

All that was but a memory, but a memory that still had power to sting. Not such a very old memory, either, for it was but three years since he had passed through the fiery furnace of that never-to-be-forgotten Christmas night. With the help of Father Wentworth, he had emigrated to Canada. His engineering course was necessarily broken off, but he already had the foundation of his profession, and readily obtained a position as mining engineer in a country where such men as he were scarce. And now it was Christmas eve again.

Point de Gare lay under the shadow of the tall hills that shut in the river. The full moon shone down fitfully on the hard white snow and the shifting shadows of the black pines. From afar, down the distant track, came the merry jingling of sleigh bells, for the villagers of Calumet and the farmers from "way back" were coming in to the midnight Mass.

Remembrance of the Christmas eve three years ago flashed across his mind—the Christmas night that had seen him go forth from his father's house to wander as he might through the world. He had been careful to write to them at intervals, but his letter had always returned unopened, so that he knew nothing of his home or what was passing there. He was indeed "dead" to them, as his father had said.

Being the first arrival, he had had first choice of places in the church shed, and his slim sorrel mare was already snugly covered and tied securely in the far corner, well out of the wind that was rising steadily. The moonlight wrapped the gray edifice in a robe of misty radiance. Behind it lay the shadows of the trees, and, but for the oncoming sleigh bells, it was very silent.

Hector raised his head to listen. "Half a mile away yet," he ejaculated, and started to walk briskly to and fro, clapping his hands together, for the frost was keen and he had driven a long way with the thermometer below zero and a keen wind whistling down the valley. They came at last—sleighs from "way back" across the river, sleighs from not very distant farms with some pretensions to smartness, sleighs from the little village of Calumet, that nestles under the wooded hills a couple of miles further up the river; bright sleighs, dull sleighs, old box sleighs, cutters, and last, but not least, a big bob sleigh from the lumber camp beyond Point de Gare, that brought down thirty of the shanty boys.

One by one the teams turned into the shed, first stopping for a moment at the foot of the steps that formed a terraced approach to the church, where those who carried any women folk set them down. In a little while the breaths of the long row of horses under the shed made a soft cloud in the shifting light of the lanterns. Bells ceased, men exchanged greetings and a steady hum of conversation rose from the little crowd that had gathered in knots about the church door waiting for the bells to cease their call to Mass.

There was a little stir as they passed up the aisles to the pews where the womenfolk were already seated. The organ pealed softly; then, as the Cure, attended by his boys, entered the sanctuary, it broke into the strains of the "Adeste Fideles."

Hector bowed his head. He had stationed himself opposite to the crib, whence he could see all that passed at the altar, and, it might be, cast an occasional glance at the girl post-mistress of Calumet, who knelt a little in front of him. But he did not permit her image to interfere with his prayers. These three years had deepened his devotion to his new faith, just as pioneer engineering and a primitive life had hardened and developed his latent manhood. The forehead above which his dark curly hair was ruffled by summer suns and roughened by exposure to the weather; that was all. Peace dwelt in his eyes—the peace that comes to "men of good-will" and often goes hand in hand with pain, even sometimes with stern, strong action. The lines about his mouth had deepened, for his resolution had proved itself worthy under the test.

Christmas brought him mixed memories and vague hopes. The shadow of the greatest sorrow and the deepest joy of his young life was bound up in its mystery, a sorrow and a joy that had for long set him a little apart from his fellows. He had given all that he possessed for the Pearl of Great Price, and given it willingly; not without pain, but steadfastly refusing always to look upon the possibility of acting otherwise. He remembered his father's sorrow and the tenderness that would not suffer him to want. It had been so unexpected, for he had looked for scant consideration from his father, and his mother's condemnation, expressed in her leaving him without even a word of farewell, had hurt him most. It perplexed him, too. His mother had always appeared wise and more loving than his father, yet she had been the one to fail him first, not the rector. Their long silence hurt him; he could not become accustomed to it. He had made a point of writing to them about every three months or so. Even for this Christmas he had sent a few words of loving greeting, knowing full well that it would come back to him, like those other letters that lay banded together in a little drawer of his desk at the mine as mute witnesses that he had, at any rate, done his part.

Something of all this passed through his mind as he knelt before

"so it must be a complete surrender, Hector."

"Complete? And mother?"

"She was the first to surrender, my boy, and now we have come to you, for we shall have to begin our life all over again."

"Deo Gratias!" murmured the priest, but they neither of them heard him. Hector was too much overwhelmed to speak just then, but oddly enough, his thoughts wandered to the dainty little Catholic postmistress of Calumet, and he wondered if she also would be part of the divine plan for his happiness.

"And mother?" he asked again, after a long pause.

"I expect her at any moment, for Sam heard the mail come up from Montreal half an hour ago."—Mary Agatha Gray in *The Orphans' Friend*.

A CONVERT MINISTER'S STORY

A convert Anglican minister tells the following story about the use of "Roman" in regard to the Catholic Church. Some Boulogne fishermen, whose boat had been damaged in a storm at sea, had put into their harbor to make the necessary repairs. They came up to our church and attended the services. But they looked about the church in evident perplexity: the absence of holy water and of an image of Our Lady, among other things, surprised them. I showed them our vestments and other objects calculated to remove any lurking suspicions that we were not genuine Catholics. As they were leaving the church, one of them catechized me as follows:

"Est-ce l'église catholique?"

"Oui," I answered.

"Et apostolique?"

"Oui," I again answered, devoutly hoping that was the end of the matter. But no: another "test" yet remained to be applied.

"Non," I answered.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, turning to one of his comrades, with a slight shrug of the shoulders and the faintest suggestion of a smile. "C'est l'église schismatique."

These simple souls, at all events, were not to be deceived. They had summed up our position as accurately as one of the theologians of the Church.—The Monitor.

THE CATHOLIC PAPER

ITS VALUE IN SCHOOLS

An effective means for implanting genuine Catholic principles is the reading of Catholic papers and Catholic books. The school is the place to awaken a taste for such reading."

Such was one of the important resolutions passed by the Catholic educational association at its convention at St. Paul, Minn. Of its wisdom there can be no question. As soon as children can read with fair facility, there is usually a desire to know the news of the day. What can be more important than that they should learn this news from sources of the best morality?

In the properly edited Catholic newspaper, the sensational is conspicuous by its absence, and the value of news is estimated by its probable effects upon moral and spiritual welfare.

The results of education extend into eternity.

The end for which man was made was to know and serve God on earth, and ultimately to see and enjoy Him forever in heaven. So says the Catholic catechism, and no better philosophy of life was ever penned. In the light of this philosophy, all education should be shaped and all human events considered, if they are to be rightly interpreted. Without such a philosophy, a man will always be handicapped in moral and spiritual development. False philosophies are fatal to spiritual welfare. The man who has imbibed a false philosophy in youth has hard work to get rid of it. So it is easy to see the importance of the theories of life that are to be taught in the schoolroom, and to realize the need of giving the young their acquaintance with the passing events of the world through the medium of a Catholic newspaper. For the Catholic newspaper if it fulfills its mission, will view events not merely from a material standpoint but in relation to their religious significance. And thus the young who read the Catholic newspapers will from the first imbibe sound principles and will learn to look upon all events from a religious viewpoint. And what could be better for a child than to be brought from the first in his reading of current events into a correct notion of his relations to God. For a right notion of one's relations to God means a right notion of one's relations to one's fellow men, which is an important part of education.

In helping to give right notions to the young, a great work can be done by a Catholic newspaper. It is a work that will outlast this life. In one respect particularly, a valuable work can be done by Catholic writers writing in a tone that shows a respect for authority. The lack of respect for authority is no mark of greatness. On the contrary, disrespect to authority is usually to be found among those whose real value is small. The sooner every child learns to respect authority the better for himself and his usefulness in this world. To be useful, a man must know how to obey. And obedience is rendered easier by a respect for authority. To inculcate this respect should be one of the aims of a Catholic newspaper.—Catholic Sun.

SINS OF OMISSION

As children we learned that "actual sin is any wilful thought, word, deed or omission contrary to the law of God." It will do no harm—is certain, indeed, to be productive of much good—for us to brush up once in a while on a few of these lessons in the Baltimore Catechism, not forgetting to apply them after the review. Possibly it may jolt us a bit to be reminded of the old two-fold classification of sin; that of commission and omission.

Somehow we forget that the important duties we neglect will one day call for a reckoning. It comes home to us with surprise that we are really and truly our brother's keeper; that all around us are services to be rendered, heartaches to be cured, burdens to be shared. No doubt at the Last Day we shall be still more astonished to see men and women whom we have looked down upon and under-rated enter the Kingdom ahead of us for the transciently simple reason that while upon earth they were thoughtful of others.

New World.

RELICS OF PENAL DAYS

Ingateson Hall, the ancient seat of the Petre family in England, is to be sold. It has many historic associations.

The old residence, which has been described as resembling Hampton Court Palace, contains many features which are typical of the Tudor architecture of the sixteenth century. The plan of what still remains of the Hall is after the fashion of the lower part of the letter H, and this portion forms the oldest part of the house. Miss Bradson laid the scene of her famous novel, "Lady Audley's Secret," at Ingateson Hall.

One of the most interesting things about Ingateson Hall relates to the discovery about half a century ago of a priest's hiding place. It was found quite by accident while repairs were being made. The entrance to the secret chamber is from a small room in one of the projections of the south front of the Hall, which was probably used as the host's bedroom in days gone by. The floors were found to be decayed, and upon their removal another layer of thin boards was observed to cover a hole about 2 feet square. A ladder a couple of centuries old remained beneath. The hiding place measures 14 feet in length, 2 feet 1 inch in width, and 10 feet in height. In the "priests' hole" at Ingateson Hall a trunk or chest of very solid description was found, in which the vestments, altar furniture, missal, crucifix, and sacred vessels were kept. It was made of yew, very strongly and carefully put together, lined inside with linen and covered outside with leather, the lid being fastened with iron clamps and a padlock. The chest is now preserved in the monument room at Thornton Hall, the present seat of Lord Petre.—St. Paul Bulletin.

MISSIONARIES NEEDED

The Trumpet Call, the official organ of the Apostolic Union of secular priests for India and other English-speaking countries, gives India, with Burma and Ceylon, a total population of three hundred and fifteen millions:

Of this vast number Catholics are only about two and a half millions, while Protestants of all denominations amount to about one and a half millions, the remainder, about three hundred and eleven millions, are all non-Catholics composed of Hindus, Mussulmans, Buddhists, Animists, Sikhs, Jains, Zoroastrians, Jews, etc. As the number of the European missionaries in India is being thinned and as it cannot be made good by the arrival of new missionaries from Europe in the near future, there is only one way left open for Catholic India to effect the conversion of India, and that is to have her own sons turned into missionaries. Missionaries we mean not only in the strictest sense of the word as restricted to the clergy of India, but missionaries also in its broadest sense as applicable to all the laity as well, so that one and all—the clergy and laity—be apostles.

It was Leo XIII. who said, "They sons, O India, are thy salvation-workers." Pius IX. told his subjects the same thing, when license in the name of liberty was prevalent in Italy. "You ask me, when all these evils will have an end. I shall tell you. It will be when you, after praying and sighing in the church, will begin to act out of it."—America.

CANNOT COMPROMISE

Many mistake the Catholic attitude toward his non-Catholic associates. It has never been one of hostility, but one of charity. We do not and cannot compromise the truths and principles of our religion. We attack error but engage in no personalities. If Protestants could be brought to realize this, they would be more charitable in judging the Church. A recent incident recorded in the Christian Register is to the point:

There is a great difference between the liberalism of the mind and the liberalism of the spirit. The writer spent a few days recently in a hospital conducted by a Roman Catholic sisterhood. These nursing Sisters were loyal to their Church, and not given to theological inquiry but they had a most tender regard for the

religious convictions of others. They were just friendly souls who found deep comfort in their own religion and wanted other people to find the same in theirs. If there was anything in their feeling out of harmony with the somewhat exclusive claims of their churches, they were surely unconscious of it. Of the liberalism of the mind they knew nothing, but the liberalism of the spirit was theirs in great measure.

Catholics realize that faith is a gift, and that not to all peoples has God sent His dispensations. All, however, can practice charity in thought, word and deed, and the world would be the better for it.—The Pilot.

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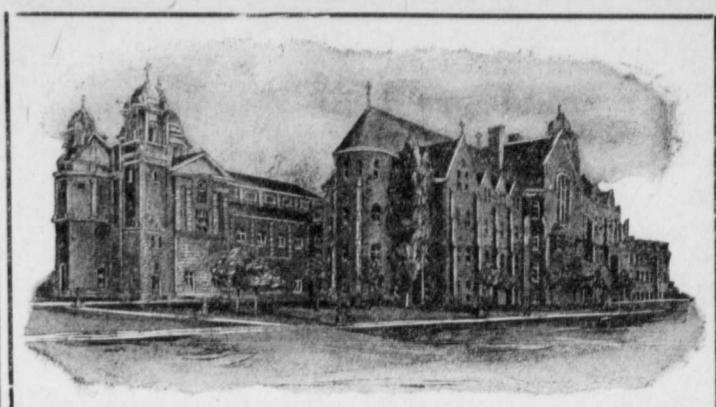
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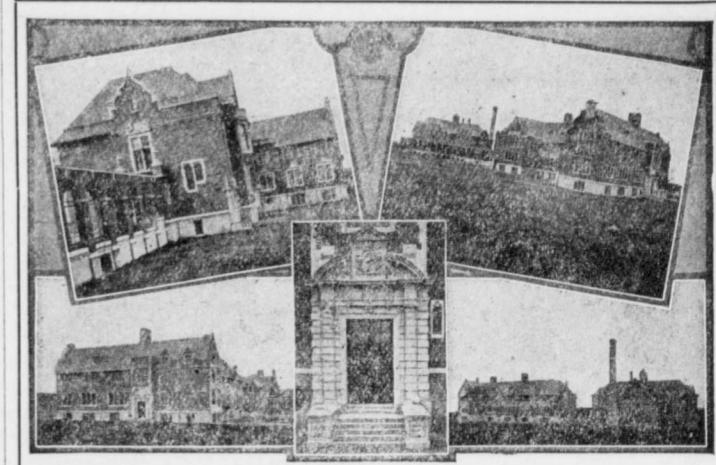


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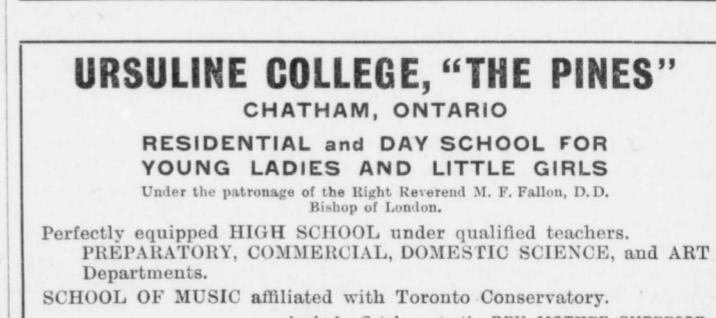
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