tral home, he described himself as living in a palace. In some respects the description is true. To-day it looks splendid; hoary with age and memories; an epitome in some respects of the History of England. As its name implies, it was once an Abbey, and was one of the monatic institutions which Henry VII. diverted from the church to his nobles; the foundation of most of the fortunes of the ancient aristocracy of England, including the Cavendishes, the Fitz maurices, of whom Lord Lansdowne maurices, of whom Lord Lansdowne is the head, and the Russells, with the Duke of Bedford as the present leader of that illustrious line. There is scarcely a part of the building, even with modern improve-ments, that does not look like a monastery. Everywhere you pass through cloister, some of them reminiscent of the cloisters in the House

of Commons, now used as a cloak room, but relies of the days when an Abbey began to make Westminster one of the notable spots in the growing village of London. It was a cold day, and a walk through these long and bare cloisters made one shiver; as a matter of fact, there are hot water pipes all over the place, but the restless spirit of the great business man who is now the pos-sessor has resolved on radical im-provements, and for the moment the hot water pipes were up, and the hot water pipes were up, and the

Around there are remnants of the ings; they are more ordess in ruin, and this adds to the air of ancient and brooding history which is characteristic of the whole place. It is extremely irregular; there are big and almost palatial rooms, and then there are tiny rooms where you could scarcely swing a cat. The stairs in some places are steep and narrow. The room in which Baron himself used to live is at the top of the house; might as well indeed be called an attic; but it has a beauti-ful view out on the grounds and the remnants of the old abbey. You have to approach it by one of those winding little staircases; nowadays it would be objected to by a domestic servant of a lordly footman, as too remote and too troublesome to

Each of the big bedrooms has a history. The Royal family preserved the right to use these bedrooms when themselves in that part of the coun try. One room is called the King Edward II. room, and another the room of Charles II. : a third is called the Duke of Sussex room. Poor Byron did not make much use of these spacious and palatial chambers: he was too poor when he was transserred to Newstead and had to content with a few of the smaller rooms including that attic in which he lived and dreamed; and started the poem that in a day made him famous and immortal instead of poor and

There are a few Byron relics in the Abbey, a sword and some other relics of the ancestors—those strange and eccentric soldiers and sailors who gave to Byron the hot blood and the abnormal nerves that at once made him a post and an outcast. Curiously enough, there are more reminiscences of David Livingstone, the great explorer whom Henry M. Stanley found in Africa. The ex-planation is that Newstead abbey was for many years the home of a Colonel Webb. Webb was a globe. trotting Englishman; one of his friends was the great African mis-sionary, and Livingstone was his honoured guest for some time, wrote some of his work there, and a medallion of the strong typically Scotch face is on the wall. The great diningroom—quite a royal chamber—was too cold for lunch; so we took our meal in asmall comfortable room at its side. One of the curiosities of the place is a tablet in one of the cloisters where are set forth the names of the Augustinian friars who for-merly were the owners of the Abbey, put up by I know not whom-probably some devotes of the ancient

I was even more anxious to see Byron's tomb. Every Byron scholar will remember that long and dreary procession of Byron's remains from the Missolonghi to his home: with the refusal of the authorities of Westminster Abbey to allow the re-mains of one of England's greatest Agures to lie in the goodly company of the poets and the writers. That tragic procession took nearly two months before it reached its goal—from May 26 to July 16. Hucknall Torkard in the slight and short glimpse I got of working class village. One of the incidents, it will be remembered, was that Lady Melbourne, the Lady Caroline Lamb of an earlier date wife of a man who was Prime Minis ter of England and Queen Victoria's first Premier, tutor and friend-accidentally met the funeral procession outside London. She had been one of Byron's first, most passionate and most tempestuous loves; and their passion had ended in a flerce quarrel, with the most venomous and unre-strained and vituperative letter Byron ever wrote; it is preserved in his published letters. The coffin of the dead lover brought back all the complicated past, and she never re-covered; died soon after; the always unbalanced mind had received its

is a fair size, and has been beautified

a good deal by one of its rectors. The tomb of Byron is a disappointment. There is nothing to show that one so illustrious lies below, except a short also with the name. Parent was the contraction of the slab with the name Byron upon it. The remains lie in a sealed vault below, to which there is no access, except by opening up a big stone, which has never been done since the remains of his mother and his daugh-ter were placed in the row of the un-

ter were placed in the row of the unhappy Byrons of former generations, by the side of whom the greatest of the name sleeps.

There are other memorials, however, of Byron—a medallion placed there by Augusta Leigh, the half sister with whose name his is inextricably associated whether in guilt or in pure affection the world hasn't yet decided. Apart from this and a little away from it, there is another memorial of Byron which struck me memorial of Byron which struck me as an outrage. I remember seeing in the House of Commons in the far back eighties and afterwards walking through Pall Mall an eccentric and very rich Scotch baronet named Sir Tollemache Sinclair—with the red beard of the Highlander and the rather mystic look. He was an ec centric, always apparently in a passion about something and unable to restrain the desire for communicating these outbursts of rage in spluttering letters to the papers. He took it into his head that he also would commemorate Byron; so he put up a tablet in which there are a number of quotations from Victor Hugo, Chateaubriand, even Disraeli bearing testimony to the genius of Byron; as if Byron required testi monials. A companion wittily de-scribed that this tablet is a series of one more little incident. There is

in the graveyard outside the tomb of Ben Caunt. Ben Caunt was a famous prize fighter. "They say," said the old sexton with a smile, "that as many people come to see the tomb of Ben Caunt as of Byron; but," he

POETS

By Rev. D. A. Casey

Christmas is the one day in all the ares and finds time to worship the hem it is difficult to think of stock and shares, and so for once the world

keeps holiday.

But if the Christmas spirit holds all of us captive, there is one to whom it makes especial appeal, and that is the poet. For every poet is an idealist. He hears voices, and sees visions, and dreams dreams that ordinary mortals are not conscious of. He is a visitor from some other planet that has somehow strayed into this world of ours. The exile's bitter pain is ever eating at his heart, and, whether he wills it or not, he cannot out voice his longing for that dear land of music and song from whence he has wandered. Small wonder, then, that he should make Christmas peculiarly his own. It is the one ime when he feels most at home with his neighbors, for on that day they, too, hear voices that are forever ringing in his ears, and dreams dreams that are his daily compan-

It would be a delightful task to "go over to Bethlehem" in the wake of all the Catholic poets who have ever knelt before the lowly manger ; fully comprehend the spirit and meaning of Christmas, so it is only the Catholic poet who can re echo in his lines the song the shepherds heard hibit us from so doing, and so we must be content with something very much more modest, namely, a cursory glance at the Christmas songs of our own Catholic Canadian writers.

In the first place there is Dr. O'Hagan. We cannot claim a very full acquaintance with his work, but upon our desk there lies at this moment a delightful little volume of verse, " In the Heart of the Meadow." From it we quote this beautiful

" THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM " The Christ Child in the manger

lay—
The inns were full that night: And o'er Judea's distant plains There streamed a wondrous light; The shepherd 'mid his white fleece

flock Gazed wistfully from afar, And voices strange, angelic, sweet, Smote hearth and hill and star.

The Christ-Child in the manger lay-A Royal Throne of grace; And Mary, Lily Maid of God, Found glory in His face; For a King was born in Bethlehem— In Bethlehem of Judea,

Whose sceptr'd power of love and

grace Should reach from sea to sea.

Next we turn to Father Dollard. It would be hard to say anything in praise of his verse that has not already been beautifully said by abler critics. He is easily the first of our singers, with a fame that extends far beyond the confines of this continent. Years ago, when Canada was but a name to us, the ballads and lyrics of "Slieve na mon" were more familiar than the work of the poets who lived His is the generosity that is char acteristic of true greatness. If we have achieved anything worthy of even passing notice it is in great measure due to the kindly encourage-

"Bethlehem Town," "Christmas Hymn," "Christ is born in Bethlehem," and "The Early Christmas Mass." We quote the last mentioned:

Slipping down the Curlew mountains to the early Christmas Mass,

When the shadow's on the heather and the rime is on the grasstroubles bide with us alway. But the Saviour makes us happy on His holy Christmas Day

I must wake my dear ones early on this morn of peace and joy, pet lamb, pretty Nora, sturdy Neil, my comely boy, the hearth is cleaned and cosy

and the dancing flames are the kettle croons a welcome to

the coming Christmas Day. Darkness lingers on the valley and the fairy-haunted glen, Eastward now the break of morning brings the peace of God to

the mountain-rim—first jewel of the Christ Child's diadem, Burns a star of radiant beauty like tue Star of Bethlehem.

Wake ve now, my sleeping treasures wake ye now, your mother's

joy, Nora, drowsy lambkin, blueeyed Neil my laughing boy— For the shadow's on the heather and the rime is on the grass, the angels hurry earthward to the early Christmas Mass.

above you ivied abbey, where God's servants prayed of old Fiery pillars in the heavens—bars of silver, shafts of gold-

ing souls unnumbered pass, the early Christmas Mass. Down the mountain, up the valley,

from the riverside and klen, Throng the cheery chatting people stately women, stalwart men Guard, oh, guard them, God of Erin bitter sorrow theirs, alas? Many a heart shall bleed in exile ere another Christmas Mass.

Lift thy drooping face, my Erin, God has heard thy bitter moan, Tho' His hand rest heavy on thee, 'tis to make thee more His

Faith has died where nations flourished-earthly gain His gifts surpass, When He greets His gathered people

at the early Christmas Mass. We have, more than once, in these pages, referred to Dr. William Joseph Fischer's splendid contribution to Canadian Catholic verse. "The Toiler and Other Poems" is a book worth while that should be on the shelves of all who like the cultivated and refined. Although it has reached a second edition we are afraid that many Catholics have yet to make its acquaintance. We have not so many afford to buy their books, but apart altogether from the bond of the Faith, the poems of Dr. O'Hagan, Dr.

the patronage of the public because of their intrinsic worth. From Dr. Fischer's volume we abstract: A CHRISTMAS IDYL

The starlight bright steals into my Ah! would that it might still this heart, so cold-This heart, that knows and feels the

biting cold noon Might sunshine forth the fairest bud

Of hope, that I might see his precious Before mine eyes grow dim? The years have rolled

Too slowly on, since that black night laughing child, I held him to my

And saw him flower there before mine

eyes. But O! too brief was this bright Para With all a mother's love, his hands I

The night he left my heart, my house forlorn, The flower sweet gave way—I felt the thorn.

most dear, now the sexton rings forth Christmas cheer
From out the belfry of you church of

For me no gladsome music will My heart still threnodies its tones of My poor, poor child? Alas o'er snowy

mere, The wind, like some sad mother. maketh moan.

Mary, most kind, who on this peace fal night Watched by a crib of straw an only Child.

Take my poor boy to thy heart, un-defiled? He needs thee now. Let the winged angels, bright.

Unbar the prison door—that he may The lights of Christmas burning fresh and free ?

It is only those to whom Christmas ment of this master of the postic art.
The church at Hucknall Torkard a fair size, and has been beautified spare the good Father's blushes. In

his volume of published poems we of Dr. Fischer's touching lines. It is find many beautiful Christmas songs, only those of us who know that such as "Christmas Morn in Ireland," never again, save in the dreams that memories awake, shall we hear the human contrivance, you have revioving greeting from lips now stilled in human contrivance; you in death, that can realize the full have contrived and contrived, you

From my own little volume of verse, "At the Gate of the Temple," I select this.

Pile high the turf upon the fire, And make the cabin bright, And put no bolt upon the door This blessed Christmas night; For it so be they pass this way, And she in trouble sore, And she in trouble sore, They'll know an Irish welcome waits Beyond the open door.

Now place the Christmas candles Pat one for every pane That they may see the blessed light A shining through the rain;

The winds are keening low.

awhile. As on the way they go. One Christmas Eve, long, long ago,

The doors were bolted fast, And in the dawn's grey light they Their footsteps as they passed; For this the Christmas lights are set,

The doors are open wide, A place she may abide. The inns were full, but there is room This blessed Christmas night, For Mary and her Holy Child, Where shines the Christmas light.

Then set a candle in each pane, That passing, they may know welcome waits the Holy Child Where Christmas lights bright glow

Miss Rose Ferguson of Toronto has given us in "Maple Leaves and Snowflakes" a very promising little volume of verse. But I looked in vain for a poem about Christmas. If there are other Catholic singers in Canada, they have either so far not have succeeded admirably in keeping the names of their publishers secret This latter is a fault that must be laid at the feet of most of our Catholic writers. They are too prone to hide their light under a bushel. If they would but court a little more publicity their work would be more appreciated because better known. The quotations I have made from the authors mentioned above prove, I think, that we have posts of our very It is hardly necessary to remind the no means the best examples of the poets' work. They have been selected simply because they treated of

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST

(By Orestes A. Brownson, formerly a Protestant Minister.)

Even Protestants themselves very generally admit that the Catholic Church was once truly the Church of Christ. It is then, for them to show when she ceased to be the Church of Christ, or to admit that she is still His Church. They cannot deny her to be still His, unless they convict her of having changed. But she has never changed; no historical re-search can convict her of having ever fallen into schism, or of having taught at one time a doctrine which she does not teach now, or of teach-ing now a doctrine she has not uniformly taught from the beginthat night of nights above storied Of Loneliness? Would that its bitter ning. She stands ever the same, the immovable but living unchangeability of that God whose Spouse and representative she is; and so long as we behold her standing before us resplendent in her robes of light and love, as young, as beautiful, as giorious as when she struggled for her very existence with Jew or Pagan, or concealed herself in caves and cemetries, we ask no other refutation of liberal Christian ity, or its offspring, infidelity. We see her standing by the grave of the old world, and at the cradle of the new, unmoved, as the torrents of wild barbarians pour down from the North, and hear her voice sounding out over the weltering chaos they introduced, and commanding order to arise out of confusion; we find her moulding a new social world, sending out her martyr-missionaries And, in my old chair, here I sit alone,
This happy night of nights, to all

Christian name; we trace her unchanged and unchangeable through all the vicissitudes of sighteen cen-turies, the rise and fall of empires and dynasties, the loss of one world and the gain of another, as the one grand central fact around which revolves the history of the world, and in which it finds its unity and its significance, and we bow down our rebellious head and worship. You may tell us she is a masterpiece of buman wisdom and skill, the chef d'acuvre of human contrivance; but in vain. We have heard of human contrivances and are not ignorant of human hisor human philosophy, and can but smile in your face when you craft and passion. Tell that idle beards on their faces. Behold her. where she stands, exposed to all the storms of human passion and all the

rage of hell, for nineteen centuries,

as young as beautiful, as vigorous, as when her chief disciple returned

of Dr. Fischer's touching lines. It is Reformation is but a human con-only those of us who know that trivance. For these three hundred never again, save in the dreams that years you have had free scope of in death, that can realize the full pathos of the heart cry that he would have rejected one plan and then an other, adopted now this one, now that, altered it now here, and now tested this.

IRISH CHRISTMAS LEGEND
Pile high the tart upon the fire. construct to compare in exquisite proportion, in the beauty and sym metry of the whole and co-herence of the parts, in strength, durability, and admirable adaptation to the end for which it was designed, with this glorious old Catholic Church, which nor time, nor men, nor devils can affect, and which you would fain per-suade us was the handiwork of be-sotted monks and effeminate priests in an age of darkness? You are o yesterday, and yet your works crumble around you; they fall, and bury the very workmen in their ruins. O my brother! for God's sake, nay, for the sake of our common humanity, say no more. Put that idle dream out of thy head, return to thy allegiance, and find the covert from the storm you in vain shall seek from your own handi-work.—Sunday Visitor.

AN UNPREJUDICED TRIBUTE

The "Booklover's Magazine," avery readable periodical of the secular kind, pays this unprejudiced and sterling tribute to the Catholic Church. It is a common sense view often expressed by Americans. It remains that these sentiments shall be expressed in terms of the heart conscience:
The growth of the Roman Catho-

lic Church in the United States is one of the most striking facts of hispopular good will, or at least a favor-able possession, and she has con-quered respect. At present those who look upon her most favorably are that large and influential class of men whose antecedents were Protestants, but whose actual connection with a Protestant Church is little more than nominal. They know enough of Protestantism to them alive to its faults, and they know just enough of Catholicism to make them admire its excellence. These men care little for the theological ecclesiastical questions which separate Rome and Protestantism. They are legislators, city officials railroad men. editors, managers of large business interests. Whenever their dealings bring them in contact with a Roman Catholic institu tion, they find an organization which wants, has some one who can speak for it officially and finally. They can see that it maintains discipline among its own members, and seems at the same time to retain their affec-They are attracted, in a word by its practical, business like efficiency, and are repelled by the oppos ite qualities in Protestantism."-

MANGER AND ALTAR

The shepherds watch upon the windswept hills, Where, huddled close, the sheep sleep

in the fold, When suddenly strange mystic music The midnight skies, now bright with barnished gold.

And sore afraid, in fear and awe they

As so to hide this marvel from on high-And trembling ask themselves what doth portend

This noon-day brightness in the midnight eky. Then spake a voice, "Fear not, O sons of men, For tidings glad to you and all we

bring, Emmanuel is flesh to conquer sin, In Bethlehem go seek your new-born King.

With beating hearts, no longer sore They straightway sought this Mystery

foretold; They worshipped Him in lowly manger laid,

While angel shepherds watched above the fold. O favored three! had we but watched

that night, We, too, would seek Him in the dawn ing grey—
But, joy of joys, where gleams the altar light, Babs of Bethlehem waits us

to day. -REV. D. A. CASEY ANGLICANS' ROSARY GUILD

From the London Catholic Times

Anglicans who have borrowed so much from the Catholic Church, still continue the practice. They now have a Rosary Guild, the object of which is announced as the furtherance of devotion to our Blessed Lady The guild devotes itself to this work because it believes that "there is no devotion which teaches the Incarnation so profoundly as does the Rosary, or which nurtures so per-fectly a Catholic tone of mind, besides enabling us to give our Mother that regular and constant devetion which is due to her as our Queen and

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The War has already brought great changes. National leaders in all countries are urging the practice of Thrift. The Prime Minister of Great Britain said recently: "There remains only one course to diminish our expenditure and increase our savings."

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Head Office

Evangelist, recommends the recitation of the Rosary as a remedy for the indifference of the Anglican laity, of which, as we recently stated, a writer has been making complaint in the columns of the Church Times. "We shall never," says Mr. Conran.
"make any real and lasting headway till we bring the laity to ponder upon the life of Our Lord and to turn each event of that life into prayer, which they will never cutgrow; and for this purpose I know than the sacred mysteries of the Rosary, which have been used in the Church for this purpose for hundreds of years."

We fear that it would be very difficult to get the average member of the Church of England to adopt Mr. Conran's suggestions, and that it will provoke anathemas from his Protest. ant co religionists. But we are sure that the Anglicans who do recite the Rosary will thereby be brought nearer to the Catholic Church.

WITH THE PEOPLE

In late years in Anglo-Protestant circles on both sides of the Atlantic there has been much talk about "re-union of the Churches," and many plans and suggestions have been of fered towards the bringing about of that object. A writer in the Guardian (London) discusses the question in connection with the war and in reference to the three Churches mainly represented among the bel-ligerents—the Catholic, the Church of England and the Russian, as to which he says that they have worked own particular sphere, but all work

same end, and he enquires :
"Is it not possible at any rate that this may point to the mode of attain-ing ultimately the unity of the Church, not by the subordination of one part to another, but by a frank Dobberthien family...... Readers of the RECORD and independent alliance in the com mon cause of the faith?

Commenting on this the Catholic Times answers the question : 'The question is easily answered.

There can be no alliance such as the writer suggests. The doctrine of Papal Supremacy is not a thing which can be taken up or laid down at pleasure either by the Catholic sian Churches. It is not a pious opinion, an administrative arrange ment : it is a dogma of faith. Only by recognition of the supremacy of the Holy See can there be any hope for the Anglican and Russian for the Anglican and Russian Churches to return to Catholic unity. And only by such recognition will 11 King St. W.

those Churches free themselves from State control and, putting aside wealth, take their stand with the people, to whom belongs the future in every civilized land."—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE

Taichowfu, March 22, 1915. Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD : Yesterday (Passion Sunday) I laid the corner-stone of the church in

Taichowfu. The former church was too small for the crowds who are being converted in the city and neigh boring towns. Even with the had a addition of forty-eight food and a gallery it will be too small on the big Feasts. May God be praised Who deigns to open mouths to His praises in the Far East to replace those in the Far East to replace those in the Far East to replace these stilled in death in Europe. And may He shower down His choicest bless-ings on my benefactors of the CATH. to hire catechists, open up new places to the Faith, and to build and enlarge churches and schools. Rese assured, dear Readers, that every cent that comes my way will be im-mediately put into circulation for the Glory of God.

Your gratefully in Jesus and Mary,

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