

responsible for many a moral break-down in childhood is now freely admitted by men who can speak from authority. The pictures may encourage the child's tendency to wrong-doing, and instead of giving him worthy ideals may contribute to greater moral deficiency. Even the colored supplement of the Sunday newspaper, despite all assertions to the contrary, may sow a seed of moral decay in the child. "Night-life" in the large cities is a prolific source of moral evils, and there is absolutely no excuse for parents or guardians in granting children the liberty of streets and boulevards after dark. How some Catholic mothers can persist in neglecting their duty on this point, and that for years, and even when they are being made aware of the havoc such license is playing with the health and the religious life of their daughters, is hard to understand.

A careful consideration of suggestions of this nature may help us to stem the tide of the evil that has given much concern to social workers,—juvenile delinquency,—and enable our schools to accomplish their work with greater assurance of permanent results.

The digression into the field of juvenile delinquency and concomitant remedial and relief efforts offered a suggestion of intensive labors in one specific field. In the subsequent paragraphs we shall confine ourselves to a general outline of possible lay activities. At best we can but sketch a general program, which will give answer to the ever-present question: "What can and should the Catholic layman do?"

To be continued.

### The Bells of Weyher

Weyher, a tiny village in the Palatinate near Landau, is beautifully situated in a valley. From the frowning heights round about, four great castles, now in ruins, look down and legend and romance have woven about them many a tale of love and chivalry.

In summer people in search of health flock here, attracted by the mild climate, the enchanting woods and the invigorating air.

In 1794 the French came, drunk with the blood of kings and priests, and insolent in revolutionary intoxication. Churches were no more to them than fine stables, and a handsome residence commanded more respect than the house of God.

After the holy altar the bells of a church are held in veneration throughout Christendom. Their tones are a language fraught with deep significance and human words cannot speak so impressively as do they, in tolling a death knell, in calling the faithful to prayer, in ringing out, "Peace on earth, goodwill to men," or in announcing "Christ Our Lord is risen!"

The enemy knowing this wreaked vengeance on the bells, and taking them from the towers, with curses flung them into the mud and dirt of the streets, then gathering the pieces had them cast into cannon. Over all the land the church towers stood sad and silent, and for miles and miles no bells could be heard.

In Weyher they still rang. The iconoclasts had not reached there as yet, but danger threatened, for the French were marching thither, and every one knew that morning would find the enemy in possession of the town.

"They shall not have our bells," cried the people.

"They may rob us of all else, but they shall not take the tongue of belief from our church," and so they counseled how to save their treasures.

In the evening the Burgomaster went to a number of homes and procured eight young men, strong and sturdy fellows, and brave of heart and said to them: "I have called you together to do something for our church, our town; a task for which brave men are needed. What we are about to undertake may cost us our freedom, our lives. I say this that he who fears may leave."

"What is it? Tell us," they cried with one voice.

The Burgomaster answered: "You know me to be an honest man. It is something good and noble—I will tell you what when you have solemnly sworn to die rather than divulge the secret."

"We swear!" cried the villagers.

"Not here," the Burgomaster said. "Come to the church and let us swear before God's high altar, in the flickering light of the

lamp in which burns the perpetual fire."

Having reached the church the Burgomaster told them his plan of taking the bells from the tower and hiding them until the French were gone.

Solemnly they all raised their hands and took the oath:

"We solemnly swear that with God's help, in life or in death, we will reveal to no one where we hide the church bells, nor will we reveal the names of those who do this deed."

Then they knelt before the altar and prayed for success in their undertaking and when they left the church it was almost midnight and darkness enveloped the village.

They procured ropes, chains, necessary implements, a sled, and the work began.

With all cautiousness the bells were lowered one by one, placed upon the sled, and carried into the depths of the woods where on the slope of a hill they were buried. A heavy snow storm completed the work of the burghers.

The French came the next day, and their wrath was indescribable when they found the church tower empty. They hunted through the church, the houses, the cellars—but in vain! To the Burgomaster the commanding officer said:

"Where are the bells? Tell us!" "I do not know," was his truthful reply.

The officer, not believing him guiltless, ordered him taken to the commander-in-chief at Landau. There he was brutally treated, starved and threatened with death, but no word of the secret escaped his lips.

The spring storms had swept over the land and the people had told their beads again and again for the Burgomaster, and had almost given him up for dead, when suddenly he appeared in Weyher.

The French were still spying about, but no bells had been found. One stormy spring day two of the men went to the spot where the bells were buried, and planted vines to mark it for all future time. Unnoticed they went and came. The roots sank into the ground, and the vines grew and twined about the neighboring hawthorn trees. Beneath the bells lay silent year for year, and thus ten years passed by. The Burgomaster's hair was fast turning grey, and the young burghers had most of them taken wives to themselves, but for none of them had the chiming of bells announced a wedding fête.

Advent approached, and like the Jews of the Old Testament who daily sighed for a Saviour, the people of Weyher daily sighed for their bells.

The Revolution was over. The Palatinate was the inheritance of another and could breathe freely once more.

With unspeakable joy was this news received in Weyher. The

Burgomaster called his eight trusty men and gave them orders to get the bells. The grave, covered with weeds, vines, and overhanging branches, was opened, and the badly rusted bells were taken out and carried to the Burgomaster's, where they were cleaned and polished until they shone like silver and two days before Christmas they were hung in the tower.

According to custom the villagers were making ready to go to the midnight mass on Christmas Eve, when suddenly a mighty clang of bells was heard—a great bell accompanied by smaller ones, chiming joyously in clear, melodious tones.

The voice of these bells was to the people of Weyher like the voice of a parent, of a friend greeting one after long years of separation. Men stood with uncovered heads, windows were thrown open, and from lip to lip passed the happy cry: "The bells! The bells!"

In the church the audience wept tears of joy, and a happier, truer, holier Christmas service has rarely been celebrated than that in the tiny church of Weyher.

On the following day the bell-rang for an hour, crying out in joyful harmony: "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, goodwill to men," and carrying glad tidings to many a weary, aching heart.

### Fifteen Years Ago

From No. 46 of St. Peters Bote

Our Bishop, Rt. Rev. Albert Pascal, O.M.I., is in Europe since the end of June. On the 8th of Dec. he took part in the Jubilee celebration in Rome. He is expected back by February.

In the absence of Bishop Pascal, His Grace, Archbishop Langevin, O.M.I., ordained the deacon Fr. LaJeunesse in Duck Lake on the 21st of Dec. 18 missionaries honored the occasion with their presence.

Father Moulin, O.M.I., pastor of Batoche, was particularly pleased to be present at an ordination, not having had an opportunity since his own ordination in 1855 when he immediately left for the Indian missions of Ile à la Croix and Lac Caribou. His Grace left again for St. Boniface on the 22nd of the month.

The name of the Archdiocese of Vancouver Island has been changed to Victoria.

The contract for the new post-office in Winnipeg has been awarded to Thomas Kelly, for \$529,000.

Custom receipts for the last six months of the year 1904 amounted to \$21,204,117.

Father Chrysostom sang High Mass in Assumption Church on Christmas day. On the next day he held services at St. Joe's (Fulda) and on Tuesday at Rauw's (Willmont). On New Year's day he held services at Schaeffer's and on Monday at St. Bruno's.

### WIT AND HUMOR.

#### THE NATURAL WAY

A southern lady went to see her colored cook who was sick in bed. She gave the cook's small son, Rastus, a dollar to buy chicken for his mother. As the lady, in leaving, closed the door of the cabin, the cook was heard to say, "Gimme dat dollah, chile, an' go git dat chicken in de natchul way."

#### ALL IN THE CEMETERY.

Landlord—Have you any children?

Propective Tenant—Yes, six, all in the cemetery.

Landlord—Better there than here! And he proceeded to execute the desired lease.

In due time the children returned from the cemetery, whither they had been sent for a walk.

## NOTICE

### The Carload of DODGE Cars Have At Last Arrived

We wish to announce to our customers who have placed orders with us for a Dodge auto previous to Nov. 1st, that owing to the length of time which has lapsed since the signing of their orders and the receiving of Dodge shipments by us, that we do not expect any customer to take delivery of his car unless he again renews his order.

To be a Dodge owner next season it would be well to place your order now. "DO IT NOW" otherwise like last season you may want a Dodge when we cannot supply it.

### REMEMBER

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