

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

TWIN ALTARS

As I see it, "through a glass, darkly," the bond of human fellowship, "Good Will Toward Men," is the condition of peace. If so, it is possible to keep the Christmas spirit alive all the year round by such occasional or frequent reunions where self and care and selfishness are left outside the portals and "good will toward men" shines through the eye-windows of every soul, quickens every pulse, and flashes from heart to heart in each handclasp.

It is the day upon which, standing amid the sanctities of our homes, we learn anew the lesson that "God is Love" in the union of affections which perfects individuality and makes each nobler in the sphere allotted him. It keeps alive the beautiful and truthful simplicity of early feeling, and perpetuates and deepens the delicate glow of romance that then overpervades the scenes of existence. For the heart of our country lives in its homes, and the final test of our institutions lies in the domestic character of the people.

Side by side stand the Altar of Liberty and the Altar of Home; and if Christianity feeds their sacred fires, it is from their flames, burning with steady strength of warmth and lustre, that Providence brings the fiery words which arm us for our highest achievements and our grandest victories.

It is the day for affection's love-bearing gifts as well as affection's love-laden wishes, and is the time when all the arts of ornament and amusement assert their importance in every heart, and the dullest eyes can discern a use in poetry and in painting, in music, in merry games and genial companionship, in the cunning of the toy-maker and the delicate devices of the "worker in fine gold and stones of price."

It is the time when pleasure and charity may twine in the splendid trivialities in which the world delights, at times, to mask its best deeds. Balls and parties will grow out of the continual social attrition of the season, and the enjoyment of these will not be less because pleasure ministers to pity, or because many a heart will near its burden more lightly and many a troubled spirit grow more calm than the joys, the hopes, the charity and love that live in the heart of Christ-mas.

But a few days and the wintry frost of the world will be garlanded by the rosy smiles of thousands of happy young faces over whose fresh, young beauty the waves of joy will flow as rapturously as the sunshine over fields of flowers. But a few days and the "peace and good will" which brought redemption to the world will be voiced in the universal greeting—"Merry Christmas!"—W. M. Hann in Catholic Columbian.

SYMPATHY

We may be swift to see and respond to the need of love and cheer and help in the lives of those about us, but unless we are equally thick to catch the gleam of gladness that may come to the eyes and give out the same measure of loving sympathy, we have failed in living up to the broadest and best that may be expressed by the term "sympathy." The command to "rejoice with them that do rejoice" was given in close connection with and even in advance of the command to "weep with those who weep." Too often we feel that all real need for this blessed quality of sympathy is at an end when someone whom we have perhaps helped in loving interest over rough places in life, at last meets with success and is placed beyond the need of our material assistance. In many cases the need for sympathy is even greater in prosperity and success than in want and failure, but do we respond to it as readily? Are we not likely to feel, rather, that those with whom we sympathized in adversity do not need us in the new prosperity, forgetting that the joy naturally attending the improved conditions may be dimmed, perhaps wiped out altogether, by the absence of the dear love and understanding which went much farther than financial aid in making the old, hard life smoother? True, we would not willfully detract from any one's happiness—we who have done our best, perhaps, to make some shadowy path a little fairer—yet we unconsciously dim the brightness when it comes, by withholding the "fellow feeling"—the feeling of real sympathy, that is necessary to the completion of happiness, especially from one who has been an understanding comrade in darker days.—True Voice.

PEANUT SELLER A TEACHER

Among a host of immigrants from Germany to the United States there once was a poor young man who, after sundry adventures in quest of a livelihood, settled in Kansas City, where, near the public library, he established a small stand for the sale of fruit and peanuts. This was his vocation; his avocation, or hobby was the study of languages, at which he worked with admirable diligence in the public library, sometimes closing his peanut stand for hours when absorbed in the solution of a specially fascinating linguistic problem. A day came when the University of Missouri, needing an additional instructor in languages sent an emissary to the Kansas City librarian with the request that the latter name

a good man for the post. "The only man I can honestly recommend at this moment," said the librarian, "is that foreigner yonder," and he pointed to the young immigrant toiling eagerly over a huge tome. A few minutes' conversation satisfied the university's representative that the librarian's judgment was excellent and a little later the peanut vendor closed his stand for all time and began teaching. To day he is one of the really shining lights of Harvard University.—Catholic Union and Times.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A CHILD'S CHRISTMAS SONG

Lord, I'm just a little boy, Born one day like you, And I've got a mother dear And a birthday, too. But my birthday comes in spring, When the days are long, And the robin in the tree Wakens me with song. Since the birds are all away, Lord, when you are born, Let your angels waken me On your birthday morn.

Lord, I'm just a little boy Hidden in the night, Let your angels spy me out Long before it's light. I would be the first to wake And the first to raise In this quiet house of ours Songs of love and praise. You shall hear me first, dear Lord, Blow my Christmas horn; Let your angels waken me On your birthday morn.

—T. A. DALY.

SANTA CLAUS' ASSISTANT

It was not long after midnight. The wee small hours of Christmas day were just beginning to arrive, and down in the library, where the tree was sheltering a profuse array of boys, stood an unexpected guest. He was ill clad, unshaven, and his hair looked as though it had never known a comb. In his right hand he carried a dark lantern, and slung over his left arm was a sack, a common jute bag and he had entered a window that looked out upon the street. The family had all retired, and for the most part were asleep. That is why the unexpected guest chose this time to arrive.

"Hullo!" said a soft voice from the broad doorway that opened into the hall. He slid back the front of his lantern and lighted a match in the flame. He turned on the gas and lit it, so that he might better see the exact character of his surroundings.

"Humph!" he said, as he observed the tree. "Quite a fine layout. I don't know but what, after all, it's a good thing that parents give their children expensive things these days. It's a great help to our profession. You can't raise much on candy, balls and two penny dolls, but these silver plated engines and purses with ten-dollar bills in 'em come in handy. Gold sleeve buttons, too," he added, as his eyes took in a few further details of the scene before him, "an' a gold watch as well. This is luck."

And then, as he bent over the group of toys and presents of a more expensive nature intended for Bobbie, his eyes glittering with joy at the prospective value of his haul, the heart of the unexpected guest stopped beating for an instant. There was a rustling behind him.

With a quick movement he slid the cover of the dark lantern to by mere force of habit, and at the same moment the curtains were parted and there stood Bobbie, clad in his night gown. "Is that you, Santa Claus?" he added, peering curiously at the unexpected guest.

The man gave a short laugh. "That's the first time I've been taken for any one that's half decent," he said to himself, and then he answered in a whisper loud enough for Bobbie to hear:

"Well, not exactly, sonny. I'm only his assistant." "Sh! Not so loud, my boy—you'll wake the family; and if you did that I'd vanish like the mist," said the man. "I said I was only Santa Claus' assistant. You see, my lad, there are so many more children nowadays than there used to be that the boss has to get outside help—Christmas eve, or he'd never be able to finish up his work in time. So he sends for me an' a few others like me—heaven help us!—and we do his distributing for him. I'd just laid these things out here when you surprised me."

"Oh, isn't it beautiful!" he cried. "All these things for me! A watch too, just the very thing I wanted." "Are you tired?" asked Bobbie, leaving the tree and crossing to Santa Claus' assistant.

"Yes," said the man. "Very." "I'm sorry," said Bobbie, affectionately, as he took the other's hand in his and kissed it.

"Don't—don't do that," said the man, huskily. "It's not—not clean." "I shouldn't think it would be," laughed Bobbie; "climbing in by sooty chimneys can't be very clean work. Do you know, I always wonder why there's never any soot left on the toys." "Oh we take care of that," said the assistant. "You see, this bag keeps the soot off. But I didn't come in by the chimney this time," he added hastily, observing that there was no soot on the bag either. "I thought the window was easier."

"You're all through, aren't you?" said Bobbie, looking at the bag.

"How do you know that?" asked the man.

"Your bag is empty. Isn't there any one else for you to take a toy to?"

The unexpected guest buried his face in his grimy hands, and a great lump arose in his throat.

"There was one other," said the assistant, "but there's nothing for him—and it's all my fault. I neglected to look after him."

"And won't he get anything?" asked Bobbie.

"No," said the assistant, roughly, rising and taking a step toward the tree.

"He can have one of mine," cried Bobbie. "Here, take him this. I've got plenty, thanks to you." He handed him one of the treasures beneath the tree.

The unexpected guest looked at the boy for a minute, and then he slowly reached out his hand and took the proffered toy.

"I'll see that he gets it," he said, "and God bless you for it! Good-bye, little one. I must be off or he'll wake up and be disappointed."

He moved toward the door when Bobbie ran after him, and holding up his little face said: "Won't you take a kiss for Santa Claus from me?"

"That I will," said the other, and he bent over, and kissing the child, flew precipitately out the window and disappeared in the darkness of the street.

"Well," said the unexpected guest the following morning, as he watched his own pallid faced little youngster playing with the first Christmas present he'd ever known, "that was the rummiest thing. I went out to steal, and the only thing I bagged that wasn't really given to me was a kiss. It was a rich haul, but I think I'll get a more decent job at New Year's."—Catholic News.

THERE WAS NO ROOM

By P. J. Coleman

"There was no room!" Their hearts were hard, their eyes were blind, But winter's gloom, with glory starred, to him was kind. No room for Him! No place to bide in khal or inn!

Ab, eyes grown dim with selfish pride, with lust and sin! He came unto His own, His own received Him not;

'Mid ox and ewe He makes His throne within a cot. An outcast 'mid the outcast poor, despised and spurned, Their Lord the shepherds of the moor alone discerned,

And, meteor led, sin undefiled, while seraphs sing, At Mary's bed in Mary's Child they hail their King.

Ab, still, as then at Bethlehem the cold and blind, He comes to men and still of them would welcome find,

But still the proud and great of earth, discerning not, Their Saviour drive from shelter forth, condemned, forgot, And still, on lust intent and pride, the Christ with scorn

From door they thrust, the Babe did at Bethlehem born. But well for all who, seeing not yet who believe,

In hut or hall, in court or cot their Lord receive! For lo! at man's creative word, tho' hid from sight,

Descends from Heaven creation's Lord in mystic rite. Not now in guise of fish divine He taketh birth,

But wondrous-wise 'neath bread and wine He comes to earth. Wherever stands an unctored priest at altar stone

Lo! in his hands He spreads the Feast shall feed His own. The bread He gives, the wine of love He offereth—

Who tasteth lives, who drinks thereof shall know not death. And still the meek, the pure of heart, the foolish wise

Their Saviour seek where, veiled apart, He humbly lies. Their flocks they leave, like them of old whom angels led;

Their hearts believe, their eyes behold, their tears are shed. Their gifts they bring, to Bethlehem led by love's star,

To Christ the King—not gold or gem but richer far—

More prized of Him than frankincense or nard or spice— Clean lives, eyes dim with penitence, heart's sacrifice;

Yes, faith and love and childlike trust, that, prized of Him, In Heaven above shall know not rust nor e'er grow dim,

But rich increase shall take and earn, them, by Christ's choice, To crown with peace of days stern where saints rejoice.

ON THE BATTLEFIELD

On the battlefields in Europe death and devastation are working out their unholy purpose; but amid it all the life of grace flourishes. It was Friday, October 2, the feast of the Holy Angels and also the first Friday. In the trenches of the French army were many soldier priests, and at one point of action a number of them desired to receive Holy Communion in honor of the angels and to celebrate the devotion of the first Friday. The battle was raging, and there was no question of the soldier priests leaving the firing line, even for the sake of their immortal souls. But the military chaplain attached to the regiment heard of their wish, and taking his life in his hands, he set out for the thick of the fighting, carrying with him the Most Blessed Sacrament. All around him the bullets shrieked and whistled, and at times the firing was so

heavy that the priest had to crawl along the ground on his knees. But the heavenly guardians strove with the angels of death and prevailed, and the priest with his Burden at last reached the trenches. In the stronghold of death he gave the Bread of Life to his brother priests and then departed, while the soldiers of Christ again took up the arms of France. It is still possible to be a Catholic and a priest, as well as a brave man and a patriot!

ADVICE OF A BELGIAN AMERICAN PRIEST

THE IDEA OF PROVIDING PARENTS BY ADOPTION IN AMERICA FOR BELGIAN ORPHANS IS BEAUTIFUL BUT COSTLY SAYS PRIEST

The movement started in Chicago to provide homes in the United States for the war orphans of Belgium does not meet with the approval of Rev. Alphonse A. Notebaert, rector of Our Lady of Victory's church and chairman of the Belgian relief committee in Rochester, says the Rochester Post-Express. Neither does it receive the approval of other members of the committee who have the best interests of the war shattered country at heart. Father Notebaert admires the spirit which prompts the movement but fears it would be fatal to Belgium. "The officer is inspired by a beautiful charity, but I question its wisdom," said Father Notebaert. "Belgium needs these children and they must be kept at home. The country looks to them to do the reconstruction work. When this cruel war is over it will be found that one generation of men has been lost; to let the children go to America would mean the loss of another generation. These children are the saviors of Belgium; they are the future builders of the nation."

"My views are endorsed by those of the government. I have received information from the Belgium government authorities at Havre that every effort must be made to prevent Belgians from emigrating. I have also received letters from others in this country who have the best interests of the stricken nation at heart to do everything possible to keep the Belgian children at home. The government authorities recognize the danger if the country should be depopulated. It would mean the end of Belgium, one of the greatest countries in the world. Two thirds of the country is reported devastated by war; 8,000,000 out of 7,000,000 of the people are dependent upon charity. Nevertheless Belgium will survive, if the children of to day are kept at home, for they will be the up-builders of to-morrow."

ALWAYS A WORKER

The Belgian is by nature a worker; he is a laborer. Give him a spade and he will work. He has built some of the finest public buildings, elegant picture galleries and impressive churches in the world. Belgium is known as the "Cradle of Art," everywhere in the country painting, art, science and industry are enthroned. Her people for ages have been renowned for their indomitable energy and thrift. Such is the blood that flows in the veins of these war orphans and children. They are the very pillars of the country and must not be taken away or Belgium will disappear forever.

Let nobody fear that Belgium cannot take care of her children. They will be brought up and will develop into strong men and beautiful women. There are a great many orphanages and convents in Belgium. I have just received a letter from one of the Sisters in a convent there and she tells about conditions. I know that the children will be well taken care of by the Sisters, if their parents are dead.

The charity of the American women cannot be surpassed. I cannot praise it high enough. Their offer to take care of the war orphans of Belgium is a beautiful charity. But it must be refused for the reasons that I have given above. Women who have fled from Belgium with their babies and children are anxious to return in spite of the fact that they know their homes have been destroyed. The homing instinct is a strong one and they want to build another home for their offspring. The convents and orphan asylums will be thrown open to the orphans and the sisters will take care of them, if they are given a little help and encouragement.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

LONG AND NOBLE HISTORY

In his sermon at the Mass for the Catholic delegates to the recent Convention of the American Federation of Labor in Philadelphia, Rev. Dr. Charles P. Bruhl made some interesting and eloquent remarks on the Church as a power in the world.

"It is," he said, "proper that you seek the approbation of your Church. For your Church is a great power in this world. A cause is the stronger for having her support. Men, though they be not of her fold, are inclined to regard a movement as right and just when she has placed her seal on it. She has a long and noble history, and we know that she has never made common cause with injustice and wrong. Thus men have great trust in her judgment, and will perhaps unwittingly, perhaps reluctantly pattern their opinions after her utterances."

And Father Bruhl further remarked saying:

"When I speak of the Church I mean the great historical Church of Christ, which also bears the surname Catholic, which alone presents to the world a united front, alone possesses an inalienable capital of truth, alone speaks with a voice of authority."

In that great Church no such inquiry is ever heard as: "Have we lost faith?" which is now being discussed in a New York daily paper.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

CULTURE AND KULTUR

Montreal Journal of Commerce—These two words are not translations of each other. They mean two different things. It is doubtful if either one of them can be translated into the language of the other by a single word. The nearest word in German for what we mean by culture is Bildung. Perhaps the nearest English word for Kultur is civilization. The vital difference between the two lies in this, that culture is of the individual and Kultur is of the nation.

THEIR GRATITUDE TO THE SISTERS

The anti-religious forces of France pretend to find "proselytizing" in the efforts which the good nuns of that country, now in charge of the wounded soldiers, are making to soothe with religious ministrations the dark hours of the suffering and the dying. Instead of thanking those patriotic Frenchwomen for returning, in France's hour of need, from the exile into which atheistic French officialdom forced them, the anti-Catholics of France (who are not, be it noticed, on the firing line) are seeking to arouse a feeling of antipathy against what they call "clericalism" but what the decent portion of mankind calls religion undefiled. It is hardly believable that such ingratitude could find lodgment in the breast of even the basest specimen of humanity. But the French anti-Catholic is even more mean and malicious than the anti-Catholic as we know him here in America, and that is saying a great deal. The New York Sun editorially excoriates, as follows, the contemptible campaign now begun in France against the Catholic Sisters:

"The worst spirit of French anticlericalism is exhibited in the attacks of the Socialist press upon the nuns who are nursing the wounded along the battle lines in northern France. These devoted women are enduring all the sufferings and horrors of war for the sake of their country and of humanity. More than one has given her life in the work. Their crime is that they offer the consolations of religion to men dying and in pain. The hostile newspapers call this an unfair advantage taken by the Church of the opportunity the war has given it. Of course religion is always at the height of its influence in times of woe. It is a natural advantage founded in human nature, and it is the very substance of faith and piety to press the advantage, thus awakening hope in the sufferers' breasts in the future, hope here and hope here hereafter. The unimaginative type of mind that fails to see beauty and good in this when hardly any other beauty or good survives is a baleful and destructive influence. Its true description is not anti-clerical but inhuman. The narrow bigotry which it propagates is far more terrible than that which it imputes to those who disagree with its teachings. Its ultimate triumph in national life would mean complete servitude of the soul."—Sacred Heart Review.

THE COUNT DE MUN'S CAREER

"France cast out from the number of Catholic States!" exclaimed the late Count de Mun, when France threw off the bond that bound her to Rome, "that is a sorrow unspeakable for those who tremble at the thought of the expiations by which nations that are faithless to their destiny pay for their apostasy." Ever loyal himself to his Church and to the traditions of his country, he worked for both to the end. An editorial tribute in the London Tablet (Oct. 17) says of the Count's patriotism:

"He saw the danger that menaced France, and though no longer able to mount the tribune, like the good soldier he was he changed his weapon, and wielded the pen with a power that was as surprising as it was effective. In the daily press he sounded the tocsin of alarm, and had no small share in the restoration of the three years' service. And then, two months ago, when the storm burst which he had foreseen, he began a series of daily articles in the Echo de Paris to hearten France to weather it successfully. These he continued to the day of his death. He gave his life for his country in the only way left to him. . . . And he died, in spite of a long career of combat, with no enemies but those of truth and his country, mourned by all as the great patriot and Christian that he was."

With such a career as the Count de Mun's before his eyes, with the object lesson of his wonderful fidelity to France plain to be seen, and with the spectacle, now presented to the world of thousands of priests and nuns on French battlefields, is it not pitiful that the French Government still remains hostile to the Catholic Church? The Church is in every country the mother of patri-



riots; in France, particularly, the French Catholic from his earliest years learns to love the land which in days gone by gloried to be known as the "Eldes Daughter of the Church." The atheistic French Government has pretended that this was not so. It has pretended to find in the priests and nuns of France enemies to the State. To day these pretended enemies are showing how they have been belied. Yet there is no evidence that the French Government is the least bit impressed.—Sacred Heart Review.

UNSPOKEN WORDS

The kindly words that rise within the heart, And thrill it with their sympathetic tone, But die ere spoken, fail to play their part, And claim a merit that is not their own. The kindly word unspoken is a sin— A sin that warps itself in purest guise, And tells the heart that, doubting, looks within, That not in speech but in thought the virtues lies.

Unspoken words, like treasures in the mine, Are valueless until we give them birth, Like unbound gold, their hidden beauty shine, Which God has made to bless and glid the earth. How sad 'twould be to see a master's hand Strike glorious notes upon a voiceless lute! But O, what pain when, at God's own command, A heartstring fills with kindness, but is mute!

Then hide it not, the music of the soul, Dear sympathy expressed with kindly voice, But let it like a shining river roll To desert gray—to hearts that would rejoice. O, let the sympathy of kindly words Sound for the poor, the friendless and the weak; And He will bless you; He Who struck these chords Will strike another when in turn you seek.

—JOHN B. O'REILLY

PROTESTANT TRIBUTE OF PRAISE

Lecky's History of Rationalism in Europe was one of the important publications of the last century, and has not yet lost its vogue among non-Catholic readers. The author's antagonistic attitude to the faith, may render of value his tributes of impartial praise concerning events in England and on the Continent during the early years of the so-called Reformation. In an edition of his works published in 1870 there is a paragraph of singular weight which treats of the reign of Mary Tudor:

Catholicism was an ancient Church. She had gained a great part of her influence by vast services to mankind. She rested avowedly on the principle of authority. She was defending herself against aggression and innovation. * * * She might point to the priceless blessings she had bestowed upon humanity, to the slavery she had destroyed, to the civilization she had founded, to the many generations she had led with honor to the grave. She might show how completely her doctrines were interwoven with the whole social system, how fearful would be the convulsion if they were destroyed and how absolutely incompatible they were with the acknowledged ment of private judgment.

These considerations would not make her blameless, but they would at least palliate her guilt. But what shall we say of a Church that was but a thing of yesterday, a Church that had as yet no services to show, no claims upon the gratitude of mankind, a Church that was by profession the creature of private judgment and was in reality generated by the intrigues of a corrupt court, which nevertheless suppressed by force a worship that multitudes deemed necessary to salvation; and by all her organs and with all her energies persecuted those who clung to the religion of their fathers? What shall we say of a religion which comprised at most but a fourth part of the Christian world, and which the first explosion of private judgment had shivered into countless sects, which was nevertheless so pervaded by the spirit of dogmatism that each of these sects asserted its distinctive doctrines with the same confidence and persecuted the same unsubstantiated violence, as a Church which was venerable with the homage of twelve centuries?

So strong and so general was its intolerance that for many times it may I believe, be truly said that there were more instances of partial toleration being advocated by Roman Catholics than by Orthodox Protestants.—(Rationalism in Europe, Vol. 1, p. 51.)

This is a splendid passage, and all the more useful because from the pen of one who may be called anti-Catholic. We do not believe in raking up the past, or laying the blame upon the good, genial non-Catholics of to day—the blame which belongs to an ancestry for which they are in no sense responsible. However, let us not be unjust in foolishly attributing to a minister justice. "Dwell as much as you like upon Mary's three hundred virgins; she honestly thought (and she had a great deal to make her think) that she was saving England from a horde of licentious infidels."

Such are the words of the exceedingly anti-Catholic, Dr. Littledale, in Innovations, (p. 19, ed. 1868).—The Missionary."

"KNOW THE TRUTH"

"We hear that the Church teaches this or that, when the fact is that the Church teaches nothing of the kind," says the Catholic Herald. "We are told that the Church takes this or that position, when as a matter of fact it takes none. And so we go on through life, hearing the Church charged with doing many things that it never does and with holding views that it never held. But if we have never studied Church history, or doctrine, how can we know that the charges are false, how answer them even if they have no foundation in fact? It is, therefore, a very serious and grievous matter when parents or guardians allow their children to grow up in ignorance of Catholic doctrine and history, when they never see that they go to church, never take them there themselves, and never insist that they shall be well acquainted with Catholic truths and history. It is true that persons well instructed sometimes are allowed by God to fall from faith, but their number is small, is insignificant compared to the number who sink into apostasy because they have not been properly instructed when they were children, because they never read anything Catholic and are as ignorant of Catholicity practically as they are of the religious tenets of the Lama. Catholics who know their religion will learn to love it, and loving it they will not lose it. They will cling to the faith as they should, and God will bless them in this world and the next."

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