

# The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXX.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1908

1585.

### Once in a While.

Once in a while the sun shines out,  
And the arching skies are a perfect blue;  
Once in a while, amidst clouds of doubt,  
Hope's brightest stars come peeping through.  
Our paths lead down by the meadows fair,  
Where the sweet blossoms nod and smile,  
And on life's way is a golden mile,  
And we lay aside our cross of care,  
Once in a while.

Once in a while within our own  
We elasp the hand of a steadfast friend,  
Once in a while from where we stand  
Of love with the heart's own voice true;  
And the dearest of all our dreams come true,  
A joy that the world cannot divide,  
Each thirsting flower is kissed with dew,  
Once in a while.

Once in a while in the desert sand  
We find a spot of the fairest green,  
Once in a while from where we stand  
The hills of paradise are seen,  
And a perfect joy in our hearts we hold,  
A joy that the world cannot divide,  
We trade earth's dress for the purest gold,  
Once in a while.

### ALCOHOL A POISON.

#### BISHOP CANEVIN SPEAKS ON INTEMPERANCE FROM PHYSICAL VIEWPOINT.

Speaking at a rally held by the Father Lumbing Total Abstinence Society, Bishop Canevin of Pittsburgh showed the real object of the total abstinence movement and gave his opinion as to the proper solution of evils attending the use of intoxicating liquors.

The Bishop considered the question more from a physical standpoint than a moral one, showing by statistics and by the opinions of eminent physicians and surgeons, that men who live longer and are total abstainers than when they are temperate drinkers. Bishop Canevin spoke in part as follows:

**BISHOP CANEVIN'S DEFINITIONS.**

The total abstinence society rests on the solid foundation of thousands of men and women who have never been intemperate; many of them have never even tasted liquors. We wish to enroll and pledge men, women and children before they have established the habit or required the taste for intoxicants. Some very good men are satisfied to be temperate or moderate drinkers, and are content to admire and encourage others in total abstinence, without giving the support of example to the only efficacious means of suppressing drunkenness and preventing the increase of intemperance in society. In this respect we of the movement are somewhat like the saints, more admired than imitated.

Science and experience teach that moderate drinking and the so-called temperate use of intoxicants are often dangerous to soul and body. To-day I am going to regard the subject more from the physical than the moral or spiritual.

Temperance may be taken to mean a certain moderation in the use of lawful things; it may also mean a virtue which restrains the appetite from things which most excite and gratify the sense of taste. Temperance regulates the appetites by the judgments of reason, and keeps it within proper bounds. Intemperance is the vice of sensual appetite without the control of reason.

Total abstinence may be called a special form of temperance, which preserves the good reason against the assaults of passion and appetite, by teaching and strengthening man to do without creature comforts and pleasures when it is right and safer for him to do without them. Temperance means self-restraint. The wisest and most temperate man is he who is best self-governed, who acts according to the reason and conscience with which the Creator endowed him, and this distinguishes him from the lower animals.

Whatever helps us to restrain and govern our appetites is worthy our choice and honor. Whatever tends to positively undermine, weaken and destroy this self-restraint, is a thing to be feared and detested. Of all agents which serve to undermine our self-mastery and make us slaves of evil passions and appetites, there is none more inimical to the human race than intoxicating liquors; none so frequently in operation and few more easily avoidable if men learn early in life to abstain.

**A POISON CALLED ALCOHOL.**

The active principle of ordinary intoxicating beverages is a poison called alcohol. Some persons claim that alcohol in small doses or used in moderation is a benefit to the system; others and the large majority of eminent physicians say that it is a poison and should not be used as such; that it is not a stimulant any more than opium; that it is a sedative and narcotic when used in small doses; that it is not a stimulant but depressant; that after the first temporary effect, due to its caustic or burning action in the throat or stomach, it has a paralytic effect on the circulatory system, the blood pressure falls and the body temperature sinks. The lowest temperatures on record are in the cases of drunkards. Years ago the London Lancet called alcohol "the genus of degeneration," and surely no better definition of it as a beverage could be given.

The difficulty in moderate drinking is that alcohol is capable of doing considerable injury, without any immediate appearance of such injury, or giving any warning to desist. The first effects of alcohol are to lead a man or a woman to believe that the victim is happier, stronger, more capable, better in every way when using it. Judging by his feelings, rather than his reason, which is temporarily impaired, he is convinced that the alcohol has done him good while the physiologist declares that it has done him harm. Sir Andrew Clark, one of the greatest physicians in England, Sir Henry Thompson, the great surgeon and 100 physicians in Germany, selected by the emperor to make an investigation, and countless others, all take the same view.

The mortality experience of the leading life insurance companies in the United States and Europe proves that

the death rate among total abstainers is 24 per cent, below that of the moderate drinkers. Some estimate that each year there are 50,000 deaths due to excessive alcoholism. That number, of course, does not appear in the census reports, as it is usually only the man whose body is found on the streets who is labeled with this record.

**WHAT HEART FAILURE OFTEN MEANS.**

But there are thousands besides those in the higher walks of life whose death is called heart failure, when it is nothing more or less than the overuse of intoxicating liquors. This number keeps increasing each year. The recruits to take the place of those who die must come from somewhere. If all are total abstainers they certainly cannot come from out those ranks. For that reason I say this is the solution of the whole problem.

### CATHOLIC SOCIAL ACTION NEEDED.

#### A BISHOP BLAMES THE PEOPLE OF WEALTH FOR THE INFLUX OF CATHOLICS INTO THE RANKS OF SOCIALISM.

The Right Rev. Bishop Scannell, in a sermon delivered recently in his cathedral in Omaha, in no uncertain words pointed out the cause of the great social unrest from which the country is suffering.

"Why is it," asked the Bishop, "that so many who were baptized and instructed in their religion have fallen away from the faith? It is easy perhaps to explain the falling away of this or that individual, by saying that it was due to the neglect of parents, lack of religious and moral training, false teaching and the like. But all these will not account for the attitude of large masses of people who once were Catholics and are now indifferent to religion, or openly hostile to it. There is no effect without a cause; and while perhaps many causes have combined to produce this sad condition there can be no doubt but that one of the chief causes has been the marked difference between the belief and practice of certain classes of Christians.

"In those countries of Europe in which this falling away from the faith has been most noticeable all the people have been Catholics for long ages. All have believed in the same mysteries, worshipped at the same altars, and received the same sacraments. They were, however, divided into classes. There was, first, royalty, that is, kings and queens and princes; then there was the privileged or wealthy class composed mostly of the nobility, and lastly there were the plain people who formed the vast majority of the population. This last class did all the hard work and produced most of the wealth of the country; but although they labored and toiled all their lives they were never able to retain more of the fruits of their labors than what was necessary for a bare subsistence. All the rest was squandered in idleness and dissipation by the other two classes. And worse still, it was squandered ostentatiously, provoking the anger and hatred of those who produced it. Those privileged classes professed the same religion as the people, but too many of them did not practice it. The people were scandalized by their bad example, and as they saw religion was often used only as a cloak for oppression and dissipation it became discredited among the people. The people, down-trodden and impoverished and left to their own guidance drifted away from the Church and followed the socialist and anarchist who promised them deliverance from their unhappy lot. History tells us of the result. France for instance, was deluged with the blood of those who failed to do their duty by the people, and in that country religion has been the object of a relentless persecution for many years.

"And the like causes are in operation in this country at this very time. It is true that we have no kings or emperors here, nor have we a ruling class with hereditary titles and privileges. But we have class-distinctions, founded solely on wealth. We have, throughout the country, individuals with colossal fortunes which separate them from the mass of the people as completely as if they wore crowns or coronets. And of these there are many who make as bad a use of their wealth as did the noble or royal spendthrifts of former ages. The newspapers chronicle the silly doings of these persons, their scandals and their crimes. The people look on in sullen mood, and advocate socialism as a remedy for such excesses.

"Let us not be under any delusion in this matter. The spirit of socialism is making considerable progress among us, and is gaining adherents every day from among workmen—many of whom are the children of Holy Church.

"And although here in America religion is not directly involved, for those who are the objects of popular dislike do not make any special profession of religion, and rarely use it as a cloak for their misdoings, it is nevertheless indirectly involved, and is becoming every day more and more the object of attacks for the reason that it insists on the principles of justice, on the rights of private property and on the observance of the moral law. Thus it becomes the great bulwark which protects society against the revolutionary teaching of socialism. It is therefore easy to understand why socialists are opposed to the stand which Catholics, who become Church and why socialistic teaching drifts away from the Church and become enemies of religion.

"Now why are so many of our people led astray in this way? The reason is very simple. In religion, in politics, in social life the mass of the people will, and must follow some leader. If he be a good and wise leader the people will be benefited by his guidance; if he be a dishonest or foolish one he will lead the people astray.

### THE CHURCH AND HISTORY.

It is hard for men to tell the truth about those whom they despise or hate. This is in Protestant literature that the Church is generally misrepresented, or at least the facts, as seen by the historian, are distorted or placed in an unfavorable light. Protestant writers see all the facts of history through their prejudices against a Church which has been to them for generations a false church, a usurper of authority never given to any church organization, which it is their duty to overthrow, and into whose fold they must prevent others from entering. It is to the credit of many Protestants that have been able to see the Church as she is, notwithstanding the prejudices which they once entertained. Mr. George Sampson, discussing the "History of the Popes," by Von Ranke, in the London Daily Chronicle, has this to say in regard to English history:

"I am beginning to believe that English history has been written chiefly by Orangemen, so narrow and exclusively Protestant is its outlook. It puts forward Protestantism not as one view of things, but as the right view of things. The other day I found an elaborate review of Lord Acton's published essays asserting the world that of course this Catholic historian writes with bias, and cannot pretend to a Protestant canon of judgment—a charmingly ingenious assumption in any case, but especially fatuous in the case of Acton, surely the most fair of all historians. Reduced to its elements the statement comes to this. In a Catholic historian you will find Catholic views; in a Protestant historian you will find the truth. Most Englishmen read and write history on this assumption; and thus grotesque sectarianism is taught and studied in every school. The only thing which children seem to learn about the parent Church of their native land is that wicked Catholic Mary habitually burned good Protestants at Smithfield. In every school manual of history there is a shameful unfairness to Catholics—unfairness of silence and unfairness of accusation, unfairness that is matched only by an equal unfairness to Ireland.

"To me (a complete Englishman, and as far from being a Catholic as I am from adopting the Ulster creed), the English historical attitude to Rome is ridiculous and irritating. What has history to do with Protestantism or Catholicism or any other ism, save phenomenally? When I read history I do not want apologetics worthy of that pleasing body, the Protestant Alliance. I want adequate recognition of fact; and the simple fact that, in the history of Europe, the Church of Rome is the Church of the

center, the other bodies being merely provincial institutions. The Church of history is not the Church of England, nor the Wesleyan Methodist Connection nor the Society of Friends, nor the Union of Ethical Societies. The Church of history is the Church of Rome, as Newman asserts in the passage where he sadly admits that the 'unbeliever Gibbon' is our only worthy ecclesiastical historian. But I will go further and say that the Church of English history is the Church of Rome; for it gave us our cathedrals, set the form of our prayers, marked out our parishes, taught us our duty to the poor, nursed our laws and learning, won us much of our liberty and laid the foundation of our last four centuries of progress. Without knowing something of this great Church, you can understand very little of English history; and to minimize the historic importance of the Papacy because you happen to be a Protestant is as stupid as to minimize the historic importance of the House of Austria because you happen to be an Englishman.

"To know the history of the world for two thousand years one must know the history of the Catholic Church, and any writer who would distort that history, or pass over it in silence, is cheating his readers. To conceal the truths of history, to misrepresent them, or place them in any other than their true light, is writing in vain. It is truth that readers expect in history, not falsehood. The doctrines of the Church are subject to misrepresentation as much as the facts of history concerning the Church. It is, therefore, heartening to read such a statement as the following from the pen of W. H. Mallock, who, though not a Catholic, is a fair writer:

"She (the Roman Catholic Church) is ideally, if not actually, the parliament of the believing world. Her doctrines, as she, one by one, unfolds them, emerge upon us like petals from a half-closed bud. They are not added arbitrarily from without; they are developed from within. They are the flowers contained from the first in the bud of our moral consciousness. When she formulates in these days something which she has not formulated before, she is no more enunciating a new truth than was Newton when he enunciated the theory of gravitation. Whatever truths, hitherto hidden, she may in the course of time grow conscious of, she holds that these were always implied in her teaching, though before she did not know it; just as gravitation was implied in many ascertained facts that men knew it well enough long before they knew it was implied in them. Thus far, then, the Church of Rome essentially is the spiritual sense of humanity, speaking to men through its proper and only possible organ."

### NEW YORK PRIEST SMITES COCAINE.

**DRUG MORE DESTRUCTIVE THAN OPIUM DRIVEN OUT BY STALWART ANTAGONISTS OF SOCIAL SETTLEMENT BREAKS.**

The cocaine habit is pronounced by physicians and neurologists to be the most terrible vice ever acquired by the civilized people, in the havoc that it works upon the mental, moral and physical life of a person that acquires it. Cocaine, the drug, the discovery of which was hailed by surgeons as an inestimable boon, in making possible local anaesthesia in minor surgical operations in a very short time proved little less than a curse to a certain class of American society. The white crystalline, which looks not unlike fine rock candy, contain the most insidious effects of any known drug.

"Despite the enactment of drastic laws looking to the suppression of illicit traffic in the deadly drug it is estimated that between 125,000 and 175,000 ounces are annually consumed in this country, the greater part in New York City.

"Father James B. Curry, pastor of St. James' Church, was one of the first men in New York to become interested in the evil. From his vantage point just off the Bowery he early saw the hold the habit was getting upon the denizens of the district. When it commenced to reach out toward 'his boys,' as the Father calls the young men of his parish, he rose to combat it. The matter was taken to the Department of Health, and an investigation started under Bayard C. Fuller, Supervising Inspector of Foods. A terrible state of affairs was uncovered. 'Sniff parties' were found to be as frequent and informal in the Tenderloin and along the Bowery as 'mixed-ale' gatherings. The weird romancings with which the press had been surrounding the 'all-night drug store' for some time were found to be based all too strongly upon fact.

"Then the question arose of how to ferret out those most responsible for the circulation of the drug and bring them to justice. The work would be dangerous, difficult, and disagreeable in the extreme, necessitating mixing with all the imaginable types of the lower classes of society under all sorts of conditions and at all hours of the night. Supervisor Fuller selected one of the younger inspectors in the employ of the department, Hugh H. Masterson. He was small, very intelligent, afraid of nothing and had been doing efficient original work. How wise was his judgment of the man is testified to by the fact that almost single-handed he had stopped the open sale of cocaine in the city, landed half a dozen old offenders behind the bars, and driven out of business the man probably more active than all others in the illegitimate dispensing of 'coke.'

"Similar cases commenced to appear with startling regularity. Finally an agitation was started for an amendment to the Penal Code, and, after a long hard fight, Father Curry, A. L. Manierie, chairman of the New York State general

### PREPARING TO LOOT SEVERAL CONVENTS.

**SENTENCE OF EXPULSION ISSUED BY FRENCH GOVERNMENT AGAINST FEW RELIGIOUS ORDERS THAT REMAIN.**

Sentence of expulsion has been passed on another of the few religious houses now remaining in Paris, or, indeed, in France, and soon the Soeurs Clarisses will disappear forever from the city. The order, not a wealthy one, was installed in the quarter of Les Invalides and the Sisters had hoped to escape the attention of the government. Its premises, unlike those of the beautiful Abbaye-aux-Bois, were not specially tempting to the speculating builder, and, although for some time they had refrained from accepting any recruits, the nuns had hoped to end their lives quietly in the Avenue de Saxe. They have now six months' notice from the government and probably before that time has expired they will have crossed the border into the low country, where they have had offers of suitable quarters.

Another order that is full of anxiety for its future is that of St. Paul de Chartres. This is a more important community than the Soer Clarisses, more numerous and more wealthy. There are several convents belonging to the rule, all within easy distance from Paris, all justifying their existence by diligent work among children. The order has a well-organized orphanage in the Euro-et-Leir, a large school at the parent-house in Chartres, near the fine cathedral, and a charming old house with a day and boarding school at Poissy, near St. Germain.

Another convent in a critical position to-day is the Jesuit monastery near Bourges. A curious situation exists here by reason of the spirited action taken by the Mother of the head of the House, a woman of large private fortune. The government ordered the convent to be closed, the nuns to be expelled and the house to be offered at auction. The first part of the order was executed at three o'clock one morning recently when the nuns were in bed. They were all assembled and put out, the house was closed, the government seals were placed on the doors and the buildings and grounds put up at auction. Then the Mother of the Superior threw herself into the breach and bought the property. Having entered into possession, she invited her son to return with his clergy and left them in charge. For the moment the ruse has succeeded, but the mayor, finding himself without authority to eject the party has appealed to the prefect for instructions and, pending further action on the part of the State, the Jesuits have come by their own again.

### WHY DON'T PRIESTS MARRY?

**ADVANTAGES OF CELIBACY OF THE PRIESTHOOD.**

Both the Protestant who asks, "Why don't priests marry?" and the Catholic who has never given the idea a moment's serious thought, will profit by some recent observations by the Abbe Felix Klein.

"Experience," he says, "proves that wherever celibacy exists, and where it is generally practiced, it also increases the influence and prestige of the priest. And it is most significant that in Christian societies, like the so-called orthodox Church in Russia, for example, which admit both a married and an unmarried clergy, the latter far surpass the former in the confidence and esteem of the people.

"Finally, reason is in harmony with experience. From the material point of view it is plain that the unmarried priest is much less dependent on economic necessities, holds himself in greater readiness for duties or emergencies, is, in a word, more adjustable than the clergymen charged with a family, concerned for the health of his wife, the career of his son, the marriage of his daughters. Happy will those be, wrote Perreye, at twenty years of age, who are not burdened with the things of this world, when need of activity and freedom arises."

"There is pride and happiness for the priest of the parish in seeing the children whom he has baptized grow up around him, to whom he has taught the catechism, whom he has prepared for Communion, whom he has sustained in perseverance, consoled in bereavement, blessed on their marriage day, and of whom a number, great in proportion to his merits, will preserve for him a filial attachment. And as for the priest in the professor's chair, there is no love in the world which he would prefer to that of his pupils when they are at once his friends, his disciples, his sons."

### PROHIBITION.

Cardinal Luque is quoted as saying that prohibition when placed upon an absolute basis is a practical impossibility. "It is a difficult question," said His Eminence, "Ireland has no prohibition by which I may judge, but from people with whom I have talked tell me that in Norway this prohibition exists and no liquor is sold save for medical purposes." Then he added, with a twinkle in his eye: "I am told that every day all of the inhabitants suffer with pains in their stomachs."

### CATHOLIC NOTES.

According to the Rhode Island state census of the total population is 480,032. Of these, 213,336, more than half, are Catholics.

Amongst public bequests amounting to \$200,000 provided for in the will of John T. Newton, a non-Catholic of Toledo, was one of \$8,000 to the Little Sisters of the Poor and another of \$200 annually for five years to St. Vincent's Hospital.

There are over six hundred native priests in China. A number of these have joined the respective orders of the missionaries who evangelized their country, and are Jesuits, Lazarists, Franciscans, etc. Others are secular priests.

The Carmelite Sisters will open a house in San Francisco, and in no less a place than the ample residence of the widow of the late Robert Louis Stevenson at the north-west corner of Hyde and Lombard streets, overlooking the bay.

Mrs. E. L. Gedge, a lady well known in connection with her work for the Anglican Church in Gravesend and Rochester, was received into the Catholic Church a few days since at Westminster Cathedral, England, by the Very Rev. Monsignor Howlett, D. D.

Saxony's Catholic King, being asked to be the patron of an art exhibition at Dresden a few days ago, refused to serve when he learned that nudity was conspicuous. He told the committee that he objected to the exhibition of such paintings which could not and ought not to be looked at without blushing.

Rev. Dr. John Talbot Smith, head of the Lake Champlain Catholic Summer schools, author, dramatist, and critic, has been appointed to a parish at Dobbs Ferry, on the Hudson. The charge is superbly endowed in a region of great natural loveliness, which should harmonize with Dr. Smith's artistic tastes and temperament.

The Jesuit Fathers in Toledo, Ohio, have purchased a Protestant church which is to be transformed into an edifice after the Jesuit heart. The building stands just across the street from their college, and was secured for its convenience, the church already in charge of the Fathers being a long distance from the school.

Rev. Herbert Vaughan, D. D., one of the missionaries of Willemsden Green, England, has been commissioned by Archbishop Bourne, of Westminster, London, to proceed to the Apostolic Mission House at Washington, for the purpose of studying the methods and mission work in the United States. An Apostolic Mission House may be established in England in the near future.

The Toledo Record referring to the destructive criticism of the Bible among people who once looked upon it as the sole rule of faith says: "Yet within the Catholic Church the Bible holds its accustomed sway. It is expounded from Catholic pulpits, read in Catholic households, received in love and acceptance by Catholic hearts everywhere.

Dr. Rivan Groot, minister of public instruction in Columbia, South America, has pronounced an admirable discourse on "The Pope, the International Arbitrator." Abandoning the impotence of chancelleries and of conferences, to establish a durable peace, Dr. Groot turns to the Vicar of Christ, whom he acknowledges as the Universal Arbitrator of Nations.

A few days ago Father Rockliffe, S. J., left Buffalo for Montreal, on his way to Japan to establish a Catholic university there. From Montreal he will sail for Liverpool his native city, where his relatives are still living. His way to Rome will lead him by St. Petersburg and Feldkirch, Austria, the two great Jesuit colleges where he received his education.

The Russian officer's name who commands the Czar's yacht "Standart" is O'Hagan. This adds new name to the Irish expatriated families there associated with the history of Russia since the Irish exodus to the Continent during the Elizabethan, Cromwellian, and Williamite wars. Many Irishmen have, from time to time, become very prominent in the Russian service, like the famous Marshal Laey.

There died recently in France, a Christian Brother, Brother Leobert, on whom an educational jury of the Columbian Exposition in Chicago pronounced the eulogium: "Brother Leobert is perhaps the finest penman in the world." Besides being an accomplished penman, Brother Leobert was no mean poet, and the author of a great number of fugitive poems, elegies, dramas and oratorios. Brother Leobert was a member of the order for sixty years.

At the opening of the addition to St. Bernard's seminary, Rochester, on August 20th, at which Mgr. Falconio, Papal Delegate was present, the venerable Bishop of Rochester, Right Rev. Dr. McQuaid, took a fainting fit and it was feared that this, his fortieth anniversary of consecration as Bishop, would prove to be his last on earth. Such, however, was not the case, as he completely recovered in a short time.

Catholicity is making gratifying progress in Finland. In a letter from Hel-singfors, reproduced in the Missions Catholiques, we find the interesting information: "As an instance of the good understanding which begins to reign between Catholics and Protestants, I may mention that the prayer-book we use has been translated by a Protestant young lady, who has been studying the faith for three years and who never misses one of our services. All our music has been copied out for the choir by another Protestant lady, and the most constant and best singers in the choir are Protestants, who gratuitously render their assistance."

THE YEARS BETWEEN. A Novel by William J. Fischer.

Author of "Songs by the Wayside," "Winona and Other Stories," "The Teller and Other Poems," Etc.

CHAPTER XX. CONTINUED. In the course of six weeks Dorothy was able to be up again. The fracture had united rapidly, and there was no deformity.

Dorothy, too, was a changed girl since the day she first looked upon the doctor and, deep down in her heart, she placed the love she hoped might be given him—some day.

One evening Mr. and Mrs. Fairfax were sitting in the drawing-room, listening to Dorothy at the piano. It was the first time she had sung since her accident, and it was a treat for all concerned.

It was like the song of the thrush in the fresh morning sunshine, when the fading stars hang their heads together and listen eagerly for the sound of a bird-voice, loath to depart. Her voice was full of music; it was wonderfully tender.

Just as she finished the second verse the door-bell rang loudly, and presently Bridget entered and announced with a broad smile:—"A caller for you, Miss Dorothy!"

"Who can it be?" "Why, Dr. Mathers, of course, Miss Dorothy," was the answer as the old cook laughed loudly and bowed herself out of the room.

Dorothy's cheeks flushed crimson for a moment. "He had only called this morning," she said to herself. "I wonder what brings him here now?" With a smile on her face she left the room.

"What's the matter, Katherine?" Mr. Fairfax asked of his wife, when he noticed that her eyes were full of tears. "Oh, nothing much. The last song Dorothy sang always does get the better of my feelings," she answered with a touch of emotion. "And besides—" "Besides what, Katherine?"

"Oh, do you know I am afraid we'll soon lose Dorothy." "Lose Dorothy—what do you mean?" "I mean that she will be leaving us one of these days." "What for?"

"Why to be married, of course. Have you noticed how attentive Dr. Mathers has been to her all during her illness, and Dorothy only told me this morning that she would lay her life down for him. Something had stolen into her heart, she said, that made her think all the world of him."

"But Katherine, you should not waste any tears over that matter. You should pray that God might favor Dorothy by giving her one of such sterling character as the doctor."

"Tears are not a sign of weakness but of strength," she interposed. "A coward never shed tears. Besides, the singing was to blame for most of them. There is no mother born but hates giving up her daughter when the time comes, even though she marries a duke or a prince."

"But Katherine," he interrupted, "wait until the time comes. There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip, you see, and by the way, all these things are just workings of your own imagination. I am sure Dr. Mathers is quite on cool terms with Cupid. Many doctors are, you know."

"Dorothy greeted Dr. Mathers with a smile when she entered the room where he was sitting. "I am so glad you dropped in," she said, somewhat nervously.

"I thought I would like to hear you sing a little, Miss Fairfax. You remember your inviting me to call some evening for that purpose. You know I am passionately fond of music."

"Dorothy's invitation of some weeks previous stood the doctor in good stead. It helped him to throw a cloak over the real motive of his coming. For a half hour or so the two conversed on commonplace topics. Then Dorothy rose to light the gas.

"Ah, never mind," he said, "the moon will reach the window presently, and then we will have all the light we desire."

"I love to sit in the dark," Dorothy replied—especially on a moonlit night. There is something fascinating about it and—" She could not finish the sentence, and what matter for both understood.

For some minutes neither spoke, and silence stole in between them like some happy spirit and drew their hearts closer. "Dorothy! Dorothy!" at last exclaimed Charles. "The time has come and I must tell you all."

breeze passed by slowly. It seemed to pause a while at the curtained window. Then it heard the sound of a man's voice within. It was only a whisper—"Dorothy! Dorothy! I love you!"

The sentence was loud enough for the woman's ears, and she laid her head upon his manly breast, and in that brief moment, drank in the joy and ecstasy that always comes with love's acceptance.

CHAPTER XXI.

ON LIFE'S COMMON WAY.

The night Mrs. Atherton landed in Billington the streets were practically deserted. A heavy snow-storm was falling and the strong wind was busy piling up drifts of snow. It was a stormy night in which to be out. One caught here and there only the shadow of a policeman passing down the street.

Hundreds of cheerful windows threw their pleasant light out upon the snow-filled streets, but they did not seem to attract the attention of that little woman with the thin, yellow shawl, who wandered away from the station platform, up and down, narrow, deserted streets, in and around the various public places.

Poor woman! She was not a responsible being. God only knew what the thoughts were that tortured her. She had been an inmate of the House of Pain these long months. Poor Mrs. Atherton! Would that God might restore her senses if only to recognize the old familiar surroundings of her native city! But alas! she started vaguely at everything as she passed. Nothing seemed to attract her; nothing awakened a faint glimmering of reason within her.

Her mind was active spinning out all sorts of horrible thoughts, tossed incessantly in the frenzy of wild delirium. Yet, she sped on through the cold and snow, aimlessly but hurriedly, like a pursued hare. Oh, if Charles only knew that on this night of nights Mrs. Atherton—the benefactress of his early years—whom everyone thought dead, was walking the very streets of Billington, perhaps only a few blocks from his office, what a happy man he would be! Yes, if he but knew, he would rush out into that heavy snow-storm, take her into his arms and press her to his heart. It would be the greatest, noblest, proudest moment in all his life to hear her speak again, and to feel the touch of her hand. For long years they had both walked the hard, bitter road of suffering.

Mrs. Atherton hurried on as if hounded by some terrible dread. At last she reached a place where three streets met. The glare of the electric lights overhead brightened the surroundings. For a moment she halted and raised her eyes to the skies. The hard look had softened on her face. Even a smile came and went fleetly. No one would have thought then that the poor woman was mad, she was so perfectly calm, and that wild, maniacal look had left her. The next moment her mind was upset again. Then tears came to her and she sobbed convulsively. Again she wrung her hands pitifully and cried out to the lonely night:

"They're after me—they're going to kill me. Ever the stars have daggers for me. Oh! 'tis terrible. Where am I, anyway?" She had never sung before so spellbound an audience in all her life, and as she stood before the people and noticed the many to whom her voice brought tears, she infused more heart and soul into her singing. These poor souls of life had given every breath of their own, and she drank deeply from the fountain of life.

After all these weary hearts in these desolate streets capable of changing with every thrill of emotion. It only wanted someone to move them. Love still sat reigning in the slums under adverse circumstances, perhaps, but Dorothy felt satisfied as long as hearts expanded and had not yet turned to stone.

Dorothy's voice had also brought restfulness to Mrs. Atherton. Nothing less than a diseased mind like hers could sing, and while she sang, the poor woman at the rear of the hall closed her tired eyes and soon drifted into a quiet sleep.

When the concert was over the crowd filed out slowly and quietly. Mrs. Atherton was still asleep in her chair. No one seemed to take any notice of her. Only a few persons passed remarks.

"Too much whisky," said one. "Too much dope," said another. "A few minutes later Dorothy and Dr. Mathers came down the aisle with Father Salvini and Bernice Chadwick following.

"Well, Dorothy, how did all this suit you?" began the priest. "Oh, it was delightful. The poor things, how they did enjoy it! I could have sung for them all the evening. They were so attentive. So many wept. Really, I was touched; I could hardly finish the songs."

"Yes, how they appreciated you. They'll talk about it all the week," said Dorothy. "I shall sing for them again—any time, Father. I value their good-will more than all the gold of the managers."

"Thanks, Dorothy! It is so good of you. But look! do you see the woman there close to the door? She must be asleep. Come, let us see what she is the matter!"

The two hurried to the door, and in a few seconds the doctor and Miss Chadwick were on the spot. "I wonder what's the matter?" the priest exclaimed. "She seems to be fast asleep. Perhaps it's the effects of whisky, cocaine, or morphine. I'll try to wake her."

"The poor thing!" said Dorothy, tenderly. "She may be ill, Father," exclaimed the doctor.

"Let us see if we can rouse her," said Father Salvini. But before his hand touched her, the woman opened her eyes and stared vaguely into space. The next minute she cried convulsively and mumbled:

"Oh! they're coming to take me—those wicked men and women! Go away! Don't kill me—don't kill me! Oh, my head—my head!" She put her hands to the sides of her head, and her face grew deadly pale.

"That woman is very ill," Father said, Charles, as he strode to her side and felt her pulse. Then he put his hand to her forehead. It was very hot. "She has also a very high fever," he continued.

changes in any one, and, now that Mrs. Atherton had again returned to Billington, not a soul amongst all her acquaintances would ever recognize her in that thin, little, wasted body. Suffering, too, was written on her sad face. No one could change looks as quickly as when Pain the artist, takes his brush in hand.

Tired and worn the poor woman was at last forced to rest herself. Presently she stood face to face with the old Woman's Refuge. Here kind friends gave weekly entertainments for the poor of the slum district. Father Salvini, the president of St. Jerome's somewhat older now than since he first met him, was the prime mover in this project. The pale, sickly children in these desolate streets were very dear to him, and every afternoon he could be seen in the slum district, where misery and want walked apace, infusing fresh life into the souls of men and women to whom life meant nothing but an ending in death. There, in the depths of life's dishonesties he taught many an inspiring lesson. Children of circumstances, thrown upon the mercy of a selfish world—how that priest-heart loved them!

Mrs. Atherton halted for a moment at the Refuge door. Half a dozen windows threw pleasant lights into the night, and from several chimneys overhead clouds of black smoke rose to the sky. It was at least warm inside, and instinctively the frozen woman opened the door and entered the building. A concert was in progress. Hurriedly the new arrival thrust herself to a seat in the rear of the Refuge.

A few minutes later the ambulance was at the door and the sick woman was placed on the stretcher and carried out. "Drive to St. Mary's quickly!" was the order Charles gave the driver. "I shall go with the woman," he exclaimed hurriedly.

Father Salvini will accompany you, Dorothy and Bernice. Slowly the ambulance passed along the snowy street, and, watchful as a nurse, Charles' eyes rested upon the little, thin body on the stretcher.

At last, the two, who for years had been separated, were face to face. They had met upon life's common way, strangers to each other now. God in heaven the only witness to the home-coming. Poor Charles, if he but knew!

CHAPTER XXII.

SISTER ANGELA.

The next morning Dorothy was one of the earliest visitors at St. Mary's. She had always taken a great interest in the sick before leaving for Paris and Leipzig. Not a day passed but she sent flowers for the poor patients in the wards. Since her return from her singing tour she had visited the hospital twice a week. She had a dear friend within those walls—Sister Angela—who filled the duties of head nurse, a rather remarkable woman who had the tactics of nursing at her very fingers' ends. They had been girl friends at school. Dorothy took singing lessons and afterwards drifted to Europe. Sister Angela went to the convent, trained as a nurse and was afterwards placed in charge of St. Mary's. But though the two were parted for some time, they managed to keep the old friendship alive.

Dorothy touched the button at the hospital entrance and presently the door opened. Sister Angela greeted her warmly. The gentle nun had a beautiful, spiritual face, was of medium height, and looked the ideal nurse.

"Ah, Dorothy, it is you," she exclaimed, gladly. "Step inside! I am so glad to see you."

In a minute or so the two were seated in the reception room, engaged in lively conversation.

Presently Dorothy asked how the patient was that she had sent in the evening before.

"She had a very poor night," the nun went on. "She seemed to suffer a great deal of pain. At 3 o'clock I called up Dr. Mathers. It seemed a pity to get him out of bed, but it was very necessary. So he came up. A half hour later several other doctors arrived and they decided to operate on her brain the first thing in the morning. I believe the operation is just over. I hear the elevator going. It must be bringing down the patient. Pardon me, just a minute, Dorothy. I know you are anxious about the patient, and I shall send in Dr. Mathers to see how she feels before he leaves the hospital. I know, my dear, you will be pleased to see him," and she laughed heartily and left the room.

Soon after Dr. Mathers entered. He looked tired, worn out.

"Good morning, Dorothy!" he said as she smiled gratefully.

"Good morning, Charles!" Then the surgeon seated himself. "Oh, this chair feels fine just now," he exclaimed. "This operation has nearly used me up. It was very difficult and stretched myself with a great deal of satisfaction."

"Pardon me, Dorothy, but I really can't help it."

"I believe, you, Charles," she answered thoughtfully. "I am sure the work must be very trying. But how is the unfortunate woman?"

"Oh, she stood the operation tolerably well, but she is a very sick woman."

"I was surprised to hear she was operated upon."

"She may, certainly. She has a fair chance, but, of course, it is a serious matter."

"Send her to the hospital!" exclaimed Dorothy. "I'll pay for her. Give her one of the best rooms."

It was a woman's sympathy for woman. "But perhaps she has a husband or a son living here," interrupted the doctor. "They should be seen first."

"The woman is a stranger to me," said Father Salvini. "I have never seen her before. There's Strand, the policeman on this beat just coming in. Perhaps he will know. He knows every face in these parts. Strand! Come here! Do you know this woman?" the priest called out.

"No, I do not, Father," was the answer. "She is a stranger to me. I saw her about an hour ago. I was a block away. She had a yellow shawl over her shoulders."

"Yes, here it is," exclaimed Dorothy, as she picked it up. It had fallen to the floor.

"Then she is not a resident here?" "No, Father, she is a stranger. I received orders to be on the lookout for a woman with a yellow shawl, who was seen making her way from the depot. She was thought to be a very sick woman. I followed her from the crossroads, but lost track of her in the slums. I saw light in the Refuge, and thought she might have entered here."

"Then this is probably the woman," answered the priest. "Well, there's nothing to do but take her to the hospital."

"And that as quickly as possible," rejoined the doctor. "She is very ill. Her one arm seems to be powerless, and her eyesight also seems to be affected, and then, she is very feverish."

"Her deranged state of mind may be due to the fever, may it not, Charles?" questioned Dorothy.

"Yes, it may be just an ordinary delirium," he answered, "but I am afraid she will not recover. There is something serious at the bottom of this."

"Well, do all you can for her, Charles," said Dorothy, sadly.

A few minutes later the ambulance was at the door and the sick woman was placed on the stretcher and carried out. "Drive to St. Mary's quickly!" was the order Charles gave the driver. "I shall go with the woman," he exclaimed hurriedly.

Father Salvini will accompany you, Dorothy and Bernice. Slowly the ambulance passed along the snowy street, and, watchful as a nurse, Charles' eyes rested upon the little, thin body on the stretcher.

At last, the two, who for years had been separated, were face to face. They had met upon life's common way, strangers to each other now. God in heaven the only witness to the home-coming. Poor Charles, if he but knew!

"What's the matter, Katherine?" Mr. Fairfax asked of his wife, when he noticed that her eyes were full of tears. "Oh, nothing much. The last song Dorothy sang always does get the better of my feelings," she answered with a touch of emotion. "And besides—" "Besides what, Katherine?"

"Oh, do you know I am afraid we'll soon lose Dorothy." "Lose Dorothy—what do you mean?" "I mean that she will be leaving us one of these days." "What for?"

"Why to be married, of course. Have you noticed how attentive Dr. Mathers has been to her all during her illness, and Dorothy only told me this morning that she would lay her life down for him. Something had stolen into her heart, she said, that made her think all the world of him."

"But Katherine, you should not waste any tears over that matter. You should pray that God might favor Dorothy by giving her one of such sterling character as the doctor."

"Tears are not a sign of weakness but of strength," she interposed. "A coward never shed tears. Besides, the singing was to blame for most of them. There is no mother born but hates giving up her daughter when the time comes, even though she marries a duke or a prince."

"But Katherine," he interrupted, "wait until the time comes. There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip, you see, and by the way, all these things are just workings of your own imagination. I am sure Dr. Mathers is quite on cool terms with Cupid. Many doctors are, you know."

"Dorothy greeted Dr. Mathers with a smile when she entered the room where he was sitting. "I am so glad you dropped in," she said, somewhat nervously.

"I thought I would like to hear you sing a little, Miss Fairfax. You remember your inviting me to call some evening for that purpose. You know I am passionately fond of music."

"It is probably her son at all events," said Dorothy.

"She seemed very talkative yesterday and—"

"Did you ask her who Charles was?" "No, I did not, but I asked her her name."

"What did she say?" "She said it was Mrs. Atherton, Atherton. She repeated the word twice, but somehow or other she could not finish the name."

Dorothy jumped up from the bench in great excitement. "Sister! I'm sure I've found out this woman at last. It must be Mrs. Atherton, the woman whom Dr. Charles has been looking for all these years. She was the great benefactress of my life. But you know the story. I have told you it hundreds of times."

"And the locket—" interrupted Sister Angela.

"You see," answered Dorothy, "it bears the inscription 'From Charles'. Might not Charles have given it to her with his picture enclosed some time in the long ago?"

"Certainly, Dorothy. I am sure you are on the right track at last."

"Oh, God be thanked a thousand times!" Dorothy exclaimed joyously. "I hope the strange woman will turn out to be Mrs. Atherton. It will make Charles very happy. His not having been able to find her and pay his debt has been the only great grief of his life. You know, Sister, he believes her dead. So for the present, say nothing to the doctor about the discovery."

"Depend on me, Dorothy. He shall not hear of it. We will move slowly but surely in the matter. I will help you to unearth the mystery."

"And then, some day, Sister, I will be able to surprise him with the good news! Were it only her now!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

MY FRIEND THE RAG PICKER.

She was a quaint little creature, my friend the rag-picker, with her sharp, bright eyes and nimble tongue. "Old Nance," they called her in the alley where she lived, and many a poor soul in that dismal place had good reason to love and bless the name. Her small tenement room was a haven of refuge for many an unfortunate. Poor she was in the goods of this world, as poor as were her neighbors, but rich in possessing an inexhaustible fund of kindness and sympathy which she lavished on all who needed it. Then, too, she was such a cheerful little old woman, with a happy way of seeing some light in even the deepest darkness. It must be a black cloud indeed for which Nance could find no silver lining. I asked her once how it was she always was so happy and never seemed to worry about anything. Her answer set me thinking.

"Well, child, for three score years the Lord has taken pretty good care of old Nancey, an' I think I can trust Him to take care of me, for the rest of my journey. What's the use of mournin' about to-morrow? We only live one day at a time so just take to-day an' do the best you can with it an' leave to-morrow to the Lord. Many a night I've gone to bed hungry when there wouldn't be a crust in the house, but I've thanked God for the bed me, for the sun in the mornin' somethin' would surely turn up. There'd be work to do an' a few cents to earn, or somethin' would happen. Just hold hard, my dear, trust the Lord an' He ain't going to forget you."

Many an afternoon when Nancey's work was slack (her occupation was picking over and sorting rags in a junk-shop) I have sought her little room to be entertained by her amusing chatter. Sometimes a neighbor or two would drop in; sometimes a whole troop of children, for she had a special fancy for little ones, and they in turn simply worshipped her.

One especially stormy day we were sitting in our accustomed places before the stove, I was a guest, occupying the only chair at the apartment owned; Nancey perched on an overturned soap box, a donation from a nearby grocery. For the first time I had known her she had been silent for five consecutive minutes. I watched the old, bent figure as she leaned over and held her hands to the stove, as if they were cold; she held them before her. Outside the storm raged wildly, the snow beating against the window and rattling the panes; inside we two sat. Nancey watching the fire and I watching her.

"Presently she looked up with a start, exclaiming:

"Bless me, child, I clean forgot you were there! It's the storm that did it. When the wind howls an' shrieks an' beats up against the house like that as if it wanted to tear the roof off an' was mad because it couldn't, it always sets me thinkin' of my boy, Danny. It was in just such a storm as this that he come home to me, comin' home to die. Did you ever hear tell of Danny? No? Well, the fine, lively lad he was an' a good boy, too, till he took to the drink. That led him into bad company, and first thing I knew he was off an' away an' I never set eyes on him for nigh ten years. It was the black, bitter time for me, those ten years, an' it's little sleep I got at night for wonderin' where he was an' what he was doin'. Still, I followed him with my prayers an' I trusted the Lord to bring him back to me. An' sure he did come back that stormy night six days ago. Just such a night as this it was, I remember when I got at night for wonderin' what a time I had comin' home from the shop, fightin' against the storm every step of the way. I remember, too, as I passed the barroom on the corner (you know the place) I looked in through the window at all that crowd of men lined up to the bar. It was Saturday night an' the place was jammed. Poor fellow, I suppose it's hard for them to keep away from it. When things look black an' all the world seems so gain' against 'em, it's so easy to turn to the stuff that'll make 'em forget their troubles for a time. You see, they never think of the poor women folk an' the little children that are goin' to suffer for that young man."

"Well, as I passed the saloon that night, the door opened an' a man come tumblin' into the street. Drunk as he could be, he was an' he just fell down the steps an' lay there in a heap in the

1906.  
I events,  
ve yester-  
les was?  
d her her  
Ath—Mrs.  
twice, but  
not finish  
the bench  
ster! In  
at last,  
the woman  
looking for  
great ben-  
you know  
t hundreds  
upted Sis-  
rothy, "it  
n Charles,  
even it to  
osed some  
n sure you  
I joyously,  
I will turn  
not making  
d pay his  
scept of his  
solutions her  
ay nothing  
very."  
He shall  
love slowly  
I will help  
er, I will  
that some  
"PICKER.  
reature, my  
her slary  
ngue "old  
n the alleg  
a poor soul  
d reason to  
Her small  
of refuge  
oor she was  
s as poor as  
in in posses-  
of kindness  
rished on all  
she was such  
with a happy  
in even the  
be a black  
fancy could  
ted her once  
s so happy  
r about any-  
thinking.  
score years  
good care of  
I trust Him  
e rest of my  
of worry"  
ly live one  
day an' do  
an' leave to-  
a night I've  
ere wouldn't  
I've thanked  
n, and in the  
rely turn up,  
a few cents to  
appen. Just  
the Lord an'  
en Nancy's  
upation was  
igs in a junk-  
little room to  
sing chatber,  
my drop of  
of children,  
ney for little  
ly worshipped  
day we were  
places before  
cupying the  
wned; Nancy  
I soap box,  
grocery. For  
known her  
five consec-  
the old, bent  
and held her  
ted, toil-worn  
y trembled as  
Outside the  
sweat beating  
rattling the  
sat. Nancy  
telling her,  
with a start,  
an forgot you  
m that did it,  
n' shrives an'  
e like that as  
off of an' was  
it always sets  
unny. It was  
this that he  
home to die,  
Danny? No?  
he was an' a  
s to the drink  
company, and  
is off an' away  
for night ten  
bitter time for  
t little sleep  
rin' where he  
doin'. Still, I  
prayers an' I  
go back that  
go. Just such  
remember what  
from the shop,  
every step of  
oo as I passed  
er (you know  
through the  
d of men lined  
Saturday night  
Poor fellows,  
them to keep  
ngs look black  
goin' against  
n to the stuff  
their troubles  
ey never think  
an' the little  
suffer for it.  
e saloon that  
n' a man come  
Drunk as he  
st fell down the  
t heap in the

snow. Two men came out after him to pick him up and help him off home. By the light from the window I saw his face and 'twas the face of a man I knew well, one of the neighbors just up the alley. I knew for a fact that his children were starvin' an' his poor wife tryin' to earn a few cents doin' a day's washin', an' her with a baby not a week old yet. Yes, indeed, 'twas that know it, for was I there in her little kitchen the day before when some folk from the church come down with baskets of coal an' provisions? I suppose you won't believe it, but the poor children were that hungry they just grabbed the raw potatoes from one of the baskets an' ate 'em up, skin an' all. An' the father couldn't feed his starvin' family because all his money went for whiskey. They can't find a penny to buy bread for the little ones, but they can always get a dime for a drink.  
"Well the sight of him set me thinkin' of my own poor boy, an' when I got home, somehow I couldn't get him out of my head. The storm was beatin' fierce against the window, just as it's doin' now, an' wonderin' if my lad was out in it, I was beggin' God to keep a watch over him wherever he might be.  
"Then, all of a sudden, the door opened an' in he walked. I knew it was the lad the minute I set eyes on him, but I guess none but his mother would have known him, so terribly changed he was. I knew, too, why God had sent him home to me, for death was in his face even then. I guess he knew it himself, though he had little to say in those first days after comin' home.  
"Well, winter wore away an' the warm weather was comin' an' I began to worry about him. He was fallin' fast, but never a thought would he give to seein' a priest an' makin' his confession. "One evenin' I was sittin' right here, with him lyin' in the bed there as weak as a baby, an' I just made up my mind to have it out with him. We talked an' we talked, me pleadin' with him all the time; but no, he wouldn't listen to seein' a priest. At last he says to me:  
"Mother, says he, 'tain't no use talkin' to me of confession, I'm too black a sheep to be washed white now. Why, mother, says he, there isn't a sin you could name that I've not committed. "Oh yes there is, lad," says I. "You never committed suicide."  
"No," says he, "but I tried three times."  
"Well, that in a way staggered me for a moment an' I couldn't think of a word to say. Then he says kind of fierce-like an' usin' words I couldn't repeat:  
"An' you can just bet that if I don't get rid of this pain pretty soon, I'll try my hand at suicide again an' I'll take care not to fail this time."  
"Well, lad," says I, "when was the last time you tried it an' failed?"  
"Back there in the winter," says he. "Just before I come home."  
"Too bad!" I says, shakin' my head. "Too bad you didn't succeed that time, if you're bent on suicidin'."  
"Why?" says he, lookin' real surprised.  
"Why?" says I, quite calm-like. "Hell's a pretty hot place, they say, an' the thought of facin' it mightn't seem so bad in the cold winter as it would now comin' on hot summer weather. That is, if one was really bent on goin' there. Still, says I, 'I dunno but what hell's a pretty fearsome place to think of goin' to at any season of the year. It's a great pity, so it is, that people insist on tryin' so hard to keep them out of it. He must want us to go to heaven, pretty bad when He'd send His own Son down into the world as a little baby to grow up an' suffer an' die for us as He did. Just think, lad of all He suffered; the agony in the garden, the blows an' stripes and cruel scourgin'; His Precious Blood pourin' down like water. Then the long, wicked thorn they drove into His Head, an' His sufferin' for three long hours on the cross. An' all that, lad, to keep us from goin' to hell and make us able to save our souls an' be with Him in Heaven. Then what do these same people do that He died for? They just turn around an' say to Him: "I don't care if you did suffer all that for me, I'm goin' to hell anyway, even if you have tried to save me."  
"Danny, boy," I says. "Do you suppose it was for nothin' that you failed, these three times you tried to kill yourself? It was the good Lord, Danny, who wouldn't let you, for He wanted to give you one more chance to save your soul."  
"Look, Dan," I says to him, pointin' to a little picture I'd always kept hangin' on the wall. Do you remember that picture, lad, the picture of the Good Shepherd? Well, it's the Good Shepherd who's had you in His keepin' all this time an' has followed after you an' brought you back to me. I've prayed to Him for you day an' night, Danny, an' sure He's brought you home at last. Do you mind the day you first asked me about that picture? A wee chap you were then, the top of your curly little head no higher than that table there. It seems but yesterday, lad, that you stood an' looked at that picture an' asked me what it meant. Nothin' would do you but for me to tell you the whole story. So I sat just here, you on my lap with your big eyes fixed on the picture, an' I told you the story of the poor, foolish little lamb who strayed away from the fold one day an' wandered off to have a good time in the world outside. At first everything seemed lovely an' he skipped over the hills and the valleys an' played with the flowers an' listened to the birds singin'. He thought how beautiful the world was and how foolish were those good sheep to stay cooped up in the fold. The sun shone bright an' it was all just grand, an' when he saw the Shepherd followin' after to take him home, he kicked up his little heels an' galloped off farther an' farther, the dark night came an' the poor little lamb began to shiver with cold an' fear. By this time he was over so far from home, wanderin' in a great forest—where the branches of the trees caught and held him an' big thorns scratched an' cut him at last the poor lamb fell down amid the brambles an' briars an' hid his little head an' cried. He could hear the howlin' of the wolves as they come

neerer an' nearer an' oh! how he wished he had stayed safe at home.  
"Then, when the wolves were almost on him, he heard the Shepherd callin' to him an' he wanted to jump and run to him, but the thorns in the bush held him down an' he couldn't get away from them. Then the Shepherd came with him heard the bleating of his little lamb and had seen his blood on the leaves an' pulled away all the thorns an' started the poor little thing in His arms an' started home with him. At first the lamb was afraid to look up, for he was sure the Shepherd would be angry, but soon he heard the kindest, sweetest voice sayin' to him: "Why are you frightened, my poor little lamb? Didn't I know you by the pitiful sound of your voice, and didn't I call you by your own name? Do you not know that I am the Good Shepherd and would lay down My life for My sheep?"  
Then the lamb caught sight of the Shepherd's hand and saw they were wet with blood and he looked up into the Shepherd's face an' beheld there nothin' but a wonderful love an' pity an' he knew he was forgiven.  
"Do you mind that story, Danny; says I, do you mind it now, an' do you mind how often you made me tell it to you in the days so long ago?"  
"Well, Dan, that's you all over. You're just like that foolish lamb, but the Good Shepherd has found you an' is bringin' you home. Look up into His face, lad, and see the blood on His hands and on the garment near His heart an' be forgiven. Don't fight against His goodness any longer."  
"Well," continued the old woman, "we never said another word that night an' for several days confession wasn't mentioned between us. Still, I noticed that when he thought I wasn't lookin' he'd keep his eyes on that little picture, an' once I saw his lip movin' as if he were prayin'. It was early in June that his sufferin' was ended an' the good Lord took him home. Confession? Of course, he went to confession. Received all the last sacraments an' the priest standin' over him when he breathed his last in the arms of the good Shepherd.  
"Well, when they laid him away beside his father an' the two little girls that left me to go to God when they were babies, I said a great prayer of thanksgiving by the grave. I could lay my old head on the pillow at night now an' sleep in peace, for I'd know where my boy was. The Good Shepherd had heard my prayer and brought him home safe. That's why I say to you an' to every one:  
"Hold hard, trust the Lord, an' He ain't goin' to forget you."—Isabel Williams in the Messenger of the Sacred Heart.  
EVEN THE LAST.  
There was intense, yet suppressed, excitement in the Pasture Institute of Mercy Hospital that afternoon. The long, wide corridors echoed the noise of scurrying feet, and from the operating room came sounds of weeping, with now and then a shrill note of painful protest. A large crowd of boys—there were six of them—had been bitten by a mad dog, and their terrified parents had rushed them to the institute for treatment that would prevent the dread hydrophobia. They were all more or less severely bitten, and the dog, which had been killed, undoubtedly had the rabies. They were all placed in position to receive the treatment—injection of the serum—and both from fright and nervousness the lads gave vent to loud weeping and wailing. Their mothers were almost as bad, and altogether the worried nurses and doctors had their hands full.  
One of the patients was a sight never to be forgotten. He was a colored boy of twelve. George by name, a frightful object as he lay in his "mummy" lap, quivering but silent, while big tears splashed down her black cheeks as she rocked him to and fro. It was found he must be put on the operating table at once. His upper lip and part of his nose were torn off, one eyelid and cheek were hanging by shreds of skin, and his arm on the same side was horribly lacerated. Tenderly they lifted him and placed him on a stretcher carriage and rolled him to the operating room, where his gashes were washed and closed, and twelve stitches brought him to the appearance of humanity, albeit swollen and disfigured.  
The other lads were taken home by their parents, to return daily for treatment. But George was not able to be moved, so weak was he after his double treatment. A little cot was placed for him in the surgical ward, and so grateful and patient was he under his sufferings that he soon became a general favorite. Surprisingly soon his wounds healed, and he began to beg to be allowed to get up. It was found, too, that his poor "mummy" had no place to keep him, and it was charity to allow him to remain where he was. So he went here and there, doing little turns for every one who asked them, and always with a jolly little humor of his own that made every one smile.  
Many a weary face smiled a ghost of a smile from its pillow as George, with his grotesquely seams countenance, cut some caper in the middle of the ward when he thought no one was looking. No one scolded him. His mammy came at intervals, and with uplifted hands, "blessed the Lawd foh dem ladies oh dah lah! raskill!" One day the Sister asked George if he said his prayers, and what church he attended. George knew no prayers, and had never been in any church before, he saw the hospital chapel. He was "too bad to jine a church." By degrees he learned he had an immortal soul, and it was pathetic to see his great eyes looking out of the disfigured face as he drank in every word that Sister spoke to him of God's love for even the least of His creatures.  
"Ah never knewed dat de Lawd had much time foh lil' nigs like me," he said. "An' if I be baptised, an' you ladies suah dat ah can snuggle into hebban?"  
It was assumed that such was the promise of Him who never breaks His divine word. "An' will mah black soul turn white?" "An' will that there were no black souls in heaven. It took much patience and instruction to give George the spiritual side of the matter,

but at last it dawned on him, and after that he seemed to grow thoughtful and often said he wanted to be baptised and become pleasing to the good God who saved him from death when he knew nothing about Him. Twenty days of the treatment were now over, and there were great hopes that all danger of hydrophobia had passed. George found out from his mammy that he had "never been christened, she had no time." So it was decided that George should be baptised in the hospital chapel when he was a little better instructed. George went home to the poor shanty his mother occupied when she was not out washing or scrubbing, but he returned every day for examination and treatment.  
The other boys were pronounced immune, but the doctors were not so sure of George, he had been so frightfully bitten. Three days passed, and George had not put in an appearance. The Sisters and the doctors were distressed; not knowing what to think.  
On the evening of the third day two colored men who belonged to a livery stable appeared at the hospital door with George between them. He was snapping and growling, with saliva flowing out of his mouth.  
"Poor little fellow! After all the efforts that had been made he was doomed. It was the dread hydrophobia.  
He was perfectly conscious and immediately recognized the Sister in whose care he had been.  
"Ah is gwine to be baptised right soon, Sister. Ah fed powerful suh dat ah is a orful sick boy, ah has such a orful misery in de troat."  
"Yes, George," said the Sister, deeply sympathetic; "we shall have you baptised very soon."  
Her practical eye saw evidence at once of the awful paralysis of the throat that prevented swallowing even the saliva.  
George was carried to the isolated ward, where an orderly and a nurse were detailed to watch him. It was now nearly midnight, and soon his convulsions were frightful to witness. He was strapped to the bed, but he would work out of bed onto the floor, while the terribly infectious spitte flew in all directions. Twice he was rolled in a linen sheet by the attendants and laid on the bed. It was courtin' death to go near him; the infection might be communicated through some little cut or abrasion of the skin, and the poison that dropped from the poor swollen lips never ceased.  
Between the convulsions he was perfectly conscious, and would cry out pitifully that "he couldn't help it"; that "he was so sorry"; and "when would he be baptised?" Poor little George! About three o'clock Sister came to the room, and leaning over the head of the bed, looked at the poor lad. He was in an interval of quiet and exhaustion, but she saw that the end was near.  
"George," she said, "I am going to get the priest to baptise you. I will go at once, and then you will soon see God and the angels in heaven."  
"Bress de good Lawd!" said the poor, dying boy between his gasps. "Po black George is agwine to see you in hebban. P' hif nigga will hab a white soul."  
The priest came hurriedly. George was in a terrible convulsion. It was almost impossible to touch him, and the sight of the water visibly increased his agony. "Close your eyes, George," said the chaplain. "I am going to baptise you."  
George made a strong effort. "Bress de good Lawd! Ah is longin' to be baptised—oh do good Lawd!" He lay quite still, and quickly and reverently the priest, leaning over the head of the bed, poured the waters of regeneration on the poor little negro. He had indeed a "white soul" now, and with a sigh of relief he was quite calm and still.  
"He may last a few hours," said the priest, as he left the room. "I will come back after Mass."  
At six o'clock the Mass bell was ringing, and as the priest crossed over to the sacristy he met the Sister who had charge of George. She whispered:  
"Remember George in your mento, Father; he has just died."  
The Lord had taken to His Sacred Heart of Him. —Rev. Richard W. Alexander, in the Catholic Standard and Times.

Educational.

## Academy of the Sacred Heart

LONDON, ONTARIO

The aim of the Religious of the Sacred Heart is to give to their pupils an education which will prepare them to fill worthily the place for which Divine Providence destines them. The training of character and cultivation of manners are therefore considered matters of primary importance, and the health of the pupils is the object of constant solicitude. Active physical exercise is insisted upon.

THE COURSE OF STUDIES

comprises, besides the thorough grounding in the ordinary branches of education, a complete course of Christian Doctrine, Elements of Christian Philosophy, Ancient and Modern History—special attention being given to Sacred and Church History, Literature, Ancient and Modern, the English Language in all its branches, Latin, Mathematics, and the Natural Sciences. The study of French is obligatory for all the pupils, and special advantages are given for French conversation. Needlework and order receive particular attention. Address:  
The Mother Superior, Sacred Heart Convent,  
P. O. Box 320, London, Canada.

## ASSUMPTION COLLEGE

SANDWICH, ONT.  
(Opposite DETROIT, MICH.)

A Boarding and Day School for Young Men and Boys,  
conducted by the Basilian Fathers.

FOUR DEPARTMENTS

- I. Arts Course
- II. Academic Course
- III. Commercial Course
- IV. Preparatory School

The 39th year will begin September 7th, 1908.  
For catalogue and particulars address THE TREASURER.

## St. Michael's College

Federated College of Toronto University.

Junior School prepares for Matriculation, etc. Senior School prepares students for B. A. Degree of Toronto University. This department stands on exactly the same footing as University College, Victoria University, and Trinity University. The whole course is given in the college.

For admission to Senior School, Matriculation standing is required.  
School re-opens September 3rd. Write for calendar.  
Rev. N. ROCHE, President.

## University of Ottawa

CANADA

Conducted by the Oblate Fathers

Founded in 1845. Degree-conferring powers from Church and State.

Theological, Philosophical, Arts, Collegiate and Business Departments.

Over Fifty Professors and Instructors.

Finest College Buildings and finest Athletic Grounds in Canada. Museum, Laboratories and Modern Equipments. Private Rooms.

For Calendar and particulars address  
Rev. Wm. J. Murphy, O. M. I., Rector

## SUMMER SCHOOL

June, July and August leads into our Fall Term without any break. Enter any time. New catalogue free. Write for it to-day. Central Business College, Toronto. The largest, most reliable of its kind. W. H. Shaw, Principal, Yonge & Gerrard Sts., Toronto.

THE NEW HOME OF  
The Canada Business College  
CHATHAM, ONT.

Canada's Greatest School of Business  
500 Students in attendance during year.  
It stands in a class by itself.  
FALL TERM OPENS SEPTEMBER FIRST  
\$100 Saved in board alone, by attending a Chatham, as compared with any of the larger cities, besides getting your training in Canada's greatest Business School.  
Railways bring our long distance students and take them home again for half rate, while we make a further allowance up to \$8.00 on travelling expenses.  
It pays to go to the best. 400 Students placed last year.  
Our splendid catalogue C tells all about this great school, and its great work at Chatham. If you cannot come to Chatham, we can teach you Short-hand, Bookkeeping and Penmanship at your home.  
Catalogue H tells about the Home Course. Write for the one you want addressing D. McLACHLAN & CO., CHATHAM, ONT.  
Worth its weight in Gold  
Penmanship System of McLachlan & Co.

## Loyola College

MONTREAL

An English Classical College conducted by the Jesuit Fathers.  
College re-opens Wednesday, Sept. 2nd, 1908.  
For terms and other information, apply to  
The Rector,  
65 Drummond Street, Montreal.

## St. Jerome's College, BERLIN, CANADA

Commercial course—latest business college features. High School course—preparation or matriculation and professional studies. College or Arts course—preparations for degrees and seminaries. Natural Science course—thoroughly equipped experimental laboratories. Critical English Literature receives special attention. First-class board and tuition only \$19.00 per annum. Send for catalogue giving full particulars.  
REV. A. L. ZINGER, C. R., President.

## The KENNEEY SCHOOL

of Short-hand and Business

The best preparation for commercial life. Booklets free.  
9 Adelaide St. East. - Toronto

CATHOLICS AT THE THROTTLE.

EXPERIENCE ACQUIRED THROUGH ENGINE RIDE.

Some years ago that erratic genius, Elbert Hubbard, wrote a paper styled The Bigotry Bacillus, directed at the A. P. A. movement, says R. C. Gleason, in the Catholic Columbian. Though one a rule is to quote from him—as he has often swallowes of Catholicism—still as a drop of water will often gladden even a mud puddle, in a similar manner he often bears witness to a truth or edifying incident. In the course of this paper he says:

"Once it was my privilege to ride from New York to Albany on the engine of the Empire State Express. The engineeer was a little, bronzed, weather-beaten man of nearly fifty. I showed my permit, and without a word he motioned me to the fireman's seat in the cab. He ran around his engine with oil can in hand, then climbed to his place and waited for the conductor's signal to start. I was watching, too, and back in the crowd I saw the hand swing aloft. At the instant, the engineer turned and made a quick motion as if crossing himself, seized the lever, and we were off. For exactly three hours the telegraph poles sped past, and we rolled and thundered onward through towns, villages, cities; over crossings, switches, bridges, culverts and through tunnels and viaducts at that terrific rate of a mile a minute. The little man at the throttle looked straight out ahead at the two lines of glistening steel; one hand was on the throttle, the other ready to grasp the air brake. I was not afraid for I saw that he was not. He spoke not a word, he looked at me nor at his fireman, who worked like a Titan. But I saw that his lips kept moving as he still forced the flying monster forward. At last we reached Albany. What a relief it was! My nerves were unstrung. I had enough for a lifetime. The little engineer had left the cab and was tenderly feeling the bearings. I turned to the fireman:

"Bill, why does he keep moving his lips when there at the lever?"

"Who—th' ole man? Why, don't you know, he's a Catholic. He allus prays on a fast run. Twenty years he's run on this road with never an accident, never touches a drop of anything—the nervous man that ever kicked a gauge cock, he is shak' me!"

Hubbard adds that it is a fact that nearly one half of the men in the employ of the railroads in the United States are Catholics.

I know of one old engineer who told me he always watched the passengers as they entered the cars, prior to starting on his "run," for he always felt somewhat a bit more comfortable when he noticed a Catholic priest or even a Catholic Sister going on the journey with him. He also told this bit of a joke on himself. His fireman was not a Catholic, but had become accustomed to the engineer's moods, and always knew a priest was aboard by the apparent good humor of his friend.

"Well, Tom," the fireman said one day, "what priest is aboard to-day?" "Oh," replied Tom, "I don't know his name. I only caught a glimpse of him as he entered the coach—but it is all right." Notwithstanding this assurance, matters did not jog along as usual, said the engineer: "a few miles out a spark from the locomotive fired the top of the mail car and we had to stop to put the fire out, de-laying us about fifteen minutes. I tried to make up the lost time, but the engine did not respond. She was a bit balky. Steam was not up to the notch and we pulled into the depot at the end of my run nearly twenty minutes late. Jumping out of the cab, I met the trainmaster. He smiled and said: 'Hello, Tom, late to-day—no priest aboard, eh?' 'Yes, there is,' I said, 'just then the passengers began moving out of the cars and along the platform to the depot exit; there was my priest, but he happened to be a High-Church Anglican one, so I said, 'that accounts for it; wasn't the genuine article. I knew something was wrong.'"

These veteran railroaders deserve kindly consideration at the hands of the public, for much depends upon their judgment and courage. I have often noticed the supreme look of satisfaction upon their faces as they end their journey, safely landing their train.

Who comes to us in Holy Communion? Who offers Himself at Mass, really and substantially, Body and Blood and Sacred Hosts? Jesus who died for us, Jesus Who loves us.

## THE "YOUTH'S COMPANION'S" IDEA OF PURGATORY.

TYPICAL SPECIMEN OF CHEAP AND IGNORANT SNEERS CONCERNING A CATHOLIC DOCTRINE.

From the Sacred Heart Review.

Cheap sneers about the Catholic Church's doctrine of Purgatory are usually the result of ignorance. That is at least the most charitable assumption. Such ignorant sneers were more common than at present. Of late years non-Catholic writers are less given to condemning, or sneering at, Catholic doctrines or practices which they do not understand. Present day scholarship demands exact knowledge of even Catholic matters, and exact knowledge of Catholic matters is not to be found in old-time Protestant notions concerning the Church. This being so, we are rather surprised to find in the Youth's Companion of July 23 an anecdote which looks harmless enough, but which contains a very unwelcome slur at the Catholic Church's teaching on Purgatory. It is of a certain Catholic Indian woman who went to consult the priest about getting her husband (snapp) out of Purgatory. Here is how the Youth's Companion tells what follows:

"The priest told her to put down her money, which she did without retaining any for herself. He then prayed for her husband. When he had concluded, Moll asked:

"Is he out?"

"Yes."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"She then snatched up the coins and started to leave.

"Hold!" cried the priest. "If you take that money I'll pray your husband back into Purgatory."

"With a twinkle in her eye, she answered:

FOR INFORMATION of the best in BUSINESS and SHORTHAND TRAINING Fill in and return this Coupon

## Business Systems School

62 Spadina Ave., Toronto.  
T. F. Wright, Principal.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

Price of Subscription—\$2.00 per annum. THOS. COFFEY, L.L.D., Editor and Publisher.

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

Apostolic Delegation. Ottawa, June 13th, 1908. Mr. Thomas Coffey: My Dear Sir—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1908.

FERNIE.

The story of Fernie has been told so often that to mention it again seems useless repetition—and to attempt a description of what was, what is, or what will be we feel beyond our power.

Fernie was distant in its seclusion it was near to all. Unknown it might have been, uncared for, as long as it was working out its own destiny.

THE MISSIONARY WEST.

A strange contrast is remarked by the author of the life of Mgr. Grandin, first Bishop of St. Albert. It is the difference in even the routes taken to enter the North-West.

It was as follows. Two young girls, daughters of a wealthy jeweller, had young fellows. This family of girls lived in one of the New Jersey suburbs.

Albert, nine miles from Edmonton, was selected. This mission had been established by the venerable and indefatigable Father Lacombe.

THE PROTESTANT ALLIANCE AGAIN.

Perhaps there are no more intolerant or narrow-minded people in the British Empire than those gentlemen who call themselves the Protestant Alliance of England.

THE "BOSS" IN THE GAME OF POLITICS.

Archbishop Messmer has written a little work entitled, "Handbook for Catholic Parishioners of the Archdiocese of Milwaukee."

A GREAT ACTRESS.

That the stage may be made ideal, and much of its work productive of great good, is a fact patent to the mind of all who take a broad view of our present day life.

and glove with the rum-seller. Not because they have any particular love for the rum-seller and his trade, but because they fancy he is a man whose influence counts for much when the day for the casting of the ballots comes around.

SCANDALOUS READING MATTER.

A word to our esteemed contemporaries, especially of the daily press: Occasionally there comes to us from New York an account of some awful crime—man shooting his fellow-man in cold blood.

IN LISBON, N. H., there is a Protestant minister named the Rev. Mr. Clapp, who has been told by the Sacred Heart Review, encouraged the young people of his congregation to form a society to be called the "St. Francis Fraternity."

THE HABIT OF CONSUMING INTOXICANTS TO EXCESS.

to excess, and even the use of them in a moderate form, seems to be on the wane not only in Canada but in many States of the American republic.

day. The Chicago New World tells us that "Miss Margaret Anglin, one of America's foremost actresses, made her first appearance in Australia on Saturday last in Her Majesty's theater, Sydney."

MISS MARGARET ANGLIN.

Miss Anglin has brought honor to Canada, her native country. We have reason to be proud of her. She has now attained the highest place in her profession.

DESERVING OF EQUAL ESTEEM AND HONOR.

is another Catholic actress of our own day. The Chicago New World tells us that "Miss Margaret Anglin, one of America's foremost actresses, made her first appearance in Australia on Saturday last in Her Majesty's theater, Sydney."

tion, treating is falling into innocuous... It is considered bad form and placed in the same category as rudeness or uncleanness.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York Times, writing from Rome under date of August 15th, states that when Cardinal Gibbons arrived in that city he found the royal waiting room at the station had been put in readiness for him, the only time on record that it had been opened to anyone other than foreign royalties...

SEUMAS McMANUS, the Irish story-writer, has published a very trenchant article relating his experience in rural Ireland touching the reading matter read by some of the people.

AN AMERICAN exchange draws attention to the flourishing condition of the Catholic Church in Canada. We are pleased to say to our contemporary that he is quite correct in his estimate.

A GENTLEMAN in Atlantic City, named Wiley, ventures the assertion that good bread, in his opinion, would help to solve the American evil of divorce.

ADVICE HAS come to us from London, Eng., that a great blow has been dealt to municipal grafting by the courts.

but all had to go to gaol. If the detective departments in the different provinces of our Dominion were to search earnestly for cases of a similar character...

OUR VALUED CONTEMPORARY, The Casket, says that "Mr. Joseph Hoeking is a popular novelist with those who want some 'hot stuff' about the Church of Rome but can hardly stomach Maria Monk and Chiniquy."

"CORDS OF ADAM." We have received from Longmans, Green & Co. a work bearing the above title, the author of which is the Rev. Thomas J. Gerrard.

The account of the Garden of Eden is an unfolding of the world's first love story. In that far-off Eastern Valley man first met woman and both at once became subject to the law of love.

It is a fatal mistake," continued Father Gerard, "to occupy ourselves with the arguments furnished by reason solely as to make it seem, and perhaps ourselves to fancy, that in them alone is to be found the justification of our faith, losing sight, or allowing others to lose sight, of what is the real strength of our position.

ON SUNDAY OBSERVANCE. The observance of the Lord's Day facilitates the observance of all other commandments, declares St. Charles Borromeo.

compared with the twin problem of good, it has been exploited beyond all proportion. The movement of thought, therefore, which makes for a kindlier and broader view of the more severe of God's attributes...

WAY TO MAKE CONVERTS.

In the course of a notable address on the subject of Agnosticism delivered at the recent conference of the English Catholic Truth Society, the Rev. John Gerard, S. J., after combating the agnostic fallacy of its arguments...

ATTITUDE OF THE CHURCH TOWARD MODERN SCIENCE.

At Louvain there is published a small quarterly, entitled Revue des Questions Scientifiques, the object of which is to demonstrate, as material science forges ahead, exactly what is the teaching of the Church in respect of new theories advanced.

ON SUNDAY OBSERVANCE.

The observance of the Lord's Day facilitates the observance of all other commandments, declares St. Charles Borromeo. The Christian observes, he it noted, not the Sabbath, but the Lord's Day.

of a particular day upon which devotion was paid to the Creator. This accords with the law which practically commands us to give certain time to sleep and to the refreshment of the body...

The Apostles therefore resolved to consecrate the first day of the week to divine worship, and so called it the Lord's Day.

Worldly amusements which tend to dissipate are, therefore, forbidden us on Sunday, and that attitude which is most conducive to a right observance of the day is one of placidity and repose.

The Church in her wisdom, says the Catechist, has ordained that the celebration of the Sabbath should be transferred to the 'Lord's Day,' for on that day light first shone upon the world, and as the work of Creation commenced then, and the Holy Ghost descended on Sunday upon the Apostles...

Nevertheless, the performance of such worldly duties as would, by neglect of them, impoverish another person, is no violation of the Sabbath, nor do we violate the sanctity of the day in performing the necessary duties which are meant for the cause of humanity and religion.

M. de Kirwan tells us that science is only absolute in as far as it deals with natural phenomena which it seeks to explain and to co-ordinate with the general explanation of the universe.

The proof of this is clearly shown in the way in which it applies to questions of belief and religious dogma, the analytical method of reasoning, so indicating that it misunderstands the correct division of human powers.

First there is the cosmic question, dealing with the universe as matter; secondly, there is the biological problem, dealing with life in its development; and, finally, there is the anthropological question which deals with man, his nature, his history, the reason of his existence as a reasoning being and above all, his destiny.

Now, since Science is impotent in explaining the origin of the universe, however lucidly it may account for material phenomena and their changes, it cannot charge to unreason the claim of the believer to declare for a Divine Artificer.

The whole question, he says, hangs on the anthropological problem which is at once the philosopher's, the scientist's and the believer's. The scientist can do little more than classify mankind into ethnic groups and suggest that he is descended from the primates.

The laws of physical Evolution would appear not to have affected him for at least six thousand years. The philosopher may draw up systems of philosophy which shall govern man's relations towards his fellow-men, and bind his conduct in life.

Faith is based on reason, and if we seek to overthrow it, it means that we seek to overthrow the position of affirming the existence of effects more powerful than their causes, or of effects which have no causes whatever.

CONVERSION OF CANDIDATES FOR EPISCOPAL MINISTRY.

GROVER R. HARRISON RECEIVED AT LOS ANGELES, AND FREDERICK F. JAMES UNDER INSTRUCTION. The "open pulpit" canon is still producing results in the Protestant Episcopal Church.

Another Episcopal nun convert. The three former members of the Protestant Episcopal Sisterhood at St. Mary who were recently received into the Catholic Church at Cornwallis have been joined by a fourth member of the order.

PERSONAL ITEMS ABOUT CARDINAL NEWMAN. Abridged from sketch by Caroline Vinton Henry. Cardinal Newman's life was evenly divided between the Church of England and the Church of Rome.

An old Arab Story. After Satan, with the help of Sin and Death, had constructed the bridge over chaos so that he and his assistants might comfortably visit the earth, he made his first appearance in Paradise.

Honors for a London Boy. We are delighted to know that Hubert Dignan, jr., son of Mr. R. H. Dignan, City Registrar, took honors in five subjects at the senior matriculation in Toronto University.

INCURABLE HEART TROUBLE

LOOKED FOR DEATH IN A SHORT TIME.

Entirely Cured by "Fruit-a-tives."

"Gentlemen,—The days of miracles are not all past and I feel that my complete recovery from what seemed inevitable death, is practically a miracle. I suffered from severe Indigestion and Dyspepsia for nearly two years.

"Fruit-a-tives," and from the outside, 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 now I am entirely cured and I have gained over thirty pounds in weight.

(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. Poisonous gases were formed which swelled the walls of the stomach and pressed against the heart.

"Fruit-a-tives" immediately strengthened the stomach, insured sound digestion 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 25c and 50c. If your dealer has not both, write Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa, press more feeling in that monotone than others could express by all the arts of oratory.

At the time of Cardinal Newman's conversion his two brothers, one, Francis Newman, passed from a fervid Evangelicalism to Theism, and the third brother became an Atheist and died not many years ago at Tenby, England, where he had lived for years as a recluse.

The last eleven years of his life were the happiest in the Church of Rome, so made by the late Pope Leo XIII, in redressing the wrongs that had been done him.

Western Fair Greatest Live Stock Exhibition Of Western Ontario Full programme of Attractions twice daily, including Kemp's Wild West Show, Best of Music, Fireworks Each Evening.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON. Twelfth Sunday after Pentecost.

OUR NEIGHBORS.

There are two opposite faults to both of which almost everybody are more or less inclined. The first of these is meddling with other people's business...

Now, in the first place, let me explain what I mean by shirking one's own business or duties. It is not simply leaving them undone and expecting that they will remain so...

This is a very natural state of mind for a person to get into, and how common it is, in such a case as this, we can see from the common proverb that "everybody's business is nobody's business."

There are very many good works that really are everybody's business, that everybody ought to do something towards at least, but which are in great danger of not being done at all on account of this habit of shirking which is so common.

Well, this might be all very good if those people did really help in some things generously, and the case before them was one of no very urgent need.

They cannot contribute to everything. But the difficulty is, that too often we find them shirking, not occasionally but all the time.

Probably few of us advert to the fact that the commandment to love our neighbor as ourselves is really a law of nature, which was enacted into a positive law at Mount Sinai for the best of reasons...

Probably few of us advert to the fact that the commandment to love our neighbor as ourselves is really a law of nature, which was enacted into a positive law at Mount Sinai for the best of reasons...

Probably few of us advert to the fact that the commandment to love our neighbor as ourselves is really a law of nature, which was enacted into a positive law at Mount Sinai for the best of reasons...

Probably few of us advert to the fact that the commandment to love our neighbor as ourselves is really a law of nature, which was enacted into a positive law at Mount Sinai for the best of reasons...

Probably few of us advert to the fact that the commandment to love our neighbor as ourselves is really a law of nature, which was enacted into a positive law at Mount Sinai for the best of reasons...

Probably few of us advert to the fact that the commandment to love our neighbor as ourselves is really a law of nature, which was enacted into a positive law at Mount Sinai for the best of reasons...

Probably few of us advert to the fact that the commandment to love our neighbor as ourselves is really a law of nature, which was enacted into a positive law at Mount Sinai for the best of reasons...

Probably few of us advert to the fact that the commandment to love our neighbor as ourselves is really a law of nature, which was enacted into a positive law at Mount Sinai for the best of reasons...

Probably few of us advert to the fact that the commandment to love our neighbor as ourselves is really a law of nature, which was enacted into a positive law at Mount Sinai for the best of reasons...

Probably few of us advert to the fact that the commandment to love our neighbor as ourselves is really a law of nature, which was enacted into a positive law at Mount Sinai for the best of reasons...

Probably few of us advert to the fact that the commandment to love our neighbor as ourselves is really a law of nature, which was enacted into a positive law at Mount Sinai for the best of reasons...

for theory, which is quite a different thing from practice.

Passing over some fifteen centuries from the date of the Exodus, during which the condition of the rank and file of the human race in every land, save in a certain degree, the land occupied by the Chosen People, became essentially what it was in Egypt, we approach the time when the union of the civilized world under the rule of Rome prepared the way for a new and better era.

Such were the conditions when the Word was made Flesh. A few lived in boundless luxury, while all the rest, in chains, ministered to that luxury.

Such were the conditions when the Word was made Flesh. A few lived in boundless luxury, while all the rest, in chains, ministered to that luxury.

Such were the conditions when the Word was made Flesh. A few lived in boundless luxury, while all the rest, in chains, ministered to that luxury.

Such were the conditions when the Word was made Flesh. A few lived in boundless luxury, while all the rest, in chains, ministered to that luxury.

Such were the conditions when the Word was made Flesh. A few lived in boundless luxury, while all the rest, in chains, ministered to that luxury.

Such were the conditions when the Word was made Flesh. A few lived in boundless luxury, while all the rest, in chains, ministered to that luxury.

Such were the conditions when the Word was made Flesh. A few lived in boundless luxury, while all the rest, in chains, ministered to that luxury.

Such were the conditions when the Word was made Flesh. A few lived in boundless luxury, while all the rest, in chains, ministered to that luxury.

Such were the conditions when the Word was made Flesh. A few lived in boundless luxury, while all the rest, in chains, ministered to that luxury.

Such were the conditions when the Word was made Flesh. A few lived in boundless luxury, while all the rest, in chains, ministered to that luxury.

Such were the conditions when the Word was made Flesh. A few lived in boundless luxury, while all the rest, in chains, ministered to that luxury.

Such were the conditions when the Word was made Flesh. A few lived in boundless luxury, while all the rest, in chains, ministered to that luxury.

Such were the conditions when the Word was made Flesh. A few lived in boundless luxury, while all the rest, in chains, ministered to that luxury.

Such were the conditions when the Word was made Flesh. A few lived in boundless luxury, while all the rest, in chains, ministered to that luxury.

Such were the conditions when the Word was made Flesh. A few lived in boundless luxury, while all the rest, in chains, ministered to that luxury.

are pure as virgins, and their daughters are modest; and their men keep themselves from every unlawful union, and from all uncleanness, in the hope of a recompense to come in another world.

Further, if one or other of them have bondmen, or bondwomen, or children, through love of them they persuade them to become Christians, and when they have done so they call them brethren without distinction.

Such was the transformation which the great doctrines of charity, brotherly love founded on the love of God, had begun to effect in the corrupt society of imperial Rome. In a later age when misfortune of every form poured like an avalanche on the great empire the sphere of action for this doctrine became still broader, until there was no form of human misery with which Christianity did not cope, and cope successfully.

In the dark days of the fourth and several of the following centuries, the Bishops, the lower clergy and the Christian laity achieved such wonders of charity as to leave one lost in astonishment at their superhuman energy and superhuman self-sacrifice.

Such was the transformation which the great doctrines of charity, brotherly love founded on the love of God, had begun to effect in the corrupt society of imperial Rome. In a later age when misfortune of every form poured like an avalanche on the great empire the sphere of action for this doctrine became still broader, until there was no form of human misery with which Christianity did not cope, and cope successfully.

In the dark days of the fourth and several of the following centuries, the Bishops, the lower clergy and the Christian laity achieved such wonders of charity as to leave one lost in astonishment at their superhuman energy and superhuman self-sacrifice.

In the dark days of the fourth and several of the following centuries, the Bishops, the lower clergy and the Christian laity achieved such wonders of charity as to leave one lost in astonishment at their superhuman energy and superhuman self-sacrifice.

In the dark days of the fourth and several of the following centuries, the Bishops, the lower clergy and the Christian laity achieved such wonders of charity as to leave one lost in astonishment at their superhuman energy and superhuman self-sacrifice.

In the dark days of the fourth and several of the following centuries, the Bishops, the lower clergy and the Christian laity achieved such wonders of charity as to leave one lost in astonishment at their superhuman energy and superhuman self-sacrifice.

In the dark days of the fourth and several of the following centuries, the Bishops, the lower clergy and the Christian laity achieved such wonders of charity as to leave one lost in astonishment at their superhuman energy and superhuman self-sacrifice.

In the dark days of the fourth and several of the following centuries, the Bishops, the lower clergy and the Christian laity achieved such wonders of charity as to leave one lost in astonishment at their superhuman energy and superhuman self-sacrifice.

In the dark days of the fourth and several of the following centuries, the Bishops, the lower clergy and the Christian laity achieved such wonders of charity as to leave one lost in astonishment at their superhuman energy and superhuman self-sacrifice.

In the dark days of the fourth and several of the following centuries, the Bishops, the lower clergy and the Christian laity achieved such wonders of charity as to leave one lost in astonishment at their superhuman energy and superhuman self-sacrifice.

In the dark days of the fourth and several of the following centuries, the Bishops, the lower clergy and the Christian laity achieved such wonders of charity as to leave one lost in astonishment at their superhuman energy and superhuman self-sacrifice.

In the dark days of the fourth and several of the following centuries, the Bishops, the lower clergy and the Christian laity achieved such wonders of charity as to leave one lost in astonishment at their superhuman energy and superhuman self-sacrifice.

In the dark days of the fourth and several of the following centuries, the Bishops, the lower clergy and the Christian laity achieved such wonders of charity as to leave one lost inastonishment at their superhuman energy and superhuman self-sacrifice.

In the dark days of the fourth and several of the following centuries, the Bishops, the lower clergy and the Christian laity achieved such wonders of charity as to leave one lost in astonishment at their superhuman energy and superhuman self-sacrifice.

Feed the brain and nerves. A properly balanced diet facilitates all mental work. BOVRIL remains the whole of the valuable properties of beef and it is particularly rich in these elements which go to produce blood and nervous energy.



Cure Yourself Without Drugs! Heracles Sanges. Copyright 1907 by Dr. Heracles Sanges.

Dr. H. SANGES & CO. 380 St. Catherine St. West, Montreal.

Oxydonor appeals to you because it makes you master of your own health, master of the health of your family, without drugs or medicine.

Oxydonor has cured scores of cases of Rheumatism, Nervous Prostration, Bright's Disease, Catarrh, Stomach Trouble, Indigestion, Erysipelas, Dysentery, Lung Trouble, Bronchitis, Blood Poison, Dropsy, Abscesses, Ulcers, Tumors, Spinal Disease, Pneumonia, La Grippe, Croup, Diphtheria, Liver, kidney and Bladder Troubles and Paralysis.

Why go on suffering and doing? It will only take a post-card to write us to-day, and we will send you full particulars about Oxydonor and the wonderful cures it is performing. If it cures others, why not let it cure you?

Dr. H. SANGES & CO. 380 St. Catherine St. West, Montreal.

forth in the contributions. And even if it were not, the matter itself frequently discloses intensely anti-Catholic doctrines and sentiments.

To characterize such Catholic papers therefore as strange, is putting it more mildly than they really deserve.

There is, also, another view of the subject deserving of some consideration. Why should the patent inside makers supply such matter to Catholic clients? It has been recently charged in a non-Catholic paper that there is a movement on foot among Catholics to capture the secular press of the country.

Nothing could be more absurd. But does not this action of the makers of patent insides suggest an effort to poison the Catholic world? And how surely they will succeed, in part at least, if Catholic papers continue to lend such fruitful aid as those complained of are doing?—St. Louis Church Progress.

COVENTRY PATMORE'S CONVERSION. John Freeman, in the London Academy discussing the unique spiritual quality of the poetry of Coventry Patmore, says that Patmore's conversion to Catholicism was, from the poet's nature, an inevitable step.

There is a common notion that a poet is likely to be wooed and won by the ritual of the Roman Church, but of any such influence there is no trace in Patmore's poetry. I am reminded in this connection of the names of two great English prose writers, Pater and Newman.

Who does not see in this list of contributors to the Catholic papers complained of ample justification for the harshest criticism? But it may be argued the editors of the papers in question are not aware of the identity of these writers. The argument, however, is without force, for the reason that the identity in almost every instance is set

Dr. McTaggart's vegetable remedies for the liquor and tobacco habits, is a healthy, safe, inexpensive home treatment. No hypodermic injections, no loss of time from business, and a certainty of cure.

North American Life Assurance Company. Policies Issued on all Approved Plans. The financial position of the Company is unexcelled, ensuring prompt and satisfactory settlements.

KELSEY EFFICIENCY ECONOMY DURABILITY. The KELSEY has three times as great area and heating surfaces and more than twice as much warm air circulating capacity as any other warming device with the same diameter of fire pot and fuel capacity.

ALWAYS, EVERYWHERE IN CANADA, ASK FOR EDDY'S MATCHES. Eddy's Matches have hailed from Hull since 1851—and these 57 years of Constant Betterment have resulted in Eddy's Matches reaching a Height of Perfection attained by No Others.

London Mutual Fire Insurance Co. of Canada. Assets: \$4,749,880. Liabilities: \$2,531,116. Surplus: \$2,218,764.

GILLET'S ABSOLUTELY PURE CREAM TARTAR. Nearly all goods in this line at the present time are adulterated and in fact unfit to use.

Rosa Mulholland's New Book. The Return of Mary O'Murrough. Price, \$1.25. In Treaty with Honor. By Mary Catherine Crowley. Price, \$1.25.

O'Keefe's Liquid Extract of Malt. Canadian Barley Malt is made from selected barley in such a way as to change all the constituents of the grain into easily digested nutrient.

CHARITY, PRE-CHRISTIAN AND CHRISTIAN.

TOPIC OF PAPER READ BY REV. M. M. BASSETT, D.D., RECTOR OF HARRISBURG CATHEDRAL, AT THE MEETING OF THE PARTICULAR COUNCIL OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL, AT YORK, PENN.

Probably few of us advert to the fact that the commandment to love our neighbor as ourselves is really a law of nature, which was enacted into a positive law at Mount Sinai for the best of reasons, namely, that it was universally ignored.

STRANGE CATHOLIC PAPERS.

On several occasions The Church Progress has felt itself called upon to criticize some of its contemporaries for the character of the matter which they admit to their columns. That these criticisms were not unjust nor inopportune was evidenced by the favorable comment which followed.

LIQUOR AND TOBACCO HABITS.

A. McTAGGART, M. D., C. M. 75 Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada. Reference is made to Dr. McTaggart's professional standing and personal integrity printed by: Sir W. R. Meredith, Chief Justice.

WILSON'S FLY PADS. Every packet will kill more flies than 800 sheets of sticky paper.

MENEELY & CO. WATERLOO, N.Y. The Old Reliable CHIMINO BILLS. CHIMINO BILLS SCHOOL & OTHER BELLS.

Church Chime Bells. Memorial Bells a Specialty.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

No Time to Lose. Young friend, you're fond of sport and play— In that there's nothing wrong; But as I love you let me say— Don't be a boy too long! You have your name and fame to make, Your path to carve or choose— Believe you me, though young you be, You have no time to lose.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Social Amenities for the School Girl. If it were possible precisely to tell what is good breeding, it would best be expressed by saying it is made up of little things. It is not one thing alone which denotes a lady, although it is quite true that one action may proclaim the fact of not being one. But the hallmark of her who is well-bred and well brought up is her unflinching and unconscious observation of the many trifling acts with which the day is filled.

Do Not Make Father Do It.

In the daily paper the other day was an account of a father who was called to testify against his own son, on account of some wrong-doing on the part of the young man. When brought face to face with this ordeal the old man, his cheeks furrowed by tears, cried out in words that touched the heart of every father present: "I do not want to testify against my boy! You will not make me do it will you?"

The judge excused him and he went away thanking the magistrate. But stop and think of the sorrow which must have wrung that old man's heart, even though he had escaped this terrible task of giving evidence against his own son! Look back over the years until you come to a little cradle. In it lies a bright-eyed, laughing baby boy. Over it a father and mother bend. Their hearts are full of joy and hope—joy that so precious a treasure has been given them, and hope that he may be kept safe to bless their gray hairs and help the world on to higher and better things.

With how much of care do they watch the steps of that son as he climbs up through the years! They carry him in their arms when he is tired and the way is slippery. They counsel him to be wise in all he does. They sacrifice for him in a thousand ways known only to the tender, loving parent. They work for him. They pray by the side of his bed when he is asleep. They bear him to the throne of God in earnest supplication for his safe keeping.

And then, after it all, there comes a day when sin comes in and undoes all they have done. Oh, the awful, blighting influence of sin! How it casts its shadow over everything it touches! And here comes the officer. A paper is read that paralyzes the very hearts of all. Shining steel bands are slipped on the hands the father has loved so and which they have kissed so fondly in the years gone by. Then comes the court of law. Charges are made against this pale-checked boy. Now the father must stand up and testify against his son.

What wonder that he should cry out in a tumult of passion, "I cannot do it! Spare me for the sake of my boy!" I wish I might say some word that would keep the young men who read this article from bringing such a crushing thing as that upon their fathers or any one who loves and respects them now. It is an awful thing to take the joy out of a father's heart. All the hopes shattered and ruined. Dreams burned out and the ashes strewn over the old man's heart. Oh, don't do it! If you do, your own heart will never know peace again. Don't do it.

How much better to be able to say as a young man did when brought into the presence of a great temptation, "I tried to think what father would have done, and I did not do it." Was not that grand? Down through the years memory of the father had gone and it had power to save from evil.

Another lad went out from home to find his place in life. Up through many hard places he fought his way till at last success came. The world called him to many high places. Honor was laid upon him in full measure. Speaking about it one day, this gentleman turned to a litany kept in the long ago. There, written in a boyish hand were these words: "I am going to try never to do anything that will make father or mother feel bad!"

Here was something to stir the heart. Would you not prefer to look back to a thing like that than to be compelled to confess that by your wrong-doing you had compelled father and mother to testify against you, if not publicly, at least in the secret place of their own hearts?

Have you a good father? Be true to him. Never put yourself in a place where he will feel that you have compromised your name and his. Make him proud of you. Live so that he will always be glad to speak of his boy and his life. Oh, the shine in the eyes of the father who knows that his son has come up through the years to manhood, clean, true, good and strong for the right, in every spot and place.

And the best of it is, that such living will bring everlasting blessing to the son who thus honors his father and his father's memory. Live, then, so that your father will be glad to give his testimony for you. —Our Young People.

Not A Work of Art.

Cardinal Logue, who has been visiting in this country for the past few weeks is a keen observer and has a grasp of great questions such as few other men have. But the most enthusiastic admirers of the Irish Cardinal can hardly call him a handsome man. His intellect seems to have developed in proportion to his want of physical beauty. In this connection the Cardinal tells the following story on himself: After a visit to the great custom house in New York he remarked on the courtesy with which he had been received and passed through the building without question. One of the prelates present remarked: "That is not surprising. It is only works of art that have difficulty in getting through the custom house and Your Eminence is not a work of art."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Social Amenities for the School Girl. If it were possible precisely to tell what is good breeding, it would best be expressed by saying it is made up of little things. It is not one thing alone which denotes a lady, although it is quite true that one action may proclaim the fact of not being one. But the hallmark of her who is well-bred and well brought up is her unflinching and unconscious observation of the many trifling acts with which the day is filled.

Unless a girl is unconscious in her manner of observance she becomes a prig, losing much of her charm, as well as some of the effect of good breeding. Kindness of heart is an enormous aid to good breeding. For example, deference and attention to older persons are part of good form. Take a girl who has not had all the advantages of good birth, but is endowed with sweetness of nature and a kindly disposition. In the most graceful way in the world she waits upon her elders, stooping to pick up a handkerchief that has been dropped, or standing aside to let an older woman precede her through the door. The little attentions are the spontaneous impulse of thoughtfulness toward others, and it is good breeding in the best sense of the term that prompts them.

There can be no doubt that kindness of nature, or at least in expression, is an important characteristic of a lady, and unhappily, in summer especially, girls are all too apt to forget this. In the long, lazy days, when they have energy for nothing and neither minds nor fingers are occupied, the tongue of more than one girl runs away with her, as far as comment on her friends is concerned. Nothing is said with a direct desire of being disagreeable or unkind, but if a girl will stop to think over some of the afternoons she has spent recently with her mates, when all have been of the same set, she will be apt to find that some absent friend has suffered at their tongues. Nobody meant really to say anything unkind, but her weak points were rather well gone over and instances cited of things unpleasant, silly or stupid that the one under discussion has done. In other words, her worst side has been held up to criticism and ridicule.

This cannot be called precisely wrong but its effect upon the girls who do the talking is more harmful than to her who has been talked about. The habit of saying unkind or spiteful things is so easily acquired and is such a boomerang for her who does it. Every person has some vulnerable point, some weak spot or failure that may be the subject of criticism or jest. What is more, each person is quite well aware of the fact, and people are afraid of the girl whose tongue is sharp and whose criticisms of others are pointed. They may laugh at her sallies when with her, but each leaves with a feeling of fear as to what she will say about them when their backs are turned, and such a girl loses popularity. Sarcasm is one of the most dangerous weapons that a girl can have, for while at first she hurts others with it, in the end she hurts herself. She is not trusted; her friends are ill at ease with her, and after a time there are many places and occasions to which she is not welcome because of her dangerous gift.

It is a curious fact that the majority of girls pass through the sarcastic age, and to their credit be it said, most of them outgrow it. There is a time when they think it clever to say sharp and cutting things either to or about a person. If there is a strain of bitterness in the sarcasm, the habit becomes far more serious in its effects upon the girl and she should leave no effort unmade to control it. She can guard her tongue if not her thoughts, and she cannot too soon realize that if she affects irony, considering it to be wit, the sooner she drops it the more friends she will have. Girls who desire to have the sweetness of character so necessary to good breeding might do something toward cultivating it this summer by forming a "Kindly club," whose object shall be to do small kindnesses for others and to say only those things which are kind. An inflexible rule should be that when other people are under discussion a girl who cannot say something kind about them will keep still. A most pleasing part of the procedure will be that she will find that there is none of her friends about whom she cannot say something pleasant, and she will form the delightful habit of remembering the fact, so that when she thinks of her companions it will not be with criticism, but with pleasure.

The result for all concerned will more than repay any effort at remembering the good, and forgetting the disagreeable which exists in each other.—Intermountain Catholic.

A Father Talks to His Daughter.

A father, taking his daughter aside, said: "I want to speak to you of your mother. It may be that you have noticed a careworn look on her face, lately. Of course, it has not been brought there by any act of yours, still it is your duty to chase it away. I want you to get up to-morrow morning and get breakfast, and when your mother comes and begins to express her surprise, go right up and kiss her on the mouth. You can't imagine how it will brighten her dear face. Beside you owe her a kiss or two."

A New Book by Father Lambert

Christian Science Before the Bar of Reason. Cloth, \$1.00. Paper, 50 cents. The Catholic Record London, Canada.

"Away back when you were a little girl she kissed you when one else was tempted by your fever-tainted breath and swollen face. You were not as attractive then as you are now. And through those years of childish sunshine and shadows she was always ready to cure by the magic of a mother's kiss the little, dirty, chubby hands whenever they were injured in those first skirmishes with this rough old world. And then the midnight, the silver, the moonlight and the dreams as she leaned over your restless pillow have all been on interest these years. Of course she is not so pretty as you are, but if you had done your share of the work the past ten years the contrast would not have been so marked. Her face has more wrinkles than yours, far more; and yet if you were sick that face would appear more beautiful than any sign of agedness, as it hovered over you, watching every opportunity to minister to your comfort, and every one of those wrinkles would seem to be bright wavelets of sunshine chasing each other over the face of your mother. It seems that her heart would be broken if you were to see her now, and those sad, tired eyes will have opened in eternity and then you will appreciate your mother, and it will be too late."

Pass It Along.

The old, old recipe for gratitude is still the best—"Pass it along." It is not always possible, not always gracious to return a favor promptly to the bestower. Kindness should teach kindness—pass it along, give of the gift, and so reward and bless the giver, and naturally ungrateful, ungrateful—well of softness, receiving all, returning nothing. What wonder—human nature being only human, after all—that, in time, bounty ceasing to swell the stream of doing good which overflowed daily, hourly in help, sympathy, generosity, and is never the worse for the overflow? The ingratitude has a sweetening effect, but never a friend in this nothing-for-nothing world.

MY SAILOR PENITENT.

Rev. John P. Pierce in the Holy Family Sunday School Messenger, Chicago. "A Strange Place for Confession," the story of a man making his peace with God while riding with a priest on the top of a London omnibus, recalls to my mind a similar incident in my own ministry.

I was stationed at the time at Jarratt, Va., in what is known as the "Black Belt." Called to Baltimore on business, I went by way of Norfolk, taking passage from the latter place on the steamer Alabama. While walking the upper deck before the boat left her moorings I was approached by a young sailor of the United States navy. "Good evening," he said. I returned the salutation. "Are you a Catholic priest, sir?" "Yes, father, a kind of one." Of course I proceeded to "take him into camp." He told me of sufferings and hardships undergone at sea, and that he had been discharged and was on his way East to see his father and mother, the latter an invalid for many years. He was in need of means to get home. We walked and talked, and after I had tried to help him in a substantial way, I said: "You are quite a young man, and have perhaps many years of usefulness before you. With your experience of years in the navy you can, if you will, be a useful man to society. Had you a priest on your ship?" "No, father. The priest came from one of the other ships from time to time." We were nearing the point I was leading him to, namely, when he was to his duty. I realized time was getting short, so I determined to speak to the point. I said:

"You have been, you say, ten years in the navy. How long has it been since you were at confession?" He looked at me. "Well, father," he replied, "I will be candid with you. I have not confessed for over eight years." "How is that? You say a priest came to your ship from time to time." "Well, father, I could not—I would not—tell any man my sins. I have been too bad." "Oh, nonsense, my good fellow; you are, if you are all you say you are, just the kind of a man a priest likes to get hold of. Not that a priest likes to hear of your sins, but because he likes to help just such as you and make you feel the joy God has in store for one who returns to Him fully contrite. Now, my good man could you tell me your sins?"

He hesitated a moment and looked me in the eyes. "I believe I could, but I fear you will too hard on me." I saw that God's grace was working. True contrition was surely there, and I promised, no matter what was the sin, I would say not one single harsh word. "Father," he said, "I believe I could confess to you." "Will you,?" I said. "Yes, I will." "Come with me." And I took him to my stateroom. He knelt for a time in prayer. In the meantime the steamer had started on her way. After a few minutes I asked if he was ready. At once he confessed. After a few words of advice, I dismissed him, but before leaving my room he threw his strong arms about my neck and cried like a child. "God bless you, father, and may you never know such as I was again. I had almost despaired, and more than once I was tempted to end my miserable life, but you have been sent by God, like a good angel, to bring me back to Him and to my duty. I will go home to my mother with a light heart, for I know the first question he will ask will be, 'When, my son, did you go to your duty last?'"

The poor fellow left my room, and after a few prayers in thanksgiving to God for making me the means of bringing back this poor sick soul, I went on deck. I did not meet my sailor friend again until after we arrived in Baltimore and I went to St. Francis' Church to read Mass. There I saw the white-uniformed sailor of the night before leaving the altar of the great Command-

er with tears of joy running down his bronzed cheeks. Truly God's graces work in mysterious ways.

Yearning to be a Catholic.

The following letter from a Protestant mother, asking the way into the Catholic Church for her daughter, stirs in our heart a deep sense of sadness. Because it is typical of a host of others, we present it here:

Editor of the Missionary: I write you regarding my daughter, a young lady who has never been baptized nor is she a member of any church. This is on account of the different forms of religion in the family. Her grandfather and all his people were Irish Catholics, so also were some of the relatives on the other side of the house. I am an Episcopalian. I have left the matter entirely to her judgment. It seems that her leanings as well as my own are to revert to Catholicism, yet we do not fully understand its principles. A number of her best friends are Catholics, but it is not on their account that she feels drawn to the Catholic religion. Would you then, in this important matter, suggest what it would be better for her to do? A regular attendance at her church would be almost an impossibility. Her half-brother became a Catholic at your church.—The Missionary.

A DISGUSTING PERFORMANCE.

SECULAR PAPER APPLAUDS CATHOLIC PRACTICES. DENUNCIATION OF "PRIZE WEDDING."

New York Tribune. Monsignor Fox, of Trenton, did well to denounce the holding of a "prize wedding" for the exploitation of a pleasure resort and to warn all members of his church against attending or countenancing the disgusting performance. His plain, terse words on the subject are to be commended to the careful consideration of many outside of Trenton, and even, we regret to say, of many who profess to be within the Christian Church. A public "prize wedding" for advertising purposes is, he truly said, about as bad as a similarly exploited divorce would be; and he justly added that such affairs grossly violate the sanctity of marriage and aid and abet the conditions which have resulted in more than a million divorces in this country in the last twenty years.

The remarks of this reverent and clear headed priest might well be taken to heart also by those who for amusement, for the raising of money or for other purposes indulge in the ill-bred and sacrilegious buffoonery of "mock weddings." Such things are still occasion-

Visitors To Toronto Exhibition are invited to call at the Cowan Company booth in the Manufacturers' Building. We will give you a hearty welcome and a cup of Cowan's Perfection Cocoa to cheer you on your way. The Cowan Company, Ltd. TORONTO

all practiced by persons making some pretension to the possession of intelligence and taste, and even of Christian piety. They even figure now and then as features of church and Sunday school entertainments." We have not yet heard of their being accompanied with mock communion services or mock baptisms or funerals. Yet to the thoughtful and reverent mind, appreciative of the purport of marriage and of the solemn characterization of it and admissions concerning it which are found in the words of the ceremony which is thus travestied, a mock wedding is little less indecent and irreverent than a mock communion would be.

Cardinal Answers Sick Call.

An incident showing the zeal and devotion of Cardinal Gibbons occurred several days ago. With the exception of the staff of the Maryland General Hospital there are few persons who have heard of it.

About 9 o'clock one night last week a sick call came to the Cardinal's residence. A woman who had been operated on at the hospital was dying and a priest was asked to come to her bedside immediately. Unfortunately, all of the priests at the Cardinal's house were out at the time and the Cardinal ordered his messenger to go to a neighboring church and ask one of the clergy there to answer the call. A few minutes later the messenger returned. Fearing, however, the priest would not reach the hospital in time, the Cardinal hurried there. The sacraments were administered to the dying woman who expired the next morning.—Baltimore Sun, July 6.

Professional.

D. R. STEVENSON, 39 DUNDAS STREET LONDON. Specialty—Surgery and X-Ray Work. Phone 410.

D. R. P. J. MUGAN, Physician and Surgeon. Office, 189 Queen's Ave. Hours—11 to 12 a.m.; 3 to 6 p.m. House and Office Phones.

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

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

W. J. SMITH & SON UNDERTAKERS AND EMBALMERS 113 Dundas Street OPEN DAY AND NIGHT Phone 586.

D. A. STEWART Successor to John T. Steyngman. Funeral Director and Embalmer Residence on premises. Charges moderate. Open day and night. 104 Dundas St. Phone 459. GEORGE E. LOGAN, Assistant Manager.

The Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA Books Prayer Books Beads Pictures Scapulars Crucifixes Write For Catalogue Reduction in Price.


For one month we will sell post-paid: Catholic Home Annual and Little Folks' Annual for 25 cents. Regular price, 35c. The Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA NEW BOOKS Modernism—What it is and why it is condemned. By C. S. B. Price, 15 Cents. Saint Patrick—A Monograph in paragraphs. By HUBERT M. SKINNER, Ph. D. Introduction by Rev. FRANCIS CASSILLY, S. J. Price, 25 Cents. Ancient Catholic Homes of Scotland. By DOM. ODO. BLUNDELL, O. S. B. Introduction by Hon. Mrs. MAXWELL SCOTT, of Alboforth. Price, \$1.25. The Lord of the World. By ROBERT HUGH BENSON Price, \$1.50.

The Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA 30th Thousand The Catholic Confessional and the Sacrament Of Penance. By Rev. Albert McKeon, S. T. L. 15 cents post-paid.

KYRIALE sen Ordinarium Missae. Ad Exemplar Editionis Viticanae Concinatam Cantum Gregorianum Transcript et Modulationibus Ornavit Julius Bas Ad Normam Editionis Rhythmicæ Solesmensibus monachis Exaratæ Price \$2.50.

The Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA

CURZON'S LONDON AND NEW YORK STYLES. We are Tailoring Specialists, and apart from the question of economising your tailoring bills by obtaining your clothing straight from the World's Capital and the Home Country, it will pay you to get in touch with us. If you set any value upon efficiency of workmanship and the quality of material used in your Tailoring needs, then you would be wise in dropping a postcard to our Agents for Canada, as addresses below. By return you will receive a unique and wide selection of cloths representing the choicest and latest confections of the English woolen markets. With these will be found up-to-date Fashion-plates showing the latest styles, both London and New York, so that you may dress either in English taste or wear right up-to-date New York styles—whichever you prefer. Our business is a colossal one and world-wide, for by our system of self-measurement we are able to fit a customer living in the remotest part of the earth. This undertaking to fit you from your own measurement is backed by our unreserved guarantee to refund money in full where Mail Orders are not executed to your thorough and absolute approval. We invite you to write for our Free Patterns, Measurement Chart and Tape, and Booklet describing in detail the character of our business. All orders are executed on the following understanding:—satisfaction to be given or cash in full to be refunded. We can save you 50 cents in every dollar.



Suits to Measure from \$5.14 to \$11.00. CURZON BROS. The World's Measure Tailors. (Dept. 58 1), 60/62 CITY ROAD, FINNSBURY, LONDON, ENGLAND. Address for Patterns—For Toronto and East Canada—CURZON BROS., c/o Night Directorate, Ltd. (Dept. 58 1), 74/76 Church St., TORONTO, Ont. For Winnipeg and the West—CURZON BROS., c/o Henderson Bros. (Dept. 58 1), 279 Garry Street, WINNIPEG. Please Mention this Paper.

