



The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1909.

IT IS TO LAUGH.

The practical politician must have many a laugh at the amateur and parlor politician. He knows from experience that the perfrigid speeches we are wont to hear on abuses, and the resolutions, moved and passed by the representative citizen, the exhibitions of righteous indignation, are merely divers ways of agitating the atmosphere. True, indeed, that the amateurs talk well; but they so expend their energy in voluble utterance as to leave none for action. When the atmosphere is cleared of verbal dust conditions are as they were before, and the abuses, likewise, as visible and undiminished. And when the practical politician cracks the whip, many of the individuals, erstwhile, so courageous in discourse, fall into line and march to the ballot-box to vote in the same old way and for the same old things. And this he may be pardoned for, not being disconcerted when citizens wax rhetorical and indignant over him and his actions.

UNCHAINED ORATORY.

Our readers have heard a few words on our progress. Orators, past masters in the art of verbal painting, make speeches so pulsing with enthusiasm that we must, perforce, admire them, and wonder at ourselves. Time was when the Catholic held the sceptre of science and was throned as king in the world of thought. He appeared imperishable fabrics of stone and marble and made canvas mirror the beauty and purity of the soul. All this we know. But that time is gone. Its trophies are for emulation but not for idle boasting. We are glad to know that we are progressing even if we cannot discern that we are advancing as rapidly as our friends would have us believe. We cannot see, for example, that the average Catholic is imitating his forbears in support of our colleges.

And yet the college is the most necessary work of any diocese. It transcends everything else in importance. Its need is greater and its utility far more reaching and beneficial than any other agency. As a help to both State and Church, as a home wherein our young may be fed with the bread of sound doctrine and vocations developed, it should enlist the energetic assistance of all within the fold. But while the secular institution flourishes apace our college, in too many instances, ekes out a miserable existence. Never far from penury it is kept alive by hard-worked and poorly-paid teachers and by the few who dole it out alms. Neither censure nor speeches will put it in the forefront. Without an up-to-date equipment in every respect it stands as a reminder of the niggardliness and indifference of the Catholic to the dearest interests of the Church. To provide trained teachers, laboratories, etc., may entail self-sacrifice on the part of the people, but if we are to make our way in this country or to retain what we hold, this self-sacrifice must be made. We have opportunities, but they will never be grasped until we cease talking about the past. The present is ours to squander or to strike into coin that shall be current when we are dead.

NOT CENSORIOUS.

We are not playing the censor. To be critical in a Catholic weekly savors of the heterodox in the eyes of the good people who believe that our energy can find ample scope in bazaars, eueches and divers other things that demand more muscle than brains. But we should wish our orators to go aside from their admiring friends and to look at our progress by the light of facts. Numerically we are strong. But are the English-speaking Catholics of the Dominion as concerned as they should be about our colleges? Are the Catholics of Ontario factors of consequence in the world of intellect? Are the Catholics of the Maritime Provinces satisfied that their young have within Catholic walls all that is necessary for this development on Catholic lines? We ask some of our readers to answer our query in regard to Ontario. So far as the Maritime Provinces are concerned we have no hesitancy in declaring that, with the sole exception of Antigonish, our colleges do not number among their assets the enthusiastic support of Catholics. Antigonish, however, is alive. Catholic to the core, it does not neglect the things which this generation demands and must have. And because the laity and clergy are willing to make

sacrifices the Catholics there have an institution which, officered by competent men, is a source of light, of inspiration, of strength, and is, thanks to its sagacious and broad-minded methods, destined to play no inconsiderable part in the development of Canada.

A CRYING NEED.

In other sections of the Maritime Provinces the Catholics are content to step along either indifferent to the future or certain that a miracle shall save them from social and commercial bankruptcy.

While waiting for the miracle let us ask them what are the results garnered by the slip-along policy? Are they really being whirled along the highway of progress? Were we dowered with a super-heated imagination we should answer in the affirmative. Or are they in the ruck, among the many who cheer the wagon of prosperity as it hustles by. Is it not true that in some places we have lost ground, and, despite our boasting and inability to see things as they are, behind our fellow-citizens. We admit that this must not be ascribed solely to ignorance. The mixed marriage and liquor have contributed their quota to this state of affairs. But if we had had in the places to which we refer a college wherein vocations would have germinated and bloomed and men equipped to be our standard-bearers in every department of life our position to-day would be strong enough to elicit the praise of the discriminating. Honied words will not serve as a remedy. We ought to pray for sight to see how foolish and suicidal is the slip-along policy. We need not orators but men who realize that it is not only an honor but a duty to open the pocket-book for the cause of education.

KEEP AWAY FROM THE SALOON.

The workingman sees now that T. V. Powderly was not far wrong when he said that the liquor traffic is responsible for nine-tenths of the misery among the working classes, and the abolition of that traffic would be the greatest blessing which could come to them. And the Archbishop of Montreal exhorts workingmen to exert their influence over their fellow-workmen. Keep them away from saloon where they ruin their health, squander large sums of money which they could devote to much nobler purposes and where they only learn to contract the most pernicious habits.

A SUGGESTION.

Perchance some day the ministerial brethren who cry much and often at the caricature which they are pleased to call the Catholic Church will adopt some other method to attract the public. If they must rage against us they should try to get new terms of invective and vituperation. The wearisome monotony of their addresses is as severe a tax on our nerves as upon those of our separated brethren. We ask the good man, who but recently declaimed against the aggression of Rome, to consider our suggestion.

FOR THE CATHOLIC RECORD, THE VOCATION OF A PEOPLE.

By D. A. Casey, author of "Pen Pictures of a Munster Village," etc.

On the deck of the "Campania" a group of young priests are chatting together. It is Sunday morning in early October. Way up on the Cathedral-crowned hill, the people are going to the morning Mass. The tender that brought its complement of passengers out to the great liner is ploughing its way back through the rain-swept waters of the harbor. All too quickly distance and the rainy haze is blotting out the last glimpse of Erin. The black smoke of the engines floats out over the waters—and Ireland is no more.

The priests are still chatting on the deck. There are tears in the eyes of some—for they are young—these soldiers of the Cross; and youth feels all too keenly the pang of separation from all that loves and is loved. Then when the last faint outline dips below the horizon and naught remains save the great abyss of waters, they turn and descend. Home and country exists for them no longer. They are Christ's now.

Day by day as we sped over the pathless deep, I saw this little band of self-exiled levites; and often as they passed the deck or sat together in the comfortable deck chairs, the merry jest and careless laugh was borne to my ears—for the pure heart is ever gay, and those who sorrow with Christ taste always something of the hundred fold that is promised. The darkness of Gethsemane has its Easter dawn. There was one—a fair-haired, blue-eyed, delicate looking young fellow—gayest of the gay he was, no one could laugh like him, no one could tell a story or point a joke so well as he. He hadn't a care in the world, you would say. "And I suppose in a way he hadn't. But when the darkness of night crept down in the wide ocean, and the stars shone faintly through the murky gloom, a silent figure in black stood by the stern looking out over the shining trail that told of the great Master's trail through the dark waters. And the pale face

was sad, and the blue eyes were suspiciously moist. For beyond was Ireland and Tipperary and the hearts that he loved next to God. But high above the stars there looked down upon the scene One Who understood and Whose promise never fails.

And that Promise! what will it not mean on that last day for the children of Ireland! "Go forth out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, and come into the land which I will show thee. And I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and magnify thy name, and thou shalt be blessed." Clearly the promise rings down through the ages, and confidently may Ireland look for the reward. Fifteen hundred years ago when Patrick on the slopes of the Holy Mountain by the western sea prayed for the gift of deathless faith for his children, the angel victor brought the answer to his prayer. It would indeed be as the great Apostle wished—more than that, his children would be themselves Apostles, they would carry His faith, His teaching unto the uttermost ends of the earth.

"Nations far in undiscovered seas
The kingly ermine of her faith shall wear."

That was to be Ireland's destiny. A light to the revelation of the Gentiles, a nation of apostles, the advance guard of the army of Christ. Many a windy blast has surged through Patrick's hoary hair since Patrick thus prayed for his people. It is a long call from the fifth century to the twentieth. Yet here on the ship's deck we have the embodiment of the angel's prophecy. Here are the descendants of a long line of apostles going forth as Columbus and Virgilius and Gall went forth to teach the world the way that leads to life. God's ways are not our ways. He has strange ways of compassing His ends, and nothing shows this more clearly than the story of Ireland. In those early days of new-born faith He selected Ireland to be the mission ground of the world. And how was she to be prepared for her vocation? Even as He Himself prepared. Persecution, suffering, confiscation, death, the red hand of war, the black shadow of famine—this was the school in which He was to be trained. Her's was to be the Via Dolorosa; she was to follow closest in the blood-stained footsteps that led up the steep ascent to Calvary, where the king—her king—reigned with the royal diadem of thorns.

And what was to be the reward for this? *Euntes docete omnes gentes*. He said to the apostles on the Galilean hill: "Go, He said to the Irish, go out into the ends of the earth, go into Britain and Spain and Gaul and Germany, go out beyond the more tremendous to fair lands away to the west, and the great islands of the south, bring them the good tidings, tell them of Me and of My love, you are to be My messengers, for I have chosen you that you may preach My word. That was Ireland's vocation. How has she responded to it? History answers. And not only the history that is written in books, but the history that lives in the ruins of Iona and Liodis faone in the hoary Cathedrals of Spain and Gaul and Germany and Italy, in the soaring spires of America, and Australia, South Africa—all this bears testimony to what Ireland has done and is doing for the faith. Widespread indeed is Ireland's influence in the world of the Church. In the Cathedral cities of Armagh, New York, and Melbourne the apostle of this apostolic race is honored as patron. Where is the field in which they have not distinguished themselves? Who sits on your episcopal throne? Who preaches in your pulpits? Who teaches in your schools. Is it not the children of St. Patrick!

In the old days when the fierce barbarian hordes swept down on Western Europe like a swarm of locusts, eating up and destroying every vestige of culture and religion, it was to Ireland men looked to rekindle anew the lamp in the deserted sanctuaries, and to relight the torch of learning in the dismantled halls of the universities. It was the golden age of the Church in Ireland, when she was the home of saints and scholars and the University of the world.

Then the shadows gathered in the far hills and the bright sun of religion and learning went out in a sea of blood. But Patrick's prayer was potent still—the Eternal Promise would not fail. Persecutors and persecution passed away but the Faith remained. It came forth from the sepulchre of centuries immortal, eternal as the God it served. And now there was new work for Ireland. The Great British Empire had to be evangelized. And forth from her green shores went the standard-bearers of Christ to plant the good seed in the great American continent and far away beneath the Southern Cross. Driven forth from their own land by famine and eviction, they carried with them into strange lands the living faith of Ireland, and as Patrick lit the paschal fire on the hill of Slane, so out on the American prairie, and deep in the solitude of the Australian bush, these faithful hearts kindled the lamp of faith that has shone with a steady effulgence down through the years. Poor they might be, ignorant too, but they had one pearl of great price; they had learned that lesson which surpasseth all understanding, they planted not for time but for eternity. To them the Lord had spoken as He had spoken to Abraham and like Abraham they obeyed. They went out into the desert places of the new world—went like their Divine Master to seek that which was lost; because they hearkened to the voices that came to them over the waters, as of old the children called to Patrick from the woods by the western sea.

To-day history is repeating itself. Else why those young priests here on the "Campania" broad decks on this

October evening. It is from no love of travel that they are here, for they have Irish hearts and Ireland is to them the world. But the divine call has come to them—the children cry for bread and their's is the hand to break it to them. Away towards the East where Ireland lies, there are bleeding hearts this October evening, for there is an absent face, a vacant chair, a void in a mother's heart that cannot be filled. But it is Ireland's vocation.

NEW CHURCH IN BRAMPTON.

LAYING OF THE CORNER-STONE.—SERMON BY REV. FATHER CANNING.

The ceremony of the laying of the corner-stone of the new church at Brampton, Ont., took place on the 4th of November. Rev. Father Williams of Toronto, performed the ceremony in the presence of a large number of people. The clergy present in addition to Rev. Father Egan, the parish priest, were: Rev. Father Hand, Rev. Father Williams, Rev. Father Sullivan, Rev. Father Morrow, Rev. Father Gallagher, Rev. Father Walsh and Rev. Father Canning, all of Toronto. Rev. Father Jephcott, of Adjala, Rev. Father Minnehan, of Albion, Rev. Father Whitney, of Newmarket.

Under the stone were placed documents containing the names of the reigning pontiff and the archbishop of the diocese, priests, etc., and a number of the current coins and newspapers. The service was in charge of the Rev. Father Hand, Father Sullivan reciting the litany, the other clergy responding. At the conclusion of the ceremony the sermon was preached by the Rev. Father Canning, Rev. Dr. Roach who had been announced as the preacher for the occasion, being unable to attend.

The church will be of red brick and occupies the site of the old structure. The first Roman Catholic Church was built in Brampton in 1858 and was destroyed by fire about the year 1874. It stood within the churchyard on Centre street and was also a brick building. The members of the congregation then purchased the old Presbyterian church building on John street, renovated and repaired it and it was consecrated about the year 1880. As the building was even then an old one it soon fell into disrepair and a new church became urgently required, the congregation having grown by the addition of several families who recently came into the town. Through the energetic efforts of Father Egan the project was commenced and the rapid erection of the edifice is rejoicing the hearts of the faithful members of his parish who are aiding him in every possible way. It is expected that the worshippers will occupy the new church before the new year. J. G. Sewell is the contractor, the Irvine Lumber and Fuel Company having charge of the carpenter work.

Father Canning's sermon was in substance as follows:

Christ loved the Church and delivered Himself up for it that He might present it to Himself a glorious Church without stain or wrinkle, or any such thing; that it might be whole and without blemish.

Whether it be that we live in an age of inexactitude in words or whether it be due to some other cause it seems to be true to-day that there never was a word more universally misused and more commonly misapplied than the word "Church" is in our day and in our own country.

We read in our magazines and newspapers that the Church should look after social affairs, that the Church should purge politics of their corruption perhaps if the writers were asked what they mean by this word Church they would hesitate for a reply.

It may be that to this indefinite term they attach some such meaning as this that the Church is a body of good men who mean well and who are banded together in order to help along good things and to prevent those things which are not so good.

We often hear it said in the street in these days and in one sense it is a sign that bigotry is dying out but in another sense it is not so good, that it doesn't make any difference what a man believes so long as he is sincere.

But I tell you to-day there never was a more illogical or unreasonable proposition put forth for the consideration of intelligent men.

It does make a difference what a man believes, one religion is not as good as another; it cannot be because one religion is not as true as another. It does make a difference what a man believes because our Saviour himself attached a punishment to not believing. "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, he that believeth not shall be condemned."

What did Christ mean by such words "he that believeth not shall be condemned?"

Did He mean to condemn a man because he would not accept an opinion or speculation or a guess? No, it would be most unfair and unjust. The rational conclusion is that our Lord meant us to believe the truth. It does make a difference therefore what a man believes.

And yet sensible, rational men will say that it does not make any difference what we believe about the Creator. It makes a difference what we believe because as a man believes he acts and his acts are the fruit of his thoughts.

We believe, therefore, that a Christian must believe the truth about Christ and not believe a guess or speculation or supposition. The stand of the Catholic Church is that there must be a sure way. The stand of the Catholic Church is to-day what it has always been that if Christ came down into this world intending to make His doctrines felt

throughout all time and eternity, intending that you and I living in this twentieth century should know them just as surely as those who lived and walked with Him two thousand years ago, He left some means whereby we should be sure of that doctrine, and if He had not done this He and His missions would have been a tremendous failure. He came into this world, and suffered and died in order that He might teach the truth and, so I say that a thoughtful man to-day cannot say one religion is as good as another. It does make a difference what a man believes. Therefore, there must be a means whereby we shall know the truth to-day as it was known two thousand years ago and if we can not find it out, then Christ has been a failure. One way to reveal the truth would have been for Christ to have written down the truth and the other way would be to leave a living voice whereby we would know the truth.

As to the written word, we believe in the Bible, we believe that it was inspired of God, the New Testament and the Old Testament, we have the utmost respect for the Word of God, yet as reasonable men we say that while the Bible contains the truth every man cannot find it for himself and one proof of that fact is that within the last four hundred years there have been four hundred different religions got out of that Bible and they cannot all be right. They cannot all be true and so the Catholic Church says there must be a means of knowing the truth along with the Bible, side by side with it. We know that for the first three hundred years after Christ died there was no New Testament at all as it is now and yet people knew that Christ died. We say to-day as thoughtful men have said in the past that if that written document were left to us alone that men could not get the truth out of it without an authority to interpret it, somebody to tell the meaning of the word. That is the stand of the Catholic Church to-day. She believes in the truth of the inspiration of the Bible but she also believes that there is a living voice which interprets the meaning of the word and interprets what was the doctrine of Christ and that living voice in the Catholic Church is the Supreme Pontiff. It does not mean that he cannot commit sin. God does not place angels over us to govern us, but men of flesh and blood, but it does mean that all I am to believe about Christ and what I am to do in order to be saved, in all things that affect that the Supreme Pontiff is infallible, he cannot make a mistake when he tells what the teaching of Christ is in these important matters.

That is the stand of the Catholic Church and we place her position before you to-day without a particle of prejudice. She has had her difficulties with the nations and at times, parliament has wished to legislate against her doctrines but at all times she has not feared to say to any government who wished to take away the doctrine of Christ, "Woe unto me if I step aside and am unfaithful to my Master, I must be the eternal guardian of the Eternal Word." And so she is bound to have trouble because she dare not step aside, she is the guardian of the truth. The Catholic religion is the only religion in the wide world that has ever been driven out of a nation and returned again. And so we have the spectacle of the Catholic Church returning again among the English nation, the German nation and the American nation so that it is true that in the Diocese of Westminster alone there is a convent for every hour in the day in England alone and the same thing is true in Germany which more than counterbalances defects in other places. It goes to show that God protects the living voice. The Church has had difficulty with masses of the people, people like the Anarchists and Socialists of the present day who want to take short cuts. There is no short cut with the Church. God does all things slowly. You cannot take short cuts to make a Christian nation. The Church has had her difficulties with individuals, with men noted for their literary attainments and scientific knowledge out the history of the past is strewn with the wrecks of false theories in science which rise every day and are forgotten in a year.

I have given you a fair, plain statement of what the Church stands for. We have a great respect for these church buildings because of what they stand for. We do well to bless its corner stone and to bless this building. Here your children will be brought to be baptized, here you will hear the word of God spoken from Christ Himself, here your marriages will be performed and blessed in order that the nation itself may be blessed; here, last of all, when all things earthly have passed away your bodies will be brought and here the prayers of the Church will go up in a wonderful stream to God that He may spare these souls and bring them to His own light. All these things shall be done here and so I say that this church is a place to be respected because of the principles taught and practised therein.

It is well for us to offer up thanksgiving to God that He has given us the truth, not that we believe those who are not with us shall be lost, for men who are honest in the fear of God and do their very best before God will also be saved, but we believe also there is a truth and that it is the duty of every man to find out that truth, and we are thankful to-day if any light has been thrown upon it, and we are glad with a great gladness that we have this truth and that we will say for the future that we will remain faithful to the Church, and we shall be thankful until we come before the throne of this everlasting God.—Conservator.

A Rhyme of Pure Reason.

A Christian Science Proselyte,
Alone upon a mountain height,
Was pondering upon the vain
Belief in non-existent Pain,
How nervous Dread of any kind
Was an Illusion of the Mind,
When, coming down the mountain side,
A dreadful lion he espied.
The Proselyte said, "Mercy me!"
And quickly scuttled up a tree.
Next morning at the rise of sun
There came an unconverted one,
Who saw the Proselyte at bay
And drove the hungry beast away.
The Cynic said, "Aha! I see
Your claim has got you up a
Tree!"
"Your judgment," said the Proselyte,
"Arises from Imperfect Sight.
A Lion to a soul refined
Is an Illusion of the Mind."
"If that's the case," the Cynic said,
"Why show these human signs of dread?
Why pass the night secure from harm
In yonder elevated palm?"
"Friend," said the Saint, "if you but knew,
This tree is an Illusion, too.
When in a Jungle far from home,
Where purely Mental Lions roam,
It puts me more at ease to be
Up some Imaginary Tree."
"How great is Mind!" the Stranger cried,
And went his way quite Eddy-fed.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

The number of students registered at the opening of Dunwoodie Seminary this year was 162, the largest in the history of the institution.

A religious procession was attacked at Castro, near Barcelona, Spain, last Saturday. The mob killed the officiating priest and an attendant and wounded fifty-six persons.

Archbishop Blenk of New Orleans, who recently returned from abroad, says that more non-Catholics visit the Holy See from this country than from any other.

Rev. Adrian F. Van Hulst, S. J. aged ninety-three years, and one of the oldest priests in the United States, was found dead in his room at St. Ignatius' College, Chicago. Father Van Hulst was ordained a priest in 1839.

In Connaught, Ireland, a great temperance crusade has just been organized. The six bishops of the province of Tuam have issued regulations for the guidance of the new movement which is to be known as "St. Patrick Temperance League of the West."

Miss Margaret Tully, who died recently in Boston, Mass., leaves the whole of her \$150,000 estate to Catholic charities. Miss Tully's brother, who died twenty years ago, left \$100,000 to the Church. Another sister who died ten years ago, left \$50,000 for similar purposes.

The number of converts from the recent mission to non-Catholics at the Paulist Church, New York city, given by the same Fathers, has now reached the total of 51. These were instructed with particular care, some of them taking a special course in De Harbe's larger catechism.

East Longmeadow, Mass., has a horse that when the church bell rings on Sunday morning, immediately leaves his pasture and canters to the church, says the Catholic Advance. There are many human beings who have not sense enough of their duties to God to obey the church bell summons promptly, but take their time or do not go at all.

English Catholic papers announce that Miss Holmes, daughter of Sir Richard Holmes, for many years librarian at Windsor Castle, and granddaughter to the late Dr. Gee, vicar of Windsor and canon of St. George's has been received into the Church at St. Bernard's Convent, Sloth, by Rev. J. Francis Drake.

An insurance policy on the life of Rev. Edward M. Hickey, who died in Parkersburg, W. Va., will net St. John's Church, of this place, the sum of \$100,000. Father Hickey was the pastor of the parish from 1865 to 1873, and through his efforts its fine edifice was built. He took out the insurance policies in favor of the parish at the time he took charge of it.

On last Sunday 30,000 persons knelt in the open at Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in West Side Park, Jersey City. Bishop John J. O'Connor officiated, assisted by priests of the diocese. The Benediction services followed upon the annual parade of the Holy Name Union of Hudson County. There were 15,000 in line, representing twenty-five societies from various parishes.—America.

A noble charity is benefitted by Mr. Charles M. Schwab's gift to the Sisters of Charity in charge of the New York Foundling Asylum. He has announced his intention of turning over to them his estate on Staten Island. The charity is a fine one, and it will give the benefactor joy and satisfaction as long as he lives to reflect upon the incalculable good which the Sisters of Charity will be enabled to do through his munificence.

Catholic societies of Philadelphia have been thrown into considerable agitation by the action of Count Angelo Leonard di Casalino, the commander of the Italian warship *Etruria*, anchored in that port, who, hearing that the Italian societies of the city were to tender to him and to the officers and crew of his vessel a banquet, and that the function was to be held in a Masonic building, promptly and decidedly declined the invitation both for himself and for his men.

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WILL SHAKESPEARE'S LITTLE LAD.

BY IMOGEN CLARK. CHAPTER VII.

Pray you, sit by a side And tell's a tale.

A Winter's Tale.

He hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink; his intellect is not replenished.

Thomas Whittington, whose duty it was to tend Mistress Hathaway's sheep, was stretched full length upon the ground, in the shade of a spreading elm, fast asleep.

The man tossed from side to side and cried for mercy. "Let be," he groaned, "I'll e'en fess. Marry, I was at 'The Bunch o' Grapes' yestreen, an' there was ale i' plenty, an' the way to Shottery was grievous long, an' I comed na home at curfew; but I seed ye na—nay, that's as true as Crab bath loongs—I seed ye na at your dances. I comed straight home, though the road were long an' waverin'! My sleep's been broke—nay, then, I will slip no more! 'Tis a parlous thing for an old man to play the lad, but 'twas an occasion—an occasion—Steve Sly put up the ale—"

His words were cut short by a peal of laughter from the children, which was like a dash of cold water over the frightened man, restoring him to his senses on the moment. He sat up and turned a half-angry, half-ashamed face upon his persecutors.

"Methought 'twas the fairies," he muttered. "But ye will na tell Gillian; she hath a frampod way o' takin' a man up. Did she but know I'd slept at my task I'd hear nowt but that. Wull ye keep peace? Good then, I be na feared. I feeks 'twas parlous wrong I do protest, but 'twould never ha' happed an Crab had na been minded to watch. A Shepherd's a man, hark ye, that should e'en keep ever awake for fear o' dangers coming to a's flock."

"Even so, Thomas, that's what the book saith." "I got it from no book, truly—I know not the insides o' a book." "We put it into English only the other forenoon," Hamnet persisted, "like this: 'Shepherds are wont sometimes to talk o' their old lives whilst the cattle eek the cud under the shade, for fear if they should fall asleep some fox, or wolf, or such like beast o' prey should fall upon the cattle.'"

Judith moved a trifle nearer the speaker, half in admiration, half in terror of what might be lurking in the thicket beyond the boundary of the field. "Hath he not wit, Thomas?" she asked, nodding her head in the direction of the boy. "Marry, thou shouldst hear him say it off in Latin. Thou hast it memorit, sweet Hamnet, I wis—come—come—say it."

Hamnet fung out his arm in a declaiming fashion and began to chant the words: "Pastores aliquando dum pecas sub umbra ruminant antiquos suos amores recitare solent—" "Now, what a thing learning be-eth!" Thomas interposed; "but I'd liefer ha' the English—it soundeth more familiarly. There was but a word o' thy gibberish that I'd e'en knowed afore—'twas 'dum.' By my troth, a man would soon be dumb an he had to talk that heathenish stuff! Now I praise Heaven I come o' dull parentage, an' what I ha' to say I must e'en say in few words an' fair English. But lad, go to, thou art a marvellous scholar."

"Nay, I differ not from the other boys; thou shouldst hear our form go to say the Fables. Wert ever at school, Thomas?" "Nay, I had na toime; my father tended sheep an' I must e'en fall to when that I was a little lad. But tell me what thou dost and when goest thou to thy lessons?"

"At six i' the morning o' summer and seven o' winter, wet or cold, sunny or sweet, when one would liefer play micher—it matters not, then, one must be. I'm in the third form now, and this is what I must e'en do. Every morn I must say two parts, one out o' the Accidence and the other out o' the Grammar (I'll show thee my grammar some day, with the picture o' the boys in the tree gathering apples.)"

"Marry, what doth that teach? Boys need na be showed how to climb a tree and steal fruit. 'Tis born in 'em, me thinks."

"Nay, sure, Thomas, 'tis the tree o' knowledge, like the one that stood i' the Garden o' Paradise, and the boys are e'en picking the fruit for their advancement. But thou bring'st me out—where was I? Oh! we say the accidence and the grammar, and then, look 'ee, each boy must form the first person o' a verb active in any o' the four conjugations. And we may go home at eleven for our dinner; but we must be back in our places at one, and so to continue there till three, or the half-hour past, then there's a rest for a quarter o' an hour; that over, lessons till the half-hour after five, and then to end with reading a piece o' a chapter and singing two staves o' a psalm and lastly with a prayer. 'Tis near six—"

"Now, I give Heaven thanks the week is done." "Nay, there's Saturday for part o' the day—" "I be glad I be a little wench," Judith laughed, "and need not pother my head wi' such things. Girls don't have to study, and I shall always have Hamnet by to tell me what I ought to know; only I be like thee, Thomas, I'll not want to hear it in Latin, save just the little bit that maketh one hunger for the English words. But I like 't that about the shepherds telling o' their old lives to keep awake. Tell us a tale now, one that's true, an thou canst not tell us something about the fairies."

Thomas glanced apprehensively over his shoulder. "I wot nowt o' the fairies, save that they do none harm unless that they be angered thereto."

"Nay, Gillian saith they do, and 'tis best we pray to be kept from their evil devices."

"Believe it na, lass. Gillian knoweth nowt, though I be thinkin' she felt their anger herself in her young days. Doubtless she touched an elfin's ring all shinin' wi' drops when she went forth wi' the other wenches to gather Maydew, for her beauty's not overmuch to look at now. 'Tis small wonder she prayeth to be kept from their furdur wrath. But 'twas she affronted 'em first—'tis a way she hath! Speak 'em fair and do 'em no ill, little maid, so wull they only help thee."

"Dost know how to go invisible?" Thomas shifted uneasily and turned an anxious eye upon the speaker. "There be-eth fernesed now," he muttered. "Oh! ay, but verily, Thomas, 'twill not work," Hamnet rejoined, in eager tones. "Once long ago I found me some, or what looked like it, and I swallowed it quick; then I climbed me into the buttery window to get at the marchpane Gillian had but just made, and she, turning spied me and, thwack! thwack! went her broom. I faith, I was not invisible, as my poor back could vouch. But I have heard o' a better way, and 'tis e'en like this; come close, the both o' ye, and Silver and Crab mount guard. 'Take water and pour it upon an ant-hill, and look immediately after and ye shall find a stone o' divers colours sent from the fairies. This bear in your right hand and ye shall go invisible.'"

"A stone, say'st thou?" Judith asked cautiously. "Is't what my Grandam Hathaway meaneth by a lucky stone, or is't what father told us was the 'loopher's stone? Wilt seek it, Hamnet, and when? Thou dost not truly think we can go invisible, dost thou?"

"Nay, then, how can I say? In good sooth I shall search for it some day, and thou may'st come wi' me, but thou must not breathe a word o' this. Come, promise."

He stretched out his little finger and linked it with hers while they both said solemnly together: "Ring finger, blue bell, Tell a lie and go to hell!"

When that ceremony was over, the boy insisted upon a repetition of it with the shepherd, and thus, having bound his hearers to secrecy, he was enabled to continue his conversation. "An ever I go invisible," he said, sitting back on his heels and resuming his natural tone of voice, "I'll be given with Gillian for the drubbing she gave me—I'll eat her marchpane and her carraways; I'll spirit them all away to Weir Brake and feast the boys. Thou shalt have my stone sometimes, Judith, sweet—tell me what thou wilt do with it."

"Methinks I'll hold it very close and steal soft to where Susanna and her gossip sit and listen to their talk. They've many secrets, and they say so oft when I come by, 'Hem! small pitchers have great ears,' and fall a-laughing. So I'll e'en hearken when they see me not, and then flout them after, and make as if some little bird flying through the air had whispered their sayings to me. But an thou goest invisible, fair brother, what wilt poor Silver do?"

Hamnet rubbed his chin reflectively; for the moment, he had left his dog out of his calculations. "An I had the stone, I could get cates for him in plenty," he said, slowly, "but he'd liefer go without, I wot, and see me than have all the cates in Christendom. Nay, then, I'll not e'en seek the stone; thou may'st, an thou list, thou and Thomas, but tempt me not. I make my share over to thee."

Judith looked off at the sunny meadows and up at the hot, cloudless sky, then her glance came back to her companions lolling comfortably in the shade. She patted her gown softly. "I will keep," she murmured, "I will keep; there's no such rhyur; I can seek the stone any time. I'd liefer stay here wi' thee and watch the sheep; and that we may not sleep and danger come, we'll e'en pretend we be shepherds, and we'll talk o' our old lives."

"Hurray! Jude," Hamnet shouted; "I do protest I like the game passing well. Here, thou must have the crook to hold, and Crab shall stay by thee an he were thy very dog; and Silver lie thou close to me—so! I'll keep thy cloak, Thomas, about my knees—the air is chill, me thinks. And thou may'st have thy bonnet and, yea, thy bottle. Now we look like real shepherds, i' faith. Come, Judith, begin—begin—'tis thy own thought."

"La, now, I prithee, do not ask me," Judith protested, with more the air of a fine lady than a simple country bumpkin; "I have no wit. I'll e'en listen to thee and Thomas."

"In sooth, thou must say something or spoil the sport. 'Tis not hard when once thou hast made a beginning. Come, I'll help thee—once on a time—"

"Once on a time—marry and amen! I can think o' naught; and yet I would not vex thee." She drew her brows together in thought; then her face cleared. "I'll e'en sing a verse from the Coventry pageant that grandam hath so oft told us of. 'Tis not new to thee, Hamnet, but it must serve, and 'tis about the shepherds."

She paused for a minute, then beating the air softly with the crook she sang: "As I outrode this enders night Of three jolly shepherds I saw a sight. 'We're three jolly shepherds too, I wene!

"And all about their folde a starre shone bright; They sang terli, terlow, So merrile the shepherdes their pipes can blow!"

"Now afore heaven a pious song an' a godly," Thomas cried. "Sing 's another verse, wench."

After a moment's hesitation Judith went on in her sweet, childish treble: "Down from heavene, from heavene so highe, Of angels there came a great companie, With mirth and joy and great solemnitie. They sang terli, terlow, So merrile the shepherdes their pipes can blow!"

"'Tis thy turn now, Hamnet," she said, when she had come to the end of the carol. "Methinks 'tis bitter cold," he mumbled, with chattering teeth, "else 'tis the rheumaticisms hath crept into my old bones these bitter nights. A plague o' sitting here, year after year!" he broke off coughing. Judith clapped her hands in delight. "I know thou'dst find the way," she cried, with no tinge of envy in her voice; "but go on—go on!"

"I mind me o' many things," he continued. "Now it so befell upon a day." He paused and cast a wary glance around. "Nay then, brothers," he went on, in a blood-curdling whisper, "hist! there's fearsome noises abroad, and mark you shadow stealing through the hedge. Avant there, avant!"

Judith dropped her badge of office and threw herself face downwards upon the ground, clinging to Thomas in her terror and screaming with all her might while the two dogs added their voices to the hurly-burly. "Tis but play," Hamnet cried, in superior tones; "thou art a very baby girl to be afear'd."

Judith sat up and pushed back the curls that had escaped from her coil with a trembling hand and Thomas looked as silly as one of his own sheep. "Twas so very like," the little maid declared, "so very like, I could have sworn I heard a growling. I prithee pardon me for bringing thee out; I'll not be so frightened again."

"Marry, I'll not fright thee. That was not in the tale anyway: I did but make pretence a lion, or a tiger was coming for the sheep. But there! 'tis gone: we frighten him off wi' our shrieks. Well done, brave shepherds, well done, valiant men, our flocks are safe once more. Now to my tale. 'Twas upon a day—nay, I'll not tell that. H'm! let me think. Why! Judith, sweet, I'll e'en tell a tale o' those three shepherds thou wert singing of but now. They were sore mazed that night with the star's shining; 'twas brighter than the moon and sun put together, and it danced and danced as it moved across the sky, leaving a great roadway o' light in 's track. Now, one o' the shepherds was 's full o' heaviness, but when he looked up and saw the star he was exceeding glad, though he knew not why. He'd a wish in 's heart and he said it o'er quick; he knew that whatever one wisheth during a star's flight will surely come true, though he wist not that when it doth happen one is ever sorry. He would not have felt that way: his was a fair wish, and thou could'st not guess it, I warrant me, an thou'dst try six Sundays running. So I must e'en tell thee."

"This shepherd had a little lad o' his own, not any older than our cousin Philip Shakespeare, and not so big nor strong; he was crookbacked and could not walk. Now it so chanced that long before, when the little lad was but a babe, his father coming home one day was wroth—he was in 's cups—and the baby, creeping up to meet him, got in 's way, whereupon did the father knock him with his crook, and the baby fell down the deep ditch by the side o' the house. And after the first cry there was no more sound, so that the father was frightened, and gathered the child in 's arms and called him all sweet names—oh! he was sober enow then, I promise thee. 'Twas long before the baby ope'd his eyes, and then it fell a-moaning, and the poor man could do naught to ease the pain. Nay, Jude, sweet Jude, leave off crying, else I must e'en stop; 'twill all come right an thou hast the patience to listen."

"The baby didn't die, but he didn't get well neither—he could not walk at all and he was ever ailing. And his father loved him so much, and though he knew that the little lad loved him best o' everyone, he never could forgive himself for what he'd done, but he must needs think still and always: 'Oh, an I could only make my son well! So there was the wish in his heart, and that night, when he saw the star, he whispered it as he'd whispered it an hundred times before. But 'twas the strangest star! It didn't flash out o' the heavens into the nowhere; it just kept moving and shining and beckoning, each point a little hand, and all about there were soft voices crying, 'Follow! follow!'"

"Then did he and his brother shepherds get them up and go after, treading swiftly till they reached a low, dark byre, and they said among themselves how strange it was to come all that way just for that, and they were going forward. But the star stayed there with a great shining, and anon the voices cried: 'Enter—enter—worship—worship.' So they went within, and found the little Jesus lying amidst the straw with his mother sitting by and singing soft. Whereupon did each one make his reverence; but my shepherd coming last, stopped and looked with all 's heart in 's eyes, and the woman, speaking low, said: 'Thou'rt a good man, verily, an little children be so dear to thee.'"

"And he made answer: 'I be no good man, Madam lady.' 'Then he he up and told his story, whereat the Mother Mary's tears did flow, but she said: 'Nay, thou'rt good now, and thou art truly sorry. May heaven's blessings fall on thy own lad.'"

"And even as she spoke the little Baby Jesus smiled with His soft eyes, and put out one tiny hand. Then on a sudden did my shepherd feel his heart leap within him, and he turned and went out into the night. There was a glad song o' angels in the air all about, but he heeded it not. He'd no thought o' anything but just his little child. So he sped on, and lo! as he came to his home the door was ope'd from within, and there on the sill was his very own little son—straight and strong and wondrous fair to see. And when the father stood still, as he were in a dream and could not move, the little lad ran forward and

put his arms about him and led him into the house."

There was a moment's silence, then Judith drew a long breath. "Oh! I be so glad," she cried, as she leaned across Whittington and patted her brother's arm; "'twas a brave ending, but I wish thou could'st tell what they did once they were within the house."

"I faith! there's no more to the tale—the door was made fast. But I wot they were happy together, thus much hath floated out through the chinks and cracks. And now 'tis for Thomas to keep us awake."

"That I canna do, I ha' nowt to say. A shepherd's life be-eth a goodly life, but 'tis over-quiet; still I'd na change it for another. Here I be content wi' my sheep an' eanlings around me, an' if the sun shineth, why, welcome to 's shinin'; an' if the rain raineth, why, 'tis wull for all livin' creatures. Marry, 'tis a goodly world."

"That's never a tale, Thomas," Judith interrupted, with much severity. "Thou must e'en do as we did; we'll not let thee slip. Tell us why?"—she stole a glance at her brother from under her long lashes—"why thou singest 'I mun be married o' Sunday,' and then thou art not married at all?"

"Hark to the lass!" roared Thomas. "Love an' marriage—ho! ho! 'tis all the maids think on, I care na what their age. 'Od's heartlings! I'd na marry any she in Christendom. I loike my life as 'tis, wi' Crab here for my friend."

"But why—?" Judith began. "Every why hath its own wherefore," Thomas returned, sententiously, "an' I ha' my reasons." He glanced at her suspiciously, a sudden idea lighting his slow brain. "Was't Gillian set thee on?"

The little maid brightened visibly. "Not so, 'twas only me and Hamnet that wondered."

"I'd liefer hear a tale o' the wars," Hamnet said, coming to the rescue. "Thou wast living when Harry VIII. was king, and thou hast heard talk o' divers battles, e'en if thou hast not seen them; but an thou canst not remember any at this moment, prithee tell us why thou has no good wife."

"Wert ever in love, Thomas?" continued the little lass, "and didst have the moon-sickness and look pale?" Gillian saith thou wert a brave fellow in thy youth, and never a better tripped it on the green."

"Gillian hath her good points, i' fecks, though she be curst o' tongue full oft," Thomas replied, good-humoredly; "she used to foot it fealty too. Lord! Lord! how many years ago it is. An' yet, methinks I could dance you a Rogero as wull as another e'en at this day—ay, or a Packington's Pound. There was one little wench, I mind—nay then, how was she called?—'tis gone—'tis gone. But she tripped it better than the rest, an' up and down, an' in an' out she went. She'd eyes loike a doe's, an' as she danced the red come creepin' up i' her cheeks. I ha' na thought on her these many years, but it all cometh back."

"Thou didst love her then?" "She were a very madcap wench wi' her songs an' her laugh, but I loved her na: I did but love her dancin'." There was another maid Joan, an' we'd made it up between us to marry. An' then, look ye, being a woman an' fond, she'd e'en ha' it I cared more for the lass I danced with; so she flouted me sore, whereat—nay, I were but a lad—I hid me to all the fairs an' wakes, an' danced an' danced just to show Mistress Joan I minded nowt her words. Then she up an' married a lout from Coventry, an' so the tale's ended."

"But what o' the other—the maid wi' the roses in her cheeks?" "Why, I wot na; dead, surely, 'tis so many years ago."

"Peradventure she did love thee," Judith said softly. "I can na say; she'd a merry tongue an' a light heart; but after Joan went away I sickened o' dancing, ah! they said the little wench came no more to the Green neither. So there's an end on't! Wull! I be an old man, now, an' I had a fair life—sunshine an' shade, an' sunshine again. I owe no man an' I envy no man, least o' all that lout! Coventry Joan married forty years ago come Hallowmas. They say a made a good end an' a were glad to go—she grew so sharp o' tongue. Nay, I envy no man a's happiness; 'tis enow for I to be here wi' Crab. I ha' saved by a tidy sum, an' it shall all be thine some day, lad."

slowly homewards along an unplowed strip of sod. Then he dusted the soil from his trousers, mopped his forehead with a clean handkerchief, put on the rest of his Sunday raiment, and sat down on the stone wall that separated the farm from the highway. He even reached to his coat-tail pocket, found a pair of black cotton gloves that he had worn the last time he was a pallbearer, and put them on. But he kept his back to the church. He would not bow the knee to Baal. But neither would he, on the other hand, work during the hour of Hannah's funeral.

A deep-toned bell from the tower let fall a heavy stroke, startling, awful—breaking ruthlessly in on the stillness. Deacon John shuddered. He had been to so many funerals in his long life that the mere burying of the dead had lost most of its unnaturalness. But this funeral was unprecedented. Friends and relatives he had seen laid away—"like Christians," he thought to himself. But he dared not follow, even in imagination, the rites and ceremonies that were now preparing. And to think that Hannah had looked gladly forward to all this!

The deacon was a pitiable figure of stern, unrelenting grief. The black specks pointed to him as they crept up the steps. Without dreaming that his struggles were known, he was the most talked-of person in town. He had discouraged his wife from going, and had assured his family that he was not going himself. It was time to show the rising generation that the elders held to principle, even when their hearts were touched. But as he began to think of what Hannah had been to him and to his, a stubborn tear rose gradually on the edge of his lower lid, diving suddenly in a salt streak across his cheek.

The deacon's farm was the first to be encountered on leaving the town. The Catholic Church was the first house of worship one passed coming in. Providence had arranged it thus, so that the Protestant elder and she whom he called the Scarlet Woman might be brought face to face. The Elder, long before attaining the title, had learned to fear and hate the Woman, hurling at her all the condemnatory speeches in the Bible. The Woman retaliated with a maddening indifference.

When John was a boy he never passed the church—then an ugly wooden building—except at a gait which would have taken him in safety past the worst of haunted houses. During early manhood his views were compacted by Nast's bitter cartoon of the Pope as a mitered snake—a horror that still twisted in and out among the confused mass of Old Testament imagery that he interpreted as allegorical references to the Papal See. Once, while the old edifice was being torn down, he had stumbled over a carved waterspout, kicking it with his boot under the impression that it was an idol—a part of the worship of the golden calf—and after the carpenters and masons had finished the new walls, and the mysterious paraphernalia of the Woman began to arrive, John was certain that the boxes contained all the abominations of the Ammonites and the Jebusites. Age had added to his boyish terror the deep, passionate convictions of a narrow, earnest and naturally religious mind. He could give plausible reasons and quote emphatic texts for the aversion that was in him, and the Presbyterian prayer meeting was never so lively as when Deacon John was lashing the Pontiff.

Yet these tirades always ended lamely. "Of course, some good people are Catholics," he would say. "May the Lord show them the light of his countenance in place of their idols made with hands."

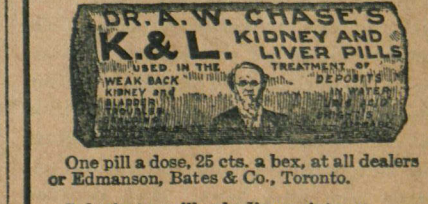
This was his covert tribute to Hannah, whom he regarded as the great exception. She had married his own farmhand—had set up housekeeping in a corner of his own pasture—yet stood ready during the dark years of the hard times to lend her savings without security, enabling Deacon John to pay the mortgage interest and stave off ruin. When Bobby came; when the deacon had typhoid fever; whenever sorrow or trouble, or even joy in too great measure to be borne alone, had invaded his life, he had counted on the plain, quiet little woman who spoke English with a brogue, and who went to the—



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But this was no time for hard thoughts. He had never been able to consider some of these things without choking, and now as they came over him in one burning flame of recollection, the rubbish in his heart threatened to take fire. She had been that miracle of God—a good woman. And yet—yes, an Irish woman and a Catholic. The ways of heaven were past finding out.

The poor old deacon turned his head as the bell tolled another pitiless stroke. An eternity seemed to have intervened since the first, and the metal vibrated with some of the unexpectedness of death itself. There was quite a crowd crawling up the steps now. The church would be comfortably filled notwithstanding Hannah's humble station. He was glad of that.

With a twinge of conscience John turned so as to face the cross that glittered so conspicuously above the doorway. There was no need to carry respect too far at such a time, and the cross, although he mistrusted all material symbols, was the one thing with which he could find no fault. Perhaps, he mused, it was the leaven of truth in their lump of error which would save their souls at the last—Hannah's soul, at least. Of that he was sure.

Had a bell been tolling for him he was not so confident that Hannah's theology would have been as far-reaching. He and she had never spoken to each other of their religion. The gulf between them was too awful. Deacon Henry—John's nearest neighbor—could have held forth eloquently upon such a point, but his opinions were vitiated by his being a Baptist. So all that Deacon John had hazarded was a word or two with his own wife.

"Think, Mary," he said one day, after the ministering angel had helped them to look unflinchingly into their first open grave, "Hannah must believe—if her religion means anything to her—she must believe that Bobbie wasn't!" "Don't! Don't!" sobbed the mother. And John had gone out to the barn to wrestle alone with the stern facts of the case.

Another time, while they were at Hannah's, offering the first fruits of their strawberry patch, John, in jocular mood, nudged his wife and whispered:

"I suppose she thinks that the priest could make berries like them grow on the table by just waving his hand."

But now John fingered the crease in a black trouser leg. He wondered what had prompted him to dress thus—since he meant to plow. Was it simply respect? The bell added stroke to stroke, as if to make an anvil of his heart. It seemed to break through his opinions and to beat upon the great fundamental cords. From being terrible it had become inviting—and now it pleaded:

"Come!" Long, tremulous, like a voice calling in the night, it rang out from the belfry. And John wanted to yield. That he finally admitted was the secret reason for his putting on the black clothes. He had not meant to plow—had only meant to cheat himself up to the last moment. But he would take himself in hand. There was now a great blotch on the steps where the people were packed, waiting until those ahead of them had passed in that slow march through the doors. It was too late for a newcomer to get in. Temptation's opportunity was lost.

So, letting his hypnotized legs carry him, he slipped from the wall and skirted the edge of the crowd. No one seemed to notice him; but his eyes, alert with self-consciousness, soon caught sight of whom but Deacon Henry, towering on the opposite edge of the blotch. Here was a new problem. Had Deacon John, the oldest officer in the Presbyterian church, a right to tamper with things sacrificed to idols while the oldest officer of the Baptist church was at hand to spy? What an example such backsliding would be to the young people; what an argument in favor of immersion and against sprinkling! And Deacon Henry might exaggerate a glimpse until it appeared as if Deacon John had actually gone into the church. John turned and stalked past on the sidewalk. The heart of the man must not lead the head of the deacon astray.

Yet the heart ached. It was jealous of those who were permitted to mourn. To be shut off now increased the world's new emptiness. Of all that it held, what did he not owe to her? Yet he had never voiced his appreciation. If he could but do something—even now, it was not too late. Somehow the dead would see and understand.

He recalled the occasion upon which he had come nearest acknowledging to the good woman that, in spite of doctrine, she had hit upon the essential things which make for salvation. But her youngest boy had stalked in most inopportunistly.

"James was confirmed to-day," said the unthinking Hannah.

"She's going to make a priest of him!" flashed through Deacon John's bewildered head, sealing the lips that had been about to extend what he understood to be the limits of the covenant. Of course, Hannah would teach her children to fall down and worship the image which Nebuchadnezzar, the king, had set up! But at last—so he reasoned—she was where the sound of the sackbut and psaltery could no more confuse her understanding. And he decided that he would go and stand bare-headed before her church—as a monk doing penance, had he but known it.

The deacon walked on around the block, but when the cross once more looked down upon him, his feet, instead of standing still, suddenly turned, taking him up the steps, through the crowd—thinned now to a small number that stood waiting for something—on past the vestibule with its marble fountains, and up the deserted middle aisle.

He had meant to drop inconspicuously into a back seat. But the church did not contain the decent scattering of parishioners he was accustomed to associate with funerals. Not only were the back seats filled, but the whole edifice was tense with the pressure of an astonishing multitude. It crammed every available space and emanated a strange magnetism which affected the imagination like wine. People were everywhere—by the doors, in the gallery, in the choir-loft. They stood along the walls, hiding the Stations

of the Cross that John did not know were there. Only that one aisle—and a block of pews near the front, cut off from the rest by their sharp emptiness—afforded even a breathing space.

If the truth must be told, he had always regarded this simple Irish woman a shade patronizingly, as if she were his own particular discovery; and he had rather feared a scant testimonial in her behalf. The assemblage, so much larger than the congregations he was used to, moved him with a sense of loss. His private benefactress proved to have been the village saint.

Yet he thanked God that Hannah had not gone unappreciated. Yes, face to face with the trappings of that alien worship—in spite of the strange, white construction that gleamed beyond a railing in front of him; in spite of the candles, which he had expected, and a motionless red light hanging from the ceiling, which was a surprise; in spite of the crowned image of a woman which stood on high to the left—he thanked God.

Deacon John was accustomed to sit well forward in church. The empty pews caught his eye as he moved on, and a boy in a black cassock lifted a wand which had been laid to block the passage. Without realizing it, Deacon John was seated in the place reserved for the mourners.

The strangeness of his surroundings had no time to arouse the theological ire before there was a stir, instantly giving place to a yet more graven stillness. Something was being brought up the aisle—something which made the very idea of mummery impossible. No matter what the priests and the congregation might do, it would be converted into solemn symbolism, even for Deacon John, by the calm presence that was soon installed by the altar-rail. A score of men and boys in vestments fled from a panel in the back of the chancel. An unseen choir struck up a solemn chant. But since she had wanted it—since she had loved all this—John determined not to disapprove. He did not wince even when an acolyte began to swing a brazen bowl from the end of a chain, and the aromatic breath of incense stole upon the air.

But as the service went on the spell gradually wore thin. Deacon John had almost come to himself, and was beginning to glance around, when the unintelligible Latin was interrupted by a startling English sentence:

"Although it is contrary to our custom on these occasions, I feel bound to say a word or two of my own."

It was the priest. He had come to the head of the coffin. A group of youths in vestments stood by him. John scanned the pale face in a vain search for the mark of the beast. Had he been aware, the face was not unlike his own—furred with years, yet sweetened with deep experience.

"If I were to preach a funeral sermon," the priest went on, "I should take for my subject some such words as might be found in a paraphrase of the thirty-fifth verse of the twenty-fifth chapter of St. Matthew: 'I was hungry and she gave me meat; thirsty, and she gave me drink; sick and in prison, and she visited me.' That is what you all are saying to yourselves. Many strangers are here—strangers to the Church she served, yet not strangers to her. I feel that she did not belong altogether to us. We pour our charity into little vessels. She had a 'harity as wide as life. To visit the fatherless in their affliction, to help the poor, to comfort the bereaved, to lift up the fallen, to pray for the dying—these things, she told me—it was only last Thursday—always seemed to her the essentials of religion. The 'worth-while things,' she called them. To how many of us has she done the 'worth-while things!' I remember—"

What did the old priest remember? It remained unsaid. His voice wavered, and he stood silent. Even Deacon John could not deny the name holy water to the salt drops that fell on the coffin.

And in the graveyard back of the church it was the same story, told again and again in the hushed group.

"She came to me when my man took to drink."

"It was her helped me when I couldn't get a job nowhere."

"She nursed Willie through the small-pox."

"I don't see how her children bear their loss. It's lucky for her husband that he died first."

And there were some strange-eyed girls who did not say anything, but dropped flowers on the grave, went one side, and wept.

Everybody was testifying in some way. Deacon John—who had the most to thank her for—felt that he alone had done nothing, said nothing, showed nothing. He might have been a spy like Deacon Henry, for all that his stiff-necked presence shadowed forth. What would she like? What could he do to indicate that he was taking some part? How might he appease his own soul hunger?

The old man stood again in front of the steps. Slowly he made his way to the deserted vestibule. He had seen people dipping their fingers in the fountains and crossing themselves. If he were to touch the holy water, would she understand?

Sweat stood out on his brow as he dragged himself forward. The contents of the marble basin seemed icy cold to his shaking fingers. But he carried the ordeal through. He crossed himself, awkwardly, unconsciously. But he had taken part.

Eyes were upon his back. He wheeled around. There stood Deacon Henry.

"I wanted to do something like that myself, but couldn't think of what to do," said Deacon Henry.

And before Deacon John's amazed eyes the Baptist went forward and repeated the ceremony, as if he had been following an approved model.

Arm in arm the two old men, who had not spoken across their own little theological rift for thirty years, left the church.

"I liked that—what the minister said about the 'worth-while things,'" said Deacon Henry.

"Yes, it was just like her," said Deacon John.

IT PAYS TO BALE YOUR HAY WITH AN I.H.C. HAY PRESS

HAY should be baled no matter whether it is to be fed or marketed. Careful tests that have been made prove the fact that baled hay well kept is worth from 25 to 50 per cent more for feeding purposes than hay that is exposed to the weather in stacks and ricks. When it becomes a question of saving 25 to 50 per cent of your hay crop it is worth while for you to stop and consider, is it not? Baled hay is more valuable because there is no waste—no dust—it has more feed value. It is kept in better condition for feeding purposes and is more convenient to handle.

An I. H. C. Pull-Power Hay Press

will enable you to save the 25 to 50 per cent of your hay crop that is going to waste. It will enable you to make a good profit out of your own labor by baling your hay when you have the time.

I. H. C. hay presses are simple, strong and very powerful. They are made on the pull-power principle; that is, the pressure is applied to the hay by a pull instead of a push. They are so designed that they give greater pressure with the same amount of power than any other press of equal size. The presses are the full-circle type, which avoids frequent stopping, turning or backing of the horses.

The I. H. C. one-horse press is made with 14 x 18-inch bale chamber, and the two-horse press is made with three sizes of bale chamber—14 x 18, 16 x 18 and 17 x 22 inches. Call on our nearest local agent and ask him to demonstrate the I. H. C. hay presses to you, or, if you prefer, write nearest branch house for catalogue and full particulars.



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WIT AND HUMOR.
THE OLD MAN KNEW.
"Algernon is very interesting," said the stock broker's daughter.
"What does he talk about?" inquired her father.
"Why, he's ever so well posted in Shakespearean quotations."
"Young woman," said the financier sternly, "don't you let him deceive you. Don't you let him make sport of your ignorance. There isn't any such stock on the market. I ought to know, for I've been on the exchange long enough."
—An Exchange.

Barber—Try a bottle of this preparation, sir. Splendid thing for baldness.
Customer—Don't doubt it; but I've got all the baldness I want, thank you.

A crotchety old farmer had trouble with his neighbor, and as a result sought his solicitor.
"I want yeow ter write him a letter an' tell him this here foolishness hez got ter stop," he declared firmly. "I know what I want to say but I ain't got the latin'er put it just right."
"What do you want to say?" the lawyer asked.
"Waal, begin by tellin' him that he's the blackest, lyn'est, thiev'nest, low-downest scoundrel on airth—and then work up."

Willie had tried by various means to interest his father in conversation.
"Can't you see I'm trying to read?" said the exasperated parent. "Now, don't bother me."
Willie was silent for almost a minute. Then, reflectively:
"Awful accident in the tunnel to-day."
Father looked up with interest.
"What's that?" he asked. "An accident in the tunnel?"
"Yes," replied Willie, edging toward the door; "a woman had her eye on a seat and a man sat on it."

FEATS WITH A MASS-BOOK.
Running through the latest "novel magazine," I came across a "first story" with which the censor has "no serious fault to find." It is an Italian story. A priest is brought on the scene. He, of course, is dubbed a "padre" just as if he were a mere Jesuit or a Protestant military chaplain. Let it pass. But now, how about this? "The priest, who had just come out from the inner room, one finger inserted between the leaves of his Mass book. . . ." And how about this: "The good 'padre' had only time to slip his Mass-book into his pocket!" And the editor of the "novel magazine" has "no serious fault to find" with this rubbish!

Can you imagine a priest walking about the streets with a huge book, a folio volume, possibly bound in pigskin and bearing heavy clasps and corner-pieces, "one finger inserted between the leaves"? Can you? Then it will not cost you the slightest effort to conjure up a picture of that priest slipping that folio into his cassock pocket. It is more than I can do, for it is simply an inconceivable feat.

When will Protestants tear away the veil with which their governors and tutors, schoolmasters, ministers and Sunday grand teachers have covered their

Hundreds of dainty dishes can be made with

SHREDDED WHEAT

The only cereal food made in Biscuit form. Deliciously nourishing and satisfying. Try it for breakfast with milk or cream and salt to taste.

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21 STUDENTS of this, and our Grand Rapids, Mich., school secured the following positions during the two weeks ending Oct. 16, 1909.

PERCY MILLIKEN, Bkpr. (Temp.) C. R. Wilson Body Co., Detroit, Mich.
CLIFFORD HOUSE, Asst. Bkpr., Valley City Milling Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.
H. KRAHLING, Bkpr., Canada Flax Fibre Co., Wallaceburg, Ont.
DESS WOOSTER, Steno., G. R. Electric Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.
NELLIE ARNOLD, Bkpr. & Steno., Brass Works, Wallaceburg, Ont.
HELLIS VAN SLUYS, Steno., Jno. Raab Chair Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.
E. C. BUCHANAN, Reporter, Planet, Chatham, Ont.
ETHEL WINCHESTER, Bkpr., Maple Cafe, South Bend, Ind.
BESSIE DODDS, Steno., Thomas Bros., St. Thomas, Ont.
MAMIE HENSHAW, Steno., New England Life Ins. Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.
FANNIE PETERSON, Steno., Firm in Seattle, Wash.
LILA FENNER, Bkpr., Mr. Peck, Jeanettes Creek, Ont.
BLANCHE McNAMARA, Steno., Consumers Lighting Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.
FRANK P. MERRILL, Steno., Canada Iron Furnace Co., Midland, Ont.
LLOYD BIGLEY, Bkpr., Cargill Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.
MARION GRAHAM, Steno., Firm in Detroit, Mich.
FLOSSIE WIXSON, Bkpr., Hallock Cigarette Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.
JOHN E. TEETER, Steno., Great Northern Baggage Department, Seattle, Wash.
MARK DAMSTRA, Clerk, Kent State Bank, Grand Rapids, Mich.
A. E. GILMOUR, Bkpr., W. G. Gilmore, Detroit, Mich.
WM. RICE, Solicitor, McLachlan Business University, Grand Rapids, Mich.

414 STUDENTS PLACED IN TWELVE MONTHS is what our last published list shows. Send for a copy of it.

NINE male and female COMMERCIAL TEACHERS were placed between July 1st and Aug. 16th. Eight of these in new positions and one promoted.

Their earnings average considerably over \$900.00 per annum.

It pays to get your training in a college where they place you when ready.

Our magnificent Catalogue C tells about the work at Chatham.

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This should prove interesting matter for the Protestant Episcopal paper which calls itself Catholic and which contains a list of churches in which "the sacrament" is reserved.

THE APOSTOLATE OF GOOD EXAMPLE.
From the Missionary.

In this present day, when the importance of the lay apostolate is so widely preached, it is more and more brought home to the people that every man is called to the work of saving souls. Many there are who are unable to carry on an active campaign of preaching or instructing, and therefore they think there is no field for their endeavors. This is an error. There is not a moment in which a man may not be spreading the kingdom of God by the silent potent lesson of a good life. Actions speak louder than words. The value of things is judged by results, and unhappily the vast majority of our non-Catholic friends judge of the truth or falsity of the Church by the conduct of her children. As long as we are not noted for our civic or moral virtues, as long as the word Catholic is connected in any way with what is low and corrupt in politics, so long as we remain dishonest, unclean, untruthful, the way to conversions is being made harder and harder for honest souls. We know of a woman who was kept out of the Church for years by the irreverence of a certain congregation at Mass. "These people cannot believe in the real presence of the Saviour," she said. Another was rudely shocked by the flippant way in

Two of a Kind.

The Christian Register says: "It is a notable fact, in countries where the Church allows no divorce, ill-fated and immoral unions most abound." Which reminds us of the famous definition of a crab as "a red fish which swims backward"—correct in every particular except that a crab isn't red, it isn't a fish and it does not swim backward.—Sacred Heart Review.

There is no way of making a thing harder to do than for it to be your duty.

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Send \$1 for Boys' knee pants, up to 17 years. Give age and we will cut pants free; add 20c. for postage. N. Southcott & Co. 16 Coote Block, London, Ont.

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Your interest is in the office, or in the factory. You pride yourself on having everything pertaining to your business modern and up-to-date.

You do not hesitate installing some new device that will save you time, labor and money. You deem it a necessity, because old-style methods are too slow for the down-to-date business.

Do you realize what a labor-saving device means in the home—to your wife on the dreaded wash day?

The old-style wash-day methods are the cause of many doctors' bills—that racking drudgery over the wash tub and wash board—that deadly steam arising constantly from the dirty, soapy water is enough to wreck the strongest constitution.

Notice when you go home the next wash day how tired and worn your wife is, how pale and haggard she looks.

You take a pride in your business—your wife takes a pride in the home. How often has she wished she owned one of our labor-saving machines, a

"1900 GRAVITY" WASHER

Send one home. Just think how much hard work, how much drudgery that is ever attendant on the wash tub and wash board. It will save your wife.

The "1900 Gravity" Washer runs so easily that a child can operate it. It not only saves the woman, but also the clothes, and washes them as clean and as white as snow.

Write me to-day. Take advantage of my special offer.

I will send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer, freight paid, for a MONTH'S FREE TRIAL. Your wife can test it thoroughly before you pay a cent, and if not entirely satisfactory return the Washer at my expense.

Is not this a fair offer? Write me personally, C. R. A. BACH, Manager The "1900" Washer Co., 357 Yonge Street, Toronto, Can.

The above offer is not good in Toronto or Montreal and suburbs. Special arrangements are made for these districts.

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Obituary and marriage notices cannot be inserted except in the usual condensed form. Each insertion 50 cents.

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

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

Apostolic Delegation.

Ottawa, June 13th, 1905.

Mr. Thomas Coffey

My Dear Sir—Since coming to Canada I 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 time promoting the best interests of the country. Following these lines it has done a great deal of good for the welfare of religion and country, and it will do more and more, as its wholesome influence reaches more Catholic homes. I therefore, earnestly recommend it to Catholic families. With my blessing on your work, and best wishes for its continued success,

Yours very sincerely in Christ,

DOMINUS, Archbishop of Ephesus,

Apostolic Delegate

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA,

Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900.

Mr. Thomas Coffey

Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your estimable paper, the CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published. Its matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole. Therefore, with pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithful. Blessing you and wishing you success, believe me to remain,

Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ,

D. FALCONI, Arch. of Larissa,

Adopt. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1909.

FEAR OF ROME.

The Baptists of Toronto are to be congratulated upon having a minister named Rev. W. T. Graham. He can sniff powder farther than most of his brethren. What his sense of smell cannot discern his imagination will supply. He may not be a typical messenger of peace or be animated by the Master's spirit. His combative propensities as well as his professed patriotism help in a very diminutive fashion to make up for his want of charity. Listen to this sower of discord. Moving the report on Missions at the Baptist convention at Hamilton, Oct. 27, he spoke as follows:

"Rome has never been able to build a nation up in the things that are good and great. Canadian people will make a mistake if we allow Rome to get control in this country. We must meet Romanism as it has always been met by strong aggressive Christianity."

That is enough. The rest is about the same—not much better, not much worse. He prides himself in the thought that the Baptists "never used the state for religious ends." He forgets the history of New England Blue laws. Let him ask the Quakers upon the subject. "The Baptists will not," he says, "if they could, stop by Act of Parliament to-morrow the encroachments of Rome." Many thanks. In presenting such a proposal to the House of Commons the natural question for the members would be: "What are these encroachments of Rome?" They wish religion taught in schools. How far is that trespassing upon others. They wish their own taxes to be spent upon their own children. If there is encroachment upon the primary principles of justice we know where to locate it, Baptist efrontery to the contrary notwithstanding. Catholics drink the health of the Pope at their feasts. So they do—for they acknowledge a spiritual power. By what distorted imagination can that be twisted into an insult to Canada? All is green to the jealous eye. All is hatred to the malignant interpreter. One can scarcely pick up a mission report—Baptist or other—which does not display bitterness against the Church. It must be a drawing advertisement, a paying card. "Down with Rome" will bring more shekels to mission funds than any other appeal. So is it with the despicable mover of the Baptist report. With all his loud-mouthed talk and un-Christian sentiment he closes with a cowardly timidity characteristic of every bully. He is afraid of Rome. He assures the Eternal City that neither the Baptists nor even the Presbyterians are obliged to ask the Church of Rome's "right to preach to a certain people." "We want Rome to understand," is the conclusion, "that this is a free country and we will go where we like and preach what we believe." Rome understands this man. He may certainly go where he likes—the warmer the locality the more suited will he find it to the spirit he displays.

PRESBYTERIAN MODERNISM.

Our contemporary The Presbyterian has bought a book on Modernism, or had one given to it. Like the child with the new toy it is showing it to all the lads in the neighborhood. They never saw the like of it. They never knew how could they be expected) what Modernism was. Many had heard the name and read the word in print. Few knew its meaning. All had crazy ideas about it. The Presbyterian's new book

is entitled "Modernism in Italy, Its Origin, Its Incentive, Its Leaders and Its Aims." We have not seen the work. Whether it throws light upon the subject or dust in its reader's eyes we cannot say. The Presbyterian does not help us. This author brings out, says the Presbyterian, very strongly the fact that Modernism is not Protestantism. No one—not even a tyro—thought that it was. The Presbyterian itself in the paragraph speaks of Modernism as a movement which has arisen in the Roman Catholic Church. Now we are illuminated with the overwring assurance that so far from Modernism being identical with Protestantism it is at war with Protestantism. Modernists claim Roman Catholicism as the amplest realization of religion. Any intellectual movement in the Catholic Church has to reckon with the authority of the Church. The divine commission was given not to theorists who might from time to time arise in the Church, either amongst its theologians or others. It was given to Peter, and abides with his successors.

Modernists like others had one line of conduct to follow: to hear the Church or be to it as heathens and publicans. Modernism brought no real light to the problems of ecclesiastical learning. It was a new and subtle form of rationalism—an attempted compromise between natural reason and supernatural faith—a mistaken application of false philosophy to the genesis, the principles and the organism of the Church of God. Wrong and false it certainly is and justly condemned. But Modernism is not Protestantism. The fact is that no system of philosophy can associate with Protestantism. Justification by faith the divorce between faith and knowledge, are the dogs at the door. Modernism would not be Protestant, for it admitted the dogmas of the Church. Its error lay in the falsehood of its explanation of, and the intellectual assent to, these dogmas. The Presbyterian should study Modernism. It does not seem to know much about it, notwithstanding its new book.

TRUTH AND FREEDOM.

The Chancellor of McMaster University, Toronto, announces with considerable confidence that his University in the matter of Biblical study and criticism stands for "freedom, for progress, for investigation. It must welcome truth from whatever quarter, and never be guilty of binding the spirit of free enquiry." That is fine talk. It will not be practised. Let a religious educational institution carry that principle to its logical conclusion; then must religion make her exit by the back door. What is truth? It cannot be taken as mere subjective opinion, the theory of some erratic professor. Truth has a deeper foundation than any depth which experience can excavate. The idea of Christianity is a truth more lasting than heaven and earth. Truth requires a judge who in the case of a university is its Chancellor. He cannot reconcile truth with absolute freedom of investigation. His power decides the question of the former; his authority restrains the latter. If the Chancellor throws up his right as judge he cannot long hold his position. His standard for truth must remain Baptist doctrine, which must also be the limitation of his freedom. The fact is that institutions like McMaster University are threatened with complete destruction. Higher criticism will soon teach them that truth is not sacred in their hands and that freedom means license to tear down the walls and uproot the foundations upon which their own sect rests. If these people would look to their own house instead of troubling themselves about their Catholic neighbor they will have enough to do.

KIND WORDS FROM THE REGISTER.

We thank our esteemed contemporary in Toronto, the Catholic Register and Canadian Extension, for the following complimentary reference to the CATHOLIC RECORD and its publisher:

"Senator Coffey, the proprietor of our esteemed contemporary, the CATHOLIC RECORD, of London, Ont., has on more than one occasion found ways of manifesting an interest in the Canadian Extension movement. We have always been grateful for the aid thus given to our cause. The senator has rendered valuable service to the cause of the Catholic press here in Canada and his appointment to the senate was but a fitting recognition of the claims of Catholic journalism represented so worthily in his person. We wish him and his paper every measure of success."

Is THIS A Christian country? Let us see. A local paper tells us that the officials of London City Hall are all agog over the arrival of a lone man, blind woman and little child. By fire they had lost their little home in the small town of Tavistock, and with a crippled horse wended their way to the Forest City thinking there might be better opportunity to eke out a livelihood. It took one week to make the

Journey. The man's name is Joseph Whitehead and rumor has it that he is a shiftless fellow. Rumor, however, is oftentimes a very uncertain quantity when confronted with truth. They have taken refuge, we are told, in a bare house and so far the only article of furniture they have is a stove. The eyes of the authorities are X ray like fixed upon them, and we are told that there is vigilance at the relief office. A conference was held and plans made and there is a Sherlock Holmes watching to see if they will ask for charity. The officials fondly hope that it will be sought. Indeed, the criminal is half convicted because he has been seen with a bag on his back as if he had been out begging. But the latest reports from the front tell us that this has not been confirmed. A newspaper report says that the officials decided to increase their vigilance and send the family out of the city at the first opportunity. Oh charity! Oh Christian charity! We are living in fine houses, we have plenty to eat and drink, and wherewith to be clothed. James Whitehead, how dare you bring your blind wife and your little child into our midst? How dare you come to us without a full purse and a jaunty air? We have no room for such as you. James Whitehead, his blind wife and his little child are cold and hungry in a lowly habitation. They dare not ask for charity or they will be put upon the road again. There they may die, and the coroner's jury will return a verdict: "Died from Exposure, according to law." The city authorities will plead "not guilty," and laugh and make merry as usual. "Oh the rarity of Christian charity."

REV. MR. PRINGLE is a very restless individual. In Dawson City Rev. Mr. Pringle found morals at a very low ebb and in regard thereto used language which would not be tolerated on a football field. Every one who takes upon himself the task of promoting morality, so long as he employs worthy methods, deserves commendation. But Rev. Mr. Pringle is not in that class. Rev. Mr. Pringle dearly loves the lime-light way of doing business. He endeavors to attain his end in a manner that would bring smiles to Mr. Hearst, the publisher of the American yellow papers. Rev. Mr. Pringle evidently believes that the proper and only way to bring about moral reform is the vigorous wielding of the policeman's baton. Amongst other highly original and excitable utterances Mr. Pringle declared that in London, Ont., we had a normal school for the education of political crooks. We rise to protest and contradict Rev. Mr. Pringle. London is no better and no worse than any other constituency in the country. Everybody knows that in parliamentary elections all over the Dominion there is more or less buying and selling of votes. We wish such were not the case and hope the day will come when this nasty feature of our political life will be a thing of the past. So far as moral reform is concerned we have often wondered why so many gentlemen will go so far afield for a sensational grievance. Rev. Mr. Pringle will find conditions in certain parts of the city of Toronto just as bad or even worse than in the new mining town thousands of miles away. If Rev. Mr. Pringle will set himself to the task of going quietly to work in Toronto amongst the depraved class and by word and example endeavor to promote better conditions it will bring him more credit than wild exaggerations in printers' ink.

IN SOME of the public libraries of the province objection has been taken to the presence of Catholic papers, not directly of course, because that would make a display of bigotry. The man of intolerance usually wants to cover up or sugarcoat his procedure. Papers of a violent anti-Catholic tendency, from the Orange Sentinel all the way up, may repose peacefully on the reading desk of the average public library but the moment a Catholic paper appears amongst them then some one makes a motion to discontinue taking any, or, in other words, the man who moves along carrying a load of ill will against his Catholic neighbor, engendered by bad reading, is quite willing that the poison should be in the library, but he will not have the antidote. A recent occurrence at the meeting of the library board in St. Catharines leads us to write in this wise. We should be glad to be told that the conditions herein described do not apply to the St. Catharines Library Board.

THE FOOLISH mother is the greatest enemy of her boys. Unless she pays heed to the necessity of careful training when they are young—unless she holds the firm hand, kind and motherly when needs be, her boys will be worse than failures in the world. The young man who is rated amongst the "no goods" in the community is, as a rule, the boy who had been petted and pampered and indulged in all his whims by a foolish mother who lacked the characteristics necessary for the proper training of

children. In after years when the young man gets married, his income will probably be limited. How will he be found treating his wife and family. They most likely will have to bear many hardships and do without many things which they ought to have in order that the boy whom his mother spoiled may don the very best of tailored suits, smoke the most expensive cigars and indulge in various cocktails when he is with his boon companions in the grog shop. The young married man and the old one, for that matter, who partakes of what he calls luxuries abroad and denies the necessities to those at home is a most unlovely personage. He ought to hide himself.

THERE IS A WARM time in the township of Bromley because of a local option campaign and the respected pastor of Douglas, Rev. Father Quilty, P. P., has placed upon record in the Eganville Leader his opinion on the liquor question. He is not in favor of total prohibition, but his mode of dealing with the liquor traffic contains a fund of good common sense worthy of serious consideration. The number of drinking places, he says, should be curtailed and the character of those to whom licenses are given should be beyond question. Use of liquor as a beverage, he contends, should be restricted to wine and beer and in a wide sense non-alcohols, while the treating habit should be discountenanced. Most of the rev. gentleman's parishioners are total abstainers. An active campaign along this line would bring a blessing to every parish. We beg to add to the good father's recommendations that licensing should be taken completely out of politics. In many cases the granting of a license is considered a prize for the ward-heeler.

THE CLOSING SESSION.

Nothing could be more impressive than the ceremonies of the Plenary Council's closing session. The morning broke fair and fine, with a golden east and cloudy zenith, a warning that the weather was nearing a change. Promptly at nine o'clock the long procession issued from the Archbishop's palace, through the gate and along the street to the main entrance of the Basilica. First came the ecclesiastical students, then the members of religious communities, afterwards the vicars-general, and the bishops and archbishops in cope and mitre and carrying their croziers. The last, as President of the Council, was the Apostolic Delegate, Mgr. Sbarretti, supported by Rev. Father Hartigan of Kingston diocese as arch-priest and assisted by the Very Rev. Dean Moyna of Barrie, Ont., and the Rev. Father Sabourin of Valleyfield, Que. Solemn High Mass was sung by the Right Rev. Mgr. Blais, Bishop of Rimouski. His Honor Lt. Gov. Pelletier and aide-de-camp, were present. The sanctuary was richly decorated and brilliantly illuminated with delicate chains of electric lights. These together with the sheen of vestments worn by the prelates formed a dazzling and charming spectacle. The ceremonies were carried out with that grace and deliberation which, avoiding the slightest confusion, adds dignity to the religious service. Quebec is marvellous in its attention to detail. Notwithstanding the numbers in the sanctuary and the complicated movements of some of the ceremonies everything was perfect order. After the gospel His Grace, Archbishop Begin of Quebec, rose from his throne on the epistle side of the sanctuary and addressed the Council and the faithful. We have transferred a translation of His Grace's remarks to the close of this account.

As soon as Mass was finished the Session of the Council began. The book of the gospels is placed on a throne in the middle of the choir with the Archbishopal cross to it. The president of the Council with his two assistant priests takes a seat on a faldstool before the altar. The promoters, the secretaries and notaries of the Council take their places at the tables arranged for them at the end of the choir. Laying aside his mitre the apostolic delegate intones the antiphon: "Hear us, O Lord, for Thy mercy; and look upon us according to the multitude of Thy tender mercies." The chanters complete the antiphon and immediately afterwards sing the 68th Ps. After the ending of the psalm and the repetition of the antiphon the president, turned towards the altar, recites the following invocation: "We are here, O Lord, O Holy Spirit, we are here, burdened indeed with the immense weight of our sins, but gathered for a special purpose in Thy Name. Come to us, be present to us; condescend to enter our hearts: teach us what we should do; show us where to walk; complete our labors. Be Thou alone both He Who will suggest and accomplish our judgments. Thou Who alone with God the Father and His Son dost possess a glorious Name; Suffer us not to be disturbers of justice—Thou Who dost supremely love right; that no ignorance may turn us aside; no favor bend us; nor acceptance of gift or

person corrupt; but do Thou by the gift of Thy grace alone join us efficaciously to Thyself, that we may be one in Thee and may never in anything swerve from the truth; and as gathered together in Thy Name, so in all things we may keep justice along with moderation of piety, in order that in this Council our opinion may in no way differ from Thee, and that hereafter for those things that have been well done we may attain eternal reward." Two other prayers follow. The Gospel is sung by the deacon. It is the lesson of fraternal charity and obedience to the Church. After the Gospel follows the *Veni Creator*. The hymn ended, all resume their seat and the Promoters demand the promulgation of the decrees. Thereupon the Secretary, accompanied by a Notary and two masters of ceremonies, receives the decrees from the Apostolic Delegate and publishes them. A vote is taken—and the result announced to the President. The roll is called. Each Father and member of the Council answers to his name.

The signature of those having a decisive voice in the Council—the Bishops and Procurators—is demanded by the Promoters. The Secretary publishes the Decree "De subscribendis Decretis." When this Decree is approved as usual, the Delegate turns towards the altar and signs the decrees placed on the altar. He is followed by the Fathers of the Council who approach one after the other in proper order and sign the decrees. After this the Promoters ask for the immediate closing of the Council and the recording of the minutes of this the last meeting. These being granted in due form the Apostolic Delegate lays aside his mitre, rises and intones the "Te Deum." A solemn prayer follows entreating God to pardon any shortcoming He may find in the deliberations of the Council and to complete with His blessing what had been begun and carried on for His glory. The prayer concluded the Delegate ascends to the faldstool and sits while the acclamations are sung. These consist of solemn versicles and responses of praise and prayer to God, to the Blessed Virgin and many of the saints. They contain mention of the Holy Father, the Delegate—the various ranks of the clergy, the religious and their works, the civil powers rulers—that God may sanctify all Canada. After the singing of the Acclamations the Fathers of the Council approach the Delegate and receive from him the kiss of peace: then having returned to their places they give it to one another. The Apostolic Delegate then gives the solemn blessing with the Indulgence. This being concluded—the Deacon turning to the Fathers of the Council sings: *Recedamus in pace*—"Let us return in peace" and the First Plenary Council of Canada closed—taking its place amongst the events of history.

Editorial Correspondence CATHOLIC RECORD.

THE PLENARY COUNCIL.

ARCHBISHOP BEGIN'S VALEDICTORY TO THE COUNCIL.

Your Excellency, My Lords, dear brethren,—At the moment when the labors of the first Plenary Council of Quebec are being brought to a close in this Basilica, I cannot refrain from expressing once again the feelings which fill my heart to overflowing.

A little more than six weeks ago I had the honor of bidding welcome in this cathedral church to His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate, representative of Our Holy Father the Pope in Canada, and to all the Very Reverend Fathers of the Council. We began the labors for which we had assembled amid the rejoicings of a demonstration organized in our honor by the people of this diocese. This metropolitan church of Quebec, mother of so many churches which have since grown and multiplied in their turn in every part of this dear land of ours, became for a season—all too brief, alas! a trying place for the heads of our Canadian Church. The days which we spent together were passed in labor, it is true, but in an atmosphere of such intimate and fraternal union, that new ideas sprang into being and became luminous, and the hearts of all were strengthened and invigorated. It seemed in very deed that after the lapse of more than two centuries, one saw again a return to that distant period when in Mgr. Laval's house—the Quebec seminary, then the sole presbytery of New France—were gathered together for mutual help and consolation all the apostles of our infant church, those men of God whose zeal and self-sacrifice often rose to the pitch of heroism and even of martyrdom.

From every region of Canada, and from the most remote parts of the immense territory once confided to the care of my venerable first predecessor, have flocked hither distinguished prelates, theologians, canonists, priests secular and regular, one and all missionaries of the Gospel and labourers in the Lord's vineyard. How could I feel otherwise than supremely happy at receiving in my own Cathedral Church and under my own roof so many illustrious and generous fellow-workers?

This Plenary Council is now almost at an end. To-morrow it will be a matter of history. And it will go down in history to the honour of Quebec that it was chosen by the Sovereign Pontiff to be the seat of the first solemn assembly of the entire Church of Canada. From the bottom of my heart I wish to convey once again to His Holiness Pius the Tenth the expression of my most profound gratitude.

History will also enumerate—it is a hope which we already cherish deep down in our hearts—the precious fruits of the First Plenary Council in our dear Canadian Church. It is to hasten the progress of that Church that we have laboured, it is to ensure its harmonious development that we have enacted the decrees which we now respectfully submit to the supreme sanction of the Sovereign Pontiff. At this strenuous epoch in the history of our country, at a time when every force seems to have gained ten-fold energy to labour for the development of the national resources, during a period of such rapid growth, the Church could not but make an inventory of her own resources, develop her own forces, and strive to make her influence, her spirit and her supernatural strength more and more felt in every sphere of national activity. Far from taking alarm at the constant progress which is throwing open for development all the territories of our vast fatherland, she rejoices at it, and she does so because in these matters her action has always been as prompt as that of the commonwealth itself, because, from the day that Cartier first planted the cross by the side of the flag, Church and State have always worked shoulder to shoulder for the public weal. This is why we are now assembled here to labor for a cause at once so noble, so sacred, and so patriotic, and to give to our Catholic works a new impulse demanded by the present conditions of public life.

To-day more than ever before it is necessary that the Church should watch over the spiritual interests of her children. The Catholic Church in Canada is constantly increasing in numbers. We receive with what I might call paternal affection those children of God and of His Church who come from many lands to wring their daily bread from our Canadian soil, or to win it from our Canadian industries. But we are especially solicitous that in this new world whither they are flocking to carve out homes for themselves, they should find every possible help for their souls and for their spiritual life. As regards the faithful who were the first born of this Canadian land, who received from their fathers in this very place the heritage of the faith, and on whom the Church has always lavished her maternal care, it is our firm hope that they will continue to cherish a filial affection and a religious obedience towards the mother that bore them.

A Plenary Council ought to have for effect the strengthening of faith, the disciplining of force, the organization of wills, the starting of initiatives, the expansion in the full light of Christ of the religious and social works of the gospel. And we have no doubt that all the faithful of this country will understand how necessary it is to give their spiritual chiefs the loyal, disinterested, generous support of their devotion, if all really desire that in this land of Canada which we love and which has drunk the blood of martyrs—if all really desire that the Church of God should continue to grow and prosper for the greater spiritual, and even the material good of our country in general. Thanks, Your Excellency, a thousand thanks for that direction so vigilant and so illumined which you have given to our labors. Your devotion, your activity have been beyond all praise.

Near your venerable person it seemed to us that we were working under the very eye of the Supreme Pontiff, the Vicar of Jesus Christ, and this sentiment was for us a joy and support.

My Lords, Most Reverend Fathers of the Council, it does not behoove me to thank you for the work—so fair and great—which you have just finished; you have fulfilled a duty belonging to your pastoral charge. Your religious and patriotic aspirations have not been limited either to Quebec or to your own respective dioceses, but they have embraced the whole of Canada. Before we separate, however, allow me to express to you in presence of my diocesan my gratitude for the eloquent and practical lessons which you have given from the pulpit of this Basilica as well as from that of St. Anne de Beaupre and of several churches of my episcopal city. Permit me likewise to express to you my affectionate thanks for the fraternal love with which you have surrounded my poor person and for the dear and irremovable souvenirs which you yourselves leave in my house where we have lived together through the best days of my episcopate.

I wish to say also an affectionate and grateful farewell to all those prelates, theologians, canonists and officials of the Council, priests and religious, who brought to us with so much devotion their light and their prayers.

Thanks to the heads of the State in this Catholic and French Province, to His Honor the Lieutenant Governor and to the Honorable Prime Minister and his Colleagues for the sympathetic kindness which they testified to the Bishops of the Church of Canada. They have given another proof of what it is to live under a flag which guarantees all legitimate liberty, and how happy the Church is to see in this Province one of its sons carry to the summit of the social hierarchy all the convictions and all the sincerity of his faith.

We also wish to thank the Mayor of the City and the members of his Council for having so largely assisted us in the exercise of the duties of hospitality towards the Right Reverend Fathers of the Council. Their courtesy, their eagerness to regard them as guests of the city contributed to assure once more to our beloved city of Quebec that good name which three centuries of French politeness have preserved.

Finally I beg to thank my faithful people of Quebec for those displays of faith, piety and filial attachment which during the time of the Council you have so frequently given us. The religious demonstrations you have organized in our honor have often moved us to tears. We felt ourselves in full touch with a people who have kept their faith and who recognize under the habit of a priest or the robe of a bishop the august Person of Our Divine Master, Jesus. How proud too was I of my dear Quebecers when on different occasions we were passing through your streets, covered by the triumph of

your sincere and respectful acclamations.

I hope and trust, my dear brethren, that of all this there will remain to you something more than a pleasant and passing remembrance: that it will be to you all a lasting and strengthening memory. I asked you before the Council to pray that the Holy Ghost would descend upon us and fill us with His light. I ask you again after the Council to pray that the same Spirit of Sanctification may abide in us all. During these days of work which now are closing we have learned, all together, to love better the Holy Church of God. May we all henceforth by our words, our deeds as well as by the example of our virtues labor to extend more and more its beneficent reign over our country.

SERMON BY THE VERY REV. DR. THOMPSON, PROCURATOR OF THE BISHOP OF ANTIAGONISH, NOVA SCOTIA, IN THE BASILICA OF QUEBEC ON SUNDAY, OCT. 31ST.

"But you are a chosen generation, a kingly priesthood, a holy nation, a purchased people; that you may declare His virtues, Who hath called you out of darkness into His marvellous light." (1, Pet. 2, 9.)

Most Excellent and illustrious Lords.

Dearly beloved brethren, — These words of the apostle have reference not merely to those whom he immediately addressed, but to all the members of the mystic body of Christ, i. e., to all who, having been redeemed by His blood and sanctified by His holy spirit, have been incorporated into and form part and parcel of that divine organism of which He Himself is the head. Their application is irrespective of time or place of any other circumstances or conditions of life, apart from the one essential condition of union with Christ or membership in His holy Church. The message which they convey concerning the priestly dignity and the obligations which it imposes is the common heritage of those among whom the apostle lived and moved, who received it from his own lips, and of those who were to receive it in ages yet to come, of those who dwell in his immediate vicinity and also of those who were to people countries and continents at that time unheard and undreamt of. In these words the blessed Peter sets forth the dignity and excellence of all the children of God's household, who are the partakers in varying degrees of the riches of His grace and the majesty of His prerogatives; riches so inestimable, prerogatives so sublime that our quality and standing as servants of God, excellent as such an attribute must ever be, grows dim before the brighter glory of sonship which He has bestowed upon us through His own Son, Christ our Lord. "Who hath predestinated us unto the adoption of children through Jesus Christ Himself: according to the purpose of His will."

This partaking of the divine nature, by which we become children of God makes us also brethren of Christ and co-heirs with Him, sharing with Him in all that is holy and perfect. It is the pearl without price, the charter and title which assures to us His gifts and graces in this life, and glory in the life to come. In this adoption, St. John sees the culmination of God's charity: "Behold what manner of charity the Father hath bestowed upon us, and we should be called and should be the sons of God."

No part of our fellowship with Christ can be more noble, no feature of our likeness to Him Who has made Himself our brother can be more lovely than the character of his priesthood which He has communicated to us all. For while Christ is beautiful and holy and adorable in all things, He is especially lovable in His capacity of high priest. For it was precisely in His priestly functions that He merited for us the title of "children of God" with all the grace glory, which that title implies: "In Him it hath pleased the Father that all fulness should dwell, and through Him to reconcile all things unto Himself, making peace through the blood of His Cross both as to the things that are on earth and the things that are in heaven." It was through the great sacrifice of his atonement that the shackles of bondage in which the principalities and powers of darkness had held mankind captive, were broken forever. "Blotting out the handwriting of the decree that was against us, which was contrary to us, and He hath taken the same out of the way, fastening it to the cross and despoiling the principalities and powers He had exposed them confidently in open show triumphing over them in Himself."

It is the gratitude which responds to unselfish love and unlimited charity which has inspired the apostles and moved the faithful of every age and claim to adore and bless our Lord as the great High Priest and to view Him in that capacity with eyes more tender and loving than in any other. Hence when St. Paul acknowledges His divinity and almighty power, adoring Him as the "brightness of God's glory and the figure of His substance, and upholding all things by the word of His power" he straightway passes over all his other attributes and prerogatives: He fixes His attention directly upon His priesthood, and shows Him to us as the one who, making purification of sins sitteth at the right hand of the Majesty on High."

The Church of God in this as in all other things pertaining to the word of life has followed in the footsteps of the Apostles. Being filled with the same spirit, guided by His holy light, knowing no other aspirations than those which are prompted by divine love, she has from all the precious truths confided to her keeping selected the doctrine of Christ's eternal sacrifice and priesthood as the special object of her affections entwining about it the garlands gathered and woven by the loving hands of her faithful children of every age and clime. In her liturgy, it holds the central place. Not only in her public services but also in the private doctrines of her children, the idea of Christ's priesthood and sacrifice is ever predominant, so that the whole temple which she has built for her heavenly spouse is filled with the fragrance of flowers that have grown and bloomed on Calvary. In the great hymn of praise

and thanksgiving which is recited daily by her ministers and sung in unison on solemn occasions by the faithful assembled in the churches throughout the world, and in which uniting their voices to those of the heavenly powers, they proclaim the holiness of God and His unbounded majesty, at the very mention of the precious blood which has redeemed the world, the multitudes fall upon their knees to adore. When the faithful, performing that beautiful devotion "The Way of the Cross," bless the name of Christ, they immediately subjoin, "because by thy holy cross Thou hast redeemed the world." If among all the truths stored up in the treasury of divine revelation, the doctrine of Christ's priesthood is especially cherished, it is not because the rest are forgotten or overlooked or suffer in any way by the special veneration of Christ's eternal priesthood; on the contrary, it is because the holiness of God, His wisdom, His power and all His other attributes and perfections are manifested to us in the sacrifice of Christ, our High Priest, and through Him shine forth with a brightness and glory surpassing all power of expression.

Since all the members of Christ's holy Church partake of His priesthood, it is necessary that we should consider to what extent each one of us is a sharer therein and the duties which that participation imposes upon us. I do not intend to dwell upon the duties of those who have been called to minister at our altars, where "from the rising of the sun even to the going down" the sacrifice of Calvary is perpetuated, where the body and blood of the victim Who died on Calvary for the redemption of the world are presented to his Eternal Father not merely in figure but in very truth and reality. Of the august dignity and exalted duties of those who are associated with him who is a priest forever, according to the order of Melchisedech, I do not propose to speak at present; but of those who while not priests in the strict sense of ministering at the altar, are nevertheless associated with him in his sacrifice, and share in the glorious office and title of his priesthood, nay, who are a "kingly priesthood" as the apostle assures us.

It seems to me most fitting on this occasion, when the Holy Council which has for some weeks been in session in this venerable metropolis, and which is now about to close; it appears most becoming and opportune to remind you of the great and important part which you also are called upon to fill in building up and strengthening the kingdom of Christ; to remind you that while the task of ruling the Church, of leading the flock of Christ along the path of truth and justice belongs by divine right to the Bishops whom the Holy Ghost has placed to rule the Church of God; while the care of souls and administering of the sacraments is the special work of the clergy who labor with them subject to their direction, nevertheless there is incumbent upon you also the duty, the solemn obligation "to declare His virtues Who hath called you out of darkness into His marvellous light." If, as St. Peter tells us, you are a chosen generation, a kingly priesthood, a holy nation, and if he implies that that great and holy dignity has been conferred upon you in order that you may declare the virtues of Him Who hath called you out of darkness into His marvellous light, then, assuredly it is your duty to realize that in the work of the priesthood, in declaring the virtues of Christ, you are not permitted to stand idly by, refusing to your spiritual guides and rulers the cooperation and aid that they may need and have a right to expect from you in order that their labors may be efficacious in building up the "spiritual house" acceptable to God by Jesus Christ.

In order that we may have a just concept of the part which the laity have to perform as associates with Christ the High Priest, it is well to consider the office of the priesthood and the end or scope thereof. "Every High Priest," says St. Paul, "taken from men is appointed in the things that appertain to God, that he may offer up gifts and sacrifices for sins." The office of the priest, then, is to offer up sacrifice. This office was performed by the priests of the old law, who sacrificed to the Lord the victims that were a shadow of the perfect offering which, in the fulness of time, the High Priest Christ presented to His eternal Father. The self same sacrifice Jesus, Who is a priest forever according to the order of Melchisedech, continues to renew or perpetuate through the hands of His ordained ministers throughout the world, and who, therefore, are in a most special manner partakers of His priesthood. The faithful everywhere by their presence and by their spiritual union become sharers in the sacrifice and the offering of the same. Hence, the priest at the altar, shortly before he begins the canon of the Mass, turns to the people and says "Brethren, pray that my sacrifice and yours may be acceptable to God, the Father Almighty." The union, then, of faith and charity which binds the people of God to Christ and to one another makes them partakers of His divine nature, and in a measure of the dignity and prerogatives which flow from Him as head of the Church. The stronger the faith and the more fervent the charity, the greater will be the extent to which we participate in His holiness, His infinite merit, His dignity, and His prerogatives including His everlasting priesthood.

The scope of the priesthood of Christ is the sanctification and salvation of souls. The primary, the principal and of all things, of course, whether in the natural or supernatural order is the glory of God. But since God is glorified above all in the sanctification of souls, in the building up and perfecting of the spiritual edifice which is the church of Christ, hence we can say without qualification that the scope of Christ's eternal priesthood is the sanctification of souls. It was for this purpose that He assumed human nature and in it perfected the sacrifice acceptable to God. "It behooved Him," says the Apostle, in all things to be made like unto his brethren that he might become a faithful and merciful high priest before God, that he might be a propitiation for the sins of the people. Whosoever, therefore, would enter into the spirit of

Christ's priesthood must keep in view the scope which was ever before the eyes of him "who hath appeared for the destruction of sin by the sacrifice of himself." The destruction of sin, therefore, and the pursuit of holiness must ever be inseparable from the priesthood of Christ; and this battle against sin in the cause of justice and holiness must not be restricted to our own lives alone; our efforts must extend to fields beyond the limits of our own personality, each in his own sphere striving for that which Christ came on earth to attain, and for the attainment of which he has left all the means and aids, not merely necessary but in measure superabundant through the sacrifice of the cross. Hence, when the apostle dignifies the faithful with the title of a kingly priesthood he immediately adds "a holy nation, that you may declare his virtues." It is the duty then not only of them who stand before the altar to perpetuate the great sacrifice which the High Priest instituted "the day before He suffered" but of all the members of His Holy Church, who by the very fact of that membership partake also of His priesthood to enter, upon the duties which such dignity imposes, to promote holiness in themselves and others. This is the dispensation of God's providence; this is a part of the scheme of His predestination; to this end has Christ redeemed mankind.

Now in order that we may fulfil the glorious mission which Christ has allotted to us, it is essential that we should know the truth, and believing it, propagate it to the utmost of our power. The first requisite, the condition sine qua non of your priestly office is to know the truth. As every calling in life demands a knowledge of the things wherewith its followers have to deal, and the duties which it imposes, so also the work of the priesthood demands knowledge, not merely that which comes in the natural order, but that which comes from the source of life and light, the ray pure and serene, guarded against all contamination of human passion and prejudice by the spirit of truth Himself. "I am the way, the Truth, and the Life," says the Lord. We can arrive at everlasting life through Him and by no other way, and this attainment is effected in its fullness and entirety by the truth which He has revealed. Human beings are rational, and will enter deliberately upon no important undertaking or course of action that is not commended by at least the appearance of truth. Action follows perception, and if the mental condition of men be faulty, their mode of action cannot fail to be defective also. Hence, before right conduct can be assured, they must know the truth and embrace it firmly. It is repugnant, not merely to the doctrines of faith, but to the dictates of reason as well, to contend that rectitude of life depends in no wise upon the doctrines which one holds. As well might we contend that a traveller in a strange country can reach his destination without taking the trouble to learn the route which he must select in order to arrive at the point desired. As well might we contend that a captain can bring his ship to the port howsoever ignorant he may be of the laws of navigation or unacquainted with the waters he has to traverse. If knowledge be then required in the natural order, and is greatly to be es-

teemed not only for its own sake but also for the practical results which follow from its possession, how inestimable must be the knowledge which has God both for its object and its reward. In comparison with this all other knowledge were indeed but foolishness and of no account. "I count all things," says the apostle "to be but loss for the excellent knowledge of Jesus Christ my Lord." Upon no class of men is the duty of knowing and speaking the truth more incumbent than upon the priests of the Lord. "The lips of the priests shall keep knowledge," says the prophet, "and they shall seek the law at his mouth, because he is the Angel of the Lord of Hosts." If then we would fulfil or as children of God and sharers in the priesthood of His Son, we must know the truth, profess it openly, defend it and propagate it. "There is nothing," says the great Pontiff Leo XIII., "so hurtful to Christian wisdom as that it should not be known since it possesses, when loyally received, inherent power to drive away error." And speaking of the duty which Christians owe to God in the matter of proclaiming the truths of divine faith the same Pontiff adds, "The office of preaching, that is of teaching, lies by divine right in the province of the pastors, namely of the bishops whom the Holy Ghost has placed to rule the Church of God. It belongs above all to the Roman Pontiff, vicar of Jesus Christ established as head of the universal church, the teacher of all that pertains to morals and faith. No one, however, must entertain the notion that private individuals are prevented from taking some active part in their duty of teaching, especially those on whom God has bestowed gifts of mind with the strong wish of rendering themselves useful. These so often as circumstances demand, may take upon themselves not indeed the office of the Pastor, but the task of communicating to others what they themselves have received, becoming as it were living echoes of their masters in the faith." To the same effect the venerable Pontiff quotes the fathers of the Vatican Council. "All faithful Christians, but those chiefly who are in a prominent position, or engaged in teaching we entrust by the compassion of Jesus Christ and by the authority of the same God and Saviour that they bring aid to ward off and eliminate those errors from Holy

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Church and contribute to their zealous help in spreading abroad the light of un-defiled faith."

The fearful responsibility which rests on all Christians in the matter of spreading the light of the gospel is increased by the fact that its fulfilment may be effected in so many ways and accomplished with so small an outlay of energy on our part that its omission can be scarcely disassociated from gross criminal negligence. There are many ways in which we can contribute to the work of making known to mankind the truth of God. What was difficult to accomplish in former ages has been rendered easy owing to the enormous development in the art of printing, as well as the cheapness and rapidity with which reading matter is now disseminated. The press is a mighty power for good or evil, and the advantage which is being taken of it by the powers of darkness in order to propagate error and iniquity intensifies the obligations of Christians to use the same means in order to establish upon earth the kingdom God and His justice. Who can estimate the good that has been accomplished in this respect by the Catholic Truth Society, the dissemination of the truths of our holy religion is a work in which all should join. It can be carried on effectively either on a large or on a small scale. It is a work which entails no very great effort on the part of those so engaged. It indeed may be on the account of the comparative ease and facility with which this work can be accomplished that so many Christians seem oblivious of the tremendous results that are its natural fruits. It would be difficult if not impossible to exaggerate the power of the press in our day. Nor is there any probability that its influence will ever grow less; on the contrary it is more likely that as the years roll by they will witness a continual augmentation of what is even today the greatest factor in moulding the thoughts of mankind and the doctrines of the world. If the powers of iniquity were to dominate the press, the ruin of mankind would ensue; and such ruin can be averted only by taking the weapons which iniquity has been so ready to grasp and turn it against the workers of evil. Being assured as we are that the gates of hell shall never prevail against us, and knowing that the grace of God will ever provide the means by which we may more effectively combat the powers of darkness, seeing also that mankind is moved and swayed by current literature to-day as never before, I take it as a corollary that in the immediate future the voice of the Church will choose as its most efficacious channel, the tract, the pamphlet, the newspaper, the magazine, and thus meet her enemies face to face and overcome them. We are indeed but in the threshold of a new era. While the people of God, the Holy nation, the Kingly priesthood have never failed to "declare his virtues," while this injunction of the apostle has at all times appealed to the faithful who, in their spirit of obedience to and compliance with the law of God vary not, nevertheless the ways and means of active co-operation with their pastors are modified by the changing circumstances of their environment. And the pastors fully realize that, at the present day when freedom of thought and speech is carried to such lengths as

Church and contribute to their zealous help in spreading abroad the light of un-defiled faith."

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to defy in many instances even the restrictions of common decency it behooves the faithful to use rightly what others abuse and, making use of those means in the cause of God and His justice, to win a victory no less glorious and perhaps more far reaching in its effects than that which their fathers of old won against infidel hordes upon the battlefield.

No army can march to victory without a competent leader, and no leader, however competent can lead his troops to victory unless they be well organized, and carry out diligently the plan of action which the general has drawn up. Hence, the people of God cannot prevail against their enemies unless they labor in union. For this reason Leo the XIII. points out that isolated action on the part of the faithful cannot be effective in resisting the well organized battalions that are ranged against the Church of Christ. While each one of us

CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHT

EATON'S

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Twenty-Fourth Sunday after Pentecost.

FEAST OF THE PATRONAGE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

To-day, my dear brethren, the Church celebrates the Feast of the patronage of the Blessed Virgin. Let us stop a moment and consider what is meant by this title, as given to our most Immaculate and blessed Mother.

You remember that there is a similar feast on the third Sunday after Easter, in honor of her glorious spouse, St. Joseph; and that he has lately been given the title of Patron of the Universal Church. Is it, then, in this sense that we are to understand the Patronage of the Blessed Virgin; is it that she is the patroness and protectress of the Church in general, in its continual conflict with the powers of darkness? Yes, we may certainly understand it in this way.

But there is another sense in which to understand her patronage, and to avail ourselves of it, besides this one of her protection of the Church as a whole; and this other is practically more important for us to realize. It is that she is the special patron and protector of each one of us individually, in our own special needs and trials, and in our own special way to wage on our own account with the enemies of our salvation.

You know that we are all encouraged to choose certain saints whose name we bear, or to whom we have a special devotion, as patrons, to obtain for us the blessings and helps we need, temporal as well as spiritual. And there can be no doubt that if we do thus select certain patrons they will perform for us the office which we desire; and though they may not always obtain for us those things which our imperfect judgment fixes on as most desirable, they will reward us with even greater blessings than we ask if we are faithful to them.

But it is quite plain that we should not omit, and certainly it is not the custom of Catholics to omit, the name of the Blessed Virgin from the list of patron saints, whatever others may be chosen with her. The Church, in establishing this festival, seems herself to officially constitute our Blessed Lady as the patron of each one of us, to whom we are to have recourse in all our difficulties, of whatever kind they may be, that we may find a safe way through them. We have the assurance of constant experience that if we follow the mind of the Church in this way we shall not be disappointed. "Remember," says St. Bernard, in the beautiful prayer "Memorare," which it is to be hoped we say often—"Remember, O most pious Virgin Mary, it is a thing unheard of that thou ever forsakest those who have recourse to thee." Let us then also remember this; and whatever special devotions, or helps to salvation, we may select, never forget this, the most universal and indispensable of all, of our recourse to the Blessed Mother of God.

And let us remember particularly that above all is the Blessed Virgin the advocate of sinners. If, then, we wish ourselves to escape from the power of some temptations or evil habits which are threatening our ruin, let us not forget to go to her. She is sinless herself, has more than the compassion of a mother for us; let us beg the powerful help of her intercession, and let us also ask her to rescue others who, it may be, are more tempted than ourselves.

And it seems to be also not without reason that this feast is placed in the month of November, that we may remember that the holy souls now suffering for sin in Purgatory are especially dear to our Blessed Mother, and that she wishes us to pray for them, and to present our prayers herself, as she is their patron too. Let us, then, say at least some Hail Marys (and why not the beads?) every day this month, that she may bring to heaven during it many souls, who will not forget to ask her intercession for us when we shall be in the same need.

THE THINGS OF THE SPIRIT.

A certain danger exists, for a certain class of people, even among Catholics, in relation to so-called spiritualism, (better named spiritism), theosophism, clairvoyance, and similar pretensions to dealing with occult, mysterious things. Fortune-telling, table-tipping, have their attractions for certain dispositions. It is not the giddy, heedless girl alone, who will sometimes go to "consult" a fortune-teller; nor is it the uneducated man and woman alone, who will be drawn into the wiles of Christian Science, or of Hindoo philosophy. It is of cultured Athens we are told, in the Acts of the Apostles, that St. Paul found the city "wholly given to idolatry," and that "all the Athenians... employed themselves in nothing else, but either in telling or in hearing some new thing." And it was to the Romans that he wrote of men who, "professing themselves to be wise, became fools."

Now the Catholic Church maintains and upholds constantly the truth that there is an invisible world, and above it, transcending it, far beyond all expression and all knowledge, there is the invisible God. All around us are invisible angels, our guardian angels, guiding us, loving us, defending us; and there are fallen evil angels also, invisible likewise, with an invisible power to tempt and slay. The Catholic Church teaches that our dead are not dead as to the spirit; either in heaven or purgatory or hell those souls are living, we know not where or how, but they are living, and we can offer up our prayers and Holy Communions for them; and if

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they are detained in purgatory, those prayers will avail to reach them, and to comfort them; and the holy souls, whether in purgatory or in heaven, will pray for us, and they love us still.

"I believe in the Communion of Saints," is one of the fundamental articles of the Apostles' Creed. We live in a world of spiritual things. God Himself came down to earth and took our nature upon Him, being "conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary" as the Creed positively teaches. The things of the visible earth and the things of the invisible world have been brought together through the incarnation of the Eternal Son of God.

Therefore it is right that we should desire the things of the Spirit; it is right that we should invoke the saints; the reality of the Communion of Saints is so true a thing that the Church herself allows us to invoke one against fever for instance, and go to another about trouble with our eyesight. We know perfectly well that all power comes from God, and that He alone is worthy of our adoration, our absolute devotion, our boundless love. But, just as in our home life, our family, we go to our mother, our brother, our sister, with our requests for comfort, aid, counsel, knowing, all along, that it is really God Who gives them any power to help at all, as Catholics to help at all, so Catholics go to St. Anne, St. Anthony, St. Joseph, and above all our Blessed Mother, because God desires to prove by this the truth and the reality of the Communion of Saints. What said Eliseus the prophet to his terrified servant, who brought him news of the angry king's army encamped against the city? "Fear not: for there are more with us than with them." And then Eliseus prayed and said: "Lord, open his eyes, that he may see. And the Lord opened the eyes of the servant, and he saw; and behold the mountain was full of horses, and chariots of fire round about Eliseus."

But it is only under the Church's guidance that we, frail, human beings may presume to deal with mysterious and hidden things. Have we not the holiest and highest way of dealing with the world invisible? In the Blessed Sacrament we truly and really are made one with Jesus Christ; truly and really He is in our tabernacles; all heaven is with Him, the Eternal God. And in the heart of every Catholic, who is in the state of grace, really and truly lives the Holy Spirit of God as in a tabernacle; through Him indeed the things of the Spirit become our own, in a path of peace, purity, and holy love.

But against all superstitious dealings with the unseen world the Church sternly lifts her warning voice. The catechism says plainly: "Those who make use of spells and charms, or who believe in dreams, in mediums, spiritists, fortune-tellers, and the like, sin against the first commandment, because they attribute to creatures perfections which belong to God alone." Shall those who dabble in any way with these things be guiltless? and are they not putting themselves in touch with evil influences that may lead them into insanity—or worse, into both mental and spiritual shipwreck? The Lord, instructing the people of Israel regarding these abuses and consulting the dead, says in Deuteronomy:

"Neither let there be found among you any one that consulteth dreams and omens, neither let there be any charmer, nor any one that consulteth pythonic spirits, or fortune-tellers or seeketh the truth from the dead, for the Lord abhorreth all these things. —Sacred Heart Review.

Value of a Day Sitting down quietly at a late hour of the evening to enjoy a "treasured volume," I became so absorbed in the beautiful thoughts of a favorite author I did not realize the time until I was aroused by the sound of the clock on a neighboring church tower striking the midnight hour.

The day was done. How strangely impressive the thought! Never before had I been so deeply conscious of the value of a day and the seriousness of its close.

Again and again we are reminded in the Bible of the value of a day. "This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it." "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." "Give us this day our daily bread." "Why stand ye all the day idle?" "Son, go to work to-day in My vineyard." "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow Me." The value of a day is continually emphasized in the Word of God.

John Ruskin hung a beautifully illuminated motto over his bed. It contained but one word—"To-day." He desired every morning on arising to be reminded of the value of the new day.

How may we live a profitable and helpful life? Ruskin gives us this wise counsel: "Let every day's dawn of morning be to you as the beginning of life, and let every setting sun be to you as a close; let every one of these short lives leave its sure record of some kindly things done for others—some goodly strength and knowledge gained for yourselves."

Bishop Blacked Priest's Shoes.

The Ave Maria tells this anecdote of a beloved American prelate: "Preaching at the anniversary Mass for the late Bishop Curtis, Father Mickie, a friend of thirty years' standing of the deceased prelate, said of him: It was always: 'Follow me.' I remember on one occasion, when I was rooming with him in some out-of-the-way place, awaking in the morning to find he was up before me and quietly blacking my shoes. He was my Bishop at the time. 'You shall not do that,' 'Why not?' said he. 'I may as well do it, as I have finished my own.' The only undignified thing for a man in sin, he would say; and menial occupation lowers no man. Who could help learning a little in such a school as that and with such a teacher? Let each of us reform himself, and that will be the best way to reform and convert the country.' Such was the method he proposed to me, and himself ever followed. And how successful the method proved in leading its fellows to a notable degree of Christian perfection is becoming better and better known as the months go by."

Converted By False Accusations.

In a letter to the London Catholic Times A. de Reya, a merchant sailor, writing from the steamship Drake, relates how he has investigated charges against the Catholic Church, and in every instance found them to be false. The result is that he has decided to become a Catholic. He writes: "I have been going to sea now, on and off, for the last seventeen years, and in that time I have visited nearly all parts of the globe. I am a Protestant, and am shortly to become a convert to the one and only true faith. I have in my travels the last few years read and heard a great deal that has been said against the Catholic Church. In my spare time I have investigated, as far as it has been

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Oh, my friends, "at His word" let us this day launch out in the fathomless depths of God's love and let down our nets for this the greatest of all blessings—the acceptance of Christ as our personal and individual Saviour.—Rev. L. B. Haskins.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Keep Fresh. Not long since I had a letter from a rising young lawyer who is suffering from a complete nervous breakdown.

For years this young man allowed himself practically no change or recreation—very rarely took even a short vacation—and now, when he should be in a position to do the greatest thing possible to him, when he should be most productive and vigorous, when his creative ability should be at its maximum, he is compelled, because of his mental breakdown, to relinquish his profession, perhaps forever.

No matter how healthy or capable a person may be, the brain-cells and faculties which are constantly used, like the bow which is always tightly strung, lose their elasticity, their grip and firmness, and becomes jaded, dull and flabby.

The brain that is continually exercised in one's occupation or profession, with little or no change, is not capable of the vigorous, spontaneous action of the brain that gets frequent recreation and change.

I know a business man in New York, the head of a large concern, who rarely spends more than two or three hours a day in his office, and is often away months at a time, recreating and traveling, refreshing his mind.

The result is that he is making a great success of life. It means something for this dynamic young man to be in his office; things move. He puts them through with tremendous force and rapidity, because he has a surplus of physical stamina.

There is nothing truer than the saying that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." The fact that we have such a strong instinct for fun indicates that it was intended we should have a good deal of it in our lives.

It was never intended that man should be a slave to his work, that he should exhaust all his energy in getting a living, and have practically none left for making a life.

The great majority of people do their work mechanically, and regard it as unavoidable drudgery, whereas all work should be a delight, as it would be if all workers were in the right place and worked only when they were fresh and vigorous.

Many a man who has made a slave of himself is suffering the tortures of a disappointed, thwarted ambition, simply because he never learned the importance, the imperative necessity, of always maintaining a high mental and physical standard, of always keeping himself fresh, so that he could bring the highest possible percentage of efficiency to his task.

Worry. We often hear of men who are said to have died of overwork, but it is safe to assume that in nine out of ten of such cases there had been no overwork at all. That too much work has killed some people is not to be doubted, but this does not alter the fact that work pure and simple is one of the rarest of all

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rare causes of death. The mischief is done by the worry which often goes with the work, and which is mistaken for it.

We do not yet understand the process by which worry undermines the general health, induces disease of the heart, of the arteries and of the kidneys or kills a man before his time; but that it does do such things is a fact only too well established.

It is true that worry often leads a person to practices which are themselves injurious, such as overindulgence in alcohol or tobacco; or perhaps the use of opium or cocaine or chloral; and disease and death are often attributable to the action of those poisons rather than to the effects of work or worry.

It may be objected despairingly that, if worry is slow suicide, then almost none of us can escape. Very few men can be found who have no unfulfilled desires which they are striving to gratify, or who are so absolutely secure of the future that they may give little or no heed to the Biblical command to take no thought for the morrow.

But this forethought is not worry; at least it need not be worry; it is merely incertitude, prudent care for the future, or even slight anxiety. Harassing anxiety, impatient expectation, disproportionate fear of the unknown—this is worry, and this is what causes the heart to struggle, the kidneys to contract, the arteries to weaken and the mind to fail.

No one who is not given to worry can conceive of the power which the habit gains over its victim. Such a one will freely admit the excellence of the advice not to worry, but he will add that it is impossible to follow it. This is true only in a measure, and in a few cases. Barring instances of exceptional trouble, of extraordinary "hard luck," almost every one can by resolute determination reduce his worry within living limits.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

How Dr. Sidis Taught His Son Arithmetic.

His first move was to buy the boy, not an arithmetical text-book, but a box of dominoes, with which he taught him various games that involved adding together and subtracting the bright white dots on the wooden tablets.

Passing then from the concrete to the abstract, he began to set him little problems in addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division, to be worked out on paper without the aid of domino dots, lumps of sugar, or other external objects. Again, however, he at first appealed to the child's instinct for play.

After this it was no longer a question of urging him on, but of holding him back. His acutely analytical mind enabled him to overcome, almost without effort, the obstacles so terrifying to the untrained intellect of the average child.

At eight he entered the Brookline High School. Within six weeks he had completed his mathematical course, and was assisting the mathematical master in correcting examination papers of boys twice his age.

Kindness Counts. She was small and insignificant, this shabby, little, old lady customer who was being snubbed by a haughty salesgirl. She wanted a hat. She had a vague idea that a toque, a grey one, something with

GILLETTS PERFUMED LYE. READY FOR USE IN ANY QUANTITY. For making SOAP, softening water, removing old paint, disinfecting sinks, closets and drains and for many other purposes.

faint pink roses crushed in against something grey and soft would be becoming. The I'm-a-perfect-lady and I-don't-have-to-work-unless-I-want-to-variety of sales-lady behind the counter fluffed up her pomp with an air of lofty indifference to the preferences timidly advanced.

The two or three models which the haughty one designed to twirl round on the tips of her fingers for her customer's inspection, the small grey woman knew would look harsh on her. Black and white and bristly, and she wanted something grey and pink and soft.

Just then another clerk, who had been watching the performance, approached the old woman. There was something simple and sweet and gracious in this second girl's manner and in her "Won't you let me help you select a hat? I've been watching you and I know exactly what you want."

The little old lady gave one look into the smiling, sympathetic countenance bending down to her, then she settled herself with a little sigh of relief for the trying on process. Dozens of quiet pretty toques were pulled out for her inspection. In the end the little woman in grey got just what she wanted, a grey toque with roses snuggled in amid folds of grey silk.

Now that was all some years ago. Today that second girl is buyer for a fashionable millinery shop. So you see alertness and tact in business even if it's only selling hats to little old women who don't know exactly what they want, counts, now doesn't it?

So many girls imagine that getting a position in the business world to-day is a matter of lucky chance, a trick of good looks or the effect of a mysterious "pull" with somebody in authority. As a matter of fact, pure, unadulterated capability is about the only thing that counts, and that, only a very small percentage of the girls who are yearly endeavoring to break into industry in the big cities have to offer.—Catholic Telegraph.

Hold fast to girlhood. It will leave you soon enough, and the days will come when you would give all you own for just one day of its care-free joyousness.

The young girl receives a tender homage that is never given to any one else. Her youth and innocence are worshipped and protected.

There is no one more charming than the modest, well-bred little girl who is free from affectations and content to be a little girl.

Wear your hair in a braid as long as you can, for once it goes up it will have to stay up.

The more simply you are dressed the more girlish and pretty you will look. Stay a little girl just as long as you can, and make up your mind to be just the nicest kind of a little girl.

Don't spend your time thinking about beaux and clothes; but romp and play and get all the fun and fresh air and exercise you can.

The sweeter and truer little girl you are, the better and more attractive woman you will grow up.

Obeys Promptly. One of the most beautiful traits in a child, or in any person, regardless of age, is promptness in obeying commands.

a grief to them. Charlie is asked to fill the coal bucket, or bring in a pitcher of fresh water, for his mother, who is busy in the kitchen, getting dinner. "I will pretty soon," Charlie answers, like a little gentleman; but when he goes out into the street, he sees some boys playing ball, and straightway he joins them, forgetting all about the coal which he promised to bring.

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

TWO BISHOPS' "FORTUNES."

DR. DOYLE OF LISMORE, N. S. W., LEFT A SHILLING AND SIXPENCE, AND DR. MURRAY OF MAITLAND, NOT A SIXPENCE.

The noble-hearted Prelates," says the New Zealand Tablet, "knew money only for the good that it would do in spreading Christ's kingdom on earth, and, instead of the miser's selfish and solitary joy of possession, they had the keener joy of dispersion and of seeing earth's dress work the work of heaven. They are of the truly great

His Eminence Cardinal Moran, preaching the panegyric of Bishop Murray at the funeral service in the Maitland cathedral, on July 12, said: "Some time ago they were all shocked to hear of the sudden death of one of their Bishops, Dr. Doyle, who had only one shilling and sixpence to leave. He would read for them a passage from Dr. Murray's will, which would give a fair idea of his great faith and piety. In that will he wrote as follows: 'Having no means at my disposal for the celebration of Masses for the repose of my soul, I trust myself unreservedly to the charity of my priests of the diocese to say more Masses for me, and remember me always in their Holy Sacrifice. I cherish the earnest hope that the faithful people of the whole diocese will not fail to offer their fervent prayers and their Holy Communion, and frequently recite the holy rosary for me in their homes as well as in the church. The Marists, the nuns and children attending their schools in all parts of the diocese were devoted to me during my life, and am sure they will ever remember in my behalf the words of St. Ambrose: 'We have loved him in life; let us not forget him in death.'"

A writer on the staff of the Dunedin (N. Z.) Evening Star pays the following grateful tribute to the memory of Bishop Murray: "Seldom do clergymen die so wealthy as the good Bishop Murray, of New South Wales. The cable said that he died unpossessed of a sixpence. Truly, did he die a wealthy man. The letters

Professional. DR. P. J. MUGAN, Physician and Surgeon. Office, 720 Dundas street. Hours 11 to 12 a. m.; 1 to 3; 6 to 8 p. m. Phone 2038.

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There Are Reasons Why The Angle Lamp is the only one advertised. It is the only one with qualities to commend it to all classes. It is the most economical good light in the world. All other lamps will smoke and emit an odor that is disagreeable and unhealthy.

The 1900 Washer Co. 357 Yonge Street Toronto, Ont. "R. C.' which were attached to the Bishop's name in the columns of the press, tempt one to give them a new interpretation. It is a matter of common knowledge, of course, that they mean Roman Catholic, a title that has caused heads to be broken in less peaceful days.

If You Have RHEUMATISM sign and mail this coupon to MAGIC FOOT DRAFT CO., Dept. PX42 Jackson, Mich. Name Address

Upon receipt of above coupon we will send you by return mail, prepaid, a regular \$1 pair of Magic Foot Drafts, Michigan's Great External Cure for Rheumatism of every kind—chronic or acute—muscular, Sciatic, Lumbago or Gout. No matter where the pain or how severe. Then, and only after you have given them a thorough trial and are fully satisfied with the benefit received, you can send us One Dollar. If not, you pay nothing. You decide and we take your word.

McClary's Pandora Range. You can cook over every pot-hole and bake in Pandora oven at same time—and get perfect results. That's because cooking draft is also baking draft. Flues are so constructed that heat passes directly under every pot-hole and around oven twice before passing up chimney.

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Regular Price \$1.25, now 80c. A Daughter of the Ranges. A story of Western Canada, by Bessie Marchant. A Heroine of the Sea. A story of Vancouver Island, by Bessie Marchant.

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THE PLENARY COUNCIL.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIVE.

can in his private capacity accomplish much that is good by spreading for example, Catholic literature, a united effort is necessary in order to effectually build up and strengthen the Kingdom of Christ.

It is plain that there can be no common action, no united effort for good except under the direction of legitimate authority. For among a large number of people well disposed and eager to strive for what is just and right, there may be, indeed there can scarcely fail to be, honest difference of opinion as to the most effective means to be employed.

siippi, even to the Gulf of Mexico. They brought the light of faith to savage tribes until then "sitting in darkness and the shadow of death," and they helped to keep its flame burning among those who, persecuted for that faith in the land of their birth, and driven from the home of the fathers, sought in this new land, a refuge, where, even if amidst dangers and privations, they could at least hope for the blessed privilege of serving God as their fathers had done.

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Obviate everything disagreeable from yesterday, start out anew with a clean heart to day, so that you may write upon a clean sheet for sweet memory's sake only those things which are pure and lovely.

useful publications are, "Plain Facts for Fair Minds," 15 cts., "Faith of Our Fathers," 25 cts., "Question Box," 25 cts., "Clearing the Way," 15 cts., "Father Damien's Lectures," 15 cts. We can supply you with any or all of these books.

A CONSTANT READER, Marine City, Mich.—The publication of what you require would take up too much space in the RECORD. "Coehen's Explanation of the Mass" may be procured for \$1.25 and another work on the same subject for 75 cts. For non-Catholics the most

WHAT THEY ALL SAY.—Mrs. Richard Armstrong of MacDonald, Man., writes us that every Catholic family should have the CATHOLIC RECORD in their homes, and that to those in the Northwest it would be especially a boon.

SOUVENIR RANGES. A Souvenir Range makes cooking a pleasure. The drafts are right. It's easy to keep a uniform fire. The grates work evenly—

C. M. B. A. Branch No. 4, London. Meets on the 2nd and 4th Thursday of every month at eight o'clock, at their hall, in Albion Block, Richmond Street, Thomas F. Gould, President, James S. McDougall, Secretary.

On account of the great distances from place to place it would in a large measure supply the want of a priest. Another subscriber in Edmonton tells us he would not be without the paper if it cost \$5.00 a year.

CHARITABLE WORK.

The Tenth Canadian Conference of Charities and Correction, which was held at Toronto last week, brought together a number of earnest men and women who are laboring in the cause of humanity.

Mr. W. L. Scott, Barrister, Ottawa, who is president of the Children's Aid Society in that city, delivered a thoughtful and well reasoned address on the present needs of Child Rescue work in Ontario. After referring to the out-grown idea of "no treatment being too bad for convicted criminals, and showing that humane and reformative ideas are now in ascendency, Mr. Scott asserted that these well meant efforts, though necessary and proper, could not be expected to produce great results."

The speaker then referred to the excellent work that has been and is being done by the department of neglected and dependent children and the Children's Aid Societies under the superintendency of Mr. J. Kelso. He was not so much concerned, he said, about the good that has been done as to indicate certain imperious needs which at the present stage of its development the work needs.

Mr. Scott pointed out that the children coming under the care of Children's Aid Societies were divided into two classes, the neglected and dependent, and the delinquent. Yet the two classes were very similar because delinquent children are so chiefly on account of having been neglected and dependent.

Mr. Scott then turned his attention to the working of the Children's Protection Act of Ontario, and said, "The present act does not make sufficient provision for the financial support of the work locally. Too much is left to voluntary effort and too great a tax is put on those who are willingly giving of their time and money in aid of the cause."

It is surely time for the legislature to recognize that these are the conditions and that other means must be provided for the support of the work, speaking broadly, the work is only done in those places where there happen to be persons willing to voluntarily undertake it. In most of these places, moreover, it is done in a desultory, haphazard manner and by no means thoroughly and systematically as it should be.

It is surely time for the legislature to recognize that these are the conditions and that other means must be provided for the support of the work, speaking broadly, the work is only done in those places where there happen to be persons willing to voluntarily undertake it.

AVIGER.—On Sept. 14th last, James Auger, Deloro, Mich.—At Seaford, on Friday, 29th ult., Mr. Joseph Nigh, in the eighty-fifth year of his age, May his soul rest in peace!

NURSES.—Training school for nurses, Good Samaritan Hospital, Suffern, N. Y. Three vacancies to be filled at once. Apply to Supt. of Nurses.

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Every organ in this list is a first-class organ in perfect order, and though used, every one is as good as new.

Look at the names of makers represented; read the descriptions, then compare the prices with any other offer and you will quickly understand why it will be to your advantage to buy now.

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Terms of Payment—Organs over \$50—\$5 cash and \$3 per month without interest. Organs over \$50—\$10 cash and \$4 per month without interest. A discount of 10 per cent from these prices for cash.

Dominion—5 Octave Walnut Organ by the Dominion Co., Bowmanville, in attractive case with extended top and resonant ends, with burl walnut panels. Has 8 stops, 2 sets of reeds throughout, coupler and 2 knee swells. Sale Price \$38

Bell—5 Octave Organ by the Bell Co., Guelph, in handsome walnut case with high back, containing music rack, attractively decorated. Has lamp stands, 11 stops, 2 sets of reeds throughout, 2 couplers and 2 knee swells. Sale Price \$43

Bell—5 Octave Walnut Organ by the Bell Co., Guelph, in handsome case. Has 9 stops, 2 sets of reeds in treble and one in bass, coupler and 2 knee swells. Sale Price \$43

Cornwall—A very handsome Organ by the Cornwall Co., Huntingdon, P. Q. Has 11 stops, 2 sets of reeds throughout, 2 couplers and 2 knee swells, case handsomely finished and with mirror and lamp stands. Has mouseproof pedals. Sale Price \$45

Dominion—A 6-octave walnut organ, by the Dominion Organ Co., Bowmanville, in attractive case, with high top and burl walnut panels and resonant end chamber. Has 11 stops, 2 complete sets of reeds, 2 couplers and 2 knee swells. Sale Price \$53

Bell—6 Octave Organ by the Bell Co., Guelph, in walnut case with burl walnut panels. Has 12 stops, 3 sets of reeds in the treble and 2 in the bass; 2 couplers and 2 knee swells. Has music rack and lamp stands. Sale Price \$56

Dominion—6 Octave Piano Case Organ by the Dominion Organ Co., Bowmanville, in case finished in ebony and gold. Has 11 stops, 2 sets of reeds throughout, 2 couplers, 2 knee swells, mouseproof pedals, etc. Sale Price \$67

Doherty—6 Octave Piano Case Organ by W. Doherty & Co., Clinton, in walnut case of neat design, engraved panels, mirror top. Has 11 stops, 2 full sets of reeds, 2 couplers, 2 knee swells. Sale Price \$69

Dominion—6 Octave Piano Case Organ by the Dominion Co., Bowmanville, in mahogany finished case with fret carved panels. Has double-folding fall board and automatic dust proof pedal cover, lamp stands, 11 stops, 2 sets of reeds throughout, 2 couplers, 2 knee swells. Sale Price \$69

Mason & Hamlin—5 Octave Chapel Organ by the celebrated firm of Mason & Hamlin, Boston. Case is in solid walnut, with music book cupboards, lamp stands and exterior swell. Has 11 stops, 2 sets of reeds in treble, 2 sets in addition to sub-bass in the bass, coupler and knee swells, dust covered pedals. Sale Price \$75

Bell—6 Octave Piano Case Organ, by W. Bell & Co., Guelph, in rosewood finished case, with mirror top and lamp stands. Has 11 stops, 2 sets of reeds throughout, 2 couplers and 2 knee swells, mouseproof pedals, etc. Sale Price \$77

Doherty—6 Octave Piano Case Organ, by the Doherty Co., Clinton, in rich, golden oak case with full length polished panels and music desk, mirror top, 11 stops, 2 sets of reeds throughout, 2 couplers and 2 knee swells, lamp stands, mouse proof protecting pedals. Sale Price \$79

Dominion—6 Octave Piano Case Organ by the Dominion Co., in attractive walnut case with mirror top. Has 11 stops, 2 sets of reeds throughout, 2 couplers, 2 knee swells, mouseproof pedals, etc. Cannot be told from new. Sale Price \$82

Karn—6 Octave Piano Case Organ by D. W. Karn & Co., Woodstock, in very handsome solid walnut case with solid walnut carved panels, bevel mirror top and lamp stands. Has 11 stops, 2 sets of reeds throughout, 2 couplers, 2 knee swells, mouseproof pedals, etc. Sale Price \$86

Sherlock-Manning—A very handsome 6 Octave Piano Case Organ, by the Sherlock-Manning Co., London, in walnut case with full-length plain panels. Has 13 stops, 2 sets of reeds throughout, 2 couplers, 2 knee swells, mouse-proof pedals. An exceptionally fine-toned organ in very artistic case. Has been used less than a year. Sale Price \$89

Dominion—6 Octave Piano Case Organ by the Dominion Co., Bowmanville, in unusually handsome mahogany finished case with full length carved panels and bevel mirror top. Has lamp stands, automatic folding mouseproof pedal cover, 11 stops, 2 sets of reeds throughout, 2 couplers and 2 knee swells. A very handsome, sweet-toned organ. Sale Price \$89

Estey—6 Octave Piano Case Organ by the Estey Co., Brattleboro, Vt., in solid walnut case with carved panels, mirror top, lamp stands, etc. Has 11 stops, 2 sets of reeds throughout, 2 couplers and 2 knee swells, mouseproof pedals, etc. This exceptional organ, which has just been used six months, is manufactured by the largest firm of organ makers in the world, and is a splendid sample of the work which has set a new standard in organ building. Sale Price \$105

Sherlock-Manning—A 7 Octave Piano Case Organ, by the Sherlock-Manning Co., London. This beautiful piano-organ in case exactly representing that of a piano, is in rich mahogany, double veneered inside and out, finished exactly like a piano, with Boston fall board, continuous hinges, full-length plain panel and music desk, the only distinguishing organ features being the stops, which are concealed by the fall board when closed, and the pumping pedals. This instrument is a new style, and has been used only a few months. Has 13 stops, 2 complete sets of reeds, couplers, knee swells and mouseproof pedals. Sale Price \$108

AVIGER.—On Sept. 14th last, James Auger, Deloro, Mich.—At Seaford, on Friday, 29th ult., Mr. Joseph Nigh, in the eighty-fifth year of his age, May his soul rest in peace!

NURSES.—Training school for nurses, Good Samaritan Hospital, Suffern, N. Y. Three vacancies to be filled at once. Apply to Supt. of Nurses.

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Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of SIX PER CENT, PER ANNUM upon the paid up capital stock of the Home Bank of Canada has been declared for the THREE MONTHS ending 30th November, 1909, and the same will be payable at its Head Office and Branches on and after Wednesday, the 1st day December next.

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TEACHERS WANTED.

A CATHOLIC TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. Separate School, Section No. 5, Sombra, holding first or second class normal school certificate. Duties to commence on the 3rd of January 1910. Salary \$450. Apply stating qualifications and experience to Michael J. Conlon, Sec. Treas., Port Lambton, Ont. 1617-11

WANTED TEACHER FOR S. S. NO. 4, FLOS. S. Vespra, holding second class professional certificate, duties to commence Jan. 3rd, 1910. State salary and experience. H. J. Friel, Sec. Treas., Apto, Ont. 1619-4

TEACHER WANTED FOR SCHOOL SEC. NO. 4, Westmeath (La Passe) for 1910 holding Normal certificate, and capable of teaching French and English. Apply stating salary to Gilbert Gervais, jr., Sec. Treas. La Passe, Ont. 1619-4

TEACHER WANTED FOR S. S. NO. 6, HUNTERVILLE. A qualified teacher. Duties to commence January 1st, 1910. Apply stating salary and qualifications to John Carter, Sec. Treas., West Hunterly P. O. 1620-3

TWO HUNDRED TEACHERS WITH PROFESSIONAL training required for town, village and rural schools commencing January next. Highest salaries obtained. Schools procured in localities desired. Full particulars each appointment given. Apply stating qualifications, to Canadian Teachers' Agency, Regina, Sask. 1621-3

EXPERIENCED TEACHER WANTED FOR S. S. No. 2, Medonte. Apply, stating salary, experience, and enclosing testimonials to Jno. P. Fitzgerald, Mount St. Louis P. O., Ont. 1621-2

WANTED TEACHER FOR R. C. S. S. NO. 6, Raleigh. Must be normal trained, commence January 3rd, 1910. Salary \$350, per annum. Apply stating qualifications to Matthew Dillon, Box 54, Merlin, Ont. 1621-2

ASSISTANT LADY TEACHER FOR THE R. C. Separate School, Chestport, Ont. Holding a second class professional certificate. Duties to commence Jan. 3rd, 1910. State salary, experience and references. Full particulars will be received up to Dec. 3rd by Michael M. Schurter, Sec. R. C. Sep. school, Chestport, Ont. 1621-4

WANTED TEACHER FOR ST. JOHN'S R. C. Separate School, Ellice, one mile from the city of Stratford. A duly qualified teacher, male or female, duties to commence Jan. 3rd, 1910. Applications received up to Dec. 31st. Apply stating salary to Jas. Quinlan, Sec. Treas., Stratford, Box 563. 1621-3

TEACHER WANTED FOR ROMAN CATHOLIC Separate school, No. 7, Osgoode. Male or female, holding first or second class professional certificate. Salary \$350. Duties to commence Jan. 3rd. Apply to James O'Leary, Sec. Bray's Crossing, Ont. 1621-3

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