DECEMBER 21, 1918

hibition hall on that fair graduation day when Alice had sung like an angel and won the plaudits of an outside world. She remembered how happy Alice had declared her-self, and how she manifested her intention of returning after vacation to enter novitiate. The dear Sister, smiling at her impulsiveness, had said: "It may be different when you see the world, poor child. Someas she rejoined Mrs. Dillon.

times I tremble for you—you are so beautiful, so talented." Alice had laughed at the Sister's fears, and then-Mrs. Johnson entered the

"Josie! You have returned my call at last! One feels doubly a stranger when one's friends are almost next door and remain there.'

"A thousand reasons, Alice, for such apparent neglect. And yet I wonder what you will say when yo know my errand."

"Charity, of course. They tell me you are the busiest woman in town, and all for others. Compared to you I am a useless butterfly."

I should rather call you a hum mingbird, especially tonight, when a saint. I come to ask you to sing for char. He la

That request is readily granted. I sang for money so long, it is only right that I should do something for pure charity. You are going to have a concert for the poor, I presume

"No, not exactly. I want you to sing at the High Mass at Christmas." Mrs Johnson blushed and looked

startled. That is different, Josie, I am afraid I ca afraid I cannot. You see-Mr. John again took up the book that fascin-son-well I should have to consult ated him. It was Father Faber's

him. Why, Alice, you do not mean

"My own church, yes, but not our church, and there is all the difficulty. am so glad you came tonight, osie. I have been doubly unhappy Josie. this evening, and it is a comfort to wile came to make her strange re-me to have a friend of the old days quest, but his heart was running confide

There were tears in her eyes as she arose and brought her chair close to Mrs. Dillon. he tried to be interested in the book, and after a little while be dropped it, Why are you so unhappy. Alice ?

You have everything to live for." Yes, and still nothing to live for. I have fame, wealth, a devoted hus-band, and yet unhappiness. Your presence intensifies it, by contrasting the present with the old convent days. Dear Sister-how often she told me that she had fears for me on account of my voice ; but God gave me that voice, and when I saw how people were charmed by it my soul was fired with an ambition to make the whole world listen. You do not know what ambition is, Josie. To me it was wealth, fame, everything earth can give, and it inspired me to study You remember when I went to Italy to study with Lustrini friend of my father made it A dear possible. Another pupil was Mrs. Johnson, my husband's first wife, a beautiful, amiable woman who took a deep interest in me, and made her husband also interest himself. You know my leap to fame, my debut, my laurels everywhere. The Johnsons were as pleased as I. Mrs. Johnson died the next season, when I sang at the Metropolitan. Two years after, he asked me to marry him, and I did willingly, for I had come to love him dearly. But there was a cloud over my happiness, for I had married out of the Church. I did not mind it refused to have it baptized my slumbering faith One night I came from the theatre;

after a grand success, to find my

bigoted ? She could not tell. She only knew that hitherto he had railed at God and religion as hypocrisies, and now-she could not explain it, but a smile was forced upon her face

To Alice Johnson it was the mos beautiful Christmas morning she had seen for many years. She was in feeling a girl again as she stood waiting for the car to take her to church. It seemed to Dr. Johnson as he came down the stairs that she had never looked so beautiful, so happy, since the gala night at the Metropolitan when a great city gave

homage to the American nightingale "I wish you a great success this norning, Alice. The revelation will come from the wrong part of the

church today." "Thank you, Herbert, but revela-

tions do not come from sinners." "I do not so classify you." "But I do ; a Catholic who is false to her conscience can hardly be called

He laughed, but there was no ring of merriment in the sound. "These are serious thoughts for a

merry Christmas, Alice. But really your voice will astonish them to day. I'd like to see your triumph. Why not come, then ?" she asked, timidly.

'It's against my principles, dear.

But here's your car. Goodbye." He stood at the door till the car disappeared down the long driveway. Then he returned to his study, and Bethlehem.'

Whatever Marx told me to read "Whatever Marx told me to read that you must ask nim for such a service as that? To sing in your "My own church, yes, but not our "My own church, yes, but not our self were reading pious literature? Well, it's peculiar." He read on from where he had stopped when his after a car, bearing to a despised temple all that he held dear. In vain and summoning a servant, asked, Has Jones returned from the hurch yet? Yes? Well, tell him to church yet? drive around for me. 'Adeste fideles' - unconsciously he sang the old hymn as he prepared to go out.

"To St. Jerome's Church."—"Yes," he repeated to the man who stood amazed, doubting if he heard aright. Can't a man go to church if wants to?" But he was forced to smile when he entered the car, as he recalled the expression on the chauffeur's face.

No one noticed the wealthy Dr. Johnson as he took a seat in the last pew ; he did not come to court notice, and besides he would have a better vantage ground to observe the effect of his wife's solo. He sat stolidly while others knelt, an unintentionally cynical smile upon his handsome face at all this apparent mummery and hypocrisy. He smiled as he heard the unmusical voice of the priest—poor Father McGce was never noted for his musical attain. the peculiar devices uprearing slant ments-he sneered at the efforts of the small choir to render Gounod's great Mass, he thought the sermon long and tedicus, yet he was con-recious of little till the offertory, and then he was all attention, for she was singing. It was the "Holy Night," with the

But when our child was born and he as ever, and yet so unlike. There the decorating of the graves of it baptized my was a sentiment in it, a passion began to rebel. there he had never heard before. He He had heard her in opera, on the the plot I found myself taking off my her boy shall always be made beauti-concert stage, and he had wondered cap; and I kept it off all the while I fall ty the hands of a French woman child dead-and unbaptized! That at her talent. Then it was the voice was there, for even before I had been

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

When we had made the rounds we

"It has been a good many months

'General,' he said to me, 'there is

scarcely a family in this place where

we live that has not given one or

remote from the scenes of actual

tend the graves of our own sons.

'We desire that the name of each

tion, as a sacred charge, may carry on the obligation which is now to be

laid upon their parents and trans

mitted as a legacy to all who bear their name. We would make sure of

this, so that, no matter how long

as the graves of our dead sons.

then the spokesman explained :

it had started.

fighting.

lege.

by months.

presence in his house of Mrs. Dillon is mine, too. Do not question me. I of clay beneath were quite covered and the fear that he would seem can't explain it. I only know that I up and hidden from sight; so now was blind and now I see, Con us thank Him for it." And, united indeed, a man

voman knelt in the place where but a few moments before a woman had sung like an angel.—Adapted.

DECORATION DAY IN FRANCE

On the day before Decoration Day of this year I was in a seaport town on the northwestern coast of France, which our people had taken over as which our people had taken over as a supply base. The general in com-mand of our local forces said to me as we sat in his headquarters at dinner that evening :

"I wish you'd get up early in the morning and go for a little ride with me out to the cemetery. You'll be going back there later in the day, of in what to them must have been a unaccustomed labor. Coming to each individual worker or each group of workers, the general urse, for the memorial services ; would halt and formally salute in answer to the gently murnured greetings that constantly marked our passage through the burying but I want you to see something you probably won't be able to see after nine or ten o'clock."

What is it ?" I asked. "Never mind now," he answered. To tell you in advance doesn't suit sat down upon the edge of the flag-dressed platform, and he proceeded to explain what I already had begun my purpose. But will you be ready to go with me in my car at seven o'clock ?'

"Yes, sir ; I will." I should say it was about half past

I should say it was about half past seven when we rode in at the gates of the cemetery and made for the section which, by the French Gov-ernment had been set apart as a burial place for our people. For more than a year now, dating from the time I write this down, a good many thousands of A mericane berg many thousands of Americans have been stationed in or near this port, and many, many times that number

have passed through it. So, quite naturally, though it is hundreds of miles from any of the past or present battle fronts, we have had some deaths there from accident or disease. We rounded a turn in the winding road, and there, before us, stretched the graves of our dead-soldiers sailors, marines, and members of labor battalions; whites and blacks and yellow men ; Jews and Gentiles, Catholics, Protestants and Mohammedans-for there were four followers

of the faith of Islam taking their last sleep here in this consecrated ground row upon row of them, each marked. except in the case of the Mohammedans, by a plain white cross bearing in black letters the name, the age, the rank and the date of death of

him who was there at the foot of the Just beyond the topmost line of crosses stood the temporary wooden platform, dressed with bunting and flage, where an American admiral an American brigadier, a group

of French officers headed by the major general, a distinguished French official, and three chaplains representing three creeds, were to unite at noon in an hour of devotion and tribute to the memories of these three hundred and odd men of ours who had made the greatest of all

the peculiar devices uprearing slant wise at head and foot of the four graves of the Mussulmans, or the brave play of tricolored bunting upon the sides and front of the platbunting form yonder which caught my atten-tion. For at that hour the whole

place was alive with French neonleout of the Caurch. I did not mind it then, my heart was in the world, He had been a Catholic, but now was an atheist, I practically a pervert. It was her voice, beguifully sweet Determine the caurch of the second Americans. As we left the car to walk through

He stood up, looking across the semetery all bathed and burpished as only the seams in the green cover-lids distinguished these two from was in the soft, rich summer sun-

shine. "God !" he said under his breath graves that were older by weeks or "How I am learning to love these Alongside every grave knelt a people !

woman, alone, or else a woman with children aiding her as she disposed her showing of flowers and wreaths So I have here set down the tale; and to it I must add a sequel : Decoration Day was months ago, and now I learn that the custom which briginto the best advantage. Mainly the old men were putting the paths in ated in this coast town is spreading order, raking the gravel down smoothly and straightening the bor-derings of shells. There were no throughout the country; and that, in many villages and towns where Americans are buried. Frenchwomen soldiers among them ; all were civil-ians, and for the most part humblewhose sone or husbands or fathers or brothers have been killed are taking appearing civilians, clad in shabby over the care of the graves of Americans, bestowing upon them the same loving attention they would visit, if garments. But I marked two old gentlemen, wearing the great black neckerchiefs and the flowing black broadcloth coats of ceremonial days, they could, upon the graves of their men-folk.—Irvin S. Cobb in Saturday who seemed as deeply intent as any Evening Post.

NO ROOM IN THE INN

Pooteore and weary, Mary tried Some rest to find ; but was denied, "There is no room," the blind ones

cried. Meekly the Virgin turned away, No voice entreating her to stay : There was no room for God that

day. o reason out myself—only, of course, did not know, till he told me, how No room for her, round whose tired

> Angels bowed in transport sweet, The Mother of their Lord to greet

now," he said, "since we dug the first grave here. But on the day of the funeral a delegation of the most in-No room for Him, in whose small fluential residents came to me to say that the people of the town desired hand The troubled sea and mighty land

Lie cradled like a grain of sand. to adopt our dead. I asked just what exactly was meant by this, and No room, O Babe Divine, for Thee,

That Christmas night ; and even we Dare shut our hearts and turn the key.

In vain Thy pleading Baby cry Strikes our deaf souls, we pass Thee more of its members to die for France. In most cases these dead of

ours sleep on battlefields far away by, Unsheltered 'neath the wintry sky. from us, perhaps in unmarked and unknown graves. This is true of all parts of our country, but particularly is it true of this town, which is so

No room for God ; O Christ, that we Should bar our doors, nor ever see The Saviour waiting patiently.

Fling wide the doors. Dear Christ, 'So, in the case of this brave turn back :

American who today is to be buried Of light and warmth a total lack here among us, we ask that a French family shall be permitted formally to undertake the care of his grave, as How can I bid Thee enter here, Amid the desolation drear

though it were the grave of one of Of lukewarm love and craven fear

their own flesh and blood who has fallen, as he has fallen, for France What bleaker shelter can there be Than my poor heart's tepidity,, Chilled, wind tossed as the wintry and for freedom. In the case of each American who may hereafter be

buried here we ask the same privi We promise you that, so long Dear Lord, I shrink from Thy pure as these Americans shall rest here in еуе : our land, their graves shall be our graves, and will be tended as we No home to offer Thee have I.

Yet in Thy Mercy, pass not by. -AGNES REPPLIER. family that adopts a grave may be registered, so that, should the adults die, the children of the next genera-

THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM

O cruel manger, how bleak, how bleak; For the limbs of the Babe, my God

Soft little limbs on the cold, cold straw ;

your fallen braves rest in the soil of Weep, O eyes, for thy God. France, their graves shall not be as

Bitter ye winds in the frosty night the neglected graves of strangers to us, but, symbolically at least, may be Upon the Babe, my God. Piercing the torn and broken thatch Lament, O heart, for thy God. "'We wish to do these things for

more reasons than one : We wish to do them because thereby we may ex-Bare is the floor, how bare, how bare, For the Babe's sweet Mother, my

press in our own small, poor way the gratitude we feel to America. We wish to do them because of the God.

thought that some stricken mother across the seas in America will per-The shepherds have come from the hans feel a measure of comfort and

asolation in knowing the grave of

there ; whose home, also, has been deso-

Only a stable for Mother and Babe How cruel thy world, my God !

hills to adore The Babe in the manger, my God ; Mary and Joseph welcome them

Worship, O soul, thy God !

music of heaven. But alas ! there are near Catholics. There are men an women who were born Catholics, who received into their keeping the precious jewel of the Faith. But they have grown away from the Church. They are Catholics mere-ly in name, Catholics by a vague tradition which is not strong end even to touch them with remorse. They were cold and indifferent as

they grew up. Perhaps, indeed, their home was far from Catholic, and their home life soon became the arid naturalism of those around them. They remained away from Mass at will; they did not even trouble to seek the shadow of a reason. The Mass meant little to them. They went to Confession at long and accidental intervals, which They knew not the state of the Heavenly Bread; they were satisfied with the busks of the swine. They early sought Protestant society gradually lengthened into, early sought Protestant society, and of course entered a mixed marriage. Years came and went and they Years came and went and they were swept into the coldest indifference. Their children grew up around them untrained in the faith.

The snows of age fell, and they stood facing death. Even then there was delay in sending for the priest. They were near Catholics and the thought of the priest was forcing itself through the barrier of the years. They hesitated to propose their They hesitated to propose their desire to those around them. They grew weaker and weaker. was hurriedly summoned. There was a halting confession. It is diffi cult to gather up the broken and confused threads in a few agitated moments. The curse of their careless life is upon their dying hours. They trust in the magic of mechanical Sac-raments. God has surrounded His Sacraments with conditions. They produce grace where there are no obstacles. And Oh! the obstacle of years of sin and indifference ! The obstacle of spiritual impotence be-gotten of the faithless life. He is dead. The near Catholic stands before the judgment seat of

God. The requiem is sung. Some of the mourners- aye, some of the children - sit through the solemn ceremonial of the Mass. The dead man has left behind him dead branches !- Catholic Bulletin

WHY DO BELLS FOR CHRISTMAS

Their all-steel construction offers no har-boring place to vermin, they are thief-proof and FIREPROOF, sanitary and handsomely finished in baked-on enamel of shade desired. DENNISTEEL Lockers appeal to buyer who seek the best quality and are willing to pay the very slightly higher cost for a bette article. C. P. R., G. T. R., M. C. R., Eatons Simpsons. Bell Telephone Co., Imperial Oj Co., Laval University and many others us none but.Dennisteel Lockers and Shelving... RING-? Why do bells for Christmas ring ? Why do little children sing ? Once a lovely shining star, Write for illustrated folders on Stee Lockers, Fteel Shelving (standardized) Steel Sacristy Cabinets, Steel Hospital Equipment (a complete line) Etc. Seen by wise men from afar Gently moved until its light Made a manger cradle bright There a darling Baby lay, Pillowed soft upon the hay, THE DENNIS WIRE AND IRON And its mother sang and smiled. This is Christ, the Holy Child.

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WHOOPING COUGH

e—and here I am." But does he not relent?"

'On the contrary, he is more in. sistent. [argued at first, finally gave was trembling, he knew not why. it up, and am now settied down into Her voice bad gone down into his an obedient, loving wife."

Never at peace, Jbeie, and that Never at peace, Jbeie, and that is why I am going back to the stage. My voice is better than ever, and the dead child, in all his pride of it will give me something to think about. But I detain you. I will ask my husband, though I fear he will refuse." refuse.'

She ascended the stairs slowly, thinking deeply and formulating her argument. Dr. Johnson was read-ing when she entered his study, but was the bell of the Sanctus sounded, and he knelt with the others to await the great Mystery. quickly laid aside his book as if to conceal it. conceal it.

more. Mrs. Dillon my old convent companion — you remember our charming hostess at Nanles—comes transpired there within the last hour. to press me to sing." "Sing where, Alice ?"

At St. Jerome's Church.

Roman Catholic, of course."

Yes. You know, dear, I do not approve of such things. How can you desire

to mingle with such people ?" "You are so proud, Herbert, and this is the season of humility." Yes, she was there. She was kneel-ing with her head bowed on her hands, and—it smote his heart to see

Of humility ?"

Yes, it is the season of the Babe of Bethlehem." She wondered at her boldness as she spoke. "It is Christ-mas, when all differences should be astonishment at her husband, who forgotten. You have given me many gifts. Herbert, may I not ask a "Alice!" There was an inexpres-"Alice!" There was an inexpres-"Alice!" There was an inexpres-

angel, with a joy, a pathos beyond description. A sigh escaped from him as the last notes died away; he was trembling, be know not was my last appearance. I became of an artist, but here in the little told the full story of what went on there ill; he would not let me return to the church it seemed like the voice of an I knew. I stood in the presence of a

soul with a pleading, a touch of heart-

were young: but all of them wore black gowns. Some plainly had been drawn from the well to do and the He smiled at his thoughts, but there ants.

Oh, it's you, Alice. You startled congregation had dispersed. He had And now I will startle you still been oblivious of the glances of the

> He was waiting for her, as impatient to see her as if they had been separ ated for years. Yet she did not come. She had not gone home, for the car was still outside. He would go for her and surprise her. He ascended the dark stairway quietly.

hands, and-it smote his heart to see it-she was weeping.

"Alice." The woman started at the half astonishment at her husband, who came nearer and took her trembling the sides of them and edged the here, doing their work before the

done in any sanctuary. We walked all through this God's acre of ours, the general and I. never hope-most of them Some of the women who labored therein were old and bent; some form that same office for theirs.' A BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE

The general cleared his voice, which had grown a bit husky. Then he continued : wealthy elements of the resident population; more, though, were poor "So that was how the thing came about; but it doesn't altogether ex-plain what you see happening here today. You see, the French have no folk, and evidently a few were peas who, one guessed, lived in villages or on farms near the city.

Here would be a grave that was heaped high with those designs of stiff, bright hued immortelles which the French put upon the graves of

their own dead. These are costly, too, but there were a great many of nearest approach to it. But weeks ago, before the services contemplated them. Here would be a grave that was marked with wreaths of simple field flowers or with the great frag-rant white and pink roses which grow so invuriantly on this coast. today, were even announced, the word somehow spread among the townspeople. To my own knowl-edge, some of these poor women have been denying themselves the actual pecessities of life in order to be able Here would be merely great sheaves of loose blossoms; there a grave upon which the flowers had been

scattered broadcast until the whole mound was covered with the fragrant dewy offering : and there, again, I saw graves where fingers patiently unused to such employment had fashioned the long stemmed roses into wreaths and crosses, and even into the form of shields.

THE GENERAL EXPLAINS

Grass grew rich and lush upon all narrow graveled walks between the

rows. We came to two newly made graves. Their occupants had been it, in the hope that you might write

But I alone may not come near The Babe in the manger, my God. Weep for thy sins, O heart, and plead With Mary, the Mother of God !

> 'May I not come, ob, just to the -to per door, To see the Babe, my God ?

There will I stop, and kneel and adore,

And weep for my sins, O God !

'But Mary smiles, and rising up, In her arms the Babe, my God ; She comes to the door and bends her

down, With the Babe in her arms, my God

day that exactly corresponds in its epiritual significance to our Decora-tion Day—our Memorial Day. All Souls' Day, which is religious rather then patients in its envert is there "Her sinless arms in my sinful arms Place the Babe, my God ; He has come to take thy sins away ; than patriotic in its purport; is their Break, O heart, for thy God :'

-CONDE B. PALLEN.

CATHOLICS AND NEAR CATHOLICS

to make as fine a showing for the graves they have adopted as any of The Newark Monitor has a vivid picture of those who may be termed near-Catholics. The Monitor says: the wealthier sponsors could make. "Don't think, though, that these There are Catholics and, we are sorry to say, there are near Catholics. graves are not properly kept at all times. Any day, at any hour, you There are Catholics who are Catholics in every fiber of their being. The chords of their heart thrill and vican come here and you will find anywhere from ten to fifty women down on their knees smoothing the turf brate with the spirit of Catholicity and freshening the flowers they con-They are Catholic in faith, in obedi stantly keep upon the graves. But I knew that at daylight this morning ence, in opinion, in word and deed. They are dutiful children of the Chirch. They attend Mass every Sunday: they frequent the sacra crowds began to arrive for the serv-ices, and I wanted you to see them at ments; they are present at the devo tions; they send their children to the small favor from you now ?" He was silent for a moment, as if meditating. ""Alice!" There was an inexpres-sible tenderness in his voice. "You meditating. ""For all the past, Herbert, for the peace of Christi, She could scarcely believe her ears. Was he relenting? Or was it the "God forbid, Alice, for that peace

Suggestions for Christmas Gifts **Religious Pictures and Statuary**

During the coming holiday season your mind will be perplexed as what to give your parents or dear friends in the form of an everlasting keepsake. We take occasion to suggest that it be Religious Picturee or Statuary, which is slavays acceptable and in good tate In beautiful Sepia Dark Brown religious pictures we have the following popular enbiects - Sarced Heart of Jesus, Sarced Heart of Mary, St Cecelia, Christ and the Rich Ruler, Christ in the Temple, Christ at 12 Years, Christ at 30 Years, Christ Praying in the Garden, The Lost Sheep, The Divine Shepherdi, Ruth and Naomi, Emounds ' Last Supper.' The Sistine Madonna and Child (Käphael, Madonna and Child Zick, Madonna and Child Eichel), Madonna and Child Herruzzi, Pha Doctor, and price of these pictures is 50c. each. We will service Benedict XV 'Our Lady of Peace.' The Ganada or Newfoundland on receipt of 50c. money orden yours of this collection to any part of Canoda 1 Reproductions from the old and modern masteria. They are in sizes and Child Sick, '' and I reproductions from the old and modern master.' Chrono 16 x 20 inches, we have St Anthony, Ecce Homo, Our Sorrowfol Mother, price St Bown, at 'the Holy Family Into Egyrt,'' price 70c. In risk His orical we have that famous old Irish Picture 'Victorious Charge of the Irish Brigade at the Battle of Fontenoy, May futh, 1746,'' in boautifu natural colors, size 24 x28 inne, price 31.00'' Portage prepaid long the starter with famous old Irish Picture 'Victorious Charge of the Irish Brigade at the Battle of Fontenoy, May futh, 1746,'' in boautifu natural colors, size 24 x28 inne, price 31.00'' Portage prepaid long the starter with famous old Irish Picture 'Victorious Charge of the Irish Brigade at the Battle of Fontenoy, May futh, 1746,'' in boautifu natural colors, size 24 22 inne, price 31.00''' Postage prepaid on picture.' ring the coming holiday season your mind will be perplexed as what to g r friends in the form of an everlasting keepsake. We take occasion to su

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