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"HELP THOU MY UNBELIEF."

VOLUME XXXI.

ed the treasurers such funds in

hmond Street HES ALSO IN Iderton, Thorndale

brought
Only a shadow of Thy wondrous Thought.
Fain would I follow on to know Thee, Lord, Fain learn the meaning of Thine every

Truth would I know, the truth that dwells in Thee
Setting the honest heart from doubting Lord, I believe, Oh fan this trembling

Lord, I believe, for oft my wondering

eyes In life's strange scene have seen Heaven's

good arise, Where evil erst and evil sore had been,

And men forgetting Thee, had sunk in

Lord, I believe, for I have known Thee

mear When all my heart was filled with pain

and fear,
Thy very Presence, Mighty Lord, I
know,
Thou on Thy needy children dost bestow.
Lord, I believe, not yet as fain I would;
Dimly Thy dealings have I understood:
The word and message yet to me have

Thy word and message yet to me have

spark, Lest all my hope be lost in endlessdark, And where I yet believe not, lead Thou me,
And help my unbelief, which seeks for
Thee!

life often rises when friction exists.

Placid Lake and sleeps at night in Con-

in which it seems always afternoon."

The measure of your capacity to suffer

the cares, anxieties, misfortunes, dis-

tresses, is also the measure of your

happinesses of life. If cares are in

your lot bear them with fortitude; your

joys will all be the sweeter, your com-

burdens that fall not to the lot of others.

ou have compensating joys and com-

Worry? wave your hand to it— Kiss your finger tips and smile It farewell a little while."

ANGLICAN PAROCHIAL SCHOOL.

A weekly exchange gives us the news

that Cincinnati has now an Episcopalian

parochial school. The movement out-

are a few Episcopal schools in the

United States, but most, if not all of

a rather expensive and exclusive char-

acter, and not intended in any way to off-

set or take the place of the public

is in connection with St. Paul's Cathe-

dral and St. Luke's church, Cincinnati,

and opened last year. In the letter of

announcement issued to the parishioners

it is stated that the school which is

to be conducted at the cathedral

house adjoining St. Paul's Cathedral

will give the children "the regular

secular instructions given in the public

schools and also train the children in

Church Catechism, the Bible and the

principles of the Christian religion, and

will endeavor to bring to bear upon them

that moral and refining influence which

they cannot get in the public schools

from which the Bible and religion are

A NEW SCIENCE.

There has, in recent years, been a

banished."

- ELIZABETH FRENCH.

A WISH.

Youth will fade and beauty wanes, Friends deceive and break their chains Health may fail, and wealth may fly you, Pleasures cease to satisfy you, Almost everything that brings "Happiness is born with wings."
This I wish you, this is best,
Love that can endure the test, Love surviving youth and beauty, Love that blends with homely duty. Love that's stead-fast, love that's true Love that's constant, I wish you.

He is the best reader who makes

books help him to think instead of

making them give him thoughts. The what you make it, and there are always proper work of books is to stimulate some that would change places with you. rather than to store the mind. Some Stand staunchly by your colors, square people can not read much, and probably your wants to your condition and want never become well read in the popular only what you can have; then you will sense; for, if a book interests them it have what you want. Above all fling makes them think so much that they worry to the wind. have to put the book away and watch their own thoughts; and if it did not make them think they could not read it at all. To be barred out from books in such a delightful way as that is better than to be infinitely well read in the storage way. To know when to drop a book is one of the characteristics of an artistic reader. Then, too, one must really dare to read a few books over and over, and not fret for fear he is fall. ing behind in the great rush of the and almost for the first time 'new-book" world. The world will not soon outstrip its best, and such a reader will be in at the finish, let him go ever so appreciatively slow. One must not be in a feverish haste to accomplish a great amount of reading, but should submit gracefully to the "vacant that Wordsworth had it also, and that he gloried in it. It seems, too, as if, to be a reader of the best kind, one ought to do a little writing of one's own. Men write, not because they are authors, but because they are men. Literature is not to make us more elegant, but to refine us. to make us more human; to bring us face to face with all the beauties and sorrows of life; to help us to know the world and each other better; to help ns to know books better. So long as we reject our own thoughts as of no value the book we read cannot be well read A quotation book is a poor, lifeless thing, be it made up of the best, compared with a man's own note-book-the record of his own thoughts. An author's thought will be saved without our quotation-books, but our own thoughts no one can save but ourselves. One need not feel bound to publish what he writes unless it overflows naturally into publication. The power of the best books is that they could not help getting written: and the thing that makes a book dead and bookish is that a man preferred be.

ing an author to being a well-read man.

In a recent article the author attempts to answer the question as to what shall be done with a boy when he tires of school, and his conclusion is "that, ordinarily, when a boy is tired of schooling, it is either because he has It would be unfortunate if any system got all he requires or because an illadvised course of instruction has been forced upon him, resulting in a conflict which will not 'down' until the course

Catholic

Record.

THE PLENARY COUNCIL.

The meeting of the first Plenary Council of the Canadian Roman Cath-olic Church, which is now being held

in the Ancient Capital, is an event of the first importance in church history.

There never has been such a gathering of the dignitaries of this ancient Church in the Dominion before. But to-day its

leaders from British Columbia to Prince Edward Island, are assembled in council considering the affairs of the great reli-

gious organization which is under their

Quebec city is a singularly well chosen

spot for the gathering; for here the history of the Christian Church in Canada began. Here the feet of those heroic priests and nuns who left the

comforts of civilization to carry enlight-

comports of civilization to carry engine-enment to the Indians of North America first pressed the soil of "Canada," and here gathered the first converts from among the savage tribes. Here came the first Bishop, the heroic Laval, and

the delegates to the Council will doubt-less see the narrow cells and massive walls in which he founded the institu-

tion of learning which bears his name.

The Catholic world is watching the deliberations of the Council with great interest, and its influence will undoubt-

dely be felt throughout the Church for years to come. In an age when doubt is rampant and materialism seems

eneral feeling throughout the country that the religious movement—as distinct from the advance of any particular

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

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1909

The Catholic Record

and truth: you cannot force all trees into yielding ambrosia or apples of the Hesperides when they can at best bear but butternuts or are fit only to be

kind hearts. For the well being of society these people must be dealt with in a broad, intelligent way. So that we but butternuts or are fit only to be

kind hearts. For the well being of society these people must be dealt with in a broad, intelligent way. So that we but butternuts or are fit only to be

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kind hearts. For the well being of society these people must be dealt with in a broad, intelligent way. So that we but butternuts or are fit only to be

kind hearts. For the well being of society these people must be dealt with in withered arm and leg, and who visits Holywell annually as a mark of thanks
look into the second volume of Lecky's giving.

"Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland," may accept the phrase that charity is giving.

"The moment I left the water," proabout to become a science, not only is

joke about our own poor handwriting five miles, and climbed some hills in the to his capacity and natural tendency, and groan over our friends. But how then change the course of instruction, many hours of precious time are stolen just as you would change the food which daily out of the lives of persons trying the young child fails to assimilate." to decipher letters, which would be Teachers are most important factors in quite unnecessary if their writers had determining the duration of a boy's career in school. When a boy gets been honestly careful instead of carelessly dishonest. Few persons look at "that tired feeling," and chafes under the matter thus seriously, but that fact the restraint and pressure of school law, in no way lessens the moral responsibilthe parent does well to interview the ity of the offenders. A man who would teacher. A boy generally shows but not tolerate wasting another man's time one side of his make-up at school, anwill write him a letter that, from its other at home, and revolt against school illegible handwriting, destroys time and temper alike. Every one not a paralytic can, no matter how old, learn to write clearly. Everyone has a simple to write clearly. If it is a question Your road is not rougher nor harder than others, though you may think it is. duty to write clearly. If it is a question of my time or my neighbor's, whose Envy not the one who floats all day on

should be spent? Verily, it would not seem irreverent tentment House; better be food for the to say that for every illegible word that worms than a Lotus eater in the "land men shall write they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment.

PROTESTANT'S MIRACULOUS CURE.

WENT TO HOLYWELL ON CATHOLIC

capacity to er joy the comforts, delights, London Catholic News The efficacy of St. Winefride's Well, Holywell, has again been demonstrated, this time in the case of a young lady named Elizabeth Bleasdale, aged twenty five who resides with her aunt, Mrs. Hesford, at 17 Catherine street, Winton, forts the dearer. If you have cares and Patricroft, near Manchester. Miss Bleasdale, who has suffered untold agonies for the past three years as the forts that they know not of. Envy not the portion of others; yours will be result of a fall from the pier steps at Egremont, near Liverpool, has as a re-sult of her visit to Holywell, been completely cured, and has been enabled to discard the crutches which she has worn since January last.

Miss Bleasdale, who is an attractive, intellectual-looking girl told the story

of her remarkable cure to our representative on Monday.

"Three years ago this month," said Miss Bleasdale. "I was on my holidays at Egremont, and whilst walking on the pier accidently fell down the steps and injured my left her. I fail no ill effects. injured my left leg. I felt no ill effects at the time, but a fortnight later I experienced considerable pain, which gradually increased. For two years I suffered exeruciating pain, and during side the Catholic Church in favor of religious education has thus crystalized that time I refused to see a doctor, but in practical action for the first time, so in November, 1908, my sufferings had become so intense that I decided to far as is known, in this state, consult a medical man.

At this time I was very lame, and it was any where in the United States. There

with the utmost difficulty I moved about. The doctor whom I consulted told me I was suffering from a tuberthem, are high-class private schools of

told me I was suffering from a tuber-culosis hip.

The disease developed to such an alarming extent that In January of this year I went to Patricroft Hospital as an in-patient, and remained there until Easter Monday. All that time I lay in bed absolutely helpless and suffering frightful agony. Iron weights weighing twenty-four pounds each were attached to my feet in the hope of stretching the injured limb. The doctors and nurses did everything possible for me. I could not be cured. I was compelled to wear leather-covered ir n splint, which fastened under my armpits, and in which my leg was encased. This prevented me from sitting down; I could only stand,

me from sitting down; I could only stand, or lie down in a recumbent attitude."
"When did you first hear of St. Wine fride's Well?" asked our representative.
"In April this year," replied Miss Bleasdale, "I attended the funeral of my brother, who died from the result of an accident similar to my own. Whilst an accident similar to my own. Whilst at the funeral I met a Catholic lady at the funeral I met a Catholic lady named Miss Dunn, who advised me to go to Holywell, and offered to take me there herself. I refused to go, as I did not believe it would do me any good. "Of course you know," added Miss Bleasdale, "I am not a Catholic myself; I am a Methodist."

I am a Methodist."

"When I returned from the funeral my cousin, Elizabeth Hesford, told me I should have accepted the lady's offer, but I almost laughed at the idea. Some time later a neighbor of ours named Mrs. Swindells, who is a Catholic, lent me a Little Book on the Life of St. Winefride, and after reading it I experienced accepted in my feelings. I experienced great deal of talk about the evils of promiscuous and inconsiderate almsgiving, and very good people who have been inclined to respond to the appeals of the poor have been soundly scolded for encouraging mendicancy and thus pauperizing people; and they have been refride, and after reading it I experienced a change in my feelings, I became convinced that if I went to St. Winefride's well I would be cured, and I was all anxiety to get away, off to Holywell. Continuing her story, Miss Bleasdale said that on Monday, August 2nd, she went to Holywell in company with her cousin, Miss Hesperd. The journey is the religious varriage was one of almost ferred to certain organized charities that have reduced giving to a science. Such criticism is partly right and partly wrong. These kindly people who give to the poor are net in for encouraging imposture and pauperism; they are simply prompted by one in the railway carriage was one of almosi unspeakable torture, as she was com pelled to stand the whole time or of our noblest impulses - compassion pelled to stand the whole time on crutches, not from want of seating accommodation, but because the splint she was wearing prevented her from doing so. She reached Holywell about 10 o'clock in the morning and immediately proceeded to the well, having her crutches with her. She was making the of organized charity should quench that feeling in the human heart. But, on the other hand, it is no less clear that, with the growing complexity of our civilizaof study is changed or the boy is taken out of school. Let the anxious and disturbed parent appropriate this import-

used for firewood. By all means covet for your boy the best gifts, but be careful to supply the freest choice and opportunity to preparation for life's work. If the boy is tired of school because the school is a poor one, or because the school is a poor one, or because he has not the capacity for acquiring instruction, by all means take him out of school, but first, investigate throughly the school and its conditions. If, though, the fact holds that the prescribed course is neither to his taste nor to his capacity and natural tendency, joke about our own poor handwriting in the formula is a science, not only is the true to be distinguished from the the true to be distinguished from the the true to be distinguished from the ground, and my cousin threw her arms round my neck and kissed me. I took the splints off immediately, and have never put them on since." Miss Bleasdale of immediately, and on the latter day she had so completely recovered that she was enabled to discard her crutches and walked a distance of six miles to Holywell rail-way station and back without experiencing any fatigue. On the Truesday of immediately, and on the latter day she had so completely recovered that she was enabled to discard her crutches and walked a distance of six miles to Holywell rail-way station and back without experiencing any fatigue. On the Truesday of immediately, and on the latter day she had so completely recovered that she was enabled to discard her crutches and walked a distance of six miles to Holywell rail-way station and back without experiencing any fatigue. On the Truesday of immediately, and on the latter day she had so completely recovered that she way station and back without experiencing any fatigue. On the Truesday of immediately, and on the latter day she had so completely recovered that she way station and back without experiencing any fatigue. On the Truesday of immediately, and on the latter day she had so completely recovered that she way enabled to discard her crutches and walked a distance of six mil

perceptible limp.

When the news of the cure spread it caused a tremendous sensation, and crowds of people followed her and her cousin all anxious to congratulate her

the hospice who were very kind to me. They did more for me than the people of my own religion would do. I cannot say at present whether I shall become a Catholic or not."

sees me now would scarcely recognise me for the same person. For over eighteen months I have had to be

eighteen months I have had to be carried to bed every night, and often I have lain awake the whole night with the excruciating pain."

Miss Bleasdale also mentioned that before going to Holywell she was partially paralysed in one of her arms, but it is now quite well. She wishes to correct a statement which has appeared in the press to the effect that she had in the press to the effect that she had been using crutches for three years. She has been using them since January

spected in Winton, and since her return Miss Bleasdale has been besieged by visitors all anxious to congratulate her.

To the editor CATHOLIC RECORD.

Dear Sir,—That sterling Catholic paper the Antigonish Casket has always been such a faithful friend of the Irish cause that it may seem ungracious to find fault with it, nevertheless a sense find fault with it, nevertheless a sense of justice compels me to protest against some of its recent utterances. In the issue of Sept. 9th, on the first page, there is an extraordinary paragraph, "apropos of nothing," from which we take the following: "In Ireland the Gaelic League has done good service by bringing to the consciousness of the bringing to the consciousness of the people the fact that all the secessionists and traitors to the Crown have been and traitors to the Crown have been saxon Irishmen, generally disappointed place hunters, like Wolfe Tone." No one will be more surprised to hear of this "service" than the Gaelic Leaguers themselves? How and when did they do it? Would any Irishman call Emmet, Wolfe Tone and the two Sheares, trait-ors? Would any foreigner, German or of England's rule in Ireland, call them "traitors?" Surely not. I doubt even if many newspapers in Britain to-day would call them "traitors." The fact that, though Protestant, and of British stock ("Saxon Irishmen") on whom the laws did not press so severely as on stock ("Saxon Irishmen") on whom the laws did not press so severely as on their Catholic neighbors, they still threw in their lot with them and risked their lives, is all the more to their credit. It is to the credit of our human nature that there were Saxon Irishmen whose blood boiled at the wrongs of whose blood boiled at the wrongs of their Catholic fellow countrymen, and it ill becomes a Catholic journalist to call them "traitors." But what shall we say of the term "place-hunters?" If the United Irishmen and the '48 men were

Casket that has unmasked them. They have never before been heard of as men who died on the scaffold because they couldn't get a "job." "All, all are gone,
But still lives on
The fame of those who died,
And true men,
Like you men
Remember them with pride."

Remember them with pride."
Thus sang Kells Ingram of the "men of '98;" but alsa! "fame" has gone too, for the Antigonish Casket has found out they were "disappointed place hunters."
In the same paragraph we read, "In 1848
. . . the traitor was not a Saxon, but he was a landlord who had voted against a repeal of the Corn Laws even during the famine," who became a "patriot" because his rents would fall. He bebecause his rents would lail. He be-longed to a family of turncosts, etc. Who is this traitor? Presumably Wil-liam Smith O'Brien. Surely it is bad taste—to say the least—to publish this tirade against this noble-hearted man, the friend and kinsman of Aubrey de Vere, just at the moment when the grave has closed over his heroic daughter, Char-

"Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland," and he will see how an opponent could appraise the conduct of the '48 men as being inspired by the purest motives. We know that "Homer sometimes nods," and a paragraph like this might pass unnoticed were it not that the Casket has lately been indulging in very crude comments on British affairs. In the current issue (Sept. 16th) he rails against the issue (Sept. 16th) he rails against the Radicals for not giving the Irish Home Rule. Has he never heard of the two
Home Rule Bills of the Radicals? one
defeated in the Commons, the other
thrown out by the Lords. And these
same Lords are there still. It is the
Radical wing of the present Cabinet that

vicinity.

Miss Bleasdale bathed in the well every day until Saturday last, when she left for home, leaving her crutches at the well. At present she is completely cured, and walks with a scarcely presentials limp. Imperialists, Gray
the time inopportune.
Yours sincerely,
A RADICAL.

on her marvellous recovery.

Questioned as to whether the result of her visit would influence her religious convictions, Miss Bleasdale replied, "Although I have been brought up as a Methodist, I have never been bigoted, and fully believed when leaving for

"I can hardly realise myself that I am cured," added Miss Bleasdale, "I scarcely know what to do, I feel so joyful and excited. Any person who knew me before I went away and who

to have become for many the new religion, these efforts to strengthen the bulwarks of the faith have the sympathy and support of all good Christians; and there will be a 29th this year.

The family is well known and re-

THE ANTIGONISH CASKET AND IRISH

Dhurch—may well receive a needed impetus from this assembling of the leaders of one Church about their central altars.

On the altars of the old religions, the fire was kept; and it is the fire of inspiration which is needed most by the religion of Christ to-day. The Holy Sepulchre. Ghalib Pasha, who visited Rome with the Ottoman Mission which announced to the Pope the accession of the new Sultan, had a conversation with his Holiness regarding the establishment of a Nunciature at Constantinople. a Nunciature at Constantinople.

During the conversation the Pope hazarded a question as to the possibility of the purchase of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem and its transportation to Rome or some other Italian city. This question was raised in the past by Sixtus V., who wished to bring the Sepulchre to Montalto, his birthplace, but was balked of his desire.

It is stated that Ghalib Pasha told the Pope he could give no promise in frenchman, who read the odious story of England's rule in Ireland, call them the matter as he had no authority to do The Pope, however, will not let the question drop, and will seek to procure the good offices of the German Emperor

the good offices of the German Emperor towards gaining his end.

The Holy Sepulchre, for the sanctity of which the Crusades were fought, lies in the great Church of the Sepulchre which has for centuries been the centre of Christian religious thought in Jeru salem. The tomb itself is a cavity the rock covered by a marble shelf five feet long, two feet wide, and three feet high. The tomb lies in the tiny "Chapel of the Sepulchre," a room six and a half feet long, six feet wide, and very

> M. Clemenceau and the Swiss Priest, An amusing incident is related about M. Clemenceau at Carlsbad, writes

the Paris correspondent of the lash Catholic. In drinking the waters Catholic. In drinking the waters there he made the acquaintance of a Swiss priest who is a professor in Germany. The ex-Prime Minister of the French Republic took a great fancy to his religious friend, and talked to him about his projects. Some of them were most ambitious. One day when the good priest was reading a book in the shade of a tree M. Clemenceau came up to him and noticed the volume had evidently greatly interested him, be cause he had marked numerous passages with a red pencil. In reply to the question, "What book are you reading?" the priest said, "It is a volume by Norlac." When then asked what passage he had underlined, the priest refused to satisfy the ex-Minister's curiosity. As, how-ever, M. Clemenceau insisted he handed lotte O'Brien, who became a Catholic, and devoted her life to the protection and coroted her life to the protection and life in more powerful than a fallen in office is more powerful than a fallen in office

I love old mothers-mothers with white hair, And kindly eyes, and lips grown softly

Old Mothers.

weet
With murmured blessings over sleeping babes. There is something in their quiet grace That speaks the calm of Sabbath after-

A knowledge in their deep, unfaltering

eyes
That far outreaches all philosophy.
Time, with caressing touch, about them

weaves The silver-threaded fairy-shawl of age, While all the echoes of forgotten songs Seem joined to lend a sweetness to

their speech.
Old mothers! as they pass with slow-

timed step, Their trembling hands cling gently to want to make another sttempt to force a Home Rule Bill through, while the Imperialists, Gray and Asquith, think youth's strength; Sweet mothers! as they pass, one sees

again Old garden walks, old roses, and old -THE CENTURY.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Count Holstein-Ledreborg, the new Premier of Denmark, is the first Cath-olic prime minister since the Reformation. Although he is past the age of seventy, he is looked on as the broadest minded statesman in this country.

The magnificent memorial church being erected in Birmingham, Eng., through the generous contributions of world-wide admirers of the late John Henry Newman, is nearing completion. It has been built outside the Old Oratory, so dear to the heart of the late Cardinal.

The 166 Catholic elementary schools of Greater New York were opened Monday. This is an increase of nine schools over last year. The total registration in 1908 was 109,500. It is expected that this year about 120,000 children will be accommodated in the Catholic schools.

Rev. Vincent Scheil, the celebrated Rev. Vincent Scheil, the celebrated French Dominican, has devoted his life to the unveiling of long pa-t and forgot-ten civilizations. Largely owing to his efforts and to that of other Catholic scholars, much light has been shed on the historical passages of the Old Testa-

On Saturday morning, August 7, during the progress of the Eucharistic Congress in Cologne, Bishop Lyster of Anchon, pontificated in St. Martin's, a church built by the Irish in the seventh century, and still called the "Irish Church." The sermon was preached in

For the purpose of colonizing a large Minnesota farming district with desir-able persons and establishing Catholic schools and churches, Bishop James Mc-Goldrick, of Duluth, has closed a deal by which he will control the settlement of 170,000 acres of land in Hubbard and Becker counties, Minnesota.

The efforts of the Belgian Catholic leaders to bring the Catholic forces to-gether in an annual convention have been crowned with success. The committee has announced that the first convention will meet in Mechlin, from September 23 to 26. Cardinal Mercier is honorary president and the whole Belgian episcopacy will take an active part in the proceedings.

Rev. Father Jan, O. M. I., on account Rev. Father Jan, O. M. I., on account of ill-health has been transferred from Calgary to Strathcona. The apostolic priest displayed wonderful energy in the missionary field and it is of necessity that he should be given a parish where his work would not be so strenuous. He takes with him to his new field of labor the very best wishes of all classes in Calgary.

During the past summer, t Bishops of Australasia, Right Rev. Dr. Doyle, of Lismore, and Right Rev. Dr. Murray of Maitland, New South Wales, murray of Mailland, New South Wales, passed through the curtain that separates time from eternity. When Bishop Doyle, of Lismore passed out, he stood possessed of three sixpences; when the Bishop of Mailland (Dr. Murray) went over to the vast majority he had not even one sixpence to his name.

In Cork the other day Right Rev. Charles J. O'Reilly, D. D., Bishop of Baker City, Oregon, conducted the interesting ceremony of the consecration of three altars in the Father Mathew Memorial Church of the Holy Mathew Memor al Church of the Holy Trinity. The ceremony had not been performed in Cork for nearly twenty-five years, and consequently was fol-lowed with very great interest by a large congregation

A touching incident in connection with the dedication of the Celtic cross on Grosse Isle, in memory of the Irish victims of the ship fever of 1847, was the presence on the platform of Mrs. Roberge, ef Quebec. Mrs. Roberge's maiden name was Mary Cox. She was a daughter of one of the fever victims, was adopted by a French-Canadian family, and though of purely Irish parentage, cannot speak a word of English. Her two daughters accompanied er to the celebration.

Lord Stafford, the eleventh Baron of the title, possesses at Costessey Hall, near Norwich, a private chapel, of which the centenary has been celebrated by a Pontifical High Mass. The Jerninghams have always remained in the Catholic faith, this fidelity being rewarded by Queen Mary with the gift of Costessey Hall and Manor, which from that time until now have been held by a member of the family. The present domestic

- CANADA

lbert McKeon, S. T. L.

Sales, 2,000 Copies

Sacred Heart Review

A long time ago, in a village not far from Brussels in Brabant, lived a little shepherdess called Micheline. She was snepheraess called shieneline. She was an orphan, had never known a mother's love, or indeed the love of any human being, for the old aunt with whom she dwelt was avarieious and unkind, and poor little Micheline was brutally treated, ill fed, ill clad, and forced to work from daybreak until night taking care of the sheep in the lonely woods, where in winter, when the ground was covered with snow, the howling of the wolves used to fill her with terror. And that was not all, for after her mis erable supper, when she was weary and exhausted, she had to spin and weave far into the night by the light of a smoky lamp, until overcome by sleep she would let spindle and distaff fail from her fingers stiffened with cold.

But she grew up a sweet and gentle girl, and not once did she utter a word complaint against the aunt whose in justice and cruelty were inconc and never did she omit to offer up Pater and Ave for her when morning and evening she devoutly recited her

prayers.

Micheline had reached the age of sixteen, and in spite of the faded which concealed her golden hair, in spite of the expression of suffering which saddened her face and veiled the light of her blue eyes, in spite of the coarse rags which enveloped her graceful figure, she would have appeared ex quisitely levely to any one who would take the trouble of looking at her for minute, and one could not help thinking that among the dames of fashion in their velvets and jewels, she would be a queen of beauty, if one ray of happiness illumrosy lips. But was it possible, was it likely that capricious fortune would likely that capricious fortune would seek her out in her obscurity? Dare she ever dream of any other destiny than to continue as she had done for so many years, to wander all day long in the where the wolves howled and in the evening to be met at the door of the hut by her aunt, always with reproaches

sometimes with blows!

In the same village lived Norbert Thieuloy, only son of the Baron of Thieuloy, a rich vassal of The Sire Lobermunde. As the baron understood all the resources of the earth he was able to make his yield many measures o grain, and in his stables were many well-fed horses and oxen; and being lighted up with pride he despised those who were less fortunate than himself, and for the poor, he had no pity.

Norbert was brave and handsome, tall

of stature, strongly built, and could with the greatest ease, with one arm, place scaling-ladder against a breach, or with one stroke pierce through and through the most terrible boars of the forest. The Lord of Lobermunde had mad

Norbert one of his bodyguard of archers but as no war was going on at the time, he appointed him head forester, relying on his strength and courage to keep his land free from all dangerous animals.

On Sundays at the hour of Mass when Norbert appeared on his way to the church, in his handsome uniform, his oow on his shoulder, his sword at his side, and a falcon's plume in his hat, all the young girls hurried to their doors hoping to attract him by their beauty and Sunday fineries; but he took no notice whatever of neither glance nor smile did they receive from him. With icy indifference he passed on his way, because his heart was no longer in his own keeping, he had given it forever to the poor. little ragged shepherdess. Norbert in his daily walks through the forest had often noticed Micheline and her sheep in the dim recesses of the mysterious woods, and as time went on, and she was there in all changes of weather, rain, snow and heat, carefully tending her charge, he began to feel a certain pity for her. He had never approached near enough to recognize her features, for she in her sweet humility, whenever she perceived the splendid form of the forester, hid herself behind some hedge, feeling that her wretched rags were not fit to approach a being so superior to herself as he was with his fine leather doublet, crossbow and sword, and the falcon-feather in his hat. With trembling admiration she would watch him pass giving encouraging words to his dogs, and soon disappearing in the depths of the forest, while she, emerging from her hidingplace, listened to the far-off sounds of his ivory horn.

It chanced one day that Norbert, while pursuing a wounded fawn, suddenly came face to face with the little shepherdess, and she had no time to hide. It was the first time he had ever seen her sweet and modest face, and he stood fascinated as though by a supernatural apparition, mute, motionless, for gettin: his quarry, forgetting everything, filled with confusion, filled with confusion with co

aid, her heart beat painfully, she could scarcely breathe and to keep herself from falling had to lean against a tree, closing her eyes.

Then Norbert, the proud archer of

the guard, almost as much confused as herself, came forward and spoke to her. His voice sounded so soft and gentle that Micheline, accustomed to the harsh words and threats of her cruel aunt, thought she was listening to the Christmas hymns of angels of which she had sometimes dreamed. A She took courage, opened her eyes, her great blue eyes fringed with long, dark lashes and lookng at Norbert answered him with such sty, that when he went away he left his heart in the keeping of the poor little shepherdess.

Henceforth for a smile of Micheline he would give up his cross-bow, his fine sword, his toque of falcon plumes; he would pass without noticing or attacking the antiered stags, the wild boars, ever the wolves, but there was no need of any such sacrifices, for the timid shepherdess

no longer feared or avoided him.

One evening on quitting the forest
Norbert sought his father and told him of the great love he conceived for Miche line and asked his permission to make

her his wife.
From the first words of his son the fathers' pride took alarm, and in a violent passion he declared that he would

never consent to such a mis-marriage and then followed a torrent of contempt-uous remarks about her poverty, her occupation, her rags! It was a greatrial for the brave Norbert to find his father so implacable, and a still greater trial to hear the invectives which he launched at her who was all the world to him. He cast aside his pride, and kneel-ing before his father, he wept bitterly, but the Baron remained inflexible before this great sorrow and humiliation. en Norbert arose, and drying the

vain tears which covered his face said: "Father, since you will not be moved by my sorrow you will see me no more; I will follow my lord to the wars where the arrows fall so thick and fast that even the swallow in her lightning flight can not escape them, and it can not be long before I fall with my death-stroke." "Well," answered the proud, hard-hearted father, "rather than see a low-

born baggage come into my house and take her place at my table, let it be as

And now these two lovers had to part, and both shed bitter tears, for it was a parting without hope, an eternal adieu! And when Norbert finally left her, it was with slow and faltering steps, constantly turning to cast a last look on her whom he would never meet again; for was he not going to the plains where the arrows rained thick and fast?

As for Micheline, her life, illumined for a short space by the love of Norbert, became still more desolate than at first, for then she had not known the happiness which she had found so sweet, and which vanished so quickly like a beautiful dream. And once more, silent and sorrrowful she pastures her sheep in the great woods, more gloomy and sombre than before, and all hope and joy seemed lost to her forever! Then, while her sheep, all unconscious of her sorrow, gambolled joyously in the deep grass, she knelt than at first, for then she had not joyously in the deep grass, she knelt down and lifting up her voice prayed: "Oh, Most Blessed Mother, from

the time that I learned to speak, never let a day pass without repeating with great devotion, at morning, at noon, and evening, the Angelical Salutation in your honor, and up to this day, oh, most holy Virgin, although my aunt treats me hardly, as you can see from the heights of your dwelling in Para dise, leaving me often to suffer hunger and thirst, and making me go every day, even in the rain and snow, to mind the sheep in the dismal woods, where sometimes I am very frightened; up to this day I have never asked of you any favor except to keep me from sin ; therefore, to-day I hope that you will grant me the favor I ask of you. I ome most humbly to your feet, earnes ly beseeching you to cast a glance of your blessed eyes on the plains where the arrows rain thick and fast, and with your holy hand turn them aside from my love, Norbert, and obtain for me the happiness of being one day his wife. And if you grant me this favor, every day God gives us of life we will you more and more, and return thanks

One day after she had repeated this prayer perhaps for the hundredth time with a confidence that the long weeks of waiting could not weaken, Micheline elt weary and exhausted scorched by the sun's rays that pierced through th spaces between the trees, and sinking on the ground under a pine tree she on the ground under a pass of the fell into a deep sleep, lulled by the breeze that gently fanned her fevered brow and cheek. When she awaye the sun had almost disappeared, and she neard in the woods the partridge calling their young, and the rooks croaking in the branches above her. The distant sound of the Angelus bells was borne on the still air, and her sheep were gathered around her, wondering why did not lead them home. She She arose hurriedly, when she observed the coarse texture of her gown all covered with the most beautiful designs in silvery cobweb, as though fairies while sh slept had been embroidering it. pity, she thought, that I can not preserve this lovely piece of work, this design which has fallen from Heaven.

Then an idea struck her—and gather-ing a number of pine-needles she marked out the design with them in the most ingenious manner. The work was difficult, delicate and tedious, so that when, followed by her frightened sheep, she reached her aunt's hut, it was almost dark, and cruel words and hard blows awaited her. But the pain of her body was nothing to the sorrow of her heart for the continued absence of Norbert.

The poor child, from the miserable straw bed on which she laid her aching limbs, cried out in an agony of supplica-tion, "Oh, Blessed Virgin, oh, most merciful Virgin, why dost thou not hear my prayer? To be always weak and famished, to hear nothing but brutal words, receiving at the same time hard blows; to see no more my sweet kind Norbert, not even to know if he is living or dead, is too much for a poor little creature like me, and I feel that if you do not soon come to my aid, courage and strength will fail me, and I shall die. And so oh, Virgin most powerful, I

implore you hasten to my aid! After her prayer she slept, and all night long in er dreams she was weaving the silvery thread of the virgin in the most elaborate designs of roses and designs and designs and designs of roses. in the most elaborate designs of roses and daisies and eglantines and the thousand beautiful flowers which the of God has scattered over the

earth for the pleasure of His children. When she awoke in the morning, although still suffering from the beating she had got from her aunt the ight before, she felt, without knowing why, less unhappy than usual. The sky seemed more blue, the air more clear, the sound of the bells sweeter, the flowers in the woods more numerous beautiful, all nature seemed

rejoicing! Thus animated with re-awakened hope ntered the forest, distaff in hand, her sheep trotting before her, and blushed on finding herself singing the refrain of ne of the Christmas hymns she loved so much. She soon reached the group of pines under which she had slept the evening before and sitting down she again studied the delicate net-work of which the pine-needles still

held in place on her robe. Suddenly as though inspired, she began to spin feverishly with the linen

thread, reproducing with great exacti-tude the exquisite designs she had seen in her dream, and which she had before her eyes as a pattern on her coars gown. Doubtless the white-winger angels who act as pages to the Queen of Heaven directed her agile fingers, for before night she had a piece of lace finished of such rare beauty that no one had ever seen anything comparable to it. And Micheline looked at her own work, silent and wondering, hearing in the depths of her heart a voice which whispered that the powerful aid of the most merciful Virgin had come to her, and that the poor, despised little shepherdess was surrounded with the shepherdess was surrounded with the dazzling light of a miracle—one of those

dazzing light of a miracle—one of those miracles which reward the faith of the poor and at the same time shows to scoffers the power and mercy of God!

Three days after, on the feast of the Assumption of Our Lady, the Countess Gudule de Lobermunde went in grea state from her castle to assist at Mass in the parish church. The Countess was a noble and beautiful woman, in the flower of her youth. With a tender afection she loved her brave husband, Lord Godfrey de Lober munde, and she sought to please him in every way, not despising the little adornments which she knew gratified him. Hardly had she taken her place in her sculptured pew, than she found her eyes wandering from her illuminated missal, and could not fix her attention on he prayers, so fascinated was she with a veil which draped the statue of Our Lady. It was of lace so transparent and beautiful that it resembled frost work, and she thought that surely there was

nothing like it in the world.
"Oh," thought she, "how pleased my dear lord would be on his return to see

After Mass she went into the sacristy to see the priest and ask him to tell her the secret of the beautiful lace. said it was the offering of a poor little shepherdess who had woven it herself.
"Oh then," said the Countess, " yo

must send her to me, and I will give her plenty of work, and pay her well, so that she will not need to herd sheep any

When Micheline came to the castle to obey the call of her sovereign lady, she was dazzled by her beauty and grandeur, surrounded by her ladies in waiting, all young and beautiful, and richly attired and she felt how immeasurable was the distance between them and her. She trembled and scarcely dared to raise her eyes, wishing that she could hide anywhere.
The Countess understood her embar

rassment and spoke to her kindly asking in what school she had learned to make

Micheline answered that she had never been to any school, but that the most Blessed Virgin taught her in her sleep, and that is why she gave her first piece of work to her for her feast. Then the Countess said:

"You must make me a robe of the same lace to wear when my lord comes home from the wars." But to this the little shepherdess objected thinking that all work should be for the Holy Virgin; but the Countess reasoned with her thus:

"I have always loved and honored the Queen of Heaven, and never neglected one of her feasts. I am sure it would not displease her to have you make me this robe. as it is to honor my husband's nome-coming I want it, and he has always been her faithful knight. And besides," added the lady, "when God has given you such a talent, you must nger tend sheep in the forest, you must come and be enrolled among my ladies-in-waiting, and take your place with them. I will have you instructed in all that is requisite, for your changed

Oh, but who will take care of my

aunt's sheep?" exclaimed Micheline.
"I will send her money enough to pay
a person to mind them," said the Counts: and so it was arranged. The little ragged shepherdess was seen and a new member was added to the Countess' ladies. Micheline adapted herself wonderfully to her new surround-Micheline adapted ings, she worked industriously, and never lost a minute in frivolous amusement or idle conversation, but improved her opportunities, so that in a short time she became as refined as though

she was nobly born. She confided the story of her love to her kind mistress, who promised to exert herself to bring it to a happy issue when the war was over. Now one day there arrived at the castle a courier in great haste, his horse covered with foam from hard riding. He came to announce the welcome news that Lord Godfrey of Lobermunde was on his way home, with such of his command as had lived

through the war. Micheline prayed the lady to ask if Norbert was still living, but the courier said he did not know. Great sadness fell on her at this, but the Countess bade her be of good cheer, as in a day or two at farthest they would know, and it would be good tidings she felt sure.

At length the wished for day arrived. Countess Gudule bade her ladies dress in their robes of state to receive their Lord, and she herself, wearing the peautiful lace made by Micheline, was oremost amongst them, as and busband followed by a gallant train of busband squires appeared. When foremost amongst them, as her beloved knights and squires appeared. When he had embraced her affectionately, he

exclaimed with admiration: "But, my love, you are more splendidly attired than the Queen of France Where did you get such a wonderful robe ?

The Countess smiled, and replied "It is the work of one of my maidens, one who is affianced to Norbert the archer," saying which she motioned to Micheline to come forward. When Lord Godfrey had seen her dazzling beauty and shrinking modesty, all arrayed in silk and jewels, he laughed scornfully

and said " My dear wife, this is an impostor, who has played on your credulity; for Norbert has confided to me the story of his love, and it is to a poor humble shepherdess he has given his heart, and I have promised him that she shall be found this very day; and I myself will dower the bride for the first and bravest

of my guards. Come forward, Norbert."
As the gallant archer advanced, he recognized at one glance the modest

mien which no trappings of fashion could conceal, and in another minute he was kneeling at her feet. The Countess explained the transformation, the priest explained the transformation, the priest was bidden, and the Mass of Thanks-giving was also a Nuptial Mass. In time Norbert succeeded his father as first vassal, and inherited all his pos-

Micheline in the midst of luxury never lost the virtues which adorned her youth. She taught all her daughters the art of making the beautiful lace, and established schools for teaching the same to poor girls; for the lace of Brussels had become famous, and every lady of fashion wanted some of it; even a queen would consider her outfit in-complete without this lovely and most costly lace.—Translated from the French by E. McAuliffe.

THE STOLEN ROSARY.

TRUE STORY BY REV. RICHARD W ALEXANDER IN THE MISSIONARY.

Sunshine and balmy breezes, swee with the odor of spring blossoms, made the May afternoon like a dream of lost Eden. The Southern city of Richmond was all astir in the beautiful weather the streets were filled with active me and gay women, who, with alert step and face that reflected the cloudless sky were on pleasure, or on business with that elasticity and vitality of move ment which the glorious day had evoked even since early morning.

On a side street stood a little church and now as the sun went down, the doors and now as the sun went down, the doors stood wide open, and passersby could look in from the pavement, and note the altars, beautifully adorned with long white tapers and vases of fragrant flowers. There were two altars, one of which was crowned by an exquisite marble statue of the Blessed Virgin with a halo of electric stars over her head. The fragrance of roses floated down the aisles and out into the street, and appealed delightfully to the senses of a young girl who was passing by. She looked in, and impelled by curiosity, hesitatingly entered.

She had never been in a Catholic Church before, and remembering all the dangerous things she had heard, of the ways of "Roman Catholics," she slipped into the pew nearest the door, so that in case of danger she might instantly

There was only a small congregation present, and all seemed so earnestly en-gaged in their devotions, that she found herself actually unnoticed. She breathed freely, and began to listen to what was said, for the whole churchful was repeat ing at certain intervals some sentences of prayer over and over again. She dis covered they were led by a single voice far away, and she located what she thought was the minister, at the foot of the shrine, where the marble Madonna stood like a vision. In vain she tried to eatch the words

that were so ften repeated : only thes

came to her ear:

"Holy Mary, Mother of God—!"

Over and over again they fell on the air, and while more words were said, they died away in an indistinct mur-

Unconsciously she murmured then Suddenly her eyes caught a broken chaplet lying in the pew before her chaplet lying in the pew before her. She had no idea of connecting it with the prayers she heard, but it was a curiosity, and stealthily she snatched it up and slipped it into her pocket.

Noticing there was a stir among the people, she hurriedly arose, and fled into the street, quite excited at her own bravery in entering a "Popish Church without meeting opposition or challenge; and determined to make an interesting story of the whole adventure that night among her friends.

Sure enough, to a party of young people that evening, she detailed the episode, and told graphically of her visit to the church, the scene she beheld, and as the party refused to believe drew out the broken rosary to prove her

story.

The "superstitions of the benighted Catholics were commented upon, and the rosary was passed from hand to hand in curious examination.

The party dispersed, and our heroire, taking the chaplet, at last went to her room to retire for the night. She threw the beads on her dressing table, and then with a sigh of relief, that she could pray to her Heavenly Father without such popish mummery, fell on her knees, to say her night prayers. Strange! They had left her mind! Nothing could she utter but-

"Holy Mary, Mother of God !" Again and again did she essay the familiar words of prayer. Her memory was a blank; she could say nothing, but

Holy Mary, Mother of God !' Startled and worried, she tried again, with the same result, and finally had to bandon the effort in disgust and affright.

"It is that old Catholic rubbish that has bewitched me !" she cried, and

But she could not sleep: she tossed on her pillow, and ever and again, the mur-mur of the words in the little church

came to her unwilling ears. morning found her nervous and jaded, from want of sleep and the strain on her mind. She tried to perform her usual duties, but again, like the restless moan of the sea, came the words, as if far off multitude were saying them Holy Mary, Mother of God!"

Half sick with conflicting emotions, she waited till evening, and then in terror and in secrecy, she thrust the broken chaplet into her pocket, and made her way to the Catholic Church, to leave the miserable thing where she found it.

She reached the church-no one wa there, and hurriedly she entered the pew where she had found the broken Gladly she threw it down, and rosary. turned to flee with a relieved heart when her eyes rested on the marble Madonna, with its pure, exquisite face, and its "meekly folded hands."

"Holy Mary, Mother of God!" fell from her lips unconsciously. And then came the stroke of grace. The scales of came the stroke of grace. prejudice and heresy dropped from her eyes. She believed! The Mother of God was a reality! Christ's Church was a haven of peace founded on a rock! Her soul had been actually pursued by

Sacred Heart.
She became an earnest Catholic, and

lived and died an example of that fervor, which wins and amazes, while it fills us

with admiration.
Oh, blessed Mother of God! Thy fair loveliness is part of the beauty of Paradise, yet, let some little ray fall on the children of Eve, bereaved of Thee, that those who know Thee not, may find Thee, and finding Thee love Thee, O Holy Mary, Mother of God!

AT THE GREAT EUCHARISTIC CON-GRESS AT COLOGNE.

At the Irish section of the Eucharistic Congress which is being held in Cologne, Germany, under the presidency of Car-Germany, under the presidency of Cardinal Vannutelli, the Papal Delegate, Father Ambrose Coleman, O. P., of Dublin, Ireland, read a paper on "Mass in Penal Times in Ireland." The section is under the presidency of the Most Rev. Dr. Lyster, Bishop of Achonry. In the course of his paper Father Coleman said:

It is a remarkable historical fact that for two hundred and twenty-two years the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was forbidden by law in Ireland, and it is an equally remarkable fact that during that long paried of represention the Holy that long period of persecution the Holy Sacrifice never ceased to be offered up in every part of the land. No other country in the world can point to such a glorious record. In other countries, it is true, penal legislation against the Mass existed for an equally long period, but with the important difference that in some of them, such as Norway and Sweden, the faith was completely stamped out of the people after two or three generations, and in others, such as England, only a remnant of the people ined Catholic to the end; wherea the Irish people were just as Catholic to the end of the period as they were at the beginning, patiently bearing all the disabilities incurred by reason of their religion, a nation enslaved at the hands of a handful of bigoted Protestants, who possessed all power, influence and

IN 1781 THE PENAL CODE WAS FIRST RELAXED.

In 1781, when the Penal Code first be gan to be relaxed, the whole population of Ireland, then estimated at 2,750,000 was Catholic, with the exception of English, Scotch and Continental Pro testant settlers; while in England, at the same date, out of a population of 6,000,000 there were only about 60,000 Catholics, some thousands of whom were Irish immigrants. England for the two centuries previous had been a Protest-ant nation; Ireland had remained, as it emains to the present day a Nation of The first endeavor to plant Protest-

antism into Ireland was made in the reign of Edward VI., under the euphemism of introducing the English Liturg That this meant the banning of the Ma Liturgy was clearly seen by the then Catholic Primate, George Dowdall, who made a vigorous stand for some time for the true faith, and then left the country in disgust, saying that he "Wolde I bushope where th'olie Masse was abol-ished." The attempt was an utter fail-ure, and on Mary ascending the throne shortly afterwards the old religion was restored. It is to Elizabeth that we must attribute the introduction of Protestantism in a permanent form into Ireland. In 1559 the Act of Uniformity was passed, or supposed to have been passed, in a packed Parliament in Dub

lin. By this Act, the Book of Com Prayer was made obligatory on all the clergy and people, and all "Popish rites and superstitions," meaning of course, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, were forbidden by law. The act remained in force in Ireland, with the exception of the short reign of James II., till 1781—that is, for a period of two hundred and twenty-two years.

THE ACT DEPRIVED THE PEOPLE OF THEIR PASTORS

The immediate effect of the Act was to drive the bishops and priests out of all the churches of the country, in the remote parts, where Elizabeth's power was not felt. Their places were taken by a crowd of horseboys and pemakers and others, n whom could not even read, who acted as nominal ministers, and were supposed to perform Divine Service. The clergy, seeing the people deprived at one stroke of all their places of worship, were forced to begin the practice of saying Mass in private houses, and of converting barns, stables, and ordinary cottages into chapels. These were known in Elizabeth's time, and down almost to our own days by the name of "Mass houses" and the priests are referred to in the State Papers as "massing-priests."

On the death of Elizabeth the Catho lies were filled with the hope that they should enjoy toleration under her successor—James I., son of Mary Queen of Scots. And so they took possession of many of the churches that remained, and began to say Mass in them. This did not escape the vigilant eye of the Lord President of Munster. Writing from Waterford, he says: "Masses infinite they have in their several churches every morning without any fear. I have spied them, for I chanced to arrive last Sunday, at 5c'clock in the morning, and saw them resort out of their churches by heaps." The hopes of the Catholics were doomed to disappointment, and a most vigorous persecution followed for the next few years. Some years later a proclamation was issued against the clergy, the Lord Deputy intimating that the "Late intermission of legal proceedings against them has bred such an extraordinary insolence and presumption in them that he was necessitated to charge and command them in his Majesty's name to forbear the exercise of their Popish rites and ceremonies." The Lord Deputy complains in a letter to Primate Ussher, that this proclamation was ill observed.

CROMWELL PARCELLED OUT THREE FOURTHS OF THE COUNTRY TO BRIT-ISH ADVENTURERS.

During the terrible Cromwellian country was parcelled out among the English soldiers and adventurers, and the great bulk of the people were driven into Connacht, the poor Catho-

grace. Mary, the Mother of God, had lies never showed greater constancy in won another convert to her divine Son's their religion. Even in that awful. their religion. Even in that awful per-iod they heard Mass on every opportunits that off-red. A letter from a Cap-uchin Father, who visited several of his brethren at that time, throws a remarkbrethren at that time, throws a remarkable light on the situation. A pathetic instance of the hardships borne by the priests at the time is that of an old Dominican Father, who during the Cromwellian period, had to hire himself out to one of the English planters as a shepherd. Exposed in this occupation to all the vicinsitudes of the weather, he completely lost his sight, and then, attired as a common beggar, with a wallet on his back, and led by a little boy, the poor old man, revergenced as a common beggar. poor old man, reverenced as a messen-ger from God, made his way from house to house, spending the last days of his life hearing the confession of the people and consoling them in their

affliction.

Not until 1782 was the Act of Uniformity, the principal weapon all along in the hands of the persecutors, virtually repealed by the Act of Parliament (21-22 George III.) by which priests, on taking the Oath of Allegiance, and registering the names, ages and places of abode, were allowed to exercise their priestly office without being subject to the penalties of pre-vious years. But the Act restricted them "from officiating in any church or chapel with a steeple or bell, or at an funeral in a church or churchyard, or at any from exercising any of the rites or cere-monies of the Popish religion, or wear-ing the habits of their order, save within their usual place of worship or in private houses, or from using any symbol or mark of ecclesiastical dignity or authority." The immediate effect of the Act was the building of churche and chapels without steeples or bells in more open places than formerly, most of which have long since disappeared t make way for the noble ecclesiastical structures we see everywhere around us in Ireland. But it must not be thought that by the passing of this Act of Parliament all the difficulties consequent or Catholic worship were at an end.
PROTESTANT LANDLORDS REFUSED TO

LEASE LAND FOR CATHOLIC WORSHIP OR EDUCATION.
The bigoted and intolerant Protest-

ant landlords, who possessed practically all the land in the country, could not be induced, in numberless instances. grant sites for Catholic churches and chapels, and very often in the lease given to Catholic tenants there was clause against the sub-letting of

land for the purpose of building any Catholic school. Again, in the Pro ant part of the North, which had just seen the formation of the Orange Society based on deadly hatred of everything Catholic, it was impossible to build even a humble chapel for fear of its being wrecked or set on fire. Most Rev. Patrick McGettigan, who died Bishop of Kaphoe in 1861, used to relate that in his childhood he was often placed on the summit of a high rock to signal the approach of the priest-hunters, whilst in an adjoining hollow the parishioners were assembled around the tem-porary altar on which the Holy Sacra-

nent was offered up..

As he advanced in years he became one of the acolytes whose duty it was to hold the candles in their hands, and prevent them from being blown out by wind, for there were no candlesticks on the open-air altars of those days. another instance, coming home to our selves, I may refer to the case of my own naternal grandmother, who, when a ch had to hear Mass every Sunday and festival in a field in all kinds of weather with the rest of the parishioners, while a priest said Mass in a hut in front, the people having to endure this hardship because no landlord would give a site for a chapel. This parish, I am glad to add, possesses at the present day the finest parochial churches in Ireland. THE MASS "ARK OF CARRIGAHOLT

To give another instance; I am well acquainted with a gentleman, a pro-minent merchant of the South of Ireland, who as a boy used to serve Mass regularly in what was known as the "Ark of Carrigeholt." This was a structure, built as a travelling van on wheels, with large glass windows all around, through which the priest and altar could easily be seen. It was devised as the only possible me abling the people of the parish of Carriganolt to hear Mass. The local land-lords were so bigoted that none of them would allow a chapel to be built on their lands, and prosecuted and evicted tenants who allowed Mass to be said in a temporary shelter for the priest. The van was forbidden to enter any of the lands occupied by the tenants; hence the only place where the people, prising several thousands, could Mass was at the cross roads, the Ark being placed at the junction of the

roads, and the people kneeling in four distinct groups along the four roads. The present illustrious Archbishop of Sydney, Cardinal Moran, devo'ed several years both in Ireland and in Australia to embody in his historical writings the living traditions that linger round these humble monuments of penal days. No other historian has done half so much as he has to illustrate the ecclesiastical history of the times of persecution. In 1731 an order times of persecution. In 1731 an order was issued by the Privy Council in Dublin to all the Protestant Bishops to send in an account of all the Mass-houses and popish schools in their dioceses, and the number of priests and friars officiating therein. Very detailed reports, from which has been gathered a mass of interesting information, were sent in by them, and are to be found in the Irish Record Office, Dublin. Only mud huts were tolerated as places of worship, and where, owing to the e rancor and aggressiveness of local magistrates, these were thrown down, the people had to betake themselves once more to the rock altars and the fields.

THE VIRULENT PERSECUTION OF 1744. A virulent persecution arose in 1744, wing to the invasion of Scotland by Prince Charles Stuart. Many priests were thrown into prison; others fled to Dublin, and Mass had to be celebrated once more in holes and corners. state of things lasted for nearly a year, when a disastrous accident touched the heart of the Lord Lieutenant and moved him to allow the quasi-public celebration of Mass once once. The accident, of Mass once once.

which result and nine oth giving way Dublin, when secretly to h Owing to t pulation d last century, the small ch only a smal illustrious visited Irel n him by th Mass regard years after meeting Diocese of I House of amongst of diocese alor souls are o hear Mass u A REL A relic Stations, wh in the hous

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Ah, joys of lift up ments small] have t that r develo truths surpas behole tected many would body hold, Th:

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GET

READY

ed greater constancy in Even in that awful per-Mass on every opportun-A letter from a Cap-tho visited several of his t time, throws a remark-te situation. A pathetic hardships borne by the time is that of an old ther, who during the criod, had to hire himself e English planters as a posed in this occupation situdes of the weather, he his sight, and then, atnon beggar, with a wallet do led by a little boy, the reverenced as a messen-made his way from house ling the last days of his the confession onsoling them in their

782 was the Act of Uniof the persecutors, vird by the Act of Parlia-George III.) by which king the Oath of Allegistering the names, ages abode, were allowed to priestly office without to the penalties of pre-But the Act restricted diciating in any church or steeple or bell, or at any church or churchyard, or g any of the rites or cere-Popish religion, or wear-of their order, save withplace of worship or in es, or from using any k of ecclesiastical dignity The immediate effect the building of churches without steeples or bells

claces than formerly, most long since disappeared to the noble ecclesiastical see everywhere around us at it must not be thought assing of this Act of Par-difficulties consequent on ip were at an end.
LANDLORDS REFUSED TO FOR CATHOLIC WORSHI

ion.
I and intolerant Protestwho possessed practically the country, could not be numberless instances, to r Catholic churches and very often in the lease olic tenants there was a t the sub-letting of any purpose of building any ol. Again, in the Protest-ie North, which had just tion of the Orange Society, dly hatred of everything is impossible to build even pel for fear of its being set on fire. Most Rev. ettigan, who died Bishop 1861, used to relate that bood he was often placed t of a high rock to signal of the priest-hunters, djoining hollow the parishssembled around the tem-on which the Holy Sacra-

red up. lytes whose duty it was to les in their hands, and pre-m being blown out by the re were no candlesticks on altars of those days. As nce, coming home to our-refer to the case of my own dmother, who, when a child Mass every Sunday and eld in all kinds of weather of the parishioners, while a lass in a hut in front, the andlord would give a site This parish, I am glad to a at the present day one of ochial churches in Ireland. 'ARK OF CARRIGAHOLT."

with a gentleman, a pro-hant of the South of Irea boy used to serve Mass what was known as the arrigeholt." This was a tilt as a travelling van on large glass windows all ugh which the priest and easily be seen. It was deonly possible mean eople of the parish of Car-ear Mass. The local landbigoted that none of them a chapel to be built on their rosecuted and evicted tenowed Mass to be said in a selter for the priest. The bidden to enter any of the ed by the tenants; ce where the people here the people, comral thousands, could the cross roads, the Ark he people kneeling in four ps along the four roads. at illustrious Archbishop of

rdinal Moran, devo ed s both in Ireland and in e embody in his historical the living traditions that these humble monuments ys. No other historian has o much as he has to illus-clesiastical history of the secution. In 1731 an order by the Privy Council in I the Protestant Bishops to account of all the Mass-popish schools in their d the number of priests and ting therein. Very detailed which has been gathered a eresting information, were ecord Office, Dublin. Only vere tolerated as places of I where, owing to the rancor where, owing to the rancor iveness of local magistrates, thrown down, the perple had hemselves once more to the and the fields.

ENT PERSECUTION OF 1744. t persecution arose in 1744, he invasion of Scotland by trles Stuart. Many priests in into prison; others fled to Mass had to be celebrated in holes and corners. This ngs lasted for nearly a year, strous accident touched the Lord Lieutenant and moved v the quasi-public celebration once once. The accident,

OCTOBER 2, 1909.

which resulted in the death of a priest and nine other people, came from the giving way of the floor of a garret in Dublin, where the people had assembled secretly to hear Mass.

Owing to the enormous increase of the population during the first part of the last century, and their abject poverty, the small chapels were able to contain only a small proportion of those who came to hear Mass. Montalembert, the illustrious French Catholic writer, who visited Ireland in 1829, vividly described the profound impression made visited Ireland In 1820, vividly described the profound impression made on him by the devotion of the people at Mass regardless of the weather. Five years after Montalembert's visit, a public meeting of the Catholics of the Diocese of Killala sent a petition to the House of Commons, setting forth, amongst other things, that "in this diocese alone upwards of thirty thousand souls are obliged on every Sunday to hear Mass under the canopy of heaven."

A RELIC OF THE PENAL TIMES.

A relic of the Penal times are the Stations, which are still held regularly in the houses of the people in some of the dioceses of the West. I once took part in one myself with the parish priest.

At an early hour we made our way to At an early nour we made our way to the house, a poor cottage of two rooms, preceded by the clerk, carrying the altar requisities. We there found several of the neighbors already waiting for confession. The kitchen table was ed into an altar, and the parish priest and I were soon seated on chairs hearing the confessions of all who presented themselves. Then each of us said Mass in turn and gave Holy Communion. When the religious function was over the people came up one and one and made their half-yearly offering. Devout people of other lands might fear that these sordid surroundings might lead to a lack of reverence toward the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar, but such is by no means the case, and I can bear witness that I never came across a more devout congregation. Many priests have to spend three or four months of the year holding Stations from house to house in their parishes.

One other instance of the piety of the One other instance of the piety of the people at Mass in the real Irish parts of the country and I have done. I was once saying Mass in one of the islands off the west coast when, at the Elevation, there was a general murmur among the congregation. Having been always used to profound silence at that solemn ant I was at a loss to account for it. but learnt afterwards that it was the custom of the people to welcome the coming of Our Lord in their midst using the old Irish greeting: "Cend mile failte," "A hundred thousand welcomes." The devotion to the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, so remarkable in penal times, is not less so at the present day. The churches are all crowded on Sundays, and the absentees are few and far between. Would that that could be said of other Catholic countries. Another lesson learnt in penal times was that of supporting the needs of re-

THE IRISH EMIGRANT HAS CARRIED THE FAITH TO EVERY PART OF THE

At present the generosity of the Irish in supporting their priests, in building churches, in keeping up charitable insti-tutions, is proverbial, not only as regards Ireland itself, but every country in which our people have set foot. It is the pence of the Irish poor that have built up most of the churches in Eugland. It is the Irish emigrants that have built three fourths of the churches in the United States, and all the churches in Australia and South Africa. Who could think that the down-trodden who could think that the down-rodden people—who worshipped for centuries in fear and trembling around the rock altars and in front of the mud-walled Mass-houses—could ever rise to take such a glorious part in the spreading of the gospel through the world as they have done in the past century? Truly the ways of God are wonderful!

THE MOTHER OF A PRIEST.

been asked for the en-

tire letter. Here it is: Dear Friend,—Bless, bless God, I am Dear Friend,—Biess, bless God, I am the mother of a priest. It was to you I wrote, twenty-five years ago, when the child was given me. I recall it; I was foolish with joy; I felt him living by my side; I stretched out my hand toward he yield to imperfect man in that which him; I touched him as he lay in his cradle as if to assure myself that I real-love? Perish the thought!

ly possessed him.
Ah, what a distance between the joys of then and those of to-day which lift up my soul and fill it with sentiments it has never known before. To

day, I am the mother of a priest! Those hands that, when they were so small I kissed with warmest love, those hands are consecrated; those fingers have touched God. The understanding that received enlightenment from me, and to which I taught life's aim, has with great developed, it is flooded truths; study and grace have made it surpass my own intelligence, and now, behold, it is consecrated to God. That which I have cared for and protected, which has made me pass so many nights in tears, when sickness would rob me of my treasure — that body has become large and strong; be-

hold, it is consecrated to God! That body has become the servant of a priest's soul; it will fatigue itself in order to uplift the sinner, to instruct the ignorant, to give to each and every

and make it trust in the goodness of

On yes! my child will do good, he

On yes! my child will do good, he will be according to God's heart, he will be all charity. Yes, yes! I am the mother of a priest, of a true priest.

What shall I tell you of yesterday's ceremonies? I was there, but I saw nothing save only him; when he knelt, when he stood upright, when he lay prostrate, when he areas, when he prostrate, when he arose, when he passed away so recollected from beneath the hand of a bishop—a priest forever!

And this morning he has said his first Mass, in the little chapel of a humble convent, where pure and loving hands have adorned the altar with lilies and roses, white and red; no pomp was there save the silent flowers and the modest love-lit candles; his server, a child, his congregation, I seemed alone—I, his mother and a few dear friends.

Ah! when they wish to paint the happiness of heaven, should they not

try to picture the happiness of a mother who sees God descend at the voice of her son, to a mother lost in adoration so deep that she has forgotten the world, forgotten that she lives, and who gazes upon but two objects, God and her own

At a certain moment I heard him nove as he bent down before the sacred host. I prayed no longer, or at least I know not what to call my emotions. Yes! it was the ecstacy of a Christian mother. I was saying thanks, my God,

thanks forevermore!
This priest, he was—mine; it is I who formed him; his soul was lit up by mine. He is mine no longer, he belongs to Thee O my God. Protect him from even the shadow of evil; he is the salt of the earth; keep him from being contaminated. My God I love Thee, and

I love him, I respect him, I venerate him for he is Thy priest. At the moment of Communion the young server recites the confiteor; the celebrant has turned around, he has

celebrant has turned around, he has raised his right hand, it is the absolution which descends upon his mother.

My poor child, a sob has escaped hin; he takes the holy ciborium, he has come to me; my son he brings me my God. What a moment! What a union! God, his priest, and I! Was I praying? In truth I cannot tell. My being was wrant in a peace that has no name. I wrapt in a peace that has no name. I was bathed in tears, tears of love and gratitude. I was saying in a low, sub-dued voice: "My God! my son!" Yes for one who is a mother I believe this

one who is a mother I believe this was a prayer.

Oh! I am too, too happy, I shall never again complain. In my life there have been beautiful days; this was the most beautiful of all, because unmingled with thoughts of earth. Adieu, I cannot write more, my tears flood this paper, they are the tears of my happi-ness. — Buffalo Catholic Union and

AN ACT OF GOD.

INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF THE CONVER-SION OF A FAMILY OF PURITAN STOCK.

In an interesting account of the con version of a family descended from stern old Puritan stock, the mother of which was the first to seek entrance into the Church, the Catholic Transcript says: The Blessed Virgin had always been

an object of bitter attack in her father's house. She had been taught to despise her whom Catholics honor as the Mother of God; for had not Christ Himself dishonored her, rebuked her and cast her on one of her, resulted her and case her back into the realm of nothingness out of which she thought to rise, where she belonged and from which the papists had resurrected her to place her on altars and worship her? Even as a child, the sick woman said, she as a child, the side would said, sale had frequently been unable to endure this phase of the family theology. Grown to womanhood, it had at times revolted her. When she had children of her own, she used to think the matter over and her thoughts ran this wise:
"Suppose some day that fine manly boy of mine should become great, famous and stand in the limelight of the world's admiration; would he, could he, forget Several weeks ago the Union and Times commented editorially on a letter written to a friend by a mother on the day following the ordination of her mortals, first loved in his thoughts even were he a king and sat on a might were he a king and sat on a mighty throne? The king's mother, the hero's mother, the poet's, the orator's, the statesman's mother, she may have none of his genius but she would still be his mother and would share his fame. Is Christ inferior to His creature?

Thus mused the simple woman; and no trained theological mind ever reasoned better. But blood inheritance environment the everlasting harping of anti-Catholic prejudice would often shake the new-found conviction; she would waver, disbelieve and then believe again. Incidentally, she found one day a child's Catholic prayerbook, a tiny, flimsy volume, torn and defaced. She kept it, treasured it, read and reread it. "And now," she said, "the

only prayers I know are those I learned in that little book."
"One day," she went on, "when very young, being on a visit to New York with relatives, I was brought to a con-vent. I remembered but one thing about the place; it was the picture of beautiful woman hanging on the wall.
Its beauty fascinated me. I had no idea whose likeness it was or whom it was whose likeness it was or whom it was intended to represent, for there was no name on it. I looked particularly for the name and found none. I never forgot that picture and carried away its image in my mind. And now listen. the ignorant, to give to each and every creature who asks and seeks of Him, their God.

That heart, ah! heart so holy and so good, so true to me through all the years—that heart which trembled at contact with aught that was of earth; behold it is the heart of the Lord's anointed! The only love that heart doth know we call by the sweet name of Charity.

My son! my son! It is I who know his nature, and what priceless treasures are concentrated in his character; they will be his safeguarl against the world and against himself. When in the secrecy of his priestly work God may put in his path some faltering soul, faltering or lost, he it is who will know how to find words to lift up that soul

vation, for she died two months after-wards with the declaration on her lips,

a Catholic of course.

She was not two weeks in her grave when another call came to the rectory from the house; the little girl, the mes-sage-bearer was sick. A neighbor had been present when the father promised been present when the father promised his dying wife that in the event of the child dying young he would have her baptized by Father ——; the promise was made reluctantly. And now he tried to escape from his pledge given; and bearing hard his recent bereavement affected resentment towards the priest's interference. He gave in, however, the child died and was laid beside its mother in the new Catholic cometers.

the only one the mother spoke to me about, and she said she knew he would follow her example and embrace the faith in which she died. And he will."

There seems to be little doubt about it.

Where seems to be little doubt about it. Whatever discomfort these unusual for all eternity or, as Scriptures puts it, events may have caused the dead "where the tree falls there will it lie."—
ancestors over the hill, the living members of the little Protestant community do not appear to Times. resent the conquests of the Catholic priest in their midst. For on the Sun-day preceding Memorial day the Grand Army Post of the town, which counts not a single Catholic member, attended high Mass in a body at Father-'s church and listened to a sermon on the Catholic idea of patriotism. Perhaps they considered that it was not Father—'s fault after all and agreed to call the whole business "an act of God," as the coroner says. Yes, God working through Mary and the example of a good priest.

ly, a great multitude following a bier on which was laid out cold in death

To be sure, countless little churcher

To be sure, countless little churcher teach them and all posterity, from the norrors attendant on corporal death, to understand the still greater horrors of spiritual death and to show them that, since He was ready to cure corporal ills. understand the still greater horrors of the wait until service is over model to spiritual death and to show them that, take home their Susans and Kates in since He was ready to cure corporal ills, even death betimes, so much the more His/readiness to rescue the soul suffering this summer through the western part of Massachusetts and New Hampshire. or dead in sin; temporal ills, if you so will to view them, but with eternal con-

Death is not the worst of evils ; in fact, rightly speaking, it is not an evil at all, since good can and does come out of it. It is for the just the beginning of their reward; it is for the wicked even, who will not repent, a mercy, since it lessens their demerits and consequently lessens their demerits and consequently lessens the degree of eternal punishment. While for the dead, then, it can be a blessing it may certainly be so for the living, who learn from its frequent and generally unlooked for occurrence, to be ever ready to meet it, following the injunction of our Lord Himself wherein He "Be ve always ready, for at what hour you think not, the Son of Man will come." And they who mourn, too, the loss of their loved ones, need not mourn without hope, for the just will be reunited

forever in heaven It is sin only, therefore, that is to be really dreaded and avoided, for sin is the only evil, since from it can come nothing but misery and unhappiness in time and everlasting death in eternity. It takes a God to undo its work, and so nothing short of the finger of God, His grace touching our souls; can quicken and give them life again once we have yielded to mortal sin. Thus the fathers, interpret ing the grief of this broken-hearted, childless widow, explain it to be a type of holy mother Church weeping over her wayward children and begging God to touch them by His grace and change their hearts that they may be saved from

verlasting death.

Mortal sin kills the soul by destroying its life, which is supernatural grace. Here is not the place nor time to enter into a disquisition as to what constitutes mortal sin; let it suffice to say that it is any wilful grievous offence against the law of God. Our conscience, which is nothing less than the voice of God is nothing less than the voice of God speaking in us, warns us when there is danger of sin and especially of mortal sin. Anyone who is anxious to avoid it will not fall into mortal sin, for he will take no risks and will keep far from the line of danger by avoiding even deliber-ate venial sin. We can understand how ate venial sin. We can understand how heinous is mortal sin in the eyes of God, since His justice forces Him to punish it so severely. The fallen angels com-mitted but one mortal sin and that a sin of thought, and God drove them from heaven forever. For another single sin of disobedience our first parents were driven out of paradise and compelled to live and labor on earth for nine hundred years and brought suffering, sorrow, afflic-tions and death on all their posterity. If such be the punishments for one only sin, what must be those awaiting great sin-

met his explanations and objections with reiterated assertions; and on its truth seemed to wish to stake her eternal sal-which they are punished. Adam, who shame and torment by forming the fire in which they are punished. Adam, who was to know not death or its attendant miseries, but who after a little while was to be translated to heaven for endless union with God, was kept from that happiness for almost a thousand years in piness for almost a thousand years in toil and labor "eating his bread in the sweat of his brow." Are not the sins, sweat of his brow. Are not the sins, moreover, of the parents visited often-times upon the children? Have we not seen evil-doers punished even in this life?
"By what things a man sinneth, by the proposed he is to upon the wise. same also he is tormented," says the wise man, and again, "By surfeiting many have perished," and he asks, "Who hath ment affected resentment towards the priest's interference. He gave in, however, the child died and was laid beside its mother in the new Catholic cemetery.

This was about a year ago. Three months later the eldest boy dropped in to announce that he thought he had an idea of becoming a Catholic, if Father—had no objections. Father—had

idea of becoming a Catholic, if Father—had no objections. Father—had none, and the event, after a thorough course of instruction, proved the correctness of the young man's way of thinking. "Finally, said the pastor of thinking. "Finally, said the pastor of amily wrecked and cast to the winds by served your Mass this morning and the two younger boys, the lads, served your Mass this morning and the father sat in the front pew."

"Strange about the second oldest, is it not? He is about nineteen. He is the only one the mother spoke to me How many the promising life cut short

THE PROTESTANTISM OF THE COUN TRY TOWN.

One of the first things to strike a city Catholic on vacation in some country town is the indifference toward religion of the average native. He sees perhaps in a small village three or four sectarian churches, some of them of historic interest, but that seems to be about all the interest they are notent to arouse. the interest they are potent to arouse. The congregations that attend them are small, and the wonder is how the parson

is paid.
People in such rural communities THE DREAD INEVITABLE.

The demise of man is always sad and is the source of much sorrow and suffering in this world, but sometimes it is bitter and sad in the extreme and harrows the feelings not of the few immediate friends and relatives but of vast multitudes. Our Lord was passing through a certain city one day and His great heart was touched at what He saw, namegrows wider as the years go by. He

on which was laid out cold in death a young man, the only son of his mother and she was a widow. God that He is and the Author of life and death, He deigned to exercise His divine power and restored the young man to his mother. Nor was it by chance that our Lord was then and there in Naim, for nothing was by chance to Him, and He had another reason for performing this miracle besides the joy He gave this poor afflicted widow and her numerour sympathizers. It is this: He would

The farms were, for the most part of the rough hill country variety and their owners hard-worked and out-at-elbows. Sunday had no place on the calendar for many of them, and it was not an uncommon sight to see men cultivating crops and haying on that day. Churches there were in plenty, but the

Churches there were in plenty, but the congregations could be counted in most instances on one's fingers.

The correspondent thinks that this results from the lack of common ground on which the parson and his flock can meet. He says that the parson, as a rule, knows little or nothing of agriculture, while the tarmer knows little else. Hence they are both at a stand-still.

gion. Where Protestantism is still ctive its activity is due to the social orces to which it has joined itself. As religion it finds itself more difficult to unction. Loss of faith in God has turned it to work for man sustained by the somewhat blind hope that if it tries to make the world better, to raise the status of the poor and the degraded, perhaps all will come out right in the end.
It busies itself with young men's associations, young women's clubs and socio-logical experiments of all kinds. But these activities, excellent as they are, are not religion. They do not supply that fundamental need of the spirit, that hunger of the heart after God which the creator has implanted in humanity.

It is not in the country only that one finds poorly-filled churches and Protest-ants indifferent to the denominations. The same is true of the city, although the city parson and his possible church-members are not at odds because of his gnorance of agriculture. In the city, however, there are such masses and such movement, that the away-from Church trend is not so noticeable as in the quiet, sparsely-populated country dis-The situation in the country is the

situation everywhere. Many people indeed still continue to be drawn to the sectarian churches; many still claim sectarian churches; many still claim allegiance to the denominations of their fathers, but (possibly without their be-ing conscious of it) there has been a complete revolution in the ideas of these people as to what a church is and should be; and to the re-organization of many churches as centers of social activity, as places to meet and be met, as culture clubs, as twenty other things which are all very well but have little to do with religious belief and worship, may be attributed the life, the stir and the actiEducational.

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church is deserted the Lord's Day is ignored, and the drift toward complete cularization is strong.—Sacred Heart

RELICS OF FRENCH EXPLORERS.

IRON CROSS LEFT BY LA SALLE'S PARTY IN TEXAS.

A number of ancient relics have been A number of ancient reflect are been found from time to time during the last few years upon the site of the old Fort Saint Louis, which La Salle, the noted French explorer, and his band of adventurers erected upon the east bank of the Navidad River, just above where Port Lavaca is now situated, in 1685. One of these historic reminders of the visit of the famous explorer is a cross which is made of iron. It was found several feet eneath the surface near the bank of the river. It is now in possession of Harry Bickford of Port Lavaca.

It was from Fort Lavaca.

It was from Fort Saint Louis that La
Salle started upon his ill-fated expedition into the interior in search of the
Mississippi River. He entered Pass
Cavallo and explored Matagorda Bay in the original belief, it is said, that it was here that the Mississippi River emptied its broad waters. He spent some time exploring the coast in this section and then went up the Navidad River ten miles and there built his little fort. The si'e of this first settlement is full of beauty. The timbers of the ancient fort have long since been rotted, but there are still heaps of stone and pieces of iron to be found scattered about upon the site.

The trip which La Salle and his band of explorers made across the country in search of the Mississippi River was full search of the abssissippin that of dangers and hardships. They are said to have left a few men behind to retain possession of Fort Saint Louis. What became of these men history does not say. It is reasonable to suppose that they were killed by Indians or died in exile. None of their comrades ever returned to hunt for them. La Salle was murdered on his trip across the country and his last expedition was full of tragedy.—Port Lavaca (Tex.) corr. Louisville Courier Journal.

Changes HIs Ideas.

A non-Catholic writer tells the Daily Times, published in Dunedin, Australia, how reading Marion Crawford's novels gave him a change of heart. In the course of his letter he made the following references to the lately deceased novelist convert:

"I have extreme pleasure in testify-ing to the illumination winch I person-ally obtained while reading one of Mr. Crawford's novels in regard to the Catholic faith and its Church system. I had inherited the Protestant prejudice against the confessional, but it was not until I had read Marion Crawford's 'Lady of Rome,' that I looked at it—clear of prejudice—from the true Cath-Hence they are both at a stand-still.

But this seems to us a very superficial reason to assign. The real reason lies deeper. It lies, we believe, in the gradual decay of Protestantism as a relation of the gradual decay of Protestantism as a relation to the sympathetic treatment of the novelist, I could conceive the comfort. and consolation afforded by the confes sional to sorrowing and guilt-burdened souls. And I shall always thank Marion Crawford for the finely finished portraits in that book of Msgr. Ippolito Saracinesca and Padre Bonaventura. It is the esca and radie Bonne holds men of this realization that Rome holds men of this stamp which encourages a lively hope of the ultimate reunion of Christendom. When Canon Sheehan calls upon Catho-lics individually to consider whether they are really doing all in their power to make their position intelligible to the world, and their happiness comm icable, it seems to me that ere he died Marion Caawford was able to truthfully say, I have done what I could."

Wanted a New Man--Not a New Religion.

Dr. Eliot predicts a new kind of re ligion—what he should be able to promise first is a new kind of man. The old genus homo, as we meet it in history books or on the street, is not of a sort to worship a multiplication of infinities or look on surgeons as sacred ministers performing holy rights. Mankind will have a real religion or none at all. It wants a God to love and fear and pray

to. Its religion must be a message from on high, which will give light in dark places and strength in temptation and consolation in the trials and losses of this life. And it will have its dogmas, this life. And it will have its aggmas, too. A creedless religion is a thought-less religion. The only valuable relig-ious elements in Dr. Eliot's plan are dogmas. His Pantheistic God is a dogma, his ideal of progress is a dogma his law of love is a dogma. Even his denials are dogmas; but these are not valuable. It is true, as Chesterton says, that "the modern world is filled with men who hold dogmas so strongly ners? Is not sin, then, infinitely worse than death? The angels' light went out for them once they were hurled from the country village) the country village) the catholic world for September.

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THOS. COFFEY, LL. D., Editor and Publisher. Advertisement for teachers, situations wanted, etc.

the order.

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Messrs. Luke King, P. J. Neven, E. J. Broderick, M. Messrs. Luke King, P. J. Neven, E. J. Broderick, M. J. Hagarty and Miss Sara Hanley are fully authorized to receive subscriptions and transact all other business for the CATHOLIC RECORD. Agent for Newfoundland, Mr. James Power of St. John Agent for district of Nioissing Mrs. M. Revnolds, New Liskend Subscribers changing residence will please give old as well as new address.

Obituary and marriage notices cannot be inserted except in the usual condensed form. Each insertion office it would be well were they to tell the clerk to give them their CATHOLIC RECORD. We have information of carelessness in a few places on the part of deliyery clerks who will sometimes look for letters only.

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

Apostolic Delegation. Ottawa, June 13th, 1905.

Mr. Thomas Coffey!

My Dear Sir.—Since coming to Canada I hav been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence an ability, and, above all, that it is imbued with a stron Catholic spirit. It strenuously defends Catholic spirit. It strenuously defends Catholic spirit. It strenuously defends Catholic spirit, and stands firmly by the teachings 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 the welfare of religion and country, and it will more and more, as its wholesome influence reach more Catholic homes. I therefore, earnestly reach mend it to Catholic families. With my blessing of your work, and best wishes for its continued success Yours very suncerely in Christ, Yours very sincerely in Christ,

DONATUS, Archbishop of Ephesu Apostolic Deleg UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA

Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900.

Mr. Thomas Coffey Dear Sir: For some time past I have read you satimable paper, the CATHOLIC RECORD, and congrulate you upon the manner in which it is published its matter and form are both good; and a trul Catholic spirit pervades the whole. Therefore, wit pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithful. Bles ng you and wishing you success, believe me to mean,

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

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1909.

A STRANGE EXPLANATION.

Our Toronto contemporary, The Cath-

olic Register, is bringing the Presbyterian Missionary association to attention. This over-zealous body has for some time been working amongst the Ruthenians in the Provinces of the North West. Missionary methods are with our separated brethren frequently questionable. French Canadians, Italian immigrants, Ruthenians, Gallician strangers are all favorite game for the Association's snares. The end justifies the means. Calumny of priests, pre tended philanthropy, simulated educa ion are used, as occasion and vigilance suggest. Socialists, atheists and others o similar tendencies are enlisted in the service. Men and women, ministers and elders keep the movement in action Where preaching ceases journalism enters the field, spreading in wider circles death-dealing falsehood and dangerous ethics. We are not, however, concerned with the Association. Our remarks are upon the explanation given by the Secretary of the Association, the Rev. Dr. McLaren. It is either darkly striped with ignorance or poisoned with malice. Out of the Ruthenians in the North-West there are not four per cent who are not Roman Catholics. Their rite is special. It is a Greek rite. This fact leads some to think that they belong to the Orthodox Russian Church There are in the Latin Church some of the races in Eastern Europe and Asia Minor who are devoted subjects of Rome, and at the same time preserve their ancient rites which were in use fore the separation of the East from the West. The Rev. Dr. states that the Association has but one desire, to make these Ruthenians not Presbyterians but "Canadian Christians." Whether the good man preaches one thing and practises another-whether there is any difference between these two classeswe are not certain. If there is a difference then Dr. McLaren does preach one thing and practise another-nay, rather he is Presbyterian in Ontario and Canadian Christian farther west. If there is no difference why make the distinction - denying the proselytism and claiming patriotism? That plea is sieve like: people see through it. The fact is that there is plenty of work for the manufacturers of "Canadian Christians" amongst the Doukhobors or nearer home without disturbing a simple, pious, industrious people like the Ruthenians. There is one other point concerning which our Dr's journalistic agents should be disciplined. If to bear false witness against one's neighbor is a special attribute of a Canadian Christian the whole Association has won the prize. We have no desire to see any of our friends become Canadian Christians. The Ranok, the dirty organ of this Association amongst the Ruthenians, does not spare the dead or hesitate lest its stories might not be true. When a Canadian Christian has to be won by defiling the memory of a saintly Pope, Pius IX., we protest as Canadians, and we deplore such methods as Christians. No apology can explain these unjustifi-

able methods. The only plan for the

Association is to mend its ways

rely more upon the justice of the cause

it pleads, and rise from the dirty road

where it has been gathering mud to

throw at its neighbors.

tian fortitude and patience, Rev. John Connolly, parish priest of Ingersoll, diocese of London, breathed his last on the morning of the 24th ultimo. The deceased had for a generation and more been a prominent figure amongst the priests of western Ontario. Close resemblance he bore to the typical Irish priest whose sole ambition and whose every energy are employed in the work of building a sterling Christian manhood amongst his people. Father Connolly's special delight was found in laboring amongst the little ones of his flock, implanting in their minds an intimate knowedge of the catechism. During the many years he had been parish priest of Biddulph and the lengthened period spent amongst the people of Ingersoll he earned the respect, the love and the admiration, sincere and abiding, of the people. For the past few years he had been forced to retire from active labor because of illness which accompanies advanced years. His demise has left a void amongst the priests of this diocese, and he carries with him to his everlasting home a generous meed of their love. Priests and people will combine in a fervent prayer that he may be given the reward of a long life spent as a faithful steward in Christ's vineyard.

IN A LATE issue we published an extract from an address delivered by Dr. Thwing, a Protestant gentleman, President of the Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio, in reference to the Catholic Church. In the passage quoted the following sentence occurred: 'In the Blessed Catholic Church religion stands for life's great centre of life's widest circumstance. Of it make the most. Lean back hard upon the great truths of that blead of life." truths of that blessed religion."

In making comment upon this utterance the Orange Sentinel said :

"It is well to point out that Dr. Thwing was speaking of the Blessed Catholic Church when urging the benefits of religion. As a religious institu-tion the Catholic Church, even the Roman Catholic Church, is commendable. Orangemen have no word against it as such. Thousands of Orangemen Orangemen belong to the Holy Catholic Church, but is distinct from the Roman Catho lic Church, and Dr. Thwing it will be noticed made the distinction.

Upon reading this editorial reference of the Orange Sentinel, we addressed the following letter to Dr. Thwing:

Dear Sir,-A few weeks ago we copied from a Cleveland paper an extract from the speech you made before a class of graduating nurses in which you spoke kind and Christian-like manne about the Catholic Church. You will notice by the extract (which I would ask you to kindly return.) that the editor of the Orange Sentinel claims that your reference to the Blessed Cath-olic Church did not mean the Roman Catholic Church. I should deem it a very great favor if you would kindly let me know if such is the case.

Thos. Coffey.

In reply we received the following letter from Dr. Thwing:

Cleveland, Sept. 20, 1909. My dear Mr. Coffey .- I thank you for your letter of enquiry. I had this in mind: I was speaking to those who have formal membership in what is usually called the Roman Catholic Church who future service was at least in part to be rendered under the auspices of that Church. But in speaking to them I had in mind the fundamental principles upon which this historical organization stands.

I beg to remain,
Very truly yours,

CHARLES F. THWING. DESPATCHES from England tell us that Lord Rosebery continues to make a great ado about the new budget. No doubt Lord Rosebery and the classes will continue to be very much perturbed at the prospect of having to pay a little more in the tax rate. But the masses will stand by the Government. Lord Rosebery is described as a great orator, his speeches being models of literary skill, flashing with wit and humor, etc. But one very important quality is noticably absent in his make up, namely, constancy. He is a Lord of many whims, He goes up like a rocket and comes down like a rocket that has gracefully retired from business. It is hoped by the unionists that the average Englishman will take kindly to Lord Rosebery be cause he is a sportsman and a double winner of the Derby. With English voters of to-day these things do not count for much. The size of the loaf is of vastly more importance to them. If the House of Lords throws out the new budget it will be so much the worse for the House of Lords. Then will come the crisis and there will set in a paring down of the privileges of an aristocracy that has seldom played a noble part in the political life of the British Empire.

HERE IS A sample of the men whom Lord Rosebery considers it robbery to

tax: "At St. John's road, Clapham Junetion, there was, about five years ago, an ugly old wall, behind which, in a house standing in about three acres of ground, lived a gentleman where the second to part with who resolutely Some twenty years ago land round about was fetching £3,000 an acre, but this owner always refused to sell, saying that he could afford to wait. Five

DEATH OF FATHER CONNOLLY.

After a long illness, borne with Chris
Though the owner did nothing to bring about improvement in the district, his estate got unearned incre £36,000 on three acres of land.

Examples by the thousand of a still more atrocious character have appeared from time to time in the press. It is of such men Lord Rosebery has become the champion-men in whom the in sanity of avarice is a predominant characteristic. Things are coming to a head in England. The year 1909 opened with 1,000,000 persons in receipt of relief. During the same year the able bodied men who received relief on account of want of work increased 133 per cent. Since 1900 the number of casual paupers has increased by 75 per cent. Distribution of relief by the local authorities has risen to £60,000,000 a year, and in London alone some £10,000,000 is expended each year on charity. Our fellow subjects across the ocean will have to wake up.

THE RETURNED missionary who brings with him a generous bag of anti-Catho lic bigotry and misrepresentation with view of opening wide the missionary safe at home, will feel sorely aggrieved on reading the following statement made by the Rev. Peter McQueen, a Protestant preacher of Boston, who recently made a tour of Africa. In a letter to the Rev. Father Walsh he writes:

" All over Africa, wherever I found Catholic missionary, I found an earnest. inselfish, consecrated man or doing God's work in a true and practical way. The mission and the missionaries were faithful, earnest, sincere, and suc-The mission and the missionaries cessful. They were teaching the untaught tribes of the Dark Continent the way to God, and exalting and dignifying all the inner sanctities of life.

This is a manly utterance, indeed, showing that Mr. McQueen has risen above that prejudice which is unforfortunately too observable in the utterances of certain preachers. But what will the reverend gentleman think when we tell him the Methodists, Presbyterians and Baptists of Canada are paying out yearly large sums to sustain proseltyzing establishments amongst the French Canadian Catholics of the Province of Quebec. They are gigantic failures, of course, but, through a sense of pride, they are still maintained.

A CABLEGRAM from Overton, Wales tells us that a serious riot occurred be. tween Catholics and Orangemen in which hundreds of persons were injured, nany of them fatally. The Catholics were peaceably marching through the tion, where still are marks of bullets on streets led by a band when they were attacked by the Orangemen. A fierce battle raged for a long time, the police using their clubs with vigor. The band of the Catholics met the bitterest onslaught of the Orangemen, the instruments being taken from them and the players severely beaten. The procession held by the Catholics offered no insult to any one. There is a marked difference between Catholic and Orange processions in this respect. Those of the latter are meant to be offensive to Catholics. The time has come, especially in this country, when all good citizens will look askance at the man in Orange regalia. The members are banded together for anything but a praiseworthy purpose. While they pretend to be the champions of equal rights for all, fair play for Catholies is not on their programme. On their banner should be in-Stock Companies' Act,) "Civil and

Religious Liberty, Limited." AN ENTIRELY new phase of grafting has come to light. In the Riverside Penitentiary at Pittsburg, Pa., rich convicts have been victims of blackmail by prison guards. In order to get "time off for good behavior" they have been force! to pay considerable sums of money. One of them has made an oath that it cost bim \$5,000 in this way while he was confined to gaol. The real from one tree into another. How the name came to be used to describe those who take illicit commissions is not known. It is a modern disease, this grafting business, or rather, an old disease with a new name. "Blackmail" is the proper term to use. The crim nag authorities in England have made an attempt to grapple with this crime and have been fairly successful. Before the contagion extends any further it were well we should take some action in Canada. It will be interesting to note the result of the Royal Commission in Montreal. The gaol is the proper place for the grafter and if "time is not given for good behavior" there will be no room for the guards to practice the unlovely business.

HERE IS SOMETHING that will not bring comfort to the "Presbyterian Missionaries" to the French Canadians and Ruthenians. Discussing the Cath-

gregationalist says:

more notable change than this has taken place in the religious history of the United States.

It is well to bear in mind that this is not a purchased progress such as is necessary to keep a few weak-minded French - Canadians and Ruthenians in the Presbyterian ranks. A liberal expenditure of money is found necessary, not only at the beginning of the campaign, but year in and year out. These poor souls will stray away again from the Presbyterian fold unless the "consideration" is forthcoming. It costs the Presbyterian body \$25,000 annually to keep in that fold the few French Canadians in Quebec who have strayed from Mother Church.

THE MEMBERS of the Masonic order in New Zealand have shown their good sense by making it a rule to blackball Catholics who seek admission to their order. They recognize the fact that bad Catholics who have proved false to their baptismal vows, cannot be trusted with Masonic secrets. When a Catholic seeks affiliation with the Masonic hrotherhood he knows that he ceases to become a Catholic. He moves into the Nothingarian class. Membership in the Masonic cult, he thinks, will bring him perhaps an increase of business, perhaps a goodly share of support at the ballot box if he is looking for a public position, or mayhap his weak mind conceives the idea that it would put him a step higher in a certain social scale. Poor deluded mortal! He is outside the Church portals and his new found acquaintances will ever look upon him with suspicion. They have a few French Masons in the province of Quebec, but the report of the royal commission on civic administration will doubtless show us that they joined the Masonic order not because they conceived a high opinion of its worth, but for some other reason.

MR. M. J. ROGAN of Columbus, Ohio. writes a very interesting article on Ireland in a late issue of the Catholic Columbian. His representation of the prevailing conditions in that country brings comfort to the Irish people of America. He states that out in the middle west of the Island "where a few years ago the condition was of dull despair, where tenants taking holdings from which others had been evicted reaped their crops under armed proteciron shuttered houses, all is nov changed. The farmers are working under better conditions, the rightful owners are back on the soil again, the evicted tenants of twenty years ag have been reinstated, and the agricultural laborers are decently and comfortably housed in neat cottages which with their garden plots form an ornament instead of a blot, as in years gone by, upon the lovely landscape." All that is Leeded now to bring complete prosperity, and assurance of stability in the future of the Emerald Isle, is a generous instalment of Home Rule. Those who have kept it back by raising the cry of dismemberment of the Empire are actuated entirely by selfish motives.

More careful supervision of advertising on the part of the managers of some of our esteemed contemporaries would be in order. We lately saw in of the dailies a hysterical announcement from a patent medicine dealer in Michigan, the heading of which was "Piles and Purgatory." This is infinitely worse than gross violation of the proprieties. We need scarcely say that this headline will in thousands of homes be the cause of bringing contempt upon this particular drug company and his nostrum. We would advise our people to be very careful in the purchase of patent medicines. They should be slow to place faith in any of the advertise meaning of "graft" is to insert scio s ments appearing in the newspapers emanating from unknown and irre sponsible charltans. We know a re tired livery stable clerk in Western Ontario who transformed himself into a Medical Company, put a worse than useless drug upon the market, and is making a handsome fortune through advertising in the papers and circularizing the homes. The law is somewhat slow in protecting the people from swindlers.

THE CATHOLIC HERALD states that the real propagators of dangerous social ism are not the frothy orators and vitriolic scribes of the cult, but rather the predatory trusts. This has reference to the great republic, but Canadians should take heed that conditions of a similar nature may not take root in their country. Archbishop Glennon has well said that there is danger in the influence exerted by these powerful and monopolistic combinations of capital, and destructive socialism will come to us if olic position in New England the Con- the governing power will not take action. The rich, he continues, seek to "According to the latest United States census reports the majority of the church members in every State in New England is Roman Catholic."

According to the latest United capitalize power and defy restraint. It is quite true that in both the American Republic and the Canadian Dominion Republic and the Canadian Dominion

More than 69 per cent. of those enrolled as connected with Christian churches in Massachusetts belong to that body. In Rhode Island the per cent. is 74. No politician who is amenable to the influence exerted by the wealthy, they will have themselves to blame if our ship of state goes upon the rocks.

> IN ANOTHER column we give an ccount of the celebration of the sixtieth anniversary of the ordination to the priesthood of Rev. Father Lacombe, the great pioneer missionary of the Northwest. Few men have been spared so long in the priesthood. His life work brings strongly to mind the magnificent achievements of the Jesuit Fathers in the early days of Canada. Father Lacombe enjoys the esteem, indeed, we may say, the admiration, not alone of his beloved Indians, but of the entire population of the Western provinces. Now that he is in the winter of life benedictions without number will follow him as he approaches that period when he will be welcomed by a loving Savious for Whom he has done so much, in bringing the gospel of peace to the untutored savages of the Western wilds.

Ix 1910 the Kaights of Columbus of the United States will make a pilgrimage to Genoa, the birth lace of Columbus. They will also visit Rome and will be accorded a special audience with the Holy Father. This society has made great progress during its twentyeight years of existence, practical work in defence of the Church and in propagating Catholic truth are its chief characteristics. Recently it raised an endowment fund of half a million dollars for the Catholic University of America.

THE FIRST PLENARY COUNCIL.

a a world which is new. Another

special attraction just now is the

ssembly of the hierarchy of Canada

within the walls. Thursday last the

Quebec is a charming old city-old

city put on its holiday attire. Flags floated from the principal buildings, streamers were strung across the streets, and the pealing bells poured forth a people's welcome to their religious pastors. The Apostolic Delegate, the Most Reverend Donato Sbarretti, was received in the Basilica with all due honor by the Archbishop and clergy of Ouebec. An address from the citizens was presented by the Mayor. It was a fitting ceremony for the Council whose opening session took place in the Basilica on Sunday. Through the latter half of last week prelates and priests were entering the city from every quarter, by train and boat. All were answering the summons. A strange assembly-grey headed men with stooped shoulders and bending form were there: young men with life before them-purple of bishops, varied hues of religious orders, from the white of the Dominicans to the black cowled Bene dictines and the brown Franciscans. Trappists and Jesuits, and orders less renowned, but no less zealous, were represented. They had come from far and near. Some had their homes away in the east, where the Atlantic beats upon Nova Scotia and Prince Edward's Isle. Others are here from the more distant Pacific slope. Some from the far, far north whose flocks are Indians and whose staple food nearly all year is fish. They were over a month coming. Five hundred miles on of their long journey had been by trail. One of these missionaries had been in his lonely station on the Mackenzie River for the last twenty-nine years. The trolley was a puzzle to him and the telephone a wonder. There was Father Lacombe, the missionary whose sixty years of priesthood have nearly all been spent in roaming the vast plains of our North West in care of souls. Few ssemblies bring into such bold relief the square mileage of the Dominion as hierarchy of the Church. The Council is made up of the Apostolic Delegate as President, the Archbishops and Bishops with their Vicars-General and theologians, the domestic prelates of the Holy Father and representatives of the religious communities in Canada according to their provinces. There

> Apostolic and one Prefect Apostolic from the Yukon. Thus: Apostolic Delegation - Mgr. Sbarretti, his two Secretaries and four

are seven Archbishoprics in Canada.

The seventh, Ottawa, is vacant owing to

the death of Archbishop Duhamel. In

the case of vacancles the Administrators

represent the Dioceses. Thus London

is represented by Mgr. Meunier. His

Lordship the Bishop of Hamilton, on ac-

count of poor health, was replaced by

the Very Rev. Father Mahoney, V. G.

Vancouver is also vacant. With these

exceptions all the Dioceses were

represented by their chief pas-

tors. Besides the Archbishops there

are nineteen bishops in charge of

sees, two auxiliary bi-hops, three Vicars-

theologians.
Archdiocese of Quebec—Mgr. Begin,

Archdiocese of St. Boulface-Archbishop Langevin and Private Secretary, two Vicars general and two theologians, Archdiocese of Montreal—Archbishop

Bruchesi and three theologians. Archdiocese of Kingston-Archbishop

Gauthier and two theologians, Mgr.

Masterson and Father Hartigan.

Archdiocese of Halifax—Archbishop
McCarthy and Private Secretary, Vicar

McCarthy and Frivate Secretary, Vicar General and two theologians. Archdiocese of Toronto—Archbishop McEvay and private-secretary, Rev. J. T. Kidd; Mgr. McCann, V. G. and two theologians, Deans Morris and Moyna, Diocese of Antigonish-Bishop Cam eron and one theologian. Diocese of Pembroke-Bishop Lorrain

and one theologian.

Diocese of Peterboro—Bishop R. A. O'Connor and Very Rev. Archdea Casey. Diocese of Rimouski-Mgr. Blais, with

Diocese of Charlottetown—Bishop J.
C. McDonald and three theologians.
Diocese of Valleyfield—Mgr. Emard

and one theologian. Diocese of Chicoutimi—Mgr. Labrec-que and three theologians.

Diocese of Sherbrooke—Mgr. Larocque and four theologians.

Diocese of St. John—Bishop Casey

and three theologians.

Diocese of St. Albert—Mgr. Legal,
O. M. I., and three theologians.

Diocese of Chatham, N. B.—Bishop
Barry and four theologians.

Diocese of Nicolet-Mgr. Brunault and one theologian.

Diocese of Joliette—Mgr. Archam-

bault and two theologians.

Diocese of Sault Ste. Marie—Bishop Scollard and one theologian, Father Connolly, S. J.
Diocese of St. Hyacintle-Mgr. Ber-

nard and two theologians.

Diocese of Alexandria—Bishop W. A.
McDonnell and Very Rev. Father Corbett, V. G.

Diocese of Prince Albert-Mgr. Pascal and two theologians.

Diocese of Victoria—Bishop Alex.

McDonald and one theologian. Vicariate Apostolic of Athabasca— Mgr. Grouard and his auxiliary, Mgr.

Joussard, and one theologian. Vicariate Apostolic of the Gulf of St-Lawrence-Mgr. Blanche and one theo logian. Vicariate Apostolic of Temiskaming-

Mgr. Latulippe and one theologian. Prefecture Apostolic of the Yukon.— Mgr. Bunoz and one theologian. Diocese of Vancouver—Very Rev. P. J. Welch, O. M. I., Administrator, with

one theologian.

Diocese of Ottawa—Mgr. Routhier, Administrator, with one theologian and the Rector of Ottawa University, Very

Rev. Father Murphy, O. M. I.
Diocese of London—Mgr. Meunier,
Administrator and the Rev. Father J. T.

Administrator and the Rev. Father 6. 1.

Aylward of London, theologian.

Diocese of Hunilton-Very Rev.

Father Mahoney, V. G., representing
Bishop Dowling and Father Walter, theologian. Vicariate Apostolic of Mackenzie-

Rev. P. Jodoin, O. M. I., representing Mgr. Breynat and one theologian. The Mitred Abbot of Oka.

The Religious Orders represented were Benedictines, Dominicans, Franciscans, Jesuits, Eudists, Sulpitians, Relemptorists, Oblates, Resurrectionists, Marists, Holy Cross, St. Viateur and

The work of the Council, notwithstanding all the care which has been taken for some years in the preparation, is no sinecure. In order to set the machinery in motion a preliminary neeting of all the members of the Couneil was held in Laval University on Saturday morning. His Excellency addressed an earnest and eloquent allocuion to the Council. After the official roll was called the work was divided. This division consisted of seven commis sions or committees presided over by one of the Archbishops. These commissions act upon their particular subject as ordinary committees of parliament. The deliberations as might be expected. are in secret, as also their report to the Council. Whatever decision the Council arrives at upon a particular point would not be benefited by admitting the public into confidence. Little news, therefore, can be given from week to week unless the well founded confidence that all the members of the Council are earnestly alive to the importance of their sittings and the sacred trust imposed upon them.

On Sunday, the 19th, the first public session of the Council took place in the Basilica with unequalled pomp of ceremony. At 9 o'clock the procession, consisting of all the members of the Council, Archbishops and Bishops in cope and mitre and with croziers, the others in their choir robes, started from the Palace. A company of zouaves formed a line on each side. The procession through the street and around the square to the front entrance of the Basilica, which, all glittering with light and decorated with handsome bunting, was most impressive. The arrangements were perfect. Each one had his seat assigned. Nothing could be more imposing than the sight of the sanctuary. On a throne on the Gospel side sat the Apostolic Delegate; on the epistle side the Archbishop of Quebec, who sang the Mass, Grouped around the representative of Christ's Vicar in the sanctuary were the prelates and the Canadian clergyin such numbers as perhaps never before. Two sermons were delivered, one in French by Mgr. Bruchesi, Archbishop of Montreal, and the other in English by Mgr. Gauthier, Archbishop of Kingston. We publish both - the former by translation. As soon as Mass.

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d. Nothing could be

ng than the sight of

ry. On a throne on

side sat the Apostolic

the epistle side the Arch-

bec, who sang the Mass,

nd the representative of

r in the sanctuary were

nd the Canadian clergy-

ers as perhaps never be-

rmons were delivered, one

onsisted of seven commis

and one theologian

an.

" Take heed to yourselves, and the whole flock, wherein the Holy Spirit hath placed you Bishops, to rule the Church of God, which He hath purchased with his own blood." (The Acts, chap. 20, verse 28.) coutimi—Mgr. Labrec-eologians. erbrooke—Mgr. Laroe-ologians. . John—Bishop Casey

OCTOBER 2, 1909.

With solemnities that well befit an event destined to mark a distinct epoch in the ecclesiastical annals of this country, the First Plenary Council of

moters, and others officers of the Coun-

Promoters - Mgr. Marois and Mgr.

flamme. Censors—Fathers Huard and Robert.

ARCHBISHOP GAUTHIER'S SERMON.

Canada opens to-day.

The Councils of the Church rank with her most venerable institutions, tracing their origin to the apostolic times—the first council having been held in Jerusalem about the middle of the first century.

They are defined as assemblies of her

Pishops, who, being convoked by competent authority to consider and discuss matters pertaining to religion, are vested with power to enact legislation binding the consciences of all the faithful subject to the jurisdiction of the Bishops thus convoked.

Four classes of Councils are to be enumerated; there is the General or Ecumenical Council, composed of the Bishops of the Catholic world with the Pope at their head ; the National or Plenary Council, composed of the Bishops of an entire nation or country and presided over by an Apostolic Delegate; the Provincial Council consisting of the Bishops of an ecclesiastical province under their Metropolitan; and the Diocesan Council, more commonly called a Diocesan Synod, consisting of a Bishop together with his priests convoked in synod by him.

That Councils are of absolute neces sity to the permanent existence of the church, cannot be successfully maintained; for assuredly Almighty God in the government of his church is not restricted to the employement of any

Particular agency.

However, among the most efficacious means conducing to the great purpose for which holy church endures, Catholics have always accounted the assemblies of Bishops united in obedience to the Chief Bishop to whom is committed the care of the whole flock—the sheep and the lambs, pastors and peo-ple. For, as the Divine Redeemer in assuming our human nature was pleased to subject Himself to its conditions— "Having been made like unto us," as St. Paul says, "in all things sin alone ex-cepted," even so it is manifest that, in ordaining His church for the outpourin of plentiful redemption on mankind, the God-man hath willed that human agency be employed by her while yet she so-journs in a world of mortal men. And thus do we find His Vicars on this earth, the supreme Pontiffs, although them selves inherently endowed with sovereign infallible competency to decide all controversies relating to doctrine, from time to time, calling together the Bishops of the whole world to confer with them, and the Bishops also "appointed by the Holy Ghost to rule the church," to confer with each other for the determination of matters of vital importance to the church—such as the official condemna-tion of error, the defence and elucidation of orthodox doctrines, the adoption of the best means for the promotion of sound morality among the people, the enactment of disciplinary regulations for the guidance of the clergy, and even for the definition and promulga-

tion of dogmas of revealed truth.

Those celebrated assemblies of th rulers of the church of God stand out through the ages as everlasting monu-ments of he inspiration, her wi dom, her power and her beneficence, while they have inaugurated new eras in her history and in the history of modern

nations.

For some time past the Bishops of Canada have contemplated the holding of an assemblage of their body in which to take counsel with one another and to concert such measures in common as uld conduce to the spiritual welfare of the faithful confided to their care. It was, therefore, with deep satisfaction that in a letter addressed to them on the second of May of the present year they received an official message from the illustrious representative of the Holy See in this country, announcing that the time had at length come for the holding of such an assembly, that he had been appointed to convoke it and preside over its deliberations, and that "our Holy Father, the Vicar of Christ on this earth, amid the innumerable cares of his supreme Pontificate, in order to give another signal proof of his paternal solicitude for this chosen portion of the Lord's Vineyard, had deigned, after consultation with the most eminent fathers of the sacred congregation, to approve and applaud the project of a Canadian Plenary Council to be held in

the City of Quebec.

Thus has it come to pass that on this Thus has it come to pass that on this memorable day and at the call of supreme authority the whole body of the Canadian Episcopate is assembled in this great historic city, wherein is seated the ancient church which all the other churches of Canada gratefully acclaim as their mother, to whom her daughter churches are great reliable to accord a churches are ever willing to accord a filial tribute of homage and veneration

constituents of a Plenary Council, ful-filling, as it does, the conditions re-quired. It has been convened by a special delegate of the Holy See in the person of His Excellency, the Most Rev. Donato Sbarretti, Archbishop of Ephe-sus, and Apostolic Delegate to Canada. C.O. Gagnon.

Secretaries — Chief Secretary, M.
L'Abbe Lecoq: Assistant Secretaries,
Fathers Lortie, Curran, Roy, J. P.
Treacey and Chancellor Piette.
Notaries—Fathers McNally and La-Save those who are lawfully exempted it includes all the chief rulers of the church in this country who are come tochurch in this country who are come to-gether for the purpose of studying and conferring with one another upon the needs and other prevailing conditions of the Canadian church, and who as a collective body, are duly authorised to pass such decrees and enact such sta utes as will, after their confirmation by the Holy See, have the character and force of ecclesiastical law for all the subjects

of the church ever this entire Dominion.
The opportuneness of the Council at a time when the Church in this country is passing from its missionary state to its more fixed and normal condition is maniof this country—the vastest on this great Continent of America—in conjunction with the truly cosmopelitan character of its inhabitants drawn from every country in the world and bearing with them the religious and racial tradi-tions peculiar to each, we shall readily reach the conviction that something special should be done, some special movement be inaugurated, some special

there was but one Diocese and one Bishop in this land. To-day the Capa-dian church is governed by an Apos-tolic Delegate, eight Archbishops and Therefore, have we abundant cause to rejoice, and to raise our hearts in thanksgiving to Almighty God, the Giver of all good gitts, for the boun-teous favors he has bestowed upon "this chosen portion of His vineyard." And while we make humble acknow-ledgment to the Most Mighty, that from His divine hand has come what-ever measure of prosperity our Cana-dian Church has been blessed with in the past, let us not cease to pray and hope for its continued prosperity in the

We have already solicited and again to-day do we invoke, the generous co-operation of our faithful people in the nion of their fervent prayers with o own earnest supplications to God that He may bless this first Plenary Council of Canada, and all who take part in it the Bishops and the eminent and learned ecclesiastics associated with them. Let us beg of Him that His Holy Spirit may be close to us to enlighten our minds with His divine light, to inflame and are undertaken for His greater honor and glory. May the Divine Pastor who alone can give the harvest cause our deliberations to produce our hearts with the fire of His heavenly abundant fruit. May the salvation of multitudes be more assured. May our hely religion be further diffused and extended. May the court-yards of our Master's Precious Blood be enlarged amongst us; and as far as possible, may all things be restored in Christ.

history in order to understand and appreciate the immense advantages de-

ARCHBISHOP BRUCHESI'S SERMON. His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi of Montreal, preached from the text: "Go ye therefore and teach all the nations, and, lo, I am with you, even unto the end of the world." He said:

"Monseigneur the Apostolic Delegate, my lords, my brethren,—St. Matthew terminated his gospel with these words and what a command and what a pro-mise they contained? In fact, up to that moment the world had never heard anything of a like nature, for certainly all the ambitions and all the certainly all the ambitions and all the audacity of the conquerors and learned men of the time had been surpassed. These words were either chimerical or they were divine. As a matter of fact, they were divine, for He Who had spoken in this manner died on the cross. He had mysteriously left the tomb and was about to asly left the tomb and was about to as cend to meet His Heavenly Father leaving behind Him disciples of a poor and lowly character, yet he was about to impose upon them duties of an almost superhuman nature. He had gathered them around him from the byways of Judea, from the borders of the lakes and rivers, and from the boats of poor fisherrivers, and from the boats of poor Isner-men, instructing them alone for three long years. They were feeble, timid, and, besides possessing little eloquence, they were filled with earthly desires and surrounded in mystery. They peoply understood the reign of Christ which had been announced to them, and had been announced to them, and although they became later on doctors although they became later on doctors of incomparable wisdom and martyrs to the new faith, they appeared, however, at first a great way off from the race of which doctors and martyrs are made. Shall I tell again what took place on that memorable occasion? Shutting themselves up in that little room in Jarusalem, they gave themselves over chaurches are ever willing to accord a filial tribute of homage and veneration—to deliberate and to legislate for the permanent sustainment and fruitful increase of our holy religion in this vigorous and hopeful young country.

In order then that an assembly of the Bishops of a country may be endowed with the prerogatives proper to a Plenary Council there are four conditions to be verified: (1), it must be convoked

brethren, is the first page in the glorious history of the church of Jesus Christ; Holiness now amongst us. Weeks of and tell me if it be not full of divinity rejoicing were, therefore, ours when the announcement was made to the

The Master's first apostless are dead, as well as these upon whom they laid their hands asking them to carry on the good work and suomit to the holy compats which that work entailed. Others while the faithful of all the dioceses came and performed their predecessors' work down through the ages, disappearing in their turn: and here we are today, unworthy though we may be, form-ing a part of that divine phalanx, par-ticipants by that celestial mandate in the apostolic mission, and we also are listening to that precept of the divine Master: "Go ye therefore and teach all the nations," as well as the consoling promise: "I will be with you even unto the end of the world." Yes, my dear Montmorenev de Laval where the council passing from its missionary state to its brethren, although gathered from the was to take place. Here, in the very more fixed and normal condition is manifest. For if we consider the vast extent of this country—the vast extent of this country—the vastest on this covery from the country of the country—the vast on this covery from the country of the country—the vast consequently that which the apostles performed we also should do. They lived only to serve their divine Mas-brethren, on those plains, forever celeter, and we also wish to live for Him brated, as it was there where our and Him alone. They possessed in the person of Peter the leader whom they celebration took place, which will ever venerated, and we in turn have our beloved chieftain, venerated throughout the entire Christian world, and the magnificent spectacle. Our fathers movement be inaugurated, some special force set in action to harmonize and unify the diverse and sometimes discord ant elements that form our population, to remove the incongruities and inequalities evolved from those conditions, and by establishing a greater uniformity of ecclesiastical discipline to secure a fulier observance of the general laws of the Church and the decrees of the General Councils, and to strengthen the ties that bind the individual churches to the parent Church of Rome, the recognized mistress of all churches of Christendom.

Less than one hundred years ago there was but one Diocese and one

The apostles of Jesus Christ preached, directed, counselled and consoled their people, and desiring to walk in their footsteps, and not less than they do we vent in song of praise to our admiration wish to spare our efforts and even our and to our gratitude, while strangers tolic Delegate, eight Archbishops and nearly thirty Bishops. In the contrast afforded there is indeed a striking illustration of the rapid growth and marvellous extension of our holy religion during the intervening years. Therefore, have we abundant cause to rejoice, and to raise our hearts in thunkeying to Almighty God the thanks whose sacred and to our gratitude, while strangers were secretly envious of our joy. An incomparable day was assured lay ours on that occasion. Sunny days in truth and consecrated and hollowed by the enthusiasm of an entire people, whose great and patriotic souvenirs. Today, while strangers were secretly envious of our joy. An incomparable day was assured lay ours on that occasion. Sunny days in truth and consecrated and hollowed by the enthusiasm of an entire people, whose layers are the value of the contract of the service of souls whose sacred joy. An incomparable day was assured by ours on that occasion. Sunny days in truth and consecrated and hollowed by the enthusiasm of an entire people, whose sacred is our plants of the service of souls whose sacred in the service of so very grave question of legal observances, after having resumed in one symbol the doctrine which they were to preach everywhere, they exchanged a supreme farewell in the name of Josus, their Master, for they were never again to meet in this world. But as an ex-ample for us here to-day a council had just taken place in the cradle of the Church, and this council, as I have just id, was an example for us to follow and a lesson for us to learn. The successors of Peter did not forget them and being inspired by them for the welfare of humanity, whom they were commanded to lead and enlighten, they convoked their orethren at certain solemn hours in th history of the Church and there all the stronger factors of our communion were leagued together, so to speak, to combat evil. Whenever a more precise definition than a dogma was necessary, when ever a proclamation from the Church in its instructive capacity was required in order to confound heretical teaching, thus down through the centuries councils were held, at Nice, at Constantinople at Ephesus, at Chalcedoine, at Lateran gated. Let us note, therefore, dear brethren, that these plenary reunions were necessary for the exercise of the infallible magistery of the papacy, and it only suffices to peruse their admirable

> rived therefrom by the entire Catholic world. Listen, my brethren, to Pius IX. an nouncing the council at Rome: "Walk ing in the footsteps of our glorious pre-decessors, we have judged the time opportune to convene in general council as we have desired for a long time past, all of our venerable brothers, the bishops of the Catholic world and who have been called upon to share our solicitude. Their ardent love for the Church, their piety and devotion so well-known to all, for the Apostolic See, their solicitude or the salvation of souls, their wisdom, doctrine, their very eminent sci-their profound grief at the sight of ad state of religion and of civil ciety has impressed them for a long ne and has caused above all the ardent in their hearts to deliberate leans of supplying a remedy to the vil." As a matter of fact Pius IX. gave expression at that moment to the

all the pontiffs which had occupied before him the glorious chair of St. Peter. We understand, however, that general ouncils of the Church are only possible at rare intervals, as only nineteen have taken place during the long period of nineteen centuries. On the other hand, the reunion of the bishops of one country or one province is more easily accomplished, consequently the Holy See has recognized their advisability and has prescribed them in the universal Church. History makes mention of a great number of these councils, some of which have been held with an extraordinary eclat and invariably producing most precious results such as the repression of vice and the propagation of the faith throughout the world. This old city of Quebec, for instance, witnessed in this renerable basilica no less than seven of these provincial councils, while the ecclesiastical provinces of Halifax, Toronto. Saint Boniface, each has had its coun-cil; yet as the church advanced and they have come here to do, I will tell extended its influence in this country the circumstances appeared to demand a general council for the whole as they were for those who were then

was finished the Council was opened by the Delegate. This ceremony consisted of prayer, the chanting of psalms and the "Veni Creator." The Delegate thereupon pronounced an allocution in Latin, and was followed by the Chief Secretary, who read the decrees to be promulgated.

The following is the list of the promotors and others officers of the Council was opened by legitimate authority; (2), it must be attended by all the chief rulers of the church it is sheld; (3), it must have for its especial purpose the consideration and discussion of matters relating to religion; and (4), the world, bringing all to the feet of Christ Jesus. In a word, they worked, suffered and even gave up their blood as approve and extoll the project of the designed to the designed to approve and extoll the presidency of the whole country.

The following is the list of the promotors and others officers of the Cauncil was passing and nothing could stop this held; (3), it must have for its especial purpose the consideration and discussion of matters relating to religion; and (4), the world, bringing all to the feet of Christ Jesus. In a word, they worked, suffered and even gave up their blood as approve and extoll the project of the found in their new faith. This, my dear bretheren, is the first page in the glorious country.

The present assembly possesses all the chief rulers of the church of Jesus Christ; "This council will examine wate that to the the Christian wave that to the the church they approve an attentive ear to the many petitions addressed to His held; (3), it must have for its especial purpose the consideration and discussion of matters relating to religion; and (4), the world, bringing all to the feet of Christ Jesus. In a word, they worked, suffered an even gave an attentive ear to the the church they approve and extoll the project of the project of the project of the faith, for the splendor of worship, for the country worship was the Christian wave that to the Christ and nothing could stop this in the theory is the many peti reform of morals, for the Chirstian educa tion of the young, for the general peac and universal harmony. and of love? Jesus Christ had not been mistaken, neither had He deceived faithful of Canada that such a counthose who had gathered around him. With this object in view your bishops will study together; they will listen to the evidence, sentiments and wishes of mer of science and experience who surround them, and they will authorize discussions and debates which will alone be animated by the love of truth and charity in Christ. They will seek to correct abuses, to introduce salutary reforms, to were invited to penitence and prayer. Preliminary meetings were held, eminent priests gave themselves encourage or create good works, in order to extend and to fortify at every point the reign of Go 1 on earth. But knowing, however, that there can be no durable edifice unless God Himself lays everything was organized with a zeal, a tact and a delicacy that can never be the foundation, they will implore the aid of heaven and they will pray to-gether as the apostles prayed in the cenacle of old, and then, aided by divine light and knowledge, will make recommendations which the sovereign author ity in Rome will be called upon to sanction, and which you will receive. my brethren, with that piety and respect incumbent upon true and submissive sons of the church. Here, therefore, is the council. You are all interested, my dearly beloved

my dear brethren, another day of rejoic ing begins at the foot of these sacred

alters, where we are given to realize the vigor of our Catholic faith and the great

progress accomplished by the Church in this country during three hundred years. "Hilustrious de Montmorency Laval, the real father of this Christian

country, contemplates to-day from the heights of heaven the members of the

Canadian hierarchy, gathered together from all parts of that immense territory

which you were charged by God to administer alone, and which con-stitutes today the crown of honor on your tomb! They have invoked your time-honored name in setting foot

upon this soil of old Quebec, where you worked and suffered. The im-

ense forests which you traversed as valiant missionary, seeking after als for Christ, are, however, today re-

laced by splendid cities; yet the cross ou planted then in those Canadian

lds is still erect in our midst as the

ersonification of your virtues and of our great work. Count the dioceses,

ich are today more numerous than e missions you founded, for your ceessors number more than thirty chbishops and bishops. We are your ppy brothers, yet we are happy also

say that we are your sons, who salute ou as 'venerable', and we await the day hen we will be able to render public

ad laborious ministry. They have come

e South, and as far even as the remote

egions of the West and from the Pacific

rovinces of Columbia. And what a

buching welcome, I was going to say, hat a triumphal reception you have

have associated themselves with the worthy successor of Mgr. de Laval in order to do them honor. You have taken

order to do them honor. You have taken noto consideration neither their age, their nationality, or the locality from which they come. They are all fathers of the council, and that sufficed, for your hearts being as one, seemed to extend to

and all the sacred welcome : "Bless

He Who comes in the name of the Lord.

Benedictus qui venit in nomini Domini. They will soon begin their labors, but hey do not come here to discuss the

ifficult problems of our political life either will they treat questions of ommerce, of art, and industry. Not

that they are wholly disinterested in these questions, for they have certain-

souls for which they are responsible before Almighty God. They will not seek to formulate new doctrines, as

the inventors and reformers of religions are to-day the laughing stock of

the whole world. Their credo is complete and immutable, and from it not one syllable can be taken, for it

is the old Credo of Jerusalem, of the

Their credo is

brethren, and take to your home circles that part which belongs to you which is a fervent prayer of every day. Lord Jesus, it is in Your Name and for Your glory that we are gathered here at the present moment. Assist us, enlighten us, and direct us. Let all human senti-ment be banished from our deliberations and from our work, that Your grace may accompany and guide us in all things. Flood our hearts with that charity with which Your heart is over-flowing. Purify our lips in order that they may offer and offer alone words of life and of salvation. Blessed Virgin, Mother of our God be in our midst as directress and queen, as you were in the Cenacle with the apostles. Touch the souls of our faithful and open them wide to the faith and to an unreserved obedience. And to you, immortal King of the centuries, all honor and all glory MESSAGE TO THE POPE. The following cables have been assed between Mgr. Sbarretti and the

holy see:

"The Canadian bishops assembled in first plenary council feel it their duty to express to the sovereign pontiff their sentiments of filial piety and perfect submission. With their whole hearts they thank him for his parential solicitude towards the Canadian church and tude towards the Canadian church, and archbishops and bishops of the Domin-ask the apostolic blessing pledge of divine gifts, for all those who are to take part in the council, in order that they may contribute to restore all in

(Signed) MGR. SBARRETTI.

Apostolic Delegate."

The reply follows:
The very holy Father accepts with happiness the sentiments of filial piety of the Canadian bishops who are hold-ing their first plenary council, and ex-presses hope that from this same council the Canadian church will reap abundant and excellent fruit. To this end and as a pledge of celestial aid he affectionately and very specially accords them the apostolic benediction.

"(Signed) R. CARD. MERRY DEL Val." A dinner was given on the 21st at Spencerwood by His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor of the province of Queb c, Alphonse Pelletier, in honor of the apostolic delegate and the archbishops and bishops of Canada, who are in this city attending the plenary council. At the conclusion of the dinner, His Honor rose and said that it was the custom at Spencerwood to propose but one toast, namely, that of the King, and that without any speech.

"Owing to the solemnity," he added, "I would say, the sublimity of the occathat worship due to your sainted and venerated memory." sion, I feel that I may permit myself to depart from the custom. His Excellency, the Apostolic Delegate, in his reply to the address of the citizens of Quebec the other day, declared that the union of the ates, my brethren, the spiritual leaders f the nation, some being yet young and igorous, others grown old in their long religious and civil authority contributed not only to the salvation of souls but also rom neighboring dioceses, from the sis-er provinces, from the North and from to the prosperity of the country. I am happy to repeat here what I have said on many occasions that I desire the best understanding and the most intimate union between the religious and civil authority. Hence I propose that we prepared for them. The state in the person of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and the municipal authorities raise our glasses to the health of the King and to the health of the sovereign Pontiff."

At this point the royal band played the national anthem and the pontifical

P. C. BROWNE& Co. THE CRAFTS MEN HALY ROOD

these questions, for they have certainly at heart everything that pertains
to the progress and welfare of their
country. Their object, however, aims
at higher things and dominates all
earthly interests. They have but one
preoccupation, and that is the conservation and diffusion of the Catholic faith and the eternal salvation of
souls for which they are responsible CHURCH DECORATION

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HER DEATH WAS HOURLY EXPECTED

Enterprise, Ont., Oct. 1st, 1908. "For seven years I suffered with what physicians called a "Water Tumor." I could neither sit, stand, nor lie down. Hypodermics of morphia had to be given me to ease the pain.



MRS. JAMES FENWICK

My cure seemed hopeless, and my friends hourly expected my death. I was so bad that I wanted to die, and it was during one of these very bad spells that a family friend brought a box of "Fruit-a-tives" to the house. After much persuation I commenced to take them, but I was so bad that it was only when I had taken nearly two boxes that I commenced to experience relief. I kept up the treatment, however, and after taking five boxes I was cured, and when I appeared on the street my friends said. 'The dead has come to life,' and this seemed literally true, because I certainly was at death's door.''

(Signed) MRS. JAMES FENWICK. "Fruit-a-tives" are sold by all dealers at 50c a box—6 for \$2.50, or trial box, 25c, or sent post-paid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

His Excellency, in rising to reply, said that he was happy to say that the Prov-ince of Quebec gives to the whole world an evident proof that the cordial understanding between the Church and the State is advantageous to the temporal, as well as the spiritual, welfare of nations.

"I am pleased to declare again," he tam pleased to declare again, resaid, "that the Church has always taught this perfect submission to the civil authority. I wish to give new proof in the message of loyal fidelity that the archbishops and bishops of the Dominion are the control of the company of the control of

CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHT.



when you answer this announcement, as I am going to distribute at least one-hundred-thousand sets of the Dr. Haux famous "Perfect Vision" Spectacles to genuine, bonadide spectacle-wearers, in the next few weeks—on one easy, simple condition.

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please.

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Won't you help me introduce the wonderful Dr. Hanx "Perfect Vision" Spectacles in your locality on this easy, simple condition.

If you are a genuine, bona-fide spectacle-wearer (no children need apply) and want to do me this favor, write me at once and just say: "Dear Doctor:—Mail me your Perfect. Home Eye Tester, absolutely free of charge, also full particulars of your handsome 10-karat geuzell. Spectacle Offer," and address me personally and I will give your letter my own personal attention. Address:—
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DR. HAUX, (Personal), Haux Building, St. Louis, Mo.





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y Mgr. Bruchesi, Archontreal, and the other in Igr. Gauthier, Archbishop We publish both - the nslation. As soon as Mass

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Eighteenth Sunday after Pentecost. SOLEMNITY OF THE MOST HOLY ROSARY.

To-day, my dear brethren, is Rosary Sunday, and we cannot do better than to consider this morning the excellence of this popular devotion and the spiritual advantages that flow from its cultivation. The Rosary is one of the oldest special devotions in the Catholic Constant and it is the most universal beand it is the most universal be-Church, and it is the most universal be-cause it appeals to the faith and fervor and intelligence of all classes. It com-bines the highest forms of vocal and mental prayer—the prayers taught us by our Biessed Redeemer Himself, by the Angel Gabriel, by St. Elizabeth, and by the Holy Church, and its meditations embrace the chief events in the divine life of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. It is, in fact, a sort of summary of the Gospels, and supplies in a simple way the very best spiritual nutriment to

The prayer of the Rosary is offered up to Almighty God through the invoca-tion of the Blessed Virgin, and six long centuries bear witness to its efficacy. centuries bear witness to the devotion of the beads was, as you know, introduced by the great St. Dominic in the thirteenth century, and ever since his time it has been a favorite form of prayer with the Saints of God. It has been approved again and again by the Supreme Authority in the Church and several of the Popes have enriched it with indulgences, and the practice of it has come to be regarded as a mark of the true spirit of Catholic faith and loyalty, and even as an earnest of perseverance and salvation. Our late great Pontiff, Leo XIII., had the greatest devotion to it, and recommended its recital as a most certain means of obtaining the divine assistance for the needs of the Church in our day.

With this end in view he has established the Ostober devotions, and he implores the faithful throughout the implores the faithful throughout the world to say the Rosary every day during this month for the general good of religion. And surely every Catholic in whose heart there is any real love of God and His Holy Church will gladly unite with the Vicar of Carist in telling his beads for the religious welfare of the religious to the constitution. mankind. But our devotion to the Rosary should not be confined to one month in the year; it should be as constant as the rising and setting of the sun itself. It should be a daily form of prayer with each and every one of us.

Tuere is no household worthy of the name of a Curistian home in which the Rosary should not be recited every evening as a family prayer; and there is no individual Catholic man or woman, me matter what their station or con-dition may be, who should not carry their beads, and say them regularly; nay, more all good Catholics ought to have their names enrolled in the Con-fraternity of the living Rosary, and take part in their world wide communion of prayer and propitiation. For, beset uses we are by spiritual dangers and temptations, we need a special bond of union and strength, and where can we nd one more simple and efficacious than

Have you troubles in your family Say the beads every day, and see if your troubles will not cease? Have ou passions to overcome? Recite the gou passions to overcome? Restretche Rosary faithfully, and see if you will not gain the mastery over them? Some time ago a poor slave of intemper-ance came to take the pledge; he acknowledged that he had broken through the pledge several times already. "Are you really in earnest? do you want to get rid of the cursed passion for drink?" the priest asked. "If you are in earnest go to the Sacrament, and go to work and say the Rosary every day, that you may have grace to perday, that you may have grace to persevere in keeping your pledge."
"Father," said he, "I'll do it. I'll go and get beads and have them blessed at conce." And the poor fellow has said the Rosary every day since, and he has keep his pledge. How many homes in local it 'The Vibrate?" midst would be made happy if the victims of this horrible vice would follow this example and apply this would vice that may not be overcome by persevering in prayers, and there is no prayer more powerful than the prayer of the Bosary.

STARVING FAITH.

"He read himself out of the Catholic Courch." The statement is not altogether absurd. Such things happen—once in a great while. But it was not extent of his reading that weakened his Catholic faith and finally left him an agnostic or an indifferentist It was the character of the little read-ing in which he indulged.

He read only the daily papers with their sensations and scandals, a few magazine articles and fewer books these last of a doubtful character. In the course of time he grew careless about his religion. He felt superior to it and did not see the use of it. He considered himself as good, if not better than the men about him who attended Mass every Sunday and approached the Sacraments regularly. Soon he neglected his religion altogether and became one of the millions without a church. He had "read himself out of the church.

But how much had he read? Nothing solid or learned. He had simply limited his reading acquaintance to ephemeral and irreligious writers, while the great libraries of Catholic literature were unknown to him. It was his lack of reading that killed his faith and seft him without any religion. He had starved his faith and it was no wonder that in time it became very weak and finally died. It was a natural pro-

There are thousands of homes in this country in which the process of starving faith is going on. You many find the daily paper and the current magazines there. The latest novel is also to be found on the centre table. But where is the Catholic literature, where the solid religious books of devotion? They are not there and faith is being starved—perhaps slowly—but none the less sarely. A diet of irreligious reading will always produce disastrous results.—True Voice.

A PETULANT CHURCH.

PRESSES ITSELF IN VARIOUS WAYS.

Episcopalianism does not readily re-cover from the irritation caused by the loss of converts to the Catholic Church. It has been worried, too, because the vicar of St. Mary's, Wolverton, England, has recently been sentenced by the secu-lar court for putting in practice his be-lief that the Anglican Church is really Catholic. Many brainy and pious men within the confines of Episcopalianism are also causing distress by urging their brethren to acknowledge the papal su-premacy. Wincing under these condi-tions, the spokesmen of the Church are persistently nagging at Catholics. Bishop Grafton, of Fond du Lac, habeen in eruption for over a year. Bot

the great Episcopalian weeklies, high and low, attack the Catholic position, each after its own fashion, in almost every issue. The Living Church, of each after its own fashion, in almost every issue. The Living Church, of Milwaukee, follows the settled policy of insisting that for the English-speaking world, Episcopalianism is the only simon-pure brand of Catholicity. It scolds The Lamp, an Episcopal magazine which advocates submission to the Pope, as follows: "We regret that The Lamp should deem it important to lay stress, month after month, upon its statement that the English Church was 'Roman Catholic' before the Reformation. . Neither Alfred the Great nor Thomas a Becket nor Sir Thomas More nor Henry VIII. nor Queen Mary nor Cardinal Pole VIII. nor Queen Mary nor Cardinal Pole was a Roman Catholic. . . The term is misused except when applied to the new communion which the Pol created in England when he withdre which the Pope his adherents from communion with the historic Catholic Church of England. This pathetic posturing would be ridi culous if it were not such a high-handed perversion of history.

Now comes the Living Church with great hue and cry that the sinister influence of Rome is perverting history. In its issue of August 14th it discussed at great length in both editorial and correspondence columns the fact that "Roman influence forbids the use in our schools of books which are not in accor-dance with the views of the Roman Church." It tells of a book of "English History Stories" prepared by an Episco palian, which the publishers are alleged patian, which the publishers are aneged to have mutilated at the behest of the Catholic Church. The Apostolic Mission House queried the publishers, the Charles E. Merrill Company, of New York, who replied that the book does not profess to give a continuous outline of history, but is designed for supplementary reading in Public schools, for whose maintenance citizens of all religious and political faiths are taxed. There are no statements in the which will not be recognized on all sides as true, but it seems to us that a school reader should avoid the discussion of controverted subjects." Thus does plain common sense meet such objections of the Living Church as the following: "Everything," the writer exclaims, " is left out about the great religious move ment and reform in England. The Anglican Reformation appears only as a political change due to the wickedness of Henry VIII. The inference is, of course, that Henry VIII. founded the English Church!"

VIBRATE RIGHT.

There is a new cult, the fundamental There is a lew cute, the tubusherear teaching of which is, "If you think right you'll vibrate right. If you vibrate right you will live forever."

This beats the new religion of the Emeritus President Eliot. He should

take note of this new cult.

Of the making of cults there is no end. Yet there is but one true religion that established by Christ, the Catholic

The founders of "The Vibrate" say that there are just 144,000 persons so far eligible for immortality on this

forever — right here on earth. The sponsors will themselves have to live a long time to carry out the demonstra-

There were thirteen women and four men at the meeting, not counting two servants in livery, a deaconess in flowing white silk robes sitting on a throne under an artificial rubber plant, "David," a man with a high forehead, black moustache, light clothing and lavender scarf, and the blende young woman who attended him. It was said he had spent ten years in meditation in India. He said it was his first address n public. He had a Liverpool accent.
The woman in white spoke first.

The woman in white spoke first.

If I told you how old I am you would not believe me," she said in a whisper, "but I am not so old as a few persons with whom I brokeb read not long since. One of these persons was five hundred years old, another was one thousand. Live as we tell you to live and you will live forever. You will grow younger instead of older."

David wotted thus : "I am here to bayld wotted thus: "I am here to tell you the wonderful good news that you may all live forever. The end of the sixth day in the period of the crea-tion of the world is at hand. In our belief a day is as one thousand years and one thousand years is as a day. It is in this day that immortality begins on

earth.
"I counsel you to go into the silence each morning at 6, again at high noon and again at 6 in the evening. Concentrate your thought on the idea that you cannot die. Live as we tell you to live and you will find that you can live forever on this earth.'

The woman in white said nothing must be renounced to become one of the elect, and that the religion had neither name nor collection boxes.

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"You give up nothing. You get more of everything you already have," she sententiously explained.

"It listens good to me," said the man on a sofa, whose tie was drawn through a diamond ring. As the meeting ad-journed it was announced that a call would soon be sent for the others of the 144,000 elect.

The absence of collection boxes will appeal to many as too many now ignore the collection boxes. But we opine that the shirkers of the collection boxes do not "vibrate right" and hence have no real place anywhere. — Catholic Uni-

The Salt Lake Herald, in a sympathetic review of the Catholic Church in Utah, the day after the dedication of the Cathedral, quoted a sentence from Macauley's Essay on Von Ranke's "His-tory of the Popes," Coming from a Protestant pen at a time when in Great Britain, hostility to the Catholic Church was a national virtue and sympathy with Rome treason to the state, this wonderful tribute from a wonderful man has no parallel in English literature. Here is. in its entirety, the great essayist's personal pronouncement on the unchangeable Catholic Church:

"There is not, and there never was on earth, a work of human policy so well deserving of examination as the Roman Catholic Church. The history of that Church joins together the two great ages of human civilization. No other institution is left standing which carries the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when camelopards and tigers bounded in the Flavian amphitheatre The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday when compared with the line of Supreme Pontiffs. That line we trace back in an unbroken series from the Pope who crowned Napoleon in the Pope who crowned Napoleon in the interest entury, to the Pope who crowned Pepin in the eighth; and far beyond the time of Pepin the august dynasty extends till it is lost in the twilight of fable. The republic of Venice is gone, but the Papacy remains. The first public meeting was held last Sunday night in New York at 32 E. 33rd street. The sponsors say they will demonstrate that their followers will live forever — right here on earth The Sponsors and Sponsors will live forever — right here on earth The Sponsors will live forever — right here will be sponsors will be a sponsor will be sponsors w

"Her acquisitions in the New World have more than compensated for what she has lost in the Old. Her spiritual

probably contain a population as large as that which inhabits Europe. The

"Four times since the authority of the Church of Rome was established on Western Christiandom has the human intellect risen up against her yoke. Twice that Church remained completely Twice that Church remained completely victorious. Twice she came forth from the conflict bearing the marks of cruel wounds, but with the principle of life still strong within her. When we reflect still strong within her. When we reflect on the tremendous assaults she has sur-vived, we find it difficult to conceive in what way she is to perish."—Intermoun-tain Catholic. still strong within her.

THE MONTH OF THE ROSARY.

Leo XIII. solemnly proclaimed October as the month of the Most Holy Rosary

To encourage the faithful to take part days of the Octave.

she has lost in the Oid. Her spirious ascendancy extends over the vast countries which lie between the plains of the Missouri and Cape Horn, countries which, a century hence, may not im-

members of her communion are certainly not fewer than a hundred and fifty millions; and it will be difficult to show that all other Christian sects united amount to a hundred and twenty millions. Nor do we see any sign which indicates that the term of her long dominion is approaching. She saw the commence-ment of all the governments and all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when the Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveler from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.

Again he writes:

Twenty-three years ago, owing to the roubles that beset the Church, Pope He directed that the faithful through-out the world should recite the Rosary and the Litany of the Blessed Virgin Mary for the peace and welfare of the Church. Those prayers were to be recited during Mass or during the Exposi-tion of the Blessed Sacrament.

in these devotions he granted many Indulgences. For each attendance the Holy Father granted an Indulgence of seven years and seven times forty days.
A Plenary Indulgence may be gained on who landed in Kent with Augustine, and the usual conditions by any who assists who landed in Kent with Augustine, and still confronting hostile Kings with the same spirit with which she confronted Attila. The number of her children is greater than in any former age. Indulgence is granted on the Feast of the Holy Rosary, or on any one of the



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The Rosary was the potent means that St. Dominic used to convert the stubborn Albigenses of France. This saint, it may be said, established the devotion of the Rosary. The prayer, rising from many hearts and lips at once, forms as it were a chaplet of roses. It is a fruitful devotion for all. Even those who lack book learning may practice this devo-tion with great spiritual profit. In meditating upon the mysteries, the principal truths of Christianity are imressed upon the heart and mind.

These who are faithful to the devotion of the Rosary may confidently look forward to the grace of final perseverance. Our churches should be filled during the public devotions in honor of the Rosary, especially during the month of October. -Cathelic Universe.

THE PURITANICAL CODE.

A missionary to non-Catholics in Onio gives the following as a sample of the experience that falls to the lot of the missionary in some localities:

"You gave your Protestant hearers an awful jolt when you stated night before last that card playing and dancing were not sure damnation. The Catholic Church is too wicked; they won't lister to any more lectures." This was the to any more lectures." This was the judgment of a Danville observer, communicated to one of the priests at the m's o to non-Catholics recently.

"The people you speak of must be very good?"
"Good! They are holier than God Himself! They have added some brand new commandments:
"'Handle not, touch not, taste not.

"Thou shalt not smoke, nor dance, nor play cards, nor visit theatres, under pain of eternal damnation."

"They dropped out some of the older precepts and changed the eighth to

Thou shalt not bear false witness, except against Catholics alone. The Puritanical code of ethics is today a curiosity in most American com-munities. In others it still holds sway and supplants the Ten Commandment in the regard of the "sanctified." It i strange that man-made morals should be lcoked upon as more sacred than God's law; but such is the fact.—True Voice.





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OCTOBER 2, 1909.

What are the motives which keep men slaving after they have acquired a competence?" "Is ambition a selfish attribute?" These and similar questions have often been asked me.

The passion for conquest, for power, the love of achievement, is one of the most dominant and persistent characteristics of human nature. With most men the bread-and-butter and housing problem, the question of getting a living, a competence, is only one, and often one of the least, of the motives for an active career.

We have an instinctive feeling that we have been set in motion by a higher power; that there is an invisible spring within us—the "imperious must"—which impels us to go onward, to weave the pattern given us in the Mount of Transfiguration of our highest moment, to make our life-vision real. A divine to make our nee-vision rear. A divine impulse constantly urges us to reach upward to our highest ideal. There is something back of our supreme ambition deeper than a mere personal gratifica-tion. We instinctively feel that there tion. We interactively feet that there is a vital connection between it and the great plan of creation, the progress, the final goal of the race.

We are dimly conscious that we owe matching to the world and that it is

We are dimit conscious that we owe something to the world, and that it is our duty to pay the debt. There is something within us which protests against our living idle, purposeless lives; which tells us that our debt to the race is a personal one; that it can not be paid by our ancestors, by proxy. not be paid by our ancestors, by proxy. It tells us that our message to humanity is not transferable; that we must deliver it ourselves. No matter how much money we may have, we don't feel quite right—really happy—unless we are doing our part of the world's work. We feel that it is mean, contemptible, to be drones in the great human hive; to eat, drink, wear, and use what others earn by hard labor. We have a sneaking feeling that we are criminals; that it is unworthy of us to shirk a manly or womanly part in life; it violates our

sense of justice, of fairness.

These promptings of humanity and the yearning of every normal man for a fuller, completer life; the craving for expansion, for growth; the desire to objectify our life-visions, to give birth to the children of our brain, to exercise our inventiveness, our ingenuity, to express our artistic temperament, our talents, whatever they may be; the inherent, instinctive longing to become that which we were intended to be; to weave the life pattern given us at birth -these are the impelling motives for a creative career.

One man expresses himself, or delivers his message to humanity, through his inventive ability to give his fellow men that which will emancipate them from drudgery; another delivers his message through his artistic ability; another through science; another through oratory, through business, or his pen, and so on through all the modes of human expression, each delivers himself according to his talent. In every

case the highest motive is beyond the question of mere living-getting.

The great artist does not paint simply for a living, but because he must express that divine thing in him that is struggling for expression. He has an unconquerable desire to put upon canvas the picture that haunts his brain. We all long to bring out the ideal, what-ever it may be, that lives within us. We want to see it; we want the world to see it. We long to create, to see the children of our brain just as the artist longs to see the children of his brain, his

ental visions, on canvas.

It is not so much what men get out of their struggles, as the inherent passion in every normal man for self-expression to do the biggest thing possible to him—that urges them on. This is what keeps men going, always struggling to

Some savage tribes believe that the spirit of every conquered enemy enters into the conqueror and makes him so much stronger. It is certain that every business or professional conquest, or financial victory, every triumph over obstacles, makes the achiever so much

exercising of the creative faculties, the stretching of the mind over greater and greater problems and the solving of them, constitute a powerful mental tonic and give a satisfaction and self-complacency which nothing else gives. Think of the tameness, the in-sipidity, the weakness, the mental flabbiness of the life of the inactive and purposeless man who has nothing special to do, no great life-motive, no "imperious must" pushing him on, in comparison with that of the man who feels all the forces within him heaving and tugging away to accomplish a mighty purposel.

The idle, aimless man does not know the meaning of personal power or the satisfaction which comes to the doer, the achiever.

Those who wonder why men who already have a competence continue to struggle, to play the game with as much zeal and ardor as ever, when they might retire from the field, little realize the tremendous fascination of the great life-game, especially for those who have artistic talent and those who have the ability to do things; men who have great executive powers, qualities of great execuleadership.

With as much reason might we wonder why great singers, artists, actors, authors, do not retire from active life, give up their work when they are at the zenith of their power, when they are just in a position to do the greatest thing possible to them, as to wonder why great having a senitron and the senior of why great business and professional men do not retire in the most fruitful period of their lives merely because they have attained a competency.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

THE PASSION FOR ACHIEVEMENT.

What are the motives which keep men slaving after they have acquired a competence?" "Is ambition a selfish attribute?" These and similar questions have often been asked me.

The passion for conquest, for power, The passion for conquest, as did Napoleon or other great warriors, as did Napoleon with every new victory.

The ambition for greater achievements is one of the ments is fed by every fresh triumph,

The ambition for greater achievements is fed by every fresh triumph, and the passion for conquest, which years of winning and the habit of conquering have strengthened, becomes colossal, often abnormal, so that men who have grown accustomed to wielding enormous power shudder at the very thought of laying down the sceptre.

We hear a great deal of criticism of the greed of rich men, which keeps them pushing ahead after they have

the greed of rich men, which keeps them pushing ahead after they have more money than they can ever use to advantage, but the fact is, many of these men find their reward in the exer-cise of their powers not in amassing money, and greed plays a comparatively small part in their struggle for con-ouest.

quest.

Of course this is not true of all rich Of course this is not true of all rich men. Many of them are playing the game, and keep on playing it, for the love of accumulating. Their selfishness and greed have been indulged so long that they amount to a passion, and the accumulators oftentimes become money-

mad.

But the higher type of man plays the game, from start to finish, for the love of achievement; because it satisfies his sense of duty, of justice; plays it because it will make him a larger, completer man; because it satisfies his passion for growth. He plays the game for the training it gives, for the opportunity of self-expression. He feels that he has a message to deliver to mankind. he has a message to deliver to mankind, and that he must deliver it like a man.

The tyranny of habit is also a powerful factor in keeping men going. The daily routine, the business or professional system, becomes a part of our very nature. When we have been going to our office or business at just such a time every morning, doing about the same things every day for a quarter or half a century, any radical change—a sudden cessation of all these activities, a switching from the daily use of our strongest faculties to comparatively unused ones, is not a pleasant thing to

contemplate, nor an easy thing to do.

Every normal man has a dread of the
shrinking and shriveling which inevitably follow the change from an active to an inactive life. He dreads this because it is a sort of slow suicide, a gradual atrophy of a talent or power which had perhaps been the pride of his life.

There are a multitude of reasons why a man should not retire when he has a competence. A whole life's momentum, the grip of habit, which increases facility and desire at every repetition; the strong ties of business or professional friendships, and, above all, the passion for conquest, for achievement, the love of the game, tend to keep him in it.

It is the love of forging ahead, of

pushing out into new fields, which has grown to giant proportions in the grand struggle for supremacy, the ambition to push on a little further, not greed or selfishness, that keeps the majority of men in harness.

The artist, the business, or profes-sional man is much like the hunter, who will endure all sorts of hardships and privations in the pursuit of game, but loses all interest in it the moment he bags it.—O. S. M., in Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. GRUMBLING AGAINST GOD.

"Well, well, it's Sunday again," were the first words uttered by Harry Gray as he woke one morning. "What a long weary day it will be. Yes, a beautiful bright Sunday, and pleasant to some people, no doubt."

There had been a time when Harry it had been a time when Harry it had been a time when had been at the same had been

There had been a time when Harry might be found punctually at his place in the church this day, telling plainly by his bright eyes and eager, happy face that he found the Sunday a delight. But that was nearly a year before the words I have repeated were spoken.

No how was more active, merry and

healthful than Harry until the work of a few fearful moments made him a helpless cripple. For long weeks he lay upon a bed of pain and misery. After a time he grew strong enough to sit in an easy chair by the window.

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Please mention this paper.

Day and night his strength increased until he could, with tolerable comfort, spend the whole day in his arm chair, learning the lessons his sister Mary found time to hear at night. Her love invented many ways by which the rest-less boyish hands were kept busy. Mary and Harry were orphans, and all the world to each other. Everything the world to each other. Everything connected with Mary seemed brisk and cheerful; and so, although she was obliged to work all day and every day, even the clatter and whir of her busy sewing machine, in the window opposite Harry's nook, seemed a song of contentment, like the purr of a monster puss.
She was mother and sister to Harry,
and oh! how he loved her.
No food was so good as that her hands

prepared; none could shake the pillow. arrange the curtains, or do anything in the sick room like Mary.

Discontent was ashamed to show his need where Mary was. But the Sundays—the long, long Sun-

days, when Harry would not keep her by him, yet could not be happy alone. Little she dreamed how very dreary aud wearisome he found them. He had always a smile for her, and in the evening they sat together reading or talking of the beautiful home where taiking of the beautiful home where they hoped to meet a glorified mother, where none would ever say, "I am sick," and none would need a physician. On the morning of which I write!

Harry—placed as usual in his arm chair—saw his sister set out to attend a long ceremony of High Mass, with apparent cheerfulness. He hurried her off even waving his little handkerchief gaily until she was fairly lost to view. Then he took his prayer-book and tried honestly to fix his mind upon the

words he read; but alas, the remembrance of the Great Physician, Who healed so many, filled him with strangely bitter thoughts.

Wasn't our Lord just as powerful in heaven as when on earth? Why could

not be heal Harry Gray as well as blind Bartimeus and the centurion's servant, and St. Peter's wife's mother?

How many rich boys were whole while he, who needed strength, was helpless. Only across the street was a handouse; the only son of its owner -a lad of Harry's age-seemed to have

everything. Didn't God make a mistake and give all the good things that should be Harry's to the rich man's son? He had ponies, horses, carriages of all sorts—
everything to make life easy. If God had crippled him, how many iriends would delight in picking every thorn from his path.

But Harry Gray was a burden on a frail woman, whom he should have supported. How sad was his case. Too poor to consult any great doctor; too weak to lead a useful life; too ignorant to win bread with his head and hands alone.

The more he thought the worse he seemed. He looked back to the days of his careless active glee, and the con-trast made him sad. He looked forward to a life of pain, weariness, weakness.

Mary would never consider him a burden, but the more he thought of his life—past, present, and future—the heavier grew the weight on his heart, the darker everything appeared.

Such a long, long day! Would it ever end? Longer even than usual, for when Mary came home and Harry found that an evening service of great solemnity was appointed he insisted that she should attend that service also. In vain she said she "was tired," would "rather sit by him," etc. Harry knew that she longed to be there, and made har go.

The unborn creatures of the imagination of the artist, the author, the actor, the singer, struggling for expression, haunt them until they are objectified, made real. So the ambition and ideals of the business, the professional man, clamor for expression as long as he is able to continue in the game.

Those who have never won big battles in business do not realize what a deep hold this passion for conquest, this insatiable thirst for victory, gets upon

there twinkled out a little star that

The longer Harry gazed the more merrily the star twinkled till at last an acquaintanceship was fairly established. "I am a 'lesser light,' you see,' said the star; noticed only by my light, and that is borrowed. No astronomer ever gave me a name, or 'calculated any-thing about me.' Professors never point their telescopes at me; I am no guide to sailor or refugee, and yet I shine. Somelof my neighbors have said, 'What good do I do the earth people while the King Sun floods the world with light by day and Queen Moon smiles on them from her serene glory by night? I'll hold no penny light at such an illumination.' And out they go, though the earth people never miss them till long after, if at all; yet I shine on," said the star.

"I've sent good thoughts to lonely criminals pining within prison walls; I've cheered the watcher by the bedside of the sick; I've painted pictures of wife and children for the soldier far of wife and children for the soldier far from his home. My service has been made up of little deeds, but I've never faltered, never flagged, never ceased shining or let my light grow dim. I've looked into many homes and learned many a famlly secret. I've seen those who were courted and admired and called mighty, live their little day, then disappear like a bubble picked, while I unnoticed, held my own.

"I've jseen kings who were vile, conquerors, who were cowa.ds, rulers

querors, who were cowa ds, rulers bought and sold, merchant princes who were misers, hypocrites who passed for all they were not; yet I've not lost my faith in human nature.

"For I've seen heavenly grace in garrets, honor in hovels, and the modest flowers of virtue hidden by the rank

weed of vice.

"You may read of the victories of Alexander and Bonaparte, but I've seen conquerors far mightier than they, whose battles were silent—fought within their than they. in their own hearts-victories known only to God and themselves.

"Perhaps you think the rich boy

next door happier than yourself, yet the load on his heart is heavier than yours. Guess what he suffers in seeing a mother, dearer to him than all the world besides, abused by a father made brutal by strong drink.

"Rich! He would gladly give all his paltry gold for the wealth of love, devotion, tenderness lavished on you.

"Cheer up, little cripple! Do your work manfully if it is only to bear patiently what the good God sees best to lay upon you.

The city clock struck nine as Mary came in. Harry rubbed his eyes. The star was there twinkling as merrily as ever, nodding, as if to say, "Remember!" Had it really preached a sermon, or was it all a dream? Harry could not tell; but whether or no, he had learned to bear his trials bravely, and ever after Sunday brought holy thoughts that made it a day of rest full of comfort and sweetness.—Young Catholic Messenger.

ANCIENT MEXICAN CHURCH.

ANTO DOMINGO AT OAXACA, BUILT CENTURIES AGO.

Larger than Westminister, larger ven than Saint Paul's, is the Church of anto Domingo. This great edifice, re-owned in many countries, is known not only for its size, but for the beauty and magnificence of its decorations and the many historic events entwined in its history. The church was built on con-secrated ground, having been the site of the martyrdom of two Dominican priests, who were killed by Indians in the tip e of Cortez.

By 1550 there were a number of Dominican friars in Oaxaca, and the question of erecting a church and convent for the use of the order was agitated. The exact date of the beginning is not known, but it must have been How many boys could leap and run century, they began the work with a few laborers, who gave their services, shortly after the middle of the sixteenth and every member of the order worked hard collecting more funds. A petition was sent to the king of Spain for assistance, to which he responded generously. From time to time, the king sent other contributions and there was no halt in

Saint Paul's Cathedral in London measured 510 by 250 feet and cost £747,954 or 7,497,540 pesos, or some 5,000,000 pesos less than Santo Domingo. Some idea of the size of the structure can be obtained when it is considered that four buildings, the size of Westminster Abbey could be set on the ground covered by this Dominican temple. At the present time, however,

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saw the church increasing in wealth. The library was ranked among the greatest in the republic. The interior of the church was decorated in many places with pure gold. Santo Domingo was turned into a barrack by the French army of occupation and the gold decorations, the fine paintings and costly adornments were ruthlessly stripped from her walls. The friars were driven out and for six years the church was a fort and nothing more. The accumulated grandeur of 300 years was undone in a few brief months.— Mexican Heraid.

THE ENGINEER'S RECORD OF SOBRIETY.

The importance with which sobriety -nay freedom from the very suspicion of drinking intoxicants while on dutyas viewed by railroad men may be gathered from a recent incident given as follows by the Springfield Republicar:

"There was an incident connected with a recent railroad wreck near Bris-tol, Va., that will appeal to railroad men everywhere, and the public no less. It is typical of the men of a calling. The engineer, Samuel Bush of Knox-ville, Tenn., died of his injuries, but not before his manliness had been estabhelore his manifies and been established in a striking way. Bush was painfully working his way out of the wreck of his engine, scalded and frightfully bruised, when the few passengers who retained their senses dug into the burning and twisted mass to rescue him He was lifted out upon the ground, and as there were no doctors on the train, passengers went to their suit cases in search of whisky with which to stimu-late him. When they came with the liquor the engineer begged them to look after the comfort of the passengers. Being told that no passenger had been greatly injured, he said: 'That's good. But before I take this whisky I want that four buildings, the size of Westminster Abbey could be set on the
ground covered by this Dominican
temple. At the present time, however,
only a small part of the church is used
for worship, the other portions having
been converted into barracks by the
grovernment. Owing to the great
height and thickness of the walls of the
church it has been read for a forte church, it has been used for a fort on any and every occasion when necessary.

No wars, however, marred the serenity of the early Dominicans and each year

legineer, 'and he can not afford to have anything against that.' So it was that Engineer Bush passed away with an untarnished record."

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The

THE FIRST PLENARY COUNCIL.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIVE. His Excellency then read the following message to the King and His Majesty's reply:

Majesty's reply:

"To His Majesty King Edward VII.,
London,—The apostolic delegate and the
Catholic archbishops and bishops of Canada, in plenary council assembled in the
City of Quebec, desire to convey to Your
Majesty the expression of their loyalty
and that of all other Catholic subjects
in this Dominion, as well as their grateful appreciation of the religious and
civil liberty which they enjoy under
your gracious rule. All pray that your
reign may be long and peaceful.
(Signed) Monsignor Sbarretti, apostolic
delegate."

"To Monsignor Soarretti, apostolic delegate, Quebec, Que,—I thank Your Excellency, and the archbishops and bishops associated with you, for your telegram of loyalty which is in all the best traditions of the church of which you are the hierarchy and of the Dominion where you are assembled. It is my constant desire that religious and civil liberty should always be enjoyed by my subjects in all parts of the

empire.
"(Signed) EDWARD R. AND L."

The following address was presented to the Apostolic Delegate on the 16th inst. upon his arrival in Quebec for the opening of the first Plenary Council:

Your Excellency, and Right Reverend Fathers of the first Pienary Council of Canada:

The citizens of Quebec solicit the honor of tendering their homage to you on this solemn day on which the First Plenary Council of Canada begins its

With deep emotion they welcome the illustrious and venerable heads of the powerful and respected Church that has truly been a mother to our people, in this the oldest city of Canada, on this tock of Quebec so justly famed in his tock of Quebec so justly famed in his tock, on which our pioneer ancestors raised, with the standard of France, the venerated symbol of our redemption.

Your Excellency and your Lordships are welcome to this metropolis of so many dioceses, the first in the New World endowed with a Catholic university and which was afterwards honored with the Roman purple in the person of His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau: in this Church, finally, whose beneficent action has spread the Faith and civilization has spread the Faith and civilization throughout the continent of America, you are welcome in this basilica rendered illustrious by the apostolic labors of the venerable Francois de Laval, by the virtues of his successors, by the example of the model priests and religious, many of whom carried devotedness and

Last year, we celebrated the three hundredthanniversary of the birth of the Canadian nation and every page of our history tells us that harmony, respect and confidence have never ceased to reign between the pastors and their faithful flocks.

faithful flocks.

To-day, as well as at the dawn of our existence, Religion and Country unite in striving to promote the great work of the development of our beloved Canada.

While the various elements of our

population, without renouncing anything that constitutes the individuality of each one, are drawn still more closely together by growing sympathy, by a more and more cordial understanding and by increasing esteem fer one another, and strive to blend their interests; while the peoples of the Old World, greet this young nation arising in the New World, the Roman Catholic Church, ever friendthe Roman Catholic United, ever friendly to progress and ready to follow with motherly solicitude the generous endeavors of the peoples acknowledging her laws, labors to cement that Christian union, that concentration of talents and efforts so necessary for the development

of a young and immense country.

We are glad to see these grand religious meetings held on the spot which was the cradle of our nationality, because they are a living proof of the progress that has been realized.

In truth, ere began the evangelization of the barbarous tribes of New France; departed the missionaries for hence departed the missionaries for every point of the horizon, bearing the glad tidings to nations plunged in the darkness of idolatry; here sprouted the fruitful seed of national education, of Catholic benevolence, of intellectual and artistic life whose flowers bloom everywhere, and here also you, the many pastors of flourishing dioceses, are met to ascertain and demonstrate what work has been done and to give a more powerful and luminous direction to future labors.

In the marvelous movement that impels us towards the development of our national resources, we applaud the action of the Church who, amidst the allurements of prosperity, reminds us how superior are the soul's interests which should never be lost sight of by

nations wishing to be truly great.

When you report to the Sovereign Pontiff the work of the First Plenary Council of Canada, we beg you to express the profound respect in which He and the great mission he fulfils are held throughout Canada by all who bear the name of Christian.

While we Catholics profess our stead-

fast attachment to the religion of our ancestors and to the dogmas and teach-ings of our Church, the whole population glories in living in a country where evangelical morality and Christia principles are acknowledged as the foundation stone of civilization, and own confidence in the future of our beloved country is based on our faith in God.

Such are the sentiments that animate

the citizens of Quebec at this moment when we come to tender you the hospitality of this city, which holds in com-

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mon and grateful veneration the name of Champlain, its founder, and that of Laval, its first Bishop, who was truly the father of the Church in Canada. J. Geo. GARNEAU,

Mayor of Quebec.
H. J. J. B. Chouinard,
City Clerk.
His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate delivered an eloquent and appropriate reply to the address.

SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF WEST'S PIONEER PRIEST.

FATHER LACOMBE'S ORDINATION SUBJECT OF INTER-ESTING CELEBRATION AT ST. ALBERT—PROMINENT PUBLIC MEN ATTEND CEREMONIES—TOWN IS IN EN FETE FOR EVENT.

Edmonton Bulletin, Sep. 5.

west.

e shall name it St. Albert in honor of your
i saint," the Bishop said to his young comn, Rev. Albert Lacombe. That is why the
dral town of St. Albert bears the name it does

ibert. Flags flew from every building and from any gables on the larger buildings the Illics of rance and the crosses of Great Britian grouped yout an immense Union Jack. Evergreen trees need the roadway and small banners and Chinese nterns added to the festive air. The church was sautifully decorated.

atifully decorated, he programme of the celebration was an interagone including a banquet at high noon which attended by His Honor the Lieutenant Governor, orney General Cross, John A. McDougall, M. P. P., hard Secord, Hon. Senator Roy, Gaspard Gombe, P. E. Lessard, M. P. P., Honor, M. Gaspard H. Albert, J. L. Cote, M. P. P., Hon, Mr. Justice M. Albert, J. L. Cote, M. P. P., Hon, Mr. Justice Among the many presss present were some doily of the many presss present were some doily distinct the Honor Martin, Dr. Macdonald and others of Edmon-Among the many presss present were some doily distinct the Honor Martin, Dr. Macdonald and others of Edmon-Among the many presss present were some doily distinct the Honor Martin, and the Honor Martin, and the first press of the Fissier, Father Leduc and Father Grandin. striking part of the evening entertainment was doily discovered as Crees and Blackfeet, carrybows and arrows, and the drill prefaced ended by remarks actually uttered by swarring tribes at the big battle waged all night und the Blackfeet camp and which stopped only rethe Crees heard the shout that Father Lacombe swounded.

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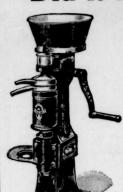
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FIRE WORKS AND SEANCE.

In the evening a brilliant display of fireworks was made from the hill, while between the ash and maple and fir trees planted years ago by the missionaries the illuminated buildings of this episcopal seat gleamed like some scene from fairyland. The windows a devandahs and gables were hung with chinese lanterns whose soft glow transformed the scene, while illuminated mottoes and banderol held many greetings and good wishes for Fathe Lacombe and the Grey Nuns.

The evening entertainment was attended by fully

Did it Ever Strike You



That: You must use as much care in selecting a Cream Separator as you do in selecting a horse Would any sane farmer select a light Roadster to do his heavy farm work? You say only a simpleton would do that, and you are right. But that is just what you are doing when you buy a skinned down, weak framed, worm geared Cream Separator. Look at it; examine all its points, and ask yourself if an excuse like that will do your heavy work in your dairy for a lifetime.

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f Father Vandendaele, the handsome cavalier cos-umes used being procured from Winnipeg.

They came like a soft flight of doves and droppe fragrant bouquets of flowers at Pere Lacombe's feet

of Father Vandendaele, the handsome cavalier costumes used being procured from Winnipeg.

During the evening an address was presented by the pupils of the big school and orphanage, some fine choruses were sung and the girls' mandolin sextette rendered some good music. But the most striking numbers on the programme were the boys' bow and arrow drill of mimic Crees and Blackfeet and the jubilee scene by the girls. The charm of the boys' drill with its clever introduction of Indian steps and postures, is indescribable. The quaint garb of the boys, their sense of the thm, their quick assaults and retreats were all marvels of grace and a credit to the drill master. M. Varin.

The jubilee scene was a tribute both to Father Lacombe and to the wonderful work done by the Grey Nuns in the past half century at St. Albert. Half-a-dozen young ladies came out in symbolic divers representing various periods, then twenty little fairies in shining yellow and carrying long gold chains came on in a beautoff of the companies of the control of th

opened by a Solemn Pontifical High Mass by Bishop Legal, assisted by Rev. Father I Rev. Father Magnon and Rev. Father deacons of honor and Rev. Father Ethie Father Montin as deacon and sub-deacon eloquent sermon was preached by R. Lewis, recently of Pittsburg, Mass, and the rector of St. Mary's church, Calgary, ject-matter of the sermon was the charity of the religious communities of women in

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pedals, etc. Is just like new. Manufacturer's price, \$450. Sale price.....

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pedals, etc. This piano is as thoroughly made and high-class in every particular as if we were to make a piano to your order in this size for \$1.000;

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