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The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXXI.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY JUNE 26, 1909.

1601

The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1909.

TO THE SACRED HEART.

Oh, tender, gentle Heart of Christ... Oh patient Heart of Love... Raise Thou my erring human heart...

"CHILD OF DESTINY."

"Child of Destiny," by Dr. Wm. J. Fischer, is written with the author's usual grace and style... "The great merit, it seems to me," wrote Mr. Lowell to Professor Norton...

CHARACTER VS. REPUTATION.

There is a difference between character and reputation. Character is that quality or sum of qualities which distinguishes one person from all others...

DONT.

"He that saves when he is young may spend when he is old." Yes, but he may never be old. The penny whistle to the little boy is as dear and as real to him as the greater thing of later years...

FREEDOM FROM WORRY.

They tell us that children keep their spontaneity and freshness of spirit because they live only one day at a time; that they do not brood over the past nor borrow trouble for the future...

THE ADVENTURES OF LA SALLE.

It is well known that while nearly all the early settlers of this country looked upon the Indians only as dangerous enemies, to be destroyed...

The life of La Salle is one of those stories that are more wonderful than any romance. Born of a distinguished French family in Rouen, the ancient capital of Normandy...

ORIGINALITY.

"The great merit, it seems to me," wrote Mr. Lowell to Professor Norton, "of the old painters was that they did not try to be original..."

A WORD.

It is easy to doubt and to criticize. It is also easy to be too sure and too self-confident. For those of us who have seen the old ways grow into the new...

THE WEST.

Whoever may visit the border settlements of the West, expecting to find there a smaller proportional share of cultivated intellect than in the crowded centres of civilization, will be strikingly disappointed...

DONT.

"He that saves when he is young may spend when he is old." Yes, but he may never be old. The penny whistle to the little boy is as dear and as real to him as the greater thing of later years...

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They tell us that children keep their spontaneity and freshness of spirit because they live only one day at a time; that they do not brood over the past nor borrow trouble for the future...

"This died," writes Father Douay, "our wise commander. He who for twenty years had softened the fierce temper of countless savage tribes..."

THE REAL PRESENCE.

FACTS ESTABLISHING THE LITERAL MEANING OF THE WORDS "THIS IS MY BODY"—"THIS IS MY BLOOD."

True to its promise to set forth the details of Catholic belief, the Catholic Encyclopedia has painstakingly considered every phase of Catholic worship. The two most important theological articles in Volume V are "Eucharist" and "Extreme Unction..."

hearers and the Initiator. Those who heard the words of institution were not learned rationalists possessed of the critical equipment that would enable them as philologists and logicians to analyze obscure and mysterious phraseology...

It must be remembered, also, that Christ as crucified God-man must have foreseen the shameful error into which He would have led His Apostles and His Church by adopting an unheard-of metaphor...

"THE POWER OF LOVE."

The following excerpt from the late Father Vaughan's lecture on "The Power of Love" merits reproduction. It describes a scene on a southern battlefield during the civil war...

A Pleasant Memory.

I remember a certain hospital where I spent a blissful fortnight once when a university student. It was in charge of Roman Catholic Sisters of St. Francis, and the gentle Sister who attended me of a great family...

First and Last Communion.

Yes, I remember well, the time the place, Of First Communion—date of rarest grace, Sweetest of childhood's happy days!

CATHOLIC NOTES.

Nearly one hundred and fifty Bishops, says Rome, took part in the consecration in St. Peter's last Thursday, among them being Mgr. William O'Connell, Archbishop of Boston...

Two thousand policemen marched into St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York City, Sunday afternoon, May 30, to listen to a sermon by Father John G. Chidwick, their chaplain, and to honor the memory of police heroes who have died while performing their duty...

It was a priest, the Rev. Gabriel Richard, of the Sulpician Order, who introduced the first printing press into Michigan; just one hundred years ago...

A figure of the crucifixion, modeled in sand, which withstood the force of the gale and flood which swept Atlantic City, severely damaging the steel pier and other property, has created a sensation among many...

All records were broken in point of attendance at the celebration of patrons' feast at "Our Lady of Consolation" Church at Carey, Ohio, recently during the annual pilgrimage day...

A tablet in honor of Pearl Mary Teresa Craigie ("John Oliver Hobbes") was dedicated in Brinkerhoff Theatre of Bernard College, New York City, the other day...

Father Corbett, of St. Raphael's Church, New York, apparently saved the life of Mrs. Harriet Dillon a few nights ago after she had swallowed oxalic acid in an attempt to end her life...

Community Accounts, ACCOUNTS handled for Churches, Lodges, Societies, and Athletic organizations... MISSIONS A DISTINCT SPECIALTY... New Imported Brass Goods... Aljar Plate... Vestments, Etc... Home Annual FOR 1909... PRICE 25 CENTS... THE CATHOLIC RECORD LONDON, CANADA... HANDLES THE WILL & BAUFIER KIND All Qualities All Sizes All Shapes... Farm Property For Sale... WM. SMITH & SON Manufacturers of Church Seats, Pulpits, Altars, Reading Desks, Lecterns, Chairs, Etc... J. B. A., Branch No. 4, London

A FRIEND OF THE LITTLE SISTERS.

The Hon. Violet Frant was visiting her cousin the Duchess at the Little House of Loreto in the Bow Road.

Bow associates itself with grime and poverty and meanness, but the house of the Little Sisters had been a country house, and it still had its few acres of garden surrounding and isolating it from the seething, ugly world beyond.

The Duchess, by the way, was not Duchess, but Reverend Mother to her little kingdom. There were several of the Little Sisters who had left their titles behind them in the world as well as she.

Madame la Comtesse were forgotten in Sister St. John of the Cross and Sister Magdalen. You might see a lady who could trace her ancestry back half a dozen centuries picking an old mattress to pieces, or cutting garments for the old people out of discarded garments of benefactors.

This time Miss Frant's stay at the Little Sisters' extended to quite an unusual period. The Duchess had an idea that the young lady had expected her lover to follow her and make his submission, but if she had expected that, it did not come about.

The Duchess, watching her young cousin, saw that there was a cloud upon her beauty. She looked sad when she was abstracted in thought. There were purple lines about her beautiful eyes; she was languid and confessed that she did not sleep well of nights.

"The East End does not agree with you, Vi," the Duchess said one day. "You are not looking well. Why not write and say you have changed your mind about some of these invitations you refused? Why not go to the Riviera for Christmas with the Warringtons? Or why not go down to Great for Christmas?"

"I should be all alone. Papa has arranged his Christmas holiday, excluding me, since he knew I meant to spend it with you. He goes to Vienna first, to the Ambassador, then into Bavaria. What should I do with a big empty house at Christmas? And the servants would be put out. They are looking to enjoy their Christmas without any one to wait upon."

"And where does Anthony Hamilton spend Christmas?" "My dear cousin, I do not know. Mr. Hamilton's movements do not interest me."

"Ah, I am sorry, Vi. I don't see how you can help being interested, though." It was most irritating to Miss Frant that the Duchess would not take her invitation to the Carmelites seriously. It was as bad as papa, who never protested but went on making arrangements for the future, for Violet's as well as his own, which left the Carmelites out. It was not in her dream of the spiritual happiness that should make up for the lost earthly happiness that the Duchess should join with papa in ignoring Vi's vocation.

The month was December. It was too cold for the garden, except for the brisk constitutional which the Duchess insisted upon. She did not feel at all brisk, but in the walk round and round the garden she was accompanied by one or other of the Little Sisters, who kept her up to it. The place was less cheerful than in the old times, when she had talked with the old ladies and gentlemen and derived much pleasure and amusement from their oddities.

She was less interested in her friends among the Little Sisters. Somehow it had been different when she had come for a brief visit, and the world had lain, smiling its invitation to her, beyond the gates of the House of Loreto.

Sisters and their charges. She was very beautiful—fair and tall and gracious, with what her lover had called "everlasting eyes," deep, shining eyes of dark gray. She was always beautifully dressed, being one of the flower-deeds of the world. She had a rich man, and grudging his only child nothing. She had always gone to the best houses in London for her clothes. She would not have known how to do otherwise. In her silks and velvets and laces and satins she was extraordinarily exotic in the house of the Little Sisters. She was too precious and too remarkable in the East to be allowed to go out even with a Little Sister; so while she stayed she had perforce to take her exercise in the gardens.

She was a constant delight to the old charges of the Little Sisters. The old ladies would finger her garments and calculate their cost; the old gentlemen would blink at her as though the sun had dazzled them and make her pretty speeches. They all knew her, many of them from her exquisite childhood, and they loved to see her come and go, doubtless her beauty making to go, doubtless her beauty making to go, doubtless her beauty making to go, doubtless her beauty making to go.

Miss Frant had no idea that the Duchess had had a letter from Lord Pelham. She would not have liked the allusion to her charming self. "Vi has got a bee in her bonnet that she wants to go to the Carmelites," he said. "She has been driving Anthony Hamilton on too tight a rein. The lad is well enough—wonderfully unspoilt, considering how the women run after him. Vi wants a saint for a husband. I am not sure that I want a saint for a son-in-law. A decent fellow is good enough for me, and I am satisfied with Anthony Hamilton. Send her back in a better frame of mind. This talk about vocations worries me—unnecessarily, I am sure."

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She secluded herself a good deal in the nun's cell which had always been her bedroom when she visited the convent. Concessions had been made to a couple of rugs put down, linen sheets and white woolen blankets, where a Little Sister would have had sheets of the coarsest and other people's worn-out blankets. There was a looking-glass for her special behoof, a wicker easy-chair; a fire was laid in the grate so that she should not sit cold.

She left the fire unlit even though it necessitated her wearing her fur. She rolled up the rugs and touched the bare floor with her feet. She sat on a penitential chair while she read over to herself the "Spiritual Exercises" of St. Teresa and St. Francis de Sales "On the Love of God."

She blamed herself in feeling cold and miserable, and felt injured when Sister Martina descended upon her with instructions from Reverend Mother to be provided for her even while her soul revolved at the food the Little Sisters ate and thanked God for. She would have liked a diet of the most austere, so long as it was dainty. The Sisters, eating the coarsest, less inviting portions of what was given to them for their charges, filled her with something that was almost disgust.

It had been a fine, open, mild December to this. A few yellowed leaves shook upon the hedges in the convent garden. The Little Sisters were grateful for the mild weather, because it was so hard to keep the old folk warm when it was very cold. When the cold came there would be a crop of funerals at the Little Sisters'. The old bedridden folk, despite all that could be done, died easily of the cold, the fire having gone out in their old bodies.

So the Little Sisters, who had their affection for the old people, thanked God for the mild winter. The thrushes and blackbirds were beginning to sing, although winter was a week ahead. The old people grumbled no more than usual when they crowded about the fires, the coals of which had been begged by the Little Sisters, even sifted by them out of heaps of ashes. And Miss Frant took no harm from the cold, imposed austerities, which, as she said to herself, were preparing her for the Carmelites.

She was making a new gown for herself with unheard-of difficulty with much pricking of fingers and many blunders—a gown of black nun's veiling, the most nun-like straightness and skimpiest.

"Better let Sister Bernardine help you," the Duchess had said. "Even a nun's habit requires fitting." She had surprised Miss Frant at her task, to the girl's discomfort; and her ego had twinkled in the shadow of her veil.

"I had to get something," Violet protested shamefacedly. "I was like Madame Louise of France, who, when she went to the Carmelites, had no simple dress in her wardrobe to wear, cleaning the pots and pans, than a perfectly plain, tight-fitting gown of rose-pink satin, with all my fine frocks when I think of how you and the old people are clad."

"Don't hate them, Vi. The old people like them so much. I believe we do. Your gay gown, now, with the grey velvet hat and the white ostrich plumes gives me positive pleasure, although I have had my silver jubilee as a Little Sister. You are our one peep into the world, my child. And St. Francis de Sales was of the opinion that ladies should dress according to their station. Lord Pelham's daughter should dress beautifully—which you do, Vi. We shall have no delight of this black sack of yours."

The Duchess would go on believing her to be a worldlyling, without a real vocation for the Carmelites. Violet had a feeling that the Duchess even thought that she started overlong with them. All the world would be coming to town after Christmas, at least a considerable portion of it. There would be Ministerial divisions and parties. Was Lord Pelham to be left without his hostess? The Duchess let a word fall now and again which betrayed her thought that Violet should be by her father's side and not occupied with making frocks against the Carmelites. Violet was hurt about this; she had looked to the Duchess to help her with her father.

Now the pall settled down with a suddenness. It was a cotton-wool fog which presses on all the senses with an unblinking force. In a cotton-wool fog one cannot hear, one cannot see, one cannot breathe; there is something terrifying in the way in which the familiar landmarks are blotted out. Where you could have found your way blindfolded, you are absolutely lost at sea.

All London was paralyzed; all the streets were suspended under the immense pall of fog, and Sister Louis and Sister Imelda were out questing.

There was dismay among the Little Sisters. How were they ever to get home? They had gone far afield, into the West End, where Sister Louis and Sister Imelda were well known. Sister Louis' brogue and her blue eyes and her smile coaxed gifts from the most unlikely quarters. She was a true daughter of Erin and a superabundant energy and enterprise. Once she had driven home a pig, offered her in jest, from the cattle market right across London; had built a sty herself to house him, and had regret when he fattened and had to be sold, because he had become a pet and very knowledgeable.

The fog was an unusually dense visitation, and the Little Sisters, who were given to accepting all that came as in the day's work, and something sent by the good God might be pardoned for their perturbation. Besides, Sister Louis was driving a new horse in the little covered wagon that was known so well up and down London streets. He was not so wise as old Dobbin, who had been put out to grass for the remainder of his days. Dobbin would have found his way home through the fog as he had done before. But now Sister Louis would have to depend on herself, guided by the wonderful instinct of the dumb creature.

All day the Sisters prayed for the fog to lift, without answer to their prayers. It thickened. The House of Loreto might have been in the midst of a great desert. There was a strange sense of silence, of aloofness from all the world. The short afternoon changed to evening. The lights had been lit all day. All day the curtain of the fog had hung in the rooms, blown hither and thither when a door opened like a substantial thing. With the coming of night the fog took on a new terror. It was unheard of that a Little Sister should pass the night outside the House of Loreto. Five o'clock came, 6, 7, and there was no sign of the two questing Sisters.

The old people were all on their knees praying for the safe return of the wanderers. The Sisters were murmuring prayers to themselves as they went to and fro about their duties. There was a hush and a consternation over the evening meal which the Duchess tried to lift by cheerful and sober talk.

Suddenly in the midst of the meal the bell of the hall door clanged. All the Little Sisters were on their feet. For once discipline was forgotten. Sister Matthew, the portress, ran with her clanking keys. There was a hurry, a bustle, a happy confusion, and the two missing Sisters were in the midst of the rejoicing throng.

Old Simon, who had been a coachman in his mundane days, had taken charge of the horse and van, so that Sister Louis was free to tell all her adventures. Sister Louis was as talkative as Sister Imelda was taciturn. Sister Imelda could only turn her black eyes up to heaven and wave her hands in the air. The narrative of their adventures lost nothing in Sister Louis' telling of it.

They were not famished; oh, no, they were not at all famished. That dear angel from heaven had fed them luxuriously before piloting them through the fog. "That dear angel?" Yes, Sister Louis would tell Rev. Mother all about it. When she had told all, they could judge whether the Lord had not sent an angel to their help or not.

They had been in Piccadilly when the fog had swept down on them, and they had made their way by infinitesimal degrees down St. James street and into Pall Mall. In Pall Mall the clubs were showing great lights, which only made indistinct patches of luridness through the fog; but here and there the police were guiding the traffic by means of flare-lights, and urchins were rushing hither and thither with torches offering to take foot passengers across the streets for a penny.

"Ah, blood yet tells!" the Duchess said, looking mighty pleased, while Sister Louis asked if it was not likely that the clubman from Pall Mall was not an angel of heaven.

The House of Loreto prayed every day for this new benefactor, who was to be in the bed-roll of the Sisters forever and ever. The Sisters were still divided as to whether he was mortal man or supernatural. He had grown in Sister Louis' account of him till he looked like the Archangel Michael. He was that tall, Sister Louis said, indicating some eight feet of height, and forgetting how the fog magnifies tall men as trees walking.

The fog lasted nearly a week that time, and was long remembered for the paralysis of life in London town. It lifted at last, and the wind blew like May. Vi's black robe was flashed— with the aid of Sister Bernardine. It did not become her. She had not the relief of the nun's white coil. In the little greenish glass, which was in the convent afforded, she looked like a ghost. She could not help comparing herself with that radiant creature, Mary Trefusis. She was really genuinely disappointed. She had expected something quite different when she looked in the glass. She had forgotten that the glass was almost deliberately unkind—an ill-colored thing, with the quicksilver gone in patches.

There was a tap at the door. A gentleman to see Miss Frant. Violet's heart gave an illogical leap, then dropped to a sober pace. It would be, of course, papa. Papa had promised to see her before he left town. She had a momentary hesitation about her dress, then decided not to keep Lord Pelham waiting. In his leisure way he was, as might be expected, uncommonly busy. The Panhard probably was panting at the door to carry him back to Downing street.

She ran downstairs and into the austere brown-paneled parlor of the Little Sisters. Against a brown window shutter she saw a gracious head—not papa's. All of a sudden she forgot that Anthony was a worldlyling, not serious enough for one with her ideals and traditions. She forgot Mary Trefusis. She forgot the Carmelites.

"My darling, what have you been doing to yourself?" cried Anthony's dear voice, for which she had been pining, starving, dying all these sad days. She was in Anthony Hamilton's arms.

Never before surely—at least in the occupancy of the Little Sisters—had such a meeting taken place in the austere brown parlor, with the picture of an anguished saint for sole ornament. The reconciliation was complete. There could never again be misunderstanding between them. Lord Pelham had sent Anthony Hamilton flying in a wild panic to the House of Loreto because of the story of the vocation to the Carmelites. Now, when was she coming back—to-day, to-morrow? He wanted to see her out of the black things in which she looked adorable, dreadful. His sister Hilda was in town and had sent her messages. She was to come to Hilda till Lord Pelham returned to town.

While he whispered he had slipped a ring on her finger. They were looking into each other's eyes in a quiet rapture.

The door opened and they fell apart. There was a delicious smell of French coffee as Sister Louis came in carrying a tray. The Little Sisters were genuinely hospitable, and their cooking was dainty when it was not for themselves. The coffee was accompanied by French rolls and a little pat of honey-colored butter.

"Reverend Mother sends her compliments," she began as she put down the tray, and then uttered a little shriek. "It is our young gentleman!" she cried, running to Anthony Hamilton and shaking him vigorously by the hand. "Our young gentleman. The convent benefactor." Sister Louis had been praying that his name might be revealed to them, if, indeed, he were not St. Michael.

Some of the Little Sisters were rather disappointed that it was Anthony Hamilton and not St. Michael who had rescued Sister Louis and Sister Imelda in the fog. But after all, there was enough of the marvelous in the fact that it should have been the fiancé of Reverend Mother's cousin to satisfy most of them.

and charitable, less blinded and envious, who do not believe; but, taken as a whole, I suppose it is correct enough to say that Protestants do believe—the following things about monks and nuns:

1. They are selfish, lazy, unsociable, dirty and sour.

2. They are useless to society, and are simply cut off from the world all large, which they were meant to serve and to enjoy, and ought to come out and get married straight away.

3. They are supremely unhappy, having either been forced into "nunneries" against their will or entered when they were too young and innocent to know their own minds, or fled in them in a moment of fanatical enthusiasm, perhaps disappointment in love, and are now kept prisoners, barred in like criminals in a gaol or birds in a cage, and are dying to get out, having discovered their terrible mistake, and can only get out by "bolting" or "escaping" without leave.

4. They are made to go through the most horrible and disgusting penances and humiliations, and are forced to eat worms and live mice and swallow rats' tails and lick the ground. In short, are tortured in the most inhuman manner by cruel mother abbesses and Sister superiors, and, indeed, if they are not careful, are liable to be (as many have been) either walled up alive or lowered through a hole in the floor to a subterranean dungeon which is a necessary apartment in every well regulated convent, institution, and there left to waste away in inches and die of hunger and thirst as the discovery of their skeletons afterwards abundantly testifies.

5. Children under the frightful rule of these male and female monsters are generally starved, filthy, sweated, illiterate, reduced to skin and bone and disease of body and soul.

6. Lastly, not to expand the matter at too great length or to overdo the picture—though indeed it might be difficult to do that, for there is nothing too terrible to be believed about the slaves of Rome—I say it is the common belief—there is no use blinking facts or trying to disguise from ourselves people's real opinions about us, though perhaps not all would be bold enough to avow what they are thinking—it is the common belief that monasteries and convents are sinks of iniquity; that that is the reason why the inmates object to their being inspected and live night and day with closed doors.

Now, my dear non-Catholic friends, there are only two remarks which I shall make about all this, and then I shall dismiss it once and for all, and these are (1) that I do not altogether blame you for believing this and (2) I have not the slightest intention of controverting it. I mean that, though I know it is all false, I do not mean directly to refute it, because such a task is not within the scope of the lectures that you are kind enough to come here and listen to.

TAUGHT IT FROM THEIR CHILDHOOD. And first of all I say I do not blame these people for believing all these terrible things about monks and nuns, because they do not know any better. They have been taught it from their childhood; it is in their blood; they have imbibed it with their mother's milk. They have read it in all their books of religion, catechisms, school books, histories, books of travel, tracts, Sunday magazines and dictionaries. They have been taught it by all those who ever taught them anything, ministers, missionaries, teachers at day school and Sunday school, fathers and mothers, Bible men and Bible women. And they liked to believe it; they were disposed to take it all in; it was congenial and pleasant information for them; it was part and parcel of that hideous system of superstition and tyranny called Romanism, from which their gallant persecuted forefathers shed their blood. How then could they possibly believe anything else? Would it not have been wonderful if they had not believed it all? Then they have for the most part, these people, never left their own country or gone abroad, or had the opportunity of seeing for themselves if these things were really so. I consider this as much to do

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Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have helped to prolong the life of many because they have enabled them to follow this first law of health.

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MONKS AND NUNS.

A SCOTCH PRIEST CONVERT ON SOME MARVELOUS PROTESTANT PREJUDICES AND THEIR SOURCE.

Preaching recently before a large audience of non-Catholics at Motherwell, Scotland, Rev. H. G. Graham, a convert, said:

I am going to give you a little information to-night about those mysterious creatures called monks and nuns, concerning whom Protestants as a whole believe—I do not say all Protestants, because there are some more educated

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When subscribers ask for their paper at the post office it would be well were they to tell the clerk to give them their CATHOLIC RECORD. We have information of cardholders in a few places on the part of delivery clerks who will sometimes look for letters only.

Messrs. Lake King, P. J. Neven, E. J. Broderick, J. Haggarty and Miss Sara Haney are fully authorized to receive subscriptions and transact all other business for the CATHOLIC RECORD. Agent for Newfoundland, Mr. James Power of St. John. Agent for district of Nipissing Mrs. M. Reynolds, New Liskeard.

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION. Apostolic Delegation. Ottawa, June 13th, 1909. Mr. Thomas Coffey

My Dear Sir—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and above all, that it is imbued with a true Catholic spirit.

Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ. D. FALCONIO, Arch. Deleg.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA. Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1909. Mr. Thomas Coffey

Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your estimable paper, the CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ. D. FALCONIO, Arch. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1909. SATURDAY NIGHT ON ARCH-BISHOP BRUCHELI.

The Toronto social paper, Saturday Night, devotes in its issue of the 5th inst. a column to the life and character of Archbishop Bruchesi of Montreal.

It pays no compliment to His Grace; nor on the other hand does it do him injustice. What it suggests is more distasteful than what it states.

Through ignorance it blames what it cannot understand and ridicules what it cannot appreciate. A Catholic Bishop, according to Saturday Night, so far from being a friend of liberty, is an apostle of bondage.

Because he condemns Modernism he enslaves the intellect. Because he refuses marriage dispensations he chains society itself and does violence to the affections of the young.

His Grace's latest pastoral against Free Masonry was the occasion calling forth the pointed remarks of the Toronto Journal.

This condemnation of secret societies should cause no surprise to those who are familiar with the spirit and discipline of the Catholic Church.

This is definitely admitted by Saturday Night. Why therefore should a pastoral upon the subject be the model for a snapshot caricature of the zealous Archbishop of Montreal—this too under the journal's own statement that it will not discuss the question of secret societies?

It was a golden opportunity to talk glibly about "ultramontane tendencies" and "the embodiment of the medieval spirit of Church control."

What these things are—hobgoblins in Protestant cupboards, ghosts at their haunted feasts—we know not. There is no Bishop in the Church who does not condemn secret societies.

If the Archbishop of Montreal has found a number of his flock joining them it is both his right and duty to warn them. The "tendency" is not in His Grace's supposed ultramontanism but in the evil decadence of those he condemns.

Nothing is so un-Catholic as for a member of the Church to join one of the forbidden societies. Nor does any point in her discipline display more prudence and real patriotism than the stand taken by the Church against secret societies.

Only a few days ago a witness in a Montreal court explicitly stated that his Masonic oath preceded anything else. This man is no exception. Times without number public and private evidence of the same kind has shown that justice is mocked and the general welfare sacrificed.

Society needs no veiled assistant or power behind its throne. And the Church does not hesitate to tell it to society. Then because the Church comes out against these associations they turn their machinations against the Church.

More judicious now than ever before, free masonry leads the attacks upon the Church in anti-Christian education and in the persecution of religions. There was a time in Europe when these same secret associations were nurseries and protectories for Gnostic, Manichean and Albigensian heresies.

They have not lost their tradition. They were largely to blame for the western schism. They left their lodge rooms when Luther assumed an open position against the Church.

Like the vile creatures of earth they did not thrive when the stone was rolled away. They soon crawled back to their holes to plot once more against the only in-

stitution which had shaken them off—the Catholic Church. They are at their height to-day. They may not be making war upon governments—for these are in their hands.

If here and there their guns are heard it is because the governments are Catholic. There is one institution which must be destroyed, one fort which must be taken—it is the Vatican, the Roman Catholic Church.

We have strayed upon the heights, and we must return. "Ultramontane" in the noble and truly episcopal sense we know His Grace of Montreal to be. We think that Saturday Night ought to be more conversant with terms before using them.

It is most earnestly to be hoped by every true Canadian, Catholic and non-Catholic, that the spirit and practice condemned by Archbishop Bruchesi will never be allowed to take root in our country.

Saturday Night pays this illustrious prelate the compliment of being a bright, faithful student. There was no need of diluting this praise with the insinuation that his very fidelity in college really unfitted him for the pallium which he now wears with honor to himself and the Church.

Another argument advanced by Saturday Night against Archbishop Bruchesi is that immediately after the papal encyclical on Modernism, the Archbishop hastened to acquaint His Holiness that there was no such teaching in Montreal.

Quite natural His Grace should express himself. Montreal is the greatest centre of Catholic education in America. It might rightly be a source of deserved satisfaction for the head of that great diocese to be conscious that Modernism, the heresy of heresies, had no footing there.

Grand Seminary, Laval University, colleges many and schools more numerous were peopled with religious teachers of various orders. In none of them was heard an echo of Modernism.

Saturday Night, instead of recognizing the value of this condition strives to be facetious. It attributes the absence of Modernism to the mediaeval tendency of the Archbishop.

How witty ignorance can sometimes be. A slight acquaintance with His Grace will soon convince any one that he is a polished courtier, perfectly in pace and sympathy with all true progress.

Saturday Night should study the language or not play with it. Language is like edged tools from which certain classes are always warned.

THE SPIRIT OF CALVIN. The retiring Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly prepared a sermon upon the alliterative subject of the growing soul and the guiding spirit.

It was delivered in a Church in Hamilton on the 22nd inst. The only interest it has for us is its fervid desire for the reappearance of Calvin and the allegation that "the old Roman unity declined to be led by the spirit of God."

A preacher who would yearn for Calvin's spirit could hardly let Rome go without a slap. If Rome had been guided by the spirit of God Calvin did his cause harm by leaving it.

The preacher was between the devil and the deep blue sea. He had to choose between Rome and Calvin. Naturally he chose the latter as more suited to his own history of Presbyterianism.

Where he discredited his pulpit was in making the open charge that the Roman unity declined to be guided by the spirit of God. This is false—unsupported by history and unwarranted by doctrine.

Never was there an age in which Roman teaching and Roman jurisdiction separated themselves from the unflinching guidance and protection of that Divine Paraclete who was to teach the Church all truth and keep it from the least error.

Our Presbyterian preacher then invokes the spirit of Calvin: "O Calvin, willing to be led of the spirit into all truth through the storm and storm of your time, would God you were living now to breathe on us!"

A hot breath it would be. Calvin believed in one spirit and one Church; they both belonged to Calvin. Of all the heresiarchs of the sixteenth century he was the most cruel, the most uncompromising and the most unchristian.

Woe to any who resisted his will. He declared that he came to Geneva to bring war, not peace. His action justified his own assertion. A Protestant author says: "In his reformation of the Genevans Calvin ignored all that is good and honorable in humanity, and established a regime of the most ferocious intolerance, and of the most impious doctrines."

This is the spirit invoked by the Moderator of the Presbyterian. This is the man who would unite Presbyterians, Methodists and the rest. Most likely—for they would all have to be Calvinists, or the fires would be quickly kindled.

Predestination, destruction of free will, divine authorship of sin and other horrible doctrines would be driven into the soul. If any one would venture to doubt or deny, to the stake with him. The Moderator should remember Calvin's treatment of Servetus, upon whose burning form Calvin coolly gazed from a neighboring window.

He justified his course in putting Servetus to death by defending the proposition that all heretics should be so treated. Presbyterians themselves would not fare very well if he reappeared.

Methodists would flee to the mountains. Hamilton generally would have a hard time of it. The havoc which higher criticism is sure to produce is more manifest amongst Calvinistic scholars and sects, for the reason that the French heresiarch's system was least inconsistent with itself.

Criticism turned upon the Bible will speedily destroy the remaining props of Protestantism. If Calvin reappeared he would have a task to retrench criticism or renew persecution.

Private judgment might suit him; no one else should exercise it. How far Calvin would help the Presbyterian General Assembly "to follow God's Spirit" (quoting the sermon) into the wider, deeper, richer thoughts of world-redeeming love, can never be gathered from the Genevans' life, character or teaching.

Narrow and shallow, poor in the amenities of life, hateful to those who differed from him, Calvin is most unfitted except through selfish rapacity to unite the divided members of Protestantism together. He effected little in his own time. His unrelenting spirit could find no abode in the Presbyterianism, Methodism or Congregationalism of the twentieth century.

A DISCOURAGED MINISTER. The Chicago Tribune a few days ago gave a report of the sermon preached by the minister of Unity Church on the Sunday before.

If we are to judge by his language the poor man seems to have been casting his net into the deep through a long night and to have caught nothing. Preaching year after year to a congregation without seeing results is too much. The gentleman has resigned. He has no more sweetness to waste upon this desert air.

His lessons are lost upon ears which open only to the jingle of gold. For eighteen years he has labored amongst this wealthy class. They were generous; they were friendly. But they did not attend services. He too frequently had to preach to stone walls and empty pews.

He has chosen to leave these rich people and go amongst the poor. This estrangement need not without its lesson. People who are not obliged by the law of their Church to attend certain religious services on special days may reasonably claim the right to use their freedom.

As this minister admits, they could obtain his sermons for a pittance. The root of the evil lies in the character of the services as much as in the irreligious tendencies of the age. If these services consist merely in preaching and psalm singing public worship loses its chief attribute of unification and due solemnity.

It is not a preacher's polished diction or ear-tickling sentences which will convince the world of judgment or of sin. Worship needs the priesthood. The temple needs an altar; and the altar a victim. This gentleman may go to the poor. He has no richer gift than his own power of speech to present to them; the same exordiums and perorations as before. Protestantism laid waste the churches when out of pretended devotion to the sacrifice of the Cross it denied the Mass and tore the vestments from the priesthood. More evil still did it do. Private judgment and justification by faith played havoc with the definite teaching of revelation. Dogmas, having lost the support of authority, became misty and indefinite. Preaching had no science by which it could appeal to the intelligence. Nor had the preacher any jurisdiction through which he might govern his hearers. He had no one to give him a sceptre. His views were his own and only his own. These can never be the lessons which are insisted upon by our divine Lord. These cannot be the worship which He came upon earth to establish. Men look for something more on Sunday morning than human speech and human prayer. Those who minister to them must have God's mysteries to dispense. If praise and prayer have received their plenitude from the Immortal Head of the Church.

"NEW CATHOLICISM." Anything for novelty. Let not our faithful people think that the CATHOLIC RECORD is assuming this title or advocating this change. We belong to the old school. The term, as used here, was employed by the Rev. Mr. Padley, of the Emmanuel Church of Montreal, in his address to the Congregational Union of Canada. Church construction is quite active for the last few years. Little progress displays itself owing to the want of a competent architect and the tendency amongst the workmen to strike. The last blue print from the Canadian church builders' offices is this "New Catholicism," of which Mr. Padley is the designer. From the picture drawn by its author our metaphor must be changed. New Catholicism is not a building as upon a rock. "It is," said the reverend gentleman in his peroration, "it is Catholicism divesting her-

self of the blood-rusted armour of the past, and enrobing herself in the semite of peace and tolerance and thus arrayed going forth to her battle with the sin and wrong of the world, fair as the moon, calm as the sun and terrible as an army with banners." That is all very well—sounding brass and tinkling cymbal. One important figure in the picture is missing—this bride leaning upon her beloved. He has disappeared. This is what self-appointed church unionists cannot supply. Mr. Padley in his address traced the history of Roman Catholicism and attempted to show wherein he considered its Catholic or universal character to have failed, although he admitted that it came nearest "to such a condition yet achieved." National catholicity, not a catholicity of nations, is the idea which this Church designer proposes—a catholicity of Britain, Canada and the United States, including tariff differences. How long will pride keep people away? "Teach all nations" was the mandate to the fisherman. It has not failed in its authoritative power or efficient action. Men talk about church building as if they were to build the ark of the new covenant. It is a question not of what man might construct, but of what Christ actually did fashion and establish. It is not a problem of a "New Catholicism" but of the old and immortal Catholicism—that which was as Catholic in principle, in power, practice and doctrine on the day of Pentecost as it is at the present time.

GODLESS EDUCATION. To what extremes godless education and atheistic reading will lead the young was lately made manifest by a school boy in France of the age of fourteen. The scene was the municipal lycee of Clermont-Ferrand—time 3 o'clock in the afternoon—figures on the stage, a class of lads preparing a Latin lesson—chief actor, son of a village schoolmaster. Suddenly a pistol shot is heard, this boy falls dead, having shot himself with a revolver. It was a clear, deliberate suicide. He was the son of ill-matched parents. That was not the provoking cause. This young child—almost—was a precocious admirer of certain German philosophers and a voracious reader of Schopenhauer. Nony—for such was his name—was one of several who had formed themselves, at the early age of fourteen, into a suicidal club. There is no evidence that lots were drawn; but it is proved that the victim's schoolmates urged him to his mad deed. They rehearsed the drama before hand, and marked the spot upon the floor with white chalk where Nony should shoot himself. In the afternoon, ten minutes before the time appointed, one of the associates borrowed a watch and counted the time to Nony. "You have only ten minutes—five—three minutes, to live," he said as the time passed. At the appointed moment, 3:20, Nony stood up, drew a revolver and shot himself. Amidst the excitement, the two comrades, quite collected, seized the revolver and hid it. For children to be schooled in the most accursed theories ever advocated by human intelligence can have but one result. The young are impulsive, and need, on this account, much control and direction. To encourage them in the reading of such writers as Schopenhauer or to cut religion out of their education is to practise them for tragedies such as that of Clermont-Ferrand.

THE STATIONS OF THE CROSS. A friend writes asking if parties making the way of the cross privately can do so by kneeling in a pew for five stations without once getting up and kneeling down? We start by distinguishing between the making of the stations, and the effort to gain the indulgences attached to this great devotion. People who, without any special reason, make the stations in the manner described, by no means fulfil the conditions required for gaining the indulgences. An excuse may be admitted for remaining in the same pew, but this does not prevent the party from rising and kneeling or otherwise changing his position. It might be that some parts of a church were very much crowded so that the person making the stations could not approach these particular stations. Father Lambing, in his work upon the Sacraments, says that there are two conditions for gaining the indulgences when making the stations privately: "First, to go from one station to another, around all the fourteen, unless a person be prevented from doing so by reason of some infirmity, the narrowness of the place, or a crowd of people; because in that case it would be enough to make some slight movement and turn toward the following station. Wherever it is impossible to pass from one station to another the decrees invariably require some movement of the body." The second condition for gaining the indulgences is that meditation on the Passion of Our Lord is indispensably necessary. This does not mean a particular meditation on each station in

dividually; nor is any special form of method prescribed. It suffices to meditate upon the Passion in general according to one's ability. Persons not knowing how to meditate may fulfil this condition by entertaining themselves with some pious thoughts upon the circumstances of Our Lord's Passion—a thing by no means difficult for any one to do. No vocal prayers are required for the indulgences. The common use of some vocal prayers in making the stations, however pious and commendable as a custom, is not necessary; nor do these prayers dispense from the meditation.

SOME OF OUR labor unions have asked their fellow-workers not to drink certain brands of lager beer, and recommend in strong terms the product of other manufacturers. Would it not be very much better were they to advise the industrial class not to drink any brand whatever. The working man who puts into his stomach large quantities of this beverage undoubtedly feels a certain degree of stimulation for the moment, but the reaction comes as sure as light follows darkness, and the last state is worst than the first. The drinking of a cup of hot coffee, tea or milk forms a stimulant of real value to the man engaged in arduous labor.

WHAT IS CHRISTIAN SCIENCE? is a question which has not yet been answered satisfactorily to sane minds. The reading of Mrs. Eddy's book offers no solution. It is something like a Chinese puzzle. A study of the good old lady's work has led many a one to a still greater uncertainty as to the meaning of this craze. The best explanation we have yet seen comes from a clergyman in Denver, Colorado. The following, he tells us, is his recipe: Use one part of Buddhism, mix well and sweeten with not too much Christianity. Cover with mysticism beaten to a foam, and bake in the mind of a hysterical woman. All of which accords with Speaker Canon's advice: "Put none but homemade goods in the pantry."

AND NOW the Mormons are getting active. When the steamship Lauretta sailed from Montreal for Liverpool on last Saturday she had on board fifty-three Mormons from Salt Lake City. They are engaged in "missionary" work, the purpose being to visit European cities in order to spread the gospel of Mormonism. There were in the contingent some "lady missionaries." Nearly all the European races, we are told, are represented in the party, a large percentage being Germans. There is one little island on the other side of the ocean which no doubt the Mormons will avoid. The seed of Mormonism will never take root in the land of St. Patrick. Some time ago a socialist orator started a propagandist in Ireland. He met with a warm reception—so warm, indeed, that he will not be likely to return. The members of Brigham Young's cult would have a like experience.

ALL CLASSES of the people of our country are beginning to realize the terrible effects of the gambling craze. The race meet sets the pace, and the disease has taken root in social life to a degree that has become positively alarming. Bridge whist has now to a great extent taken the place of poker, and while a few years ago it was merely a pastime, it is now to a considerable degree a gambling game. Apart altogether from the "stakes" feature of card-playing, do we fully take into account the extraordinary loss of time? Card playing is a promoter of ignorance. We have known young people who are experts at the gambling table, but whose minds are absolute blanks when in the company of gentlemen who are speaking of the great questions of the day, or the past history of the world. It is time for a change.

THE PITTSBURGH CATHOLIC tells us that in that city a boy seventeen years of age died from a ruptured heart and that alcohol was the cause. Our contemporary is quite right when he says murder was committed by the wretch or wretches who supplied the unfortunate boy with liquor. Were the saloon keeper guilty of such conduct and committed to prison for murder, few there are who would say that the punishment was too severe. What a lesson this incident supplies! Throughout the country how many tens of thousands of aching hearts may be found amongst wives and daughters because of the saloon keeper's trade, and the degradation goes on and on day after day, week after week and year after year until the graves cover the mortal remains of those who have been murdered by the wine clerks.

CARDINAL GIBBONS truly states that if a Catholic sought office and gave no other reason why he should be supported than the fact that he was a Catholic people of his faith ought to vote against

him. The professional Catholic is much in evidence in some of the larger centres of population in the United States. The species is not so plentiful in our Dominion of Canada. Catholics in the public life of this country, both in the Dominion and Provincial fields, are, with very few exceptions, a credit to their Church and an honor to their country. Our people generally are beginning to estimate at his true value the professional Catholic and very properly keep him out of a place of honor where he would bring still more disgrace upon them. The man who attends Church regularly every Sunday and who seeks intimacy with the priest only at a time when he is looking for something should have the ballots marked against him when election time comes.

IT SEEMS there is another John Kensit in old London, and if we mistake not he is the son and heir of the man who some years ago essayed to become a second Lord George Gordon. His name, however, will not occupy an honored place in English history. His descendant is a worthy son of his father. Recently this person and a number of his supporters caused disorderly scenes at a meeting of the East London Church Fund, and one of them attacked the Bishop of London as a "Romanizing traitor." The Bishop of London is, we believe, a kind-hearted gentleman who is personally doing a vast amount of labor towards uplifting the submerged tenth in the slums of London. It may be that he has some Catholic tendencies and possibly may yet take the road travelled by Newman, Manning and others. A suspicion of this kind is quite enough to bring upon him the execrations of the brawling brood of bigots who have brought but disgrace upon the Christian name.

HUMORISTS are wont to give us at times sentiments that have a far reaching effect. The sayings of our friend Mr. Dooley were often a cutting rebuke of the hypocrisies of the day with special reference to men in high places who posed as patriots while the word "fraud" would have applied to them with more appropriateness. Now we have Mark Twain giving expression to sentiments which may, in a sense, be humorous, but which convey a terrible rebuke to a section of American social life. At the commencement exercises of a Ladies' Academy, in Cantonville, Md., he spoke in this wise: "There are three things, young ladies, that I want to advise you to do: "1. Don't smoke, that is, don't smoke to excess. "2. Don't drink, that is, don't drink to excess. "3. Don't marry, I mean to excess." It is to be hoped that Mark Twain's saying will have some effect upon the society butterflies who so often resort to the divorce court not long after the wedding bells have ceased to vibrate.

BUT SPEAKING of humorists, we desire to notice another item of news which gives us not a little gratification. The Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times notes with heartfelt pleasure "the intelligence of the admission of Mr. Bret Harte and his wife into the fast-widening circle of the Catholic Church." A man of such keen wit and sympathy as the author of 'The Heathen Chinese' and 'The Luck of Roaring Camp' could not fail in the long run to find the clue to the right track in the maze of religions on this great continent. We wish a new lease of life to his inimitable pen and his ever-buoyant Mayday spirit. It is also worthy of note that one of America's greatest humorists, long since numbered with the dead, Artemus Ward (Charles Brown) and whom we had the pleasure of knowing, was received into the Catholic Church in England.

A NOTABLE HABIT of the London, (Eng.) press is to place under a cloud any glory that belongs to the people of the sister isles. If an Englishman has accomplished any great work, for which he may justly become renowned, he is referred to as an Englishman. If the illustrious personage happened to have been born in Ireland or Scotland he is referred to as British. The man who recently succeeded in almost touching the North Pole has been given this latter cognomen. The fact is carefully concealed that Lieut. Shackleton is a member of an old Quaker family settled for nearly two centuries in Dublin. The family have given several distinguished men to the scientific, political and social life of Ireland. Edmund Burke, the great Irish statesman and orator, went to a school founded by one of the family, George Shackleton, at Ballymore, in the County Kildare. Mr. Abraham Shackleton, who is a foremost man in Dublin affairs, is largely engaged in the flour milling industry.

A CORRESPONDENT of the London Daily News, writing to that paper from Ireland, says that in thirty-two counties, excluding the cities of Dublin, Belfast and Cork, where crime is of a very nor-

mal type, there and thirty-eight records of any habit such as There is, how Ireland which that name in world—the Castle rule—ten on the yet, with such who will tell land are not affairs in a re- demagogue people of Eng- the true s- isle.

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mal type, there were only one hundred and thirty-eight indictments, mostly of a very ordinary character. Would the records of any country in the world exhibit such immunity from crime? There is, however, a species of crime in Ireland which would not be called by that name in any other country in the world—the crime of criticising Dublin Castle rule—the rule of those who fatten on the poverty of the people. And yet, with such a record, there are those who will tell us that the people of Ireland are not fit to legislate on domestic affairs in a local parliament. But the reign of the oligarchy and the Orange demagogue will soon be at an end. The people of England are beginning to realize the true state of affairs in the sister isle.

WE PUBLISH in this issue a short article from our esteemed contemporary "America," entitled, "Make Decency Pay." It has reference to indecent theatrical performances, and makes allusion to the commendable action of President Taft, who recently left an opera house where a performance of an indecent character was presented. The matter created a newspaper sensation for the moment, but Mr. Taft expressed surprise that such should be the case, because he merely acted the part of a gentleman in such an emergency. Our contemporary very justly passes severe censure upon the playwrights, but it occurs to us that there is another side to the question which he has forgotten. It is a fact too evident to the onlooker that a large percentage of theatre goers revel in nasty and lascivious presentations on the stage. They appear to be built on the gross plan: the training in some of the schools serve not to instill in their minds those delicate shadings which give us the true gentleman and the true lady. Let any one interview the theatre goers as they come from the lascivious play, he will find that while some will condemn many will applaud, and others will smile, say nothing and—go again.

They are now beginning to recognize in France that a sad mistake was made when more active encouragement was not given to the establishment and support of Catholic newspapers. Cardinal Mercier said recently to a Roman newspaper man: "Permit me to express the pain I feel every time I come to Rome and find that the immoral and anti-clerical press is every day gaining ground. One morning I went to celebrate Mass at the Church of St. Francesca Romana, in the Forum. It was early, and near the church stood a news vendor. Every one of the workmen who passed by bought his paper and went on his way reading it attentively. They were all anti-clerical sheets. Take my word for it—the necessity of consecrating all our forces to the development of the Catholic press is a necessity of vital importance at the present moment. I, Bishop as I am, would delay the building of a church in order to help in the founding of a newspaper."

We take this statement from our excellent contemporary, Rome. There is a world of thought herein for the father of a family who thinks he has done his whole duty when he brings into his home the penny yellow paper reeking with filthy crime. It will not be long before his children will show by their conduct that their father had not proved true to his trust and that his criminal negligence had brought a curse upon his household.

Gentlemen are scarce articles with us today. Democracy does not breed them.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

We might add that the model newspaper writer of old is a scarce article with us today. Yellow journalism does not breed them. The extract from the Mail and Empire gives evidence that the writer has travelled but little in his day, and his mind is built on the insular plan. There is a class of people who think that gentlemen are grown almost entirely in the British Isles, chiefly in Old London and Toronto. If the writer in the Mail and Empire will take a trip to Detroit, for instance, he will believe he will meet quite as large a number of real gentlemen as he will in the Queen City. If, perchance, he has spent any time in the United States and his experience prompted the writing of the extract we have quoted, we have proof that his associates were confined to the undesirable class. When this ridiculous statement slipped into the columns of our contemporary, the revising editor was not at his post. As to gentlemen: they are to be found in plenty in almost every country in the world. It is a pleasure to meet the real English gentleman as it is equally a pleasure to meet the real American gentleman. We will encounter them quite as frequently in one country as in the other.

I have never known anyone who was truly devoted to St. Joseph fail to advance rapidly in virtue; for he assists in a most special manner those who recommend themselves specially to him.—St. Teresa.

THE CHURCH AND THE CRITICS.

Editor of Record: Sir,—The following letter which I sent to the Toronto News, has been returned to me "as being too long!"

Editor of News: Sir,—Generally, your editorials are, as respects sound views of dominant issues, skilful treatment of subject and literary finish, masterpieces. But "Church and Critics" in the News of the 18th inst. I cannot stomach. I say so plainly, but civilly; and I hope you will not take it amiss if I, a simple countryman, point out in downright fashion what I consider objectionable in the editorial.

I cannot imagine what the News means when it says "Church." The Lutheran, Moslem, in his Ecclesiastical History, says, "The great end of Christ's mission was to form an universal church, gathered out of all the nations of the world, and to extend the limits of this great society from age to age." He found or could have found this in the New Testament. Christ said, "Upon this rock I will build my church, that is, a society. And this society was to be one (St. John xvii) and its faith was to be one (the Lord, one faith, one baptism); the society was to endure to the end of the world (last verse of St. Matthew's gospel); the Holy Ghost was to enter the society and to abide within it (St. John xiv, 25); and the gates of hell were not to prevail against the society. Has the society or church that He built had an unbroken continuation from His time to the present? Every reader of church history knows that it has. Is this the society the News alludes to when it says "Church?" Or is the Church of the News an imaginary, airy something that churches within its tolerant bosom every community of "scientific" searchers for light that has existed from Gnosticism to Mormonism? The News cannot mean this, because it says "Christianity is deathless." It is deathless, for the simple reason that the church built by our Saviour is deathless. It is a pleasure to me to suppose that the News is "orthodox" as respects the Church.

The Church, being a society, must be, as Mosheim says, "subjected to a lawful dominion, and governed by certain laws and institutions, mostly of a moral and spiritual tendency." This must, of course, be the case. Every society must have laws, a judicative body, and an executive; and the society organized by Christ was no exception. Nations by teaching and preaching. It was to teach "whatsoever I have commanded you." This was the injunction of Him who is "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." He does not change, nor do His commandments change. Accordingly, His society was to qualify some of its members for preaching. For preaching what? Manifestly "the form of sound words" that the society had received from its Founder. Now, it is conceivable, from the perverseness of human nature be considered, that some of these preachers, those of a scientific tendency, may have tried to enlighten their fellow-men by "preaching another gospel," and when called on by their superiors in knowledge and authority to desist from corrupting the Christian faith, may have refused to "hear the Church." How should the Church deal with such men? The Testament says, "Let him be unto thee as a heathen and a publican." To be sure, whoever calls a corruptor of the faith a heretic is a bigot. St. Paul said, "A man that is a heretic, after the first and second admonition, reject." Nor could a man rejected for heresy make a reasonable complaint. Every member of any society, unless he conform to the laws of the society and live according to its spirit, cannot expect anything but expulsion. And, if he has any sense of what is becoming, he will of his own accord withdraw himself from the society. Why then, is the News so forward in advocating the cause of every conceited upstart that attempts to innovate on the truths of Christianity?

The News says: "The heresy of one generation is the orthodoxy of the next." This is a stunner. I have carefully read several of the best church histories, but I have never come across anything like this, nor anything that could be contorted into support of it. Let me say, your indulgence besought, that the Church founded by Christ, the Catholic Church, has never in one instance contradicted what she has once proclaimed. She has never altered herself by eating her own words. This is one of her glories. That some of the communities which date their origin from the time that they first offered a new creed to the Church of Christ have not held very strictly to their original symbols, I am well aware; but even to them the dictum of the News can in no case be applied.

The modernist movement is the scientific spirit searching for truth, and lightened by an earnest enthusiasm for the noble and glorious first principles enunciated in the Sermon on the Mount. (Do the "scientists" use "Modernist" for "modern"?) The dictionary says that "Modernist is an admirer of modern ideas or habits. Excuse me.) The modern movement is a destructive movement, having for its object the subversion of Christianity; and although some of the "scientists" engaged in the undertaking are shrewd enough to conceal their ulterior aim by invoking the name of Christ and posing as angels of light, the franker ones do not hesitate to declare that the day of Christianity is past and that a new religion based on scientific principles should take its place. The News calls it a modern movement. Originally, it was Neo Platonism, which under other names and in different guises has vexed the Church of Christ from the time of Simon Magus to the time of Dr. Marcus Dods. The News has not had the experience that the Church has had; furthermore, the News is surely mistaken when it thinks that the truths of the gospel are to be got at by a scientific process. Not a single tenet of the Christian faith can be found out by dissecting the leg of a frog, nor can be gathered from the vapours of a crucible. That a scientist, experimenting with nature, can come

across are "evidences of design." A scientist, as a scientist, has no more voice in Christianity than a town-crier has. The Truth that saves us from death was revealed, was given by God to man, and has been preserved for us by the Church of Christ. The Church has the Truth and teaches it.

"The work of the churches is not to rage over minor points of doctrine, but to cleanse and stimulate the souls of men." True, the great work of the Church is to bring fallen man back to Christ for regeneration; but in this work she would soon be powerless unless she held firmly to the faith "once delivered to the saints." Christian practice is grounded on Christian faith; and if the Truth is not kept inviolate, practice will soon vanish. Men that know theology say that the truths of the Gospel, when thrown into a system as a whole, are so intimately related and interdependent that even an interchange of "minor points of doctrine" would convulse the whole and work irreparable mischief. If this is the case, it is well for the authorized teachers of Christianity to keep a watchful eye on even "the minor points of doctrine." Besides, whoever is reckless with cents will not be careless with cents two or three other points; but as my letter may be objectionably long already, I come to an abrupt halt.

SOCIAL WORKS UNDER CATHOLIC AUSPICES.

More and more the minds of Catholic leaders are being impressed with the necessity of combining social with religious work, especially since the enemies of the Church at present try to weaken Catholic workmen through the Church by their social welfare. The Church is pictured by Socialists of the anti-Christian type as part and parcel of the capitalist system, and workmen are having this false statement drilled into their ears in shops and factories. More so in Europe, perhaps, than here, this anti-Church propaganda is receiving, but very few groups of workmen even in this country are free from the socialistic anti-clerical or anti-Catholic agitator. Clerical indifference to the condition of the toiler is emphasized, and hasty acts or utterances of individual Catholics, clerical or lay, are quoted as expressing the teaching and attitude of the Church itself.

Here and there in Europe the Church authorities have hastened to meet the danger by forming societies to promote the welfare of the working classes. We mentioned recently the work begun by the Bishop of Madrid of establishing such a society in every parish. We learn since that the project has been cordially welcomed by priests and people, and the popular press is now enthusiastic assistance in putting it into execution. Addressing a meeting of the parish priests in the diocesan seminary, recently, he told how to his own knowledge a few lectures by Father Vincent, the indefatigable apostle of social action in Spain, sufficed to establish in the diocese of Sarazona a Catholic society which changed the whole character of the district. The parish priest of Fuentesiduna related a similar experience. When he was appointed to the charge of his parish the conditions were most disheartening. Religious duties were neglected by the people, and their economic condition was the lowest. Sermons which he delivered with the object of rousing the energies of the parishioners had no perceptible effects. But when he established a benefit society and proved to the people that they could improve their lot by exerting themselves more actively he found the key to their sympathies, and now it is recognized on every side that he is at the head of a model parish.

Here in the United States the need for this class of work may not seem pressing. But no one who is in touch with workmen and who listens to their talk in shop or factory can fail to see that the coming attack upon the Church will be along social and economic lines. Last year, at the annual conference of the Catholic Educational Association, the Rev. John A. Ryan, D. D., in a plea for a deeper interest in and a closer and more exact study of problems affecting the social and economic life of the masses, quoted Archbishop Ketteler's suggestive and pertinent words: "If we wish to know our age we must endeavor to face the social question. The man who understands that knows his age. The man who does not understand it finds the present and the future an enigma." And Dr. Ryan, commenting on these words and the man who uttered them, said: "Fortunately for the Catholics of Germany they adopted and incorporated into their social program the theory of the great Archbishop of Mayence. To this more than to any other fact they owe those magnificent achievements which are at once a reproach and an inspiration to their co-religionists in practically every other country in the world. Had they not taken the social viewpoint and identified themselves with the cause of social reform, they would never have been able to rouse the masses of the Catholics of this country from apathy, to defeat the Government's policy of tyranny and absolutism, or to check the onward rush of Socialism."—Sacred Heart Review.

THE GREAT DEMOCRAT.

Colonel William Jennings Bryan added new laurels to his reputation the other day at Columbus, Ohio, when he addressed four thousand trainmen in the Memorial Hall there. The great orator chose as his subject "The Prince of Peace," and delivered a sermon which is full of eloquence and sound doctrine. His brilliant discourse cannot fail to do much good. Here is how he hits off Darwinism: "All I mean to say is that while you may trace your ancestry back to the monkey if you can find pleasure or pride in doing so, you shall not connect me with your family tree without your consent. I am not sure that you will not be glad to have a scientist, by dissecting the leg of a frog, however, be gathered from the vapours of a crucible, that a scientist, experimenting with nature, can come

follower of Darwin has traced the germ of life back to the lowest form in which it appears—and to follow him one must exercise more faith than religion calls for—he finds that scientists differ. Some believe that the first germ of life came from another planet and others hold that it was the result of spontaneous generation. If I were compelled to accept one of these theories, I would prefer the first, for if we can chase the germ of life off this planet and get it out into space, we can guess the rest of the way and no one can contradict us; but if we accept the doctrine of spontaneous generation, we cannot explain why spontaneous generation ceased to act after the first germ was created. Go back as far as we may, we cannot escape the creative act, and it is just as easy for me to believe that God created man as he is to believe that, millions of years ago, He created a germ of life and endowed it with power to develop into all that we see to-day."

Mr. Bryan emphatically declared that religion is the true basis of morality. "One needs the inner strength which comes with the conscious presence of a personal God. If those who are thus fortified sometimes yield to temptation, how helpless must be those who rely upon their own strength alone." In religion, too, must be sought the key for the solution of social problems. "When Christ condensed into one commandment those of the ten which relate to the duty towards his fellows and enjoined upon his disciples, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself,' He presented a plan for the solution of all the problems that now vex society or may hereafter arise." The following observation on the source of true happiness is admirable: "I am glad that our Heavenly Father did not make the peace of the human heart depend upon the accumulation of wealth, or upon the securing of social or political distinction, for in either case but few could have enjoyed it; but when He made peace the reward of a conscience void of offense towards God and man, He put it within the reach of all. Rich, the social outcast as freely as the leader of society and the humblest citizen equally with those who wield political power."

HOW LITTLE THEY KNOW.

The Cleveland Apostolate Band has recently finished a mission in Rising Sun. At the close of the mission John Linehan, one of the "deacons," was greeted with this from a non-Catholic: "Jack, you Catholics have not been giving us Protestants a fair deal." "How's that?" said Jack, bracing himself for an argument. "Well, why didn't you give us something of this kind before?" was the unexpected answer. "Why have you left us in this ignorance so long?" Jack must have felt that his excuse was a good one. "Never know how much we needed it," was the Protestant's reply.

THE HOUSE OF POVERTY AND THE HOUSE OF WEALTH.

A religious atmosphere, daily prayer, devotional pictures, the little religious library, the rosary, the prayer-book, the Catholic paper, the society or sodality badges, the children preparing their lessons, the catechism, the supervision of children's conduct, correction of faults, the regular approach of parents to the sacraments, "the early to bed and early to rise" principle.

THE HOMES OF THE RICH WHO BELIEVE IN GOD.

A worldly atmosphere, no daily prayer, religious pictures confined to the servant's bed room, parlor walls decorated with winter scenes in oil and done and eyes at a stream, a library of Balzac, Zola and other vile French writers, a half dozen different kinds of secular magazines, one or two yellow journals, a couple of Greek society emblems, a marble bust of some heathen deity, children off to society functions, receptions, races, theatricals, etc., prayer, if mentioned, would mean every one else's parish societies not thought of, reception of sacraments restricted to Christmas and Easter, if then, no interest whatever in parochial affairs, and—well, we have pictured enough to make the contrast startling, and we have described homes not a hundred miles from Wichita.

MAKE DECENCY PAY.

How far wrong public sentiment is in regard to recent plays may be estimated from the comments made lately in our secular and even in our religious publications, on the President's rebuke to a shameless playwright. It should seem that the least a self-respecting person might do, when something obscene is thrust upon the attention, would be to resent or to turn his back upon it; and yet for leaving a theatre in which immorality was wantonly displayed upon the stage Mr. Taft is praised and held up as a model for respectable theatre-goers. No one, we imagine, feels more surprised than His Excellency that his action should be considered noteworthy or unusual. He was following simply the promptings of a sense of decency, and no doubt he would expect every gentleman to do the same thing without need of example or model. He was unfortunate in not knowing beforehand what manner of play he was to witness;

but he was quick to resent the offensive exhibition, and yet tactful enough not to act as if he were posing as a censor. The occurrence emphasizes the fact that indecency on the stage has become so commonly the rule that we can no longer trust our theatrical managers to give us a decent performance. The presumption is that no play will be offered which is not salacious enough to attract an audience from other competitors. In the same character of plays, and it is time to require some guarantee of decency before patronizing any theatre. The trailblazer in lascivious shows does not feel the rebuke that comes after the first act. The ticket office already has the seat money. The time to rebuke is before buying an entrance. If men and women generally would follow the same principles in paying for their theatrical pleasures as those which guide them in purchasing other commodities in life, the indecent performance would disappear to a great extent, as it would not pay.—America.

HOW LITTLE THEY KNOW.

Strangely as it may sound, there is no Methodist church in the sunrise village. There are three churches—the Big Brick, the Little Brick and the White. The United Brethren own the big brick, the Radical United Brethren the little brick, and the Church of God (a later version of the old Winebrenner) the white frame building. The "Radicals" are opposed to all secret societies. One of their faithful lecturers to say that every member of the lodge, male and female, will go to the bad place. His Scriptural backing was the condemnation of Ananias and Sapphira: "For they held a secret." It gave him considerable satisfaction to view this worthy pair as the patron saints of secret societies, rather than a Damon and Pythias.

THE HOUSE OF POVERTY AND THE HOUSE OF WEALTH.

WORD PICTURES DRAWN BY A KANSAS CATHOLIC EDITOR TO SHOW THAT RICHES DO NOT OFTEN PROVE A RELIGIOUS BLESSING.

A Christian people are all agreed that the sovereign act of a sane human being is the worship of God. This is the composite result of belief and practice. Weaken belief and you weaken practice. Without going into the philosophy of this very evident truth, let us draw our picture of practices as one finds them in the homes of the poor and contrast these practices with those we find in the homes of the rich. Of course, allowances must be made for many exceptions, but the general rule holds good that riches do not often prove a religious blessing to those who possess them, nor do they tend to an increase in faith. Here is our picture.

THE HOMES OF THE RICH WHO BELIEVE IN GOD.

A worldly atmosphere, no daily prayer, religious pictures confined to the servant's bed room, parlor walls decorated with winter scenes in oil and done and eyes at a stream, a library of Balzac, Zola and other vile French writers, a half dozen different kinds of secular magazines, one or two yellow journals, a couple of Greek society emblems, a marble bust of some heathen deity, children off to society functions, receptions, races, theatricals, etc., prayer, if mentioned, would mean every one else's parish societies not thought of, reception of sacraments restricted to Christmas and Easter, if then, no interest whatever in parochial affairs, and—well, we have pictured enough to make the contrast startling, and we have described homes not a hundred miles from Wichita.

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

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



Lancaster, Ont., Sept. 16 '08 I was a martyr for many years to that distressing complaint, chronic Constipation. I tried many kinds of pills and medicines without benefit and consulted physicians, but nothing did me any real good. Then I began to take "Fruit-a-tives," and these wonderful little fruit tablets entirely cured me.

At first, I took five tablets a day, but now I take only one tablet every two days. I am now entirely well, and thanks to "Fruit-a-tives," I give you permission to publish this testimonial. (Madame) Zenophile Bonneville.

This is only one more link in the chain of proof that "Fruit-a-tives" never fail to cure Constipation or any action of the bowels. 50c a box, or \$ for \$2.50, or trial box 25c. At dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

ur audiences by the patrons of the Question Box. The offensive and the ignorant questions proceeded from comparatively few persons. The audiences were the largest ever seen in the town, and they returned night after night. A note was placed in the box at the last service which read, in part: "We desire to extend to you our heartfelt thanks for your presence during the past week in our little city, and assure you that your labors have not been in vain. The attendance and interest manifested on the part of the public in general demonstrates this. The information we have gained of your Church has been a great help to us. * * * A future visit to our community will be awaited with pleasure."

A number of prominent Protestants were added to the Catholic roll.—The Missionary.

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SPECIAL OFFER Little Folks Annual—1908 Catholic Home Annual—1908 "Why is it that Catholics place a candle, some matches and a quarter in the coffin?" "Was Jesus Christ crucified before or after the flood?" "Why do Catholics on their deathbed have to swallow wafers?" "Does the holy water keep Catholics from sinning?" These questions are all united on one point—that Catholics are fearfully benighted and that we have much reason to be thankful that we, or our parents, came to this enlightened Protestant country.

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMON. The Fourth Sunday after Pentecost. THE TEACHING CHURCH.

Going up into one of the ships that was Simon's and sitting down. He taught the multitudes out of the ship. (St. Luke 9:10)

It was not without design that our Lord chose Peter's ship from which to teach the word of life to the multitude. By the mouth of His vicar, our Holy Father the Pope, Jesus Christ still teaches the multitude from Peter's ship.

It is no wonder that Catholics who own him as their teacher for Christ should hear and obey his instructions and admonitions. But what is a little astonishing is to see what extraordinary influence the least word from him exercise upon those who are not Catholics;

By common consent the whole world seems to agree that, in all matters concerning the highest and most vital interests of humanity, what the Pope thinks and says has to be taken into account. So we see kings and emperors, presidents and governors, leaders of great social enterprises, seeking his counsel, and following it too; or, if they do not follow it in both letter and spirit as we, his faithful children do, they, at least show their profound respect for it, and are forced to apologize, so to speak, and find some kind of excuse to defend their action which is not in full accordance with it.

All this is a cause of great rejoicing to us Catholics. We know well that so long as the world will be willing to follow the course of the ship of Peter, from which Christ the Saviour teaches or trim their sails so as not to lose sight of it, it will not lose its way or suffer shipwreck.

It does not alarm us, therefore, to hear of the strife going on concerning many social, religious, and political questions. So long as the voice of Christ is heard above the din all will be well. Of one thing, too, we are quite sure: that there is no fear for the safety of the ship of Peter. But just here I ought to say that there are some Catholics who take it for granted that because the ship is safe they are equally safe, no matter how they talk or how they behave. It is a lamentable fact that there are many Catholics who practically do not esteem the teaching of Christ by Peter, and they are ignorant of their religion, and they take very little pains to be instructed. They hardly ever hear a sermon. They never read a good Catholic religious book. They do not take a Catholic newspaper or magazine. It is not instruction they care about, but amusement. They read what they like; not what they ought to like. They spend their Sundays and other free days in doing what pleases them, not in doing what ought to please them if they were faithful, obedient hearers of the Word of Christ by the mouth of Peter.

If ever there was a time when a Catholic ought to show his faith by his works now is the day and the hour. Did ever the Catholic Church have such grand opportunities as it has now? Well then, let those who by their worldly, un-Catholic lives are a drawback and hindrance to her glorious triumph, weigh well their great responsibility, for which they shall have to give account at the judgment of God.

"SON, GIVE ME THY HEART."

The lovely month of June has been consecrated by Holy Church to our Lord's Sacred Heart. It is then when the genial summer takes the chill out of the air and nature settles down to bright and beautiful days that the joyful heart of man is bidden to think of the Sacred Heart of his Lord and Saviour, and through acts of adoration, love and homage, to make grateful acknowledgment for the redemption which has come to mankind from that divinely loving Heart. Through the Psalmist our Lord cries out to all men, "Son, give Me thy heart." He has given us His Sacred Heart and when He gave His Heart, He gave us all. He is infinite goodness and infinite love. He asks that we give Him our hearts in return; that is, give Him our affection, give Him our homage, give Him our service as far as we can, by offering up whatever we do, or say, or think, as an oblation to His Sacred Heart. His Heart gave its last drop of life's blood for us. What a privilege is ours! If it is noble to serve a great, good ruler, what an honor to serve our Lord, the King of Kings, great Lord of heaven and of earth! If it is sweet to die for one's country, how great the joy and happiness to be ready to die, rather than to offend God, even in the slightest degree! These are the feelings of the true Christian for his Lord and Saviour, and all this he sums up in an all-absorbing love towards the

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Sacred Heart. Let, then, the June days be made more beautiful through the practise of devotion and love of the Heart of Jesus. He is the friend that has proven His love for us, by His dying upon the cross. We can only return that love even in a slight degree, by imitating our wills and our whole souls to Him. We give so much to earthly friends, our time, our strength, our health, our very life even are sacrificed for them, and yet how oftentimes it is ill requited.

Should we not do all this and more; yes, do everything we can for our Lord Who loves us with an infinite love and has proven it by an infinite sacrifice? O let us begin to love Him as we should in the long, lovely days of June!

We show our love for others by thinking of them affectionately, by saying kind words to and of them, and by doing kind things for them. And this is the way we can show our love for our Divine Lord and return love for love. How often we can think of Him. Everything about us recalls Him, for He is God as well as man, and so the earth and all its beauty, the heavens and all their glory bespeak our Lord's greatness and goodness, and should prompt our praise and inspire our gratitude. We can increase our own homage and love for our Lord by striving to arouse it in the minds and hearts of others, by lovingly speaking of Him. Let us not be ashamed to do so for that would be a false shame and a human respect that would be unworthy. Let us do some little kind acts to others for the want of being able to do them directly to our Lord, the Man-God, and these He will take as done to Himself. Some good deed done towards some one around us, some little slight meekly borne and forgiven out of a spirit of atonement for some shortcoming of our own. In this and many other ways we can be always paying homage and love, and be giving gratitude to the Sacred Heart of our Lord, and thus we will be growing more and more like Him—"Jesus the All-beautiful"—for He will hear our prayer, that prayer which should be said daily by all who love Him, "Make my heart like unto Thine."—Seedlings.

WHY ROME GETS INTO THE PAPERS.

A TELLING ANSWER BY G. K. CHESTER-TON TO THE WAIL OF AN ENGLISH BIGOT.

Some of the English papers have lately been seized with an attack of "anti-Popery" and are devoting useful space to the reproduction of diatribes against the Catholic Church culled from a certain Dr. Horton and Mr. Hocking. As a specimen of the method of attack, the London Daily News publishes a statement by Dr. Horton to the effect that the Catholic Church with diabolical cunning manages to doctor the news that goes into the daily papers, while the poor Protestants who form such a large majority of the English people find it very difficult to get any expression of Protestant opinion into the press. Dr. Horton writes:

"Very few are the papers on which the apostolate of the press has not apparently secured an agent—not necessarily a writer at all, nor an avowed Catholic—whose business it is to excise any piece of news, any paragraph in a speech, or any notice of a book which tells against Rome. When once the attention of any man is called to this fact evidence crowds in almost every

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as I am going to give away at least one hundred-thousand pairs of the Dr. Haux famous "Perfect Vision" Spectacles to genuine bona-fide spectacle-wearers in the next few weeks—on one easy, simple condition. I want you to thoroughly try them on your own eyes, no matter how weak they may be, read the finest print in your bible with them on, thread the smallest eyed needle you can get hold of and put them to any test you like in your own home as long as you please. Then after you have become absolutely and positively convinced that they are really and truly the softest, clearest and best-fitting glasses you have ever had on your eyes and they honestly make you see just as well as you ever did in your younger days you can keep them forever without a cent of pay and

JUST DO ME A GOOD TURN by showing them around to your neighbors and friends and speak a good word for them everywhere, at every opportunity. Won't you help me introduce the wonderful Dr. Haux "Perfect Vision" Spectacles in your locality on this easy, simple condition? If you are a genuine, bona-fide spectacle-wearer (no children need apply) and want to do me this favor, write me a note and just say: "Dear Doctor—Mail me your Perfect Home Eye Tester, absolutely free of charge, also full particulars of your handsome De-haux Gold Spectacles Offer," and address me personally and I will give your letter my own personal attention. Address—Dr. Haux, (Personal), Haux Building, St. Louis, Mo.

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day. It is done quietly and subtly, but very effectively. The Protestant feeling of the country can not get expression in the press."

G. K. Chesterton the most brilliant English essayist and critic of the day replied to the charge as follows:

"Dr. Horton and Mr. Hocking seem to have two main accusations against the modern press. The first is that the facts about Catholicism are mentioned, the second is that the facts about Catholicism are not mentioned. Touching the first of these charges, there is surely nothing that needs explanation. That Catholicism should be often mentioned is as natural as that America should be often mentioned; it is a very large thing. What would Dr. Horton say of me if I complained that the United States with extraordinary cunning got itself alluded to in many magazines, encyclopedias and atlases? He would reply that a man talking freely can hardly help mentioning America. Neither can he help mentioning Europe. And Catholicism simply means Europe for one thousand years, and half Europe for nearly two thousand. Such an institution could not hide if it wanted to; it is like recommending social self-effacement to an elephant. You do not say that the Eiffel Tower has been very successful in getting itself admitted into most photographic views of Paris. If Rome bulks large in newspapers (which has not been proved) it is not because of Rome's cunning and perfidy nor because of Rome's courage and wisdom. It is because Rome (both pagan and Christian) must bulk large in the mind of any intelligent man."

"The second count is not gossip about the Catholics, but silence about them; the alleged suppression of anything unfavorable to Catholicism." Though not the most commercial of men, I am worldly-wise myself compared to Dr. Horton and I will give him upon this point the plain answer out of Fleet street. If it is true that London editors and sub-editors are by this time somewhat shy of printing anti-Catholic scares, it is for the practical reason that they so often turn out to be untrue. The truth is quite the reverse of the present accusation. It is not that some fact is sound against Catholicism but is not published. It is that it is published and is then found not to be a fact. This has been the history of a hundred and a half centuries and adorned itself with the dread exposer of Roman evil of the

dirty half wit 'Maria Monk' of the fugitive prodigal Achille, and numberless others. So when Dr. Horton says sternly to the practical sub-editor, 'You have not had enough anti-Popery revelations in your paper,' the practical sub-editor laughs and says 'Thank you we have had quite enough.'—Catholic Universe.

A BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE. A UNITARIAN MINISTER ACKNOWLEDGES THE POWER AND GLORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

The distinguished Unitarian minister, Rev. Martineau, pays the following tribute to the Catholic Church:

"Long and far was the Catholic Church the sole vehicle of Christianity that bore it on over the storms of ages and sheltered it amid the clash of nations. It evangelized the philosophy of the East and gave sobriety to its wild and voluptuous dreams. It received into its bosom the savage conquerors of the North and nursed them successively out of utter barbarism. It stood by the desert fountain from which all modern history flows and dropped into it the sweetening branch of Christian truth and peace. It presided at the birth of art and literally gave its tradition into young hands of color and design. Traces of its labors and of its versatile power over the human mind are scattered throughout the globe."

"It has consecrated the memory of lost cities of Africa and given to Carthage a Christian as well as a classic renown. The mountains of Switzerland have heard its vesper's mingling with the cry of liberty and the requiem sung over patriot graves. The confusions of Asiatic history have failed to overthrow it; on the heights of Lebanon, on the plains of Armenia, in the provinces of China, either in the seclusion of the convent or amid the stir of population the names of Jesus and Mary still ascend. It is not difficult to understand the enthusiasm which this ancient and picturesque religion kindles in its disciples."

"To the poor peasant who knows no other dignity it must be a proud thing to feel himself a member of a vast community that spreads from the Andes to the Indus; that has bid defiance to the vicissitude of fifteen centuries and adorned itself with the genius and virtues of them all; that

THE GREAT MAJORITY of men never attain a competence for their old age, but are largely, if not wholly, dependent upon others for their support. Timely realization of this fact should lead every thoughtful young man to take steps to ensure a competence for his later years. With this purpose in view a sure way to commence is presented by means of an Endowment Policy, which, if procured now, will prove a friend indeed in time of old age. Consult one of our representatives to-day or write to the North American Life Assurance Company Solid as the Continent Home Office, Toronto

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beheld the transition from ancient to modern civilization, and itself forms the connecting link between the old world in Europe and the new, the missionary of the nations, the associate of history, the patron of art, the vanquisher of the sword."

Devotion to Our Lady.

England, from the eleventh to the sixteenth century, raised a vast number of monuments to the honor of God in the form of churches dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, many of which are still standing as silent witnesses to our forefather's faith. The smallest county, Rutland, has still eleven of these ancient fancies. Greetham dating from 1057, Nottinghamshire can show thirty. Attenborough still keeping Our Lady's figure on the north porch door. Derbyshire has twenty-one; the image of the Madonna and Child, surrounded by angels, still stands at Eram, while at Norbury, over the tomb of Ralph Fitzherbert, the image of the Divine Mother and Child hangs suspended by a chain. Leicestershire has forty-four churches dedicated to Mary from olden times. Woodhouse church was dedicated to St. Mary of the Elms, 1338, and Hinkley to Our Lady's Assumption, of the thirteenth century; in all, one hundred and six churches of our Lady in the four Midland counties.

You are most likely to hear the angels singing if you go where some one is weeping.

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Confederate commander War, said that the Grant was that "he was beaten." Who thought that his arm transports, would be burg, they asked him, to get his men out, of defeat he could get of his army upon to told them that two all the men that h when he surrendered

It is the man in who will not surrender for an answer give up in despair; ability to stick and lose your temper or sense of good judgment enables you to get others get a small reputation for being while others are in mediocrity.

Polite persistence in the success of man. It is the man who down, no matter how or insulting the woman, who succeeds, third or a fourth try not only the customer his pluck and determination gets the order or because of his personal manners.

The man who can down never amount to a prejudiced against agents, people who order or a subscription finds that it is easy get rid of him, he finds some one we down and yet will not so easy to get rid that when polite, confronts him he ahead of him, and of sheer admiration salesman's persistence man has an interest charm of manner.

Our Habitual T. A. DALY Some people beat hatred or a great one or more of his attitude and the out the maximum destroys his happiness but radiates his thus prejudicing arousing antagonism handicapping him

Just think of the influence of carry another fancied wronger constantly finally trying to Why, in a little efficiency of a gentry. The mind must ness, jealousy, habitable thoughts; which trammels it impaired efficiency. No one can ca another, a bitter desire to get even very dishonest re his own efficiency. Mental discord a fearful rate; destroy happiness rapidly.

Then, again, n hatreds and grud vengeful feelings pairing his own r Many people are popular, why generally, why in their community cause of their bit ant radiations. These radiations, personal at nature is to repe On the other out kindly, loving thoughts, those and eve-ybody ness, hatred, or are attractive, he can not help lo because there a rays in their rad By analyzing although million tell what metals descend out into casts a bar ac the night is pa which is char quality. An experie analyze a pers what discordant

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

The Miracle of Polite Persistence. When genius has failed in what it attempted, and talent says impossible; when every other faculty gives up, when tact retreats and diplomacy has fled; when logic and argument and influence and "pulls" have all done their best and retired; when the field, gritty persistence, bulldog tenacity, steps in, and by sheer force of holding on, wins, gets the order, closes the contract, does the impossible. Ah, what miracles tenacity of purpose has performed! The last to leave the field, the last to turn back, it persists when all other forces have surrendered and fled. It has won many a battle even after hope has left the field.

Confederate commanders, in the Civil War, said that "he never knew when he was beaten." When Grant's generals thought that his army, with only two transports, would be trapped at Vicksburg, they asked him how he expected to get his men out, urging that in case of defeat he could get only a small part of his army upon two transports. He told them that they would be plenty for all the men that he would have left when he surrendered.

It is the man in the business world who will not surrender, who will not take no for an answer, and who stands his ground with such suavity of manner, such politeness, that you can not take offense, can not turn him down, that gets the order; that closes the contract; that gets the subscription; that gets the credit or the loan.

He is a very fortunate man who combines a gracious manner, suavity, cordiality, cheerfulness, with that dogged persistence which never gives up. Of course it takes grit to persist when everybody else would stop; to keep on pleading your case when others would give up in despair; but it is just this ability to stick and hang, and yet not lose your temper or suffer your good sense or good judgment to fail you, that enables you to get a big salary when others get a small one, that gives you a reputation for being a king in your line while others are content to plod along in mediocrity.

Polite persistence plays a large part in the success of many business men. It is the man who will not be turned down, no matter how gruff or impolite or insulting the would-be customer may be, who succeeds. He goes a second or third or a fourth time, and often gains the customer's admiration for his pluck and determination, but also gets the order or closes the contract because of his persistence and genial manners.

The man who can be easily turned down never amounts to much. It is characteristic of human nature to be prejudiced against all solicitors and agents, people who are trying to get an order or a subscription, and when a man finds that it is easy to turn one down, to get rid of him, he will do so. But when he finds some one who will not be turned down and yet will not offend him, it is not so easy to get rid of him. He knows that when polite, dogged persistence confronts him he has a difficult task ahead of him, and he often succumbs out of sheer admiration of the solicitor's or salesman's persistence, especially if the man has an interesting personality and charm of manner.

Our Habitual Thought Radiation. Some people bear for years a bitter hatred to a great jealousy toward some one or more persons, and this mental attitude under the possessor for giving out the maximum of his ability, and destroys his happiness. Not only this; but he radiates his inimical atmosphere, thus prejudicing people against him, arousing antagonisms, and constantly harrassing himself all along the line. Just think of the big wage, corresponding influence of carrying some hatred or great fancied wrong or grudge against another constantly in the mind and continually trying to get square with him. Why, in a little while it would cut the efficiency of a genius down to mediocrity.

The mind must be free from bitterness, jealousy, hatred, envy, and uncharitable thoughts; free from everything which hampers it, or pay the penalty in impaired efficiency, inferior work. No one can carry a grudge against another, a bitterness of any kind, a desire to get even with him, without very disastrous results to his own mind, his own efficiency and happiness.

Mental discords whittle life away at a fearful rate; they waste energies, destroy happiness, and age one very rapidly. Then, again, no one can carry secret hatreds and grudges, jealousies, and revengeful feelings, without seriously impairing his own reputation.

Many people wonder why they are not popular, why they are disliked socially, why they stand for so little in their community, when it is really because of their bitter, revengeful discordant radiations. These radiations kill personal magnetism, personal attractions, for their very nature is to repel.

On the other hand, those who send out kindly, loving, helpful, sympathetic thoughts, those who feel friendly toward everybody, who carry no bitterness, hatred, or jealousy in their hearts, are attractive, helpful and sunny. We can not help loving these characters, because there are no discordant, bitter rays in their radiation.

By analyzing the light of a star, though millions of miles away, we can tell what metals are burning in its incandescent atmosphere. Each metal casts a bar across the spectrum when the light is passed through a prism, which is characteristic of its own quality.

An experienced mental chemist could analyze a person's character, and tell what discordant thought or vicious ideal

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

LOUIS' PRAYER.

One could scarcely call Louis a hero for any tale. He was not refined nor attractive, clever nor gently-born. Instead, he was poor, dirty, a typical street urchin and, in addition, the son of a criminal but recently sent to prison for life. When I first knew Louis his father had not been convicted, and the boy became greatly attached to me—an attachment which I attributed to the little gifts I bestowed on him from time to time, as premiums for his good conduct and faithful attendance at Sunday-school. Soon I discovered that the poor child had a more loving heart than one would dream he possessed, and knew that his affection for me was born, unconsciously, from the confidence he felt that the priest was the representative of Christ—of that Christ who blessed little children, defended their innocence, and loved them so dearly on earth.

Louis was quite an assiduous student of the catechism, and the teacher assured me that in all the class none understood or prepared a lesson better. But this state of affairs did not last. His father committed a vicious crime which shocked all the community. He was arrested, confessed his deed, and was condemned to life imprisonment in the penitentiary of St. Quentin. His family, branded with infamy, left the place to hide their shame.

More than a year went by and I heard nothing of them. One day, however, I was called to the outskirts of the town to attend a poor creature seriously ill. I never saw a more miserable being. I learned that the family who had once lived in it had given it in charity to the poor, and that she might have a roof over her head, and had given her also the coarse mattress on which she lay in one corner of the hovel. The better to hear her confession, I drew an old box over to her side. When she had finished I did my best to console her, exhorting her to be resigned to the will of God. Then I made a movement as if to rise, when I felt an arm across my shoulder. I turned and my face and my cheeks were wet with his tears. He was on the verge of death—might die at any moment.

He received me with politeness. I inquired how he felt. "Oh, very weak! I won't last much longer, Father." "Perhaps not," I answered. "So there is no time better than the present to prepare for your journey." "What journey?" "The journey into eternity." "Oh, I am prepared," he said, briefly. "You have confessed?" "Not I," he answered coldly. "I do not believe in confession."

I looked at him keenly. His coldness was not assumed. Many times I have met sinners in a similar strait who, fearing they would have to mend their lives. But this was the first time I had met a man speaking Spanish who would not confess because he did not believe. "The worst of it all was that it was not bravado—I could feel that instinctively." "Father," said Don Manuel, "if you want to come to see me you are welcome. But do not lose any time talking to me about confession. I don't believe."

I tried to talk to him of God's grace and mercy, reminded him of his pious mother, his religious father, how all his people had believed and still believed. "I know that," he responded, "I have thought that over well—and yet I do not believe. I confess to God—that suffices for me." A violent coughing shook him. I was positive death was at hand even then, and waited. But no. He recovered slightly, and shook his head at me to denote that he still persisted in his obstinacy. Three days later I called on him again, and though it was plainly to be seen that death was nearer, he had not changed. "I do not believe; I can not believe!" was all he said, in response to my pleadings. "If I were a saint!" I thought to myself, almost in despair, as I left the hospital. "If my prayers were only as

"Yes, Father," answered the boy, smiling through his tears. "Soon you are going to make your first Communion." "I went on. "You have no idea how happy you will be then." He wiped his eyes on his sleeve, hastily. "When will it be, Father?" "On St. Joseph's day, with the other boys." "And when is St. Joseph's day?" "In March—the middle of March." He counted on his fingers. "Oh, that is so far away, Father—so many weeks away!" he said. "I want to make my first Communion soon." "And you shall," I responded, "if you study and know your catechism. It depends on yourself."

From that day on the poor little fellow instead of playing with the other lads, sat by himself studying the catechism. He wished to avoid the others, for he felt their taunts sorely. Then his mother recovered enough to look for better quarters, and she went away without giving me her new address. I did not see Louis for some weeks. Finally I was sent for—he was very sick, they told me, and the doctor later informed me that he had no chance—it was a short while to live. The sight of the poor boy shocked me—but when he saw me he seemed to gain new strength. He sat up on the sofa which served him for a bed, put his arm across my shoulder with the old affectionate gesture, and laid his cheek against mine in silence. My heart ached for him.

"Father," he whispered, "when shall I make my first Communion?" "Soon, very soon, my boy," I answered. "Do you know your Catechism?" "Yes, Father—I know every word of it. I have it here under my pillow." He drew out a pile of leaves and showed them to me. I put a few questions haphazard, and saw that he was really well-instructed. "That is fine, my boy! You shall make your first Communion very soon now," I said. The light on the poor child's face was good to see.

Louis was not the only sick person I visited those days. There was a man in the hospital to which I had been called—a man about fifty years old, I think. He was on the verge of death. He received me with politeness. I inquired how he felt. "Oh, very weak! I won't last much longer, Father."

"Perhaps not," I answered. "So there is no time better than the present to prepare for your journey." "What journey?" "The journey into eternity." "Oh, I am prepared," he said, briefly. "You have confessed?" "Not I," he answered coldly. "I do not believe in confession."

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efficients as those of the Curé d'Arz." And I called to mind the picture of that venerable man, when the most incredulous, visiting, and drawing near to him, were caught in the spell of his sanctity. Without thought of their position he would order them on their knees to confess their sins. If I but knew a man like that Blessed Curé, to bring the gift of faith to the dying Don Manuel! Engrossed in these thoughts I entered Louis' poor home. I meant to give him extreme unction, and prepare him for the reception, the following day, of his Lord in Communion—for the first and last time.

With one of the strange phases of that insidious disease which was sapping his vitality, Louis appeared much better. He greeted me warmly, but I paid scarcely any attention to the poor child—my head was full of Don Manuel. I prayed and prayed to God to have mercy, to show me some way to save that unfortunate soul for whom the blood of Christ had been shed. And it seemed as if God gave me an inspiration then, from heaven.

"This little angel," I thought, "will soon see the dear Lord face to face. I may obtain, perhaps, that which I can not." "Louis," I said, drawing closer to him, as he lay watching me. "To-day I am going to administer extreme unction. You will go straight to heaven after I give you this. You want to go to heaven don't you?" "No," said Louis, without hesitation. "I do not want to die, Father."

"And why not?" "Why, because I have not made my First Communion." "Good!" I exclaimed, touched and pleased. "But supposing you receive your First Communion before you die?" "Then all right," said Louis. "And when you are before God you will remember us all? You will pray for your mother?" "Yes, Father," said Louis, with an affectionate smile toward his mother. "And your father?"

The innocent boy looked at me. Words can not picture the ineffable sadness of his face, the weariness of his eyes. My own eyes filled with tears—here indeed I saw the guiltless victim of another's sin! A victim offered in satisfaction for the creature he called parent! Lowering his eyes, and speaking in a whisper, as he always did when his father's name was mentioned, he said: "Yes, Father. I will pray much for him!" I could not speak for a few moments. Then, trying to cheer him up, I said, smiling. "And you will not forget poor Father A—? You will pray for me?" "Oh, yes," said Louis, fervently. "Very, very much. And when are you coming to heaven, Father?" "When God wants me, my son." "But we shall meet then?" "I hope so," I replied: "pray to God that He will let us meet there, my Louis."

"I will pray that you come soon," he said, fervently. "But I am going to give you a commission which I want you to carry out as soon as you see God. You will do this for me?" He nodded, with shining eyes. "Look, little son," I went on. "I have in hand an important affair—a very important affair—and only God can set it right. Now when you see God you ask Him to straighten this out for me, will you?"

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On entering I asked Sister Dolores if he had seemed in any way well-disposed. She shook her head. "No, Father," he answered sadly, "but if you will only speak to him..." "I went to the sick-bed. He was dying. He looked up at me with eyes in which defiance shone, the words, 'I do not believe,' stamped upon those dying lips. I hesitated—I could do nothing, nothing! Yet at that instant I seemed to hear a familiar voice which said 'Much, much to the Blessed Virgin!'"

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