

friends, on the observance of his silver jubilee. Brother Jude's works of charity in and beyond Boston speak louder than words. God grant him and his zealous co-workers many more years of usefulness.

To You and All Who Read.

Following a laudable custom in more than a mere perfunctory way, we wish all our dear friends and readers an overflowing measure of peace, joy and blessing during the approaching holy season. May the Holy Child bless them all, and His Immaculate Mother protect and guide them in the unknown future! This is indeed a time for reflection. We are bidding farewell to a century full of great events and material progress, with its closing days deluged in human blood. God grant that the new century be dedicated in deed as well as in words to our beloved Redeemer! Time flies—the centuries come and go—Eternity approaches. God bless you, and all who read these lines, and grant unto you a holy Christmas and a happy and grace-laden New Year!

The Right Kind of Intolerance.

A Canadian editor, who is conspicuous for intolerance toward Catholics, especially if they are of another race, waxes warm over some recent doings of the Turk. Under the scare-head of "Turks Getting Intolerant Again," the newspaper man, commenting on a despatch received from Constantinople, says that "Turkish intolerance went to the length on Nov. 7th of forbidding *Peré Hyacinth Loyson* from holding a conference in the American College at *Scrutari*!" Poor old Turk! he is bad enough, as those who have read *Father Blakely's* "Notes" know too well. But it seems he is improv-

ing in keeping at a safe distance such pests as *Loyson* and his tribe. It was too bad there were no Turks on hand in the Philippines to meet the American missionaries when they landed at Manila. Perhaps then the natives there would have been saved from "civilization."

Books to Buy and Boycott.

To be up-to-date some persons think they must read the latest novels. Let them beware. Their time and money can be put to better use. Remember, there are Catholic books. Good books, too. Just now every book-stand is crammed with copies of a novel entitled "The Master-Christian." Of the author of this book the critic in a secular journal—the *New York Sun*, says that *Marie Corelli* emits a long-drawn melancholy howl. "Six hundred solid pages of small print and nothing but words, words, words—in all their Corellian confusion of tangled syntax and lurid illogicality. The lady is angry. Angry with the Pope, the Church of Rome and the Church of England, the Roman Catholic priesthood and the Protestant Bishops—and she sets out to demolish them all with a vigor and earnestness equal to that of the amiable enthusiast who tried, with a bunch of fire-crackers and a parlor match to blow up *Brooklyn Bridge*, because he objected to it on æsthetic grounds. She introduces a vulgar caricature of the most sacred figure in all literature and history, and makes *Him* pant like a tub-thumping temperance orator in *Hyde Park* on a Sunday afternoon, and of the old man of the Vatican, who, in the eyes of Protestant and Catholic alike, is worthy at least of veneration and respect, she uses language that is childish in its insolence and illogicality."