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Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXX.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1908

O Heart of Mine. O heart of mine, we shouldn't

Worry so What we've missed of calm we couldn't Have, you know. What we've met of stormy pain, And of sorrow's driving rain,

We can better meet again,
If it blow,
We have erred in that dark hour We have known; When the tears fell with the shower, All alone,

Were not shine and shower blent As the gracious Master meant? Let us temper our content With His own,

For we know not every morrow Can be sad : So, forgetting all the sorrow We have had, Let us fold away our fears, And put by our foolish tears,

And through all the coming years

Just be glad. -JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

THE TEST OF ORTHODOXY.

THE EUCHARISTIC PRESENCE IN THE MASS

TORIC IRISH FIDELITY TO THE BLES-SED SACRAMENT. Mgr. Carr, Archbishop of Melbourn

in seconding a resolution proposed by Archbishop Amette, of Paris, at the recent Eucharistic Congress in London, responded as follows:

I take it as a special compliment to the Church in Australia that I am asked to second the resolution so eloquently proposed by the eminent representative of the French Church. This association of the eldest daughter of the Church with the youngest is not with-out significance in illustrating the Catholicity of the Church in its doctrinal and devotional attitude towards the Blessed Eucharist. There is no circumscription of time, place, language, race or institution, whether national or political, when there is question of doctrine or essential devotion. In the ecclesiastical history of France devotion to the Blessed Eucharist, both as sacrament and sacrifice, brings us back through all the ages to the very dawn of her Christian life. As early as the Council of Arles held in 314, at which three English Bishops assisted, three at least of the Canons prescribed what should be observed in offering the sacrifice and administering the Sacrament of the Altar.

THE INFANT CHURCH IN AUSTRALIA. The records of the Australian Church, though covering only a century, supply a thrilling chapter to the history of devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. Not in all the annals of the Church do we find an example of more vivid faith and more pathetic love. The Infant Church of Australia, like her mother the Church of Ireland, was in chains; the first priest who ministered to the chilof sorrow in that far off land, was suddenly seized on in the street Sydney and forthwith deported to Ireland. The Blessed Sacrament remained in the private house in which he had lodged. For two years these children of undying faith assembled in and around that house, Sunday after Sunday adoring, as long as they might, the hidden God of the Eucharist, whose presence was their only solace, and oh! how earnestly they

begged Him to send another zealous laborer into that distant and forlorn portion of His vineyard. A priest belonging ito a French war vessel having landed at Sydney, in compliance with the law of the Church, removed the Blessed Sacrament, but imperishable faith of the people l brought them Sunday after Sunday

to watch like Magdalene beside the empty tomb. As long as Our Blessed Lord had a home in Sydney, there was light in the prevailing gloom, for from out the Tabercle there came the loving invitation "Come to me all ye that labor and are heavy burdened, and I will refresh you." and in all their trials there came the consoling assurance, "Lo! I am with you." But when their Divine Lord had been taken away they still assembled in and around the dwelling where His Glory and appeared which was to them a second

The house that had given shelter to the Blessed Sacrament became a Shrine f inestimable value. The improvised Tabernacle became a precious relic.
The very woodwork of the room in which the Tabernacle reposed was apportioned out, and is to be found to day as amongst the most precious portion of the furniture and ornamentation of eathedrals, churches, and convents in Aus-

The owner of the house, Mr. Davis, gave the whole property for Church purposes, and gave a large money contribution also—and now on the site of that house stands a home of the Blessed Sacrament under the invocation of Ireland's Patron Saint, and on the ground adjoining stand three homes of the Blessed Sacrament—a convent of Mercy, a house for the Marist Brothers, and a

Nearer home an historic cathedral of this once Catholic land supplies a path-etic illustration of the fate of our Adorable Lord in the Sacrament of His Love.

There is a window in the Galilee Chapel in Durham, and the only portion of the stained glass that escaped the hammer of the iconoclast is the picture of the Flight into Egypt. The window overlooks the tomb of Venerable Bede, whose history tells us of the centuries the Blessed Sacrament was in honor in England, when from Land's End to John O'Groat's House, belief in the Blessed Sacrament was the possession of every

minster, which were built as homeslof the Blessed Sacrament, our ever Adorable Lord was driven. It was the flight into Egypt renewed. But Herod the persecutor is dead, and the Divine Child has taken up His abode not, indeed, in the old home, but here in one that in years not distant will be no unworthy

compeer of the historic Shrine close by.

IRELAND AND THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

Every student of ecclesiastical hisory knows that devotion to the Blessed Sacrament is a most outstanding fact in Irish Church History. In the missionary annals of the Church there are few names, outside the Apostolic College, brighter than that of Colum Cille.

To the children of his race that name is fresh and green as if he were still laboring in his Monastery at Derry, at Durrow, at Kells, or in Iona. Poet, patriot, law, given by men the most property of the control of t patriot, law-giver, he was each, but it is as Colum Cille the Dove of the Churches —the Saint of the Blessed Sacrment, his mory is enshrined in Irish hearts.

His death was the fitting complement of his life. As he had lived in the pres-ence of His Lord in the Eucharist, so when he found death coming he hastened to the Tabernacle and surrendered his oul under the smile of Him Who had been his life-long friend, and was now to his eternal reward. And the love for the Blessed Sacrament which St. Colum Cille taught has endured through cen-

But there came the day when ou Blessed Lord was driven from the homes which the generosity and abiding faith of the Irish people had built for Him. Then he found a shelter in the people's heart. Where in glorious basilica, or in stately cathedral, was ever witnessed such outcome of a people's faith as were uch outcome of a people's faith as wa shown in Penal days in Ireland when on mountain or in glen, along the lonely shore, or in the sequestered cave, the people at the risk of land, liberty and life, gathered round the "felon" priest as he offered the Eternal Victim in

The Mass-rocks, desecrated shrines, or traditionary green-swards, marking the sites of so many homes of the Blessed Sacrament, are still quickened with nemories of unconquerable faith and un-compromising devotion to the ever adorable Dweller in the tabernacle.

But in the appointed hour the angel of the resurrection moved away the stone, and the Irish Church came forth from her living tomb. Her children at once set themselves to gather together the stones of the Temple, and homes as worthy as may be, for the Blessed Sacra ment, are again studding the land Political economists blame the Irish people for their prodigality in church building, but they do not know the secret of Irish faith, nor the depth of Irish love for the Blessed Sacrament.

Are the great ones of the earth to have their gorgeous dwellings, and is our Lord's abiding portion to be the mud-wall chapel of former times? Is He not a King, and has He not claim to His Kingdom? and has He not made good His

The metals in the mine, the marbles in the quarry, the pearls in the sea, the choicest wood in the forest, are they not he work of His own hands, and should hey not each be asked to do homage to His glory by embellishing a home for their Creator, Whose delight is to be with the children of men?

THE TEST OF ORTHODOXY. But we who believe in our Lord's abiding presence are bound to cultivate in our souls, and to promote amongst others, earnest and solid devotion to the Blessed Sacrament by every means in our power. For, whether from a doc-trinal or devotional aspect, the Blessed Sacrament is the very life of the Church as a body and of each of her members. It is the great test of orthodoxy.

n' of it, go back and walk no more

eal our belief with our blood. It has been beautifully said that the Star of Bethlehem was the first lamp be fore the Tabernacle. As the star brought the first Gentile worshippers to the Infant Saviour so, as those who have most experience in the work of conversions know, the Blessed Sacrament is

the most potent influence in leading souls to the Church. From a devotional aspect the Blessed Eucharist is in the Church what the sun is in the physical world. It is the centre of the sphere, it enlightens, it warms, it vivifies. It gives purity to youth and patience to old age. It is the boast of the Church that it has the gift of making the young heart pure, and why is this, as Cardinal Newman writes, but because she gives them Jesus for their food and Mary for their nursing Mother? Such, then, being the office of the Blessed Eucharist in the Church, we are asked in this resolution to pledge ourselves to promote solid and earnes devotion to it, by every means in our

This we can do both by word and example. First by word — all true devo-tion must be intelligently understood before it can be profitably practised. Our first pledge, therefore, must be to make ourselves more perfectly acquainted, through the many helps at our disposal, with the doctine concerning the Blessed Eucharist and to spread a knowl-edge of that doctrine amongst others,

There is one opportunities.

There is one opportunity common to all; they can circulate, or aid in circulate. ating, the publications of the Catholic Truth Society treating of the Blessed

Eucharist. But as example is more powerful and convincing than either the spoken or written word, let us in our own practice From those glories of architectural manifest to the world the fruits of the genius such as Durham, York, and West-faith that is in us.

Let us approach frequently the Table of the Lord, let us partake often of the Bread of Life and of the Wine that begetteth Virgins, yet, let us, as circum stances permit, use that inestimable privilege so strongly recommended by the reigning Pontiff, and daily nourish our souls with that Heavenly Bread by which "If any man eat he shall live for-

Again let us pay a visit to the Blessed Sacrament daily, "Ecce Magister adest et vocat te." (Behold the Master is here and calls you.) Let us during these visits, whethy visits, whether short or long, always make acts of adoration, contrition, thanksgiving and supplication. Let us make some little return of love for the infinite love shown to us by Him Whom love keeps certified days because of the state o ve keeps captive, day and night, on

Another practice surely pleasing to e Sacred Heart of our Divine Lord is, when passing a church in which the Blessed Sacrament is reserved to make a suitable salutation accompanied with a short ejaculatory prayer—an indul-genced prayer by preference. This ractice involves an external act of faith which cannot fail to arrest the attention of non-Catholics and to remind negligent Catholics of their duty to the Ble

acrament.
As the veil that separates us from our Sacramental Lord grows more transparent with the passing years, so may our love, for the Blessed Sacrament grow

stronger and warmer.

When at length will come the day that the veil will be entirely withdrawn may it be ours to gaze with unending rapture on the beauty of Him Whom we have known so many years as the hidden out, alas, too often the forgotten God of the Eucharist.

THE REFORMATION IN SCOTLAND.

Reviewing Dr. James King Hewison's ecently published work, "The Coven-nters," the Saturday Review makes the ollowing remarks, which we commend to the attention of the person who sent us some months ago a marked copy of the Presbyterian Witness containing a whole page of glowing eulogy of the Scottish Reformation:

"The political problem that faced Mary Stuart and her successors was in fact not dissimilar to that which confronted Richelieu in France. The France of Louis XIII. was menaced by a rebellious feudalism and a Calvinism which in its synods and its fortresses ad become an imperium in imperio, and Richelieu by the capture of La Rochelle crushed both. The old Scotch Calvinsm was, if anything, more incompatible with civilized government than was the French. The claims put forward on be-French. The claims put forward on behalf of the Kirk by extreme preachers like Andrew Melville went far beyond anything that the most extreme has ever demanded for Ultramontane has ever demanded for Church against State. Not only did this fanaticism assert that it was the right of the Kirk to dictate its duty to the civil power. It also laid down and acted on the principle that every church or congregation was a court of religion and morality in which the pastor as a spiritual judge was bound to give verdicts on men and things which could only be varied in the higher courts of the Kirk. In other words, Presbyterianism gave to the parish minister an uncontrolled power of excommunication such as the Canon Law had never permitted to the parish priest of pre-Reformation days. In a civilized State such claims on the part of a number of individual ministers could hardly be reconciled with public order. To tolerate this in a turbulent like Scotland, where every country Now as of old there are many to whom it is "a hard saying," and who, on or no cause, was to make anarchy chronic. Nor at this period could the with Jesus. But we reply with St. Kirk in any sense claim to be a civilizer large sense laim to be a civilizer large sense laim to be a civilizer. We believe therefore and, if need be, are prepared, with the divine assistance, are prepared, with the divine assistance, are prepared. years of "gospel teaching" the moral standard of the community was, speaking from the standpoint of the age, deplorable. The education of the people was worse than it had been in pre-Reformation days, for Knox's schemes for parish schools was a fond dream, and no practical stops for the dream, and no practical steps for the establishment of a system of popular education were taken until the latter part of the seventeenth century. And when we recall the terrible atrocities which the Covenanting troops were constrained by their ministers to com mit after Philiphaugh and the loath some witchburnings encouraged by the same divines, it is difficult to escap-from the conclusion that if a tree is to be judged by its fruits, the Kirk of Scotland of that date was a disgrace to Christianity. At least to contemplate its works is to understand how statesmen may well have judged that in the restoration of the episcopate lay the only chance of giving to Scotland the blessings of such Christian civilization as England enjoyed. And it must be remembered also that, though the struggle between the Covenanters and the Stuarts was a main cause of the revolution of 1688, the fruits of the victory were not for the Cameronians. Presbyterianism indeed became the tablished religion of Scotland; but it was the Presbyterianism of the moderate ministers like the Poundtext of

Old Morality,' not the flerce fanaticism of Balfour of Burleigh. The Kirk of 1689 was a Kirk that had learned its lesson, and wisely dropped the Coven-We have before now quoted the word but it may be worth while to quote them again, in which the late York Powell, Regius Professor of Modern

n open rebellion and ruthless persecu-tion, justified only in its indirect reg a story as the annals of any European

aturday Reviewer was in the mind of ne late James McLaren Cobban when e put on the lips of his hero, Alec urnet, in the novel "The Angel of the

I dare aver . . . that of all rannies I have ever read or heard of seen, whether civil or ecclesiastical tyranny of the Reformed Kirk of tland has been from the beginning. nd is up till now, the most constant, rinding and intolerable."
As late as 1860, the historian Buckle,

ter making a tour of Scotland, wrote :
"Knowing that these words will be d, and averse as I naturally am to civilized country is toleration so understood, and that in none is the bigotry and persecution so ex-

is to-day, but while we rejoice at the cannot rejoice at the causes believe have brought it about, adifference in religion. At the same our gratitude for the toleration Catholicism now enjoys in Scotdoes not require us to laud John as an apostle of civil and religious ty and the founder of the Scottish system, as one of our leading men lauded him when addressing

THE TOILER'S DIGNITY.

At Kennywood Park Rev. John Price delivered an address to a large gathering of workingmen on Labor Day, saying in part :

me and my calling to be extended the privilege of addressing God's noblemen; for whilst all other human civil dignitaries are the offspring of man's pride or of man's lust for domination, the working-man is God's first and own creation. "In proof of this conclusion religion

puts the Bible in my hand and bids me read this pregnant text from the Book of Genesis: 'The Lord God took man and put him into the paradise of pleasure to dress it and to keep it.' Labor, then, is of divine ordinance, there is no

and made man God's partner in the dislift his argosies into the air as the medium of the swiftest and most direct

ransmission. "No man can rise to his proper stature who thinks meanly of himself. Man nust have a lofty ideal in order to progress. A base, groveling man cannot rise above his level. Consequently, to be truly manful, man must be convinced of his lofty dignity. Herein you have the reason why I deemed it wise to show you that the workingman is God's first gentleman, and that by labor man be-comes a co-operator with God in perecting material creation and dispensing

pies in the divine plan of creation, h

lowed kisses.
"I know too well that there are men who by voice and pen rail against the Church and league it with the exploiter and despoiler of the laboring classes hands in mine and salute you as brothers miner's pick, would be a Judas, if

is perhaps as sordid and disgustatry can show.' same idea expressed by the

venant," the following words:

read and circulated in Scotr whose many sterling and qualities I entertain sincere do, nevertheless, affirm that

things are better than ely the decay of Christianity in Scot-l under the influence of German ionalism, and the consequent spi it

INSPIRING ADDRESS BY REV. JOHN PRICE TO BIG GATHERING OF PITTSBURG

"I always regard it as an honor done

vocation for the idler.

"The workingman is also God's vicegerent in the perfecting of material creation. Divine omnipotence has sheathed itself in man's muscular arms, pensing of the benefits of Providence. The combination of human brain and human brawn with divine energy has changed the thorn-clad face of the earth into fields of succulent nourishing harthe lightnings from the skies to flash his thoughts around the globe, and has extracted the embowled ores of earth to ircle the world with bands of steel upon which roll afar the products of his indus-try, or which bring them from distant realms as tributes to his feet. On every ocean, lake and stream ride vessels of man's construction, bearing the wealth of commerce to every inhabited port; and to-day man's efforts are put forth to

"If, then, the workingman has this sense of his real nobility, if he is conscious of the important state that he occurred to the important state of the important state of creation, he will not fall an easy victim to the false eloquence that pictures him as a slave, a thing of dishonor, a victim of insolent greed. And, if because of merciless greed the workingman may come to egard the wealthy ones of the world as igerish in their treatment of him, he will, in the light of revelation, never make that charge against religion, which places him on a pedestal like a saint whose blessed feet are warmed by hal-

but in the name of all that is sane and true, and with the sacred words of Sqripture under my eyes, I affirm that such a charge is profoundly unjust and erroneous, for I can take your horny and over our clasped hands the Church will breathe a kindly benediction. And I, son of a workingman, I whose hands were once calloused with wielding a whilst clasping your hands and calling you brothers, I only acted a part. No; in becoming a minister of Christ, I be-came a member of the order of which

" How could the Church look disdainfully upon the workingman when the radiant Christ on His judgment seaf will bid the world see Himself in the naked, the hungry, the poor and the downtrodden? How can the Church despise the workingman when its first founders were fishermen, and St. Paul made tents for a living? How could I look down upon the workingman when my Church puts a slave upon the throne of Peter in the person of Callixtus I.,

and a swineherd under the name of Sixtus V.? How could I think meanly of the poor, when my Church canonizes the spouse of Lady Poverty, sweet St. Francis of Assisi, and the large hearter founder of organized charities, St. Vin cent de Paul? And what man can ge the assent of an intelligent audience of workingmen to the charge that the Church is ranged on the side of the op-pressors of labor in the face of the epoch-making encyclical of Leo XIII. on the 'Condition of the Working Classes?' In that luminous document the great Pontiff shows that he is the champion of the trades unions, and con-tends that the laboring classes have tends that the laboring classes have not only the right to organize in their interests, but that the laborer has a right to a living wage, not sufficient merely to keep soul and body together, but to live and sustain his family in comfort, and to lay aside something as a provision for the day of need. He stands for the Sunday rest, protests against the employment of child labor and the dragging of woman from the

against the employment of child labor and the dragging of woman from the sphere of home to compete with men in the labor market. No; for all that is just, for all that is lawful, the workingman has no stouter more fearless defender and advocate that is the Church of Christ.

"I did not come here to preach a sermon, nor did I intend to vindicate the Church from aspersion, nor to de monstrate its constant, uniform friendli ness for the laboring class; for the Church needs not such vindication or demonstration. I came only to say to you that you must always keep vivid be ore your minds the lofty dignity that i yours, and to urge you to live commen-surate with that dignity, I came to cheer you, to praise you, to bid Godspeed to all your praiseworthy efforts towards the amelioration of your lot, and to urge you to set your faces like flints' owards justice and order, and in this compel the respect and aid of all men of generous minds and hearts. I want you all to live in such manful, noble fashion that the man who would paint the American workingman's portrait will find no model here like the degraded creature known as the 'Man With the Hoe; but that whoever draws your por-trait will find you models of noble, in-telligent gentlemen, worthy brothers of the Divine Master Workman, Jesus Chairt. Christ.

SWEDENBORG AND NEWMAN.

Mr. Hazeltine, the New York Sun's book reviewer, cites without any indication of dissent, Swedenborg's averment that the last judgment, with its fulfil-ment of the prophecies of the Gospel and of the Apocalypse, took place in 1757, and that he had witnessed it with his own eyes; that a person is woefully misled who submits his reason to priest and dogmas for the sake of peace and of attaining his soul's salvation. The re-viewer goes further, and designates as a reassertion of the Pauline doctrine of Trinity in Unity," Swedenborg's teaching that "instead of Jesus Christ being only the second member of a Divine Trinity, the whole Trinity is centered in His Own Person, the Father the Sor and although the early Christians accepted that view unqualifiedly, the doctrine had been almost lost sight of for fifteen hundred years until Sweden borg revived it.

Another literary person, Mr. Charle Another interary person, Mr. Charles Sarolea, in the volume of Scribners' "World's Epoch Makers," devoted to "Cardinal Newman," makes it his engrossing object to give the impression that Newman was hotly opposed to the Roman System, and modernistically "Liberal." Newman himself may write: From the time that I became a Catho-lie I have had no variations to record, no anxiety of heart whatever. I have never had one doubt. . . . In the midst of our difficulties I have one ground of hope, just one stay, but as I think a sufficient one, which serves me in the stead of all other argument whatever, which hardens me against criticism . . . the decision of the Holy See. St. Peter has spoken. He ha spoken and he has a claim on us to trust him." It was while such was Father Newman's state of mind as described by himself that the London Times agai and again made news by announcing that he could no longer stand Rome and was going back to Anglicanisa Significantly, when once the Time wrote to Newman for a series of article on some public question, and he asked "Shall I be free to write what I think?" scribe would make a "seller" he compile a Newman of his own, and justifies himself with this theory; "The vital-ity and influence of Newman will be in proportion as he is more ingeniously

nisunderstood." He that would be joyous must first be mortified; and he that is mortified is

1566

CATHOLIC NOTES.

Of the 20,000,000 population of Brazil, about 18,000,000 are Catholics. There are about 5,200 churches and chapels.

Right Rev. Michael Tierney, D. D., Bishop of Hartford, Conn., died a few minutes after 3 o'clock last Monday afternoon, following an attack of cere-bral hemorrhage on Saturday evening.

Sir John Stuart Knill is to be London's next lord mayor. Sir John is a Catholic, and it is interesting to note that the last Catholic lord mayor of the city was his father.

It is computed that the Catholic Church in the English-speaking world numbers 240 Bishops, 20,000 clergy and 24,000,000 people. In the British Empire alone it numbers 140 Bishops, 13,000 clergy and 12,000,000 people.

The library of the Vatican was commenced 1,417 years ago. It contains 40,000 manuscripts, among which are some by Pliny, St. Thomas, St. Charles Barrames, and

Borromeo and many Hebrew, Syrian, Arabian and Armenian Bibles. Mr. William Campbell, K. C., who, at Mr. William Campbell, R. C., who, at the age of fifty-three, succeeds Lord Stormonth as a Scottish judge, is the first Catholic since the Reformation to attain the rank of a judge in the North-ern Kingdom, says the Catholic Weekly.

Rabbi Dr. Solomon, a convert, is giving a mission to Jews in Pittsburg, with the approval of Bishop Canevin. Rabbi Solomon, who has become a member of the Pittsburg Apostolate, conducts his meetings in the conducts his

eetings in the open air when the weather permits. The Presbyterian church in Scotland determined to furnish its quota of inister converts to the Catholic religon. The Glasgow Observer, in a recent ssue, asserts that during the next few weeks three other ministers of the Presbyterian fold will probably come over to the ancient faith.

A cable despatch from Rome, dated Oct. 12, states that Cardinal Cretoni, the Prefect of the Congregation of Rites, has instructed his dependents to hurry work regarding the process of canoniza-tion of Father Isaac Jogues, the Jesuit missionary who, nearly two centuries and a half ago, suffered martyrdom at the hands of the Mohawks.

Rome reports that the Holy Father kept Archbishop Farley a long time closeted in his private library on the occasion of the Archbishop's final audience. Afterwards, when Msgr. Farley presented his secretaries and a party of friends, the Pope gave a public proof of his well-known affection for the New York prelate by throwing his arms around the Archbishop's shoulder and kissing him affectionately in farewell.

In the Bishop's house Grand Register

In the Bishop's house, Grand Rapids, Mich., is a remarkable bible in good preservation, which was printed in the year 1486, or six years before Columbus discovered American block. discovered America, when Luther was only three years old. Forty years after only three years old. Forty years after the issue of this bible, the first copy of the Protestant bible was printed in English; and one hundred and seventy-eight years later the King James edition appeared.

Belfast, Ireland, which was once Protestant ten to one, is now Protestant only three to one, and may yet be preponderantly Catholic. Geneva, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, was spoken of as "the outpost of Pro-testantism." It is scarcely a generation ago that Geneva expelled the Catholic Bishop, Mgr. Mermillod, and gave his Cathedral to the Old Catholics. But times have changed.

Albert Howard, the sixteen-year-old leader of a gang of train-robbers who held up a passenger train on the Great Northern railroad last May, was bapand the Holy Spirit embodied in the person of the Divine Saviour." "Although St. Paul asserted that 'in Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily," in the jail at Great Falls, Mont. The suggestive part of the story, remarks the Catholic Universe, is that until the Catholic Universe, is that until the priest began to instruct him the young brigand had never heard that there was a God. He had been to school, too. Marienbad, in Austria, where King

Edward takes his annual "cure," is the

property of the Canons Regular Premon-stratensian, and the Right Rev. Abbot Gilbert Helmen, Abbot of Tepl, is the

proprietor of the famous springs. The Lord Abbot, who always receives King Edward on his arrival, is a personal friend of His Majesty who, during his stay in Marienbad, visits the Abbey of Tepl regularly. St. John's church, Kilkenny, Ireland, a \$200,000 edifice erected by Mr. Thos. O'Loughlin, an Irish-Australian, was recently dedicated. Mr. O'Loughlin formerly resided a few miles from Kilkenny, where he occupied a farm. Some years ago he and his family inherited the vast wealth of Mr. Martin O'Lough-

about half a century ago, and made a huge fortune there. October 10 saw the celebration at the Oratory, Brompton, England, of the golden jubilee of the oldest Oratorian in the person of the Rev. K. D. Best. Father Best is the last surviving novice of Father Faber. Speaking of the event, The Tablet said that Father Best has left all the said that Father Best. has left a large mark in Catholic litera-ture, sermons and poems following one another year by year, and adds that it would not be fitting that such a life as this should pass without suitable recog-

lin, an uncle, who emigrated to Australia

A group of notable missionary workers of Northwest Canada met a few days ago at the Oblate Mission house, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, preparatory to departing for France. Among the group was Father Lacombe, the oldest living mis-Powell, Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford, summed up his judgment on the same matter; "The whole story of the Scottish Reformation, hatched in purchased treason and outrageous intolerance, carried out to the same in the first is mortined; and it is mortin

CHILDREN OF DESTINY.

A Novel by William J. Fischer. ther of "Songs by the Wayside," "Winona Other Stories," "The Toiler," "The

Years' Between

CHAPTER XVI.

IN TEMPTATION'S WAY. The occupants at Bleur House were delighted over the arrival of Gracia.

The child took kindly to its new home and surroundings, and everybody in the place from Aunt Hawkins to Matt Pensy felt quite an affection for the newly arrived stranger. For the present the little one was the chief attraction at the

Gravenor's.

"She is a perfect little dear," Aunt
Hawkins said to Muriel on the evening
of their arrival. "And such a pretty
name—Gracia! It reminds one of the
birds and flowers and all things beautiful. But what strange fancy possessed Arthur to bring the child home with

The little thing," said Muriel, " was "The little thing," said Muriel, "was without father or mother and the woman who had charge of the child one day complained bitterly to Arthur. She said she did not know what would happen Gracia. The woman was poor and her heart seemed to long for a comfortable home for the little one. So Arthur took pity and adopted her."

"I am glad he did," said the warmhearted Mrs. Hawkins, "The coming of the child, I am sure, will infuse a new life into Bleur House and, let me hope, into Arthur's heart. By the way, Muriel, I think he looks dreadful. Dr. Cascada only in ure results.

Cascada only inquired yesterday as to his condition. I am afraid he will be sur-

prised when he sees him."

"Arthur has not been well at all,
Auntie. The Place O'Pines did not
seem to agree with him and he begged—
fairly begged to return to Kempton.
Going, he spoke of that Mazie Rawlins' affair continually until I rebuked him.

At the island he never again alluded to it, but I could see that there were heavy thoughts on his mind. I am afraid, Auntie, he will never be well again."

I, too, feel that the worst will come I am so glad you are home again. house did seem very lonely. We

missed you all so much."

"I am sure the house did seem empty, Auntie. Do you know the Place O'Pines is a beautiful spot. Kitty and I were delighted with it. Nothing but water, sky, trees, flowers and sunshine. It seems funny leaving such a warm, summery place to find winter reigning here Yes, there has been a goodly amount

of snow and fine sleighing."
For hours Aunt Hawkins listened to Muriel's description of her trip to the

"Midnight—and Arthur not home yet," exclaimed Muriel as she rose from her chair. "Where did he go this even-

Down to the mill," answered Mrs. Hawkins. "The manager wanted to see him on important business. He tele-phoned for him in the early part of the

expressed the wish that the manager advertise as soon as possible that the mill was for sale, the latter hardly knew

what to say.

"Surely you are not in earnest Mr
Gravenor?" he said, overcome with sur-Gravenor?" he said, overcome with sur-prise. "You surely don't want to sell the mill now that profits show such an

enormous increase."
"I meant what I said. The mill must I am not well and intend taking rest. Place that advertisement in the Daily Chronicle to-morrow so that it

will appear in the evening edition."
"This place haunts me," Arthur mused to himself as he turned the key mused to himself as he turned the key in the old mild door, some hours later after the manager had left. "I seem to see Lawrence and Mazie Lescot's faces wherever I go. Ever since I left the Place O'Pines I can hear their voices accusing me of crime and God knows I am guilty enough. Why did I steal Gracia? It was cruel, heartless to rob that woman of her child. I must make me. The child must be restored to its She shall not suffer any But how am I to go about it? longer. But how am I to go about it?
God—oh, my God! show me the way—
show me the way!"
Like a man, whose soul is lashed by

despair, sobbing, he stumbled down the steps and made for the open street. A bright moon was shining in the cry-

stal sky above, and through the fallen snow Arthur Gravenor wended his lonely way. Kempton was asleep, nestling sweetly under her snowy blankets. Everything was white—blessed with the beautiful garb of innocence. Arthur could not help thinking of his own soul, now blackened with sin and shame. How he longed that things might have been otherwise! The moment he had set his foot upon that outgoing ship at the Place O'Pines, the stolen child in his trembling arms, his sin had stood before him glaring, accusing him. He could not banish it. It followed him wherever he went like some dread ghost, haunting his restless brain and shadowing life's sky with clouds of dread. For two hours he had sat in his office

chair at the mill attempting to curb his thoughts, but it was useless. It was too late! too late! Upon his soul's shore the waves were piling up the driftwood that spoke of lost hopes, broken hearts

and ruined lives.

Presently he reached the river's bank. The water was not frozen at this partic ular spot, but was quite deep. The stream was still as death. For a moment he stared into the depths that reflected the midnight skies. An almost uncontrollable desire took possession of his soul—a desire took possession of his soul—a desire to put an end to all his suffering and misery. He paused for a moment. Then his feet slipped down the embankment and he was ready to throw himself into the cold water, when lo! he seemed to hear his mother's warning voice calling out to him through the " Arthur! Arthur! Remember

was sold. Thus the property drifted out of the hands of the Gravenors, and a substantial amount was placed to their redit in their already generous bank

"I am glad the mill is sold," Muriel "I am glad the mill is soid, Muriet remarked to Aunt Hawkins. "In his present state Authur could never have managed it satisfactorily. Besides, Dr. Cascada thinks it a move in the right direction. He feels that Arthur should not have any business worries to con-tend with. Perhaps his mind will now

ecome rested."

New Year's Eve arrived in due time-New Year's Eve arrived in due time—that ble-sed time, when souls expand in the fullness of newly found joy and the mind feels refreshed to know that a new era of happiness is about to dawn upon poor, suffering humanity! What satisfaction to feel that the heart is about to throw off its soiled garments like a child—the trials, cares and sufferings of the days that are gone, to emerge in a second sufferings of the days that are gone, to emerge in the days that are gone, to emerge in a second sufferings of the days that are gone, to emerge in the days that are gone and the days that are gone are gone as the days that are gone as the gone as the days that are gone as the days that are gone as the gone child—the trials, cares and sunerings of the days that are gone—to emerge in a garment of dazzling brightness and beauty upon which Hope has set many a sparkling jewel and Love many a silken bow! What satisfaction to feel that one's eyes are again set upon the New Year—blessed future that harbors many

a golden dream, many a cherished sacri-fice and many a noble happiness!

It was to be an evening of special interest to the occupants of Bleur House. Fully a hundred guests had House. Fully a hundred guests had been invited to enjoy the warm-hearted hospitality of the Gravenors. All day Muriel and Kitty had been busy festooning the halls and rooms with holly and mistletoe. Matt Pensy, too, that genial-hearted soul, had given them full con-

hearted soul, nau given trol of the conservatory.

"You may have all the flowers an' plants you wish, Muriel," he said to the girl early in the day. "Now who coul refuse you with your kindway o' askin' Where's Gracia, the darlin'?"

"Here she comes," cried Muriel.
"Gracia! Gracia!" "I'm tummin' mama," came the child-

ish voice.

Presently the little one, all bundled ap, hurried over to Muriel. Then catching hold of the latter's apron strings she played "hide and seek" with Matt. "Ah, you little lump o' sweetness," the gardener exclaimed. "Now I see

A burst of laughter came from the child's lips, clear and sweet, as the song

"Ou tant tatch me, untle," called the little one as she stumbled down the

narrow snow path.

A few steps and Matt Pensy held Gracia in his arms, kissing her cheeks enderly.
"There now Muriel, I'll take Gracia

into the conservatory with me. It's nice an' warm in there for the little thing." "Dood-bye, mama—dood-bye!"
Then the little plump hand stole to
the child's lips and she waved a parting

By evening everything was in readiness for the New Year's party and, in her heart, Muriel hoped that the meet-ing of old friends and the rehearsing of scenes of yore would surely help to gladden her brother's heart. By 8 o'clock the guests began to arrive and when another hour had passed, the rooms echoed with the sound of merry voices. Only the most intimate friends of the Gravenors were there—men and women whose prestige counted for much in the various social circles of Kempton. A few of the friends of Muriel's parents, now white with the years, also came to help gladden the rooms wherein they had sat and celebrated many a time in

children in the long, moist grass.

Arthur sat at his table in his room upstairs looking over the day's mail. He was desirous of doing this before be-taking himself to the rooms below, now riotous with laughter. He did not fancy all this display just then. music and the busy voices stealing from the hall below irritated him. He wished himself thousands of miles away from all such scenes of gaiety. In his heart he such scenes of gatety. In his heart he was wondering what the New Year would bring Mazie. Certainly not happiness, heart-satisfaction or peace. Ah, no—despair! A despair, dark as a moonless, starless night. And as he sat there his heart trembled now that the New Year stood on the threshold, her golden cup filled with promises to the

Suddenly a child's voice sounded in the hall outside and in a moment Graci entered, a playful smile upon her lovely

"Poor, little wayside-rose! gift of heaven!" he murmured as he stroked her long, silken curls tenderly, "fresh blossoming rose with all its leafy hopes yet unfolded! What right had I to pluck you? I know that a certain garden beyond the sea is lonely now that you are no longer there. But you will return some day-some day, child

He took the little one in his arms and held her to his breast, in a fatherly and

loving way.

Arthur had devised a plan whereby he might restore the child to that break-ing mother-heart at the Place O' Pines, and that at the earliest opportunity. For a few moments his eyes wandered over a letter, referring to several business details. Presently the child moved about excitedly, calling: "Mama — mama! dere's mama."

Arthur looked and noticed that Gracia vas pointing to a picture on the desk

in front of him. your God, and what becomes of those who wilfully take their life into their own hands! Remember! Remember!

He sprang from the river's edge suddealy frightened by the terrible deed picture into the fire. Then somewhat

which he had thought of committing. This was the second time in his life he had been saved from utter ruin.
Gladly he turned his face toward the city and hurried in the direction of Bleur House.

CHAPTER XVII.
THE HEART SPEAKS TOO LATE.
One week later the large lumber mill one week later the large stream of the desk. He picked them up excitedly the desk. He picked them up excitedly the last letters, but this was not his hand-writing. He opened it, and several newspaper-clippings fell to the desk. He picked them up excitedly the last letters.

as his eyes scanned the strange little note accompanying them—

"The secret is my very own," the letter read. "It shall never be revealed. Depend upon it! The detectives are foiled. We are safe. MAD NANCE."

Arthur was surprised that Mad Nanc should have discovered his identity. He did not know, however, that she had

He did not know, however, that she had read his name upon his purse the evening he visited her.

"What does this all mean?" he gasped, his face showing a death-like pallor. The child had in the meantime fallen asleep in his arms. Again his eyes stole to the newspaper clippings. Two referred to the supposed murder in the Lescot cottage and the fruitless searches of the detectives; the other to Mazie's tragic death. tragic death.

tragic death.

Eagerly his eyes wandered over the printed lines. They described Mazie's homecoming, the finding of the little cross, the calling of the neighbors to the seene of the murder, the long dreary day and the finding of the woman's body next morning, with the sleeping son clinging to her breast.

"It's terrible!—terrible!" he moaned.

"Great God—be merciful. This is punishment enough. Mazie is dead!
Oh, it cannot be!"

For a brief moment he raised his

Oh, it cannot be!"

For a brief moment he raised his hands and covered his eyes as if to shut out the appalling vision. Then he looked upon Gracia, happy child sleeping awards in his arms. ing sweetly in his arms.
"Too late! too late!" he sobbed as his

head sank upon the desk.

A moment later he rose, laid the sleeping Gracia upon his bed and dried his ing Gracia upon his bed and dried his tears. Then, aimlessly, he wandered out of the room. The sound of music and the chattering voices again filled his ears. This time they found in his

heart a new sorrow.

What was he to do? Was he to join his friends below now that a fresh crushing blow had almost smitten him? He paused a moment at the staircase.

"For Muriel's sake, I'll go," he whispered. "I shall keep my

A moment later he stepped into the place of mirth and, for a while at least tried to smother his heart's feelings.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE PLACE OF MIRTH. Arthur moved nervously through th brilliantly-lighted drawing room, shaking hands on all sides as he went. He tried to return the smiles showered upon him, but his were forced. How could it be otherwise? Now that the distressing news of Mazie's tragic death was still so fresh in his mind he was sorely troubled. He could not help thinking he was responsible for it all, and his conscience repeated its accusations. His friends seemed glad to see him, yet they could not help noticing that his health had failed perceptibly.

Dr. Cascada and Mrs. Hawkins were

seated in the far corner engaged

seated in the far corner engaged in earnest conversation.

"Ah, there comes Atrhur," exclaimed the genial doctor. "I have not seen him for a few days."

"Yes, the poor fellow is to be pitied," observed Mrs. Hawkins. "What do you think of him? There are more reasons than one why I should like to know. So mank higher dector!"

than one why I should like to know. Speak plainly, doctor!"
"To be plain with you then, Mrs.
Hawkins, I think Arthur will never be well again. His mental symptoms are growing worse. He is now beginning to have fixed delusions, and I think you

"It will now take very little to turn

his mind-poor fellow! Presently Arthur and Muriel met The latter looked charming in a silken ace gown of rare design, a red ros fastened carelessly in her hair.

"You look stunning to-night my sweet," Arthur said as he laid his hand weet," Arthur said as ne natural apon her drooping shoulders.
"Of course, you recognize my new "Of course, you recognize my new remarked proudly. "I am gown," she remarked proudly. "I am glad you like it. Is not this a charming

evening, brother? Look at all the merry guests assembled here—and all our good friends too." Arthur's eyes stole around the room "It is all very delightful," he said.

He was on the verge of telling his sister of Mazie's death, but something held him back.

"No, she must not know the truth," he whispered to himself

At that moment a matronly looking woman came over to Muriel and whispered something into her ears and departed.

"Mrs. Castles." Muriel remarked

"Mrs. Castles, Muriei remarked, "came over, Arthur and expressed the wish that you sing something. She says many of the guests will be delighted." "Ah, sister, do not ask me to sing," ne pleaded.

"Please sing, do Arthur—just a little bit of something to satisfy them." Arthur Gravenor was known to the city as the possessor of a fine tenor voice. He had often been heard on the concert platform, but recently his name had appeared on the programmes.

'Very well, Muriel, I shall sing for

them. It seems so long since I sang, hardly know how it will go." "What shall it be, Arthur?"

"Let's try "The Heart Bowed Down rom" The Bohemian Girl." The words seemed to suit Arthur's state of mind, and he knew he could do the song full justice. Instantly the words echoed through his brain :

"The heart bow'd down by weight of woe,
To weakest hopes will cling;
To thought and impulse while they flow,
That can no comfort bring—
With flowe exciting seenes will blend
Oer pleasure's pathway thrown
But Memory is the only friend
That gree can call its own—"

Then he repeated loudly-"But Memory is the only friend That grief can call its own Pretty words Muriel, aren't they

"Pretty words Muriel, aren't they?
Shall I sing the song?"
"Let us choose something livelier.
The words and music are so sad."
"Very well. What shall it be?"
Muriel hesitated a moment.
"Let me see," she said. "Ah yes, I have it. Sing Liza Lehman's "At the Making of the Hay." It is full of life and feeling and seems to suit your voice admirably."

dmirably."

Arthur hardly felt equal to the task The song was so lively and cheerful and he could not reconcile his present feel-ings to the words. However, he de-cided to try.

Muriel seated herself at the piano

and Arthur stood at her side and faced the audience. Suddenly the voices around ceased and Arthur's strong, nanly tenor sounded through the roo full of tenderness and sympathy-

When the whip-poor-wills are calling,

When Arthur had finished his song he was greeted with rounds of applause. His rich voice had shown off to good advantage and he had put the necessary

vantage and ne had put the necessary dash and spirit into his enunciation.

"I can hardly understand how I finished the song," he mused within himself. "It seems cruel to sing such a song when my heart is weighed down by sorrow. I am sure they must have detacted it in my rates." tected it in my voice."

To satisfy himself he turned to Muriel

when she rose from the piano and asked: "How was it, sister?"
"Beautifully sang, my dear. To me it seemed as if Prescati was singing. It was all so artistic—so clear and beauti-ful and the words came with such feel-

"It seems strange," Arthur thought, that I should have interpreted the song properly. The harvest fields with their ragrance and song were far away. M iragrance and song were far away. My thoughts were elsewhere. They stole into a little cottage miles from here where silence reigned. There I saw a woman's face—Mazie's—cold in death, look up at me from a bed of roses. Oh! t was terrible—terrible!

It was terrible—terrible!"

That night when all the excitement had subsided and the last guest had wandered home, Arthur seated himself at his desk. His mind seemed busy, his forehead wrinkled and he stared into

space. Suddenly he wrote hurried lines to Mad Nance. "I wonder what became of Mazie "I wonder what became of Mazie Rawlins' boy?" he asked himself. "The little fellow must be cared for. He shall not be left alone in the world. I am writing Mad Nance. I hope she will be able to give me news of him."

When he had finished writing his eyes stole to the bed, but Gracia was not there. Kitty had placed her in her crib sometime previously and now the little one was dreaming of fairy princes.

"The poor, little motherless darling," he moaned, "and all through me!"

Then his head sank upon the desk and

The book, "and all through me!"
Then his head sank upon the desk and he sobbed like a child. Genuine sorrow for the wrong he had done had stolen into his heart and found a welcome.

CHAPTER XIX.

DEATH THE DELIVERER. One day Arthur wrote a letter spend-

ing considerable time over it. "I think that will do," was all he said as he sealed the envelope. Then he address

To Miss Gracia Gravenor To be opened On her Twentieth Birthday.

"She is only a child now," he mused "but some day she will grow into a woman." When the letter was safely housed in a little iron casket in the family vault Arthur gave a sigh of re-lief. "Thank God it is written. I feel somewhat easier now," he said thought-

During the weeks that followed the news of Mazie Lescot's demise Arthur suffered keenly the slow, gnawing pain of a disturbed and tortured mind. His appetite failed. He spent sleepless nights and worried incessantly. In a short time he was only a shadow of his ormer self. Murielclung to the faint est hope until the last, and then her heart sank. Of a mild, quiet nature, Arthur now experienced regular periods of mental excitement.

It was during one of these attacks, in the midst of a cold night in February that Arthur left his room. The wind piled up the snow in drifts and the air was cold and stormy. Roused out of his sleep he had imagined that some evil spirits were after him, driving him to is death. He could stand the haunt ing voices no longer, and he jumped out of bed, threw his heavy dressing-gown of bed, threw his heavy dressing-gown over his shoulders and went bare-footed into the cold, wintry street. Two hours later Matt Pensy and Muriel found him sitting on one of the garden benches almost frozen. Several days later he was taken down with a severe illness The young millionaire was never to rise from his bed again. Pneumonia of a very virulent type set in and, though the patient passed the crisis successfully, a heart complication put an end to the life that flickered so feebly.

All the occupants of Bleur House spent some time with the dying man on that leat and day.

spent some time with the dying man on that last sadday. Matt Pensy and Kitty were heart broken. The priest called in the early morning, and, gentle man of God, helped to direct the trembling soul along the thorny paths, in the joy-ous dawn of eternal life. On his deathbed Arthur Cravenor made his peace with God.

When the priest left the dying man the latter called Muriel to his bed-side.

"Go to the vault," the directed feebly, and bring me the little casket. I have in a moment Muriel returned.

"Open it, sister, please!"

She did as requested.
"There you will find my last will and

testament," he proceded in the feeblest whisper. Speaking seemed an effort. It made him very breathless. "And

here," picking up a sealed envelope, "is a letter addressed to Gracia. Read it to her on her twentieth birthday: Don't forget sister, dear, it is very important. Be good to Gracia for my sake. Mnriel, I die happy. Forgive me all the crosses I have placed upon your shoulders. Death will be very sweet when it comes, for I know God has forgiven my offences, and they were many."

many."
When the end came peacefully and quietly. Arthur stretched out his wasted thin hand and had a smile and a kind word of parting for Muriel and Aunt Hawkins who, broken-hearted and sob-bing, had watched at his bedside all day

long.

He closed his eyes for a moment.

He closed his eyes for a moment. Then they opened widely.

"The child," he gasped. "Gracia! Where—is—she?—Let—me—kiss—her—again—before—I—go."

Muriel, weeping bitterly, lifted Gracia to him. The child's lips met his for an instant, and he smiled the smile

of peace.
"My—little—wayside—rose—good bye!" the thin voice gasped.
Then the struggle was over. The great deliverer had come.

CHAPTER XX.

GRACIA GRAVENOR. GRACIA GRAVENOR.

Sixteen years passed. Gracia Gravenor was now a charming young girl of nineteen and sole possessor of the Gravenor wealth. She and Aunt Hawkins had Bleur House all to themselves. Muriel, feeling that she had a vocation, had entered a convent ten years after her brother's death, having waited patiently until Gracia had grown into girlhood. Gracia and Muriel, now known to the world as Sister Benita, met frequently. St. Agatha's—the home of known to the world as sister Bellin, including frequently. St. Agatha's—the home of the community which Muriel had joined was only five blocks from Bleur House. was only five blocks from Bleur House. To the young girl the nun really was a second mother. In fact she was the only mother Gracia had ever known. When the heart felt heavy and needed directing it was to St. Agatha's she went, and she generally felt the better for her visit.

for her visit.

One morning Gracia and Aunt Hawkins loitered carelessly in the flower
garden. The latter looked very old with the weight of her three score years and ten, and her face showed the same graceful, pleasant smile. Her shoulders were bent and she tottered as she walked, but the trusty cane in her trembling hand helped her along the well-kept garden walk.

It was one of spring's most tranquil days. The air was warm and the sun-beams wandered from their mother's lap in the skies like happy-hearted children, blithe and gay. The trees were loaded with snowy white blossoms and the grass was pushing green through the wet earth. There was activity on all sides. The awakening had come, heralded by gentle, whispering breezes. Mother Earth was busy at her loom

Mother Earth was busy at her loom weaving tapestries of green, and white and yellow and gold for the palaces of the king—the summer that even then was speeding across the eastern hills.

"Ah," tis a glorious morning, Gracia," remarked the aged Aunt, "a morning worth living for. My thoughts are stealing to the poets who revel over God's own out-of-doors, when spring-time glows on valley, mountain and meadow. Listen! sweet lines are on my lips my lips-

"Warble me now, for joy of lilac-time, Sort me, O tongue and lips, for Nature's sake, at sweet life's sake—and death's the same as life Souvenirs of earliest summer—bird's eggs and t first berries;

first berries;
Gather the welcome signs (as children, with pebbles, on stringing shells;)
Put in April and May—the hylas croaking in the

vapor, Spiritual, airy insects, humming on gossamer Shimmer of waters with fish in them—the ceru-

Shimmer of waters with fish in them—the ceru-tean above; All that is jocund and sparkling—the brooks running.
The maple woods, the crisp Februray days and the sugar-making:

the sugar-making;
The robin, where he hops, bright-eyed, brown-breasted,
With imusical clear call at sunrise, and again at among the trees of the apple-orchard Or fitting among the trees of the apple building the nest of his mate; The melted snow of March—the willow forth its yellow-green sprouts: For Spring-time is here!"

"What a beautiful description," tiful description," re-"so picturesque and marked Gracia, Wordsworthian."

"Wordsworth was a great poet but do surpass him."

Aunt Hawkins was a great lover of the poets. She read them assiduously

and memorized easily.

They walked on a few steps arm in arm, chatting briskly, for joy was in

their hearts. Presently through the bushes a voice sounded distinctly. The women stood still and listened eagerly—

"I went a-hunting on the pla

"It is Matt," whispered Gracia.

"The poor old soul is always jolly. Come, let us see what he is doing!" And together they went in the direc-Presently they met the gay old gardener face to face. "The top o' the morning to you both!"

e said heartily. "That was a fine song you sang just a moment ago," remarked Aunt Hawkins smilingly.

"Ah, yes, yes—no' bad at all, Aun ie," he laughed loudly. "Do you know me old schoolmaster taught me that over in the old log school-house when I was a wee sprig o' a lad. Ah! 'twas glorious—the sound o' his voice an' the fiddle in between! How the whole countryside sat around him those cool, quiet evenin's! But it's glad I am to see you out this fine mornin'

"What are you doing, Matt?" aske Mrs. Hawkins.
"Workin' about me flower-beds. See "Workin' about me flower-beds. See! the violets are already stickin' up their blue heads," he exclaimed as he pointed to a bed of them nearby.

"Are they not lovely," observed Gracia. "By the way, Matt, when did you rise this morning?"

"Oh, quite early darlin'. I was up with the hirds just ag the sup ween

with the birds just as the sun was "No, child. You can stickin' his head over the garden wall. your parents were dead."

I suppose it might ha' been about four by the clock."
"So early?" Gracia asked. "I think

"So early?" Gracia asked. "I think you are killing yourself. You are getting old, and you should sleep until sev. n."
"Goodness, child!" he interrupted, sleep till seven when the birds are callin an' the sunbeams are out o' bed an' the winds are knockin' at me windows? No, no! I cannot do it. I like to be out in the open in those early hours an' feel the wet grass squeak under me boots. When the dawn breaks then God seems to be around. It is all so quiet an' I often think I hear His footsteps on the grass. Some day, Mrs. so quiet an' I often think I hear His foot-steps on the grass. Some day, Mrs, Hawkins," he added sadly, "He will be comin' for us, but I do hope He will let me see summer in me garden once more. After that I don't care when the call

comes. Matt Pensy will be glad to go
—home."

"You should not speak so gloomily;"
said Gracia. "We do not want to lose

you yet."

"But won't you sit down on the bench here?" the gardener asked kindly. "am sure, Mrs. Hawkins, you are tire standin'.'

standin'."
The two sat down upon the bench and Matt continued: "By the way it was just a mornin' like this when Muriel—God bless her—came to this very spot fifteen years ago to bid me good-byc. She looked so pretty that mornin' as she sat there on the beach—just like a she sat there on the besch has like opener soul gazin' through the gates o heaven. And O ! how I hated that she should leave the old home forever! I touched me heart sorely. She told me she had come out to take a long last look at the garden before leavin' for the conat the garden before leaving for the convent. There were tears in her eyes an' she wept like a child. But she was happy an' willin' to make the sacrifice. She said God needed her elsewhere—the little saint! She was too good for

the world."

"When did you see her last?" ques

"When did you see her last?" questioned Aunt Hawkins.

"Oh, I was just over at St. Agatha's a few days ago. I brought her some roses for the chapel an' she seemed so pleased. An' how sweet she looked in her neat white an' black habit, so good and innocent-like! She was busy paintin' some wonderful picture. By Jiminy! I tell you Sister Benita is one o' the

smartest women in the world." smartest women in the world."
"Well done, Matt. You spoke the
truth," remarked Gracia. "Sister
Benita is just a perfect dear." Gracia
really meant what she said. To her the
nun was the embodiment of all goodness

and perfection.
"The flowers are thirsty," Matt said get.dy, "an' I guess I'll have to give them some fresh water!" And pail in hand, he wandered down the garden path, singing loudly-

"I went a-hunting on the plains BIE The plains o' Timbuctoo—"

When the last word had died away Gracia busied herself with her pencil. "What are you going to sketch, dear?" Aunt Hawkins asked as she

opened a copy of Tennyson on her lan. opened a copy of Tennyson on her lap.

"I want to paint a picture of the garden," she answered. "It is such a pretty spot in the sprinctime, with the bright blue sky showing above the cedars and hemlocks."

"The picture will not be complete without Matt, Gracia. He is the soul

f the place."
"Certainly Auntie, Matt must not be

forgotten. I shall sketch him when he returns. I would like to catch him bending over the flowers. He looks so thoughtful—just as if the little things were whispering some message to him."
Gracia had developed into a promising young artist. The most exacting art connoisseurs praised her work. During the past six months she had been During the past six months she had been studying with Jerome Chelsea—the noted young European artist of wide repute, who had come to Kempton but a year before. Pupil and teacher were fast friends. A strong, mutual liking seemed to have drawn toget er the bonds of a noble friendship.—The burner with bench were silent—Greeta burn with

bench were silent—Gracia, busy with pencil and paper, and Mrs. Hawkins, deeply interested in her book.

"There now, the sketch is completed," Gracia exclaimed with a certain air of satisfaction as she held the paper to her eyes. "I just happened to catch Matt as I wanted him."

"It's beautiful, beautiful, child!" observed the aged woman. "There's Matt, just as real as life, stooping over the flower-beds, the tall bushes and part of the straggling fence behind, and, in the

distance, the spreading cedars and the flecks of sky. Still farther off I see the belfry of St. Agatha's. It is beautiful, child. I can hardly wait until I see the water-color."

Matt passed, spade in hand, to begin hand, to be his work in another part of the garden-"Come here, Matt," Gracia called girlishly. " and see what I have done.

The old gardener came over, blushing faintly.

"Well, well, me girl, so you're takin' to drawin' pictures o' this old pile o' bones," he laughed tenderly. "When the picture's done tenderly. "will find a home on one of 'm sure it will find a home on one of them big galleries in Paris. The dear old garden! I know I shall miss the place when I am gone. I have spent the gladdest years o' my life here an' me gladdest years o' my life here an' me heart aches when I think o' the hour o' partin. But here's to you, girl o' me heart, may your love for the beautiful things o' this grand, old earth continue, an' may God bless you!"

With these words MattPensy wandered

off, a light of gladness shining in his clear eyes.

A tolling bell, afar off, sent a shudder

through the quiet, morning air.
"I don't like the sound of that bell," Gracia said sadly. "It makes me feel ill at ease. It reminds me of the morning we

laid Arthur to rest," Mrs. Hawkins remarked, a few tears gathering in her eyes,
"Poor uncle! I cannot remember

him at all," murmured Gracia.
old was I when he died."
"Just three, dear." "Oh, I was too young then to remember. By the way, auntie, I have often wondered what mama and papa looked like. Did you ever see them?"

"No, child. You came to us when

ut four I think

p until rupted. o' bed

I like squeak h breaks

y, Mrs. ill let me ce more lad to go

he bench idly. " I ench and Muriel-

nornin' as ast like a gates o' told me r the coner eyes an't she was sacrifice. sewhere

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. Agatha'e seemed so looked in it, so good busy paint-By Jiminy! one o' the

Sister e." Gracia ill goodness

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be complete must not be

catch him little things to a promisost exacting she had been

Kempton but teacher were outual liking oget'er the women on the

a, busy with irs. Hawkins, s completed," certain air of paper to her to catch Matt

l, child !" ob-There's Matt, ping over the es and part of d. and, in the edars and the t is beautiful.

hand, to begin of the garde Gracia called I have done. over, blushing

he laughed picture's done ome on one of ris. The dear, shall miss the have spent the fe here an' me k o' the hour o' earth continue,

shining in his sent a shudder ng air. sound of that

ensy wandered

"It makes me he morning we

rs. Hawkins re-

Gracia.

then to rememie, I have often nd papa looked them ?"

me to us when

A little sigh escaped Gracia's lips.

"Was I left all alone in the world then?" continued Gracia, a strange feeling stealing into her heart.

Mrs. Hawkins was not desirous of an swering any further questions lest Gracia might learn of her adoption from Gracia might tearn of her adoption from the poor woman at the Place O' Pines. Up to the present she believed berself a relative of the Gravenors, and it was well that she should continue thinking Just then Matt returned, holding

Just then Matt returned, headed letter in his hand.

"Here's somethin' for you, me girl," he chuckled, addressing Gracia—" a nice gentleman's handlittle letter, in a gentleman's handwritin' with the smell o' violets elingin Then he passed on, the faintest

twinkle of a smile in his eyes.

Quickly Gracia opened the envelope and the odor of spring violets rose from the little missive.

"From Jerome Chelsea!" she whis-

"From Jerome Cheisea!" she whispered to herself gladly.
When she had finished reading the letter she gazed at Aunt Hawkins. The dear, old woman was still deeply interested in Teanyson. She had not taken particular notice of the letter, and the

rl was glad. The next moment Gracia raised the scented letter to her lips and kissed it tenderly—a look of ineffable sweetness upon her upturned face, flower-like it in its fragile loveliness.

TO BE CONTINUED.

FROM THE FLAMES.

Father James Dawson stood in the chapel of a Franciscan convent in a hillside town in Italy, gazing round him with appreciative eyes. His tastes were artistic and he had cultivated them during his studies for the priesthood at orth American College in Rome but of late years-in his strenuous life in New York laboring for souls—the beauties of Italian art and architecture had only now and then visited him in hi

And this little chapel was a gem The delicate tints of the frescoed walls, which gleamed out in the unfaded loveliness, had been laid thereon by the master hand of Perguino, and the ancient oak stalls of the choir, dating from a very remote century, were, in their intricate carving, each and individually a thing of beauty. It was the early dawn of an August morning and as soon as the convent clock had struck the appointed hour Father Dawson was going to say Mass. He had arrived the previous evening at the quaint old town and, having a great devotion to the eminently sympathetic saint of Assisi, he had asked permission to say his Mass in the friar's chapel. The atmosphere of the place attracted him strongly as he stood there waiting for the sacristan

He was a man who was peculiarly susceptible to atmosphere—a man in whose nature lurked a vein of spirituality, to whom things supernatural were of far more account than things material—an attribute which, though it reads like a paradox, is often lacking in the priestly character. The modernism of the present day seemed like a dream to him in that secluded spot, miles from a railway and still farther from everything connected with that which we call progres It was medieval in its everyday exist ence and surroundings, and the young American priest felt as though he, too, were medieval and part of the picture, quite in harmony with his environment

Presently he began to wonder vaguely for what intention he should offer up his Mass that morning, and as his thoughts turned to those who had specially begged his prayers, he was startled by the sudden sound of a long-drawn sigh. He looked hastily in the direction from whence it came. Surely the choir had been empty when he first entered the chapel, but now—or was his imagination running away with him ?—he could see the outlines of a figure kneeling in a stall. He looked more closely, for certainly no one had been there a short time ago and he had heard no one come in. Yes, it was the figure of a friar in the brown habit of St. Francis, and as Father Dawson gazed at him, slightly taken aback by his unlooked for appearance on the scene, he heard, breathed rather than spoken, this fervent peti-

"Say Mass for me, my Father, I be

seech of you! The words were murmured in soft. liquid Italian, and the priest gave an in-

voluntary start.
"Why, this is telepathy and no mistake," he said to himself. "Why, he read my thoughts off like a book!" "Certainly I will do so," he replied aloud in Italian, and the kneeling figure raised his head and fixed a pair of mourn-

ful dark eyes upon him.
"I thank you, my Father," he said, still in that same low, murmuring voice "From my heart I thank you."

The face which he now saw was one which impressed itself indelibly upor Father Dawson's memory. The eyes were deeply set and overhung with thick black eyebrows and in their depths was an expression of sorrow which he had never witnessed in those of any human being. It was as though some interior intolerable agony were wasting his very soul, and Father Dawson realized intuitively that its cause lay in a mental and not a merely bodily torture. The features were strongly marked and the firmly moulded spoke of a dominant will and the

power to rule. Then the sacristan, returning, lit the his Mass. A few women with gail; colored handkerchiefs on their heads came into the chapel and one or two old men knelt in corners, telling their beads but there was only one amongst that small congregation who made any impression on the celebrant at the altar and that was the friar in the oaken stall He glanced in his direction as, Mass over, he returned to the sacristy, but he had gone, and an irrational feeling of disappointment pervaded his mind as he made his thanksgiving. There had been something magnetic in that pale, emaciated face and those sorrowful eyes, he American felt that he we have found pleasure in cultivating his acquaintance. He was also not a little curious as to what deep, abiding spot irksome at times."

grief could have stamped that expression on the Franciscan's features, for, as a rule, a placid contentment seems the prevailing characteristic of those who have left all to follow in the pathway of

the Cross.

He consoled himself, however, by the reflection that friars had offered him hospitality and promised to show him over the convent, and that therefore it was highly probable that he would have an opportunity of speaking to that special member of the community to whom he felt so unaccountably attract-

As soon as his thanksgiving was at an end, the sacristan conducted him to the convent parlor, where he was welcomed superior, a grave, ascetic man by the superior, a grave, assembly lit with a rare smile, which occasionally lit up his face into sudden radiance. When he had provided his guest with coffee he led him through the spacious corrido of the old convent, pointing out special objects of interest here and there.

There was a picturesque well in the cloisters surrounded by orange trees, and some snowy pigeons were preening them-selves and cooing in the brilliant sunshine. The American priest paused, his keen gray eyes alight with admiration. "How peaceful it all is!" he ex-claimed. "How apart from the world!

You are very lucky to be here, Padre "It would not please you for long, I think," remarked the friar, with a shrewd glance at his visitor. "It is as a contrast you are attracted to it, but you would very soon miss the stress and strain of outside efficience with the stress and strain of outside efficience with the stress and strain of outside efficience with the stress and the stress and outside efficie

"Never," he said decidedly. "I had enough of the world in my youth, and I am thankful to be removed from its turnoil, but there are some of our friars who think differently. There was one—" He broke off abruptly and turned away to pluck a dry leaf from an orange

"Oh, that reminds me," began Father econd, wondering himself why he should have been so suddenly and irresistibly reminded of the friar who had begged or his Mass, "One of your brothe was in choir just now when I was saying Mass, and his face attracted me tremendously. I should like to speak to him, i

I may?"
"Oh, certainly. Perhaps it was Fra Antonio; he was to say Mass when you and said yours,"
"What is he like?" demanded Father

Dawson eagerly.
"Short and rather stout, with gray nair. Was that the one you saw?

"Oh, no," returned the priest prompt-ly. "The man I mean was tall and slight, with dark hair, just beginning to

slight, with dark hair, just beginning to turn gray, and a very sad expression."

The superior looked at him with an amused gleam in his eyes. "That does not sound like any of our brothers," he said. "I did not know you were so romantic in America !" "But he did look sad," said Father Dawson, with a faint trace of irritation in his tone. The idea that this Italian friar was laughing at him did not appeal

o him at all. "I never saw any one beore who seemed so thoroughly unhappy," he added with conviction.

The superior remained unmoved by

his harrowing description. "It may possibly have been Fra Geronimo," he said dubiously, "but I do not think he would have been there at that our. He has been suffering lately from toothache," he continued dryly, "so per-haps that would account for the sorrow

ou saw in his face." "Oh, it wasn't toothache!" replied Father Dawson with a laugh. His momentary irritation had vanished as sud-denly as it came, for he was the happy possessor of that saving grace, a sense of humor. "It was something mental."

The superior raised his eyebrows. The superior raised his eyebrows.

"Well, you shall see Fra Geronimo,"
he answered, "but first we will go into
the refectors. I think you will admire
the picture of our Holy Father which is

there. He led the way and his guest followed, his mind still occupied with the friar who had made such an impression him. The refectory was a long, bare room with wooden tables, and paintings of various saints and cardinals and other dignitaries connected with the Order

adorned the walls. As they entered, one special portrait near the door attaacted Father Dawson's attention, and he uttered a sharp excla-mation of surprise. It represented a man of forty-five or so, in a brown habit, with strongly marked features and piercing dark eyes looming out from beneath black, lowering brows.

"There!" he exclaimed, "there is

"There?" he exclaimed, there is the friar I saw this morning!" The superior started and turned pale, "That!" he faltered; "but, surely, Father, you must be mistaken. That was our late superior."
"Late? What do you mean? Oh, of

course, he was superior before you."

"No, I mean that he is dead," replied the Franciscan solemnly.

Father Dawson gazed at him for a

oment in bewildered silence.
"But I saw him in the chapel an hour ago," he said, "as clearly as I see you

now. He was kneeling in the choir and he asked me to say my Mass for him!" he asked me to say my Mass for him!"
"To say Mass for him!" echoed the
friar, "but—" And then he broke off
his sentence, while a brilliant smile lit
up his whole face. "Thank God!" he
nurmured. "Then it is possible he has
found release. It was Providence that led your steps in this direction, Father, for it is evident that you are one of those whom the things of the spiritual

world have been revealed." "But do you mean to tell me I saw a spirit this morning?" exclaimed Father Dawson, wondering the while whether he was dreaming and how soon he would

wake up.
"If it was, as you say, the original of this portrait who spoke to you in the chapel you have certainly done so, for he has been dead for more than three years. It was he to whom I alluded in who found the monotony of this remote

"I knew it !" cried his listener eagerly, "at least," he added, perceiving the friar's look of astonishment, "that must have been the reason why I was so suddenly reminded of him. I believe you are right and that I was, indeed, led

here on purpose." "I myself have no doubt of it," said "I myself have no doubt of it," said the superior gravely, as he held open the door for the priest to pass through. A few moments later Father Dawson was standing alone in the deserted little piazza outside the convent. The sun was pouring down its radiance from the cloudless agus of the Southern sky, and cloudless azure of the Southern sky, and as he stood there in that medieval city it seemed to his still bewildered senses that both he and it were fashioned of such stuff as dreams are made of."

-Grace V. Christmas in the Rosary Magazine.

THE DEVOUT LIFE.

FREQUENT COMMUNIONS RECOMMENDED AS A MEANS OF REESTABLISHING THE WORLD IN CHRIST. THE MINISTRY OF

The readers of this department will remember that some two years ago our HolyFather, Pius X., made a pronounce-ment in favor of frequent Communion, and issued certain decrees changing the Eucharistic discipline. The follow-ing is taken from the notices of "New Party of the New York of the Books," in the Catholic World for strain of outside affairs to which you are accustomed."

"And you yourself?" asked Father Dawson quickly. "You do not find it The Franciscap should be strained for the best means of carrying out the intention of the Holy Father's pontificate, "to re-establish the world in The Franciscap should be strained for the best means of carrying out the intention of the Holy Father's pontificate, "to re-establish the world in The Straine Strain August, which fully explains itself, and is introduced here because it is be-

"The extent of the change in Eucharistic discipline which has been introduced by Pius X. is strikingly set forth in the commentary of Father de Zulueta, S. J., on the pronouncement of the Holy See regarding frequent Communion. Father de Zulueta's purpose is not purely academic. He writes to urge strongly upon the clergy the duty of introducing the practice of daily Communion among the laity, in accord-ance with the strongly expressed counell of the Holy Father.

"As an introduction to the subject Father de Zulueta gives a rapid historical summary of the two conflicting opinions which have, both under the unction of great names, prevailed in the Church. 'Under the first opinion it (The Holy Eucharist) became a primarily an object of honor and reverence, privilege, or reward of virtue to be extended to souls in proportion as these and remedied their defects already. From this false view, arose logically, that arbitrary graduated scale of perfect dispositions, to be seen even in standard text-books of our own day, with its allottement of so many munions a week to correspond with such and such a degree of virtue—a page of theology which Pius X. has deleted. Among the more illustrious teachers of this now discarded opinion were St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Bonaventure, Blessed John de Avila, St. Francis de Sales. and St. Alphonsus Liguori. These teachers, Father de Zulueta points out, all accepted the opinion that daily Communion was in itself desirable—that is to say, considering the matter from the point of view of the Sacrament's salu-tary effects. 'But none of them appear fully to have realized—what it is our privilege to know from the teaching of Pius X.—that daily Communion is desirable for all without exception whatever their state and condition, temporal or spiritual, if only they are in the state of grace and approach the Holy Table with a right intention.'

"The second opinion, which always had its advocates, and has now re-ceived supreme approbation, is thus stated: 'No higher preparation is essentially needed for the daily reception of the Eucharist than is required for a single reception—say at Easter: and those holier conditions of soul, beyond the mere state of grace and a right intention, are not so much a preparation for the sacrament as its fruit and effect, one Communion thus qualifying us for deriving yet greater profit fr m

order to give effect to the decrees. Father de Zulueta examines what is incumbent on the priest, in this respect under his three-fold relation to the faithful, as parochial priest, confessor and preacher; and he replies to various difficulties that occur to the minds of those priests—and they are by no means few in number—who have but little enthusiasm for the new discipline. For instance, it is said that the general practice of daily Communion by the laity would increase enormously the work of the confessional. Not necessarily, says Father de Zulueta—and he quotes Canon Antoni, whose writings on daily Communion have received papal approbation. The Canon holds quotes that priests ought to train souls so that they should communicate every day without fear and with joy during weeks -and, if it should be necessary—even during months, without going to confession. Then they are not clear as to having sinned mortally since their last confession. On the subject of exhorta tion Father de Zulueta has some eoun sel, which deserves to be pondered For clearly, it is a task that will call ent generation of Catholics the idea that they may go Communion day after day without going to confession for weeks, though they may be conscious of venial sin. Indeed, as Father de Zulueta says, the priest who will qualify himself to contract of the contract of t himself to exhort effectively on himself to exnort enecestes, readjust subject must, in many cases, readjust his own principles. H₂ may need in many cases, first of all, to his own principles.

n many cases, first of all, to inlearn a page of his moral theology—that on which he has hitherto been instructed concerning frequent and



daily Communion; for the late decrees have virtually deleted that page, and replaced it by a new one. There is at present hardly one—if there be as yet even one—standard text-book of moral theology which does not in some degree conflict with the newly authorized doc-

ine on the subject.' "Judging from the care and thoroughess with which he treats the point, ather de Zulueta believes that the congest difficulty that will be pleaded the reluctant is that daily Commun-, as the normal practice among the ty, will tend to diminish reverence the Blessed Sacrament. His answer this is very strong, as, indeed, is his atire apologia for the decrees. entire apologia for the decrees. Priests who have any misgivings as to the probable results of the change of discipline cannot afford to neglect Father de Zulueta's valuable little book which closes with a reminder that 'Pru-dence is the virtue of him who commands, not of him who obeys; and that, when all is said, the Church ases the responsibility of this change discipline.

IS IT MISAPPREHENSION?

So much has been written lately in secular and Protestant religious concerning the encyclical of Pins on Modernism with such evident on Modernism with such evident isapprehension of its scope and purse, that one sometimes wonders hether some of the critics have read to document at all. The Independent ms to be alarmed at the prospect of the Index crossing the Atlantic, and Dr. Edward Everett Hale mixing up in

surprising way the spiritual civil allegiance of Catholics orms us in a series of ex-vagant statements that Catholics of forbidden by the encycli-to read anything that adds to the of human knowledge since the day

St. Thomas Aquinas. Utterances, such as these, coming from man of Mr. Hale's standing we cannot lord to pass by. Mr. Hale occupies a gh place in the community. He is olded up to by many as an authority n the questions which he takes up discussion. The very position which nolds ought to make him careful, as a onsible man, of what he writes conng the beliefs and acts of those who with him in religion. He may be good faith and we are the last who would like to question it, but it is certainly difficult to understand how a man who is at all conversant with the nistory of science and the large contriution which Catholics have made to its progress can write over his own name the charges which he makes against Pope Pius X., and the Church because

e recent encyclical. If Mr. Hale is really laboring under misapprehension of the facts in the case and wishes to be informed any in-telligent Catholic is able to tell him that the Papal encyclical is directed against certain priests and laymen, feagainst certain priests and laymen, few in number, who, while claiming to be genuine Catholics persisted after due warning in misrepresenting the Church's teaching. They sought to overturn the very foundations upon which the teaching authority, the worship and the government of the Church rest. No religious body that has any strong belief in its own teaching or has any efficacious desire to conserve intact what it holds to be the very revelation of God Him-self could tolerate for a moment such a course of procedure.

What Pope Pius X., has really demanded in his encyclical is that these men be honest, that they cease to claim the name and privileges of Catholics while holding positions intellectually opposed to Catholic doctrine. Outside the Church they may hold whatever beliefs they choose. That is there own affair; but to seek to undermine the foundations of the faith while wearing the Church's livery is dishonest and worthy of reprobation on the part of

For the same reason the reading of heir books is prohibited and their sale is not allowed in a distinctively Cathothe next one.'

"The Holy See having issued its instructions, it remains for the clergy to consider what means are to be taken in posed to Catholic teaching. This mode the next one.'

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"The Holy See having issued its instructions, it remains for the clergy to consider what means are to be taken in posed to Catholic teaching. This mode the next one.' of dealing with men who are contu-macious against the legitimate authority of the Church may seem to some a hardship, but will not Edward Everett Hale be broad enough to acknowledge that it is at least the quintessence of honesty? Has not the Unitarian Church its system of religion and its meetings in which the essential points of Unitarian belief are set forth and expounded? Does it not issue what one may term its encyclical letters in which the principles of Unitarianism are upheld for the benefit of the general pu - la sense it is, as the latter guarantees the genuineness of both the Old and New the extent of acknowledging that as a Testaments and his authoritatively pro-

legitimate Unitarian one who believes in the mystery of the Holy Trinity? Mr. Hale ought to understand that the word Modernism, as used in the ency-clical of the Holy Father, has no reference to the spirit of progress or scientific re-search, but has the restricted and special meaning which we have indicated. We hope that Mr. Hale will see his way to accept this legitimate viewpoint, which is the only one which an intelligent reader of this encyclical intelligent reader of this encyclical can hold. We hope hat he will show that he has misrepresented us in good faith. But we shall watch and see.—Boston Pilot.

THE BISHOP OF SALFORD ON SOCIAL-ISM.

A germ of danger spreading in England, and to some extent affecting and, and to some extent affecting a certain proportion of our, young people, was the growth of Socialism, or that system called Socialism. It was not merely an economic or social system of reform of grievances, but was a philosophical system set out against Christian ity, and which was the enemy of the Catholic Church. There were people who tried to reconcile this system called Socialism with Catholicity That was a great mistake. A Catholic Inat was a great mistake. A Catholic might just as well be a Modernist as a Socialist. The terms were contradictory, and for a Catholic to say, "I am a Socialist," was just to say "I am a Modernist." They knew by the words of the present Holy Father that

of the present Holy Father that Modernism—of which thank God, they had no trace in this part of England— was incompatible with Catholicity. In the same way this system called Social-ism, however striking it might be by ism, nowever striking it might be by many of its tenets was still a system antagonistic to the Catholic Church. "No Catholic," added Dr. Casartelli, "can be a Socialist any more than he can be a Modernist."

These were some dangers, some peculiar to their own body, and some comon to the whole of the society which they lived. After looking their position in the world, they had right to boast that they were bet than their fathers, or at least in many points. There were dangers which did not exist in their father's time, and they had much to learn by looking back to their fathers and grandfathers, who lived good, clean and Christian lives at the time that venerable building opened. Concluding, His Lordship said they must not look forward to the future with feelings of human discouragemen and counselled them on entering the new St. Austin's to find strength to wards curing those moral and social diseases to which he had alluded, in attendance at Holy Mass and the frequentation of the sacraments.

READING OF THE BIBLE.

Rev. W. S. Kress in the Catholic Unive Question: Why are Protestants under the impression that we Catholics are not

ermitted to read the Bible?

Answer: Well informed Protestants need not be told that Catholies may read the Bible and that all Catholies look upon the Scriptures as divinely inspired. Protestants who are not so well informed have drawn a hasty deduction from exceptional legislation that was demanded at certain times and in certain regions to protect the faithful against corrupted translations or erroneous interpretations of the true text. The purpose for which the Bible was written was to confirm believers in their faith; to meet this end more securely the Church requires Cath-olic publishers to append notes to the Scriptures explaining obscure and difficult passages. For the same reason the Church requires her children to use only these authorized versions, with explan-atory notes and unmutilated text. When Pius IX. condemned the dissemination of Protestant Bibles among Catholic people, his condemnation should not be construed into a general prohibition against reading the Scriptures, as has been done by many ignorant or malicious missionaries. The Protestant Bible is without explanatory notes and its text is mutilated.

THE CHURCH'S FOUNDATION.

Question: Is the Church of Christ founded on the Bible, or the Bible on the

Answer: The Church of Christ is founded upon Christ Himself. The Lord and His apostles used the Old Testament to prove His messianic character; but the Church was fully estab-lished before any part of the New Testament was written. Neither is the Christian Church founded upon the Bible in the sense that the Bible contains all that the Christian needs to know and that it therefore is, or should be, his sole rule of belief and action.

Is the Bible founded on the Church?

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nounced upon the inspiration of their

DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER. Rev. John Price in the Pittsburg

bserver.

My wife is dead, I am anxious to marry my deceased wife's sister. Is it permitted by the Church, or can a priest

marry me? 1. The Church has forbidden such a wedlock, and has established an impedi-ment of affinity that invalidates any

No priest can validly unite you. ecause he has not the power to ren the diriment impediment that obtains in

your case.
3. As the Church is the authority which placed the impediment, it can remove it in a case where very strong and sound reasons, justify the dispensa tion. We say very strong and sound for the Church is hard to move in this

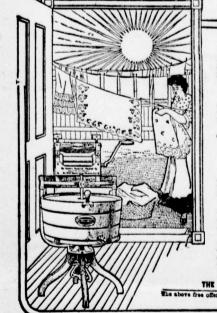
If you are convinced that you have such reasons lay them before your pas-tor and he will subject them to the Bishop for judgment.

GET THE HABIT.

The Bishop of Salford, England, recently declared that "no matter how learned and eloquent a preacher might be, no matter what multiplication they had of platforms and pulpits, the spoken word could never reach the same distance as the written word, which penetrated into all classes, to all distances, which remained when the spoken word had long since passed away and had been forgotten." And commenting upon these words, the Catholic Times points out the moral to be learned from them:

"When the truth of this remark has been realized perhaps we shall begin to cultivate our Catholic press more largely, and make an effort to create among our people the habit of reading Catholic journals. The latter is the most important point of all. The creation of that habit is an object worthy of our most eloquent and learned preachers and speakers, and the absence of it is a decided weakness in our position, a flaw in our armor."-Boston Pilot.

Joy can give liberty of spirit, that holy supernatural freedom which alone can unite the seemingly incompatible rein to the familiarity of love while the



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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

Apostolic Delegation, Ottawa, June 13th, 1905.

Mr. Thomas Coffey

Ottawa, June 13th, 1905.

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

Donatus, Archibishop of Ephesus, Apostolic Delegate

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA. Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900.

Mr. Thomas Coffey:

Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your
estimable paper, the Carnolle Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.
Its manner and form are both good; and a truly
Catholic spirit pervades the whole. Therefore, with
heasure. Lean recommend it to the faithful. Blessheasure. Lean recommend it to the faithful. Bless-

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1908

THE FRENCH BIRTH-RATE.

If the French Government is trying hard to do the Church to death in the unfortunate Republic the French people themselves are doing the country to death by a slow but sure process of When the birth-rate of a nation is below the death-rate it needs no demonstration to prove that the country is dying. It may be a lingering death or it may be a galloping consump tion. The result is inevitable. A people's richest assets are numerous healthy sons and daughters : its heaviest liabilities are the vacant seats at the family table. France is the only nation whose living wealth is becoming impoverished. Nor is this decadence a thing of a single generation. It has been going on steadily for a century. In a hundred years the birth-rate has fallen from 32 per 1,000 to 19.7. Since 1900 the decline has continued at a deplorable rate until last year the balance was on the debit side-the deaths exceeded the births by 20,000. One Frenchman looks the grave situation in the face, deploring this voluntary sterility of France which, if it continues is surely destined to prove the nation's death. This gentleman, the President of Moral and Political Sciences, sees in these discouraging figures his country marching to her ruin with accelerating steps. A dwindling population means weaker defensive powers. Naturally Frenchmen keep an eye upon Germany, In 1875 Germany exceeded France in population by only 6,000,000. It now exceeds it by 20,000,000. In another twenty years there will be two Germans to one Frenchman. Such is the moral epidemic, worse than plague or famine, now and for a hundred years affecting the atheistic republic. What are the causes? The roots of this evil are to be found in certain economic and social tendencies, alien of course to Catholic morality, evident in most modern countries and particularly prevalent in France. Materialism and individualism, I the philosophical allies of the Republic, are the home forces and initial cause of this black death. "Ambition," says the abovenamed President, "social vanity, the craving to be somebody, the passion for enjoyments and possessions, these are the motives to which our fellow-countrymen abandon themselves more and more. The thirst for comfort growing with the growth of comfort, people burn to get rich at any cost, and the child is dreaded because he is regarded as a hindrance, a charge, an importunate creditor." Other causes, more demoralizing still, are at work-an encouragement open and public to offences that cannot be named, an abominable propaganda of associations which might be termed " Leagues of National Suicide." Increased taxation also serves in the death-ranks, for these taxes increase faster than the riches amongst a decreasing population. The main causes of the spreading evil lie beyond all those we have mentioned. They are to be found in the decaying religious senti- olic Church does commend celibacy as such rascality Problems. Nothing could ment and the increasing neglect of re- higher than a wedded life. This by no be more euphemistic. Problems we alligious duty. It is the boast of the means implies dishonor to matrimony. ways thought were mathematical or logi-Ministers of the Republic that they Still less does it touch upon the wider cal, whose quantities were fixed and whose have extinguished the lights in heaven. question taken by this writer as the factors were soluble. They were very M. de Foville, the gentleman we have

credit more and more, instead of encourage, marriage and paternity. We are fully justified in classifying amongst the depopulators of France, all those of our fellow-countrymen who for the past thirty years have waged war upon religious ideas." There is, in fact, as this gentleman observes, a direct connexion under paganism we can appreciate the between the weakening of the Christian spirit and the dwindling of births. Christianity has always condemned with the greatest severity any attempt to tamper with the sources of life. Let religion be restored in school and home, in life and practice, and this depopulation will cease. As long as in a nation the lights in heaven are going out, so long will the process of decline con tinue to the very ruin and extinction of its homes and people.

THE CHURCH AND WOMAN.

Grounds of complaint are remarkably close at hand in finding fault with the Church. It was so with her divine spouse. Many of His miracles were illegal, for they were wrought on the Sabbath-day. His kingdom might be of another world, but He was no friend of Cæsar. Heforgave sinners, it was true : but He went to the extreme of feasting at their homes. As to the Church which the Master loved so earnestly, for which He died that He might present it to Himself holy and unspotted - this Church is hardly without spot or wrinkle. Her charity is proselytismher virtue alloyed with worldliness. The world sees in her ceremonies nought but pride - in the faith of her children the servility of abjection, and in her hierarchy not the defenders of truth but the artful despots of spiritual delusion. All this and much more is alleged against the Church. Whatever good she does is spoiled in some way or other. If she encourages celibacy she degrades woman. This is the view expressed by a critic who wrote lately in one of the reviews upon the Italian woman in novels. Not saying a word about the rather absurd effort of finding fault with the Church for the type of women in novels, let us take the writer's opinion of Italian women in the realities of life. He maintains that there is amongst these people "a singular lack of that close communion, that perfect confidence which should begin with a mother's kiss to her babe new-born, and continue to son, brother, husband, vivifying and ennobling, comforting and supporting all along life's rugged path, even attending the old man to his final rest." As poetry that may pass. As strength to the sterner realities of life no nation ever trained for virility in that way. Neither warrior nor scholar can find in boudoir force to wield the sword or intellect to solve the world's problems. This want of confidence is attributed largely to the Church. "Despite the exaltation of the Virgin," he says, " woman's inferiority and the debasing nature of her influence are preached. It is a corollary to the exaltation of celibacy and to the teaching that sexual love is degrading and that the flesh wars against the spirit." No critic wishing to keep his good name or mindful of the delicacy of the subject he is treating would be so flippant. The Catholic Church has yet to see the day that it teaches the debasing influence of woman. We have no sympathy-and we take it as one of the best lessons of our Mother Church-we have no sympathy with those who make woman an idol and who clamor for the pretended confidence or the closer communion whose term is free-love. We honor woman. Upon her, after God, de- B. For the cause of infidelity on the pends the morality of the family—and part of B. A. appeals to the "Anglithen the morality of the State. As long as woman remains chaste and full of faith so long is there hope for society. When she becomes worldly, vain, extravagant, forgetful of God and home, the shadows fall upon the bulwarks of the nation. Woman's inferiority to man is no making of the Church. Nor does the Church put it in this way. By the position of the Blessed Virgin in the great mysteries of the Incarnation and the Redemption, and by the honor the Church pays to her, we are taught that woman's mission, though not the same as man's, has a dignity, a merit and a reward peculiar to itself. Virtue goes forth from the Mother watching at Bethlehem or standing at Calvary to commune and strengthen, to comfort and ennoble those hearts which through effeminate caresses would have ba ely perished. What the Catholic Church has done is to insist upon reserve between the sexes. She sees more beauty in the spotless dove than in the bold eagle whose eye can look into itive remedy. Another weakness they the sun. She honors more the display in the feeble presentation of the mother of chaste love whose heart and evil and the want of authority to prohome are models of all ages. The Cath-duce a change. It is all very well to call

should if their programme was to dis- Church but by all moralists worthy of as in their solution rise not to heaven the name. To throw open the doors of homes to this demon is to ruin both woman and home. The Church cheerfully takes the responsibility of her stand upon that question. Indeed, looking over history and comparing woman's position now with her position crown the Church has placed upon the female brow and the sceptre she has put in her hands. Modern champions are seeking further to enfranchise woman. Their plans will fail. The flesh in those days will war against the spirit with the force of degrading victory unrestrained by the fear of God or the saving legislation of the Church.

THE CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN ON

THE LAMBETH CONFERENCE. How far the two hundred and forty three Anglicans who met in solemn conclave in Lambeth palace impressed the world may be gathered from a brief commentary upon the proceedings by the Christian Guardian of Toronto. As might be expected, the Methodist organ lets the Conference down easy. It considers the document issued by the Anglicans upon the occasion very interesting-comprehensive in extent of subjects, but quite valueless through want of power. Its value, says the Christian Guardian, "is greatly discounted by the fact that the Conference has no administrative or legislative powers, being only advisory." We have no desire to enter into this little family dispute, but we are reminded of some old saw about people in glass houses throwing stones. Methodists should be careful. We know, and the world knows, indeed the two hundred and forty three heads themselves knew, that they had only advisory power. Conscious of this they acted accordingly They anathematized no one. They issued no decree: they simply express ed and reported their individual opinions. Of their seventy-eight resolutions which their document covers only one bears directly upon any dogmatic subject. This is the creeds. The others are present-day literature, the supply of candidates for holy orders, education, marriage and the observance of the Lord's Day. However interesting such subjects may be and however important the part all of them may play in social life they lose their effect from the want of power of the body deliberating. We think that it does not become the Christian Guardian to call attention to the fact. There was exactly as much power in the Lambeth Conference as in a Methodist Assembly-no more. Neither one nor the other possesses Christian administrative and legislative power. Where then does this twofold essential and necessary power reside? Is it not to be found upon the earth? If so, Christ's promise to abide with His Church has failed. This cannot be entertained for a moment Administrative and legislative power cannot arise from self-appointment. The authority is from on high. It is to be found in the supremacy of the chief shepherd, who is the bond and judge of faith, the ruler of the whole flock-St. Peter and his lawful successors in the See of Rome. # The only outcome of the Confer ence, according to the Christian Guard ian, is the establishment of a carefully constructed "Central Consultative Body" for Anglicans all over the world This we daresay will be a kind of imit tion of one of the Roman congregations -without any administrative or legislative power-merely consultative. Imagine a matrimonial case going to this "Consultative Body." A. is married to can congregation," wishing to know i he is free. The "Consultative Body replies that he is free, but that if h wishes to marry again he must marry outside the Church. The Christia Guardian is right in remarking that the new Consultative Body will make his tory. They will not, nor are they expected to, maintain discipline, more especially in the indissolubility of the great sacrament." At best they are only advisory. Is it not significant that a Methodist journal seeks some body possessing administrative and legisla tive power? If that means anything i implies what Catholics have always maintained, the visibility of the Church

A CANDID ADMISSION. When members of the Women's Chris tian Temperance Union admit the race suicide they are to be commended for their candour. Here we stop, for we blame"them in that they suggest no pos corollary attached to celibacy. Sexual different from these other things. The already quoted, says: "It is our shame love has, in the sense of free love, one class is ideal, the other sadly real. that our public powers do all that they been condemned not only by the Mathematical problems in their position

and luxury forget God, themselves as images of God their Creator, and forget their own country. Call a spade a spade. A problem brings its own solution with it. A crime demands punishment. The reason for which this W. C. T. U. lady bewails this Ontario race suicide is sublime in its absurd imbecility and conceit. If it goes on, the Anglo-Saxons of Ontario will be outnumbered in voters. "Numbers," says this Mrs. Wickett, "count on election day, and no matter what our superiority in intelligence or morality, the strangers within our gates shall have the upper hand, if they are more than we." race-suicidal people superior in morality! Save the mark. It is not a question of God's law or sources of life stopped by debasing selfishness and cursed unmentionable practices-it is a trivial matter of votes. Listen again: "What in a few generations shall have become of our boasted Anglo-Saxon liberty, our Christian Sahbath and all the other British institutions of which we are so proud?" That is nauseous. It is not even decent homeopathy, so wishy-washy is the maudlin sentiment. Entrust liberty to a race-suicidal people, or God's day, or any institution: why, they are not true to the first principles of God's law, how can they be expected to be faithful stewards of minor human trusts? What disgusts us about the argument is the placing in one scale a suicidal habit and in the other mere political rights or privileges-whichever way one wishes to regard the vote. If this race-suicidal class is losing in one direction, it is holding its own in another. The Anglo-Saxon may be dying through it, but he displays marvellous vitality in his selfrighteousness. If it were not for votes this suicidal class would be all right liberty would be preserved, the Sabbath would not be desecrated by a multitudinous progeny of race-preserving, lawobserving people. The votes are the danger: not the violation of God's law, Our lady lecturer is still more desolate in contemplating the reproduction of the inferior classes, "the outcast, the feeble-minded and the criminal." "Then think," she remarks in peroration, "what that means in a few generations, if the educated and better classes cease to multiply." It may be that the W. C. T. U. view of society is threatened-that many will come from the East and the West whose babes will occupy the empty cradles, and strangers sit down in the vacant chairs of liberty's banquet. People who sin must bear the sanction. God's laws cannot be violated with impunity. Race-suicide is moral deprayity and blindness-the inexcusable conduct of selfish luxury and the invocation of God's curse, not merely upon the individuals, but upon a nation.

against an unnatural generation. These

others-not problems, but crimes - cry

out for vengeance upon the mutual sui-

cidal couples who in their selfishness

CHURCH UNION.

What little comfort the optimistic ectarians derive from the picture of united Protestantism is spoiled every now and again by unforeseen obsta les. Things went well for a time. Committees were appointed, met, discussed and separated. Methodists went in Methodists and came out Methodists. the poor are being squandered until the Presbyterians stretched the Westminster confession farther than John Knox ever intended, and still the Wesleyan could not reach it. Then there was the Anglican claiming an episcopacy. How was he to come in? The lawn sleeve did not harmonize with the Geneva gown or the unsurpliced lay dress of the Methodist. Surely dawn was breaking over Lambeth palace-but, no. Even what the Christian Guardian calls the brave words of the Dean of Westminster rose and fell. and with them the hopes of the non-Conformists. All that these poor men can get from the many-headed conference is a condescending permission for a better acquaintance and invitations to garden parties and 5 o'clock teas. Hope is a great virtue. It is not easily crushed. The barriers they claim are beginning to give way. One only comfort is that in that remarkable Lambeth Conference they did discuss the recognition of non-episcopal churches. They spoke of them. What condescension on the one hand, what hope on the other. It all fades at the thought that the conference had no administrative or legislative power. Vain is it to put our hope in princes. So Methodists must stay where they are with the bitter remembrance that it was they who went out from the Anglicans. These in turn should never forget they have no power to bind or loose, to receive or reject. They went out at the bidding of earthly potentates from the city of God and the Church of the saints.

If your duty is painful on account of it. m the lassitude or disgust which you feel, gently raise your eyes to God and say: "Aid me!" Then continue your task, even though it may seem you are doing it badly.

MANY OF OUR CONTEMPORARIES are andling without gloves the frenzied enny-getters who publish the execrable colored supplement of the Sunday paper A paper in Michigan says: "We spend millions yearly in the Public schools to educate the juvenile population, to teach them correct orthography and pure English: but, from a too fastidious respec for the freedom (licence) of the press we permit the Sunday supplements to fill the receptive minds and memories of school children with witless and demoralizing pictorial buffoonery, ex. plained in misspelled and ungrammatical anguage which indiscriminating children accept for fun." We may be thankful that in Canada we have but little of this abomination. An attempt take the view that the end justifies the s made once in a while by some of the enterprising dailies to introduce the Buster Brown" vulgarity in their Satirday editions. Public opinion in Canada, however, does not take kindly to such literature, and we trust it never will. It promotes depravity, falsehood, cunning, deceit and a taste for the vulgar.

WHILE ON THIS SUBJECT We may also efer to another feature of our "Modern- | Congress in London give us the imism" of which parents should be on their guard-the 5 cent moving picture shows. Some of them are harmless and enter- ings had the courage of their convictaining, but there are many, particularly those which depict crime and criminals, which are decidedly objectionable. The St. Louis Church Progress tells us that in that city a lad of seventeen, rebuked by his mother for a mere trifle, killed himself with carbolic acid and that the local press connected the act with one of a similar character witnessed by the boy at a theatre.

HERE IS SOMETHING to which we would like to draw the attention of our friend Rev. Mr. McFaul, Baptist minister o Ottawa, At a Baptist convention in Rhode Island the other day, one of the delegates said that there is greater need for the evangelization of the Vankees of Rhode Island than for the evangelization of Italians and other foreigners We feel sure the Baptist minister of Ottawa, would find more abundant avenues for his energies in Ottawa than cross the river in Hull. We will quote a little more from the statement of the Baptist in Rhode Island as we think it will give our clerical friend at the Capital some food for thought. "There are," the delegate said, "no churches on the western border of the State more than one-half of the total population of Rhode Island is made up of Roman Catholics; more than one-half of the population of Providence is Roman Catholic. Out of a total population of 34,000 in 16 country towns, 15,000 persons have told the employes of the State Census Bureau that they have no church preference and belong to no church. There are churches in the State whose doors are closed, either for lack of members or lack of money with which to support the ministers.'

ARCHBISHOP BRUCHESI, of Montreal has expressed regret that several of the prominent citizens of that city have petitioned against the reduction of the places in our metropolitan city, that Sunday is ignored and that the wages of saloons are a danger, a shame grace." We might add that not alone is it a danger in large centres of population. It is a danger likewise in the rural districts. Many a promising young man has been put on the down grade by visits to the road-house. When the day's work is done it is too often the custom for farmers' sons to gather in these places. Well into the night he wanders home, and how seldom does he think that the time had been ill-spent and that every night's experience tends to forge stronger and stronger the chains that are binding him to a habit that sooner or later will put him in the vagrant class.

WE HAVE RECEIVED from the Redemptorist Fathers, who have charge of the the great church at St. Anne de Beaupre, a neat volume bound in cloth and containing one hundred and fortytwo pages, being a collection of the most remarkable cures wrought at the far-famed shrine. The book has the approbation of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Quebec. It will prove to be a work of absorbing interest to the clients of the good Ste. Anne, as well as a source of edification to all who peruse its pages, The price of the volume is 50c. Orders may be sent to the CATHOLIC RECORD office.

A FRENCH JOURNALIST, M. Gaston Bonet-Maury, writing in the Review Bleue, Paris, says "Canadians enjoy as complete religious liberty as do the people of the United States." With perfect truth the writer may have gone a little further. The Catholics of Canada enjoy a greater share of liberty than those who live under the Stars and Stripes. In Canada they have the for it.—Sacred Heart Review.

liberty of devoting their school taxes to the support of Catholic schools. In the United States they pay the double tax -that of the public school as well as that of the parochial school.

THERE IS A magazine published in New York entitled "Current Literature" and the name of its editor is Edward J. Wheeler. Something appeared in its columns recently which shows that Edw. J. Wheeler has most likely acquired the bad habit of sending copy to the printer without revision. A paper appeared in the magazine from the pen of G. Stanley Hall, containing this remarkable statement. "Every child, as is well known, is something of a Jesuit, and inclined to means." The editor ought to know that in a case tried before a German Protestant judge it was proved that no Jesuit ever held such doctrine. Meantime, the Catholic subscribers of "Current Literature" ought to know their duty. A falsehood uttered against the Catholic Church has more lives than

THE ECHOES OF the great Eucharistic pression that the English Catholic noblemen who took part in the proceedtions. Lord Llandoff, formerly Sir Henry Matthews, read a paper on the " Royal Declaration against Transubstantiation." It set forth, we are told, the Catholic view of the coronation oath. The Duke of Norfolk followed with a review of the paper of the previous speaker. He described the oath as a "most blasphemous and outrageous collection of words and phrases shocking to the ears of any decent man.' The leaven is working and we have reason to hope that ere long the great weight of English public opinion will be in favor of abolishing this relic of the dark days when England lost the faith.

RELIGIOUS FAKIRS, FACE ARREST.

NEW YORK CATHOLIC CHARITIES DE-NOUNCE SWINDLING PRACTICES FRAUDS WEARING RELIGIOUS GARB.

The Bureau of Catholic Charities, of which the Rev. Denis J. McMahon, D. D., rector of the Church of the Epiphany, is director, is about to take up seriously the nuisance of bogus nuns who go about the city begging alms and alleging that they represent genuine Catholic charities. It was said at the Bureau of Catholic Charities and at the Charity Organization Society of the city that at present there is a regular epidemic of clever swindlers, who dress-ing in close imitation of Catholic nuns, go from house to house and from office to office in the business districts, imposing

office in the business districts, imposing upon the credulity and generosity of Catholic people.

Recently, for instance, Monsignor Edwards, vicar-general of the diocese, was walking across town when he was held up by two women in garb of Catholic nuns, who not noticing that he clergyman asked him to aid a Catholic

"It was at night," said Monsignor "It was at night, said Monsignor Edwards speaking of the incident, "and the two women did not notice my garb. Of course I was surprised that Sisters of Catholic orders should hold me up on the street and I promptly asked their names and the names of their orders. When they discovered that I was a number of saloons. His Grace well says
that "there are too many drinking
places in our metropolitan city that imate Sisters, and after telling a pitiful story and promising not to do it again they assured me that they would leave town if I would give them money enough to get out. I did this, thinking that perhaps thay were driven to the begging and deceit through starvation and tha given an opportunity they might do

etter.' Dr. McMahon said that people should not give alms to persons claiming to be suns unless they are able to show their credentials. Every nun authorized to collect in this city is provided with a card signed by Archbishop Farley and containing her name, the name of the order to which she belongs and the address of the house with which she is connected. If she is not able to show such a card the people are justified in refusing to give her money. All the Sisters who are permitted to collect in New York are connected with New York institutions, with the exception of three outside communities who have re-

ceived the privilege. In trying to rid the city of these bogus nuns the Catholic authorities have the full sympathy of the police department, which has issued a general order, stating that any person garbed as a nun found collecting money and not provided with her identification card is liable to

Their Eyes Are Opening.

Another Baptist minister has brought out a book on the "Errors of Romanism. but a notable sign that such works are not so palatable as they once were to Protestants is seen in the following passage from a review of the book in a Bap tist weekly:

"A grievous defect of the work is that it fails to give specifically enough references to authorities for the charges and statements it makes. Scores of ments most damaging to the character of that Church are offered, and the reader is taxed to accept them as true on the

author's statement.' Time was when a mere statement damaging to the Catholic Church on the part of a minister was all that was necessary. It was at once believed. Now even Baptists want some proofs. They are not willing to take a minister's word

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position. The few Catholics among the

Socialists can not possibly have any weight among this great body of men who reject Christ. Are not such Cath-

olics putting their faith in danger when they intimately associate with those

who not only deny, but decry, their re

ligion? Are they sure they can save their souls while keeping such company?

We hope in other articles to show that Socialist principles are opposed to

reason as well as to the faith and morals

HOME.

HIS EMINENCE TELLS OF HIS TRIP ABROAD—A WORD ON POLITICS—

ninetieth. His mind is active and

there are few questions of public import that escape his attention. From the

moment he landed he showed some cor

affairs, though he would not make pub

"I am glad to be home again," he told a reporter. "Glad to be with my

The Cardinal brought with him

pecial benediction of Pius X. for Amer

" Except that he is somewhat stout, I

served no change in the physical con

week and never appears to be fatigued. He keeps a watchful eye on everything

that concerns the interest of the Church

took part in the meetings of several of the Congregations to which he was at-

tached. He was at the last meeting of

the Propaganda, in the course of which his advice was freely sought in matters

concerning the Church in America

Papal document removing America from

the jurisdiction of that body was made public. He remarked that, the cable re-

ports that the Cardinal Secretary of

Nonsense, absolutely nonsense," he

said laughingly.

When he left Rome he went to Switz-

erland and from there to London where he took part in the Eucharistic

Congress. He said he was delighted

with the results of the congress, the hospitality of the British, and that he

had never, outside of Rome, witnessed

such a gathering of the fathers of the

"You want to ask me about the on

as a rule were exceedingly hospitable. The members of the Church of England

were respectful and cordial. The only

did not make known his decision until

the last minute. But undoubtedly he

had his own troubles, and I am inclined to believe that he did the best he could

under the circumstances. Personally, doubt the wisdom of carrying the Sacred

Host on such extraordinary occasions and I think it would have been more

prudent not to have announced the fact

When the subject of politics was broached to the Cardinal he said :

"Of course, I have my preference. That is personal. I never make known

that preference. I will sav. at this time

that whatever the outcome, our country will rise the next morning as usual and

continue its mission. This is a war of

The

ballots, not of bullets. The defeated party will take its defeat gracefully and

AN ANGLICAN EDITOR ON THE POPE'S

EXHORTATION TO THE CLERGY.

The first half of the Pope's exhortation to the clergy of the Catholic world on the occasion of the fiftieth year of his

priesthood covers six pages of our present issue. In spite of its great length no

one, we hope, will fail to read it. The

clergy in particular we recommend to do more than merely read it, but to "in-

wardly digest" it by making section by section of the Holy Father's letter the subject matter of their daily meditation for a week, or better still for a month. The result cannot fail to be an immense

spiritual gain to everyone so doing.

This letter of Pope Pius is (1) a revelation in itself of what a great and holy

priest now occupies after the lapse of nineteen centuries the Chair of Peter (2) It shows how the conception of the

Christian priesthood in the Catholic

Church, like the character of the great High Priest Himself, changes not, but is

the same yesterday, to-day and forever.
(3) It gives a vivid picture of the sublime renunciation, which the Catho-

iic Church demands of those, who serve

at her altars as the representative o

Jesus Christ. No matter how many fail through the infirmity of the flesh to rise

up to the invitation of the Divine Exem-

plar, with unshaken faith in supernatural

plar, with unshaken latth in supernatural grace the Catholic Church continues through the ages to hold up by precept and discipline the standard set for all time by our Lord and His apostles. Too

often men judge the Catholic priesthood by some one of its members who has failed to rise to such a level, and they

complete poverty, chastity and self-re-nunciation daily lay down their lives in

forget to number the thousands, who

the people will rejoice in the victory

the party of their preference.

that it would be carried."

State would be asked to resign were

worthy of consideration.

were still pending before

he was in Rome the Cardinal

ca and all of its inhabitants.

in every part of the world."

lie his choice for the coming election.

own people.'

regarding the trend of public

MONSIGNORS FOR NEW YORK.

taught by the Church.-Spectator.

REMARKABLE SPEECH AT THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS.

At the great meeting in Albert Hall one of the principal speakers was the Archbishop of Glasgow. In his speech His Grace said he was pleased to speak to a large body chiefly consisting of working men, because he could not help feeling—following, to some extent, what had already been said by Cardinal Mercier-that this resolution was of suprem importance, not only to the working men themselves, but to the country, to themselves, but to the countries. Europe, and to the world. (Ch Power was passing day by day, and more and more, into the hands of the working classes. Manhood suffrage was not far off. They need not inquire whether he approved of it or not. He was not going to tell them that. (Laughter.) Whether they approved of it or not, it looked as vas coming. The working men will the world. They knew that the Liberals looked upon the last general election as the greatest triumph ever won, while Unionists thought it the greatest calamity, but men who read the igns of the times knew that the last election was the birth of the Labor party. (Cheers.) Some people said that when it came to pass that the country and the world was ruled by the work. man then would come the millennium. lamb. He wished them to think for a moment was it perfectly certain that the millennium would come, even in that case, and that there would not be fair play. He hoped so. But, after all, they must remember that work-ing men were men just as well as other people, and men had their failings and weaknesses. People said that one man was as good as another, and he thought it very true, but one man also was as bad as another; that was to say one man was incapable, but another w incapable, too, if he did not take care of himself. That being the case, they had to consider this—what was the principal use of power? Was it to look upon it as given to one to make him a grea man, and to give him his own way was afraid that a good many people, in one way or another, say, by birth or privilege, had looked upon that power a their own property, without answering The true principle, not Christianity, but of high policy, was that men who were put i ower should look upon themselves a put there first and foremost for the bene fit of others. No doubt it was only fair that they should have the honor due to their rank, but in the eyes of God they were to remember that they were not a whit better than their subjects, and like their subjects, they would have to answer on the day of judgment, not for their rank, but for their deeds—what they had done—(cheers)—and how they had used the responsibility God had given them. As Cardinal Mercier had pointed out, what greater object lesson ould they find than our Saviour in the Holy Eucharist. They would find there the King of Kings, the Lord of Lords Who used His power to spread His grac and blessings as far as they could be spread. That was the Christian idea of power. (Cheers.) Every dynasty that had fallen, every oligarchy that had been brought to the ground, had been brought down and fallen because its power had been abused. Would the power of the vote tyrannize over them? It might, if a popular vote was no founded upon principles of justice. Th working men had few triumphs, but enough to take their revenge upon the centuries of injustice. No one could deny that there had been class legislathere had been partial rewards the rewards of capital had been greater than the rewards of labor. What did capital risk? Its money. What did labor risk? Its life. Go into the mines of Lanarkshire and the ship yards of Glasgow. It risked its life. (Cheers.) In the same way, how differently had th poor man been treated from the man in high position who had been inefficient. He became useless, and not through hi efficient men of high position were buried in Westminster Abbey? (Cheers When they had an inefficient Cabinet Minister they sent him to the House of Lords—(laughter)—when you had an inefficient gentleman you gave him a handsome pension, and then when you had an inefficient working man you set him to the workhouse. He did you sent him to the workhouse. He did not say that now to inflame class hatred, but to show them how necessary it was now that those into whose hands power was now coming should be just and generous. (Cheers.) If they were not, if they were full of the same spirit of which so many governors had been full, then nothing but horror could be before they had bitter things to remember, and because it was difficult to get rid of the rule of the If the power was in the hands of one man, or a few men, they could be re-moved. If the power was in the hands of a number of men how could they be removed? In a well-ordered State it was not one class or another that should predominate. No matter who governed, it was necessary that everybody should have fair play. (Cheers.) They had an instance in the beginning of that evening of the treatment they received from a great and free people. (Shame.) No such thing should be possible, no matter what kind of Constitution they were living under. (No) They would allow him to say this much: He did that any Catholic who received Holy Communion regularly and who worshipped our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, and regularly and reverently thought of what he was doing, would be able to persecute his brother-man—(cheers)—even though he knew that that man belonged to the class who persecuted his own folks in times long gone by. They had an in-stance of this over a little bit of water. Go to the North of Ireland, and they would find intolerance: go to the South of Ireland—(hear, hear)—to the descendants of the people who had been persecuted—(cheers)—go to the West of Ireland, and there they found that non-Catholics could live in peace. Why? Because the majority around about them were Catholics and were cleared.

them would say that was because the Irish were the Irish. He did not be-lieve it. He thought that the Scottish, if they would allow him to say so—be cause remember he had to go home again—(laughter)—were just as good if they got the same chance—(cheers and laughter)—and, therefore, to come to a conclusion, what he wished to say was this, that if they themselves had a true devotion to Holy Communion, and if, devotion to Hory Communion, and a little by little, they could spread a be-lief of the Blessed Sacrament to those who did not believe in it, to worship it as they worshipped it, and received it as food and drink as they did, they would do a great deal to bring about would not a great death to bring a that reign of justice—(cheers)—that reign of peace—among men which many fantastically-minded people were trying to bring about by overturning Governments to the ground, and introducing new forms of government, when that could be brought about by a true Chris-tian spirit, and so they should be doing something to bring about what his great poet (not their poet) hoped for—the day "when man to man the world o'er shall brithers be and a' that." (Loud and long continued cheers."

THE CHURCH VS. SOCIALISM.

Socialism, whether considered as ociety for the amelioration of the con lition of mankind, or as a political party the United States, attacks the Cath

olic Church unceasingly.

The Catholic Church is a divine intitution, founded by Jesus Christ Himself, to teach mankind faith and morals. With politics in any country it has no thing to do, unless politics in a country goes outside its legitimate sphere, and interferes with the faith or morals taught by Christ, or by tyrannous en actments restrains the Church from ful illing its mission. The Church must maintain its right to exist upon the earth, and to te ach the full doctrine of hrist to mankind.

The Church was instituted for the iving of the souls of men, and its teaching of faith and morals is a means to the nd. Without faith and morals it is im-ossible to please God, and if these are ot taught with certainty there must be loss of souls, and if governments inter-fere with the right of the Church to teach these many souls may be lost Socialism shows plainly that as an asso ciation of men and women, and as a political party, it will interfere with the Church in teaching faith and morals and therefore the Church must oppos t, and warn all men of good will agains

its doctrines and purposes.

Of course the Church will teach its own members to avoid such evil teaching, and prevent as far as it may any on of its members from being associated with it, and will at the same time explain to the world the reasons for it

There are evils in the world, as there always has been and always will be. The Church deeply sympathizes with those suffering from these evils, and has sought to alleviate them, and taught men to look upon all mankind as brothers and to act towards these brothers they would wish these brothers to act towards them. And the Church has led in helping others, by building and main taining hospitals, orphan asylums, and other institutions for the relief of those unable to help themselves. It cannot be said of the Church that it is not sympathizing with the sufferings of mankind, and doing much to relieve those sufferings. The Church can appeal to the records of history, as well as to the institution now in existence which have been established and maintained through its influence, as a proof that it sympathizes with those who are hungry, naked, without shelter, and with but to look around him and see what the Church has done and is now doing for the poor of the world. It can look the critic in the face and challenge him to show where the Church has not don its duty to the suffering and the poor.

The Church has been misrepresented abused, ridiculed and held up as ar object of degradation and infamy, all kinds and sorts of falsehoods and calumnies being uttered against it. Our Lord foretold these things, and He whom these things should be uttered Blessed are ye when they shall re-vile you, and persecute you, and speak all that is evil against you untruly and for My sake; be glad and rejoice, for your reward is very great in heaven." But God, Who is able to bring good out of evil, and make even the wrath of man to praise Him, will not permit the false-beeds and revilings made grainst His hoods and revilings made against His Church and His people to injure them.

Evil of itself can never attract man kind long at a time. A falsehood can have no weight with those who know it is false. A prejudiced mind may re-ceive a falsehood in line with its pre-judice as being true, but when the prejudice disappears the falsehood will disappear with it. It is the falsehood that contains some truth that is dangerous. A counterfeit must closely resemble the thing counterfeited if it is to deceive any one: and a falsehood must contain a good likeness of the truth if it is to e received.

Undoubtedly there are a few Cath-Undoubtedly there are a few Catholics who have become members of the Socialist party, and there may be others who are thinking of joining. To these we desire to address such articles as may be published under the head of "The Church vs. Socialism."

The first obligation of Catholics is to receive their faith and it is a matter.

reserve their faith, and it is a matter of faith that the things of earth are of far less consequence than the things of heaven. Heaven is the destiny of man, and man must do everything in hi power to achieve that destiny. He can only achieve that destiny through Jesus Christ, the angel declaring at His birth that He was "The Lord." The Social-ists, at least the very great majority of them, reject the testimony of the angel and declare "That Christ is not the and declare "That Christ is not the Lord." As a party the Socialists asserted by a majority of one that they had nothing to do with religious matters, that their object was only political; but it may be assumed that the larger Why? Because the majority around number of the delegates composing that majority were of the same opinion as tolerant. (Cheers.) Of course some of the minority who voted against the proARCHBISHOP IRELAND ON MODERN- day, hour after hour she is showing her ISM.

AYS THE WARFARE AGAINST INSIDIOUS HERESY IS THAT OF EVERY GOOD CATHOLIC.

Commenting with indignation on recent newspaper canard to the effect that Cardinal Merry del Val is soon to resign as Papal Secretary of State, Archbishop Ireland denounced the whole story last Saturday in a public inter-

"The story is a falsehood made out of whole cloth," he said. The Avanti is the chief representative of the 'yellow press' of Italy; it is an avowed enemy CARDINAL AND ARCHBISHOP ARE press' of Italy; it is an avowed enemy of the Vatican; invented stories, delib-erate falsehoods are their stock in trade, when facts, or even appearances of facts, are wanting.
"There is no truth whatsoever in the

Cardinal Gibbons arrived in this ountry last Wednesday from a visit to saying that Cardinal Merry del Val is about to resign the Papal Secretaryship of State. The Cardinal is the trusted Rome, Switzerland, London and Ireland to those who have known him long he never seemed more vigorous friend of Pius X., whom he has served loyally and whom he is sure to continue At seventy-four the American Cardina At seventy-lour the American Cardina, has the vitality of a man of fifty, and there is every indication that he will live to celebrate his eightieth birthday and look hopefully forward to the to serve for many years to come.

"As to the statement that English As to the statement that English and American prelates sent to the Pope complaints against the Cardinal because of his war on Modernism, nothing could be more viciously false. No prelate of England or of America has been guilty of such a discourteous act toward the Cardinal, which in reality would be an act against the Pope himself.

"The war against religious Modernism is the Pope's own war, as it is the war of every good Catholic—indeed, of every sincere Christian. Modernism is, in its arguments and tendencies, the denial of the supernatural in the Chrisian religion—the elimination of the divine element in the Christian revela the Scriptures, and in the dition of Pius X.," the Cardinal said, speaking of the Pontiff. "He receives large delegations two and three times a Church. A strange accusation to bring up against the Cardinal Secretary of that he wars too strongly against modernism; as to the assertion that I personally wrote in protest against the Cardinal, it is an absolute falsehood, the vilest of the vile.

"I am sure no friend of mine, no serious-minded every of mine, gives to the assertion the least bit of credence. The whole report as now going the rounds of the press reads as a huge joke. I should that its continuous repetition may perchance, in some way, mislead the un-wary and the unthinking reader into the belief that there is a particle, even the smallest, of groundwork to it."

WHEN WE GO TO MASS.

The Church commands us to attend Mass every Sunday. We should attend Mass because we owe everything we have to God; because we have sinned and we wish through Jesus Christ to be orgiven and to sin no more, says a Paulist. When we go to Mass we should think of what the Mass is. Do not Do not think of business; of your family; of your friends; of who is at Mass besides yourself, of what you have just read in

he paper.
What would you do if you were on the me first tell you that the British people hill of Calvary and saw Jesus dying for you; the wounds in His hands and feet; the thorns in His head; the whole body discourtesy was that flaunted by the Non-conformists. They were angered by the announcement that the Blessed covered with blood and torn with pain: the loving eyes looking in their last gaze upon you; the white lips asking God to forgive you? What would you and went to extremes to manifest their do then, do now at the Mass, for when you are at Mass Jesus is asking for wrath. The government favored their protest, though it had previously apour love. proved of the procession. The only fault to be found was that the premier

When you go to Mass, put before your mind Jesus, the loving Jesus on the altar; tell Him that you are sorry that you ever sinned against Him; tell Him that you will never sin again; that ou will avoid those with whom you sin nd the places where you sin.

Ask Him to bless you and to bless all who belong to you; ask Him to help you in all that you need; thank Him for all that He has done for you; and then tell Him that you love Him with your heart, and your soul, and your body, and your mind, and that you will never permit sin to tear your heart away from His.

Pray in this way at Mass and don't

SHE IS AT WORK.

From the Homeless Boy. Those, and there are a few, who think

the Church is doing nothing in America ought to look at the tens of thousands she is caring for in her hospitals. They ought to look at the thousands

of aged men and aged women she is feedng and clothing in her homes for the aged poor.

They should behold the great army of

young people she is training up into useful citizens in her protectories, asylums and industrial schools.

They should look again and see the tens of thousands of fallen women of every faith and none whom she is unsel-fishly leading back to holy lives in her Good Shepherd homes.

They should note the work of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, which quietly visits, feeds and clothes the poor, stricken and unfortunate in their homes. They should look at her nuns going forth to the homes of the sick, to dis cricts fetid with yellow fever, cholera leprosy, plague upon plague, even to the battlefield itself, to minister to the ill, wounded and dying, and to the laying down of their own lives in the service

of God and humanity.

And then they should reflect that in the midst of a civilization that is rapidly turning away from God she is standing impregnably for Christian religion and morality in education.

She is standing against divorce.

She is standing against atheistic socialism and anarchy.

She is standing for absolute social justice.

She is standing for authority in Church and State.

She is standing for the highest in art, music and literature.

She is standing for God and the things

of God against the devil and the things

priestly consecration and sacrifice upon the altar of Jesus crucified.—The Lamp, Anglican.

works, and if men were not blind they would ses her as she is — the one divine

AN INGENIOUS JUDICIAL DEFENCE.

In connection with the action of the British Government in respect to the Eucharistic procession in London the Dublin Freeman's Journal remarks that the instances are many in which legal proceedings (in England) against Cathoics in relation to the practice of their religion have been discountenanced by the Bench. When the Act still subsist-ed which gave a reward of £100 to any informer who procured the conviction of a Catholic priest for performing his duties in England, Lord Mansfield with extraordinary ingenuity suggested doubts and difficulties in the evidence of a very clear case, and thus gave th jury a pretext for acquitting the prise er. "As to the defendant being priest," said Lord Mansfield in charge to the jury, "you are not to infer that because he preached, for laymer often perform this office with us (Pr testants) and a deacon may preach in the Church of Rome. A deacon may be a Cardinal — if he may not be Pope. A deacon may even ad-minister some of the Sacraments and perform many of their services, and we do not know that he may not elevate the Host—at least I do not know but that he may, and I am persuaded you know nothing about it. If a deacon may

present at his ordination: You must not infer that he is a priest because he said Mass, and that he said Mass be cause he is a priest."

Lord Campbell, however, in his comments on the action of Lord Mansfield in this case says: "I must say that the effort made to evade an obnoxious Penal statute can hardly be justified, and that the better course would have been to al-low it to be enforced, so that, its injustice being made manifest, it might quickly be repealed."

perform all these ceremonies, there's n

evidence that the defendant is a priest.
Why do they not call someone who was

It is to be hoped that the course thu iggested having been adopted against Eucharistic gross injustice of the Penal Statute made manifest, its repeal will quickly follow. Doubtless in the forthcoming session of Parliament the question will be raised by some of the Catholic mem-bers.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

CATHOLICS AND SOCIALISM.

Those Catholics who are inclined to rifle with Socialism as a child plays with fire may profitably turn to Bishop Casartelli's words of warning uttered in Manchester recently. "No Catholic can Manchester recently. "No Catholic can be a Socialist," said His Lordship, "the terms are contradictory." It Socialism in its economic tendencies that the Church condemned: with econ mic questions the Church as a Church has no concern; it was Socialism as philosophic system that was condemned. Recognizing the danger that some of the unthinking and imaginative amount our people might be allured by blandishments of the Socialist gramme, we have week by week for s journal's opinion is binding on no one but now that our warnings have emphasized by Bishop Casartelli Catho lics must realize that they play with Socialism at their peril. The Socialist programme is dressed alluringly to catch the popular eye: the heart-break of the poor and the moral and bodily starvation of their children, the grind ing injustice of the extortioner-for all these Socialism professes to have a remedy. Seeing no further than these and despairing of cure otherwise for such open sores of our social system many unreflecting minds are drawn t Socialism. They do not realize the ultimate aims of Socialism. Free-masonry wears an innocent and child-like mash in this country; its objects are mainly charitable, and men of all sects it; but no Catholics. Why? because it is a secret society, and als mind what anybody else is doing; pray as if you and God were alone in the church. Don't talk to others.

because in its mainspring Free-masonry is anti-Christian, having as its definite object the destruction of religion. So too with Socialism. Its popular aims are objectionable only on political grounds, but the Church sees more than the obvious. The popular aims of Socialism are merely means to an end, and that end is the annihilation of individuality. Mind and body alike will share an endless slavery to a relentless machine of State Communism.—Catholic News.

WILL LECTURE ON SPIRITISM.

CONVERT FROM THE BELIEF TO START UNIQUE CRUSADE.

According to a dispatch from Washington, D. C., under date of September 24, Godfrey Francis Raupert of London, has arrived in Washington bearing credentials for a unique crusade which he is about to inaugurate against spiritualism and occult science generally Mr. Raupert is a convert from spiritualism to the Roman Catholic religion. He was the leader of his cult in London and is still one of the leaders in the British Society for Psychical Research.

After his conversion he wrote some brochures on the dangers of occult in-

vestigation, which attracted the attenion of Cardinal Merry del Val, Papal Secretary of State, and through him of the Roman pontiff. During the past summer Mr. Raupert was summoned to Rome, where he gave several demonstrations. He has the honor of being the first recruit from the ranks of spiritualism to lay bare its secret before the

So impre sed was the Pontiff that he has given a letter to Mr. Raupert empowering him to lecture before seminarians and such Catholics whom parish priests will permit to witness demon-strations. He also has a cordial letter from Cardinal Merry del Val recom-mending him to Bishops and heads of seminaries and dwelling on the Pope's desire that those studying theology should be warned of the dangers awaitwhich he desires.

"Show us your works," cried the French infidels to Ozanam.

Day after complete tour of the United States.

TRAIN FOR BUSINESS

Most men train their brains and almost entirely neglect their bodies. They do not seem to realize that keenness of judgment and clearness thought depend as much on the body as on the brain itself. Any man can prove this to his own satisfaction by attempting to decide a weighty business problem while suffering with an acute attack of indigestion or a violent spell of biliousness.

The amount of work that the brain can do depends much on the healthfulness of liver, bowels, kidneys and skin.

"Fruit-a-tives" are fruit juices in "Fruit-a-tives" are fruit juices in tablet form. They act directly on liver, bowels, kidneys and skin—and enable these vital organs to rid the system of all impurities. Thus the blood will be kept pure and rich, the brain activa, digestion sound, and life made pleasant. "Fruit-a-tives" are now put up in two sizes—the new 25c box as well as the regular 50c size. If your dealer does not carry them, write Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.



It is full of suggestions for beautifying The Metal Shingle & Siding Co. Limited. Preston, Ont.
Branch Office and Factory, Married, Cue.

THE CATHOLIC MOTTO IN IRELAND.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland shows manly intolerance of misrepresentation affecting the country in which he represents the King. Old falsehoods with regard to the religious conditions of Ire-land still linger in Great Britain, and are perhaps nowhere more rife than amongst he Scottish Protestant ministers.

A few days ago Lord Aberdeen, whilst attending an induction dinner given to United Free Church minister at Methick, in Aberdeenshire, found some of these caricatures of the Irish people presented in conversation and set speech. He did not hesitate to protest against them. His Excellency reminded against them. His Excellency reminded the members of the United Free Church that it had long been the practice to deal unfairly with Irish Catholics. They had been first wronged and then misrepresented.

Terrible blunders in the administration were followed by stories of the pasantry which were pure fiction. It had been stated, for instance, that Pr byterians residing among a large Cath-olic population in Ireland were subjected to hardships. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Lord Aberdeen, from his own knowledge and experience, bore witness that they had not to suffer annovance or inconvenience on account of their creed.

"Live and let live," was the Catholic motto. We are glad that this testimony to the freedom of Catholies from preju-dices comes from so authoritative a quarter. But such is the antagonism to the Catholic Church that some will use to credit even the assurance of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.—Lordon

A Distinguished Convert.

At the time when we were quoting Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton's clever paragraphs for our readers, we thought that he could not be far from the light. It is now reported that he has been received into the Church. A London paper says of him:

"Mr. Chesterton's brilliant talents Mr. Chesterton's brilliant talents have long since placed him in the fore-most rank of literature. His brother-journalists regard him with justifiable pride and admiration, as the type of all that is best in the world of letters, and as a writer of force and of scrupulous integrity. Mr. Chesterton is an old St. Paul's boy and a member of a well-known family resident in Kensington for generations. He is the author of many works and has contributed to nearly every London newspaper and review of the better class." — Antigonish Cas ket.

The Battle for Health

HOW TO KEEP WELL.

This is the problem Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food has helped many thousands of people to solve by reason of their extraordinary blood forming and system building qualities.

The only sure foundation for health is rich, red blood and a vigorous nervous

system.

Both of these results from the use of Dr. A. W. Chase s Nerve Food. Even though you know of this great restorative as a cure for nervous exhaustion, prostration and paralysis, you may have overlooked it as a tonic to build up the system when it gets run down and you feel weak and miserable.

Mr. James W. Weaver Pt. Dalhousie,

Ont., writes:— For three years I never knew what a full hour's sleep meant. Heart pains and head aches almost drove me wild. Eight boxes of Dr. Chase's

Nerve Food have entirely cured me."

The portrait and sign ture of A. W. Chase, M. D, the famous receipt Book author, on every box. 50 cents at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

DR. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food

on the

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Twentieth Sunday after Pentecost.

GOOD EXAMPLE

" And himself believed, and his whole house." I wish to say a few words this morning, dear brethren, on the force of example. St. Paul tells us in the Epistle

ample. St. Paul tells us in the Epischeto the Romans that "none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself, "mombles one of and, again, that we are "members one of another." That is to say, we all in-fluence the conduct of others and determine the course of their lives far more than we perhaps imagine. This is especially true in regard to parents and children. Bad parents, as a rule, have bad children, and good parents good children. How striking an example of the former is the inherited tendency to drink so often seen in those whose fathers and mothers were drunkards before them! Such children may have lost their parents very young and been brought up away from all temptation, but the tendency is there; there is in them a secret yearning after stimulants, and the first occasion awakes this sleep ing appetite, and they end in the grea majority of cases by becoming in their turn the abject slaves of strong drink.

You remember how, in the fable, the father-crab was so worried that his children would not walk straight along the sands, but persisted in scuttling along sideways. When he reproved them for so doing, they replied: "Well, father, show us how to walk straight yourself and we will all dutifully follow."

So, my brethren, if you wish your children to walk in the straight path of piety and virtue, first see to it that your footsteps are directed in that path. Lead the way vourselves, and then there will be little doubt that your children will follow you. Do you Christian will follow you. Do you, Christian father, wish your sons to turn out well, to keep away from the saloons, to avoid oaths and foul language? Then set the example by avoiding those things yourself.

Do you, Christian mother, wish your daughters to be gentle, modest, sweet, self-respecting girls? Then set the example! Do not be a gossip and a gadabout yourself.

Do you, Christian parents, wish your

children to reverence God's sanctuary, to be devout attendants at Holy Mass on Sundays, to be scrupulous in their fulfilment of every religious duty? Then set the example.

Do you want your boys and girls to set a guard on their tongues, refrain from wrangling and snapping and scolding and quarreling with each other? Then set the example. Lead the way, that they may follow. Guard your tongues; be gentle and forbearing, husbands and wives, with each other; and your children will be quick to see and profit by and imitate such a beautiful

We hear a good deal nowadays about heredity." Well, there is heredity in religion as well as in other things parents are good, devout, reverent Catholics, attentive to their duties, peaceable and considerate of one another at home, regular in their reception of the sacraments, punctual and unfailing in their presence at Mass and the other services in church, living in charity and good-will with their neighbors, never forgetting to commend themselves and their households to God in morning and evening prayer—then their children will grow up like them, just, upright, God-fearing, dutiful, and pure. This is the sort of "hereditary religion" that we want; the goodness and piety of every fam'ly in this parish descending to their children and to their children's children; broadening and deepening like a fertilizing river, bringing blessing and prosperity to everything it touches. What an encouragement to all parents to lead good lives! In this way your example never dies; it goes on and on, and is reproduced in your descendants. When the ruler in to-day's gospel be-lieved, it brought belief to his whole So it was in the case of Zac bring blessing and salvation to your selves and your children from genera-tion to generation!

THE ROSARY.

WAY IT IS THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER There is no devotion outside of the Blessed Sacrament itself that has taken such a lasting hold on the people as the rosary, writes Rev. P. C. Yorke in the Leader. It is used by young and old, by rich and poor, by learned and unlearned. All kinds and conditions of men find in it spiritual food and comfort. It is the prayer of youth buoyant and ambitious. It is the prayer of that age that is ripened by suffering. It is the prayer of those who, with slow feet wed heads, are going down into the valley of the shadow of death.

It is truly the universal prayer. The child says his Hail Mary over and over, as over and over he repeats his earthly mother's name. The poor and the illiterate are at home in the stable at Beththe carpenter's shop at Nazar-What man so learned but can lean with intent face over the doctors' chairs in the temple while the Wisdom of the

Ages hears and asks questions?

The rosary owes its vitality to the fact that it brings down into daily life the great fundamental truth of Christianity, namely, the Incarnation of our The Incarnation means not only that Christ took a body and soul like ours, but that He manifested or revealed God in human form. He was God. It was God that was born a helpless infant. It was God that was subject to Mary and Joseph. It was God that agonized in the garden, that was scourged, spat upon, crucified and laid in the sepulchre. It was God that broke the bands of death and ascended triumphant into It was God that sent the Holy was God's mother that was taken up and crowned.

Thus in a hundred ways the rosary is lways inculcating the same truth, the divinity of Jesus Christ. It is on the divinity of Jesus Christ all Christianity rests, and it is from it comes its power of consolation and its promise of strength. Therefore with the rosary in common use the Incarnation becomes a household word and Christ is the Master of every licity.'

house, breaking bread at the head of

every table.

There is no prayer that is so personal The great processions pass away. The gorgeous robes are laid aside. The bells are still, and the organ is silent, and the singers chant no more. The mighty con-gregation is scattered. The candles are quenched on the altar, and the golden vessels are hidden, but like the lamp of the tabernacle the rosary remains. How many silent experiences are connected with its beads? It is like the alabaster box that the Magdalen broke and the odor of it fills the lwhole house. Truly it has been the instrument of the Paraclete in diffusing His consolations.

CHARACTER OF CONVERTS TO THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

our Anglican Church papers," says the Lamp (Protestant Episcopal), "an art-icle of the Rev. Richmond H. Gesner, originally printed in the Gospel Mes-senger, which quotes from the English Church Review, the Pulpit of the Cross (ten years deceased) and other sources, periodical and individual, to show that all the conversions, whether clerical or lay, are not from the Episcopal Church to Rome, but that the Episcopal Church does a thriving business in making re-cruits to her ranks of deserters and strugglers from the Roman army.

"In measuring the relative loss take into consideration quality much more than quantity. When has Rome lost to us a Newman, a Manning or a Faber, or, to come nearer home, a Bishop Ives, a James Kent Stone, a Wadhams or a Walworth? But if mere number and the stone of the are to count, what are the four or fiv Roman elergymen (Italians) received by Bishop Potter (R. I. P.) in a single year out of a total for the United States of 15,665 Roman Catholic priests (Catholic Directory, 1908) ?
"Instead of employing such pusillanim

ous methods of consolation for the loss of nearly a score of priests in a single year to Rome, we might better be emyear to Rome, we might better be employed in mending our fences, taking heed to a warning which Newman uttered after the publication of Tract 90, If this state of things goes on, I mournfully prophesy not one or two, but many ons to the Church of Rome.

Apropos the high "quality" of the bservations in "Extension" for Sentnber are most interesting:

The recent death in England of George Matthews Arnold, the brother of Sir Edward Arnold, the author of 'The Light of Asia,' calls atten-tion once more to the char-acter of converts to the Catholic Church. It is a favorite bit of backbiting on the part of those who are out-side the Church that she has influence only over the uneducated and an attraction mainly for the ignorant. The roll of converts, however, in this country and in England tells quite a different story. Those who come to us are among the brightest and most intelligent, and, above all, are among the most serious and most respected of our Protestant brethren. Of the score of Pro testant clergymen who have come to us during the past year nearly every one was distinguished among his fellows, looked up to by all those who knew him respected even by those who were mere acquaintances, and generally considered to be one of the chosen among men. This has been the rule among converts to the Church. Mr. George Arnold, whom we mentioned a moment ago, wa a distinguished antiquarian who, in the intervals of his leisure from his vocation as a lawyer, found time to make a magni ficent collection of the Roman antiquities of Britain. He was so much re-spected by his fellow townsmen that he had been elected no less than eight times the mayor of Gravesend, Eng-

intellectual they are the more sure they are to join the Catholic Church. John Oliver Hobbes was a convert and Charles Kingsley's daughter is a Catholic. All the near relatives of Scott are Catholics Most of the near relatives of his great admirer in the last generation, Stevenson, whose defense of Father Damien surely deserved this blessing, have entered the Church. Members of the family of Dickens and Thackeray are among the converts. Many of the old nobility have come into the Church and are constantly coming. Only the other day the Marquis of Queensbury, distinguished for his services in the Boer war, became a convert. Many members of his house had come over before him. He is one of the most prominent among the Scote

"There are two classes of people for whom the Roman Catholic Church has attracted—the poor and the suffering. who need consolation, and the educate leisure class, who have learned the empti ess of what so many strive for in life If there were no suffering in the world, and if there were no death in the world, then there would be no need of any church. So long as people are healthy and successful in their striving there does not seem to be much need for relig-ion. In fact, its precepts only hamper them in what they are apt to think false-ly of as success in life. When there is suffering, however, then men feel the need of religion. Montalembert said long ago: 'Christianity alone has from the beginning promised to console man in the sorrows incidental to life by pur fying the inclinations of his neart, and e alone has kept her promise. is why, with the passing of Protestant-ism, confessed even by the clergymen of the Protestant Church, so many free and competent to appreciate the Church's claims or feel the need of her consolations, are turning to Catho-

QUESTION ANSWERED.

I have seen it stated that the Cath olic Church instituted the obligatory practice of confession by a decree of the fourth Council of Lateran, which was held A. D. 1215. Is there any basis for this assertion?" F. S.

If the answer made to "S. P." in this column be recalled it will be at once

apparent that confession of sins was a practice among Christians from the days of the Apostles. It is unnecessary to repeat all the testimonies of the saintly Fathers and Doctors, and the decrees of provincial and national coundecrees of provincial and national coun-cils relative to the existence of con-fession and the duty of making it. But there are some historical proofs of the practice that we have not yet considered and which we will now present. We refer to the historical fact of

We refer to the historical fact of royal confessors, that is, priests or bishops chosen by kings and emperors, to whom these personages made con-fession. In the seventh century King Thierry I. had for confessor St. Ausberg, Archbishop of Rouen. St. Viron held the same office for Pepin, the father of Charles Martel. Charles Martel had for confessor St. Martin, a monk of for confessor St. Martin, a monk of Corbie. Charles reigned in the eighth century. In the ninth century, accordcentury. In the ninth century, according to M. Baluze, St. Audrian was the confessor of King Louis the Debonnaire, and as Ughel testifies, Lothair, the successor of Louis, had Donatus Scot, Bishop of Feluze. In the tenth century the Emperor Otho selected as confessor St. Udalric, Bishop of Augsberg. Dida-cus Ferdinand was confessor of King Ordonnic II. of Spain, In the eleventh century Queen Constance, wife of Robert the Pious, had Stephen, a priest of the diocese of Orleans. In the twelfth century Henry I. of England had Atheldulf, prior of St. Oswald, and later first Bishop of Carlisle.

We see in view of these few instances low absurd is the claim made by many Protestant writers that confession wa introduced in the fourth Council of Lateran, A. D. 1215. In the Lateran Council, say the Fathers of Trent, "the Church did not decree that the faithful hould go to confession, for it well knew that it was both an obligation and divine institution ; but it ordained that the precept of confession should be ful-filled at least once a year by all Chris tians and by each one of them who had me to the age of discretion."

It is worthy of remark that the chiefs f Protestantism were defenders of conession at the beginning of their revolt when it was attacked by spirits bolder than themselves. Luther, in his Babylonian captivity, says: "I would rather bear with the tyranny of the Pope than consent to abolition of con fession." The articles of Smalkalde likewise declare that it is not necessary to abolish confession or absolution In one of his letters (lxxxii, Lib 1) Melancthon deplores as a fault demanding separation the abolition of confession which followed close upon confession which followed close upon the Reform in many places. But when the leaders of 'revolt finally rejected confession Henry VIII. of England de-nounced them. "As regards confes-sion," says Henry, "even were there no question of it either in the Scriptures or in the Enthers were in senior it extenor in the Fathers, yet in seeing it estab-lished and practiced among Christian people for so many centuries back, I cannot bring myself to believe but that it came from God, and that it is not the fruit of human thought, but that it is a divine law."—Rev. John Price, in Pitts-

ASHAMED OF THE INSULT TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

The comments of the English presthe Prime Minister Asquith's action in prohibiting the procession in honor of the Blessed Sacrament show that a growing sense of shame in England over the subserviency of the government to the class of Protestant fanatics who de-manded that the public demonstration Tablet, in reviewing 'Who's Who Among Catholies in England,' recently edited by the distinguished editor of Punch, Sir Francis Burnand, himself a convert, pointed out how many of the converts to Catholicity in the last generation are from among the best families in England, in the sense of the families who have had opportunities for culture and have had opportunities for culture and bear and converted to the families of the families who have had opportunities for culture and the families in Germany," it says, "the Eacharistic Congress assembled at Metz, and the Eucharistic procession was held by specially an Act which forbade the procession was suspended, though it was only thirtyseven years old, whereas our Act is close

upon eighty."

The absurdity of falling back upon an obsolete Act of Parliament to win favor with unreasoning anti-Catholic bigots is thus pointed out by the same English paper: "We believe the statute base forbids a Roman Catholic to own a horse forbids a Roman Catholic to still in force "We believe the statute that valued over £5 (\$25), is still in force, yet a Catholic might own the Derby winner. By law a Roman Catholic Church may not have a steeple or bells yet we believe Westminster Cathedral has bells, and it certainly has a steeple. By the very section of the Emand Act we quoted, no Roman Catholic ecclesiastic is allowed to wear the habit of his order in the street under penalty of £50 (\$250); yet priests walk about among us in their clerical dress, and no

one takes the slightest notice. The London Daily Telegraph is equaly outspoken in its condemnation of the overnment's kow-towing to a handful of anatics. Here is the strong language

"It is impossible to write in terms other than those of the strongest con-

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ables the system to extract more nutriment from foodswith which it is mixed than would otherwise be the case.



nation of the conduct of the Government with respect to yesterday's Pro-cession of the Blessed Sacrament, which was to have brought to a conclusion the proceedings of the Eucharistic Congress. They have once more displayed their characteristic weakness and irresolution. their susceptibility to pressure, and their to make concessions to the clamor of a few extremists. The incident is certain to leave behind

it a strong sense of irritation and re-sentment. It is easier to bear injustice than stupidity, and everyone must feel that this affair has been stupidly and needlessly mishandled. It deals a heavy blow at the sacred cause of complete religious toleration. Every complimentary phrase recently uttered by the Pope, by the Papal Legate, and by the high ecclesiastical dignitaries from abroad now visiting England, about the large mindedness of Englishmen, and the glorious liberty of thought and ac-tion which prevail here, is turned to irony by this blunder of the government. The pleasant words will be retracted, and the foreign visitors to the Congress will quit these shores smarting under a sense of insult."

Other English newspapers are just a severe in their comments on the pusil-lanimity displayed by the Prime Minis-ter when he yielded to the demands of a coterie of anti-Catholic bigots. His doing so should have the effect of mak-ing the Catholics of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales combine for the purpose of demanding that the last ves-tige of the penal laws be wiped out of the statute book .- N. Y. Freeman'

THE SUBLIME MISSION OF THE PRESS:

It appears to be the consensus of opinion that the troubles which have come upon the Catholics of France are due in ome measure to the lack of a strong, vigilant, outspoken Catholic press. must not be supposed, however, that this fact has been recently discovered. Long before the breaking of the storm which swept away the rights of the Church in France, far-sighted French Catholics saw the need of an influential Catholic press. They saw that modern conditions demand that the altar and the pulpit must have an auxiliary in the press. Through the press come some of the most insidious assaults upon the Church, and through the same agency must defense be made. Men of forethought saw and appreciated this fact in France a generation ago, but unfort-unately the necessary steps for the establishment and maintenance of a igorous Catholic press were not taken. Thirty years ago, for instance, M. Baudon, president of the St. Vincent de iety, in writing for the Cathoies of France, expressed himself as

follows The importance of the press is understood enough by the faithful.

They look to the building of churches, to the founding of communities, to the multiplying of homes for orphans and the religious communities will be expel-led, and the homes for orphans and poor -nay, the very schools themselves-will be taken from the religion that

M. Baudon's words have proved prophetic, in France at least. What i their value as a prophecy with respect to conditions in other countries? Here in the United States at present we simply revel in freedom, but what of the future? What bulwark are we erecting against tides of atheism, socialism and destruction? Are we sufficiently alive to the importance of the Catholic pres as a weapon of defense? We know

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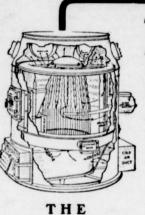
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well that we are not. We know very well that what M. Baudon so fittingly describes as the "sublime mission" of the Catholic press appeals to but a limited number of those who should be the first to see that the work of presenting Catholic truth through the medium

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OCTOBE CHATS W

Lacordair My Dear Fr me a good lett must not be s to fall off; Absolute stea fond dream. fall behind ; w row against sides, your he weakness and understand. penance, and it to God. Th tions are thos selves will, v end where we have been ma

As for work which is alway easily gain-when the me fresh—a vast little else the tion" tells us be engaged in ting or prayin meditando, ve nation of thes mind, to feed,
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OCTOBER 24, 1908.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

Lacordaire to a Young Friend.

My Dear Friend,—You have written me a good letter, for which thanks. You must not be surprised at your liability to fall off; we are all alike there. Absolute steadfastness here below is a fond dream. We first advance and then fall behind; we go with the stream; we were against it; such is our life. Be-

row against it : such is our life. Be-sides, your health is a natural cause of

sides, your health is a natural cause of weakness and remissness, which I quite understand. Take it for your chief penance, and often make an offering of it to God. The most painful mortifica-tions are those which we do not our-selves will, which neither begin nor

end where we want them. A man may have been making inward and outward acts of humility for weeks; and yet, when the time comes, a mere want of respect in some one else may upset him. As for work, I think there is one kind

As for work, I think there is one kind which is always easy and not fatiguing —reading; not random reading, but serious and consistent reading. We thus easily gain—especially at your age, when the memory is still young and fresh—a vast deal of knowledge with little else than pleasure. The "limitation" tells us that we ought always to

tion" tells us that we ought always to

tion tens us that we ought always to be engaged in reading, writing, medita-ting or praying: aut legendo, scribendo, meditando, vel orando. It is the alter-nation of these kinds of occupation that

fills up and at the same time gives charm

to life. Reading serves to attract the mind, to feed, ennoble and purify it, and I can never understand how wealthy men, with a library at hand, can find the beauty and can serve heavy and can serve heavy.

men, with a library at hand, can find time hang heavy, and can even lapse into immoral habits. Idleness is the fruitful mother of bad morals, and read-

ing, although not hard work, is enough

trouble and darkness which comes over your mind at times. We must some-

times feel our own emptiness, and see

how wonderfully weak our nature is, and also how frightfully corrupt. There

is not one of us in whom there are not the makings of a saint as well as of a

rogue. That is the explanation of those

monsters of debauchery and cruelty of whom history tells us. At bottom,

perhaps, they were not of a more wicked nature than others, but imagination and

power took away from them every restraint. The devil is as bad as he is only because of the power he has without

your confessions and communions, and

generally in all the exercises which you have laid down for yourself. Such sub-

advise you always to be regular in

You must pay no attention to the

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sentiment.
Good-bye, my dear child; do not be down-hearted. Take each day as it comes, and serve God. Don't make plans. God will call you at His own and your own time. That is the simplest, the safest and the sweetest course to follow. Poise.

People who would attain equisite mental poise must dive beneath the white caps and the waves on the surface of thought, down into the depths of their beings, where there is eternal calm which no mental tempest can dis-

A perfectly poised mind must be in frequent communication with the divine. Dwelling upon human qualities will never bring that perfect mental balance, that divine serenity which makes mere physical beauty unattractive in com-

There is a sweetness, a ripeness, divine something about a serene mind which eludes analysis, but which we all feel. No wealth can compare with the benign, satisfying influence which radiates from an exquisitely poised person-

ality.
Some of our best observatories are built upon mountain tops so that the great lens which sweeps the heavens may not be obscured by the dust, the dirt, the mists floating in the atmo-

In order to shut out the din, the terrible noises which distract the mind, ing tail. In July the grass was ripe, and in order to shut out the thousand and one disturbing influences in our strenu-ous life, the things which warp and twist and distort us; it is necessary to rise into the higher realm of thought and feeling, where we can breathe a purer air, get in closer touch with the divine

Slovenly Mental Habits. The normal mind acts under law The mental faculties will not give up their best unless they are marshaled by system. They respond cordially to order, but they rebel against shipshod methods. They are like soldiers. must have a leader, a general who en-forces order, method.

The majority of people get very little out of their brains because they never learn to think systematically. Their minds minds are like some country-stores where everything is jumbled up. There is no order or method anywhere. The browse, or cogitate, but they do not focus their minds and conduct their mental processes with order.
Slovenly mental habits will destroy

The strength and persistency of our habitual thought-force measure our efficiency. The habitual thought-force

in many people is so feeble and spas-modic that they cannot focus their mind with sufficient vigor to accomplish much. We can quickly tell the first time we meet a person whether his thought-force

is strong or weak, for every sentence hutters will partake of its quality. The person who has a negative thought - force betrays his lack of strength in his every word. His langu-

age is weak, has no gripping quality.
But the man with a vigorous mentality takes right hold of you, grips your mind with every sentence. His power thrills you, and you feel immediately that you are in the presence of a strong

personality.

It is the positive, the aggressive thought that creates, that invents. The negative thought is always weak.

It takes Courage. To speak the truth when, by a little prevarication, you can get some great of the Thames with his young brother.

To live according to your convictions. The bank at that place was steep and the To be what you are and not pretend what you are not.

To live honestly within your means, and not dishonestly upon the means of

When mortified and embarassed by humiliating disaster, to seek in the wreck or ruin the elements of future

Conquest.

To throw up a position with a good salary when it is the only business you know and you have a family depending upon you, because it does not have your manufactures.

unqualified approval.

To refuse to knuckle and bend the knee to the wealthy, even though poor.

To refuse to make a living in a questionable vecesion tionable vocation.

To refuse to do a thing which you

think is wrong, because it is customary and done in trade. To be talked about and yet remain silent when a word would justify you in the eyes of others, but which you can-

not speak without injury to another.

To face slander and lies, and to carry yourself with cheerfulness, grace, and dignity for years, before the lie can be

corrected.

To stand firmly erect while others are bowing and fawning for praise and

To remain in honest poverty while others grow rich by questionable methods.

To say "No" squarely when those To do your duty in silence, obscurity, and poverty, while others about you prosper through neglecting or violating

acred obligations Not to bend the knee to popular preudice.-Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

To Talk Well. Don't speak in a low, monotonous voice. Conversation is like a song. It needs pronounced accent and a great variety of intonations to keep up a susained interest.

Don't tell long stories of personal ex-

periences. One who has the habit of making personal recitals takes the lion's share of the conversation and doesn't give a listener a chance. Don't ask trifling questions. Don't

air your prejudices. Neither contrib-utes to the grace of conversational art, the essence of which should be sym-Don't talk of melancholy or grewsome matters. Give the talk a happy turn. Don't ride conversation too hard. Leave breathing spaces in the talk. It

jection to rule is very useful, although it often seems to us that it would be better to follow the irregular impulse of is not essential that every moment two people are together should be filled with a flow of words. Don't deaden and hinder the conver sation by being too accurate over details. Don't go back and add appendices to a subject after you have once left it. If the subject was not closed to your sat-

isfaction, no matter.

Don't run one story into another.

When you have told a good story stop short in order that its effect ma A good story should be set off by a blank

or dull space in the talk. Don't make a point of agreeing with every speaker. The real zest of conversation lies in just enough difference of opinion to bring out the strong points of two people's character. There is nothing more genial than the warmth of friendly discussion which never rises to

anger. Don't harp too long on one string. Change to another topic before the one in hand is quite thrashed out. To turn the conversation gracefully is like reversing in the waltz, a nice point of skill

Don't affect a stilted style of conver-sation. The longest words are by no means the best words. Every day idioms and colloquialisms have a directness and terseness that commend them selves to the really good talker.

Just A Little Yellow Dog.

Ben was a worthless, yellow cur, but the baby loved him. They always played together. Their favorite spot was the meadow. There in the tall grass one could see the baby's bobbing pink sun-bonnet and close at hand the dog's wavhe baby's father broug and set to work in the hay-field.

The man had made the circuit of th field twice, when Ben sprang from the grass into the horses' faces. When the mower stopped, he stood before it, barking excitedly. The man tried todrive him away, but Ben, usually an arrant coward, stood his ground in spite of kicks and blows. The hired man returned to his seat and started on, determined to proceed, even if the machine killed the dog. But Ben, divining his intention, grabbed him by the leg and

dragged him to the ground.
The baby's father came The baby's father came hurrying up. Ben ran to meet him, and then bounded back into the uncut grass. The father followed. There, just a few rods ahead of the mower and directly in the path of the sickle, lay the baby, fast asleep.

Three Things. Three things to be-pure, just and

Three things to live - courage, affection and gentleness.

Three things to govern — temper,

ongue and conduct. Three things for which to fight-honor

seasoned and tainted, that their vitiated tastes will no longer tolerate what is pure and ordinary. They must have beautiful and the good.

Three things about which to think—

life, death and eternity.

Three things to commend—thrift, industry and promptness. Three things to despise - cruelty, ar-

ogance and ingratitude. Three things to love—the wise, the virtuous and the innocent.

Three things for which to wish—

health, friends and contentment.

Three things to admire — dignity, Three things to admire — dignity, gracefulness and intellectual power.

Three things to attain — goodness of heart, integrity of purpose and cheerfulness of disposition. — The Parish Monthly.

The Fruit of the Rosary. From the lips of Father Lawes we learned the following which happened to

"When a boy he was fishing on the bank

Lawes was much in trouble and looked round for help. He saw a woman sitting close by and she says: "throw in your line to catch your brother!" Immediately he did so, his brother caught the line and was slowly brought to shore. This was about seven miles from home. At the same time his mother says to his This was about seven miles from home. At the same time his mother says to his Aunt: "Quick! let us say the Rosary, for my boy is being drowned." After the Rosary she felt secure and shortly the boy arrived safe. Enquiries were made without delay concerning the woman seen on the bank, but the Ferryman plainly affirmed that no woman had been there. The gratitude of that een there. The gratitude of that

Christian family can easily be imagined." Shortly after Father Lawes was sent to College, hence ordination and a life of zeal and usefulness. Father Lawes is now at Southampton with health.—Annals of St. Anne. at Southampton with impaired

Her Sacrifice. A teacher in a certain Sunday - school A teacher in a certain Sunday - scnool had been impressing on her girls the need of making some personal sacrifice during Lent. Accordingly, on the first Sunday of that penitential season, which happened to be a warm spring day, she took occasion to ask each of the class in

turn what she had given up for the sake of her religion. Everything went well, and the answers were proving highly satisfactory, until she came to the youngest member. "Well, Mary," inquired the teacher, "what have you left off for Lent?' "Please, ma'am," stammered the child,

somewhat confused, "I-I've left off my

THE NEWSPAPER OF TO-DAY. READING OF ABNORMAL CRIMES DE-

PRAVES THE MIND. One of the incidents of our modern life is the constant study of the abnormal. Our daily reading is the story of crime, degradation and horror. There is none of our journals that does not give each day columns of space to re-volting details of the vilest acts and some of them even boast of making a specialty of these awful happenings.
Not content with what they can crowd into their columns, they print in lurid type on their margins sensational headings, to lure readers to the disgusting

According to our modern standards it is a dull day that does not furnish ome gruesome tragedy to gloat over. If it is not a farm hand murdering a whole family amidst the quiet of a

sylvan landscape, it is a son crazy from drink and jealousy, shooting down his father engaged at his desk in a financial office. If it is not the body of a woman found floating on the reddened waters, it is a charnel house of murdered uncovered by a chance catas-

One day it is the cashier lying dead with a smoking revolver in his lifeless hand; the next day it is the story of a looted bank and the despair of confiding patrons. We turn our eyes from a great railroad wreck with its saddening scenes only to let them fall in the next column on the recital of a mine explo-sion that brought death to hundreds. On one page it is a young murderer, adjudged a lunatic, struggling to cheat the asylum as he cheated the electric chair; on the next page, it is the struggle of a great corporation to evade taxes or fines. A woman staggers starving through the streets of a great city, whilst a banquet that Lucullus might envy is spread before appe-tites too sated to touch the tempting viands. An old man of seventy, tottering to the witness stand to save the remnant of a reputation already wrecked; a minister refused a bishop-ric because of a divorce; a foreign roue with a gilded title chasing a divorcee across the seas. And so it goes on. Murder and blood; catastrophe and decencies outraged: all the laws of God and man broken; infamy applauded if successful: disconesty unwhipped of justice, enthroned in luxury. Crime flowing in a mighty current through a thousand channels; death stalking in

the midst of life. the midst of life.

These are the moving pictures constantly before our eyes in the daily press: this is the kaleidoscope of horror which is ever turning before our gaze.

May we not ask ourselves what consequence of this everlasting contact with the abnormal, the vile. the criminal? What will be its effect upon the community—upon the men and women who regale themselves day after day on these nauseous scenes and their revolting details? What will be its effect on the children, who, almost as infants in their mothers' arms, are fed on picture and print, overflowing with

blood, crime and vileness?

The abnormal begets the abnormal. What is sweet and clean and pure and wholesome is losing its relish for many. They have fed their souls so long on the ed and tainted that their vitiated



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1000 MEN water deep. His brother's hook caught in something in the river's bed, and as he was making some effort to loosen it, he overbalanced himself and fell into the Wanted as Brakemen and Firemen \$75 to \$150. water. The current was fast carrying him away, and the now Father Lawes was much in trouble and looked Study a few hours a day for eight to ten weeks, and we guarantee to assist you in getting a position on any railway in Canada. We teach and qualify you by mail. Write us for booklet and full particulars. The Dominion Railw y School Winnipeg, Man. Dept. N

spice and sensation. They demand murder and divorce and the whole dis-

gusting menu.

There is a restlessness in their hearts that is driving them on like the knotted whips of some fury. There is a curiosity that grows as it feeds; it can never be satisfied. Calm and peace are fleeing their souls. They hunger after excitement. They are like men drunk from new wine and ever craving for another draught.

It is an unhealthy condition into It is an unhealthy condition into which our society is drifting. We are burning with a fever which is ever fanned into a fresher flame. It is the modern dancing sickness. We are all dancing whilst the devil is fiddling. The physical outcome is a national attack of nervousness. As a people our reviews agreem, is becoming exhausted. nervous system is becoming exhausted. The result touches every vital organ of the body. We are filling mad houses faster than we can build them. We are piling the horrors of the whole tworld into the limited space of our own tiny lives. We are clutching at spectres that never should have amounted on the horizon La it and appeared on the horizon. Is it any wonder that the fagged brain is breaking under the load that it strains to acquire and strains still more to carry?

And does not this constant portrayal of crime and sin before our eyes tend to remove all horror for crime? Does it not make us familiar with its hideous face? What we first abhorred, now perhaps, we pity; later on we will embrace it. Do not these detailed stories pave the way to crime? Do they excite abnormal desires and passions? Do they not stir the soul with a strange feeling hitherto unknown? Do they not teach the ways and means of crime and the methods of escaping its penalty? Do they inspire an almost unconscious pensity to like deeds? Is it not true that there is developing around us an atmosphere of indifference, an atmos phere that bodes ill for morality? Is not the day approaching when crime will lose all its moral repulsiveness, when penal statutes will be the only measure of responsibility? Can we not already feel the chill of a fatalism, that will blast all the noble and virtuous in-stincts of the human heart, till some cataclysm returns society to its normal status or the kind providence of God

GREAT MIRACLE AT LOURDES.

opens up extraordinary avenues into

society or the operations of the Church.

—The Monitor, Newark.

The most recent cure recorded at Lourdes can, writes the Paris corres pondent of the Irish Catholic, only be escribed as one of the most remarkable of which the famous shrine of the Imma ulate has been the scene, and as signalizing in a most marked way its golden ubilee. The subject of the cure was one Ernestine Guilloteau, of St. Denis en Gatine, Diocese of Poitiers. The poor sufferer was not unknown in Lour-les, having acted for five years as inirmarian to the sick visitors to the shrine. The malady that reduced her almost to the condition of a corpse was tuberculous peritouitis, which finally in-fected her whole frame. Despite medi-cal care, her condition became such hat she lost almost two-thirds of her weight, and was reduced absolutely to skin and bone—a breathing skeleton. Still under twenty-four years of age, she found he case pronounced hopeless by seven doc-tors, and so she resigned herself to the generous sacrifice of her life. But a voice within called her to put her trust horror; divorce rampant and families in Mary Immaculate, and to betake herdestroyed; crime in the mansion and crime in the hovel. All the human friends urged the absolute impossibility friends urged the absolute impossibility of one in her condition being transported thither. The more their objections grew, the stronger was heard by her the inward appeal. Her condition was so desperate that, to aid her to die without too much suffering, twelve centigramme

> At last she carried her point, and, ac companied by her mother, arrived on August 24th at the grotto, and, according to an eye-witness, never did a more perfect spectre appear on the banks of the Gave. When the procession of the twenty-seventh arrived on the esplanade she could not hear what was going on about her. The night was passed at the hospital of the Seven Dolors, where a mirror was several times placed before her lips to see if she still breathed. On the 28th the medical authorities forbade her being brought to the grotto on refused to receive Holy Communion in the hospital, demanding that the administration of the Most Holy Sacrament to her should take place in the grotto. At 9 o'clock, when the ciborium for communions was being borne by the Bishop of Ravennss from the grotto to the Basi lica of the Rosary, she heard the well-known voice within her bidding her "Arise!" And suddenly the living skeleton came forth from its winding sheet. She sat up, and then followed after the God Who had thus called her back to life. The greatest miracle of the golden jubilee was accomplished.

The succeeding scene is indescriba ble. Returning, accompanied by a mar-velous crowd, to the hospital, she felt hungry. She was given soup, which she partook of with appetite. Then she consumed three eggs; next a little cham-pagne. The digestive organs had re-sumed their functional activities, and there was no abdominal pain whatever; but there still remained, as it were, the marks of Death's claws imprinted on her visage. After the procession of the Blessed Sacrament in the evening, when the skeleton of Ernestine appeared at the Bureau of Evidence, where the doc-

tors and five French, Belgian and Italian Bishops awaited her, Dr. Boissarie, usually so reserved, was not afraid to sum up in these words the situation:
"My lords, it is not a cure I present to you—it is a resurrection.'

OUR NEIGHBOR'S FAULTS.

Why is it that so many conversations turn upon the conduct and faults of our neighbor, and why is it that we seem always ready to depreciate his good deeds and to proclaim his failings we look carefully into the matter the reason is easily discovered. It is because we are wanting in that humility which directs us to esteem others better than ourselves—"In humility let each esteem others better than themselves" [Phill it 2) and its that hemselves." (Phil. ii. 3)—and in that charity which teaches us to love our neighbors as ourselves, and to do unto others as we would be done by. "All things therefore whatsoever you would have men should do to you do you also to them." (Matt.

vii., 12). If we would avoid speaking ill of our neighbor, if we would overcome the habit of publishing his faults, or of causing mischief by tale-bearing, we should do well to try and put in practise the three rules which are often given us by spiritual writers on this point. The first rule is: If you can not speak well of your neighbor do not speak of him at all. This is a most evoluter waying feet if your neighbor do not speak of him at all. This is a most excellent maxim; for if you think ill of another, or if you are prejudiced against him, you may be sure that your conversation in that person's regard will be under the influence of this prejudice. The second rule is:

Do not say in the absence of your neigh-

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oor what you would not say in his presence. For it is certainly unfair to say hard things or to aim a blow at the good name of one who by his absence is unable to defend himself. The third rule is :



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FATHER VAUGHAN.

A WORD ABOUT THE DENUNCIATOR OF FOLLIES OF BRITISH PASHIONABLES.

Here is a pen picture of the Rev. Bernard Vaughan, S. J., who has created more than one sensation in London by his denunciation of modern life and fashionable society conditions as they exist in the British metropolis. It is by Raymond Blathwayt, and it appears in Black and White:

"My God! To think that my country should have come to this!"

Like a pistol-shot the sentence rang out upon the startled air, and I raised my head to look at the preacher. With dramatic arms wide flung on space, and his fine, clear-cut features outlined against a richly-painted window, through which the sun threw a shaft of gold across the misty church, Father Vaughan constituted in himself a splendid picture of medievalism and modernity. Beneath him swayed a huge congrega-tion, out of which perpetually leaped some well-known far-famed face, and Pan-Anglican Bishops, smart women, popular actors, pungent writers, and imperial consuls drew in a simultaneous breath as the preacher depicted for them the horrors of modern married life.

Father Vaughan, one hand tightly clutched by a little street arab, the other stretched out in a eloquent invitation, pressing upon an audience drenched in poverty and misery, and yet with faces agleam with the splendid fervor of their friend and priest, the claims of Christ and His Virgin Mother upon Head of the Christ and His Virgin Mother upon Ham not such their hearts and lives.

And one asks one's self what is the secret of his undoubted power and influence, just as one asks one's self time and again whence is it, and how is it, that the Jesuit priest gains his knowl-edge of and his domination over the hearts and minds of the vast body poli-tic in every part of the world?

What is there in the Society of Jesus, or what was there in the spirit of its founder, that has captured for all time the mainsprings of human thought in so many widely divergent issues and re-

In some curiously subtle manner the In some curiously subtle manner the Jesuit priest the world over reveals him-self as a man of the world, knowing his fellow-man and especially fellow-woman, more intimately than even they know themselves. And whence comes this knowledge, one asks one's self? It is from the confessional—the confessional to which slowly creeps the world-worn traveler, the woman of fashion ever bent upon the exploitation of new emotions, the man of action, and the real the man of action, and the recluse of the study; the confessional wherein are poured out all the secrets of the human heart; the sordid miseries of Mile End and the no less sordid meanness of Mayfair? Be that as it may, and from whatever source he reaps his experience, the Jesuit priest for keen insight into human nature, for knowledge of all the multitudinous avenues down which human thought pours itself in endless streams, for subtle comprehensions of and sympathy with the frailties of human nature, has not his equals on

"I think Father Vaughan, most lovable and humorous of men, partly solved the mystery for me, as I put the question right out to him as we passed rapidly through the gayly-clad sitters in the 'My dear fellow," he said, "we are al

human. The most interesting book I ever read is myself, because through it I get to know my brothers and my sisters. Look at them now, poor dears," as he raised his hat to a very popular and beautiful woman of fashion, "look at them now; exactly like the wax figures at Madame Tussaud's. But turn on the grayingth and they all right countries and the ratural increase. on the gaslight, and they'll be all right. Well, all those people are human, each with his or her distinctive note of individuality. There is variety enough for the Jesuit priest who is a student of States. human character, and surely if even a knowledge of human personality, much more can a thinker and a student. Look at those two Pan-Anglican Bishops.

Fulham! By the by, that reminds me. Some one asked me the other day: 'Are you going to the Pan-Anglican, father?'

"' No,' I replied, 'for if I did I should have to take St. Peter with me. And they would not like that, and they would still less like having St. Peter there, because he would want them to be a little more definite in their pronouncements, and that is the one thing that people dread above all others—logic. You see it compels them to define their position; it compels them to be accurate in their statements. At present they are like the negro preacher.

"'And there they were, my bredren. Five thousand loaves and five thousand fishes, and only twelve people to eat them. That's whar de miracle come in.'

" Let us sit down a minute and chat and I'll tell you some of the stupid ques-tions that society considers itself justified in putting to a Jesuit priest.

"A man said to me the other day, 'How on earth can a man be at one and the same moment a Jesuit priest and an astronomer, a sacerdotalist and a scien-

"Well, my dear friend," I replied, "so far as I am concerned, the more science I know the better I can appreciate God them the horrors of modern married life. That is one picture of Father Vaughan—last Sunday morning in Mayfair.

Yet again I recall him as I once heard him far away upon the high seas. We were voyaging together in a P. and O. in the distance-" the Church is never steamship homeward bound from India, and one Sunday afternoon the Anglican who condemned Galileo; it was the conchaplain on board and two dissenting ministers brought their congregations in a body to the saloon, plumped them at the feet of Father Vaughan, who gave us a most fascinating and absolutely undenominational and uncomprising addressed to the property of t musical ripple of the sun-lit ocean chimed in well with the ringing periods of the eloquent voice, and the scene photographs itself upon an undying memory.

And one cold to And one cold March day, when the wind whistled through the dim alleys of the East End, I caught a glimpse of Father Vaughan, one hand tight. then again, last week a fashionable lady came to me in a rage — and, my dear fellow, can't they rage? and she said 'Father Vaughan, why do you only attack the West End in your sermons at

"Because, my dear madam,' I replied
'I am not such a fool as I look. When I preach to a West End congregation, 1 attack West End follies. What would be the good of my saying to a poor girl at Mile End. 'Why did you wear that smart hat sent home on approval at Ascot on Thursday, and then return it to the million and the approval at the million and the say the say that a support of the say that a sa to the milliner next day as unsuitable?" The poor creature has never heard of Ascot, and, under any circumstances, would never dream of doing such a mean thing. But when I am in the East End, I assure you I do not mince matters there either. I know East and West thoroughly and I prefer the East. The priest's real place is with the sick and suffering; though God knows there is misery and wretchedness to spare here in the West End. The hopeless materialism of fash-ionable people, their criminal neglect bringing disaster upon the land. And yet so lost and abandoned are they to all decency that when a man stands up under the cross of Christ to cry the horror of their lives and point out the

way of life, they simply say he does it for advertisement. "And what has a Jesuit priest, vowed to poverty, with nothing on earth that he can call his own, except, perhaps, the shoes on his feet, to gain by self-adver-

"But for such critics one has not : word. The more one cares for Christ the less one minds the silly jibes of silly souls. And as to any difficulty about mediaevalism not harmonizing with Modernism, you might just as well say that a monk would be incapable of using the telephone, because his dress is a thousand years old and the telephone of yes-

terday. And how science and revela-tion, both coming from God, are to contradict one another is a bigger puzzle solve.'

According to the Catholic Directory countries and the natural increase. Nevertheless, a notable part of last year's gain is to be credited to conversions from the various sects in the United

The Catholics of the Philippines num dog or a cat can differentiate one being ber 7,106,452; those of Porto Rico, from another, and so obtain varied 1,000,000; those of the Sandwich Islands, 35,000. The entire Catholic population under the flag of the United States is 22,018,898. Pursuing the general statisties further, we find that in this country afraid they'll be late for luncheon at there are 15,665 Catholic priests, of whom

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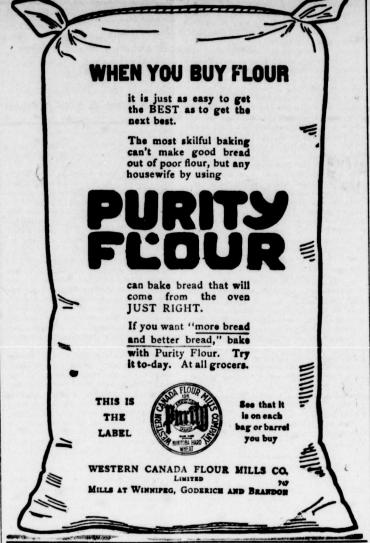
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11,496 are seculars and 4,069 regulars: or one priest for each 885 Catho-lics. Hundreds of these priests, it must be remembered, are engaged almost exclusively in Catholic journalism, and is missionary and educational work which greatly increases the number of Catho-lics for each priest engaged in parochial work. There are 12,513 Catholic churches in this country, of which 8,408 have resident pastors. The others are mission churches served at regular intervals from neighboring parishes. Our seminaries number 84, colleges for boys 200, and academies for girls 697. In the matter of parochial schools there are 4,443 with an average attendance of 1,113,906 pupils. There are 57,463 nuns in the United States who are all engaged in educational or charitable work of one kind or another. In all we have 1,054 charitable institutions under Catholic charitable institutions under Catalone supervision. New York leads all the States with a Catholic population, of 2,650,000. Then comes Illinois with 1,468,644 Catholics; Pennsylvania with 1,404,604; Massachusetts with 1,213,121; and Ohio with 619,029. - The Rosary

THE BEST IRISHMAN IN ROME.

Magazine.

Cardinal Vincent Vannutelli, who tands six feet five in his stockings, s known as "Il Cardinale Irlandese" (the Irish Cardinal,) to his brothers in the Sacred College. Among the Irish colony in the Eternal City he is particuwelcome, for ever since his mission

farly welcome, for ever since his mission to Ireland as Papal Legate the enthusiasm of the stalwart Cardinal for the Celtic race knows no bounds.

"I have been," he says, "sent to many countries on missions by the Holy See, both in the Eastern and Western Church, but never have I witnessed such a display of loyalty and burning love for the Pope as I beheld in the Green Isle—L'Isola Verde."

As each St. Patrick's Day comes

round, a bunch of shamrock treble the size of that worn by any other, adorns the breast of "Il Cardinal Irlandese," who, when any remark is made about the abnormal size of His Eminence's green bouquet, laughingly declares he is "the best Irishman in Rome."—Catholic Universe.

Was Milton a Catholie?

The Catholic press of England, and a ew secular journals beside, are having nuch to say of a statement lately made that the great poet, John Milton, died a Catholic. The statement was lately found in the Egmont papers, in which Rev. William Binckes is quoted as stating that he had heard Milton's younger brother, Sir Christopher Milton, younger orother, Sir Christopher Milton, declare that the poet "was a papist some years before he died and that he died so." Binckes was a Church of England minister. In the letters of Matthew Prior, English poet laureate, there is a statement that Lord Dorset, Milton's friend often told Prior the ame thing. The discussion is getting luite fascinating oversea.

The Statue of St. John B. De La Salle

in St. Peter's Rome. He chisel'd it well who formed each par Though the tale it tells is but feebly told

Of him who formed with such consum mate art The mind of the child in a Christian

mold. But art shall fade and the bronze grow

And Time go by on his ceaseless round; Still the nations' hearts shall throb to With a reverence lasting and profound

The Lord has said (and His word is truth)—
"The name of the just shall ever live,"
In reverence held by age and youth,

Whilst His Spouse, the Church, can a

blessing give. He shall ever shine 'mid celestial light Who instructs the young in Gcd's own way;

To him shall be given the vision bright the house of the Lord, for endle days.

Wallaceburg News, Oct. 15th.

ng absence, so great was use such as the congregation.

At 7 o'clock His Grace blessed the new convent, and said the first Mass in the chapel of St. Ursula, lev. Father Kidd, S. J., Secretary to the Archbishop sisted His Grace at the Mass, while several priest waited the privilege of offering up the Holy Sacrifice in the newly blessed chapel. During the Mass the eligious and a large number of seculars received Hol Communion from the hand of the Archbishop.

First Communion Mass was celebrated by Rev Meunier, V. G. The quiet precision with which children went through the ceremony was a g evidence of their interior recollection. A very sing feature of the Mass was the singing ren d by St. Cecelia's choir composed of thirty little

The programme was closed by a pretty song "Goo With Us Till We Meet Again."

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

-F. W. GALLAGHER. East Toronto, Ont., Oct. 1908.

DIOCESE OF LONDON.

The First Communion procession headed by Wm Mara acting as cross bearer, left the Separat chool at S o'clock and proceeded to the church the First Communion Mass was celebrated by Rev

d on His Grace, the Archbishop, and clergy descended the presbytery steps are rank through the centre aisle of the

of the fifth class, ing the course of the programme the Arch presented the Christian Doctrine medal to liolet Rankin, and leaving certificates to Mast m. O'Mara, and Stacey Clancy, and Misses Maur 7 and Violet Rankin; and Entrance certificate sters Bruce Rankin. Ignatius O'Neil and Russe tron, and Misses Gertrude Morris and Ros

spicious event. It is an additional joy to have you open the hand me convent, which our good pastor has erected as a me for our devoted teachers. After all the othe brks which bespeak the faithful activity of his pas

Dr. Chase's Oint ment is a certain and guaranteed cure foreach and every for more titching, bleeding and protruding of the press and ask rour neighbors about it. You can use it and every for more than the press and ask of the press and the

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ointed out as an eloquent testimony to the zear and elf-sacrifice of our devoted pastor.

Now, you must leave us again, revered shepherd; our duties demand you in another sphere, but we seg of you to take with you the loving devotion of your faithful children, the blessings and prayers of our young hearts. Remember that in the fields where you formerly labored with such success there are thousands of hearts which will ever cling to the bonds whereby your zeal and charity attached them to you, and that chief among these are the lambs of your fold, who now solicit your pastoral blessing and a perpetual remembrance in your holy prayers.

DEDICATION OF THE! CHURCH, OF OUR LADY OF THE LAKE, WALKERVILLE.

Walkerville, Oct. 11.—The new Lady of the Lake Church, surpassed in Western Ontario only by St. Peter's Cathedral, London, was impressively dedicated to-day by Archbishop McEvay, Toronto, assisted by Right Rev. J. A. Archambeault, Bishop of Joliette, Quebec, Following the blessing of the church at 10 a. m. by the Archbishop, Pentifical High Mass was celebrated by Bishop Archambeault. The sermon was preached by Rev. F. G. Van Antwerp, of Holy Rossay Church Detroit. osary Church, Detroit.

The choirs of St. Alphonsus Church and Immac the Conception Church, Windsor, will take part the service and there also will be a choir of boys from the Lady of the Lake congregation in the choir lebove the sanctuary.

the sanctuary, orrow morning the two will be blessed I shop McEvay and Bishop Archambeault, ar evening His Grace will confirm a class of or

Death of a Religious.

With much regret we announce the death of Sister Francis, the oldest member of the Order of St. Joseph in this diocese. She died on Monday, the 12th inst. at Mount Hope Convent in this city, and the funeral took place on Wednesday, Solemn High Mass of Requiem was celebrated in the convent chapel for the repose of her soul. Rev. J. T. Aylward, rector of St. Peter's cathedral being celebrant, Father White, deacon; Father Goetz, sub-deacon, and Father Mecon, P. P. St. Mary's church, master of ceremonies. There were also present in the sanctuary Rev. Fathers O'Neil and Ford. Sister Francis was one of the most beloved nuns in this diocese. The elderly people will remember that in her day of youth and strength

NEW BOOK.

"The Shadow of Eversleigh," by Jane Lansdown as been sent to us from the press of Benziger Brown York. It is neatly bound in cloth and sells to

Triduum in Honor of Blessed Made-leine Sophie Barat.

uesday, Oct. 20, 1908, 9,30 a. m.—High Mass. The parents of the pupils are invited to attend; friends of the convent are also invited. Five-thirty p. m., Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, sermon. ednesday Oct. 21, 1908—The congregations of St. Ann and the Consolers of Mary are invited to the convent from 4.30 p.m., till 7 p.m.]—hursday Oct. 22, 1908—The old pupils are invited to the convent at 9 a. m. The Children of Mary are invited to the convent at 9 a. m. The Children of Mary are invited to the convent from 4.9 p. m. till 7 p.m. wing to the difficulty of locating our pupils no other invitations will be issued.

Have You Seen

The new carnations we are turning out, being per-umed. We are having a large sale of them and are old at 20c.per doz. We are now making up our green olly vines for Xmas. We are also making white olly vines, each leaf is waxed and sprinkled with liamond dust and the vines are decorated with holly erries. All who place there orders now we will self hem at \$1,50 a doz. yards and we will pay express harges. Chrysanthemums,American beauty roses and caxed roses at 40c. per doz. flower pot covers at 5c. Ve would advise you to order early. Write the brantford Artificial Flower Company, Box 4.5. Brant-ord, Ont.

Coleman—At Onlia, on October 6th, Patrick bleman, aged eighty-five years and five months, a tive of the County Sligo, Ireland. May his al rest in peace! O'Connor.—At Ennismore, on Oct. 1, 1908, Mrs owen O'Connor. May her soul rest in peace!

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