness of motives, the gross inclinations chained, indeed, but not tamed? What about the venial sins committed by them, as by ourselves in tens and hundreds ever day—the nasty little lies, the mean self ishness, the slothful habits, the greediness at table, the worship of men's opin ions, the vanity, the self-conceit. the snappish temper, the silliness and giddiness, the harbored aversion even for relatives, the petty dishonesty-what about all this which we know must be atoned for by them, because like ourselves they were commonplace Chris Ah ! brethren, we ought to have a fellow-feeling for them; we ought to holy service, which it will displease God thank God that we can interpose in their behalf. Blessed be the prayers we say if they omit, not if they perform. "So also he owns that it was his plan, in conjunction with his syphilitic com-rade, Ulric von Hutten, to seize on the for them, true pledges of friendship blessed the Masses offered for them in this their day of gloom and desolation How well they realize the truth of the Scripture saying, "Blessed is the mar who hath found a true friend."

But there is a yet closer bond between s and the souls in purgatory than that of friendship, however strong that may be. I mean the bond of common guilt. I mean the dreadful fact that we are participators in that guilt of theirs fo the imperfect repentance of which they now suffer even after forgiveness. They committed venial sins, but who made them do it? Who but you, my brethren, we can then repent at our leisure.' But although his exhortation is more scandal-ous even than this, it is not the same. their former relations and friends You provoked them to the anger they suffer for, you poisoned their minds with

suffer for, you poisoned their minds with envy, you failed to teach them rightly if they were your children, you embittered their hearts if they were your parents. Come forward, then, all of you, and bear your own share of the burden. If not from friendship's love, at least from the urgent call of justice, take a share of the sufferings of the poor souls in pur-gatory, for you had a share in their gatory, for you had a share in their guilt. By so doing you will hasten the happy hour of their deliverance, and earn a share in their heavenly joy.

MR. STARBUCK CORRECTS THE BLUNDERS OF A PROTESTANT HISTORIAN.

Sacred Heart Revie

Professor Figgis, after having, for seven years, in his lectures, accused the Jesuits of authorizing their superiors, at their discretion, to command their sub

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

W FATHER WALSHE TOOK UP PRACTI-CAL TEMPERANCE WORK. ANTI-TREAT-ING PLEDGE A SUCCESS. Rev. R. F. Walshe, rector of the Im-maculate Conception Church, East-hampton, Mass., says a writer in the Union and Times, is going after the drink habit in a way which presages its very great diminution if not extinction among the men of his parish. Early in March Father Walshe preached a very strong temperance sermon one Sunday morning, greatly deploring the amount of drunkenness in Easthampton and call-ing on the men of the parish to join hands to stop it. He called special at-tention to the modern custom whereby a Rev. R. F. Walshe, rector of the Im-

tention to the modern custom whereby a tention to the modern custom whereby a series of alternating "treats" must occur every time two acquaintances meet in a saloon or anywhere near one. He declared that he believed a large portion of present-day drunkenness would be eliminated could this system be abolished. Father Walshe is a plainspoken preacher and his words that Sun day morning were easily understood and straight to the point. The congregation was large, especially of the men, and their attention was of the closest. But the climax of that sermon was like manding their members to sin, and that expressly in the name of Christ, the Fountain of Holiness, he would reflect in a thunderbolt out of a clear sky and wa

REFORMING A PARISH.

"Whatever this unaccustomed formula a practical application of the truth such less convenient to indorse than the truth itself. As he brought his ser-mon to a close, Father Walshe announced that he had drawn up an anti-treating pledge which every man in the parish would be both asked and expected to sign—and keep. He then read the fol-lowing pledge to the men of that some-

what astounded congregation: "For the honor of God and our holy faith and for the sake of preventing drunkenness, I promise neither to give nor to accept a treat of intoxicating liquors in a place where drink is sold in Easthampton; and with the grace of God, to be always strictly temperate neither murder nor adultery, even though both are habitual, interferes with a man's justification, provided that it does not overset his confidence. Yet

myself.' PARISH CANVASSED.

does not overset ins connected, ret Luther does not represent murder and adultery as pleasing to God, or as some-thing to be commanded. On the con-trary, he exhorts his followers to lead a blameless life, not as required for their Immediately a canvass of the parish began and during the next two or three weeks the names of more than sixty per cent of the men had been secured to this novel pledge and the movement salvation, with which he declares that is has nothing particularly to do, but be against liquor treating in Easthamp-ton was given a rousing start. For cause it is, so to speak, no more than a handsome compliment to God for Hi about five months no special effort was nade to get more signers, as Fathe indulgent courtesy to them in justifying Walshe was anxious to see how the them with no peremptory reference to their manner of life. plan would work out before making an-other canvass of his people. This trial now having been made, the results have "So also he exhorts his countrymen to go to Rome and cut the throats of the Pope and Cardinals. Yet he does not enjoin this as a desirable sin, but as a een so satisfactory that during the past wo weeks another canvass has been

made with the result that there are probably not over 5 per cent. of the men in the parish of the Immaculate Conception who are not now enrolled under the provisions of this extraordinary pledge. The results have been so marked that this undertaking by Father Walshe is certain to have a widespread influence Papal ambassadors, and thereby scandal-ously violate the laws of nations. Yet he does not represent this as an expedi-ent sin, which he was to hide, but as a for good throughout many avenues of life in Easthampton. noble service to religion, in which he

This pledge is printed on a conven-ient-sized sheet for filing and is not designated as a pledge at all, but as an was to glory. 'Everything that we can accomplish against Popedom,' says he, 'we account lawful for us. This is real-"anti-treating promise," Below the pledge on the sheet is the blank for the name and for the date of taking, and then follows the "obligations of this pledge," which are thus set forth: mination without committing many sins, but after we have rooted out the Papists

THE PLEDGE.

is the

tempter, it is true, but as God

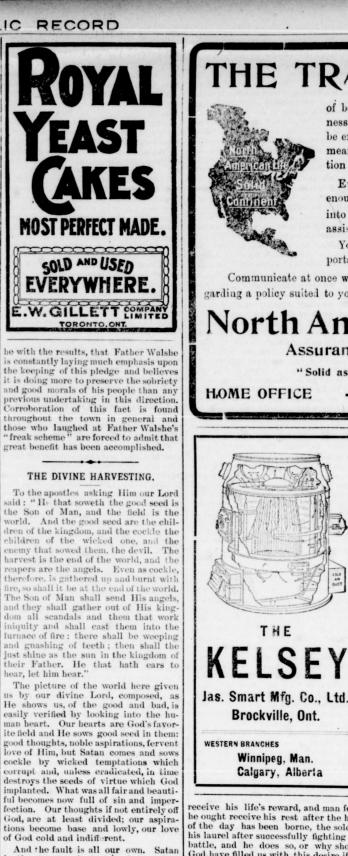
and helpers and assist him to acc

1. " Not to take a treat from anothe cannot fructify the seeds of virtue with where intoxicating drink is sold, whether saloon, bar, hotel, drug store, "So also when Melancthon hopes for etc.

our destruction. 2. "Not to be guilty of the sin of "So also when John Knox glories in drunkenness, but to observe the law of God faithfully on all occasions in the death of Rizzio and of Cardinal Beaton he does not extenuate them as this matter."

increasing sins, but glories in them as just and necessary and godly deeds.' "Likewise when the Protestants the canvass of the parish was made it was surprising how readily signatures were secured. A few demurre throughout France gave solemn thanks in their temples for the assassination of but in most cases it took little urgin to secure the names, even though the great Duke of Guise, they did not rejoice as over an advantageous sin, but neant in many cases casting to the winds a long-established practice. s over a glorious deed accomplished by THE RESULT.

greed for wealth or power, come how they may, is the exchange for the treas-ures and glory of heaven; a mess of potdivine inspiration. Calvin, it is true, and the nobleminded Duplessis-Mornay, reprobate it, but their co-religionists in Some people in Easthampton laughed at the idea when Father Walshe first announced his plan, but the results tage for our birthright, the slavery of sin and the yoke of Satan, in a word, are France, headed by Beza exult in it, and eclare themselves moved to a holy envy have been surprisingly good. That the signers to the pledge have kept their preferred by the sinner to the freedom and happiness of the children of God and the joys of His heavenly kingdom. We word remarkably well is certainly tru and in consequence liquor drinking in Easthampton has fallen off greatly Father Walshe declares that case after sleep and our enemy comes and sows cockle, sows corruption in our hearts case is to be cited of men who have not been intoxicated since they took the obsequious Primate stands out in its wn uniqueness of infamy. It can not be correlated with any form or any depledge who were frequently so before Many are the men who now stop for a glass of beer on the way home, get in formation of Christianity. "I see then, that the wildest aberraand go their way still sober, who former ly hung around the bar for an hour o ions of Protestantism (and some of its y the grace of God. two with their companions and then staggered home in a more or less pickled condition. So well pleased is



THE TRAGEDY

of being left penniless through business reverses or other causes need never be experienced in these days, when by means of Life Insurances such a condition can be prevented.

OCTOBER 31, 1908.

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Every man should have foresight enough to put a portion of his earnings into Life Insurance that will give ready assistance when most needed.

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Communicate at once with one of our representatives regarding a policy suited to your requirements, or write to the

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eceive his life's reward, and man feels e ought receive his rest after the heat of the day has been borne, the soldier his laurel after successfully fighting the battle, and he does so, or why should God have filled us with this desire if we could never attain it ? The good, he oncludes, must, therefore, be rewarded

out our co-operation, neither can satar produce vice, so we are his ready tools nd the bad punished. We need not pause here to consider plis what are the rewards of the just. Suf-fice it to recall the testimony of St. Paul who declares eye hath not seen nor ear A constant trifling with danger, and exposing ourselves to attack by neglect of prayer and the sac-raments, make us an easy prey to our heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the joys that God hath in store for those who serve Him; enemy. Self-love, which prompts us t think only of ourselves or of others for love of self, to the exclusion of the love nor need we delay on pondering over the ins of the wicked and the miseries of and consideration of God, is the chied cause of our downfall; a momentary hell, where the worm never dieth. It is for us to reflect and look into our hearts and see whether they are blooming with gratification of some base passion is fo the time preferred to happiness for all eternity; some temporary indulgence of the wheat of virtue, or are they full of cockle and of sin and of the seeds of death.—Bishop Colton in Catholic Union

THINK WELL OF YOUR CHURCH.

Be glad you are a member of the Cathlie Church. Take pride in its activities, social and religious. If defects are pointed out, look for the goods things

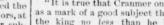
and Times.

probably a discouraging of falsehood. And even if your church fellow has de-parted slightly from an ideal life, he is not going to be invited back by knowing that you and others of his faith are pre-senting him in the worst possible light wherever you discuss him. You are more likely to reclaim him from whether likely to reclaim him from whatever

likely to reclaim him from whatever error he may be in if you speak the best things you know about him. Men live up or live down to their reputations. And it is in your power to help make a man bad, or help make him better.

Think well of the great church to Against the defects unhappy critics may point out, you certainly can cite a great many merits. Have faith in it. Encour-age your love for it. Stimulate the habits of incontinues. habit of sincerity in your regard for it. Put out of your soul all dark thoughts, and come to the service glad that you are permitted communion.

The best way to make a man or a church bad is to think badly of it. The best way to make a man or a church good is to think well of it and of him, and let that thought be shared by your associates. And there is not in all the world a better receipt for happiness.— Intermountain Catholic.



o God.

of the perpetrator. "It is true that Cranmer once gives it as a mark of a good subject that he loves the king no less than he loves God. However, this monstrousness of the

y more scandalous than if he had said : We can not do our holy work of exter-

the murder of Henry VIII., it is not as a

useful sin, but as an acceptable sacrific

may mean (unaccustomed to me but doubtless familiar to Catholics) it is plain that it can not be a permission to mmand sin, since no one who is not of a disordered mind can possibly link to-gether the two absolutely antagonistic ideas of Christ and sin, and command a subordinate in the name of God's Son to do that which he himself recognizes that God and His Son detest. "Are there any Protestant parallels such an interpretation ? "Luther, it is true, declares that

although he had for seven years been

ordinates to commit sin, mortal or vonial as the superiors may please, has at last come to acknowledge that he has all this own while been propagating, or certainly entertaining, an infamous slander against the society.

of the injunction reaches the point o sin, involves a man in sin, leaves him

He now acknowledges himself to have discovered that the formula obligare ad forms have been abominable and loath-some) have never professed to authorize peccatum, or obligationem ad peccatum inducere, "to bind up unto sin," has alike, in theological treatises and in a command to commit sin. What then am I to think of the central and settled monastic rules, one uniform sense, name-ly, to bind any one to something under such a stress of obligation that neglect authority of the Catholic Church : This is worthy of separate considera

CHARLES C. STARBUCK. Andover, Mass.

SAVING A MASTERPIECE.

shi, involves a man in sin, teaves him obstrictus ad peccatum, "bound up unto sin." He has doubtless also discovered that the formula obligare ad pec-catum has precisely the same mean-ing with the formula obligare sub peccato, What is the most popular picture in the world? Possibly if a referendum were taken on the subject it would be "to bind to anything under sub peccato, "to bind to anything under pain of sin." We see this in the Jesuit Constitutions, which, speaking of the Pope's authority to require a Jesuit, if a priest, to accept a Bishopric, describes him in one place as "having power to bind a brother up unto mortal sin," if the declines, and in another as "having power to bind him found that a majority would declare in favor of Leonardo da Vinei's sublime masterpiece, "The Last Supper," in the ex-convent of Santa Maria delle Grazie ex-convent of Santa Maria delle Grazie at Milan. Yet a year ago it seemed certain that the days of this master-piece were numbered. For years past the paint had been scaling away from the walls, and some of the figures had become almost unrecognizable. A great art critic wrote a most touching de-scription of this fatal decay under the heading, "The Agony of a Master-piece," and nobody thought that it would be possible to arrest the work of another as "having power to bind him up to acceptance under pain of mortal spin "Suarez also, we see, speaking of the authority of a civil ruler, in the pub-lication of the first law, to bind the people unto obedience under the highest stress of obligation, not only before man, but before God, uses interchangeably the phrases obligare ad peccatum mort ale and obligare sub peccato mortali.

would be possible to arrest the work of destruction. But it was decided to make a trial, and this week the artist This is all very well, and shows that Figgis is willing to receive the truth, chosen for the delicate task, Luigi Cav enagh, has been able to announce) that when it is clearly pointed out to him. But how sad a humiliation for him, and for Anglican scholarship, that he should he has succeeded. By a special **p**rocess invented by himself he has been able to attach the scaling fragments to their original position in the painting, and little by little he has seen the faces come have labored so many years under this lamentable and calumnious delusion, inng the honor of so many thousands of Christian men and priests whom their again out of the void and the dead wall former associate and present antagonist, the Rev. George Tyrrell, declares to be breathe once more with the life and breathe once more with the life and movement infused into it by Leonardo. It is now proposed to save the priceless work of art from the danger of further injury to next adia it with a large

as worth worthy of confidence as any. There is a not improbable mitigation of Professor Figgis' offense, namely, that injury by protecting it with glass. AS A FAMILY

MEDICINE

For billousness, cons ipation and Kidney dera-gements Dr A. W. Ghase's Kidney L ver Pills easi y stand first.

Lots of suffering would be avoided an much serious disease prevented if ever family did as the writer of this letter sug rests

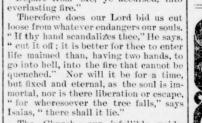
She has found out from experience with many medicines that there is nothing s good as Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney Live Pills as a family and medicine for bilious ess and constipation. Such diseases as Bright's disease, 'dia

Such diseases as Bright's disease, 'dia-betes and appendicitis almost invariably arise from neglect to keep the liver, kid-ney and bowels regular. This emphasizes the wisdom of keeping Dr. A. W. Chases Kidney Liver Pills con-stantly on hand. "For a long time I suffered from liver complaint and biliousness and could find nothing to help me until I used Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills. Thave recommended these pills to many of my friends and they have been well satisfied with the results. You can use this letter for the hencett of You can use this letter for the benefit of women who are suffering as 1 did." Miss Julie Langlois, Manor, Sask.

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and we sow the seeds of death as long as that balance against them. You will be we remain in the state of mortal sin. We have eyes and see not, ears and hear not, in better condition to help in noval of defects if any really And you will escape the peril and the unpleasantness of seeing only the darkfor every faculty is practically dead when the soul is influenced by sin, for when the soul is influenced by sin, for its use is only misuse breeding destruction and death when not accompanied

you are associated in the Church work. Believe the very best you can of them. These magnificent gifts of God, there fore, the mind and its powers, the sou and its faculties, are the means the sin Very likely the good is more nearly true of them than the bad. If you hear anyner gives to satan to turn him from thing to their discredit, try and remov being the wheat of God's grace into the cockle, the chaff of corruption, that one ber something you know that shows them in a better light. Do not encourage a day must be cast into the fire. Let u repetition of scandalous stories. It is ot forget, God will say to the wicked, Depart from Me, ye accursed, into not a suppressing of truth. It is more



The Church, our infallible guide laces the existence of hell among her dogmas and has condemned as many a sixteen centuries ago those denying it. The fathers taught it and the martyrs died for it, prefering, as they said, to suffer transient to escape eternal pain. Nor is it unreasonable to think that since the good must justly be rewarded, the bad as justly must be punished, and that God Who rewards as a God, must pun-ish as a God. Treating of this matter St. Thomas says that man was created by God with an intellect and given free will, so that he could attain his ultimate end either eternal happiness by good works, or eternal misery by bad. But life is a way and must here have an Kidney-Liver Pills the way and never at his journey's end-never reach his Father's house, never

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OCTOBER 31, 1908.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

What and How to Read.

A young man found that he could read with interest nothing but sensational stories, says an exchange. The best books were placed in his hands, but they books were placed in his hands, but they were not; interesting. One afternoon as he was reading a foolish story, he over-heard some one say: "That boy is a great reader; does he read anything worth reading?" was the reply : " his mind will ' No."

"No," was the reply: "his mind will run out if he keeps on reading after his present fashion. He used to be a sen-sible boy till he took to reading non-sense and nothing else." The boy sat still for a time, then arose, took the book and threw it in the life wort up to the men with the

ditch, went up to the man who said his mind would run out, and asked him if he would let him have a good book to read. Will you read a good book if I let

you have one ?"

'Yes, sir." "It will be hard work for you."

"I will do it."

Well, come home with me and I will lend you a good book.'

He went home with him, and received the volume the man selected.

"There," said the man, " read that, and come and tell me what you have

The lad kept his promise. He found it hard work to read simple and wise sentences, but he persevered. The more he read, and the more he talked with his friends about what he read the more interested he became. Ere long he felt no desire to read the feeble and foolish books in which he had formerly delighted. He derived a great deal more pleasure from reading good books than he had ever derived from reading poor ones. Besides, his mind began to grow. He began to be spoken of as an intelligent, promising young man, and his prospects are bright for a successful career. He owes everything to the reading of good books and to the gentleman who influenced him to read them.

The Shadow of Failure.

The terror of failure and the fear o coming to want keep multitudes of people from obtaining the very things they desire, by sapping their vitality, by incapacitating them through worry and anxiety, for the effective, creative work necessary to give them success.

Wherever we go, this fear-ghost, this terror-spector stands between men and their goal : no person is in a position to do good work while haunted by it there is no confidence or assurance, and half the battle is in the conviction that

The mind always full of doubts, fears, forbodings, is not in a condition to do effective creative work, but is perpetu-ally handicapped by this unfortunate attitude.

Nothing will so completely paralyze the creative power of the mind and body as a dark, gloomy, discouraged mental attitude. No great creative work can be done by a man who is not an optimist.

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The human mind can not accomplish great work unless the banner of hope goes in advance. A man will follow this banner when money, friends, reputation, everything else has gone.

Some men are pitched to a minor key. They probably do not realize it : but there is a downward tendency in their thought and conversation. Everything there is down—business poor, prospects dark, They are always seeing snags ahead. They see tendencies in American life which are sure to undermine our de-mocracy and end in revolution. No-thing is as it used to be when they were They can not get any more de-lp. Everything is in a deploryoung. The cent help. able condition. It is a most unfortunate thing to get

into such a mental habit. I know some of these people. Their letters are always pessimistic. They go

through life like a tornado cloud, carry

were completely wiped out, and he foun himself penniless. The recent financial panic brought t

The recent financial panic brought t light many good illustrations of the po-sibility of being ruined by a "sur thing." Scores of people who wer down, lost their money on what the were led to believe were perfectly soli-investments that were "sure to win." Thousands of clerks, and many othe people, with their small savings, like people, with their small savings, like flock of sheep, followed the inside tip some financier who is believed to kno what is going to happen, and wer-ruined. The truth is, even the most level-headed business men and the mos astute financiers do not know what i going to happen, as is shown by the fac

that many of them were caught an seriously crippled in the late panic. There are vast multitudes of peopl-living in this country to-day in poverty many of them homeless and even with

many of them homeless and even with out the ordinary necessities, not t speak of the comforts of life, just be cause they could not resist the tempta tion to gamble, to risk enough to make them comfortable in some get-rich-quic scheme, which they were told was "sure thing."

Beware ! Boys.

"I am not much of a mathematician," said the cigarette, "but I can add to a youth's nervous troubles, I can subtrac from his physical energy, I can multi-ply his aches and pains, I can divide his mental powers, I can take interest from his work, and discount his chances for success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Connie's Poem.

Constantia Merivale, aged thirteen had an inspiration : she would write a poem. Her class at school had been studying the life and poetry of Long-fellow; why not imitate not only the sweetness and purity of his character, but his writings themselves? "I'm sure I could do it," said Con-

stantia in the privacy of her little bed-room that night; and she braided her soft brown hair to the rhythm of "Tell me not in mournful numbers." She went to sleep trying to select a subject for her first lyric.

Next morning she was up bright and early; and, as she dressed, she composed her first line:

"Connie !" came up from below in a

pleasant voice.

preasant; voice. "Yes, mother; I'm almost ready." "I'm sorry, dear; but the milkman hasn't come, and baby must have his milk. Will you step round to Marshall's and get a quart? There's just time before breakfast."

Connie gave one glance at her pencil and paper, and resolutely shut them up

"Yes, motherdie," she called down cheerily, "I'm coming."

There was no need of a hat : for it was a bright May morning, and the grocery was only two blocks away. Just stopping for her good-morning kiss, which neither she nor her mother ever forgot, she danced off like a sunbeam, returning presently with the milk and sitting down to her breakfast with a most prosaic appetite. Little did Mrs. Merivale think that her daughter was repeating to herself, as she ate her biscuit, "Always do our duty, do our duty."

After breakfast there were the dishes and Bob to get ready for school with luncheon and properly tied neckwear, then she had to start for school herself. It was hard work to keep her poem out of her mind during study-hours, or to refrain from scribbling, "I'm going to write a poem like Longfellow" on a

write a poem like Longfellow" on a piece of paper, and passing it to Lizzie Betts, her particular girl friend; but she resolved to learn the lesson first, and then to practice verse-making. She had decided upon "beauty" to rhyme with "duty."

At recess she confided her project to

ing blackness and threatening wherever they go. Everything depends upon the way we look at things. Near these calamity howlers we find people living practic-ally under the same conditions, who see ally under the same conditions, who see ally under the same conditions, and an ing blackness and threatening southand the same conditions are southand to be a skeed, in awestruck to "I don't know," answered Constantia, J don't know," answered Constantia, "I don't know," answered Constantia, J don't know," answered Constantia, "I don't know," answered Constantia, "I

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

nd with

that doesn't sound right; there's too nany words in it.

Well, the hour passed; the trousers were mended; and Mrs. Merivale came lown in bonnet and coat, when the front loor-bell rang sharply. Connie was dready on her way upstairs, but was realled by her mother's voice.

"Connie, it's a message from poor old Mrs. Means : you know she fell two weeks ago, and broke her hip. She's too poor to afford a nurse, and her niece who takes care of her has an errand in town this afternoon. She wants me to come and sit with her for an hour or two Now 1 must go over for your father; he'll expect me

"I'll go to Mrs. Means," broke in Conile, with just a suspicion of a tremble n her voice. Her eyes were very bright. 'She always wants me to read to her, and I'l take that story of Miss Wilkins's ve liked so much." "But, dear, I hate to have you give up

Merivale. "And Mrs. Menns is not active and the suffers a good deal with that weight—" appeared in the garden men. The priests understand what this meant to them, and spontan-count the meal of the spontan-this meant to the suffers a construction of the spontan-count of the suffers a "Oh a meal to the spontan-count of the spontan-count of the spontan-the spontaneous spontan-the spontaneous spontan-the spontaneous spontan-the spontaneous spontan-count of the spontaneous spontan-the spontaneous spontaneous spontan-count of the spontaneous spon

"Oh, she won't be cross to me," said Connie. "Tell her I'll come right down," she added to the boy who had brought the message. "Mother's going over to Brookville, or she'd come herself." "Mother's girl!" said Mrs. Merivale, softly, with a loving little hug. "You're a comfort, dear, every day of your life." And away ran Connie, happily, with Miss

Wilkins under her arm and sunshine in er heart. It was five o'clock when she was eleased from Mrs. Mean's bedside. The poor old soul, stretched out flat in bed, with a heavy weight tied to her foot, was pathetically glad to see the fresh young face, and listened eagerly to the maga-zine story; and—well, there were the bustle and rejoicing over the return of father after his week's absence; and then

came supper, and the happy family hour afterward, when they all sat in the liv-ing-room, and father told of what and hom he had seen till it was time for ed. That night when Connie was all eady for bed and alone in the little

oom that was all her own, mother stole n for a few minutes. "And how is little daughter to-

oem she had had no chance to write. "We must always do our duty," said the mother voice softly. "Why, mother, that was the very first

ne of my poem!" "Well, daughter, you have lived your oem to-day."-Junior Christian En

A SEPTEMBER TRAGEDY.

TORY OF THE MASSACRE OF PRELATES AND PRIESTS AT "LES CARMES,"

ara De Courson in the Guardian

far from the Church of St. Sulpice, in the heart of what may be considered the religious and learned quarter of the gay city, stands a tall gray building, where the Catholic University has its headquarters. Curiously enough, in these days of rapid changes and wholesale transformations it has remained comparatively untouched for the last hun dred and fifty years. In September, 1792, this building, which was originally a monastery of Carmelite monks—hence its name, "les Carmes"—was used as a prison for the priests who refused to obey the injunctions of the Government with regard to an oath called *la Constitution* regard to an elerge. The object of this oath was to withdraw the allegiance of the French clergy from the Pope, their spiritual chief. It was therefore re-garded as unlawful, and, with few excep-

bishop of Arles; two brothers belonging to the illustrious house of La Rochefou-



carts to remove the bodies. brother. As he passed out to his death he was heard to murnur: " My God, I implore Thy mercy for these un-The next day, a Sunday, the prisoners were, as usual, turned out in the con-vent garden for an hour's exercise. fortunate men who would not commit murder had they not forgotten Thy fear They could hear that the surrounding streets were unusually noisy; revolu-tionary songs echoed above the high and Thy love." The Bishop of Bean-vais could not walk; when his name Francois Joseph de la Rochefoucauld walls, footsteps hurried to and fro, alarm bells were ringing. Suddenly a man, named Maillard, surnamed "Tape dur," appeared in the garden Maumont was called out he answered with a courtly politeness of a high-bred gentleman of the old regime : "I do not refuse to die, but, messieurs, you see that I cannot walk : I must ask you to have the charity to carry me to the place where I am to go." The soldiers this meant to them, and spontan-eously they fell on their knees and pre-pared for death. The ruffians made place where I am to go." The soldiers obediently raised him from the ground and handed him to the ruffians outside. pared for death. The rufians made straight for the Archbishop of Aries, who stood near his vicar general, M. de la Pannonie. "They are come to kill us" cried the latter. "Well, mon cher," was the quiet answer, "let us thank God for letting us die in so good a cause." A few moments later the Archbisher have at the moments later

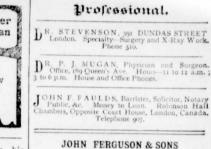
Not one of the priests present failed courage or in loyalty to the Church One hundred and fourteen perished, and eleven or twelve escaped, either because they succeeded in scaling the garden wall or else through a sudden and mys-Archbishop lay on the ground; one man struck the prostrate body with terious impulse of pity on the part of their enemies. One of these survivors, such violence that his iron pike remain-ed imbedded in the flesh. The Bishop of Beauvais, who was on his knees in an M. l'Abbe de la Panonie, made his way to London, where a wealthy Englishman gave him a large sum for the waistcoat oratory at the end of the garden, was badly wounded in the leg. Other e wore, which bore traces of the sword thrusts of his would-be murderers. priests were disabled, being either shot

the church where the confessors pre pared for death, the narrow passage, the stone staircase, all these are un-

uched and unchanged. Two pictures of this spot, hallowed by sacred memory es, rise up before us as we write these lines. On the Fete Dieu a solemn prolines. On the Fete Dieu a solemn pro-cession winds its way through the en-closure. This year it was a glorious June day; the stiff, old-fashioned gar-den was a blaze of flowers; the sun-shine glorified the gray building. The narrow stone staircase, that bears the narrow stone staircase, that bears the significant inscription, "Hic ceciderunt," vas adorned with symbolic red rose echoed far and wide, and the horrors of the past were merged into a triumph-ant feeling of final victory. The bright hereafter, with its unchanging peace seemed nearer to us than memories of nein and death a small, double stone staircase. In the passage sat Maillard or his deputy,

and at the foot of the staircase were the paid assassins, armed with swords, cudgels, guns and daggers. As the priests pased before him Maillard pain and death.

The scene is different, and our impresoffered them life and liberty if they would take the oath; one and all, without exception, refused. They were sion is more realistic on the anniversary of the massacre, September 2. The garden has the aspect that it wore on then sent down the narrow staircase, and in the garden below were literally hacked to pieces by the men, who had been promised six francs for the day's work. When the Bishop of Saintes was brace his brother, who had been brought in from the garden grievously wounded, and who lay helpless on the floor. The two were closely united; the Bishop of Saintes, who was the younger, was a voluntary prisoner, hav-ing refused to separate from his



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their victims. There is a solemnity about the place that in these days has a peculiar meaning. The harassed eculiar meaning. The harassed rench clergy of to-day is exposed to rials somewhat similar to those of the victims of that September tragedy. The methods of the men in power may be different, but their spirit is the same, and the story we have just related is fraught with significance. The steady faithfulness with which the martyrs of 1792 faced death, their simple courage and high sense of honor bring home to their twentieth century brethren the As the long procession wound in and their twentieth century brethren the out under the trees, hymns of praise duties of their vocation in a most eloquent and impressive shape.

Stations of the Cross in Jail.

The Ecclesiastical Review for Febru-

ary publishes the text of a document of the Congregation of the Propaganda which suggests for the making of the Stations of the Cross a method which will recom mend itself to priests in charge of penal that fatal autumn day in 1792; the yellow leaves strew the narrow pathways as they once strewed the dead bodies of they once strewed the dead bodies of they once strewed the dead bodies of the martyred confessors. The time of the year, the dull, gray sky, bring back more vividly the tragic picture. For once in the course of twelve months the crypt of the church is thrown open to visitors. There are kent the blood-



night?" "Oh, mother, I have had such a happy and the wait, hence they were sum-moned in couples, to appear before their so-called judges. From the san-ctuary of the church, where they stood, they went through a narrow passage that communicates with the garden by day all through. And yet it hasn't been one bit like I had planned." Then she told her mother about the

escape.

deavor.

PARIS, IN 1792.

In the Rue de Vaugirard, in Paris, not

summoned, he obeyed with an unmoved summoned, he obeyed with an unmoved countenance, but he bent down to em-brace his brother, who had been brought in from the garden grievously wounded, and who lay helpless on the foor. The true were checked writted

IN

tions, all the priests declined to take it. In August, 1792, over a hundred priests who had rejected the oath were im-prisoned at "les Carmes;" they were confined in the church, which is exactly as it was one hundred and sixteen years ago. Among them were men of high birth, such as Jean Marie du Lau, Arch-

W. J. SMITH & SON OPEN DAY AND NIGHT

The house and garden of Les Carmes

or stabled; some few, more vigorous than the rest, climbed the wall that enclosed the garden, and thus made their After a few minutes Maillard's voice was heard reproaching his men with their lack of method. The massacre was stopped, and the surviving priests were brought back into the church, where brought back into the church, where they were to be put through a kind of mock trial. They stood, closely packed, between the communion rails and the wall, hence they were sum-

what an untold blessing to form early in life the optimistic habit of seeing the best instead of the worst. Think how much more those get out of life who are in life the always courageous, hopeful, always grateful for every good thing that comes to them, and who have a great faith in the goodness of the goodness of human nature and in the honesty of most people ! One of the hardest, and yet one of the

most useful lessons we can ever learn i to smile and wait after we have done our level best.

It is a finely trained mind that can struggle with energy and cheerfulness toward the goal which he cannot see. But he is not a great philosopher who has not learned the secret of smiling

and waiting. A great many people can smile at difficulties who can not wait, who lack patience; but the man who can both ile and wait, if he has that tenacity of purpose which never turns back, will rely win. The fact is, large things can only be

done by optimists. Little successes are left to left to pessimistic people who can not set their teeth, clench their fists, and smile at hardships or misfortune and and patiently wait.

Smile and wait - there are whole volumes in this sentence. It is so much easier for most people to work than to wait.—Catholic Citizen.

Ruined by "a Sure Thing."

A "sure thing," an " inside tip," has A sure thing, an inside tip, has ruined more men than almost anything else. A splendid man committed suicide in New York not long ago because he lost everything on an "inside tip," for which he drew \$16,000 from the savings banks-every dollar he had in the world.

It had taken him many years of careful economy and self-sacrifice to accum-ulate his little fortune; but it was all

lost in one foolish investment. He thought he was going to make a big fortune; but instead of that, the stock he bought went down, his margins

in the Journal. Mother takes that; so I can see it. When will it come out?" "Let me see. The June number comes next week; I suppose I shall have to wait for the next one. Yes, it will be in the July number. I haven't told mother about it, but I'm going to to-night. She wrote a story for a paper once. It's in her scrap-book. So she knows.

The bell rang, and there was a rush or the school-room. Recitation followed recitation, and partial payments and the ooundaries of Brazil quite drove out all thoughts of the poem.

As soon as dinner was over and the dishes washed, Constantia dried her little pink hands and started for her room. But alas for hu But alas for human calculations,

"Connie, dear," began Mrs. Merivale, in a rather abstracted tone, as she placed the last cup and saucer on the closet shelf, "have you anything special to do for the next hour?" "Why—why, no, mother; nothing that I can't put off, if there's something you want me for."

"Bobbie tore a great hole in his trousers, coming home from school. He elimbed a tree, and tried to slide down too fast, he says. Now I have a lot of work to do this afternoon; and, if you could sew up that hole—it's just a three-

cornered rip—it would help me very much. You're such a nice little mender you can do it just as neatly as I could, and I really don't see how I can spare the time. At three o'clock I must go over to Brookville in the stage to meet your father.'

"Oh, I can do it all right, motherdie," said Constantia, cheerfully. "And I can be making up, all to myself, with-out writing down," she reflected. A warm kiss was her immediate re-

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ward, received in advance; and soon she was bending over the torn trousers, repeating to herself,

"We must always do our duty, Though it's often very hard; Then our lives will be full of beauty—

cauld, who were respectively Bishops of Saintes and of Beauvais; M. de Lubersac, chaplain to the king aunts " Mes admes de France." The rest were pro-fessors, chaplains, vicars general, "cures," young clerics who were fresh from the seminary, or aged and infirm ecclosite who were fresh ecclesiastics, who came from an infirm ary at Issy. The Archbishop of Arles naturally took the lead. He presided at the meals with the easy dignity of ; grand seigneur," but, far from ma use of the privileges that were due to his high rank and position, he was so unmindful of his own comfort as to refuse to accept a bed for his own use till all the prisoners were provided for. The Bishops of Saintes and Beauvais were no less helpful, and the few survivors of the massacre enlarge on their cordiality and kindness and on the generosity with which they insisted in sharing the priva tions of their humbler companions. From the first the prisoners drew up a rule of life, to which all were steadily faithful. Their day was divided between prayer in common, reading and silent medita-

tion. Their cheerfulness astonished their jailers; it was all the more retion markable as they had few, if any, Illu-sions left as to their ultimate fate. They knew that the king was a helpless prisoner; that anarchy reigned supreme and that the destruction of the Church and of her ministers formed an essential part of the "programme" of the me

in power. The story of the massacre of Septem ber 2 has been thoroughly sifted within the last few years and it is now clear that it was the result, not of a popular rising, but of a carefully laid scheme o which Danton was the chief promoter By representing the priests as the sec-ret allies of the foreign invaders, who were then threatening the frontiers, he successfully worked upon the fears of an ignorant people. The services of the paid assassins were secured before hand, and on Sept. 1 they received sec ret orders to provide themselves with cudgels to strike the victims, with vin-egar to wash away the stains of blood,

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AN APPARENTLY MIRACULOUS CURE.

8

peace.

him, a

without waking him.

and remained for the High Mass until the procession was over without feeling

tired in the least. This afternoon he

came to our convent to see the Sisters

"I went to Holy Communion several times in honor of Venerable Bishop Neumann, and promised if he would obtain Mr. Weaver's cure I would write

it and send it to the Redemptorist Fathers in Philadelphia and ask them

IRRELIGION IN FRANCE AFFECTING

ENGLAND.

It would appear that all Frenchmen

are pleased with the Anglo-French en-tente. One, at least, a resident for twenty-five years in London, and a Cath-

olic, recently contributed to the French daily, the Gaulois, (Paris) a long letter

in which he declares that the good un derstanding brought about between the

two countries by King Edward is far

mighty

to publish it.

DYING MAN, GIVEN UP BY HIS PHYSIC-JANS, RESTORED THROUGH THE INTER-CESSION OF VENERABLE BISHOP NEU MANN.

Sister Mary Reparata, of St. Joseph's Academy, McSherrytown, Pa., writes from that place, under date of October 4, as follows : "On Friday, the 18th of September, their undergraduates and graduates so prone to skepticism or materialism as at

the present day. Where does the critic seek for the ex-planation of this phenomenon, the like of which has, he declares, no historical parword was sent to our convent by a priest at our parish church summoning two Sisters to a sick man of the name of Weaver, who was approaching death. When we arrived there the priest had allel in Great Britain?

In what he terms the Gallicization of English society. The short distance between the two capitals has made them the nearest of neighbors, and France, already anointed him, and was prepar-ing him for death. The patient had been given up by two physicians. They told his wife and mother that they They told his wife and mother that they could do no more for him. There was a pressure on the man's brain which the doctors could not remove. The sufferer's right side was paralyzed. He with her usual influence upon all men and women, has cast her evil spell upon Eng-land. What, asks the Gaulois correspondent, is the result? could not utter an intelligible word. The physicians said anything they might try to do would be death to him,

The churches are growing emptier Sunday after Sunday. Men and women are beginning to be ashamed of their they preferred to let him die in religious beliefs. Skeptical views prevail upon all matters touching religi Morality and conscience are on "I spoke to him some time to console him, and did my best to make him re-conciled to God's holy will. He was wane. There is growing up a distinct type of anti-clerical feeling which shows

itself in the aggressive indifference of the people. As a result of the entente, English literature is taking upon itself all the characteristics of gross materialism and

-conciled to God's holy will. He was about to leave a wife and three small children behind him. This thought made him cry like a baby. When I was leaving I put my hand in my pocket to see whether I had a medal to give him, but not finding any there. I took the medal of Bishop Neumann, arached to my beads, and with it made the sign of the cross three times on the top of his atheism that mark the French output of to-day. Had France and England come to the cross three times on the top of his head and behind his ear, where the severe pain was, and we said three 'Our gether, he concludes, when the former

getner, he concludes, when the former still clung to her religious beliefs, the event would have been a gain to civil-ization. As it is, it is destroying the solidity of the English character which took its strength from the strong purit-Fathers,' three 'Hail Marys' and the 'Glory be to the Father.' After we left he became very quiet "After we left he became very quiet and fell into a very peaceful sleep, the first he had for a long time. After waking up for a while, he fell asleep again, I called again on that same day, after school, when I was told that he was sleeping again. I took that medal from my beads and gave it to his wife to hang it about his neck, after I had blessed him with it three times. We again said the same prayers and left him without waking him. anism that underlay it, and (in the Gaulois writer's view) the good fellowship of France and England means the Gal licization of the latter, and that means the road to atheism and denationalization.

"THE NO-POPERY CRY."

"He slept the whole night. Next day the physician called again. And when he saw how much better the patient was he said: 'We doctors can FATHER BERNARD VAUGHAN AND THI PROTESTANT ALLIANCE. THE ABOLI-TION OF THE ROYAL DECLARATION. The unusual scene of hundreds being

The unusual scene of hundreds being turned away from a church door was witnessed at the Holy Name, Man-chester, on Sunday evening, where Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J., was an-nounced to deliver a sermon on "The claim no share in this; it is God Alhty's work, not ours.' Mr. Weaver is still wearing that medal around his neck, and is getting better every day. When I called at his honse last Friday, he opened the front door for me to let me in. This was just two weeks from the day he was dying. nounced behavior a sermon on "The Protestant Alliance and the Catholic Congress." Long before the hour of commencing the service there was an enormous congregation in the church, every available spot being occupied. "On Saturday, that is yesterday, he went to clurch to go to confession, and to-day, when the Forty Hours' com-menced, he went to Holy Communion,

At the outset Father Vaughan said: I must tell you how touched I am by the sight of so many thousand familiar faces before me. I thank you for again coming as in the days of old, when I stood here to utter my mind. My excuse for being here to-night is to appeal for the schools. So I now ask you to complete and finish your kindness by giving according to the measure of your generosity to these schools which her Catholic trackers and "So I am trying to keep my part, as he has done his part."—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

which by Catholic teachers and in a Catholic atmosphere, are turning out great citizens, builders of the empire of Christ and builders of the Empire of which we are the subjects.

During the past fortnight, he said, the press had been inundated with letters from people who were assuring the world that liberty of thought and civil and religious freedom were brought into this country by the Reformation, and that fit was Protestantism that did it. The liberty the Reformers

brought in was liberty to destroy and murder their Catholic brethren and to remove, as far as they could, every taken and emblem of the Christian religion that for a thousand years had graced our temples, given us our charters of liberty, and made England great among the nations of the world.

from having a good influence upon the adopted country of our Frenchman. Within the past four or five years, he declares with much bitterness, a change has come over the spirit and character In his "Constitutional History of England" Hallam told them that perse-cution was the deadly original sin of all the Reformed Churches, and that an honest man lost his zeal for them in the measure in which he read the story of their lives. What, again, did Freeman has come over the spins and character of the E.glishman. Whether it is that the frequency of visits exchanged be-tween Paris and London, by the new allies is destroying the solid qualities of the Anglo-Saxon, he will not defintheir lives. What, again, did Freeman tell them? That there had been no

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iot, and perhaps from losing a seat

hope, I trust, I believe that in the future

no man coming to seek a place in Parlia-

ment will get a vote from a Catholic till

he has promised to vote from a Cathole thi he has promised to vote on his part for the repeal of that terrible declaration of the King on his coronation that more than twelve millions of his subjects are

blasphemous idolaters. No King of England must again ascend the throne to rule his people with that blasphemy

THE POPE'S EARLY LIFE.

TOUCHING STORY OF HIS BENEVOLENCE-

In 1865 the Austrian infantry regi

way, leaving him to be picked up by th

of the

Meanwhile, the parish priest

much interest taken

CARDINAL MERRY DEL VAL. against the procession of the Blessed Sacrament the other day. ought to have been afraid it should have

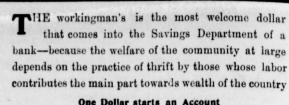
It is almost two years since anybody has dismissed the Cardinal Secretary of been the Catholies that the country was going to rise up. We did not mind. The country did not mind. The press State from his high office, but this week the feat has been unsuccessfully accom-plished by the Socialist Avantil, the laughed at it. Nobody minded at all. Protestantism had no energy, no force ; hard Messaggero, and by the host of other newspapers in and out of Italy who have copied their remarks on the it was the feeble utterance of a dying thing. Nobody was afraid. Yes, there was someone who was afraid-the Cab-It appears that Cardinal and Cardinal Ireland (for ap-It inet ruling the country. It was fright-ened out of its wits. The great rulers subject. parently there is a second America of our great Empire were shocked and cardinal) have expressed their discon-tent to the Pope with Cardinal Merry frightened. They on their bended knees begged and prayed the Catholics del Val's attitude towards the United to stop it and save them from a terrible States, that Cardinal Vincenzo Van-nutelli on his return from the Euchar-Newcastle. (Laughter.) I am glad t istic Congress (from which, by the way -but that is a detail-he has not yet say that the day for this contemptible bigotry has passed for ever. You canreturned (at once saw the Pope and innot awaken any great interest in Proformed him of the discontent prevailing in England and America with Cardinal Merry del Val, that Austrai-Hungary testantism, not even if you have a pan-Anglican Congress. There was not as that pan s gravely displeased with him also—for some reason which is not mentioned, and Anglican Congress as in the Eucharistic Congress. For one is a reality. The other is a thing I shall not name. (Laughter.) It would be better, Father that Pius X. is gravely perturbed by the results of the Cardinal's policy towards France-which (but that is also a deaughan continued, if the Protestant tail) everybody knows is the policy of Pius X. himself. That silly story would Alliance confined itself to making its own Church right. Let them look after not be worth mentioning in Rome were it not for the fact that it has been their own Church and Catholics would ook after ours. The Irish Catholic videly copied and that it offers a suithad set a fine object-lesson to the country They all knew how dear to the hearts of these men was the question of Home Rule, but they did not think of Home Secretary of State as there was five years ago when Pius X. publicly affirmed Rule, when their Lord was in question and when it was necessary to record at, that he would be aided throughout his the poll an act of love and loyalty. I

AN IRISH METHODIST DENOUNCES PENAL LAWS.

NOTABLE INCIDENT MARKS MEETING OF THURLES TOWN COUNCIL.

on his royal lips .- London Catholic News. The Clonmel Nationalist tells of a notable incident of a recent meeting of the Thurles Town Council. Mr. E. Murphy moved a resolution characterizing the action of the Prime Minister in prohibiting the carrying of the Blessed Sacrament in the Eucharistic procession in London as a gross insult to the Catho-lic religion, and calling upon the Nation-HIS HOLINESS' KINDNESS TO A alist members of Parliament to use their utmost efforts to have this penal code erased from the statute books. The ent No. 1 was manœvring in the neighborhood of the village of Tomolo, near Padua. During the exercises, one of mover said he did not mean the resolution as any disparagement of the non-Catholic member of the council, Mr. the soldiers of the regiment was sudden-ly taken ill, and fell senseless on the Joshua Lester Johnston, who is a Methodist, whereupon Mr. Johnston roadside, whilst the regiment went on its

arose and said : "Mr. Chairman, only my worthy friend, Mr. Murphy, referred to me I would not intrude in this matter at all. If I kept silence, perhaps my silence might be misconstrued. I am glad to say, gentlemen, that I was reared by my worthy narrots in the enjoit and place, who had been taking the Blessed Sacrament to a sick person, came along, and perceiving the poor soldier in that sad state, hastened to his help. Under his kind ministrations the soldier gradumy worthy parents, in the spirit and air of toleration; and that I was always ally recovered his senses, and then the worthy parish priest made him pariake of some bread and wine, for which he had sent to the village, and conversed



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"There is no doubt at all, sir, but the pages of history in the past contained many enactments and many scenes which we in the enlightened twentieth century consider have no right at all to be there. I agree with Mr. Murphy that the penal lays are a disgrace to any civilized country, at the present time ; that any enactments which lear on any side or to any religious belief whatever have no right to be there. I have expressed my opinion already with regard to the king's oath, and I now reiterate it, and it is that every tolerating man and woman should see that these enactments should be removed from the statute book, and I only wish

that the time will soon come when every one, no matter what belief he holds, may be able to worship under his own vine and fig tree, none daring to make him afraid. I have never said a word against religion, expressed or implied. I have always received the greatest toleration and kindness from all my Catholic friends, and I expect that I will always do the same."

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bare the inmost thoughts of their souls and weep their most sacred tears. He is one whose mission is to console the afflicted and soften the pains of body and soul; who is an intermediary be tween the affluent and indigent; to whose door come alike the rich and the poor—the rich to give alms in secret, and the poor to receive them without blushing. He belongs to no social class, because he belongs equally to all—to the lower by his poverty and not infre-quently by his humble birth; to the upper by his culture and his knowledge, and by the elevated sentiments which a religion, itself all charity, inspires an

imposes. He is one, in fine, who knows all, has right to speak unreservedly, and whose speech, inspired from on high, falls on the minds and hearts of all with the authority of one who is divinely sent. and with the constraining power of one who has an unclouded faith. Such is the ideal parish priest, than whom no one has a greater opportunity for good or power for evil, accordingly as he fulfils or fails to recognize his transcendent mission among men.

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animate religiou testimo



maxims, and young Englishmen are in-clined to consider the view that life is too short for the policy of abiding honesty. The public schools, says the Frenchnan, are loud in their complaints that

There is less faith in the old business

the boyhood of England is losing its old quality, while Oxford and Camold quality, while Oxford and Cam-bridge tutors declare that never were

None the less does he note the ten dency to skepticism and flippancy that now has taken the place of that sober earnestness which formerly marked the Englishman's general tone and de-

It is, says the Gaulois correspondent, not confined to any particular sect, but has influenced them all, Catholics as well as Protestants and Dissenters. One as Protestants and Dissenters. One looks in vain, he says, among the upper classes, for some indication that their faith is still with them. Far from ind-ing any evidence of it, the truth would rather seem to be that English society sees in the irreligion of French society and its cause—the rabid anticlericalism of its government,—a possible release from the uncomfortable fetters that have barely succeeded hitherto in keeping the higher and monied classes from breaking into open revolt against the conventions.

the Mass, but declared that it offered the Mass; that it reserved the Blessed Sacrament; that it had Confraternities of the Blessed Sacrament. How things change outside the Catholic Church? Even among those who pose as the spiritual leaders of society, there seems to be too great a tendency to be lenient to the folbles and extravagancies which characterize certain coteries—a sure sign of the decay of religion, and one How is it? The truth is that Protest-antism as a national religion is dead. The mind of the nation recognises with Newman that in true philosophy there is no standpoint between agnosticism which was salient in the days of social folly and irresponsibility which followed the irreligious or atheistic epoch which closed the eighteenth century. French literature and French drama

and Catholicism ; and it recognises that to say nothing of French vandelism, has invaded London, carrying over in their train all those concomitants which mark worst kind of life that Paris knows

and Catholicism ; and it recognises that Protestantism is a mere human institu-tion which is practically dying of old age after three hundred years. The Protestant Alliance, which ought to comprise every true Protestant in the country if it is a really national re-ligion, raised the "No Popery" ery French traders in the most question-able kinds of literary matter have not been slow to take advantage of their opportunity, with the result that in Lon-

don they are reaching a larger harvest than in the rue de Rivoli. Young men, says the critic, are taking to eigarette-smoking and the drink habit more than ever, leaving the pursuit of sport to the professionals. In the busi-ness centers, there is not, as of old, the sober and serious attention to work that was once the boast of London commercial

worthy parish priest made him partake of some bread and wine, for which he greater mistake than to suppose that reformed religion established civil and religious liberty. Those who had been writing so much to prove that they had and sche bie vinite, and to be a subsche benevolently with the poor fellow whilst his strength returned under such kind treatment. Perceiving the ambulance approaching the priest gave the soldier treatment. Perceiving the ambulance approaching the priest gave the soldier a little medal and his blessing, and pro-

what they never possessed could not have read history unless in those editions of ceeded on his way.

history which were a conspiracy against Catholic truth. Father Vaughan, con-tinuing, explained the significance of That soldier went through the cam paign of 1866, and was afterwards dis charged. He now lives at Tropan, ir Moravia, where he keeps a tobacconist store.

SOLDIER.

imbulance.

tinuing, explained the significance of the Mass and its supreme importance. Without sacrifice religion was like a body without a soul. The Mass and sacrifice were one and the same thing, " The Mass," he exclaimed, "it is Christianity!" And every reformer and hater of Christ's true Church had always exclaimed, "It is the Mass that matters." Here indeed, was an irony of fate. There was a section of the Pro-testant religion as by law established in this land, a section by no means con-He often related the above episode of his military life to his friends and ac-quaintances, showing the medal which, for the past forty **years**, has been hung around his neck, and speaking with affec-tionate veneration of the good Italian priest who had given him that talisman to which together with his benediction he attributed his escape from all the this land, a section by no means con-temptible, and one which held high in-tellectual status which not only believed dangers of the battlefield.

A few months ago Mr. John Baier such is the ex-soldier's name-chanced to read in a Catholic calendar a detailed biography of the Holy Father, and from this he learned that the young parish priest, his benefactor at Tomolo, was one other than Pope Pius X.

The good veteran's joy can be easily imagined; he decided at once to write to the Holy Father a letter of congratulation and renewed thanks, reminding His Holiness of the day on which he had acted towards him as the good Samari-tan on the roadside near Tomolo, and begging that he would add the Apostolie Blessing to that which he had already given him so many years ago.

John Baier had not long to wait for an answer to his letter. His heart beat

answer to all letter. His neart beat high one morning soon after when he handed a foreign letter with an omeial stamp. On opening it he learned that His Eminence Cardinal Merry del Val had been instructed by the Holy Father to tell him that he had not only bet forgetten the insident on the read not forgotten the incident on the roadside near Tomolo, but also desired that the sum of 200 francs should be sent to Baier with his Apostolic Benediction.

Letter and the part of the par

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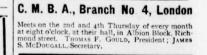
A. B. GREER

aged twenty-seven years. May h

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