

The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname)—St. Paclan, 4th Century.

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CATHOLIC NOTES

Bishop Foley, of Detroit, has ordained the Rev. Cyprian Marchant, O. P., who is a convert from Episcopalianism.

Among the old students who gathered at the Jesuit school at Wimbledon recently was the British General, Lord Roberts.

The Catholics of Belfast, Ireland, are being shamefully treated, persecuted and assaulted. Many have been obliged in consequence, to remove elsewhere.

According to recent returns, the state of New York contains more Catholics than any other state in the Union. The number is 2,778,000 of which more than one-half live in New York city.

About 3,000 Jesuits are laboring in the mission fields. They are distributed as follows: Asia, 1,174; America, 607; Africa, 373; Oceania, 328; Europe 114.

A somewhat unusual combination of political circumstances in Santo Domingo has resulted in the choice of Archbishop Nouel as temporary president of the Republic pending the election of a president.

Mitchell Kennerley, the New York publisher, offered prizes amounting to \$1,000 for the best American poem of the year. The Catholic Standard and Times, Philadelphia, and George Sterling of California, won the second prizes of \$250 each.

Catholic papers are commenting with wonder and admiration on the Knights of Columbus Council in Fairfax, Minn., which at the close of an initiation ceremony, recently, handed the editor of the Catholic Bulletin of St. Paul a list of sixty new subscribers with a check in payment.

Most of our esteemed contemporaries featured prominently, several weeks ago, the report that the notorious "Archbishop" Vlatke had been murdered in Mexico. It appears, however, that the well-known character is very much alive, and is now in San Antonio, Texas, in the interest of a colonization scheme he is operating in Mexico.

Since the conversion of Princess Eoa to Catholicity no incident has aroused so much interest in English society circles as the announcement that the only child and heiress of the Earl of Ashburnham has renounced the world and decided to become a nun, says the B. C. Western Catholic.

Cardinal Logue, in sending Mr. R. J. Kelly, of Dublin, a subscription of £2 for the wounded Bulgarians, writes: "There could be no stronger claim on the sympathy and charity of Christians than to aid in relieving the sufferings of the brave men, who have fought so nobly against the hereditary enemies of Christendom."

Right Rev. T. M. A. Burke, Bishop of Albany, N. Y., announced recently that Anthony N. Brady is to furnish him with funds to construct and equip an up-to-date freeborn maternity hospital. This will cost \$100,000 and \$150,000, and the only condition which must be met is that the hospital be non-sectarian and that color shall not bar one from entrance.

Dr. Max Pam, the Jewish ecologist and philanthropist, recently announced it is his opinion that the salvation of the congested Jewish districts on the East side of New York lies in their conversion to Catholicity. Dr. Pam, himself a Russian Jew, who came to this country as a barefoot immigrant lad, recently gave a large sum to found scholarships at the Catholic University.

Among the greatest cathedrals of the world is St. Sophia in Constantinople, now turned into a Turkish mosque. To this Cathedral Bulgaria owes her God, its conversion from paganism to Christianity. It was erected by the Emperor Justinian in 532. It cost about \$10,000,000. It has 8 columns of porphyry and 8 columns of green marble from the Roman Temple of the Sun and the Ephesian Temple of Diana.

In Washington on Thanksgiving Day, the president of the United States, the Hon. W. H. Taft, attended with his military and naval staff, the solemn High Mass at St. Patrick's Church. This Thanksgiving service is now held every year at St. Patrick's and to it are invited the officials of the United States Government and all the representative American nations.

Philadelphia is now a city of Bishops, four having there residence there. They are the Most Rev. Archbishop Prendergast, his newly consecrated auxiliary, Bishop McCort, the Ruthenian Catholic Bishop, Mgr. Orlynski, and Bishop Carroll, who lately, on account of ill health, resigned his See in the Philippines. Bishop Carroll is now the permanent rector of the Church of St. Edward the Confessor.

A group of Sisters of Our Lady of Zion, founded in Paris, in 1843 by the Jewish convert, Abbe Theodore Ratisbonne and his brother, Alphonse, have gone to Kansas City, where they will establish a convent. The society was expelled from France, with other religious communities ten years ago. The Kansas City convent represents three nations alike, English, Irish and French. They will teach in the parochial school of the Annunciation.

Archbishop Francis Redwood, S. M. D. D., of Wellington, New Zealand, lately spent a few days in St. Louis as the guest of Archbishop Glennon. When asked what measure of success attended equal suffrage for women in New Zealand, he said, as reported in the St. Louis Times: "Women have had the vote in New Zealand for many years, and it has been proven that they use it wisely and judiciously, and for the greatest common good. I am heartily in sympathy with the movement in this country, and believe that the tide of equal suffrage cannot be stemmed."

GUARDIANS OF PUBLIC DECENCY

"The same condition of things obtains in regard to social indecencies. Every moral outrage is ferreted out by our ubiquitous reporters and their hordes in all its ghastly details to feed the morbid curiosity of a sensation hunting public. The scandals of our divorce courts are discussed with a freedom that might well cause a roue to blush, while salacious plays and immoral shows are advertised in text and illustration that set all rules of public decency at naught. Some action has indeed been taken by our Catholic societies to prevent these abominations, yet how woefully inadequate all such efforts have hitherto been is shown to evidence by the fact that little improvement has resulted therefrom. Why not enforce respect for religion and for public decency by securing the rigorous application of existing laws, or by the enactment of new ones if no such laws exist? This would certainly appear within the reach of possibility, if only our Catholic societies were to insist in their efforts to influence the powers that be.

"And so I might point to many other needless social reforms, all of which might be effected, or at least considerably promoted, by a vigorous action on the part of our Catholic societies. Of course, no vigorous action on our part is possible, unless we ourselves can stand up before the world and say: 'Which of you shall convince me of sin?' If we too stand in need of reform, we should only make ourselves ridiculous by attempting to reform others. Their 'Physician heal thyself' would frustrate our every effort. We cannot expect to make the world Christian, except insofar as our own individual lives be so many concrete expressions of every true Christian ideal. If there be anything wanting to us, our reform must begin at home, to be truly and safely venture upon its mission abroad."

AT THE CRIB

The divine Child, He is the splendor of heaven, He is the little straw that formed His bed to whom the earth and all it contains belong. And the who is Queen of Heaven and earth is near that crib. There she watches and is attentive to all the wants of her Divine Son. With what respectful care she touches Him and holds Him, knowing that her Lord and her God! With what joy and confidence she embraces Him and presses Him to her bosom! She was the most humble of creatures, she was also the most prudent and watchful. She was never wanting in the most tender care for Him, and during His whole life upon earth she never failed in the fulfillment of any duty towards Him.

Our Heavenly Queen has her station near the crib; let us place ourselves there with her; and let it be our joy to be often near the Infant Jesus, for virtue doth go forth from Him, from the Nativity to the Feast of the Epiphany, and all those who are united to the Federation of Catholic Societies. What a splendid array of Catholic manhood and Catholic womanhood they present to the eyes of the thoughtful observer! What a power for good there must be latent in their serried ranks!

First Church Dedicated to Blessed Joan of Arc

It is consoling to know, writes the Paris correspondent of the Irish Catholic, that while the Masonic sectarians less than to condemn these societies, as so many useless institutions. This we cannot do, and this I certainly will not do; yet, even with the best of will, one cannot help thinking that ever so much more might be accomplished. Thus, for example, in many instances our public offices are bought and sold as so much merchandise, and yet our Catholic citizens remain as inactive as if it were no concern of theirs. Why not club together and make an end of corrupt politics? We don't want a Catholic political machine, as lying bigots accuse us of having; but we do want clean politics, and we do want our Catholic societies to be instrumental in bringing about this much needed reform. If they fail to strive for this, they are delinquent in a duty which is imposed upon them by their religious as well as by their civic allegiance.

INDIFFERENCE THE DANGER

"Again, what are our Catholic societies doing towards inspiring others with respect for our holy religion? They are doing, something, no doubt; but might they not do ever so much more? Some of our newspapers and other publications are in the habit of printing articles that are not only anti-Catholic but anti-Christian in tone and tendency, yet hardly a voice is raised in protest or a subscription withdrawn. Perhaps you will say that the defense of religion is the duty of the priest, that they are the official guardians of the Church's interests and as such they must see to it that all unjust aggressors receive due reproof. This is very true; but has it ever occurred to you that the priest is practically powerless if not backed up by the laity, whose subscriptions and advertisements are put to the priests may send protest after protest, but not an editor will heed them; but let our Catholic societies, with their thousands and thousands of members, threaten to withdraw their patronage unless an immediate stop be put to everything that outrages their religious feelings, and the effect will be instantaneous. If our secular press shows little respect for Catholic sensibilities, it is largely because editors know from past experience that our Catholicism is of the passive rather than of the active kind; but they do not fear us as martyrs, but they do not fear us as soldiers. Yet we are supposed to be soldiers of Christ!

Most Joyous of all Months

The last month of the year was the tenth month under the old calendar, and still retains the name December, which signifies tenth instead of the twelfth month, as it now is. On the 22nd of the month the sun enters the sign of Capricornus, or the Goat. The idea is represented by the animal noted for climbing the hillsides, suggesting the beginning of the ascent of the sun, which, after reaching its lowest declination on the 21st of this month, recommences its upward path, and reaches its highest altitude in the heavens on the 21st of June. In the Church the month is dedicated to the sacred devotions in commemoration of the sacred humanity of our Divine Saviour, and the Advent preparations for the celebration of the sweetest and most joyous festival of all the year—Christmas Day.

America, speaking of the conference in London, addressed by our own unique Mr. Hincks, very pertinently asks: "What would be the effect should a great Catholic meeting in Rome resolve that there should be a uniform educational law in Canada, on strictly Catholic lines?" If we are asked, what would be the effect on Rev. Mr. Hincks, we answer that we should fear the worst.—Casket.

which struck him most by far, and which he spoke of afterwards as we drove home, is the ending of the 'Agnus Dei'—he could not get over it—the lovely note which keeps recurring as the 'requiem' approaches eternally. When it was done twice in its true home, the Church, later, on the 2nd and 13th November, 1886, he said 'It is magnificent music.' 'That is a beautiful Mass' (adding, with a touch of pathos) 'but when you get as old as I am, it comes rather too closely home.'

OUR CATHOLIC SOCIETIES

FATHER OTTEN, S. J., QUESTIONS WHETHER THEY ARE DOING WORK THAT IS NEEDED

In a sermon preached at the special Mass for workmen in a St. Louis church on a recent Sunday, Rev. Bernard J. Otten, S. J., took occasion to say a timely word on Catholic societies and the influence they should wield for social and civic justice. His words will bear repetition and we quote from the Church Progress as follows:

"To stem the crushing tide of social evils, there is need of action, and of concerted action. Single handed we can do little; but if we stand shoulder to shoulder hundreds of thousands in serried ranks, success must crown our efforts. And this duty we dare not shirk. Our own personal interests as well as the common good, make it incumbent upon us to promote the work of social reform by every means in our power. If we are content to live in a society that is rotten to the core, we ourselves shall soon be in a gangrened condition. Hence we must be up and doing. We glory in being Christians, an ever varying expression upon his lips, as he strains alternately between grave and gay. Producing his violin from an old green baize bag, bending forward, and holding it against his chest, instead of under the chin in the modern fashion, most particular about his instrument being in perfect tune, he executed with great vigor, painstaking rather than brilliant, he would often attend the Oratory School Sunday practices between two and four of an afternoon, Father Hyder and Father Norris sometimes coming to play also."

When Canon McNeille, the Liverpool anti-Popery speaker, challenged him to a public dispute, Newman replied that he was no public speaker, but that he was quite ready for an encounter if Mr. McNeille would open the meeting by making a speech, and he himself might respond with a tune on the violin. The public would then be able to judge which was the better man."

His favorite composer was Beethoven, to whom he was passionately devoted. Once, when Mr. Bellasis said of the Allegretto of the Eighth Symphony, that it was like a giant at play, Newman replied, 'It is curious you should say that. I used to call him the gigantic nightingale. He is like a great bird singing. My sister remembers my using the expression long ago.' He had reached this preference gradually. 'I recollect,' he writes to a friend in 1865, 'how slow I was as a boy to like the School of Music, which afterwards so possessed me that I have come to think that my earliest recollection has been the cult of Beethoven on all the young Oratorians who played in his company. They might start with Corelli, and go on to Romberg, Haydn, and Mozart, writes Mr. Bellasis. 'Their ultimate goal was Beethoven.' As with literature, so with music, Newman was on the whole true to his heart's desire. Beethoven already possessed him in the twenties, and later masters never quite won his heart. This was especially true with sacred music. Mr. Bellasis writes on the subject in his detail:

"He was very slow to take (if he ever really took) to newcomers on the field of sacred music. And holding, as he did, that no good work could be adequately judged without a thorough knowledge of it, he was disinclined to be introduced to fresh musical names at all, on the whole true to his heart's desire. Beethoven already possessed him in the twenties, and later masters never quite won his heart. This was especially true with sacred music. Mr. Bellasis writes on the subject in his detail:

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"No single power can ever deal with a question which by its very nature is of international issue, but matter of international consideration and deliberation."

"Such by its very nature is the question of the place of the papacy among the governments of all Christian people, and the three hundred millions of Catholics, who inhabit every nation throughout the world, can never supinely accept as a permanent solution of this question, which vitally concerns each one of them, any condition which hinders or obstructs the absolute freedom of the august head of their religion."

"Meanwhile, we again raise our united voices to deplore the violation of those rights of the Sovereign Pontiff without which, notwithstanding all shallow platitudes, the Head of the Church of Christ is a prisoner, unable to exercise those very influences which would infallibly rebound to the good of all governments, and the welfare of civil society the whole world over."

"This is our immutable attitude as Catholics. If statement, little moved by other considerations than international expediency, realize the logic of it, we, as loyal children of the See of Peter, will be as next and parcel of our Christian inheritance."

"Heaven and earth shall pass, but My word shall not pass." The face of the nations shifts and is changed. National boundaries vary, are increased and diminished, but the dignity and authority of the vicar of Christ change never, and his inalienable right as head of God's kingdom on earth will never be yielded until the last day, Christ, Our Lord, comes in person to vindicate His own.

is bearing the heavy burden of the church universal, and who nobly and with the courage of a Christian martyr is withstanding the violence of Christ's enemies.

UPWARD AND ONWARD

"Stand firm, look upward and march onward together. God is with us. And if we do our share manfully, his blessing will bring us his sure and bountiful triumph."

THE GREAT CARDINAL

HOW NEWMAN SILENCED A CON-TROVERSIALIST.—HIS GREAT LOVE FOR MUSIC

Ward's Life of Newman

A very human and attractive side was visible in his love for music, of which I have already spoken, and a few words may here be added on this subject.

From the days when he played the violin as a young boy, his brother Frank playing the bass, down to the Littlemore period when he played in company with Frederick Bowles and Walter, string quartets and trios were his favorite recreation. Mr. Moxley, in his 'Reminiscences of the Oxford Movement,' thus describes his playing of Beethoven with Bianco White in 1826: 'Most interesting was it to contrast Bianco White's excited and indeed agitated countenance with Newman's Sphinx-like immobility, as the latter drew long, rich notes with a steady hand.' When the gift of a violin from Rogers and Church in 1854 made him renew acquaintance with his old love after a long interval, the manner of his playing was somewhat different. 'Sphinx-like immobility,' writes Mr. Edward Bellasis, 'had made way for an ever varying expression upon his face, as he strains alternately between grave and gay. Producing his violin from an old green baize bag, bending forward, and holding it against his chest, instead of under the chin in the modern fashion, most particular about his instrument being in perfect tune, he executed with great vigor, painstaking rather than brilliant, he would often attend the Oratory School Sunday practices between two and four of an afternoon, Father Hyder and Father Norris sometimes coming to play also.'

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"On this ground the union came into existence. Here we still stand. To God we trust the cause of God, but our loyalty, our prayers, our all, shall ever be the consolation of the Father of Christendom, who, under sad conditions,

"Of one thing I know you are all well assured—the chief shepherd of this diocese; unmoved either by fear or favor, while ever striving to live in peaceful harmony with all about him, will never rest and never cease his labors for the advancement of his people and his flock until he has done his share to bring them by instruction, by discipline and by affectionate, if at times sturdy guidance, into their rightful place here in New England. That place is not an inferior corner of toleration, but straight out in the forum of perfect equality with the best."

OBSEQUIES TO BLAME

"Such from the beginning has been my aim. And let me say clearly, if we come short of its attainment, it will not be from the opposition of outsiders. There are thousands of good men neither of our faith nor our race who are as eager and anxious for that day as I or you can never be. It will be and can only be because of divisions in your own ranks—the jealousy of the petty, and the pusillanimity of the weak ones in faith and manly hope, who in every stage of the Church's progress have blocked the way far more than any phantoms of opposition, or any phalanx of open enemies."

OUR WATCHWORD

"Unity is the Catholic watchword. In that sense the whole Church universal is a Catholic union. Nowhere, thank God, more than here among us does this sacred virtue reside, consecrating the labors of all, prelate, priest and people, and bringing forth such wonderful results. In that holy unity let us look the future squarely in the face. United thus, we may behold the promise of a great and beautiful harvest."

"I thank you Mr. President for the devotion and affection which in your own name and in the name of the union you so filially offer me. As your archbishop I have absolutely only one end in view, one only purpose in all that I do."

PATH OF DUTY

"That is to point out to every Catholic of this diocese the path which his holy faith illumines through this mortal life, and which alone leads to a blessed immortality—to make that faith which is our greatest inheritance better known and better loved—to show side by side with our supernatural destiny, the only real way by which our beloved people may rise to give them here in this life if they stand by their Catholic principles and Catholic ideals, equally unmoved by cheap patronage on the one hand and by ignorant intolerance on the other—claiming no privilege accepting nothing short of justice. We have, even in the brief space of these few years, made no undoubted and admitted progress in religious activity and public prestige."

"Think for a moment of the million souls, each one needing care and instruction and sacramental aid. Consider for an instant the three hundred millions of Catholics, each one looking for aid and solace and comfort in trial. Have you ever before considered what perfection of discipline and order is necessary that each and all may go well and prosper? And have you ever before reflected that for all this order and harmony and good discipline and order, the few years made no undoubted and admitted progress in religious activity and public prestige."

"Speaking of the Holy Father and the attitude of the world toward the Prisoner of the Vatican, the Cardinal said: 'The greatest statement of every age and every country have attested to the necessity of recognizing the sovereign power of the papacy. And we are confident that until this great world-question is met honestly and squarely and is dealt with upon the high plane of international harmony and well-being, the nations themselves who stand in the way of a just settlement of this most important problem will be the chief sufferers.'"

GREAT WORLD QUESTION

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We glance at the kneeling throng and many nationalities are present. A party of Swiss tourists, with their green hats and short spears are kneeling near the altar rail, while the Germans have taken advantage of the improved transportation facilities and have come to Rome in great numbers for the festival. Outside the Church we hear many languages spoken, and here and there is a strange face which we cannot classify. Our own country is well represented, and we strain our attention to note the voices which so often betray their section in this vast country."

The multitude is composed of many races, yet it is pleasant to consider that regardless of their color, heredity and education, they are united for one day, at least, by a satisfying common thought.

Having fulfilled their religious obligations, the concourse of people pass along the Corso's principal thoroughfares that they may see their friends and may be seen by whoever wishes to glance their way. The narrow sidewalks cannot contain the throng and they take possession of the broad thoroughfare. With difficulty can a carriage press its way through the mass of people.

All kinds and conditions of men and women saunter along, complacently enjoying the spectacle and one another. Heavy peasant women arrayed in gorgeous colors walk along with the admirable poise due to their lack of consciousness. They are wearing their heavy gold ear rings and their three rows of simple coral. Long silver pins, adorned at one end with a silver globe pass through their abundant hair and heavy embossed brooches blaze on their brilliant dress. They are absorbed in their previous grandeur before the most exquisite creations of Parisian artists."

The bronzed and sturdy rustics accompanying them are wearing their peaked hats, short jackets, high boots well oiled and glistening after the elaborate care bestowed on them in the morning, while a sign of distinction is given to the whole attire by the red scarf tied round their waists. They are sons of the soil and walk the city's streets with the calm confidence of men who ask no favor of the world save an opportunity for honest labor that they may earn their bread."

They look with wonder but without envy at the fashionable young gentleman from London, in his stylish frock coat and high hat. Face to face are the representatives of an untrained but intelligent peasantry and a highly educated and energetic aristocrat, and all the great differences between the two can be seen on the stately Corso during the morning hours of Christmas."

Italy is a land where courtesy is never forgotten and etiquette is simple and natural, without the least taint of affectation. If ever the angelic injunction of good-will to men has become a pleasant reality in the streets of Rome on Christmas morning. The pleasant greetings of "Buona Festa" and "Buon Natale" are heard on all sides.

A well dressed gentleman salutes you with good wishes for a happy day, and after a time you recognize him as the clerk of the magazine who has been mentioned in photographs two weeks ago. A bright boy greets you kindly and in his holiday raiment you can with difficulty discern the archduke, who occasionally sold you the newspaper. A glad cry of Christmas greeting meets your ear and looking at your cordial friend, you see the magazine's old cash driver, who, last week, brought you through the villa Borgheese.

Even the poor woman who sells matches to keep herself from beggary smiles so pleasantly when she sees you, that even though it is your first Christmas away from home and all your friends are thousands of miles away, you are not lonely, for the warm, generous courtesy of the Romans has made Rome your home and all who ever met you, even in the most casual manner, are your kindred for a day.—The Pilot.

CARDINAL O'CONNELL ON CATHOLIC UNITY

Cardinal O'Connell has again in clear terms marked out the line of Catholic action in this country. His talk to the Diocesan Union is being read by all Boston, and non-Catholics find it typical of the man they have learned to respect and admire. The Cardinal said:

"As your spiritual leader it is my duty to speak as plainly as language permits when any danger to the flock lurks within the fold or confronts us from without. Thank God I do not know what fear means when there is a clear duty to perform either in reprimand, rebuke or resistance to the evil influences of self-made leaders, whose sole purpose it is, no matter what their anonymous pretensions, to weaken discipline and utterly destroy Catholic unity. The place to believe as one likes, and to create factions for personal motives is not the Catholic church. And while I have a voice to raise, it will be lifted loud and strong against such interlopers and disturbers of the peace of God's house and kingdom."

EFFORTS OF CHURCH'S ROES

"The very shrewdest managers of the church's foes, one which has always operated with the greatest success, is that by which the prestige and dignity of the spiritual authority of the bishop is diminished and lessened, and in its place thrones are set up for those who intrude themselves into the sacred precincts, whose fate have neither sacred nor human right to stand. This is a trick as old as the Church herself. Be warned and be on guard against it. Let no astute flattery of those whose faith is only a figment deceive you. Its purpose is all too clear. And the shepherd will not fail to fearlessly hurl his staff when the protection of the unsuspecting flock requires the defense."

A Christmas Carol

The moon that now is shining, In skies so blue and bright, Shone ages since on Shepherds Who watched their flocks by night. There was no sound upon the earth, The snow air was still, The sheep in quiet slumbers lay Upon the grassy hill.

When lo! a white-winged Angel The watches of the night, And told how Christ was born on earth For mortals to adore; He bade the trembling Shepherds Listen, nor be afraid, And told how in a manger The glorious Child was laid.

When suddenly in the Heavens Appeared an Angel band, (The while in reverent wonder The Syrian Shepherds stand.) And all the brightest choiced Words that shall never cease,— Glory to God in the highest, On earth good will and peace!

The vision in the heavens Faded, and all was still, And the wondering shepherds left their flocks, To feed upon the hill: Towards the blessed city, Quickly their course they held, And in a lowly stable, Virgin and child beheld.

Beside a humble manger Was the Maiden Mother mild, And in her arms her Son divine, A newborn Infant, smiled. No shade of future sorrow From Calvary then was cast; Only the glory was revealed, The suffering was not passed.

The Eastern Kings before him knelt, And rarest offerings brought; The shepherds worshipped and adored The wonders God had wrought: They saw the crown for Israel's King, The future's glorious part:— But all these things the Quirinal kept And pondered in her heart.

Now we that Maiden Mother The Queen of Heaven call; And the Child we call our Jesus, Saviour and Judge of all. But the Star that shone in Bethlehem Shines still, and shall not cease, And we listen still to the tidings, Of glory and of Peace.

—ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

CHRISTMAS IN ROME

When the December sun sinks down beyond the horizon on the evening before Christmas and the clear notes of the Angelus tell that another day has been registered in the scroll of time, the bells of Rome ring out in peals of unrestrained joy, the vigil of Christ's coming to earth. Every spire and tower and cloistered monastery join in this glad rhapsody of welcome to the Redeemer of men. Huge, loud-voiced bells from the great basilicas send forth their harmonious roar to mingle with the silvery sweetness of smaller companions, and the softened tinkle from some modest convent meets and is lost in the solemn booming which sweeps over the city from St. Peter's.

The sonorous music of the bells dies away, the great city lies buried in sleep until the clock on the Quirinal tower strikes the midnight hour, when the bells ring out once more and the Masses begin in those churches where the custom is still preserved. The monks stand in their dimly lighted choir and intone their antiphones from the huge vellum missal. The hymn of praise, first sung by angels to the watchful shepherds, is chanted, and after the consecration, the Saviour lies upon the altar, not wrapped in swaddling clothes, but in the gleaming white semiblanche of bread.

At the collegiate chasels throughout the city the superiors offer the oblation of prayer and praise and give to their students the Bread of Life. Men of many nations stand side by side in spiritual brotherhood. In the palaces of the rich, an interesting scene might be witnessed. Lord and servant kneel together before their Saviour. The individual receives a new dignity at this season and all artificial standards of society lose their power. The little private chapel has been draped with regal red and gold by loving hands, and here, where ancestors twelt three centuries ago, surrounded by their retinue of armed men, the modern noble kneels and in union with his servants offers prayer and thanksgiving to the new-born Saviour.

Bright and clear dawn Christmas, the feast of childhood and happiness. In the calm of early morning, great multitudes throng the churches, and remain in fervent devotion before the little crib placed in the sanctuary. Priest after priest ascend the altars, from every part of the massive edifice the tinkling of bells announce that here, as truly as in the hill town of Bethlehem, Christ is born, that glory is given to God and that peace will come to men, who make their heart a temple to ennobling charity.