VOLUME XXX.

The Benediction.

From the French of Franco (Having read the translation by W. A. K. which we reprinted a few weeks ago, Mr. Robert McEwen of Pictou sends us a translation of another poem of Cop-

It was in eighteen hundred—yes—and nine
That we took Saragossa. What a day
Of unfold horrors! I was sergeant then,
The city carried, we laid seige to houses
All shut up close, and with a treacherous look
Raining down shots upon from the windows,
This is the priest's doing!" was the word p
round;

round; although since daybreak under arms— s with powder smarting, and our mouths ith kissing cartridge-ends—piff | piff | the musketry with ready aim, hat, and long black coat were seen or the distance.

A CHEERFUL NATURE.

There are but few Catholics who do not appreciate the value of membership in the grand old Church. Sentiment, reason, faith combine to sustain and increase this appreciation.

All Catholics recognize that the waves. It is the institution established by the Son of God to conduct men to heaven. In and through the Church has our divine Lord ordained that men

It is the mission of the Church to reach the gospel of Christ and to teach the nations. We Catholics accept the teaching of the Church with absolute confidence. We never doubt; we never deny; we never seek elsewhere. It is our inestimable privilege to rest abs lutely certain and content. It is suffi-cent for us that the Church teaches; the Church is the representative of Christ, the pillar and ground of truth. She cannot err, for she is hedged around by divinity, guided and directed by the It is with pity that we look upon those who are "tossed hither

It is to His Church that our Lord has

confided His sacraments. Her priests are the "dispensers of the mysteries of God." From them we receive the sacraand participate in the precious Blood of Calvary. It is the priests of the Church who cleanse the souls of the infants in the lavor of baptism; it is the priests who forgive sins in the sacred tribunal and pour the balm on the wounded soul, it is the priests who bless the murriage of the young twain as they kneel before the altar of God; and it is the priests who stand by the bedside of the sick unto death to comfort them with the last anointing and strengthen them against the hour of conflict. There is one but has noted the love and devotion of the Catholic people for their priests. And this love, this devotion, is the best evidence of the value which Catholics place upon membership in Every Catholic app piates the spiritual value of membership in the membership in the Church of God, and those outside of the Church, sincere souls, envy the Catholics their confidence and their affectionate loyalty They cannot help but contrast it with their own indifference to the sect to which they belong. And how their hearts yearn for an institution strong, loving, appreciative, upon which they might lean, and which in return they might love. Alas for them! that seeing, they do not see. There is but one institution, by necessity a divine institution, the Church of all ages!

But whilst Catholies are duly appre ciative of the spiritual value of membership in the Church, have they ever realized the temporal advantages of belonging to the Catholic Church! The universal tendency of our age is toward association, combination. In every association, combination. sphere this tendency is apparent. The forces of nature have almost conspired to compel men to combine. In business life, in social life, organization is fever-ishly progressing. There are combinations along every conceivable line. Who is there that has not noticed the extraordinary increase of societies in our country? And the individual sick woman opened her eyes.

ocieties are all banded together into societies are all banded together into one general organization. There is scarcely a village but has some such association. And most of them are for absolutely selfish purposes—for the mutual protection, advancement, prosperity of the members. There are often secrecy and an abundance of grips and signs and pass wards.

igns and pass words. Its officials the Bishops and priests its members are the faithful throughout the world, men of every race, of every language, of every country, but all "one" around the altar of God. Do not Catholics appreciative what a privilege it is, even in a temporal sense, to belong to such an organization? It is the boast of the great secular organizations that their members are welcomed everywhere by fellow members. But

there is no part of the world, no matter how remote, in the icy wastes of the ex-treme north or amidst the jungles of Africa, where a Catholic will not be welcomed by a fellow Catholic. And what a bond of sympathy is immediately forged by participation in the common faith. There is the instantaneous reali zation of a community in almost every thing that makes life precious. are the same training, the same thoughts the same opinions, the same super natural helps, the same hopes. The cur rent of both lives flow into one channel. How much is bridged over when we know that a stranger coming into con-tact with us is like ourselves—a Catholic! How quickly we become acquainted with a fellow traveller, for instance, when we once learn that he is of

sit side by side in the same lodge room But how much more to kneel side by side at the same Catholic altar ! It is a sight, as strange as sad, to se Catholics abandoning their faith to enter some forbidden society. But even from a temporal and selfish point of view there is no society which they may enter which can yield a tithe of the advantages which membership in the Church brings. Those unworthy Catho-lics are as short-sighted for this world are blind to their eternal inter-

the household of the faith! Men de

clare that they are friends because they

A HAPPY DEATH.

Father Arnold Damen, a Jesuit rather Arnold Damen, a Jesuit, whose unflagging zeal for the conversion of Protestants is testified by many flourishing missions in North America, once had an extraordinary experience in Chicago.

One evening in the church of th Holy Family he had been longer in the confessional than usual. After the last person had left, he knelt down in a side chapel in order to offer his last greetings to his Lord.

The church doors were already closed and the lamps put out. Only before the tabernacle burnt the everlasting light and threw its trembling glimmer over

the marble of the High Altar.
As Father Damen rose from his de votions and was about to leave by way of the sacristy, he noticed in the sanc-tuary, close under the altar, two small kneeling figures. In astonishment he stepped nearer, for he could not imagine how, in spite of the sacristan's careful final survey, there could be someone praying there at such a late hour.

The figures were those of two little bys in white surplices, with lighted candles in their right hands. Absorbed in prayer, they had apparently not noticed the approach of the priest.

Father Damen was amazed at the fearlessness of the children who were not afraid of praying so late in the dark, empty church. He was just about to ask them the reason of their delay, when oth of them hurriedly rose up with light footsteps, turned away from the altar and went down the nave towards the door. Evidently they were afraid of the priest, whose unexpecte appearance had frightened them.

In vain he sought by kind words to calm their fears; they did not listen to him but hastened away still, right to the end of the church. Then, the stood before the big door and Father Damen was close behind them. But before he had got quite up to the dren, the two halves of the big door gently, and apparently of themselve opened wide. Through them both the small figures passed out into the dark

day was stilled, the streets were empty, and everything lay in the solemn quiet-ude of night. Father Damen followed the boys through the lonely streets o the city. Their candles lighted his way and he thanked God inwardly for the grace which had been vouchsafed him At last the two stopped before

wretched little house in the suburbs and allowed the priest to precede them. Then they again hurried ahead of him up a staircase, and behind their step was shed a beautiful clear light. Father Damen never for one minute lost sigh of his little guides, and, praying earn estly, waited for what was to come.

Suddenly the two children disappeared and left him groping in the dark their task evidently fulfilled. At length he found the latch of a door. He knocked, and after a voice from within had answered, he entered a miserable little room. An old, white-haired man came towards him and pointed sadly t a straw bed in a corner. The priest went over to it and found a poor, wasted

figure in a deep swoon.
"Thank God you have come" said the old man, kissing the priest's hand. "My wife has been sick and ailing for a long time, but tonight she seems to be weake than ever. Her end must surely be

mear."
While these words were spoken

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1908

to be lost. "You should have sent for me earlier,

my good man," said he to the husband,
"still I hope to God I am not too late."
He heard the poor woman's confession, then hurried back to the church as quickly as he could to bring the Holy Viaticum to the sick room. While the dying woman, with the deepest devotion, prepared herself to receive the Blessed Sacrament for the last time, the old man, with the help of some other inmates of the house, got the room ready for the entrance of the Divine

Visitor.

When the priest returned the old woman was rapidly nearing her end. With every sign of inward longing and joy she received the Holy Viaticum. An angelic smile lighted up her sunken features, and the peace of Heaven seemed already to overshadow her.

A sudden idea occurred to the pious priest, and he asked the old man if he

"Yes, indeed," was the answer, "two dear, good little boys, whose greatest delight was to serve Mass; but the good God took them away from us in their childhood." The dying woman also heard and understood its question. heard and understood the question. A glimmering of the actual truth then dawned on the priest's mind. He bent over her and said softly, "Would you over her and said softly, "Would you like to know who brought me to you tonight." And she nodded affirmatively he continued: "It was your two little he continued: "It was your two little sons who came from Heaven and showed me the way here, in order that you might not die without the last Sacraments." A glorious happiness showed itself in her face; she whispered some words of thanksgiving, and a few mo-ments afterwards drew her last breath.

Thus in Heaven did that good mother find her darlings, whom on earth she had trained with the greatest care in obedence and piety.

Never again would she be separated

In memory of this truly wonderful incident there is to be seen over the entrance door of the Church of the Holy Family in Chicago a carving in stone. It represents two small surpliced figures kneeling with candles held in their right hands, and an expression of deep piety on their sweet, childish faces. piety on their swee Manchester Herald.

THE PRIEST.

The priest is called the man of God. He is named the servant of God, and o in the highest, the Pope, he is called the servant of the servants of God.

The priest is the friend of Christ

"I will not now," our Lord says, "call you servants, for the servant knoweth not what his lord doth: but I have called you friends, because all things whatsoever I have heard of My Father I have made known to you."

He is the brother of Jesus, for after

His resurrection our Lord sent by Mary Magdalene this touching and gracious message to His apostles: "Go to my brothers and say to them: I ascend to My Father and to your Father, to My God and your God."

He is father, physician, judge.
No act is greater, says St. Thomas,
than the consecration of the body of Christ. The priest brings down on th altar, he holds in his hands and partakes of the same flesh that was born of the Virgin Mary. He immolates himself on the altar of duty and charity in behalf of his fellow beings. His whole life is a perpetual sacrifice, and self-sacrifice is an evidence of a magnanimous soul.

He is a dispenser of the mysteries of God. He is the custodian of the blessed sacrament. He breaks the bread of life. He is the minister of benediction. He therefore, jurisdiction not only the natural body, but also over the mys tical body which is composed of the members of His Church. "Whatsoeve Whatsoeve you shall bind upon earth, shall be bound also in heaven, and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed also in heaven." "As the Father hath sent "As the Father hath Me, I also send you." When Christ had said this He breathed on them and said, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost. Whose sins ye shall forgive, they are forgiven them, and whose sins ye shall retain they are relained."

The priest is called physician of the soul, for St. James says. "Is any man sick among you let him call in the priests of the Church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord; and the prayer of faith shall save the sick man, and the Lord will raise him up; and if he be in sins

they shall be forgiven him." The priest is called an angel or messenger of God, because, like the angels, he is the bearer of messages between earth and heaven, and is sent to min ister for them, who shall receive the

inheritance of salvation.—Hebrews.

He is an intercessor between God and man, as Christ Jesus our Lord is the mediator of redemption. He is the ambassador of Christ. Nothing is more honorable than to be an ambassador of : king, for you have his confidence and you guard his interests.

He is a co-laborer with God. His official acts are Christ's acts. His words are the echo of Christ's voice. "Behold," He says; "I am with you all days, even to the end of the world. He that receiveth you, receiveth me, and he that receiveth me, receiveth Him that sent me, and he that despiseth you

despiseth me."

If the priest addresses to heaven the prayers of the faithful, Christ presents them to His eternal Father. If he sows the gospel seed, Christ giveth the increase. If he confers the sacraments, Christ imparts that grace that makes them fruitful. "Though Peter baptize," cherished, cultivated an says St. Augustine, "it is Christ that beyond any sacrifice the baptizeth. Though Paul baptize, it is made to attain unto it."

Father Damen took her thin hand christ that baptiseth. The priest about bent over her. There was no time solves the penitent on earth. Christ solves the penitent on earth. Christ ratifies the sentence in heaven. If the priest offers the adorable sacrifice, Christ is invisibly present, the High Priest and Victim. In a word, the priest is another Christ."

The es sacerdos in aeternum. (Heb. v. 6). A priest is set to continue the work of His Master. He is chosen and called and consecrated to make visible and sensible the life, the mind, the word and the will of Jesus Christ. and the will of Jesus Christ. St. Bernard says, "Feed the flock by thy mind, by the lips, by thy works, by thy spirit of prayer, by the exhortation of thy words, by the example of all thine actions." Our Lord means that His priest should perpetuate in the world not only His truth and His holy sacraments, but

His own mind and likings and life.
So great is the union between the priest and Christ whom he represents that when he says "Hoe est corpus meum," the priest ought to offer his own body. When he says, "Haec est calix sanguinis mei," he ought to offer his own blood. That is, he ought to offer his own blood. himself as an oblation to his divine Master, in body, soul and spirit, with all his faculties, powers and affections in life and unto death. Wonderful God's condescension in choosing men to be other Christs, and great should be the reverence in which the priest holds himself and still more the reverence he should receive from the faithful.

The priest is the figure of Christ, or character of Christ, because upon him is impressed the image of his priesthood, and a share in it is given to him the character of the priesthood of the priesthood, and a share in it is given to him. He is, as St. Paul says, "Configuered to His death." In every Mass the priest sets forth the death of the Lord until He come. And they make oblation of themselves in conformity to His oblation to the Father.

Albertus Magnus and St. Thomas have

Albertus Magnus and St. Thomas have truly said that no greater power or dignity than the power and dignity of consecrating the body of Christ was ever bestowed upon man, and no greater sanctity or perfection can be conceived than the sanctity and perfection required for so divine an action in the priest.

for so divine an action in the priest.

All the day long the priests are near to Christ; all their life is related to Him: from Him they go out in the morning, and to Him they return at night.

They are in the Mass in contact with His substance. He who is joined to the Lord is one spirit. St. Paul says that we are members of His body, His flesh, and of His bone, and he bids us to bear God in our body.

In the order of divine action, it places the priest, in respect to the power of

the priest, in respect to the power of consecration, next to the Blessed Virgin, the living tabernacle of the Incarnat Word, and in respect to the guardianship of the Blessed Sacrament next to St. Joseph, the foster-father and guardian of the Son of God. What more can be bestowed upon the priest? What more can be said than the above words, the substance of which have been drawn from the most eminent theologians? Bishop Colton in Catholic Union and

LOOKING BACKWARD AND FORWARD

One day Cardinal Manning was asked what advantage he acquired by becoming a Catholic. He replied unhesitatingly: "Certainty and reality." Henry C. Granger, who was formerly the pastor of perience of one year in the Catholic Columns could be filled with stories Church the following statement. It is of the extraordinary modesty of this man, peculiarly valuable coming from such a

when the previous thirty years of minis-terial life in totally different surroundngs is taken into consideration.

"There has been a positive gain. In what direction does this lie? Certainly no money value can be placed upon much that has been acquired. The laws are not for sale in the market place. Spiritual riches are not quoted on the stock exchange in these days, if ever they Says the inspired writer: "I know thy to ibulation and thy poverty, but thou art rich. If not in the material —as the result of the change—assuredly then in things spiritual. Here we must then in things spiritual. Here we mass the look for the gains. What are some of these? One is that inner peace of soul which must be experienced to be fully realized, the quiet harbor, after the storm, the anchorage sure and steadfast there was nothing to disturb, or annoy or try; but owing to the fact that ther was a power superior to all these; consequently they were kept in their proper place. We need not enumerate the crosses, since there has been grace sufficient to carry these.

"Another gain has been a growing appreciation of what our Lord intended His Church to be, the visible abode on earth of His Real Presence. In the Sacrament of the Altar, the Holy Eucharist, He is with His children, actually though mysteriously. This sublime facof all facts comes home with peculiar and a constantly growing force to one who has been but a short time comparatively in the Church of Christ. It—this Rea Presence—is the centre about which everything else revolves. With this goes of necessity the worship, the spir-itual Communion, the vocal silences of the Mass, all that serves to impress on with the fact: This is Holy Ground Bow down! Cover thy face? Call in with the fact: This is Holy Ground!
Bow down! Cover thy face? Call in
the wandering thoughts! God is here!
To have gained any slight realization of
such a truth is truly a 'gain' to be
cherished, cultivated and prized far, far
beyond any sacrifice that may have been
made to attain unto it.

Speaking to Clark Howell, editor of
the Constitution, about his father, with
the whom he had worked for thirty years, he
said: "There was never a ripple on the
strong stream of our confidence and
cherished, cultivated and prized far, far
beyond any sacrifice that may have been
made to attain unto it.

Speaking to Clark Howell, editor of
the Cope on the earliest occasion. The
donors of the other gifts included the
society of Irish Working Missions, the
Irish Sisters of Charity, and Messrs.
Lafayette, of Dublin. His Holiness
begged Mgr. O'Riordan to give his
warm thanks to all the donors, and he
sent them the Apostolic Benediction.

" Another gain has been in the line of coming to see the various devotions of the Church in their right proportions. Those 'outside' make so much and wrongly of the honors paid to saints, martyrs, angels, the Blessed Virgin Mary Why is this? Simply and largely owing to the fact that not standing within and with Christ in the centre of ever thing, they fail to grasp the proportions that all these others sustain to Him. Difficulties hitherto insurmountable hese particulars have vanished; changed into the riches of divine grace—coming to the soul by means of these holy pre nces round about us, and especially that of the Blessed Virgin, the Mother of God. Helps all to lead us whither? our Lord Himself in a way and with a definite reality not to be found save in the Catholic Church.

"The one other gain of which mention is to be made now is the spiritual strength that sprung from being under the shadow of a certain authority. The tones are clear, the position is assured; there need not be any misunderstanding as to what the Catholic Church believes and teaches and enforces. The successor of St. Peter and Vicar of Christ on earth is not afraid to speak out in the defense of the faith; nor is there any hesitancy in demanding for that faith a timely, loyal obedience. This applies alike to all classes and conditions and livers us! Gains of the character indi-cated are vital parts in true spiritual riches: consequently sources of renewed and daily increasing strength to live as we find it necessary day by day."—The his flock. Missionary.

CONVERSION OF "UNCLE REMUS."

How appropriate was it that the beautiful prayers and services of the Catholic Church should have accom olic Churen should have accompanied the pure soul of Joel Chandler Harris, "Uncle Remus," to eternal happiness, He had lived in a Catholic atmosphere since that day, in 1873, when he took Miss Essie La Rose, a French Canadian to be his helpmeet. She proved the constant inspiration of her husband, and by her energy, vivacity and housewifely qualities helped him to success in this ife and happiness in the next.

Long a Catholic in belief and syn pathy, Mr. Harris' failure to make ex ernal and public manifestation of his adherence to the faith of his wife and six children was undoubtedly due to his extraordinary shyness, the fear of attracting the attention to himself which would have followed his attendance at Mass.

Anthony's Church, Atlanta, Ga., from which Mr. Harris was buried, when asked the date of his reception into the true fold, said:

"I had the pleasure of receiving Mr. Harris into the Church on June 24. I had known Mr. Harris intimately for six years, and in all that time his belief and his life was thoroughly Catholic. His retiring disposition to my mind, was the only thing that prevented him from taking the step sooner. Mr. Harris had never been baptized in any church, but his knowledge of the truths of the Caththe leading Episcopalian church in Evanston, Ill., recently gave out in answer to a similar question as to his exformance to a similar question as to his exformance to a similar question as to his exformance to the control of the c

who shall always live in English litera-ture. His paper, Atlanta Constitution,

of the change?' Particularly is this so Hundreds of people in the suburb where he lived had never seen him to know him. His modesty was proverbial. It was the shyness of a timid, simple, unpretentious gentleman. He despised show and ostentation. He hated to be lionized. And still no old-time Negro no person in distress, no deserving seeker for his favor ever found him anything but kindly, interested and sympathetic. All employees on the street pathetic. All employees on the street railway line running by his house knew horsecar line he would often relieve the driver while the latter went inside to

have his dinner. When President and Mrs. Roosevelt visited Atlanta in 1906, the President specially requested that Mr. Harris should meet his train and Mr. ould meet his train and ride with him self and Mrs. Roosevelt to the Gover-nor's mansion. So all arrangements were made to have "Uncle Remus" successful, owing to the fact that special guard was kept on "Uncle Re-At the banquet President Roosevelt

"I am going to very ill repay the courtesy with which I have been greeted causing, for a moment or two, acute discomfort to a man of whom I am very fond—'Uncle Remus.' Presidents may come and Presidents may go, but Uncle Remus stays put. Georgia has never done more for the Union than when she gave Joel Chandler Harris to American

literature."
When on his death-bed one of his son said cheerfully, "Father, your time has now come to be no more." With sudden seriousness, Mr. Harris replied: "My

son, when a man dies, instead of saying he is no more, say he is forever." Speaking to Clark Howell, editor of

comes to shuffle off the things that pre-vent us from speaking our full minds

1557.

as Mr. Harris kept his faith hidden from the world!—S. H. H. in Catholic Standard and Times.

ONLY AN INCIDENT.

An act of heroism, but which, perhaps, the doer considers only an incident in his life, made up as it must be of continual sacrifice, comes from Bruce, Wis., of which a young Irish priest, Father Rice, is pastor. One priest, Father Rice, is pastor. One dark and stormy night last April, the received word that an old man, who had neglected his religious duties for many years, was dying. The dying parishoner was forty miles away, and the journey was made, the priest found the Chippewa river had to be crossed. The only bridge was still twelve miles further on, necessitating a return trip of about the same distance on the other side of the river. A heat could not live side of the river. A boat could not live on the swift and treacherous current, and, though in all human probability it meant death, the brave priest decided to swim across. Divesting to swim across, Divesting himself of his outer clothing, he plunged into the iey water in the midst of a hail and snow storm, and after half an hour of terrible struggle, reached the oppobelievers. From what a multitude of 'opinions,' 'isms,' 'vagaries' and one the woods and arrived at the bedside of the man in time to administer the last Sacraments. This, it is said, is not the first time Father Rice has risked his life in order to carry the ministrations of their religion to dying members of

CATHOLIC NOTES.

Rev. Geo. J. Vahey, of Cleveland, one of the best known priests in the United States, was instantly killed on August

Rev. Father Keilty, P. P., Douro. Diocese of Peterboro, spent St. Ann's day, 1908, at the Shrine of St. Ann de Beaupre. On that day forty years ago he was ordained a priest in St. Mary's Cathedral, Kingston. Fifteen members of the society of

Jesus were ordained on July 28, at the Sacred Heart College, Woodstock Md., by His Excellency, the Most Rev. Dionede Falconio, the Apostolic Delegate of Washington.

The many friends of Father John B. Tabb and all who admire the poet-priest because of his beautiful writings, will be pained to learn that the gifted author has recently experienced one of the keenest afflictions that man can endure the loss of sight.

The largest seminary in the world is the one for foreign missions in Paris. More than 1,300 secular priests, all or-More than 1,300 securar priests, an or-dained at this nursery of the priest-hood, are at work in the missions of Asia. The combined population of the territories covered by this great society numbers nearly 259,000,000 souls. Chicago is to entertain the first Cath-

olic missionary congress ever held in the United States. The event, scheduled never been baptized in any church, but his knowledge of the truths of the Cath-olic faith was far greater than that of many Catholics. His favorite books were Cardinal Newman's work's, and his weekly companion the Ave Maria which Society. In commemoration of the o

In commemoration of the one had-dredth anniversary of the birth of Cardinal Manning a great demonstra-tion, organized by the League of the Cross, was held in Hyde Park, London, "In view of the sacrifices made in order to enter the Catholic Church, it is perhaps natural at the close of one year in the same to ask ourself this question." What he have grained by search of the sacrifices and in the same to ask ourself this question. What he have grained by search of the sacrifices made in the sacrifices made in said of him in its obstuary. Sunday afternoon, July 19, over ten thousand people taking part. The assemblage was one of the most memorable of the kind that has been witnessed metropolis for many years. The Right Rev. Bishop Conaty, of Los Angeles, received into the Church on July 27, Mr. Grover R. Harrison until

recently a student of the Western Episcopal Seminary of Chicago. Mr. Harrison students of Nesheta and the Western seminaries who have resented the open-pulpit canon and entered the Catholic The Right Rev. Bishop O'Connell will soon complete his six years' term as rector of the University at Washington,

and the rumor of his appointment as coadjutor to His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, with the right of succession to the Archbishopric of Baltimore, is persistent. It is said that such a promotion is favored by the Cardinal. Bishop O'Connell is with His Eminence in Europe this summer. The convention of the American

Federation of Catholic Societies was formally opened in Boston on the 10th instant by a business session, preceded by Solemn High Mass of Requiem for the leceased members at the Church of the Immaculate Conception. The conven ion will discuss many important matters neluding divorce laws, socialism, observance of the Sabbath, child labor, condition of immigrants and the question of orming an organization similiar to the Young Men's Christian Association. The Right Rev. Mgr. O'Riordan,

received in audience by the Holy Father last week and presented a number of cases containing Irish gifts for the Papal Jubilee. The most important was a Papal cope of Irish poplin, magnificently embroidered, the gift of several laymen, headed by Charles Dawson, of Dublin. The Pope promised to wear the cope on the earliest occasion. The donors of the other gifts included the

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THE YEARS BETWEEN.

A Novel by William J. Fischer. Author of *Songs by the Wayside," "Winona an Other Stories," "The Toiler and

CHAPTER XIX.

ROSES AND CARNATIONS. On her way home, after her visit to Mrs. Carroll, Dorothy could not help thinking of Dr. Mathers. It was no wonder that the people all idolized him. He was so kind and gentle and so very pleasant in his manner and conversation, and he always carried a goodly amount of sunshine with him into a patient's

Dr. Mathers stood in Dorothy's mem ory continually, erect and manly lookthe picture away. She had seen him at Carroll's standing thoughtfully near the curtained window. The parting sun stole in tenderly and settled its glint upon his half-gray hair His face was that of a man who took his work seriously yet derived therefrom a great deal of happiness and compensa-tion.

on. Everywhere we meet the cold, disappointed man who has lost hope and given up so easily, whose name is a stain on the world's bright escutcheon. Failure has touched him with her scorching wings, and the Past, Present and Future are enigmas, alike gloomy and uninter-esting to him. He has simply missed the "get" of this great, absorbing life. Charles Mathers was not such a man. He was a toiler in the living
Present; he was trying to do all the
good he could in this life. The world
had treated him kindly and given him
plenty from her store of riches, and he
had accepted it all with an humble

heart.
When Dorothy reached home she told her parents of her pleasant visit to the Carrolls. "Mrs. Carroll," she added, "is going to the opera to-night, but poor Michael will have to stay at home." poor Michael will have to stay at home."

"Why?" questioned her father. "I
suppose he'll have to stay to keep the
cat and bird company. Mrs. Carroll
you know dotes so on her pets. Ah,
well, she's never had any children, and
poor old Tabby and little yellow-coated
Dicky are all the world to her."
"Not it is not that. When I reached."

"No, it is not that. When I reached the place I found Mr. Carroll in bed." "In bed, Dorothy!" exclaimed Mrs. Fairfax in great surprise. "Surely the old man's not sick?"

Yes, mother, the old fellow slipped and fell. At first they thought he had fractured his leg, but Dr. Mathers was there when I arrived, and after a careful examination, he told them there was no break, but the ligaments were badly

Poor, old Michael!" exclaimed Mrs. Fairfax, pathetically. "To think he'd have to be so unlucky in his old days!" "Mrs. Carroll," Dorothy continued, "Mrs. Carroll," Dorothy continued,
"at last consented to come out this
evening to hear me, after I had promised
to send Bridget over to keep Michael
company. He has quite a bit of pain
you know and requires looking after.
They were so glad I called."
"Of convergence and the Methors a"

"Of course you met Dr. Mathers?' interposed the father, looking up from

interposed the father, looking up from the evening paper. Before Dorothy could answer her mother said: "I hope he impressed you favorably." "Yes, I met him," Dorothy answered demurely, "and I felt quite interested in him. He is a good-souled fellow, handsome and clever. But what's the use of that, mother? I am sure he has met some one by this time whom he use of that, mother? I am sure he has met some one by this time whom he likes better than himself. One of those mornings you will wake to hear that he has been married and that he has gone off somewhere on his honeymoon."

Just then Mr. and Mrs. Fairfax's eye

met. In that brief instant the two held lingered the wish that God would some day favor Dorothy with such a man as Dr. Charles Mathers. He had been entertained and feted by the queenly thought it wise and best not to venture out upon the uncertain matrimonial seas that lead some into dangerous, stormy deeps of disquietude, and others into peaceful havens of rest.

At an early hour that evening crowds filled the Lyceum. Billington, true to her gifted child, had turned out en masse to honor Dorothy, and hundreds went home delighted with the performance. The young singer had done full justice to herself.

justice to herself.

Dr. Mathers was in the audience that evening. He sat several seats from the front. His eyes fairly revelled in the beautiful costames and scenery, and his ears eagerly drank in the soulful music of Gounod. Dorothy made a beautifu Marguerite, gentle and innocent as a saint, and, when in the depths of her sorrow she threw herself down at the Blessed Mother's feet and poured out the prayerful threnody that echoed igh her pure soul, the eyes of hun dreds of her listeners filled suddenly with tears. Even Dr. Mathers' hear was touched as it had never been be

fore.
"Dorothy is so good and pure," he himself, and, as he listened to the sound of her voice and followed her through the different scenes of opera, a longing desire stole into his heart that he might some day learn to love and win this beautiful woman. he asked God to draw their hearts closer together. He could not help envying Faust this Marguerite. Such strange feelings seemed to overpower him—feelings that never before disturbed the serenity of his heart, and, when later Faust sang "La Parlate D'Amor," the lively, tender Flower Song, his temples fairly throbbed. What was he singing? The melody haunted him : the set his brain mad with delight. Faust seemed to have taken the very words

in all the gladness of his manly heart, the self-same words that floated from the stage-

"Gentle flow'rs in the dew Bear love from me!
Tell her no flow'r is rarer
Tell her that she is fairer.
Dearer to me than all
Though fair you be!

Gentle flow'rs in the dew
Bear sighs for me!
Tell her in accents tender,
Tell her that I'll defend her
Gladly my life surrender,
Her knight to be!"

For days after Dorothy's face haunted No matter where he went or wha he did, she rose before him. In the sich room, in the very presence of death, she came to him in fancy and comfortingly touched his hand. It was like the whis touched his hand. It was like the whis-per of a tender prayer to his sanguine ears. He always felt better after it, and it seemed to nerve him for the day's battle. He could not forget her; he tried hard at times to do so, but without avail. She had been thrown across his life's noth by Ged and in his heart of life's path by God, and in his heart of hearts he thanked Him for it. No, he could never forget Dorothy. Strange, tender feelings held his heart in thrall. They were the feelings that came through Love's first, kindly ministra-tions. Life's joyous rosetime was here.

Dorothy's success of that first perform Dorothy's success of that first performance was repeated. The elite of the city filled the Lyceum every evening; they were a music-loving people. Besides, hundreds came long distances to hear her sing. The papers were full of her. They printed long interviews and followed them with short sketches of her young life. Everybody seemed to be young life. Everybody seemed to be proud of Dorothy, proud that she was a Billington girl, glad that she had mounted so high in her noble art. Hers was the beautiful character, humble and unassuming, gracious and unaffected For two weeks she had appeared nightly in the various operas in her repertoire and soon the farewell concert came.

Dorothy was glad when the last evening arrived. Singing such exacting roles night after night was heavy work The young prima donna therefore felt glad that she would soon be relieved of all her anxiety. Signor Lamperti called at her home a few days before closing night and asked: "Well, Dorothy, what will we stage closing-night?"

"Anything at all, Signor, as far as I'm concerned."
"The public is clamoring for 'Faust." It was the opening bill and made a very good impression, I believe."
"Then let it be 'Faust.' I would

just as leave be Marguerite again.' That evening the largest crowd in years poured into the theatre. Dr. Mathers would not have missed that performance for all the gold in Billington. His office boy, little Toby, whom he had rescued from the streets some years before, was busy brushing off hi ver-coat.
"Hurry, Toby! 'Tis 8 o'clock and

I'll have to go presently," he exclaimed.
"I am going to the theatre to-night. If any people call me, tell them, I'll b back between 11 and 11:30.

Thereupon Toby stood on a chair and held his master's coat for him.
"Now, Toby, don't fall asleep!
Watch the door.bell and the telephone!"

"I'll fry hard to keep awake, doctor,' and he rubbed his eyes like a spoiled

"Well, good-bye Toby," the doctor cried as he made his way through the Just then the door-bell rang loudly.

"Toby, go see who it is," the doctor In another minute the boy returned.

" A poor, old woman. I could not catch her name. Her boy is very sick."
"Where does she live?"

Two miles on the other side of th "Well! well! that's too bad—ready

to go to the opera and disappointed again," the doctor exclaimed as he threw his coat and hat upon the sofa. "But send the woman in, Toby!" Presently the woman entered.

vas poorly clad and looked as if she had not tasted good food for a long time.
"Be seated, madam!" the doctor

directed as he kindly handed her a chair. "What can I do for you to night ?' " Ah, my poor boy's very sick, doctor

I am afraid he's dying," the woman cried out in tears. "He's all I have in the world, doctor, and he's been such : good boy."
"How old is he?"

"Sixteen, this coming winter. He worked until noon to-day, but then a evere pain overtook him. Oh, he was a ood boy, and I am afraid the Lord will ake him. If it hadn't been for him I'd

"Is he the only child?"
"So. He is the oldest of ten, but the only bread-winner in the family."
"Is your husband dead, madam?"

"No, worse than that. He's a heavy drinker and when he is drunk, he abuses us shamefully. He hasn't bought a loaf of bread for us in months.

"Then you cannot depend upon him for help at all?"

No. sir !

"What's your name?" " Mary Bland, sir."

"Where do you live?"
"At 66 Oxford Road. So come, com at once! The poor boy's crying with pain. I left him suffering to come here. Perhaps he is dead now." And she Perhaps he is dead how.

cried bitterly. "I have no money to
give you," she continued, " but I am an onest woman and Tom's an honest boy and I am sure God will reward you. So

doctor, you'll come at once, won't you? A hundred thoughts pierced Mathers brain. Instantly his thoughts stole to Dorothy. In was exactly \$\frac{8}{15}\$. The orchestra was just finishing the overture. In another minute or two the curtain would rise. How he had planned

minute decided it all. It was simply a case of duty first, then pleasure.

The doctor's eyes stole down to the pitiful hundle of rags before him, and, his conscience whispered to him: "Go to the sick boy! "Tis there you are needed." Then in a strong, kind voice he said to Mrs. Bland: "You can go home. I'll come over at once to see Tom."

She's in great pain and they want you at once."

The doctor's eyes stole down to the pitiful hundle of rags before him, and, his conscience whispered to him: "Go to the sick boy! "Tis there you are needed." Then in a strong, kind voice he said to Mrs. Bland: "You can go door. "It is really too bad, the poor thing!" he said to himself as he closed the officedoor. "I hope it is/nothing serious."

When he reached the Fairfor home all caressing note of his voice there would

"God repay you for it all!" she mur-mured with a thrill of emotion, as she pressed the doctor's hands in her own and disappeared in the darkness.

and disappeared in the darkness.

Thirty minutes later Dr. Mathers stood at Tom's bed-side. The poor boy was desperately ill. He had chills and high fever and considerable pain.

"What do you think ails him, doctor?"

"Appendicitis. He'll have to be operated upon immediately. 'Tis dangerous to wait until morning." gerous to wait until morning."
That very evening Dr. Mathers saved faithful Tom's life at the hospital.
When it was all over he returned to his office and sank into his chair, tired and

sleepy.

During the "Faust" performance went will that evening the audience went wild with applause, and when Dorothy sang the ever delightful Jewel Song the climax was reached. When later the last word had echoed from her lips, a beautiful bouquet of roses and carnations fell suddenly at her feet. She tenderly. The people clapped hands and cheered loudly. The whole audience was nothing but a waving sea of handkerchiefs. It was a great triumph for Dorothy Fairfax.

When she returned to her dressing-room she examined the bouquet more

closely.
"Aren't they delicious?" she re marked to her maid as the latter was loosening her gown. "I wonder who could have been so kind as to send me them?"

Just then a little card fell to the floor The maid picked it up and handed it to the singer. "From Dr. Mathers!" she exclaimed

loudly, overcome with surprise. "Goodness gracious! The great surgeon has deigned to notice me. I feel flattered."

The flowers had really made her feel very happy indeed, and the thought, that they had come from Billington's most noted man sent a thrill through her heart that carried an added share o

"It was so good of him to send me these roses and carnations," she whispered, and again she raised them to her face. But this time, her lips touched the little white card. "I only wish—I—"

Without, there were sounds of loud applause, but Dorothy stood still in the little was was and was a little was in the little was in

phause, but Dorothy stood still in the little dressing room, wrapped in deep thought. She was just then thinking of Charles Mathers. "I only wish—I—" she muttered again to herself, but she did not finish the sentence.

"Come, Dorothy, they are waiting for you on the stage," shouted her maid as she tied the last bow in her hair. "I'm afraid you've missed your cue."
"Surely not, Frances. I must have

been dreaming. Ah, yes, there's the tenor singing the opening bars to the duet." And gaily she darted out of the dressing-room and made for the open In another minute their voices blended

admirably, and soon Dorothy was lost to everybody but Faust—and Dr. Mathers. The gentle singer had just finished read ing the language of love and flowers, and from that time on, roses and carnations were ever her special choice.

CHAPTER XX. WHEN LOVE IS MASTER.

It was about eleven o'clock when Dr Mathers returned to his office, after he

had seen that Tom Bland was comfor-table at the hospital. He had had a hard day's work and felt glad that the night was at hand to give him the rest he needed sorely. Toby, the office-boy had fallen asleep on the couch, waiting for his master. The doctor however did not disturb the lad, but allowed him to sleep on. There were no messages on the slate; thus Dr. Mathers knew there had been no calls.

the office was just a little chilly. A raw October wind was tossing the leaves about in small clouds, after the slight down-pour of rain which had soon subsided. The voices of Autumn were piping across the hills, and the skies were beginning to assume their leaden

gloomy color. Charles threw an extra supply of coal upon the fire. Then he lit a cigar and for some time followed the pictures that fancy painted for him in the pale blue cloud of smoke. And presently in the soft haze Dorothy rose before him in a long, flowing, silken garment of white her eyes tender and loving, and, from her lips some cheery message seemed sounding.

The opera was over. Out upon the slippery pavement sounded the footsteps of the homeward-bound theater-goers of the homeward-bound theater-goers. In his heart Charles could not help wondering what kind of a reception they had given Dorothy.

"I wonder," he mused to himself, "if

she received my roses and carnations? I wonder did she appreciate them, or throw them aside carelessly?"

Such thoughts as these kept Charles mind active as he sat puffing away idly at his cigar. Suddenly the telephone sounded in the outer hall. In an instant Toby was on his feet and, rubbing his eyes carelessly, he gave way to a couple of yawns. Then he made his way into the hall just as the telephone ceased

"Hello!" he called over the wire in his boyish, musical voice.

"Yes. 'At Mr. Fairfax's house.'

When he reached the Fairfax home all

was excitement. But a few minutes before the ambulance had brought Dorothy home and what a shock it was Dorothy nome and what a snock it was to her parents when several strong men carrying the stretcher upon which lay the helpless girl extered the house! In-her hands she held the treasured bouquet of roses and carnations. It was too bad Charles had not arrived a few minutes earlier. It would have done his heart good to have seen how zealously Dorothy uarded the flowers.

The doctor stepped lightly into the

The doctor stepped lightly into the sick-room where the injured girl lay. As he entered she smiled gently through her suffering and exclaimed, somewhat girlishly: "Oh, doctor, I am so glad you came. I am afraid I have a bad foot, But in the first place I must thank you for the flowers. They are so beautiful. It was really kind of—" Just then a sharp pain in her foot weakened her so that pain in her foot weakened her so that she could not finish the sentence. Even in all her misery and suffering those roses and carnations were upper-most in her mind, and she could not help thanking the donor at the first oppor-

tunity.

Dr. Mathers made a thorough examination of the foot and reported a bad fracture above the ankle.

"And what will all this mean to me,

doctor?" Dorothy asked, somewhat sadly. "Oh, about four or six weeks in sadly. "Oh, about four or six bed. Miss Fairfax," Charles answered.

He lett like calling her Dorothy, but had not known her long enough for that.
"Well, I suppose, I've got, to make the best of it, then, mother," she said to Mrs. Fairfax, who stood in tears at the foot of the couch. "Mother you must not cry so—tis only a break, and I'll soon be able to walk again," she added

encouragingly.
"Yes," interrupted Dr. Mathers. will only be a matter of time. We will have to give nature a chance—that's all. She is, after all, the best physician. I will require the assistance of a nurse t help set the fracture. There is a little swelling and I think the sooner the foot is attended to the better. Whom shall telephone for?"
"Sister Angela," exclaimed Dorothy

gladly.

"But," interrupted her mother, "that is impossible, child. You know as well

as I that the nuns never do private "I knew it, mother. Her name just came to my lips and that is why I said it, But Sister Angela is so good and kind, mother. She is a sweet, little nun-just a darling. It is just grand to

be sick when she is around. "Sister Angela you know, doctor,"
id the mother, "nursed Dorothy said the mother, through a very serious illness four year ago, and she has never forgotten her.' ago, and she has never forgotten her."
"Miss Fairfax," remarked the doctor, "I am sure Sister Angela would be pleased to nurse you again, but, if such were your wish, we would have to take

you to the hospital."
"I would rather remain at home here with mother, doctor," Dorothy replied.
"So procure a nurse at once!"

THE WHISPERER.

TO BE CONTINUED

Lord Cashel and Miles Keon, the Whisperer, were foster-brothers. They had drawn the milk from the same bounteous peasant breast, and there was a brotherly feeling between them for all that my lord was Earl of Cashel and Miles Keon a peasant by birth, and a Whisperer, that is to say, a horse tamer

by profession.

Miles was a little fellow, lean agile, and as brown as a nut. My lord was a big, fair, kindly young man, one that the ladies found it as hard to resist as the horses did the Whisperer. It was said that Mary Keon loved the fair child she had suckled at least as well as she did her flesh and blood. Be that as it jealousy in Mile Keon's heart child or man towards the oster-brother who had left him hungry in babyhood.

Always Miles was at his lordship's heels, from babyhood, through boyhood; and in manhood, if they were sometimes separated in the body, they were not in heart. They had had a happy boyhood together. My lord was an orphan, and his guardian lived in London, and was well content to shuffle off the personal care of his ward on to Mr. Spence, the rector, who taught him Latin and Greek and saw that he did not lack training in the manly arts.

Perhaps, after all, the most important part of Lord Cashel's education was learnt in the woods, in the company of Miles Keon, and on the mountains and the words. the waters. Miles had a wonderful way with the wild creatures. The same gifts that made him a Whisperer brought the birds to feed from his hand and the hares creeping about his feet. deer would stand for him to stroke their coats, and the eagle that builds on Carrigdhu had seen him approach the nest that was like a charnel house with the bones of lambs and such innocent crea-tures and had spared to strike him dead. They said the fishes would come to the top of the water when he played upon his flute. There was something—Mr. Spence said it was a gift of great love—that struck down between him and the animals the barrier of fear and enmity that

has stood since the fall of man.

Where Miles could go my lord could not follow: but he learnt secrets in the woods that he would never have known in any; companionship but that of Miles

caressing note of his voice there would caressing note of his voice there would be quiet, and a few minutes later he would come out, leading a horse in his right mind. Was it the whisper in the horse's ear that wrought the marvel? The Whisperer kept his secret. But he would often say to those he heard talking of the wieledness of a horse that. would often say to those the mark tan-ing of the wickedness of a horse that-it was the wickedness of a man was to blame somewhere; "for it stands to reason," the Whisperer would say, "that the animal was created without sin, and it was only with man that sin entered the world." He was a bit of a theolo-gian, and a pious boy in his way. Lord Cashel had been visiting some-

where in the Bog of Allen, and the day he returned he came with a cloud of care on his brow. No sooner had he eaten and drunk than he sent for Miles to the stables. Fortunately no call had come for the Whisperer for a couple of days back.

His Lordship sat in his private room

waiting for him. The carpet was thread-bare and the moths had eaten the old curtains, but the driftwood fire burnt so cheerfully that one forgot the shabbiness of the furniture. When Miles came in, His Lordship was looking moodily at the toes of his boots, and at the sight the toes of his boots, and at the sight the Whisperer's heart sank. Mary Keon's winsperer's neart sank. Mary Keon's heart for her foster-child had passed to her son, and Miles Keon scenting trouble, stood looking auxiously at the handsome gold head in the firelight. His Lordship leaped to his feet. He had

not heard him come in.
"Well, Miley," he said, using the old boyish name, and extending a frank hand. The Whisperer dropped his cap on the floor and met the handshake. The affection in his eyes was as touch-

ing as the rapt glance of a dog.

"Sit down, Miley," went on His Lordship, kicking a chair towards him. "I'm in a devil of a fix."

"You are?" said Miles with a keen,

fond glance.
"I've planted all I'm worth on a brute that has killed two grooms already, and has made it as much as a man's life is worth to approach him.

He laughed shyly, like a boy owning o an escapade.
"Why did you do it?" asked Miles. "Wait till you see him. You'll ask no questions then. What's that English hat's the name. Well, I'd back the

Blackbird with you up to show Eclipse a clear pair of heels."

"Would you now?" said Miles slowly. He was never one to get excited, and perhaps this quietness of his was one of the elements in his power with nervous creatures on whom so often our words play like the wind on the harp strings, His cheeks had reddened with pleasur "You think you'll be equal to him, Miley? He'll take a powerful strong whisper to make him a lamb. I'll doubt

valleyer do it, Miley."
"I can but try. Where is he?"
"Coming down the road with half? dozen poltroons leading him and keep-ing a mile off his heals. The devil was quiet in him when he started, but he'd kicked his box-stall into smithereens

the day before. "Poor beast!" said Miles in the soft voice he had inherited from Mary Keon.
"You haven't asked the price, Miley." No, your Lordship ?'

"Ten thousand guineas. Ten thousand golden guineas, Miley!" " 'Tis a great fortune, your Lordship. Tis what the lawyers are asking for Neville's Court, Neville's Court and

Ballaghadamore in a ring would have een a fine property.' He spoke with lingering regret.

"Ballaghadamore will be outside the ring if my venture does nt come off Miley. It's the security for the price of the Blackbird."

"Tis a deal of dépendence to put in And on you, Miley. said his Lord.

ship eagerly. "The Blackbird with you up. Wait till you see him, Miley." up. Wait till you see him, Miley."

Mile's face brightened in answer
the appeal in the beloved voice.

"Your Lordship can count on me." Your Lordship can count on me

"I know it, Miley. There never a faithfuller friend and brother." Again the two hands met and clasped nd fell apart. His Lordship's thoughts took a new turn, and his face became moody as he looked into the fire. Miles had picked up his stable cap from where it lay, and was turning it in his hands mechanically while he waited for his dismissal. His soft, bright eyes still watched the wasted face with a world

of concern.

Lord Cashel stood up restlessly and kicked at a log in the grate. For a minute or two there was silence. Then he turned abruptly. "I've matched the Blackbird against

Warneliffe's Pegasus for fifty thousand and a side. If I win, Miley, it means a and a Site.

Clear forty thousand in my pocket, and more than that to me, Miley. More than forty times forty thousand. He blushed as rosy as a girl, but his ace was serious even to tradegy.

Miles looked down at his cap. "Lady Mabel u'd never be after thinkin' of the Duke for a husband. There are bad stories to his name. "His mother is all for the marriage

and Lady Mabel is young. I'm a poor man and will be ruined if my stroke for fortune should fail. What chance should I have against the Duke?"

"You won't fail," said Miles, with

His Lordship's face cleared. "Not if you can help it, Miley. I know that."

votion at her whenever they met, but he was too humble and simple to b lieve she could ever care for him. The Blackbird arrived a few days

later. His guard looked as exhausted as if they had been in charge of a tiger, if they had been in charge of a tiger, and were full of sullen anger against the horse. They had spent auxious days and watchful nights on the road, and there was a long bill for my Lord to pay for damages caused by Blackbird's tantrums. The Whisperer was riding with my Lord when the horse arrived. The two

Lord when the horse arrived. The two rode into the stable yard to a scene of wild hurly-burly. They were trying to get the Blackbird into his stall, about twenty of them armed for terror of him with sticks and forks and broom handles, they could find to their or anything they could find to their hands to defend themselves in case he should try to kill them. One fellow had the rusty blunderbus that had hung bethe rusty bilineers to the hard behind the harness-room door for more years thon anyone could remember. Two stout fellows were hanging on to Two stout fellows were hanging on to ropes round the horse's head. The Blackbird was rearing on his hind legs, kicking out and making furious rushes at his tormentors. His beautiful coat was covered with sweat, and steaming. His eyes and nostrils were full of blood, and e was half screaming and half sobbing. At the sight my Lord uttered a shout of rage and pain that made the stable-helpers momentarily forget their terror of the horse. He flung himself out of the saddle like a madman, and rushed into the middle of the group insensible of the danger to himself. But, quick as he was, the Whisperer was quicker. My Lord was caught and pulled back with a force and violence born of terrified love and the next thing he saw was the Whis perer holding on to the horse's head-collar and shouting to the men at the

Twice he was swung from his feet as the horse reared; twice he was flung back on the stones of the yard with violence, but he held to his grip, quite unconscious that my Lord, struggli be by his side, was held back by his old

nuntsman and a couple of groom Suddenly the horse trembled and It happened so suddenly that no one could tell the moment when his passion was quelled. The Whisperer was now Whisperer was now stroking his disordered coat, and mur muring against his ears with a sound softer than the wind in the leaves in summer. The horse was still tremb-ling and turning wild eyes of fear on the man, but every minute he grew quieter. When a few minutes had pas-sed, Miles led him into his stall, and presently, when my Lord followed, he found him rubbing down the beautiful coat, humming between his teeth after the fashion of grooms, while the horse, as quiet as Brown Bess, the mother of many foals, stood turning grateful eyes

upon him.
"A miracle, Miley, a miracle!" cried my Lord, "Good God, what an escape! If the accursed fools had injured him! Every man of them goes to-night."

"They are not to be blamed," said
Miles. They are not cruel by nature, Miles. They are not cruel by nature, but the fear makes them mad. They

are like the dumb beast."

After this the Blackbird's reformation seemed to be an assured thing. True, Miles was never long absent from him, and the friendship between the man and the horse was a beautiful thing to see. That the Blackbird had been wicked and had done evil only made the man's pity the greater. As he stood curry-combing him, he used to think upon the sufferings the horse must have had to endure. He had belonged to old Carden of Kilnamessan, a fire-eater and a bully, and reputed the cruellest man of a day when people were not particular. It was told of him that he had burnt a young mare to death because she had a trick of steams. because she had a trick of stonning with him. He had secured her by stakes to the ground, and had lit a fire under her, and had kept her there roasting him. Lacy, a drunken groom, having fetched a pair of horse-pistols and put the beast out of her misery in despite

of him. Miles had heard this and many an other story, and could guess that the ckbird had been tortured utmost extent compatible with keeping him alive and sound in wind and limb. And his pity for the creature was like a flood in his heart that he could hardly

endure.

Now with tender treatment and a quiet life the beauty and value of the horse showed themselves day by day. He looked like a creature of air and fire, too fine to be held on earth. Who could believe that he, gently whinnying for his friend in his absence, or standing with a caressing head in his breast, with a caressing head in when he had come, was the Blackbird of

terrible reputation? My Lord's spirit went higher every day. Every morning he was out to see Miles exercising the horse, and as many times he swore that the Blackbird had never been equalled in the history of horseflesh.

"We shall make his Grace dance to the tune of fifty thousand, Miles," he would say, rubbing his hands.

would say, rubbing his hands.

It was autumn when the Blackbird came to Ballaghadamore, and in May the great race was to be ridden. A match between the Duke of Wharn-life. cliffe's Pegasus and Lord Cashel's Black-bird for fifty thousand guineas a side bird for fifty thousand guineas a side was bound to make a bit of a stir, even though it was to be run under the shadow of a purple Irish hill. Then a whisper had been circulated in one of the gossiping fashionable sheets in London that there was more at issue between the gentlemen than a mere matter of horseflesh or gold guineas, and so fashionable circles were doubly

interested in the matter. The Duke was at his house in the seemed to have taken the very words from his lips, he would like to have his pered to Dorothy. He raised himself in his chair, closed his eyes and listened to the haunting melody—and Dorothy rose before him not as Marguerite, but as plain Dorothy Fairfax, just as he had seen her for the first time at Mrs. Carroll's in her brown seal-skin which way to turn—Dorothy on the one words and red walking deess. Again the words of the singer came to him. He did not see Faust; he saw only himself, did not see Faust; he saw only himself, and on the other begging him to come to the bedside of her dying son. He to the bedside of her dying son. He to the bedside of her dying son. He to the bedside of her dying son, the head planned willsy to the power of the Whisperer. He was a man before it was found he had the power of the Whisperer. He was employed at that time about Lord Cashel's stables at Ballaghadamore. He always went riding with my lord, and like case to his own. Gracie O'Malley, Lady Mabel's waiting woman, had long which way to turn—Dorothy on the one side beckoning him to the testables and the kennels, for my Lord Cashel hunted the Muskerry country.

Once it was found that he had the power of the Whisperer. He was man before it was found he had the power of the Whisperer. He always went riding with my lord, and like case to his stables and his Lordship's face cleared.

"Miss Dorothy—yes."

Wery well. I'll tell him to come at his to death of the power of the Whisperer. He always went riding with my lord, and like case to his own. Gracie O'Malley, Lady Mabel's waiting woman, had long spen secretly his love. He had never to come over to Fairfax's right and the sound of her voice; yet now he stod at the cross roads not knowing way. Miss Dorothy slipped and fell upon the icy steps at the theatre, but a few minute or two the curtain wold rise.

The Duke was at his house in the curtain wold rise was a man before it was found he had the power of the Whisperer. He always went riding with my lord, and like case to his own. Gr er did the woman look? To the royal blood itself perhaps, for her pride was boundless. But certainly she would have preferred not to yield her girl till conquering beauty had at least one campaign, and had seen noble hearts and noble names lie before her thick as

autumn leaves.

Meanwhile Lady Mabel was what the shut bud is to the rose. She sat by her mother as meek as the Verginella nel Tempio of a Florentine painter: and Beauty brooded above her moonlight face like a star. It was "Yes, your Grace," or 'No, my Lord," no more than that, in speech softer than silver. But it was this very exquisite promise of growth, this still maidenhood, that rapt the hearts of the two men towards her. Her mother would have sworn that

she had no preference, that the beginshe had no preference, that the beginning of a separate will was hardly born in her. Else she might have forbidden my Lord Cashel the door. But then Wharneliffe had had no rival, and the pleasure that the contest between the two was to her would have ceased.

But once as the two gentlemen sat fingering their sword knobs and making finespeeches with the slightest threaten-ing of hate and jealousy beneath, and while the elder lady laughed and ap-plauded the combat of wits, Lady Mabel plauded the combat of wits, Lady Mabel bent her eyes an instant on Lord Cashel. For the minute the Duke was paying a flowery compliment to her mother, and neither was looking. It was for the merest shadow of time, but the gaze was so full of sweetness and joy in him that the man's senses recled with the delight of it. He turned a little pale, and soon afterwards took his little pale, and soon afterwards took his leave, but as he rode homeward he shouted and sang in the spring evening, and the song was an old one :

"Oh my Love, my Love is young."

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Meanwhile more momentous matters Meanware more momentous matters than horse racing were stirring the country. In the spring of that year the leaders of the United Irishmen were arrested, and immediately the land was in the throes of premature rebellion. The enrolling in the country about Ballaghadamore had not been general, and the terror and trouble were proportionately less there than in other parts of the country. But a few arrests were or the country. But a rew arrests were made, and among the first to be taken was the Whisperer. It would seem that in his faring up and down the county on his business he had had the opportunity and had used it for purposes of organization, and it was not his fault that the country will be the contraction of the country will be the contraction. countryside was not in such a blaze was Kildare, or, Wicklow, or Wexford.

'He was spirited away one night at the dead of the night from his little room above the Blackbird's stable, and it was only the next morning that Lord Cashel heard what had happened. He was in the utmost despair, and sat with his head in his hands two hours by the clock. Then he sprang up, and, calling for his horse, rode hard to Wharncliffe Tower. The Duke, who was not an early riser, was just finishing his morning cup of chocolate. My Lord burst in on him, hardly waiting to be announced.

"I am come to tell you," he cried, "that our match must be off." 'Not so far as I am concerned," said his Grace, coolly; "but my Pegasus is the better horse."

My Lord cursed the Duke's horse for

answer. Then, he went on, more quietly:
"My Blackbird's mount is in the

county jail among the croppies, and he will let no one else ride him."

"Ah!" said the Duke, contemplating his handsome calf in its silk stocking, "many a better man is in like case. There is poor Edward Fitzgerald, with a festering shoulder, to keep him company, in his cell. Ah, Cashel, what

"Worth many of you or me," said my Lord shortly. "But our match, Wharn-"Ah, our match, I don't want to die

till I beat you or yield to you. And they say there will be many a pair of bright eyes to wish success to the colors of one or the other of us."
"But I tell you my Blackbird will

never go to the post without his mount. He would not budge an inch, or he would break his back or his riders." 'Tut!" said the Duke contemptuously

"What good is a mere peasant in this his devil. bog that it should interfere with the sport of gentlemen? Musgrave will lend him to us for the race. You'll guarantee that he'll ride your race, and not give Blackbird his head and show the law a clean pair of heels?'

'He'll ride the race," said Lord Cashel with conviction.

"Then consider the matter done."

Captain Musgrave, the Governor of the county jail, was a gallant officer, more at home in the field than in the keeping of rebels. However, a wound in his knee had finished his soldiering for ever, and he had had to accept the veteran's lot while not much over thirty. and the government of a jail rather than fields of renown. He had but the slightest acquaintanceship with the young beauty of the county, and it was with a deep sense of gratification that he received a note from Lady Mabel the morning after the prisoners were lodged in jail.

"Would Captain Musgrave so far pleasure a woman," it ran, "as to let her maid who bears this have speech of a friend, one Miles Keon, now lying in His Majesty's jail in Captain Mus-grave's keeping?"

"I wish she had asked me something "I wish she had asked me something less easy," said the soldier, as he gave orders that the bearer of the note should be admitted to see the prisoner.

Miles was sitting with his head in his hands on the foot of his low pallet. Of his own danger he was not thinking at all. His thoughts were on the race.

at all. His thoughts were on the race that now could not be run for he knew that Blackbird would bear no other rider. The trouble of it had weighed heavily on him and a sleepless night had drawn black rings about his eyes. If it were not that he was failing his beloved master, he need care for nothing. He had neither kith nor kin, and as for Gracie—it was as if something had compressed his heart tightly for an

head, and withdrew it to admit a woman, 'pid eyes of the bay were so full of kind-

deeply veiled. Miles stood up in surprise as she came forward through the obscurity of his cell. When she had come close to him, she threw back her

veil.
"Gracie!" he cried, in such a joyful
voice that the warder, who had retired
and was pacing up and down outside
the door, stopped in amazement. It was
not a place were the voice of joy often
scended!

sounded.
"Miles!" she answered, calling him by his name for the first time, and blushing through her tears. "Did you think I would not come?"

"Oh, Gracie Gracie," he said, "why

should you come to me here except you love me? And sure I never lifted my eyes to you, asthoreen.

"It wasn't my fault, then," she said, laughing, in spite of the place they were in, "you left it all to me, Miles Keon." He read the invitation in her eyes, and answered it with his lips on hers and his arms about her. Then he put her away a little and looked at her sor-

'I shouldn't have done it, Gracie Oge Machree. It is for another man you are and not for Miles Keon."

"Never," she said. "I gave you my heart from the beginning, and I will never look at another man."

"Gracie," he said, drawing her to his shoulder. "Do you know it's a hang-ing matter for me? If I was in Kildare or Wicklow today, 'tis out of the branch

of a tree I'd be swinging by this."
"Oh, no, no," she cried, shuddering.
"Your Lord has powerful friends, and my lady will do anything for us. It is through her I am here. And she has only to say the word, and the Duke will

move heaven and earth for her."

"Well, well, we will hope, avourneen.
I want to live now," he said, "only God end that orders don't come to of us before my lord and your lady have

of us before my ford and your lady have had time to do anything."

The orders did not come and the day of the race drew nigh. They seemed to have forgotten in Dublin Castle that handful of peasants were lying in jail in this remote south-west corner of Munster. And meanwhile the Duke had approached Captain Musgrave on the matter of lending him Miles Keon

for the race.
"But what is there to prevent him? objected Musgrave, "when he tops the stone wall, whither my mounted men cannot follow him, from heading his horse from the Dingle Hills? Once among the mountains he might snap his fingers at all the soldiers we could send in pursuit?"
"I have spoken with the fellow, and

he is honest," answered the Duke.
"The nearest thing to his heart at this moment, though he has a sweetheart, I am told, is to win his master the race. I wish there were any fellow of mine for

whom I could say as much."

"Ah, poor fellow," said Musgrave,
"he has a sweetheart. Yes, I have seen
her, a charming ereature. But, your
Grace, if he slips our fingers, it will be a serious matter for me."
"Do you think I am not powerful

enough to cover you in such a matter, if there were need?" Then, with a change of voice. "Ah, poor devils, it can be no pleasure jailing them, Mus

grave,"
"You are right your Grace, it is no work for a soldier," answered Musgrave, gloomily.

The two Englishmen shook hands and

parted. The day of the race came bright and beautiful. When Miles the Whisperer faced it out of the gloom of his cell, he blinked at it like an owl. He was flung upon a horse in the midst of a band of stout fellows and, hidder by a great coat to his heels, left the

orison behind. Lord Cashel had been with him, and had given him accounts of the horse. At first the Blackbird had looked for him and kept up a whinnying day and night, which told that he was not yet in despair of his friend's return, Later his mood grew vicious and sullen. He would rush at the grooms who came to feed him open-mouthed, and had torn the fittings of his loose box to

"But 'twil be all right when he sees you, Miles, said his lordship. "You are his good genius and will drive out

The horse had preceded Miles on the race course. He was in one of his most vicious moods, squeaking and trumpeting and trampling the grass of his lit-tle paddock as if it were flesh and blood under his hoofs. A fascinated crowd was watching him through the stout

"'Tis the devil they ought to call him." said one, "an' not the blackbird at all. Sure the blackbird's a decent little bit of a bird, an' nothing at all to do wid the likes o' that mad brute. "Wirra God help the poor boy's got to ross his beck," said an old crone. cross his beck." 'Tis myself wouldn't be puttin' my nine ones in danger for the like o' that

"Have done with wid your foolishness." said a man better informed. "Tis the Whisperer that's to ride him, an' he has the power over any horse ever foaled. Let alone that you'd be a nice lookin' jockey to be putting your leg across the Blackbird.

The course was three miles of an undu ating pastoral country. The ground on which the stand was built sloped gently so that the course lay well within view of those who were on it or about it. It was a natural racecourse, with a brook to be leaped and a rough stone wall half way from home. All the country people had turned out on foot, or driving or riding rough nags, and there were a few carriages, among them being the big yellow barouche from Shelton with Lady Mabel sitting in it, by her stately mother. It might have been noticed that she shrank less modestly than usual from the admiring glances that fell upon her, seeming, indeed, to be rapt out of herself by some unusual excitement that lit soft fires in her cheeks and in her

Pegasus, a bay-horse, was being led up and down amid an admiring throng. Though his spirit made him prance and snort so that the laughing crowds scuran instant—Grace would never care.

There was a jangling of the big key in the lock of his cell and the door was jerked open. A warden put in his head and witthere it was a very different matter from Blackbird. The large, lim-

Blessings and good wishes followed Pegasus and the Duke's colors of blue and silver, whereas it seemed to be generally agreed that no luck at all could follow the Blackbird, an' sure what busi-ness had his lordship wid the like at all, riskin' people's lives for the sake of a brute of a horse that ought to have had

a shot put in him long ago?
Yet the Blackbird swung into favor, and left Pegasus forgotten, a few min-utes later. The horses, the race, and everything went clear out of men's minds when the Whisperer rode up amid his escort. It got quickly among the excited people that Miles Keon was out of prison to ride the Blackbird and cheer after cheer rent the air. The escort frew to one side, looking rather sullen. and lighting down from their horses pre-tended to turn the entire attention to defined to the feeding and washing them. Lord Cashel was standing by to hurry Miles into the dressing-room and away from the handshakes many a one was giving him. It was noticed that, as he went in, he

pricked up his ears at the whinnying of the Blackbird which all at once has suc-ceeded the shrill, unnatural squeaking. He came out in a few minutes so fine in his colors of green and gold that his poor Gracie's heart swelled, where she stood quietly apart with love and sor-

He went straight to the horse, and the rowd, which had deserted Pegasus, tumbled helter skelter to see the encounter. The Whisperer ran lightly half-way down the paddock, and then stood smiling as the horse came galloping towards him, tossing his beautiful head in the air and neighing with joy. When they had met, the horse's head went into the man's bosom and the man's arms around the horse's neek. A minute they stood so in happy meeting. Then the Whisperer sprang lightly into the saddle and the horse's neek. the Whisperer sprang lightly into the saddle, and the horse came stepping forth, holding his head high and seeming to spurn the earth from his delicate feet.

A moment more and the two beautiful A moment more and the two beautiful creatures were off. Lord Cashel watched the colors flash out of sight, and then turned and mounted the stand with a noise of armies in his ears.

For a few minutes his sight failed him,

so that he could not distinguish. Then it cleared a little. He could see the two brilliant specks floating away at the end of the Ten Acres by the hazel copse. The field was crossed in a flash and the horses were coming up to the brook. Pegasus was leading, the Blackbird a couple of lengths behind. "Miley is holding him in," Lord Cashel said, half aloud, "he will give him his head when

they have taken the jump."
"'Twould be hard on us, Cashel, if
your fellow were to fly now," said a voice

"Well done, well done! They are

over it!" he cried, thumping the rail be-fore him with his gloved hand. A roar had gone up from the people around and below them as the brook was crossed. A silence followed so intense that you might have fancied you heard the thunder of the horses feet on the smooth turf a mile away, though they and their riders had dwindled to the

faintest speck of color.

At the stone wall Pegasus had risen and sailed over it, the Blackbird balked for a second. For the second men's hearts seemed to stop, and Lord Cashel bit his lips till the blood ran down. But no, Miley had thrown himself forward on the horse's neck and backed him a little. Man and horse rose in the air, and swifter than the flight of an arrow were on the track of the bay, who, in the momentary delay, had got a dozen lengths ahead. Now Miles settled down tengths ahead. Now Miles settled down in the saddle and gave his horse his head. With long splendid strides they gained on Pegasus and his rider. Closer and closer up. The wearer of the blue and silver glanced back uneasily and caught a glimpse of the Blackbird's staring eveballs. He began lashing the sweating sides of the bay. Miles never sweating sides of the hay. Miles never lifted his whip. The heart of the horse answered too well the heart of the man. Now the horses were neck and neck, and the crowd began to moan like the surge of the sea. Hoarse inarticulate cries broke from the swaying mass. Lord Cashel heard ringing in his ears like a million bells. "The Blackbird wins! The Blackbird wins!" The wins: The Blackbird wins!" The green and gold were ahead now. He could see his colors flashing in the sunlight as the horses neared the winning post. A length ahead, two lengths ahead, three lengths ahead. The Blackbird shot past the post, and the first sound out of all that hakead. out of all that hubbub that reached my

Lord Cashel's ears was the quiet voice

Cashel."
The two men went down side by side to the broad stretch of turf, where Miles still sat in his saddle looking happy and proud. He went to speak to Lord Cashel as the latter came near.

"I've won you the race, my lord," he said, "and now I'm ready to go bael where I came from."

The escort, the one gloomy spot in a bright day, stood around him waiting, each man's foot ready for the stirrup. It was the Duke who waved them back. "Is the victor of the day to go without a bumper of wine ?" he said, and at

But after they had drank, the Duke still kept eyeing the horse as one fascin-

" Sell him to me, Cashel," he cried at last; you shall name your own price."

"You must buy the man, too, Duke,"
laughed my lord.

" And that I will if I can buy his affections from you to me. What do you say, Mr. Rebel?"

It was a strange sight to see these in the sunlight with the man who had emerged from a prison grave and would return to it. Miles listened to the banter between the two with a grave smile and wistful eyes that looked far away to the hills.

Did the passionate desire of the man for freedom communicate itself to the heart of the creature that loved him: Who can say? But certain it is that suddenly the Blackbard grew restive. He began to rear and kick, and in a moment of space he had cleared himself a space with his heels. There before him was the sloping country with the hills on the horizon. Before any-one knew what was about to happen the horse was off. The crowd opened for The utmost he could do was to keep his seat and steer straight. But before the escort had one foot in its stirrups the Blackbird had gained the and that would be a rare horse that should follow. Then the fellows were so hustled and impeded by the crowd that had opened widely to let the Black-bird pass, that more minutes were wasted in setting out than they could ever

As for the Duke, he roared with laughter to see the troopers trying to

"As well follow the lightning," he said, and then, learning the Blackbird was out of sight he threw off a bumper to his safe disappearance.

"I can swear to Musgrave," he said that the horse ran away with the many "Ah, Wharneliffe, I had not noticed you were my neighbor. So it would be, but Miley will not fly."

He was as pale as death, and his voice trembled. The Duke was gay and smiling.

"Well done, well."

A few days later the Blackbird was sent home, a small boy leading him, and in a truly sweet-tempered mood. Perhaps he was conscious that the people were making ballads in his praise. But were making ballads in ms praise.

Miles did not return till the troubles were over, and then my lordin aegis was enough to protect him. There were many stories where he had hidden while the mounted patrols were searching the country for him. Some said he was within the park walls of Shelton and fed with meats from the kitchen. But that, perhaps, was because he married Gracie O'Malley the very day her young mistress became Lady Cashel.— Katharine Tynan, in The Irish Monthly.

We find in the Psalms a thousand utterances of hope and trust. Whenever we meet them, let us elevate our heart to our Father in Heaven, and try to feel that if there is one thing in which we trust Him, it is in His leading us to Himself.
"Thou, O my God, art my refuge! In
Thee have I hoped. Let me not be con-

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION. Apostolic Delegation. Ottawa, June 13th, 1905.

Apostoic Delegation.

Mr. Thomas Coffey !

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

Donatus, Archibishop of Ephesus,
Apostolic Delegate.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA.

University of ottawa, Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900.

Ir. Thomas Coffey:
Dear Sir: For some time past I have read yo
stimable-paper, the CATHOLIC RECORD, and congr
ulate you upon the manner in which it is publishe
is manner and form are both good; and a tru

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1908-

MESSAGE FROM THE HOLY FATHER.

Apostolic Delegation, Ottawa, August 10th, 1908.

Mgr. J. E. Meunier, Administrator of the Diocese of London, Windsor, Ont.; Right Rev. and dear Monsignor,—On the occasion of the 5th anniversary of the coronation of Our Holy Father, Pius X., His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate sent a cablegram tendering His Holiness the profound homage and devotion of Canadian Catholics, expressing their earnest prayers and wishes for his august person, especially during this year of his golden jubilee, and imploring the Apostolic Benediction. His Excellency received yesterday the following message from His Eminence the Cardinal Secretary of State:

(COPY.)

Roma, 9 Agosto, 1908. Monsignor Sharretti, Delegato Aposto-

lico, Ottawa. Santo Padre ringraziando omaggio filiale devozione imparte di cuore Apostoiale devozione impalica Benedizione.

(CARD. MERRY DEL VAL.

(TRANSLATION.) Rome, August 9th, 1908. Monsignor Sbarretti, Apostolic Dele-

gate, Ottawa. The Holy Father is thankful for the homage of filial devotion, and from his heart imparts the Apostolic Benediction. (Signed) CARDINAL MERRY DEL VAL.

Would you be so kind as to communicate the above to the CATHOLIC RECORD of London?

With kindest regards, I am, Right Revd. Administrator, Yours very truly in Christ, ALFRED A. SINNOTT.

ON VACATION.

If one of the office hands will turn up "The boss is away, and we done Now that is what is the matter with the CATHOLIC RECORD. The "boss" is away, and we hope the boys are maintaining their part without violating quite so openly the laws of grammar. Holidays fly and thoughts are scarce. Here have we been writing answers to correspondents upon all kinds of subjects and from all parts of the country. It is our turn. We are going to write-not that we have much to say. But it is something for a weary newspaper "boss" to drop his scissors -leave his office-and take boat and train to get away from the dull surroundings of exacting duty. With mingled feelings of our ownlimportance and the hope that we would not be missed we boarded the boat at one of our growing ports-the first stage in a long western journey. A steamer, ocean or lake, is a strange little world. No sooner are we loose from shore than passengers begin to look at one other in their inspection of saloon, cabin and deck. Wonder and curiosity freely knock up against one another. Confidence and fear strive for mastery in the hearts of the timid. For a long time the silence and solitude of not being acquainted keep people apart whilst their attention is taken up with the receding shore, the bracing atmosphere, and the charming scenes of the evergreen woods which rise in shelves from the stony foundations whose walls are nature's breakwater. Owen Sound is a beautiful sheet of water. And, pleasant on the hot summer evening it was to steam down its widening waters and watch the busy town grow dim in the distance whilst the background heights became darker as we speeded

nore together. Man also is social. Nowhere do people meet with so easy a bond as on board a boat. The bond is easily formed and easily broken. Whom we met and what we saw and readthese are hardly themes of importance for serious readers or memories to be revived by others than the very participants. It was funny, to say the least of it, to listen to the stranger criticizing everything Canadian. He had just come from the tercentenary and he was full of it-not the celebration but the criticism. He knew all about it-the country, its institutions, its administration-its past history, its present position, its future prospects. Everything met with his stern disapproval. He found little or nothing-and his eye was keen-to commend in the broad acres or the varied interests of our growing Dominion. But there was one point upon which he waxed quite eloquent-a point upon which he was sever-

This was the condemnation of the

manner in which Canadian judges treat witnesses. He had actually heard one judge tell a witness to shut up - an act which he, the speaker, regarded as most tyrannical. Thus ran the stranger's prattle, glad to hear himself talk gladder that he had a grievance and most glad that he came from a country where witnesses were free to retort and even talk irrelevant nonsense. The dual language did not escape, nor even matters more sacred still. We left him talking and went below to enjoy the more agreeable company of a book we had provided for our trip. It was The Nun-the English title of Bazin's French novel L'Isolee. A very touching tale of the expulsion and secularization of a small band of French Sisters, it opens in the quiet enjoyment of peace and closes with the ruin of war. Five sisters. members of a teaching community, are taking their recreation after the day's work and the evening meal in the narrow court of a convent. Their history is told with charming appreciation of the devoted lives of these chosen souls. The vocation of the youngest, Sister Pascale, the nun who gives the title to the book, is portrayed with sensitive skill. The picture of a father and his only child-young, fair, motherless-is drawn with perhaps too realistic a touch. It is more like a study. But Bazin is both artist and realist. How the young girl tells the father that she wishes to enter, and how the father takes it - and then how Sister Pascale gives herself up to teaching - and how her children love her and how she loves them are all the calm before the storm The expulsion follows. The nuns are scattered. They who had sought peace in their convent working for others with unselfish sacrifice were rudely torn apart. They, who had found support in their community of prayer and life and rule were severed, each one to stand or fall by herself. It was doubly cruelfor one amongst the number had sought refuge in that religious retreat where innocence was more securely protected and virtue more deeply rooted, All was over. Sister Pascale had to find a home with a distant relative. Why call it home? The poor child went to it in dread. And well she might-for the tragical closing of her life was the been her protector. It is the saddest chapter of a sad book. What is hardest ewan. There is a vast difference bestory is real. It shows the cruel working of a most cruel law-a ruthless

Back now to our trip and its company. What a tremendous country we Canadians have land, river or lake it is vast in its magnificent distances and marvellously rich in its natural resources. It is no less varied in its scenery. These were our thoughts as we steamed along the St. Mary River and drew near the Canadian Sault Ste. Marie, our first stopping place since leaving Owen the evening before. Cutting across Lake Huron we had made straight for river and canal. How different was the passage of the old missionaries-the black robes-who crept along within the shadow of the picturesque shore and portaged over the rapids into the big sea-water. Now steam carried the steam vessel to the canal's gateway which electricity opened as by magic Up we rose and on we passed leaving river and heat behind, to welcome the fresh breeze from the open lake. Of the many charming scenes in Canadian travel few can equal in splendor sunset in a clear sky on Lake Superior. At no hour does any sheet of water show so marvellously the jeweled setting of nature's beauty as when in the evening the sloping rays of the setting sun refract their rainbow colors through the Sometimes it -the liquid surface-is a showing forth the radiance of the brood-

government making war upon its own

less dimensions of this inland sea and the clearness of the atmosphere both plot of wheat slowly increasing year contribute to the solitary splendor of the scene. Sun, sky and lake are there alone with no land to reflect the light or distract the eye-golden sun, blue sky and deep dark water for back groundsheen of diamonds and red of ruby-and all the other jewels of nature's richest evening robe and the sun goes down in silent glory. Wonderful is God in His works. And if this be the magnificence of the natural world, what is the splendor of the world of grace and the crimson tide of the Precious Blood. Darkness was slow in settling down upon us for the twilight lingered long through this northern sky as if loth to part with us. Night in a fog, and the warning horn continuously blowing, and a occasional answer from some neighboring vessel, which, like ourselves, is care, fully feeling its way, are ample reasons for restless sleep. We are in safe hands. Morning rose, and with it the fog lifted, showing in the distance Thunder Cape with its grave of the legendary giant and its realistic bluff of rocky grandeur. This we passed near noon to enter Thunder Bay, upon whose opposite shore we could discern For William and Port Arthur, with their huge elevators which stood forth like industrial light houses-beacons of a country's treasures, witnesses of a people's wealth. There they standthose of the Canadian Pacific at Fort to be a threatening obstacle to the William, and two huge fort-connected elevators of the Canadian Northern at Port Arthur. In through the breakwater gap and up to the pier we passed. Here we landed to exchange boat for trains and proceeded more speedily upon our pull apart and act with only selfish

journey. IN THE WHRAT FIELDS. There is not much to see as a genera thing from a railway train. Water is the nature's architect, and railway builders avail themselves of the aven ues which were paved in the ages of the earth's formation. So our Canadian Northern uses the Kaministiquia's valley to rise to the height of land which forms the northern breakwater of Lake Superior. Little is to be seen, although the river presents a variety of turns and islets set in green. Winnipeg is reached by morning. Here is some thing new, a city where not a generation ago was a trading post. Its wide streets well paved, and its main thoroughfares crowded with splendid build ings. Talk about the ambition of youth; Winnipeg is filled with it. Perhaps the impatience of youth is also there. Confident in the fruitful soil whose countless acres surround it on all sides, glad in the sunshine of this warm summer so prophetic of a well saved harvest, these Winnipegers are quite prepared to discount the more Eastern provinces. Slowly, young city-no one wishes you better than Ontario, whose sons are to be found in every one of your squares and in the rich acreage of these Western provinces. All eyes are upon this west. What a vision! Not from the city street or even the train window can this country be seen to advantage. But on, for we have far to go eight hundred miles before reaching our halting place-Alberta's capital. The Canadian Northern is the most dirand along the valley of the Saskatchtween the actualities and the future possibilities of this country. We cannot quote many figures, for we are not out to gather statistics. Here we are in Edmonton and four hundred miles lie to the north waiting the ploughshare. We came through eight hundred and twenty-seven miles, with two thirds of the immediate property under cultivation. A hundred million bushels of wheat form the prospective exportation of this coming harvest. All along the line we could see vast fields of

For the province of Alberta the prospective yield is as follows:

wheat and other grain-evidence that

the figures are not much over-estimated.

Sunny Alberta, as the patriotic settlers call their Province, is a vast agricultural plain, watered here and there by lake and stream. The tortuous Saskatchewan winds its screw-like way from west to north-east with a beautiful agricultural valley-fair to the eye and richly responsive to the culture of farming industry. By its official handbook Alberta contains 162,000,000 acres, of which 100,000,000 are suitable for cultivation. Not one per cent of this was under crop in 1907-thus leaving more than 99,000,-

000 acres yet to be settled. These are the gardens of the desert These the unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful.

whose natural grasses afford throughout crested drops of the dancing waves. the year nutrient material for pasture, and whose rich soil awaits but the mirror into which the sun looks with ploughshare to display its possibilities lingering glance before retiring, as if to to the yeomen of the west. When we display its own lightsome glory whilst compare the circumstances of the first missionaries and pioneer hunters left in ings of Christianity, and a very poor strated their complete unfitness for the generation of one of these prairie prov-

out of the shadowing wood. No narrow by year shows the industry of its occu pant. In a single season and at most in a few the whole homestead farm is pro ducing fruit. All that such a country wants is a sober, industrious farming population who understand agriculture and who and contentment in peasant life rather than the dangerous city. Nothing but man's own perversitynothing but the quarrels of capital and labor can keep such a country back. Here, as we write, as many as eight or ten thousand mechanics of the Canadian Pacific Railway are out on strike. What is the exact cause of quarrel it is hard to find out. It is not so difficult to see what will be the effect upon the whole country if the dispute is not promptly and amicably settled. The railway may say that it is indifferent whether these men work or not and whether they move the grain or let their crippled engine and cars lie idle. The men may walk away with no intention of further rela tions with the company. Neither mer nor railway nor both are alone in this matter. The country is interested-so seriously that indifference is excusable only upon the ground of inability to suggest or provide a remedy. Ten thousand mechanics are not ready made: nor on the other hand can those ten thousand get work at the first application. If the men remain out it is likely moving of the approaching harvest, the consequences of which will be national disaster. Capital and labor, if united, will build up this hopeful West to unprecedented proportions. If they motives-whether they are engaged in the manufacture of goods or the distribution of products—the result will be the same-failure, discouragement and ruin. The Canadian Northern Railway which is not involved in the quarrel, is prepared to move 24,000,000 bushels of crop, or about 30 per cent. Supposing the trouble to continue between the Canadian Pacific and its men it is very doubtful whether this line could move one half of the remaining 70 per cent .not to mention the difficulty and danger of moving passenger trains over such a long distance. Regret it as we may, we leave this dispute to be settled by the common sense leaders of both parties to whom the situation ought to appeal with the force of public and patriotic need of union, good will and fair play all round,

Here we are at Edmonton-a city prettily situated on the north bank of the North Saskatchewan, whose muddy waters fresh from the mountains rush in rapid shallow currents to join the main branch of the river. The banks are high and steep, whilst down beneath wooded flats have been formed on the north side by the lodging of sand. Like all cities Edmonton contains the usual variety of business places-the banks and the new post office being the finest of its buildings. The ground is being prepared for the new government buildings. Situated on a hill and overlooking the river and Strathcona, a town on the southern bank, these buildings will be an object of beauty and will afford a splendid view up and down the Saskatchewan and to the rising ground beyond Strathcona. Two Catholic churches, neat and tasteful, served by the good Oblate Fathers, provide for the English and French Besides these there is an Orthodo: Greek church with quite a congregation. Some of these are Poles, others Galicians, with a few Russians. There is also a Russian church in Edmonton-or. to be more exact, a United Russian church. One provident feature which characterizes Edmonton in common with the other towns planned by the Hudson's Bay Company, is the width of the streets. Each of the streets is eighty feet wide. The residential streets are made uniform with a wide boulevard on each side, which is mowed and otherwise maintained by the city. The first cost devolves upon the residents. Edmonton is quite ancient, even though its heart beats with the vigor of youth. We do not wish te be under stood as saying that it is antiquated Perhaps we had better put it in another way. As capital of the Province of Alberta Edmonton is very young. Young likewise is it as a commercia centre and link between the north country of the Peace River and the south where the Canadian Pacific lands its freight. It is old, however, as a trading post and missionary centre, dating back one hundred and fifteen years. At least so we were told by Miss Laut, the authoress of "Lords of the North," who has made, and is now making, a special study of the early history of the missions of the North-West. With laudable care and patience this lady, under the encouragement of some of the New York magazines, is passing through the country gathering the fragments of history which zealous their forward march. To us there was

it—a woman, stranger? The reason is clear-as we told her-the fields are white to harvest and the reapers few priests are busy with the increasing burthen of the present, they have no strength or leisure to spend upon the emories of the past, however glorious and saintly and valuable those memor ies might be. We were delighted that some one would search the records and pass over the trails and tell to us all the story of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, whose devotion is their glory and whose silent forgetfulness of self has left us so far without any account of their life and work. One thing seems sad, though it shows the practical view of the Church. It is that the people for whom these good fathers worked and suffered are fast passing away. Their ecupation as hunters is gone. Nor do they take kindly to the exacting life of nodern commerce and civilization. Others have taken their place, so that the Church is no longer the tabernacle traversing the vast country, but a stable organized institution with dioceses well established. But more of this in our next. Our thoughts have turned us away from Miss Laut, who was starting on a canoe trip from Edmonton to Winnipeg for the purpose of gathering material and forming an idea of the work performed for the souls of the aborigines and pioneer hunters of this country. We cordially wished her God- take action in such matters sit in their speed on her trip and success in her important task.

BACK TO THE CHURCH. A despatch from Rome, dated August 9, tells us that Rev. A. P. Doyle, the distinguished Paulist, and rector of the Apostolic mission House at the Catholic University in Washington, has suc-Catholic missions in America. Father Doyle, we are also told, has submitted his plans of organization to the Pope, to Cardinal Merry del Val. and to other nembers of the Sacred College, and has succeeded in impressing all with the enthusiasm he has for the success of the enterprise. Mgr. Merry del Val, Papal Secretary of State, thinks that the time is particularly ripe for a propaganda among English - speaking peoples. Some observant non-Catholic had told him that very many English speaking people would be prepared to accept in their entirety the teachings of the Roman Catholic Church did they but know them as they were. There i no manner of doubt that, with the spread of Catholic literature will come many conversions from our separated more numerous is largely owing to the fact that many non-Catholies know nothing about the Catholic Church except something to its disadvantage preached or written by those who have een expelled from its communion for

FREAKS OF FANATICISM.

They have in England an association alled the Protestant Alliance, the Council of which, it will be remembered, raised a storm in Parliament and elsewhere at the time King Edward visited the Pope. The Council of the Protest-Dr. Sproule. Whenever the Catholic Church receives honorable recognition in any part of the world over which the British flag flies, the Protestant Alliance in England and Dr. Sproule and his Orange brethren in Canada fling aloft a flag with the word "Danger" conspicuously printed thereon. The Alliance has sent a memorial to Sir Edward Grey, the foreign Secretary, protesting against an audience which it is asserted will be given by the King to the Papal Ablegate, Cardinal Vannutelli, at the forthcoming Eucharistic congress in London. It also calls attention to this projected violation of the Protestant constitution of the United Kingdom, and urges that steps at once be taken to prevent the King from paying this compliment to the Roman Catholic prelates of Europe and America, who are

coming to attend the congress. The words of an editorial writer in the London Times, dealing with the Papal Decree recently issued, are particularly applicable in the present case. Says the Times: "Certain ultra-Protestant societies may still assemble their faithful adherents to denounce this fresh instance of 'Papal aggression,' but they will appeal in vain to the masses of

their countrymen."

The most extraordinary feature connected with all this agitation is the fact that many of those who are actively associated with it profess to be Christian ministers. That species of religious intolerance which prompts men to promote strife where peace should reign is entirely devoid of the promptfrom them and as the shadows of night ing waters. Especially is all this real-inces with those of Ontario's settlers we more than sadness when she asked us that something would happen were the municipal council of Manilla Simeon

The Catholic Record fell upon ship and sound and shore. | ized on a summer evening upon our find a remarkable difference. No forest why the priests did not do this work— Catholic Church to attain a stronger Night throws the passengers of a ship greatest lake. The apparently bound—is here to cope with or road to be hewn soon it would be lost. How could she do foot-hold amongst the people of England is akin to that dread which possesses the youth who has read "Bluebeard." They are serious-minded people, these members of the Protestant Alliance, as is also the Grand Sovereign of the Orange Order in Canada, but they hold a very low place in the estimation of those who are deservedly honored in the community. Were England a Catholic nation again, she would be just as 'great, glorious and free," and still rule the waves.

TWO POWERFUL CATHOLIC BODIES.

There met recently in Boston the National Convention of American Federation of Catholic societies. The sub-committee on social affairs submitted a report in which Catholics are urged to keep up a ceaseless warfare against indecent books, periodicals, pictures, postcards and the like. It also arges every Catholic society in the United States to demand of prosecuting officials the punishment of such offences against public morality. In Canada as well as in the United States there appears to be a laxity in the enforcement of many laws intended for the public good. It is notorious that a bookseller may sell indecent books and postcards, and a bill-poster may placard the streets with indecent pictures, and the gentlemen whose business it is to easy chairs, fold their arms, and wait for some one to make a complaint. The document also urges a strong movement with the purpose of the purifying of municipal, state and national politics.

In New Haven, Conn., on the 13th, took place a meeting of the National Convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union. It declares its allegiance to ceeded in creating interest in the non- the Catholic Church and is in hearty accord with the recent Encyclical of our Most Holy Father on Modernism, The Union also declares that Catholic periodicals that cannot live without liquor advertisements should die. Let them, it continues, not drag the Catholie name down in their greed. Dealing with the liquor traffic, the organization suggests that Catholic societies which excludes saloon keepers from their membership, and which forbid the use of liquor at their meetings, should not tolerate the formation of clubs within their membership which despise the spirit of those laws that have been made for the honor of the Catholic Church.

It is encourageing to note the active nterest taken by these prominent Catholie bodies, representatives of the very best element of American citizenship, brethren. That conversions are not in the work of defending and propagating Catholic principles. It means much for the Church in America, and, we may add, for the country.

A DISTINGUISHED CATHOLIC SCOTCHMAN.

The visit of Lord Lovat, Baronial Chieftain of the ancient Fraser clan, to Canada, to which we referred in our last issue, is a notable event. His presence at the Quebec celebration had special interest from the fact that three hundred years ago the Fraser Highlanders scaled the bluffs to the Plains of Abraham, and led Wolfe's men up the path to ant Alliance seem to be the lineal des- liberty. His Lordship extended his cendants of the Tooley Street Tailors visit as far as Toronto, where he was and John Kensit. They are ably regiven a right royal welcome by his presented in Canada by the Most Wor- countrymen resident in that city. Many addresses of welcom dered him by leaders of the various Scottish societies in Canada to which he made eloquent responses, some of

them in the Gaelic tongue. A luncheon in honor of Lord Lovat was given on Monday, 10th instant, by the Catholic Union. Mr. W. H. Leacock acted as chairman. His Grace Archbishop McEvay proposed the health of the guest in a very happily worded speech, to which His Lordship replied with brevity and grace. The luncheon was entirely informal. Among those present were Hon, J. J. Fov. Sir Keith Fraser, Judge Anglin, Vicar General McCann, Alexander Fraser, Chief of the Fraser clan in Canada, W. A. Fraser of Georgetown, M. J. Haney and

others. At the luncheon Lord Lovat said that stable appeared at the hospital door the Catholics in England had made far fewer advances than in Canada. "You here in Canada have gone a great way farther than we have," he said, "in advancing our religion. You have settled the great question of schools for your children. We in the old land hope that at the end of the next session of Parliament the Catholics in England will be so united as to carry their point. Meanwhile we can only look across the sea and watch vour successes.'

An American abroad, who seems to be possessed of a goodly share of theory and but little knowledge of practice, sent a dispatch from Manilla to the New York Sun, in which he states that the Phillipino masses have again demonbrand of citizenship. The fearsomeness ballot by electing to membership in the

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Villa, the arch agitator, and Don Diokno, the notorious labor disturber. The New York Times, dealing with this despatch, states that, instead of demonstrating their unfitness for the ballot this election in Manilla proves the quick assimilative powers of the Phillipinos. "They have," continues the Times, "copied our political methods with wonderful fidelity; and the spirit that possesses the masses of the American people moves them." Perhaps, however, the person who sent the des patch from Manilla meant it to be a new brand of American humor, with a sarcastic vein somewhat similar to the deliverances of Mr. Dooley. In any case, the matter will give much food for thought concerning our system of electoral procedure. One thing quite obvious to the average man is the fact that many public positions, from the highest to the lowest, are filled by men who are from every point of view, misfits. All of which goes a long way to prove the existence of a class who are unworthy the franchise. The man who sells a vote and the man who buys a vote are a menace to the healthy progress of every free country.

A NOTABLE event recently occurred in Cincinatti, showing that on many questions Protestants and Catholics could unite. This was the coming together of the Protestant Alliance and the Federated Catholic societies of Cincinatti. The Boston Herald refers to the matter in this fashion:

"It is a happy sign of a new and bet ter era in American life that organiza-tions as powerful as the Protestant Evangelical Alliance and the Federated Catholic Societies should here and there be striking hands for a united campaign against conditions that foster vice and ocial injustice. The latest of such local unions has been perfected in Cincinnati. Boston in early August is to welcome the great host of delegates sent up to the annual convention of the Cath. olic Federated Societies, and will under stand better after the convention what an effective lay force for civic better-ment this rapidly growing organization

There could be more of this striking of hands for the common good if certain of our Protestant ministers were not so narrow-minded, and knew more as to what the Catholic Church really is and what her aims. We have presently in mind that minister of the gospel in Peterborough, Ont., who recently declared at an Orange gathering that we should never again have a Catholic Premier for the Dominion.

THE "BECKONING of the Wand" is a volume of sketches of a lesser known Ireland, recently published, of which Miss Dease is the authoress. In this book the writer truly says that there is a something in the Irish character which makes them a people apart from and in their innate spirituality above all others. She is criticizing letters from Ireland published by another lady who seemed to deal almost entirely with that phase of the Irish character subject to criticism. There are too many writers who do not give us a picture of Ireland as a whole but deal almost entirely with Ireland as they see it in the public houses. Miss Dease says that it is a well-known and very true saying that Saxon and Celt might come to the understanding they have so long sought and always missed if England would remember and Ireland could forget. Unfortunately it is the while Ireland might try t forget and could forgive, England will not remember, but goes on in the old harsh way of governing Ireland in a manner that might be called, to use an Americanism, "pure cussedness."

It is the custom in some parts of Canada, but to a very much greater extent in the United States, to cast odium upon the Italian residents because it is claimed a great deal of criminality exists amongst them. That there is criminality, and a good deal of it, cannot be denied, but some newspapers are altogether too sweeping in their condemnation of the people of that nationality. The Italians are no worse than some of the emigrants who come to us from the densely populated cities of England. About twenty years ago a colony of the sons of Italy came to this city. They are hard-working, honest and industrious, and, so far as criminality is concerned, they compare most favorably with any other class of people resident in the Dominion. For the criminality observable amongst some of the recent arrivals from Italy responsibility rests in no slight degree with the present infidel government of that country.

It is interesting to note a striking conviction of the salutary influence of prayer based on scientific medical obsern. A mental specialist, Dr. Hyslop. gives his opinion in the following words:
"As an alienist, and one whose life has en concerned with the sufferings of the mind, I would state that among all the hygienic measures to counteract dis-hygienic measures to counteract dis-turbed sleep, depression of spirits and all the miserable sequels of a distressed mind, I would undoubtedly give the first place to the simple habit of prayer.

TO JUBILEE GREETINGS OF

AMERICAN HIERARCHY. Following is a translation of a letter received by Cardinal Gibbons shortly before his departure for Europe, by before his departure for Europe, by which His Holiness, Pope Pius X, replies to a letter of congratulation sent to him by His Eminence in his own name and se of the other members of the

those of the oute.

American hierarchy:

"To Our Beloved Son, James Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore.

"PIUS X., POPE.

Apostolic

"Beloved Son: Health and Apostolic

Benediction.
"We have read with great pleasure the letter which you recently sent us, in your name and that of our venerable brethren of your republic, for it was written with affection and loyalty Certainly we already know, as clearly as could be, the remarkable promptness and carefulness of the bishops of the United States of America with regard to every duty, and their obedience and devotion to the successor of Peter. Still, in this celebration of the jubilee of our priesthood, when, through the goodness of God, we are receiving such beautiful expressions of good-will from the Catholic world, you rightly judged that the American Church, that noble portion of the Church Catholic, ought lso to have her part in this concord of all good men, and you thought that a common testimonial of your esteem would be very grateful to us. In this we see with great pleasure that you have towards our lowly person those senti-ments which we wish and desire all to have. For we are pleased with the respect you show to the Vicar of Jesus Christ. We are pleased with the submission you profess to the teacher of Christian faith and practice, but we are especially pleased with the love you nifest for the common Father of Catholics. Since, then, you show yourselves such devoted sons to us, you can readily understand how great indeed is our fatherly affection for you. And in this affection we rightly include clergy and the rest of your flock, for we know that all those you have under your care are especially devoted to us and united to this Apostolic See.

"You write that it seems to you an auspicious coincidence that inasmuch as we entered the holy priesthood at the time when Mary Immaculate appeared at Lourdes, and opened there a fountain as it were, of her wonderful benefit, it follows that the celebration of that apparition comes at the same time with the jubilee of our priesthood. In this you have touched upon a subject extre mely pleasant to our thoughts. Truly mei pieasant to our thoughts. Truly we have always trusted entirely in the advocacy of the Divine Mother with Christ. And as we do not doubt that she has hitherto helped us in the performance of our priestly duties, so no that we have been, by the inscrutable will of God, raised to this lofty dignity we are glad to hope that she is willing to give us some relief from the anxieties with which she sees us oppressed. And in this great mass of cares you kno hose that press upon us most heavily Continue, therefore, as you have been doing to pray with us to the Virgin especially that she may restore peace and liberty to the Church of France. which has always been an object of such care to her, and which is now so sorely afflicted. Pray, too, that she, the destroyer of heresies may drive out from among Christian people those pestilential errors we have denounced and con-

"In conclusion, we feel and express our thanks to you for your services, and as an earnest of the divine favors which we wish you and at the same tin as a testimony of our special favor, we with great affection impart to you, our beloved son, to your colleagues in the episcopacy and to all your clergy and people the Apostolic Benediction." "Given at Rome, at St. Peter's on the 17th day of June, 1908, in the fifth year

of our pontificate.

"PIUS X., POPE."

THE CANADIAN EPISCOPATE TO THE HOLY FATHER. We published some months ago the letter addressed by the Holy Father to the Archbishops and Bishops of Canada on the occasion of the centenary feasts just celebrated there; the following is

an English translation of the beautiful expression of thanks of the Canadian Episcopate to His Holiness To His Holiness Pope Pius X.: Most-Holy Father,—With a great joy

and lively gratitude, your humble sons, the Archbishop of Quebec and all his brethren in the Episcopate of the Canadian Confederation, receive the lette Your Holiness has graciously addressed to them on the occasion of the glorious events for Church and country, of which they are about to celebrate the centenary in Quebec.

Placed by Divine Providence and the favour of the Holy See at the head of the Churches of a part of the immense territory formerly entrusted to the crozier of the first Bishop of Quebec, we are happy, Most Holy Father to hear extolled by the voice of the Successor of Peter the virtues and merits of him who began the apostolic line of which we are to-day the representatives. To this same authoritative voice reminding us of the greatness of our origin and inviting us to tread in the footsteps of so illustrious a forerunner, we lend attentive ears and we wish to turn to account for our flocks and for ourselves the words of life and truth which the Spiri God has dictated to Your Holiness.

In those ages of faith when our country was opened to Christian civilization the same apostolic spirit animated at once both explorers and missionaries of the Gospel. In extending the domains of their sovereign they aimed at extend-ing still farther the kingdom of Jesus Christ, King of Kings.

To establish civil society on the foundations of faith and assure its stability by the harmonious union of its constituent element first among themselves, and then with Christ and His Vicar, the corner-stone of the entire Christian social edifice—this was the plan which "God, Who loves the Franks," was to

THE POPE'S LETTER TO CARDINAL realise in this new country won to the

Church by the generosity and devotion of the Eldest of Christian Nations. Among the workers whom God chose for this truly divine work, the two chief ones both in order of time and by reasons of their virtues and merits, Your Holiness anticipating the dearest wish of our hearts, graciously unites Yourself with us to-day in holding up for the admira-tion and gratitude of a whole continent, Country and the Apostle of the Church of Canada, noble representatives both of the union of civil and religious society These are the Christian heroes who Your Holiness associates in a commo glory and acclaims with us on this men orable occasion, according to both the just meed of praise that is their due. You relate for us in succinct and striking language the apostolic deeds of the holy Bishop, the imperishable work of his seminary, mother and model of so many other similar houses which are grouped together to-day under the proecting aegis of the Catholic University

tecting aegis of the Catholic University the crown of them all. Your Holiness, with that extreme kindness which makes you beloved throughout the whole world, avails yourself of this occasion to recall the memories of the glorious past of our New France, of the valiant and faithful souls who have peopled it and edified it by ries who have lived on privations and pedewed with their blood our young Church of Canada, of the holy women who have made the desert of the New World bloom like a garden by their exer-cise of the works of mercy both spiritual and corporal.

May God bless you always, Most Holy Father, for having set in such strong light the wonderful picture of the his-tory of the Church and people of Canada, for having so clearly shown us the finger of God in the events which have marked heavenly gifts which constitute to-day nance in that prodigious espan ion of the grain of mustard now grown into an imposing tree, in the astonishing doned colonists into a nation numerous and strong whose lively faith and virtu-ous families promise for it a happy future.

Even our trials have, thanks to Providence, been made redound to our spiritual profit. To the grief which afflicted New France when he fleur-de-lys were torn from the soil of Canada, succeeded a new era where of the consequence, in spite of what was expected to the contrary, has been to ure to Canada the permanence of the

Your Holiness is pleased to recognise the equity of the new power which has governed us for a century and a half. We are hap; y to be able to echo Your words, and we can say in all ruth that the British Crown has never had more loyal subjects than the Can-dians, and that twice already Canada has been saved to England through the influence of the Catholic clergy.

Our Church of Canada has come forth

victorious from the trials of war and separation. It is but just, then, that during these solemn days, after more than two centuries of history, she should return thanks to Him "from Whom comes every perfect gift."

Split up by the rigours of war and the exigencies of treaties, the former territory of Mgr. Laval has become, in its southern part, almost the whole of the flourishing Church of the United States. The northern part, still under the crozier of Laval's successors, has s successors, has equally developed and promises a mar rellous expansion in the near future Under the new masters, the faithful of different tongues have come hither to seek a home for themselves. The children of Catholic Ireland, the faithful Highlanders of Scotland, exiled by the afflictions of the time or by publi calamities, have found here, with the fruits of honest toil and the enjoymen of civil liberties, freedom to practice in peace the religion of their forefathers Peopling in vigorous colonies the provinces of the Gulf of St. Laurence Upper Canada, and the regions of the west, they have planted their living shoots of the great Catholic tree.

The Pastors of these flourishing younger churches, uniting their voices with those of their elder brothers are also happy to recognise all they owe to the apostolic initiative and the holy example of Laval: happy also, to proclaim the glory of the immortal Champlain, whose wish for his own nascent town every founder should be that of

should be that of every founder;
"May God by His Grace prosper this
enterprise for His honor and glory!"
If the Church of Canada was formerly
homogeneous by the national unity of
its children in the unity of the faith, it
continues to be so still, thank God! and
it will be so always, by the unity of that it will be so always, by the unity of that same faith in the diversity of the nev elements which come to it for hospital ty. For it as for the universal Church diversity "of tongue, of tribe, of nation," shall not interfere with the unity of the

United by the bonds of fraternal charity, by the communion of the same faith, the same sacraments, the same episcopal unction, and submission to the same Head, we, the Pastors of the Church of Canada, are working and are determined to work always to cement the union of this edifice built with stones rom different quarries and of different shapes, by keeping them faithfully united to the Rock of Peter.

This union with the Holy See, in spite

of the obstacles of the time in which he lived, was the bulwark and the strength of the first Bishop of Quebec. It has served to keep his successors in ortho-doxy and sound discipline. It will con-tinue, by God's help, to keep us closely united to him whom Jesus Christ has made the firm foundation of His Church, the confirmer of his brethren in the

Your Holiness's most humble and most obedient servants and sons in Jesus

L. N. Archbp. of Quetec, F. Thomas, Archbp. of Ottawa, Adelard, O. M. I., Archbp. of Ottawa, Adelard, C. M. L.,
Archbp. of St. Boniface, Paul, Archbp. of
Montreal, Charles Hugh, Archbp. of
Kingston, F. P., Archbp. of Toronto (by
Ecc. Ch.), Edward, Archbp. of Halifax,
Archbp. of Victoria (absent in Europe),

John, Bishop of Antigonish, Zephyrin E., is it not still more shocking and barbar-Bishop of Pembroke, F.J., Bishop of Hamilton (by Ecc. Ch.), Richard Alphonsus, Bishop of Peterborough, Andre Albert, Bishop of St. Germain de Rimousky, James Charles, Bishop of Charlottetown, Albert, O. M. I., Bishop of Prince Albert, Emile, O. M. I., Bishop of St. Albert, Michel Theory. Emile, O. M. I., Bishop of St. Albert, Michel-Thomas, Bishop of Chiccutimi, Joseph Médard, Bishop of Valleyfield, Paul, Bishop of Sherbrooke, Emile, Vicar-Apostolic of Athabaska, F. X., Bishop of Three Rivers, Thomas F., Bishop of Chatham, Timothy, Bishop of St. John, N. B., J. S. Hermann, Bishop of Nicolet, Joseph Alfred, Bishop of Joliette, David Joseph, Bishop of Sault Ste. Marie, William Andrew, Bishop of Alexandria, A. S., Bishop of St. Hyacin-the, Gabriel, O. M. I., Vicar Apostolic of Mackenzie, Paul, Eryme, Bishop Eleutheropolis, Auxiliary of Quebec.

SOME EVILS OF DIVORCE.

PROTESTANT TESTIMONY ON CATHOLIC MARRIAGES — MARRIAGE IN PAGAN NATIONS — WOMAN A SLAVE TO BE DISPOSED OF AT WILL — PREVALENCY OF DIVORCE - DESTRUCTION OF THE FAMILY - INFANTS ABANDONED AND EXPOSED TO DEATH-DIVORCE INTRO-DUCED BY THE REPORMERS.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, the famous German poet, dramatist and prose writer, called "the sacraments of the Catholic Church the loftiest conception of religious cult." He also makes this beautiful reference to the sacrament of matrimony: "A young couple approach the altar to join hands, not as a passing salutation, or as at the festive ball, but with the blessing of the priest ounced upon the union, which is forthwith rendered indissoluble."

Goethe, himself a Protestant, fully inderstood the nature, effects and stability of marriage according to Catholic teaching, especially its salutary effects on society. Marriage, when its unity, sanctity and indissolubility are dis-carded, is no longer considered essential for the preservation of the family which is the only antidote against social cor-ruption. The destruction of the family, whether in ancient or modern times, meant the loss of prestige and the ruin of society. The history of ancient Greece and Rome prove this. Under pagan Rome, at the zenith of its glory, marriage was by coemption, that is, the husband purchased his wife who became instead of a helpmeet. By the laws of the empire he could dispose of thought fit to do so. His repudiation did not mean liberty for the discarded wife. Amongst the higher classes, the Patricians, a semblance of discarded wife. religion was observed in the marriage ceremony, but divorce was permitted for any cause. So prevalent were divorces under these lax laws that it is recorded that there were many women of the first families in Rome who might have counted their years, not by the number of con-suls, but by that of their husbands," under this system whether man dispense with his wife by divorce or repudiation at his own option woman was always the sufferer, and always regarded as a slave and inferior in every respect. Plate confirms this. In one of his works he wrote, "The souls of men shall be punished in the second generation by pass ing into the body of a woman and in the third of passing into that of a brute."

Modern Theosophites have improved on Plato's theory by making the soul in its

ransmigration to improve.

This perpetual slavery led to the destruction of the family, and became the ruin of society. Under the laws of pagan Rome in its best days the newborn was cast at its father's feet. If he took he child up it meant that he recognized it and would provide for it, but if he re-fused to take it up then all understood that he abandoned his offspring and the child was exposed in some public place.
Thus exposed, the horrible cruelties,
worse than death inflicted on the innocent, were most revolting. It led to the extermination of the family, and the dissolution of the empire. At the dawn of Christianity such was the state of the civilized world. Christ undertook to correct those evils. One of his first steps was to restore matrimony to its primitive standing. He sanctified it by elevating it to the dignity of a sacraestoring the family to the original idea laid down in Paradise by making the union of one man and one woman its basis, and whilst the husband was to be the head of the family, yet both equal, and equally interested in raising their family. To preclude the possibil-ity of indifference, neglect, or abandon-ment of the children he gave a positive command that nothing but death could break their union, in other words, that a separation with the privilege of re-marrying during the life time of the separated parties, could never be

To this law the Catholic Church has for twenty centuries adhered. Through its observance the family was restored, society prospered and civilization advanced. In the sixteenth century it received its first shock which has been paralyzing society ever since. The re-formers began by denying the indissolu-bility of marriage, and secondly its sacra-mental character. A denial of marriage and its sacred character was striking a vulnerable blow at the root of the family, and as the tree is known by its fruits, so may we judge by its terrible effects on society, what this denial leads to. For any, even the most trivial cause, divorce may be obtained and a dozen or mor

by the same persons. In pagan times, marriage, as originally ordained by God and taught by the synagogue, was stripped of its sacredness and in the last days of the Cresars the Roman empire, through excessive sensuality became extinct. In modern times, marriage, which is a mere civil contract, is no longer considered one, holy and indissoluble, and would be abandoned entirely by some of our advanced thinkers who try to establish free love as a cure for the ills and woes of

Persons are shocked at the idea that

ous to murder the unborn babe, a crime now so prevalent, that it makes race popular. What security there for society under such demoraliz-ing influences? The family, which found its only safety and protection under the teaching and benign influence of Christ Who proclaimed the sanctity, unity and indissolubility of marriage teen centuries of the Christian era, but the reformation came and as their mission was to pull down rather than build up, their success in this one point is downward grade. The number of divorces is increasing. Young married couples, after their honeymoon, begin to ose confidence in one another, and very often neither can say or do anything that is proper in the other's eyes. Nor do the evils of divorce end here. When parents and children know that a disso-lution of the marriage is obtainable it has a bad effect. When it is not neces sary to live together for life, the hus band and wife will not be disposed to make the best of ill-assorted marriages. or to make mutual concessions to each other's weaknesses. All this is essential to harmony. Irritations follow exagger ations of petty faults which weaken that mutual confidence and love that should always exist between husband and wife. This discord and want of mutual forbearance, which increase in proportion o the facility of securing a divorce, tend to destroy the love, respect and obedi-ence of the children. In the name of iberty and independence a spirit of icense and insubordination takes the place of filial love and affection which tend to any early separation of the famly and leaves no love for ancestral nomes.—F. D., in the Intermountain

BELGIUM UNDER CATHOLIC RULE.

GREAT MATERIAL AND SOCIAL PROGRESS

MARKS CONTROL OF CATHOLIC PARTY. Describing the situation in Belgium inder Catholic rule a correspondent A. Hilliard Atteridge) in the Catholic Times (London) after some remarks on the three political parties of that ountry—Catholic, Liberal and Socialgoes on to say that during their ong term of power the Catholics have een distinctly progressive in their colicy. They have widened the elecoral franchise, introduced a new code of labor laws, and settled the education uestion on lines that secure Catholic eaching for Catholics without infringng in any way on the freedom of those who do not belong to the faith. The Catholics came into power in virtue of an overwhelming vote of the electors against the system of enforced secular ducation imposed by the Liberals.

As to material well-being the corespondent observes that in view of he oft-repeated fable that Catholicism to national prosperity it is interesting to note the marvelous economic progress of Belgium under Cath-blic rule. The Liberal government left as a legacy to their Catholic successors a large deficit. This was swept way in the first year, and without additional taxation, and only by means of good administration, there has been surplus ever since; this, too, spite of the fact that there had to be large extra expenditure on the national defences. The steady expansion of the revenue under the growing prosperity provided for this. In Belgium there has been a rapid in-crease of population, trade and commerce.

Dwelling particularly on increase of pulation as a mark of prosperity e writer takes occasion to compare opulation as he progress of Belgium under Catho lic rule with that of France under a series of anti-Catholic Ministries, composed of "progressive, up-to-date" Liberals of the Continental type.

In France the population increased in the twenty years between 1885 and 1905 from 38,000,000 to 39,300,000, an increase of only three per cent. But for foreign immigration and the higher birth-rate of the Catholic districts have been a decre

In Belgium in the same period the population rose from 5,800,000, in 1885 to 7,100,000 in 1905, an increase of 22½ per cent. Belgium is the most densely opulated country in Europe, but with a thrifty, hard-working people under good government there has come an even greater increase of wealth.

The contrast here presented is very

striking and carries with it a moral that needs no further emphasis. France may soon discover, if she is not already beginning to discover, that religion has something to do in the matter of a country's material advancement.

TRAIN FOR BUSINESS

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

The amount of work that the brain can do depends much on the health-

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NEWMAN AND CUMMING.

There was one great man, one keen con-

troversialist, who, though he possessed great powers of mind, a facile wit, and a ready intellect, was strongly averso from this parrying of arguments. The writer refers to Cardinal John Henry Newman. Once the great Cardinal, when plain Doctor Newman, was challenged to one of these wordy battles and though he must have felt that, in intellectual substances and acquisitions, he was miles ahead of his would-be antagonist, he still shrank with instinctive terror from a combat which his natural modesty, quite as much as his sound common-sense, would not permit of his participating in. His challenger was Presbyterian stalwart, Dr. John Cumming, who was dubbed by some profane wits as "Tribulation Cumming" from the title of one of his books, and the tenor of his preaching. This talkative divine took advantage of Dr. Newman's visit to Birmingham to launch a chal-lenge which set forth ostentatiously that Cumming would "tackle" the Oratorian in a public debate on any point of religious controversy at issue between them. The place of encounter was to them. The place of encounter was to be the Birmingham Town Hall—that building in which the suffragettes were so humiliatingly defeated a few nights ago. That Dr. John Cumming would have an experience similar to the gentle maidens whose fine frenzies occupy so much of the attentions of the police, did he enter the lists with the keen-brained Newman was the silent verdict of many well-trained minds in Ironoglis and outside it. Dr. Newman, however, would not be drawn. He sent a polite reply to the zealous Presbyterian written in that delightful Greek hand of his, and worded as "Dear Sir, as I am no theo-must decline the honor you follows : logian I me : but my friends credit with some proficiency on the violin, and I shall be happy to meet you in that instrument. a trial of skill on Yours faithfully, JOHN HENRY NEWMAN,"

A FRIEST OF THE WEST.

A story of the zeal and bravery of a young Irish priest, of the Diocese of Superior, Wis., has just come to light. The priest is Father Rice, of Bruce. One night in the month of April of this year he received word that an old man, who had for many years neglected his religious duties, was dying. Although the night was dark and stormy and the the night was dark and stormy and the distance from the dying man forty miles—a long, wearisome ride by buggy, the priest made the journey in less than four hours. In order to reach the dying man the Chippewa river had to be crossed. The nearest bridge was twelve miles away. On such a night a frail canoe could not live on the swift and treacherous river, seething with eddies. To swim it, in all probability, meant death. Divesting himself of his outer clothing, the young priest plunged into the icy waters of the Chippewa in the midst of a hail and snow storm, and after half an hour's struggle reached the opposite bank more dead than alive; then pushed on through the woods and reached the dying man in time. Father Rice has several times risked his life crossing this river in order to bring the last Sacraments of the Church to dying. Young and courageous, Father Rice is a quiet and unostentatious priest. He is specially noted for his extraordinary kindness to the sick. This story reminds us of the fact that the days of Marquette are not gone yet.

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London, September 11-19

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON. Eleventh Sunday after Pentecost

BACKBITING.

(St. Mark vii. 35.) The Gospel tells us, dear brethren, that no sooner had our Lord touched the tongue of the dumb man than he

began to speak rightly.

How often he has touched our tongues How often he has touched our tongues by coming to us in Communion, and yet how far we are from speaking rightly! It may be that we need healing more than the man of whom the Gospel tells. He had not the use of his tongue, and consequently could not employ it in the service of sin; we are blessed with its use, and yet, perhaps, we do not suffi-ciently realize that God wants us always to speak rightly.

ciently realize that God wants us always to speak rightly.

The tongue wrongly used is capable of effecting a great deal of evil. St. James calls an evil tongue a "world of iniquity." Calumny, slander, and backbiting are but a few of the many sins of which it is the cause. Whence, indeed, come so many disputes, quarrels, and as a con-sequence so much animosity between those who were formerly, or who ought those who were formerly, or who ought to be, on terms of intimacy? Ask your own experience if charity was ever wounded while you guarded against idle conversation, vain disputes, and unkind remarks. You may be certain that if the tongue be carefully watched over sins against charity will be fewer.

I am far from thinking that such faults are to be found only or indeed generally among habitual or hardened sinners. Some persons who consider themselves very pious and nearly per-

sinners. Some persons who consider themselves very pious and nearly per-fect, who find it hard to collect sufficient matter for confession, do not always shun uncharitable conversations. Let them remember what St. James says: "He who offends not with his tongue is a per feet man." No piety is solid and genu-ine unless it be founded upon charity which is the queen of virtues. We de-ceive ourselves in supposing that we are perfect, or even really pious, if we continue to gossip about our neighbor.

Sins of the tongue are often most

grievous, and are often likewise irreparable in their consequences. Let us dwell upon a few such sins as offend God by reason of the injury which they do to our brother who is made according to His image. To speak badly of a person against whom we entertain an unkind feeling may seem to some people trifling or at most only venial. This is a great mistake if what we say does notable harm to him. It is no less grievous to injure our neighbor in his good name than in his property. To restore his goods is not very difficult if we still possess them or have the means of procur-ing others of the same value. But when there is question of repairing the injury which we have done by speaking falsely about him, then the task assumes a much greater difficulty. It is about as pos-sible to stay the progress of a forest-fire as to prevent this fire of an evil tongue from spreading in all directions. Nevertheless, we are bound to make every effort in our power to repair the injury hope that God will pardor

us unless we are so disposed.

But some one will say: "I do not be-But some one will say: "I do not be-long to the class that you have now de-scribed. I never say anything that is untrue of my neighbor, but simply men-tion to others those faults of which he is guilty." To this I answer: "If you do so in a grave matter, without necessity, and to those who are not concerned about the welfare of the nerson in quesabout the welfare of the person in ques tion, you are guilty of the sin of slander. By whom have you been authorized to make known his fallings? Are you per-fect in virtue? Would it please you it some one were to make your faults publie 2 Do not then treat others in this

yourself.

If you have been thoughtless in the past, let the future find you more guarded. Cultivate a kind, charitable disposition towards all, even those who offend you. Weigh your words with care, think of your own sins, avoid idle conversations and gossip.

THE BISHOP OF ANTIGONISH ON TEMPERANCE.

CIRCULAR LETTER ON THIS IMPORTANT SUBJECT. To the Reverend clergy of the Diocese

in and aed

ret.

of Antigonish: Dear Reverend Fathers—Not without acute pain do I learn that the evil of intemperance is on the increase in several localities within this diocese. This is a calamity for which you and all inter-ested in the salvation of souls are bound to provide every possible remedy. It is a most melancholy fact that deep rooted prejudices prevail among many concerning this degrading vice. Other sins find no sentimental excuse in public opinion, but that of intemperance is an exception. Those who engage in the ruinous traffic of intoxicating drink meet with widespread sympathy, and in favor of their besotted victims and their excesses silly excuses put forward that would lead us to suspect that, in the opinion of many drunkenness is no sin at all, but rather an excusable weakness. In vain does the inspired Apostle classify drunkards with fornicators, adulterers, idolaters and thieves, and declare that they shall not inherit the Kingdom of God (1 Cor. vi. 10); these perverse gospellers of intoxicants and intoxication shut their eyes to the truth and persist in finding fault with those who loudly denounce and spare not a traffic so fraught with mischief to souls, to health, to substance, to family and to society in general.

After a careful investigation extend-ing over several years, many of the most renowned specialists of the age have come to the conclusion that alcohol while it does warm the surface of the body, does not increase its heat, but diminishes it, does not give tone to the muscles but relaxes them and reduces their power, intro-duces into the human system a distinct element of excitement followed by muscular depression—the forerunner of the complete paralysis of the whole frame, is neither a food nor a strength-giver. but practically a health-destroyer, and rank poison as a beverage. Again, ex-

liquor in this age and country that the crime, misery and wretchedness arising from the existing abuse of it, immensely exceed the whole amount of good derivable from the right use of it. This is a most important truth never to be lost sight of. It shows us that it would be a most dangerous fallacy to contend that, in this matter as in others, alcoholic drink is entitled to the benefit of the adage which says that " The abuse of thing good in itself does not afford a valid argument against the right use of it." It proves almost conclusively that the use of intoxicants is extremely dan-gerous, and we are assured by Holy Writ that he that loveth danger shall perish in it," and that "A hard heart shall fare evil at the last." Eccli. iii. 27.) The man who, in the face of indisputable

facts, ignores that drunkenness is an enormous sin against nature, a hydra-headed sin against the family, against morals, religion, society and God, the prolific source of so many other sins we deplore, the begetter of temporal miser-ies, and the bar to their social ameliora-tion, is assuredly a man whose "heart" is indeed "hard" or insensible to the teaching of wisdom and impervious to the voice of the God of truth—as well as the letters of experience. And yet what more common than to hear prolessed Christians openly and persistently sympathizing with those who are illeg-ally engaged in the liquor traffic, emphatically censuring its opponents, and palliating, when not excusing or defend-ing, the excesses of its besotted victims? Latitudinarian views resulting from in-veterate habit or deep-rooted prejudice, seems to blind many people and make them leaders of the blind. A lawframed in accordance with enlightened principles and pure morality may commend itself to the reason of intelligent indi-viduals and may be executed with all ossible wisdom; no matter, if it run ounter to the popular feeling fomentee by these self-same mischief makers, it can never inspire the needed disgust of the prohibited action, nor bring about the permanent moral improvement which it is the legislator's object to secure Let these voluntary advocates of the devil reflect on the tremendous evil the are guilty of in pandering to the un hallowed leanings of mortals in a matter so vital to the temporal and eternal

Let it next be remembered that many ractically cannot partly because of existing temptation arising out of the force of pernicious example, partly from want of the self-restraint proceeding from moral and religious culture, be temperate in the use of alcoholic drink and that the reformation of the intem perate cannot be brought about by any spirituous liquors. Further, with the strong encouragement which in various ways is given to the abuse of alcoholic drink, nothing short of total abstinence will prevent the continuance, in the rising generation, of the terribic evils which we have at present to deplore. Lastly, experience has also shown that this reformation cannot, morally speak ing, be duly attained without the co-operation and example of the sobe classes. In no case the superiority of example over mere exhortation or cept is more obvious than in The phrase, I practice teetotalism myself," is found to be worth any amount of preaching the most eloquent; and the lamentable failure of so tion to use this argument, ought to lead all of you dear Rev. Fathers, to a most serious consideration of the claims which our duty to your flock and to society should set up in this connection in opposition to your individual feelings taste and comfort. Had the immorta Father Matthew never pronounced acted upon his famous "Here goes he name of God "-as he proceeded to take the pledge—never could be have achieved one hundredth part of the marvels that crowned his apostolate, and his centennial this year would have passed without evoking any of the extra ordinary enthusiasm which has greeted to n both sides of the Atlantic.

But we have a higher and holier trib we should reflect in all our thoughts, words and works. Animated by the Spirit of our dear Lord and Master, we are bound, like St. Paul to account even one single soul to be so precious that we will on no consideration allow ourselves any indulgence whatever tending to en danger it. According to the great apostle, there are certain things indif-ferent or innocent in themselves which we ought to shun if we believe or suspec that to act contrariwise would lead the weak or wavering into sin. Assuredly in his day there was no intrinsic harm in eating meat sacrificed to idols, for, said he, "we know that an idol is nothing in the world," that it has no quality entitling it to fear or esteem, that it is an empty representation and nothing more. Still, remark what he adds: "But take heed lest perhaps your lib-erty become a stumbling-block to the weak. For if a man see him that hath knowledge sit at meat in the idol's temple, shall not, his conscience being weak, be emboldened to eat those things which are sacrificed to idols? and through thy knowledge shall the weak one perish for whom Christ died? Now when ye sin thus against the brethren and wound their weak conclean; but it is evil for the man who eatoth with offence" (giving occasion to the spiritual ruin of his weak brother or acting against his own conscience.) It is good not to eat flesh, and not to drink wine, nor to do anything whereby thy brother is offended, or scandalized, or weakened" in faith. (Rome viv., 20, 21.) Thus, wherever the action, although in itself lawful, is likely to expose our weak brother to spiritual ruin it should be omitted through charity, especially rank poison as a beverage. Again, experience proves that there is something so peculiarly deceitful and ensnaring connected with the use of alcoholic of the spirit of God, contains a lesson for us who is against us?" (Rom. viii. 31.)

of the profoundest wisdom and of the highest importance. One sovereign principle pervades it throughout principle pervades it throughout, namely, that an action, indifferent or innocent in itself, may become a deadly sin, a crime against Christ whenever it produces seandal or spiritual ruin to souls redeemed by Christ. This principle He applies to a certain class of Christians, who, more enlightened, stable and influential than their weaker brethren, presumed to do things that brethren, presumed to do things that led the latter into grievous sin; and he sketches in terrible language the natur of such crime by calling it the destruc-tion of the work of God, as sin against Christ, and consequently entailing eter-nal damnation on its authors.

Who does not see the close anolog between the use and the abuse of meats, sacrificed to idols, on the one hand, and the use and abuse of intoxicants on the other? Both those meats and those drinks are good in themselves and can be used by the enlightened and the strong without detriment to their souls; while to the weak or uninstructed they are a source of spiritual death. Now, the Holy Ghost assures us that "God gave commandment to every man con-cerning his neighbor" to promote his points out to the strong and enlighten-ed Christians of his day their paramount duty of setting a good example to their weaker brethren

by a total abstinence from all meats im-molated to idols lest the weak brethrer should be scandalized; and were he now to appear in our midst, would he not by parity of reasoning vehemently urg parity of reasoning vehemently urge upon such of us as are strong in the matter of sobriety to watch over the weak to set them a salutary example by entirely abstaining from all intoxicating liquors, because experience has long since proved that the influence of the sober can be effectually exerted only by an example practically embodying the principle of teetotalism? Seeing, therefore, that teetotalism con

duces so powerfully to the preservation of health, that the combined voices of reason and experience proclaim it to be a most potent factor in the work of social amelioration, that revealed religion melioration, that revealed soaring above the passions and prejudi ces of fallen humanity and shaping her divine lessons to the self-denying spirit of a crucified God, not only prono it to be good, but also, under ci stances which we see most widely to ol tain in our day and generation, a neces sary preservative against a scandal tha damnation to those "for whom Christ died," our interest as individuals as members of the great Christian family and as disciples of Jesus Christ loudly calls upon us to enroll ourselves under the sacred banner of the total abstinctic pledge, and by a united effort to baffle each and every device of its enemies By taking and keeping this pledge yo will set the needed example of sobriet to each other and to your flocks, encour age the faltering, incite the faint-heart-ed and despondent to tread bravely in your footsteps, inspire the poor victims of intemperance with burning sham sorrow, and detestation of the wretche life they lead, and rouse them to loft aspirations and valiant efforts to which they would remain utter strangers without the inspiration of your blessed exmple. And thus instead of inflicting leath on redeemed souls, you will save them by the holy apostolate of your conspicuous sobriety, and have the un-speakable satisfaction of seeing those confided to your charge become mof virtue diffusing all around the giving odor of Jesus Christ; and when death shall put a period to your earthly career, your benefactions, like those of Father Mathew, shall live and work after you, your bodies will be accom-panied to their last resting-place here pelow amidst the benediction of thos who will have survived you, while your souls, like that of St. Francis Xavier himself a teetotal abstainer—will have the crowning joy of being welcomed into unbounded bliss by those whose souls ou will have been instrumental in sav

you are hereby requested to combine, to declare relentless war against the traffic and the use of intoxicants, and to insist unal than that of reason, human policy or patriotism to appeal to; we have Christian self-denial and charity which spective flocks becoming, as soon as pos-sible, enrolled under the blessed banner sible, enrolled under the blessed banner of the League of the Cross, and participating in the Holy Indulgence which the Vicar of Christ has put at the disposal of all who join it, and observe its rules as far as practicable. In the name of God, then, let the campaign be at once opened in downright earnest and let it never be closed until "your adversary the devil" shall have finally consed by the devil" shall have finally ceased his rounds "as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour" (Pet. v. 8.) and the last of the predestinal souls shall have left earth and gone to its eternal reward. Isolated efforts, however strenuous and enduring, will not do. Hence, dear Rev. Fathers, every one of you, who has charge of souls is expected to do his duty in this crusade against the demon of intemperance. There must be no neutral, no laggard among you. Knowing, as I do, and thankful to God, as I am, for the lively faith of the most of your parishioners, and their admirable unselfishness and self-sacrificing spirit whenever the glory of God and the good of souls are clearly concerned, as in the present instance, I feel confident that they will nobly respond to the earnest pleadings of your zeal, and that each of them will not only take the pledge, but brethren and wound their weak conscience ye sin against Christ. Wherefore, if meat scandalize my brother, I will eat no flesh for ever more lest I scandalize my brother." (I Cor. viii. 9.13.) Elsewhere he also writes: "Beware of destroying the work of God for meat's sake. All things indeed are clean; but it is evil for the man who cerath with offence" (viying generate) with offence" (viying generate) many the weather form a decease of the constant with offence of the constant with offence.

Be pleased to impart, in season and out of season, the substance of all the foregoing principles to your respective flocks, and believe me dear Reverend Fathers, most faithfully, BE &# JOHN CAMERON, Bishop of Antigonish.

"PAT."

ONAHAN ELOQUENTLY REBUKES SNEERERS AND SHOWS THEIR FOOL

In his address at the recent jubilee elebration of old St. Mary's, Chicago

Hon, W. J. Onahan took occasion to notice the old-time speering references to the Irish and Catholics. Here is what he said :

what he said:

It used to be said, too often with a sneer, "the Irish, ah yes, the Irish; they build our canals and railroads!"

Yes, and the descendants of these same Catholic Irishmen are now the chief engineers of the canals and are man-aging the railroads their father's built The most important railroads in this country, and I may add in Canada, are managed by men of Irish descent; and some of the greatest engineering under-takings in the United States and in Panama are headed by Irishmen—as I could easily demonstrate by names did time permit. And so it is likewise in every profession and department of human activity. In law, in the highest ranks of the judiciary, in the profession of journalism, in medicine and surgery Irishmen and Catholics are everywhere in the front ranks; and in the public the honorable examples surrounding me on this platform. The time has gone by when Irishmen and Catholies can be sneered at as "foreigners" and "Romanists." Happily that narrow and mischievous spirit of intolerance is fast disampearing. But for the foreigners. disappearing. But for the foreigners, where would this country be to-day? These foreigners have peopled and developed the great West, and have everywhere contributed to the progress and material welfare of the United States. And in saying this I mean, of course, to include all European immigrants, whether Catholic or Protestant.

It is not from the ranks of the Cath-olic body, whether foreign or native born, that the disturbing forces of an-archy and destructive socialism are re-cruited. The Catholic Church here as elsewhere, teaches respect for authority and obedience to law.

That Church, and that Church alone

stands inflexibly for the sanctity and inviolability of the marriage tie, and onsistently and persistently denounces infamy of our abominable divorce

The Catholic Church stands for the me and family life, for the religious and moral training of youth, and for the ecurity of personal and property rights and interests.

It champions the cause of the poor against the injustice and exactions of capital; and while insisting on the obligations that wealth imposes, it a the same time warns against the dream of the socialistic propaganda. Thoughtful and conservative non - Catholics everywhere begin to see and to acknow ledge that the Catholic Church is not the most powerful conservative influence in this country through its principles and its teaching.

I could multiply notable example

and citations in proof to demonstrate my assertion, but the limit set for this address will not admit of my doing so. I have referred to what this country owes to the foreign immigration. Let

not be forgotten that to the exile from Europe the United States has been as the "Promised Land." This country has given generous wel-

come to all comers and has opened wide the gates of opportunity to the immigrant who sought the privileges of this free and hospitable land. This genersity must not be abused. Loyalty and devotion to this republic

s an essential and obligatory duty for all, and especially on the part of those who have come from other lands to en joy its privileges, to share in its proand to avail themselves of its opportunities.







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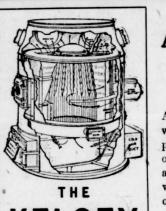
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Morality and Religion.

A minister the other day, in a letter to a New York daily, opposed all religion in the schools and insisted that every vestige of it be excluded from the schoolroom-Bible, prayers, hymns and decorations. Such a stand naturally pleases all the people who insist upon the absolute secularization of education. But. says the Catholic News, so good an American as George Washington was not of their way of thinking, as may be seen from the following quotation from his farewell address:

"Promote as an object of primary importance institutions for the diffu-sion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion, should be enlightened. . . Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. Do not indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religion.

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amounted to \$7,081,402-a gain over 1906 of \$1,577,855 bringing up the total insurance in force to \$51,091,848-a gain over 1906 of \$4,179,440, and yet the operating expenses were just about the same as last year.

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W. J. SMITH & SON

A Great Awakening. A champion prize-fighter says that he does not train for his contests. "The weight question," he declares, "is the least of my troubles. I can make one hundred and thirty-three pounds with ease, and while it is not generally known to the public, I will get down to this weight by thinking about making it. I get rid of flesh by always keeping in mind that I must make the weight. I just keep telling myself that I've got to get down to the notch. The articles leave nothing for me to do but to be at weight, and I will continue to keep this in mind."

As will be seen later in this article, As will be seen later in this article, the famous experiments of Professor Anderson of Yale University prove that the strength of muscles can be increased immensely by mental action alone, with-

immensely by mental action alone, without any physical exercise whatever. We hear a great deal about the power of the mind over the body. Why, the whole secret of life is wrapped up in it. We do not know the A, B, C of this great, mysterious power, though the civilized world is rapidly awakening to its transforming force. The prophet, the sage, from earliest times

its transforming force. The prophet, the poet, the sage, from earliest times have felt and recognized it.

"Be ye transformed by the renewing power of your mind," Paul admonished the Romans. "Tis the mind that makes the body rich," says Shakespeare. "What we commonly call man," writes Emerson, "the eating, drinking, planting counting man, does not, as we know ing, counting man, does not, as we know him, represent himself, but misrepre-sents himself. Him we do not respect; but the soul, whose organ he is, would he let it appear through his action, would make our knees bend."

To-day even the prize-fighter, the un-educated, as well as the educated, the man who lives on the animal plane even a sthe man who lives on the spiritual plane, in fact, all sorts of people, are beplane, in fact, an sorte of people, are ne-gining to see that there is some tre-mendous force back of the flesh which they do not understand. The rapid growth of the metaphysical movement, shows how actively this idea of man's hidden power is working in the minds

Mind and Body Building.

Some of our best physicians, who only a few years ago ridiculed mental healing, are beginning to adopt the principle—so far as they know how—in their recipie—so far as they know how—In their practise; especially the power of suggestion. They are finding that their patients are often more affected by mental medicine, by their calls, their encouragement and good cheer; than by their pills. They are finding, too, that the mental attitude of the patient has everything to do with the effect of the everything to do with the effect of the disease, that it often proves the turning-point in a crisis. The result of all this mental influence is a very marked falling off in the use of drugs. Many of our leading physicians give but very little medicine, because they have very little faith in it. It is now well known that scores of eminent physicians eminent services. that scores of eminent physicians employ metaphysical healing in their own families and often for themselves. Even the regular medical schools are taking up the subject of mental medicine in their lecture courses. Hampered as this great movement

still is by the errors and extravagances of over-zealous followers, and also by the fraud of charlatans, who take advantage of the opportunities it offers to impose on the credulous and ignorant there is no doubt that the basic principle of this metaphysical movement. has opened up many possibilities of mind building, character building, body building, and even business building, which are destined to bring untold

sings to to the world. We are beginning to see that we can renew our bodies by renewing our thoughts; change our bodies by changthoughts; change our bodies by changing our thoughts; that by holding the thought of what we wish to become, we can become what we desire. Instead of being the victims of fate, we can order our fate; we can largely determine what it shall be. Our destiny changes with our thought. We shall become what we wish to become when our habitual thought corresponds with the desire. The growd swarmed around the contained to the manhole and let you rest while we're doing it." The man stood up and looked around him in a defiant way, but meeting with only pleasant looks he began to give in, and after a moment he smiled and said:

"Mebbe he didn't deserve it, but I'm out of sorts to-day. There goes the while, and perhaps a lift on the wheels will help him."

The growd swarmed around the cont

sire.
"For each bad emotion," says Pro-"For each bad emotion," says Pro-fessor Elmer Gates, "there is a corre-sponding chemical change in the tissues of the body. Every good emotion makes a life-promoting change. Every thought which enters the mind is re-gistered in the brain by a change in the structure of its cells. The change is a physical change more or less perman-ent.

Changed His Disposition.

Any one may go into the business of building his own mind for an hour each day, calling up pleasant memories and ideas. Let him summon feelings of benevolence and unselfishness, making this a regular exercise like swing dumbbells. Let him gradually increase the

not seen for several years called on me, and I was amazed at the tremendous change in him. When I had last seen

a new man of him.

He is a fortunate man who early learns the search of scientific brain-building, and who acquires the inestimable art of holding the right suggestion in his mind, so that he can triumph over the dominant note in his environment when it is unfriendly to his highest good.—O. S. M. in Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

He Guessed "There's Two Kinds of Ladies."

As a young lady walked hurriedly down State street on a bleak November day, her attention was attracted to a deformed boy coming toward her carry-ing several bundles. He was thinly clad, twisted his limbs most strangely as he walked, and looked before him with a vacant stare. Just before the cripple reached the brisk pedestrian,he stumbled and dropped a bundle, which broke open and emptied a sausage on the sidewalk.

One or two richly dressed ladies drew their skirts aside as they passed, and one of them exclaimed, "How awkward!" A lad stood grinning at the mishap, and a schoolgirl, amused by the boy's look of blank dismay, gave vent to her feelings in a half-suppressed laugh, and then went on without taking any and then went on without taking any further interest.

All this increased the boy's embarass-All this increased the boy's embarassment. He stooped to pick up the sausages, only to let fall another parcel, when, in despair, he stood and looked at his lost spoils. In an instant the bright-faced young lady stranger stepped to the boy's side and in a tone of kindness said. "Let up hold those other bundles while you have nicked up what you have while you have picked up what you have

handed all he had to the young Samaritan and devoted himself to securing his cherished sausages. When these were again strongly tied in the coarse, torn wrapper, her skilful hands replaced the parcels on his arms, as she bestowed on him a smile of encouragement and said,
"I hope you haven't far to go."

The poor fellow seemed scarcely to hear the girl's pleasant words, but, looking at her with the same vacant stare, he said, "Be you a lady?" "I hope so; I try to be," was the

surprised response. "I was kind of hoping you wasn't."
"Why?" asked the listner, her curios-

ity quite aroused.

"Cause I've seen such as called themselves ladies, but they never spoke kind and pleasant to boys like me, 'cepting to grand 'uns. I guess there's two kinds them as thinks they are ladies and isn't and them as tries to be and is."

A "Band of Mercy" Girl.

A coal cart was delivering an order in horse made two or three great efforts to back the heavily loaded cart to the spot desired, and then became obstinate. The driver began to beat the animal, and this quickly collected a crowd. He was a big fellow, with a fierce look in his eyes, and the onlookers were chary about interfering, knowing what would follow.
"I pity the horse, but don't want to

get into a row," remarked one.
"I'm not the least afraid to tackle him," put in a young man with a long neck, "but about the time I get him down along would come a policeman and

arrest us both." The driver was beating the horse, and nothing was being done about it, when a little girl about eight years old approached and said : "Please, mister."

"Well, what yer want?"
"If you'll stop I'll get all the children around here and we'll carry every bit of the coal to the manhole and let you rest while we're doing it." The man stood

The crowd swarmed around the cart a hundred hands helped to push, and the old horse had the cart to the spot with

one effort.—New York Sun. Michael Angelo.

Two boys were herding swine in Italy. Two boys were herding swine in Italy. They were evidently discussing some very important subject, for they were earnest at it. A man approached, and the boys separated, each for his own side of the pasture. The man was angry and was shaking his hand at them. The boys said nothing; they drove their swine in and were quiet as a mouse about it. The man had said they should stay out until dark and the sun had not about it. The man had said they should stay out until dark, and the sun had not even set yet. After they had driven the swine to their respective places each crept to his room and took his clothes and tied them in a bundle. bells. Let him gradually increase the time devoted to these physical gymnasties, until it reaches sixty or ninety minutes per diem. At the end of a month he will find the change in himself surprising. The alteration will be apparent in his actions and thoughts. It will have registered in the cell structure of his brain."

There is nothing truer than that "we can make ourselves over by using and developing the right kind of thoughtforces."

Not long ago a young man whom I had not seen for several years called on me, and I was amazed at the tremendous the sum of the control of the contr

him something to eat and at night secretly let him into his room in the and I was amazed at the tremendous change in him. When I had last seen him he was pessimistic, discouraged, almost despairing; he had soured on life, lost confidence in human nature and in himself. During the interval he had completely changed. The sullen, bitter expression that used to characterize his face was replaced by one of joy and gladness. He was radiant, cheerful, hopeful, happy.

The young man had married a cheerful, optimistic wife, who had the happy faculty of laughing him out of his "blues," or melancholy, changing the tenor of his thoughts, cheering him up, and making him put a higher estimate on himself. His removal from an unhappy environment, together with his wife's helpful "new thought" influence and his own determination to make

good, had all worked together to bring about a revolution in his mental make-up. The love-principal and the use of the right thought-force had verily made the right thought-force had verily made a new man of him. gave Peter a better position. And Michael worked hard at his drawings, learned diligently and became the renowned Michael Angelo, one of the greatest painters of his time.—Catholic Telegraph.

SCIENCE AND THE PULPIT.

In his able article on "A Curious Heresy," in the American Catholic Quarterly, Mr. Simon Fitzsimons cogently assails the Protestant pulpit which is preaching infidelity in the guise of Christianity. Says Mr. Fitz-

"Modern scientific philosophy has eaten into Protestantism to the very core. The Christian element in many Protestant pulpits is but the shadow of a shade. The historian Lecky it was who long since called Protestantism the half way house between Cath-olicity and infidelity. The average Protestant mind has to-day left the half-way house far in the rear, and while yet retaining the name of Protestantism is fast nearing the infidel goal. The walls of the Pro-Jericho have tumbled at a mere shout from the scientific ranks, instead of the saving truths of Christianity, many Propulpits now emit a rank infidelity and even a pantheism which Spinoza need not have disdained."

CARDINAL NEWMAN ON CHURCH SCANDALS.

(Anglican Monthly, The Lamp, Nov., '06. To those of our Anglican brethren that are super-sensitive about the bad morals of some Roman Catholics and too forgetful, we fear, of the saintliness of others, Cardinal Newman has bequeathed the lines which follow:

The Church has scandals, she has reproach, she has shame. No Catholic will deny it. She has ever had the reproach and shame of being the mother of children unworthy of her. She has good children—she has many more bad. Such is the providence of God, as declared from the beginning. He might have formed a pure Church; but He has expressly predicted that the cockle, sown by the eveny, shall remain with the wheat, even to the harvest at the end of the world. He pronounced that His Church should be like the fisher's net, gathering of every kind, and not examined till the evening.

There is ever, then, an abundance of material in the lives and histories of Catholics, ready to the use of those opponents who, starting with the notion that the Holy Church is the work of the devil, wish to have some corroboration of the leading idea. Her very prerogatives give special opportunity for it; I mean that she is the Church of all lands and of all times.

Apostles, and a Nicholas among the deacons, why should we be surprised that in the course of eighteen hundred years, there should be flagrant instances of cruelty, of unfaithfulness, of hypocrisy,

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we grant that at this time or that, here vised measures, or timidity, or lyacillation apology. in action, or secular maxims, or narrowthe Church's action, or her bearing toward her children? I can only say that, taking man as he is, it would be a miracle were such offenses altogether absent from her history.

ECHOES OF THE NEW YORK CEN-TENARY.

The wonderful display of strength of organization and number of adherents made by the week of celebrations in New York has been variously commented on by those who are not of the fold, and through all these comments runs the statements that the Catholic Church stands for the highiest interests of the civic order and for the spiritual elevation of the individual soul. It is not only a helpful agency for human better-ment, but it is absolutely necessary for or of profligacy, and that not only in the Catholic people, but in high places, in royal palaces, in Bishop's households, nay in the seat of St. Peter itself?

. . What triumph is it, though in a

hundred Popes, amid martyrs, confessors, sources are a measure of the marvelous doctors, sage rulers, and loving fathers advance the Church has made in the of their people, one, or two, or three are public estimation. The time was, and found who fulfil the Lord's description not long ago, when the press qualified of the wicked servant, who began "to its statements. If it bestowed praise of the wicked servant, who began "to its statements. If it bestowed praise strike the man-servants and the maid-with one breath, it was only to reiterate servants, and to eat and drink and be blame and accusation with the next. drunk?" What will come of it, though But this time the press of the opposition is unqualified in its statement of what i

> What opportunities! this state of public what opportunities; this state of public mind gives us for our Apostolate to non-Catholics. They appreciate and value the Catholic Church for some one else, and the only reason it does not commend itself to themselves as a moral uplift and a regenerating influence for their own souls is because they do not understand the Church's teaching in its fullest. They see what a beneficent institution the Church is for society and for Catholies, and they are anxious to know what she is in herself. They want to know her teaching and her policies. Nowhere in the whole world is there a mind so eager to know the truth as the American mind. Nowhere in all the world is there a heart so untrammelled to embrace the truth once it is known as the American

> Exterior to ourselves is the Real Presence of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament; before Him are our souls, the souls of those whom He died to save, and for whom His Sacred Heart once broke in its passion of pain and love. One thing He asks in return—the

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There are some Catholics who pride themselves on the fact that they never miss Mass ou Sunday, and yet their attendance at that sacred function can scarcely be characterized as anything

else than automatic.

They rush from their homes on Sun-They rush from their homes on Sunday morning, hurrying along as they eatch the peal of the Mass bell from the distance, only to arrive at the church door as the congregation is rising for the reading of the Gospel. They consume a few minutes in personal comfort and by about the time they have fixed themselves comfortably the Sanctus bell has rung. They have hardly caught eight of the altar yet; they turn dissipate of the altar yet; they turn dissight of the altar yet; they turn dis-tractedly from side to side, taking mental note of the millinery if they are women, and of what's under it if they are men; then comes the solemn hush of the Consecration. With head bowed they ejaculate a short prayer, and mechanically strike their breast, and mechanically strike their breast, and the Consecration is over; the canon of the Mass, with its intenseness and secrecy and solemnity, is lost upon them. They can hardly hold the steeds of distraction plunging through their brains. Only one whose soul is anchored at the chalice appreciates the ebl and flow of that sacrificial sea. There is so little to feed the senses, or to is so little to feed the senses, or to satisfy even the eye and to dull the ear in the mystic progress of the great sacrifice. It is so easy to yield to dis-tractions, so difficult to fix the soul on

the wonderful mystery enacting.

The little bell tinkles again—" Domine non sum dignus." A moment of ine non sum dignus." A moment of suggested reverence, a reverence almost forced from indifference by the piety and attention of the congregation. The people in the rear of the church take their cue from those before them, bow their heads and bless themselves. The fast gospel is spent in brushing the dust of kneeling from the clothing and the first rush toward the doors bears with it generally those who were the

Tast to enter.

Is this picture overdrawn? Are there not Catholics in every parish who assist at Mass every Sunday in the year in this automatic, machine-like way ! No preparation for the sacrifice—no composing of the mind, no lowering o the soul in anticipation of the ineffable of mystery, no fervent sign of the heart for the graces that flow from the Mass, no thought of adoration for the King who descends. None of this — just a mechanical presence; scarcely a consci-ousness of the Real Presence. And alas! with many this careless method has become a habit, an unconscious habit.

Ask them have they heard Mass, they assure you that they never miss Mass.

They are perfectly satisfied with themselves. They are exponents of a modern brand of piety. Self-satisfied, hurry-up Americans! They must get to heaven by the first express, and they gape as they go—a privilege of us Americans.

THE CONTROVERSY.

ON THE BIBLE AS THE SOLE RULE OF FAITH-THE SPOKEN AND WRITTEN

Minister of the Pure Gospel tells us that Protestants accept the Bible as their rule of faith because they believe it to be the word of God. We also believe it to be the word of God; yet knowing that it does not contain the whole of divine revelation, we do not and cannot declare it to be the sole and cannot declare it to be the sole fount of religious knowledge. All that the Apostles taught is of equal value with what they wrote. The command they received from Christ was, not that they should write letters and books, but that they should preach. A majority of them wrote nothing, so far as we are aware; others wrote but very little; all spent themselves to preaching. "Faith cometh by hearing," we are told not by reading. St. Paul wrote more than any other Apostle and yet he asks of Timothy (I Tim. i:13:) "Hold the form of sound words, which thou hast heard of me in faith." Again (II Tim. ii:2): "The things which thou hast eard from me, among many witnesses, thou to faithful men

who shall be able to teach others also."
With us the question is not "Is it in
the Bible?" but "Did the Lord teach the Bible? Due "Did the Lord teach it!" It is true that the Lord rebuked the Pharisees for "teaching doctrines and commandments of men" and "mak-ing void the word of God by your own tradition." He did this as a matter of course; that which we call tradition, however, is not human, but divine; not the word of men, but of God —the same that the Apostle speaks of when he writes (I Cor. xi-2:) "Now I praise you that ye hold fast the traditions, even as I delivered them to you." How can any honest Protestant continue to maintain that the Bible is the sole rule of faith, after reading (II Thess. ii:15:)
"Hold the traditions, which ye have been taught, whether by word or by our epistle"? Will M. of the P. G.

solve the conundrum? H Tim. iii: 15-17 is quoted: "And rom a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus. All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is protable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished with all good works." This is one of M. of the P. G.'s works." This is one of M. of the P. G.'s trump cards. Is this text intended to prove the sufficiency of Scripture for all religious knowledge? That is what my adversary has set out to establish. If it proves that at all it proves entirely too much; for then one would have to affirm that the Old Testament is the sole rule of faith, since that was the only Scripture Timethy. proves that at all it proves entirely too much; for then one would have to affirm that the Old Testament is the sole rule of faith, since that was the only Scripture Timothy knew as a child. No Protestant would like to accept the Old Testament alone for his Bible. The meaning of St. Paul's reference to the Old Testament Law prove the Messiahship of Jesus, in whom they find their fullilment; faith meaning of the impious worldlings. For its clear: the prophecies of the Old Testament to its clear the prophecies of the Old Testament to be the Messiahship of Jesus, in whom they find their fullilment; faith of the fullilment is the sole rule of the might be that one is even in danger of losing and books of the day that is objectionable that one is even in danger of losing of the the prophecies of the old becoming gradually absorbed in the army of the impious worldlings. For its clear: the prophecies of the Old Testament to be the might be that one is even in danger of losing and books of the day that is objectionable that one is even in danger of losing of the religious beliefs and the laxity of morals even among some who pass as fairly good. There is so much in the plays and books of the day that is objectionable that one is even in danger of losing of the religious beliefs and the laxity of morals even among some who pass as fairly good. There is so much in the plays and books of the day that is objectionable that one is even in danger of losing the religious spirit altogether and of becoming gradually absorbed in the army of the impious worldlings. For other in the prophecies of the Old Testament to be the order of the prophecies of the Old Testament to be the order of in Jesus leads to salvation. "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God" is a faulty reading of the King James' version: the revised Protestant version fas restored it to its original form:

tention that the Bible is the sole-rule of faith? If he can I wish he would show us how he does it.

He also quotes John v: 39: "Search the Scriptures: for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of me." This, too, is a faulty reading of the older version. The revised has changed it to: "Yo The revised has changed it to: No command is given: the original Greek has the indicative, not the imperative mood; the Jews were searching the Old Testament (the only scriptures in existence at that time;) Christ says the Old Testament (the only scriptures in existence at that time;) Christ says they tell of Him. Will M. of the P. G. kindly imform us how this text proves the Bible to be the sole rule of faith? The Bereans (Acts xvii: 11) also read the Old Testament to verify the prophecies and their fulfilment in Christ; but how can this procedure be construed as an argument for the Protestant rule of faith?

As mentioned above, Catholics ac-

As mentioned above, Catholics accept two sources or founts of divine revelation, the spoken and the written word. To us the Bible is a priceless treasure, but we do not allow ourselves to forget that other treasures transmitted through the preaching of the Apostles. St. Paul (I Cor. i:21) said: "It was God's good pleasure, through the "It was God's good pleasure, through the foolishness of the preaching to save them that believe." Having given us a divine revelation, Christ meant to guard the deposit of faith. He guards it by means of a divine interpreter—His Church. Proof of this last assertion is to be found in abundance in the New Testament.

It looks as if M. of the P. G. is make.

It looks as if M. of the P. G. is making ready to beat a retreat. He wants no infallible teacher, whether Bible or Church; Christ, he says, did not intend that men should be held down to a definite system of truth. He wants a changing theology; an accurate defini-tion of God or correct definition of sin is of little or no moment; an authorita-tive creed only hampers, etc. If this is his real sentiment of what use is the Bible to him? The Bible does not change. His true sense is its inspired sense, and that is as true now as it was sense, and that is as true now as it was when first written. The truth is un-changeable. Christ gave us the truth. We cannot improve upon Him or His teachings. The truth is not a shackle; it sets us free. M. of the P. G. seems to be of one mind with the sentiment ex-pressed by an Episcopalian in the October number of the American Re-

view of Reviews :

"From the dawn of the Reformation in England until to-day, our strength has been that we have not settled doctrinal differences. By our genius for comprehensiveness we have united irrecon-cilables, and gloried in the simultaneous possession of doctrinal positions radically incompatible."

The writer of that could extract com-

fort out of an aching tooth. To glory in the inability of his church to distinguish truth from falsehood! Christ said of His Church that the very powers of hell, not to speak of the Ignorance or malice of men, should not prevail against

M. of the P. G. is mistaken if he imagines that Luther was the first to translate the Bible into the vernacular. There were many editions in German before his appeared, as well as in French, English, Spanish, Bohemian, Italian, etc.

Respectfully, W. S. Kress.

IMPIETY AND PROFANITY.

If there are two evils connected more If there are two evils connected more closely than any other two, they are impiety and profanity. They are as counterparts, or the latter may be said to be a corollary of the former. If a man is given to impiety, has no thought or care for God, he naturally has no feeling of homage for Him or any love or reverence for Him. He manifests it by his indifference, if not by his conhis' indifference, if not by his contempt for God and religion, and a corre-sponding regard for worldliness and the licenses and indulgences of which the world is full.

ious man is generally one who to himself. He was taught the knowledge of God, but was unfaithful to the lessons he received. He did not nurture in his heart the principles of virtue and religion and hence his training is without fruit. He is as the barren fig tree spoken of in the gospels. Such a one is far more guilty than one who never heard of God.

The former class are only possible.

never heard of God.

The former class are only negatively impious. They are of that class of whom we might say, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do," using the words of our Divine Lord. The latter are positively and formally impious. They are sinning with their eyes open. They are false to the light they have received and are deaf to the voice of conscience protesting against their wicked conduct. their wicked conduct.

into the number of the formally im-

and injury. Whilst implety is hidder for the most part and known only to the few, profanity is open and known to all, unless it be practiced under the breath, as is sometimes the case. Profanity scandalizes all who hear it. It is the unblushing profession of disregard for God, it is the wanton and sinful use of the gift of speech, it is the proof of in-gratitude. Still for all this, we must admit that there is an informal profanity in not a few which springs not from any ill-will towards God or formal disregard of the respect due Him, but from a thoughtless use of unbecoming speech which one has acquired from the prevalence lof profanity around him. Whilst this kind of profanity is de-deplorable in itself and ought to be cor-

well-brought-up Christians. It is not found in the truly Catholic home. It should never come from the mouth of one calling himself a good Catholic. It is unrefined, unbecoming, unworthy, and no one deserves the title of gentleand no one deserves the title of gentle-man or lady who uses it.

It is in thoughtless youth that the habit of using profane expressions is most apt to be acquired, and hence the need of parents and guardians keeping watch over their children, lest they be-come infected with this evil by associa-tion with wicked companions. Should it appear it should be checked at once by having them withdraw from such as-sociations, for, as says Holy Writ, "Evil sociations, for, as says Holy Writ. " Evil associations corrupt good manners." I devolves on all to discoun enance pro fanity, by showing displeasure on hear-ing it, or at least in not approving it in

not to be condemned altogether. Profanity of this order is inexcusable among

any way, such as by laughing at it and the like. One has to be specially guarded against profanity when under passion and excitement, or better still, not become passionate or excited, for it is ther easy to fall into it. Above all, parents and the senior members of the family should be careful never to scandalize the little ones by swearing or cursing, for as bad as is the corrupting influence of strangers in this regard, a thousand times more would be that of the profane and blasphemous in their own homes.

Away, then, with all such evils at home and abroad! Away with impiety, away with profanity. Both are unworthy of mankind. There should be no place for them at least in Christian communit ies. It is a wise government that fosters religion, it is an admirable administration of law that forbids profanity. Let us Catholies be factors toward bringing about the adoration of God, the honor-ing of His name, the obeying of His com-mandments by being models ourselves of every Christian virtue. This the faithful practicing of our holy religion will make us. Let us be true to the teach-ings of Holy Church and be filled with her spirit, the spirit of perfection which God breathed into her. Then we wil be the leaven of society, as God intended, and will leaven the whole mass.—Bishop Colton in Catholic Union and Times.

THE NEWLY CONVERTED MINISTERS.

The diocese of Philadelphia is to be congratulated. Six of the Episcopal ministers recently received into the Church, will enter the Overbrook Seminary in September to study for the priesthood. It was thought by some that they would join a religious community, and we heard something of a purpose or their part to institute a community life of their own, for the majority of them had lived like order men, pretty austerely, too, for several years prior to their conversion. It seems that the diocesan riesthood is their final choice.

Will these devout, earnest, self-deny-

ing men accept a word of counsel from an old missionary? It is that they do not forget the needs of the people whom they have left, aye, the moral needs of the Christ is God incarnate, and to the Protestant response of America. An impious man is generally one who has had no religious training. He is the child of infidel parents or of Christian parents who fell away from the practice of their religion. He sometimes is one who owes his impiety all to himself. He was taught the knowledge of God but was practited to the color of th the Protestant people of America. Of separated brethren, not exactly for their ordinary Protestant defects, but reflect-ing upon their good faith. Yet in the next breath these priests would hotly affirm their own good faith during the many toilsome years of their journey from darkness into light. As to joining a diocesan Apostolate, or asking leave of superiors to give non-Catholic mis-sions, we find a singular, a painful reluctance for such zealous works among our

tance for such zealous works are convert clergy.

Of course, this is not the universal rule. But it is all too commonly the case. Our foremost convert makers convert makers convert was converted to the converte case. Our foremost convert makers should be men who are themselves converts. Who can pilot a ship over a dangerous reef so well as one who has himself all but suffered shipwreck there? They are the ingrates who turn God's gifts against Himself. They are the insensate who fritter away their lives in folly 'and sell their faith and manhood for a mess of pottage.

It is easy, from the evil tendencies of the world around us, for one to fall into the number of the formells.

Father Hecker's example. He wrote in 1858: "The blessings of God upon our missions to Catholics in 1858: "The blessings of God upon our missions to Catholies were most evident and abundant, and my share in them most consoling usually the most abandoned sinners fell to my lot. But holy and important as is this work, still it did not correspond to my interior afterit, and though to my interior attrait, and though exhausted and frequently made ill by excessive fatigue in these duties, yet my ardent and constant desire to do something for my ear Cathling thing for my non-Catholic countrymen

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"Every Scripture inspired of God, is also profitable," etc. Can M. of the P. G. find an argument here for his contemptuous feeling for tention that the Bibie is the sole-rule of faith? If he can I wish he would show us how he does it.

Leaf and the sole-rule of the fallen-away Christian who follows his impicty with insult that the sole rule of the fallen-away Christian who follows his impicty with insult that the sole rule of the fallen-away Christian who follows his impicty with insult that the sole rule of the fallen-away Christian who follows his impicty with insult that the sole rule of the fallen-away Christian who follows his impicty with insult that the sole rule of the fallen-away Christian who follows his impicty with insult that the sole rule of the fallen-away Christian who follows his impicty with insult that the sole rule of the fallen-away Christian who follows his impicty with insult that the sole rule of the fallen-away Christian who follows his impicty with insult that the sole rule of the fallen-away Christian who follows his impicty with insult that the sole rule of the fallen-away Christian who follows his impicty with insult that the sole rule of the fallen-away Christian who follows his impicty with insult that the sole rule of the fallen-away Christian who follows his impicty with insult that the sole rule of the fallen-away Christian who follows his impicty with insult that the sole rule of the fallen-away Christian who follows his impicty with insult that the sole rule of the fallen-away Christian who follows his impicty with insult the sole rule of the fallen-away Christian who follows his impicty with insult that the sole rule of the stances hindered my engaging in giving them missions. One day alone in my cell, the thought suddenly struck me how great were my privileges and my joy, since my becoming a Catholic, and how great were my troubles and agony of soul before this event. Alas, how of soul before this event. Alas, how many of my former friends and acquaintances, how many of the great body of the American people were in the same most painful position. Cannot something be done to lead them to the knowledge of the truth? Perhaps, if the way that divine Providence had led me to the Church was shown to them, many of them might thereby be led also to see the truth. This thought, and with it the hope of inducing young men to enter the truth. This thought, and with it the hope of inducing young men to enter into religious orders, produced in a few months from my pen a book entitled "Questions of the Soul," and later on "The Aspirations of Nature."

We do not mean to suggest that our convert seminarians should write books, though we hope God will inspire some of them to do so. But we do insist that every one of them should, at his ordination, have ready a number of well-prepared lectures. rected at once, still it is more of habit than of malice and as such calls for pity more than condemnation. And yet it is of well-prepared lectures, proving the truth of the Catholic Church the same way it was made evident to them during the process of conversion. One of these ectures might well be of a persona nature, and called "Why I Became a Catholic," giving a plain history of the doctrines chiefly attractive to the lecturer, and the outward circumstance of controlling nature in bringing about his conversion.-The Missionary.

WHEN MASONS BECOME CATHOLICS.

The Five Points of Fellowship is Masonic monthly published at Coving ton in Kentucky. In its July number it

"His Holiness, Pius X. following the noble example of the long line of illus-trious Pontiffs of the Holy Roman Catholic Church, has recently issued an en-cyclical forbidding the laity of the Roman Catholic Church uniting with the Masonic Fraternity. For so issuing he is entitled to the everlasting grati-tude of Masons the world over, for the very good reason that the encyclical will have the effect to keep out Masonic Order an undesirable class of men. A Roman Catholic becoming a member of the Masonic Order and claiming to hold his membership in the Roman Catholic Church cannot be true to both, and, if false to either, he cannot be true to either. On the other hand, a Free mason who becomes a member of the Roman Catholic Church proves false to the Masonic Order. It is fair to infer that it is not the sublime teachings of Freemasonry that attracted the Roman Catholic, but only the substantial benefits he hoped would accrue to him by becoming a Freemason. On the other hand, it is likewise safe to infer that it is not a change of heart that attracted the Freemason, but, like his brothe Roman Catholic, it is only the substan tial benefits he hoped would accrue to him by becoming a Roman Catholic." Our Covington contemporary is right

in his inference that, as a rule, a Catho-lic is attracted to Masonry not by its teachings but by the benefit that he expects from it in his endeavors to get or

But it is not safe to infer that a Free mason, forsaking the craft in order to become a Catholic, is lured by hope of substantial profit. Such expectation would be vain. No, he is moved by two convictions, namely: that Jesus Christ is indispensable to a man's illumination of mind and perfection of character, and that there is no salvation in the next life attainable except through Him. He may have found out that Masonry as a religion is not Christianity, that it is against the altar and throne in order to establish itself, that its principles o brotherhood extend only to its own members, that its highest teaching is pantheism, and that its royal secret, as revealed in the book of Albert Pike, i ave his own soul.—Catholic Columbian

HIS HONOR JUDGE KEHOE.

A Sault Ste Marie paper makes the following re-ence to the appointment of the above-name

A Sault Ste Marie paper makes the following reference to the appointment of the above-named ntleman to the bench:

Mr. J. J. Kehoe, of the Soo, was this week appointed Judge of the new Judicial District of Sudry by the Laurier Government. His headquarters ill be in the town after which the judicial district if you have a proposed by the Ontario Legislature a year ago last session, and the provincial officials, were appointed ority thereafter. Now the organization has been appointed by the appointment of Judge Kehoe. The evation of Mr. Kehoe to the Bench is a fitting registion of his splendid legal attainments, and the mouncement of his appointment was received by emembers of the legal profession in town with easure and satisfaction. The general public learn his good fortune with feelings of gratification, as has been a resident and very highly respected the spirited and philanthropic and every move-end during the past twenty-four years which had hind it the welfare of the town and district found J. J. Kehoe not only a sympathetic, but an enertic supporter. In his removal to Sudbury the new dage will leave in the Soo a great many warm perhal friends who will watch his career on the meh with much interest.

The new Judge was born at Ottawa on the 2nd September, 1854, and is therefore just in the time of life. He was educated in the Separate meth with much interest.

The new Judge was born at Ottawa on the 2nd September, 1854, and is therefore just in the time of life. He was educated in the Separate work of the separation of two laws university, and called to the taste. Mare, an office which he occupied with states Mare, an office which he occupied with the own of two laws university, and called to the tastes Mare, an office which he occupied with the own of the syndicate of five hoof first undertook the work of developing the legal magazines, and it is the occupied with the of

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cure for each and overy for m of the him is one that will furnish instruction and amuse ment for everybody. Kemp's Wild West Show am of the prose and ask rour neighbors about it. You can use it and ret your money back if not satisfied. 60, at a tall leaders or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto, DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

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bition is one that will furnish instruction and amuse ment for everybody. Kemp's Wild West Show and the every presented to Western Fair visitors—I'very property presented to Western Fair visitors—I'very property presented to the property pr

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Thinkin' Long.

I come from out of Ireland An' thraveled round the earth, But never out of Ireland Have I found aught of worth.

When I'm away from Ireland I'm wishin' night an' noon That I was back in Ireland, God sind that it be soon!

If I died out of Ireland, Though they should lay me deep, There's nowheres out of Ireland The likes of me could sleep.

Whin I get back to Ireland
I'll find a lass I know,
An' never more from Ireland
Afarin, will I go.

—James P. Haverson.

The Sacred Heart.

love thee God, amid the city's sighing, I love Thee in the solemn watch of night love Thee, Lord, when weary day is dying And Nature fades in silence from my sight

ach vesper moment throbs with hope eternal, Each soul vibrates with loving sympathy, ach life becomes an ardent prayer supernal Which radiates, O Sacred Heart, from Thee

'hou art, O Heart, the angel's supreme glory.
The dread of demons into hell once hurled,
the humble saint contritely kneels before Thee,
Thou art my share, loved Heart, of this bleal

-REV. HENRY B. TIERNEY in the Boston Pilo

The Blessed Sacrament.

sweet Thy coming near our hearts we sore, when Thou in love dost come to ouls with bread of heaven and with we maketh virgins. Take Lord, this mine and make it Thine. Here ever Thou dost heed bur prayer, who come in sorrow, now, to plead for grace and strength to conquer, not repine!

When Age Comes On.

Love has no age, 'tis always young; Brows may be marred and heads bent down; Grey hairs may come to gleam among The locks that once were soft and brown. But not till love forsakes the heart Does age arrive or youth depart.

Love laughs at years which dim the eye And mock the ruthless lines that mar, ove sees no skies but rosy skies, And ne'er from childhood wanders far I is only after love is gone. That youth departs and age comes on.

BIRMINGHAM—In this city on the 6th of August 1938, Mr. W. T. Birmingham Iate Color-Sergeant o the Royal Engineers, aged eighty-two years. May hi oul rest in peace!

C. M. B. A., Branch No 4, London Meets on the 2nd and 4th Thursday of every mont at eight o'clock, at their hall, in Albion Block, Rich mond street. Thomas F. Gould, President; Jame S. McDougall, Secretary.

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A school, two female teachers, one for primary lass, other for second book class. Both to be capable of speaking and teaching French and English and possessing second class Ontario certificates \$175 per annum. Duties to commence after searchion. Apply, stating experience with testimonials to the Secretary of North Bay S. S. Board. 1556-2

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