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CRITICISING OUR PASTORS. "Therefore judge not before the time." (I. Cor, iv. 5.)

These words, my dear brethren, were addressed to those who judged and criticised God's ministers. We need them at this day as much, if not more than those to whom they were written. It would have been better for many to have kept them in mind at all There was something almost awe intimes. By them we are prohibited from judging and criticising God's carols sung at midnight in the open,

ministers.
Why are we prohibited? Because

Therefore, to judge and criticise them is to put ourselves in God's place, to assume to ourselves God's authority.

God alone and those appointed by Him real Santa Claus; but, oh, how we to judge them are the only persons on earth who have a right to judge the ministers of God. To these alone are they responsible. We offend God, therefore, and frequently offend Him gravely, when we judge His ministers, and thereby practically question the wisdom and providence of God in calling them to their several stations. How do we impede the work of God in our part of the Church? If the members of our part of the Church do not think, act, and speak alike, they cannot be of one mind, as St. Paul tells the faithful to be. They cannot work together in harmony and in peace. If we do not work together in our own parish, the work of God that we have to do by all working together not only cannot advance, but will, through our own fault, cease entirely or drag on but

very slowly. How does the judging and criticising of God's ministers injure our own

souls? It makes us discontented, lukewarm, indifferent, unwilling, and finally rebellious. We are commanded by God to do His work in this parish, to do it faithfully and well. If we get into such a state of mind we will not do this, and God's work cannot go on. He who continues in this state of mind

Date to ourselves by means of our bad example.

What must we do, therefore, my dear brethren, to keep from offending. His work in our parish, and to keep our souls from so sad a fate? This we must do. Be of one mind with those in authority over us. Stop judging and eriticising them. Let our motive be to please God in all we do. God's work in this parish is all arranged for us, those He desires to do it airerady appeinted for that very purpose. All we have to do its to sustain, encourage, and push that work in the way God wills, evidently, it shall be carried on. There is but one way it can go on. If we push it on in that way success is certain. If we oppose all will fall through our fault. He who encourages and advances God's work in his parish as laid out for him, makes a record in this world for himself, and upon the books of God, to be opened on the doy of inderment. certain. If we oppose all will fail through our fault. He who encourages and advances God's work in his parish as laid out for him, makes a record in this world for himself, and upon the books of God, to be opened on the day of judgment, a record eternal in heaven. He who opposes finds out the work of God here a success, but that he has had no part in it, nothing to show for himself, to God or man. He is left out in the cold He is left out in the cold man. through his own fault.

Finally, remove from you the religious tramps who neglect their own business to attend to, criticise, and judge God's ministers and God's affairs. We must regard even the little we can do for God as a great privilege and in-estimable. Let us thank God that we are permitted to have a part in what is done for Him, for it is our greatest glory that we are permitted to serve "Therefore judge no before the time." Leave judging and criticising to God, who reserves all judgment to Himself, particularly the judging of His ministers.

Mother at Prayer.

Once, says a writer, I suddenly opened the door to my mother's room and saw her on her knees beside her chair, and heard her speak my name in prayer. I quickly and quietly withdrew with a feeling of awe and reverence in my heart. Soon I went away from home to go to school, and then to college, and then into life's sterner duties. But I never forgot that one glimpse of my mother at prayer, nor the one word-my own name—which I heard her utter. Well did I know that what I had seen that day was but a glimpse of what was going on every day in that sacred closet of prayer, and the consciousness strengthened me a thousand times in duty, in danger, and in struggle.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Universal Holiday. There is no holiday in all the long calendar of the months that is so uni-versally and so enthusiastically celebrated as Christmas. All men every-where take heart of grace and smile a cheerier smile as the music of the Christmas bells falls upon their ears. Whoever will look back to his young days cannot help remembering what a carols sung at midnight in the open, frosty air. And these Christmas Why are we prohibited? Because by doing so we offend God, we impede the work of God in our part of the Church, we injure seriously our own

souls.

How do we offend God when we that these men who broke the silence of judge and criticise His ministers? By meddling with God's business. Those in authority over us, our rectors and priests, are what they are and where they are by God's appointment. Therefore, to judge and criticise them. As we grow older we grow is to put ourselves in God's place to

wish there were!

Make Your Gift a Pure One, and Give it With Love.

"If you had the wealth of the world you could not equal that first Christmas gift," writes Ruth Ashmore in an article on "Girls and Their Christmas." article on "Girls and Their Christmas-Giving," in the December Ladies Home Journal. "And you can only imitate it by making your gift a pure one, and giving it with love. You want to share, this Christmastide, your faith, your hope and your charity with those you love. You want to make your very 'good-morning' tell of that good morning that came so many bundred years ago when the many hundred years ago when the little Child first wakened on this earth. little Child first wakened on this earth. You want to think of the gifts that were brought to Him and what they typified. You want to have your heart full of joy, and love, and hope—so full that it will brim over and the rest of the world share it with you. You want to tell, in your speech and in your eyes, and from your heart, of the gladness of the time. You want to make this gladness go out to some one who is in grief. These are the days when you must needs give of your

who is in grief. These are the days
when you must needs give of your
good things, and among all your possessions there is nothing so good as a
belief in God and a hope for the
future. That was what the little
Child came to tell about. Surely the
Christmastide is the feast of all others
that sample to women, and as the

Judge Grace was a true son of St. Vincent de Paul in his zeal for the upifting and the preservation of home life among the poor, to whom he devoted himself, and all that he taught

the practised in his own home life.

The little ones romped and played, he older ones strung up pop-corn and twined fetsive wreaths, but at last the young fingers ceased their work ; the vee children left their play, for from ip to lip went around a glad whisper, s older ones peered into the face of the old clock on the mantel, the alarm of which was set at the hour of Santa's coming.

"See, see ! it's almost time for Santa to come-he's coming at five! See!

it's almost five. Almost five. Even the grown people grew restless, and anxiously peered through the windows into the deepening gloom, and listened for the sound of merry bells, for Santa Claus did not come down the chimney in the midnight darkness when he came to visit the happy household, but came in high state. In a fine team with prancing horses, escorted by Grandpa Frace, he had always reached this

mansion in 'the children's hour, Between the dark and the daylight."

Whir r-r-r went the alarm of the It was five, but there was little clock. It was five, but there was no Santa Claus in sight. When had the dear old gentleman ever disappointed the twelve anxious little ones

before? There was a quick ring at the door a quick summons to grandpa, then to the three young mothers of the group one little flock, alas! w s motherless -then after a brief space grandpa

entered. He smiled at the upturned faces so full of expectancy and disappointment, and then with a graceful bow to his

ful gifts that came yesterday by express from his great, great store-house of Christmas delights; gifts that the loving hands of your dear grandma and of your mammas and aunties have hung upon your Christmas tree, but which your bright eyes have not yet

to distribute among you all the beauti-

looked upon. I met Santa in a poor and desolate home. There the young eyes were so blinded by the tears they have shed for their dear mamma, whom days cannot help remembering what a strange, mystic time Christmas was. There was something almost awe inspiring in the music of the Chrismas kind voiced old man wrapped in his great fur coat was Santa Claus.

"Now, children dear, Santa Claus loves poor children and longs to make their homes happy and bright upon this Christmas Eve, but what can he do? This poor little boy and his two little sisters are strangers here; they do not know any other children at all. Now, Santa, dear good heart that he is, wants some kind-hearted young people to help him. How will they do it? Speak, children? I told Santa that I

dear old Santa Claus would have stripped the tree. But Grandpa Grace, somehow did not seem satis

All had spoken but two, the babyof the group who just toddled around
with her mamma's hands supporting
her, but who, baby as she was, wanted to be toddling into every game of the older ones; and Mary, the eldest of them all, who had the kindest of child hearts, and soothed childish sorrows always, and was a real little

grandpa looked at her, "his very first grandchild," as he lovingly called her.

"Well Mary, my child, what say you for the poor little folk where good all Santa Claus is now waiting for me old Santa Claus is now waiting for me to bring him to my happy group Mary was the only girl grandchild there who had known sorrow.

Her dear mother, like the mother of the poor little ones for whom grandpa was pleading, was worshipping the Christ Child in heaven. But the loneliness and sorrow of her young heart never cast a shadow over others' joys, but only made her long to give sympathy to others in their sorrows.

Mary looked around the group, then for a moment closed her lips tightly, as though gaining strength within her-

self to make a proposal so daring that none might second her in it.

"I've been thinking, grandpa—
I've been wishing, grandpa, while you were speaking—that you and all might be willing for Tom and me to go and

could just see that grandma was leadng in three children, a boy and two ittle girls, and placing them in chairs where they could see everything

There was a moment of hushed expect incy, then folding doors rolled back ward, and an outburst of delight was the children's greeting to Santa Claus, who, white bearded and fur-wrapped, stood beside the tree that shone with the dazzling brightness of the sun of fairyland. "May the Christ Child bless you all

now and always, my children!" said Santa, when he had passed the last gift to grandpa, who in turn gave it the little one who came forward as her name was called. "May the Christ-Child bless you all!" He drew aside a silken screen from

the foot of the tree as he spoke, and there, in a manger of straw, lay the ittle Christ-Child. In a flash dear old Santa was gone. Aunt Alice took her place at the organ and in the voices of the children

and older folks resounded the Christmas carol: The snow lay on the ground The stars shone bright, When Christour Lord was born On Christmas night."

The little orphans were warmly greeted by the home group, but the hyness of children would have kept

such beautiful surroundings and in possession of gifts that each in itself seemed a fortune, but in the romping game of "Blind Man's Buff" that they had so often played in their native city, found themselves at home at once and Johnny soon became the leader in



"But isn't it too bad," asked Charles, a bright little fellow of light hair, "that sick people keep Uncle Frank so busy that he never can get home till after Santa Claus has gone; but Santa leaves a present for him al-

ways.

Through some papers that Mrs. Mahar had left in Johnny's keeping, Speak, children? I told Sauta and soon the compound ask my happy group."

From a chorus of voices came offers to share their Christmas gifts when dear old Santa Claus would have stripped the tree. But Grandpa stripped the tree. But Grandpa Judge Grace was able to trace relatives of Mr. Mahar, and soon the chillovely home where so many children romped and played, ate good things, said sweet prayers and sang happy songs around the crib of the Christ-Child, at the foot of a beautiful Christ-

ANGLICANISM AND NONCON-FORMITY.

BY PROFESSOR ST. GEORGE MIVART. Now that the Holy Father's Bull—so clear, so simple, so full of common sense, and so admirable in all ways has been published, the silence of respectful anticipation, which so many of us felt to be alone fitting, may I

sister must appear a monstrous and absurd falsehood to any one who recalls what the Establishment was before the "forties. The Archbishop of York has, I am told, declared that the Anglican Church has ever taught the doc-

trine of the Eucharistic Sacrifice.
Why, then, was I never taught such Grammar School, Harrow, or King's College, or elsewhere? But if what the very "High Church" contend for

warious Protestant bodies, one of such forms of Dissent being legally estab-lished, while, beside them all, the atholic Church has persisted-many of its members sacrificing their for tunes and their lives to maintain thos truths which some Anglicans have now the amazing impudence to de-clare the Establishment has ever taught

In referring to the various Protest ant communities existing in this country, I desire to add a few words with respect to "Nonconformity.

It was with great delight that, at the late meeting of the Catholic Truth Society (whereat I note with gratification how Cardinal Vaughan ratified my recent argument in your columns about "Authority and Evolu-) the claims of the various nonestablished Protestant bodies our sympathy and attention were variously and forcibly advocated.

And I not only rejoice at the duty which has been thus laid upon us by he Head of the English Church, but feel strongly persuaded that now is the very moment for action in the mat-The non-established Protestant

bodies are, like the established one,

each undergoing two contrary pro cesses. There is a strong current set ting towards infidelity, and it seem there is in each such English body a contrary current also. The Times of in the midst of life's battle! October 1 records how, at "the Congregational Union of England and Wales," the Rev. Dr. Barrett (Norwich), read a paper on "Congrega-tional Worship." Therein he advoyouthful audience, he made a pretty and unexpected speech.

'Dear little brothers and sisters of the Christ Child: I have seen dear old Santa Claus. He was on his way here the Christ Child: He was on his way here the Christ Child: I have seen dear old source in her illness.

Therein he advotional Worship.'' Therein he advotion in the voice that speaks the most trivial common-place. Clouds become ing that "many people could not worship so spiritually in a rude and stern ship so spiritually in a rude and stern form as they could in a building and beart beats in sympathy with our own.

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That any continuity, other than legal exists between the English Church of good Queen Mary and the Calvinstic political edifice of her miserable with the properties and above the more and above the more and above the properties and the properties and the properties and above the properties and the properties and above the properties and the properties and above the properties and the properties and the properties and a properties and the properties are properties and the properties are properties and the properties and the properties and the properties are properties and the properties and the properties are pr THE PILGRIMAGE OF ST. PATRICK'S PURGATORY, (Lough Derg)

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a doctrine by any single one of the many Anglican ministers whom I knew in my boyhood — at Clapham Carbonary School Harvery on Viving and Carbonary School Harvery on Viving and Carbonary School Harvery on Viving Carbonary on Viving Carbonary School Harvery on Viving Carbonary School Harvery on Viving Carbonary School Harvery on Viving Carbonary on Viving Carbonary on Viving Carbonary School Harvery on Viving Carbonary on Viving

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The Gladdened Heart.

It is not so much regret for sins we have committed that bothers us in this world as the gnawing sorrow that attacks us when we think of the many good things we might have done, the many little acts that would have cost us nothing and been to some sorrowful heart as a veritable ray of sun-shine. As Mrs. Margaret Sangster says so beautifully in her poem, "The in of Omission:"

"It is not the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you a bit of heart ache
At the setting of the sun."

Now, why not let us all begin right now to steer clear of the heartache by making the most of what we can be and do for others? This does not mean the play begins "at places of amusea lavish prodigality in money-giving -ah! no, for there would be few indeed who enjoy the delight of such to bring much happiness to your expected answer is: By no means. genuine essence of comfort and heartsease than any benefit the wealthy can

Look over your day as you lay a tired head on the pillow and see if you could not have done much to gladden some heart, and the doing would have Buff."

Johnny Mahat and his little sisters did not find themselves at home amid such beautiful surroundings and interesting article in the Revue des Deux Mondes entitled "Allemagne Religieuse"), will pressure of a hand, a cheering word—

street. sometimes burried an excenent disposition for assisting at the sacred ceremony that might have said, the kindly message that you might have sent, the close a difficult thing to come off the crowded street. sometimes burried and street. pressure of a hand, a cheering word— how much these would have meant to the footsore and weary ones struggling then to kneel down with the proper

tardy in the giving of that which is ours to give so lavishly. Many a burden becomes easier to bear through the tender influence of a gentle inflec-

with surroundings which seemed to remind them more of the realities of the unseen world."—London Tablet.

Give, then, of your own abundance, for the day will come, perhaps, when you will mourn sincerely over the sin you will mourn sincerely over the sin of omission, which, through your own charged against you.

"Five Minutes Before Mass". In most instances there is absolute-

y no excuse for coming late to church. People are not hurried or pressed by other affairs on Sunday. If they reach the church five or ten minutes after the services have begun it is wholly because of an unreasonable fear of spending too much time in the house of God. Else, why the studious care which people take of leaving the house only with sufficient margin of time to reach the church? Why do they display so much precaution lest they be too early? They are not gingerly ment. They waste ten times the time thus "lost" otherwise during the day. But is the time that a indeed who enjoy the delight of such bestowal. You need not be rich in Christian spends in church just before this world's good in order to be able the services begin really "lost?" The associates. There are gifts that the poorest can make which will be much more thoroughly replete with the and self-communion before the priest comes to the altar is productive of the best spiritual results. A practice of reaching the church five minutes before the services have begun and of spending the time in strictly religious. reflections-powerfully assisted by the associations of the place-has always ost you nothing if you had only hought. The tender word which you assisting at the sacred ceremony that

disposition before the Sacrifice of the a the midst of life's battle:

Life is at best too short for us to be Mass. The five minutes of preparation that ensues.