BY THE REV. F. P. HICKEY, O.S. B.

FOURTH SUNDAY OF ADVENT

CHRISTMAS

"There was no room for them in the Inn. (Luke ii. 7.) There is a word ever dear to our hearts, but dearer at this Christmas season than at any other time. Our hearts agree with the old saying, "There is no place like home." Home! what a charm, a fascination clings to that word. It does not matter whether it is a mansion or a cottage, so that it is our home. Childhood's affection nestles round our home, and it is the pride and comfort of venerable old age. And Christmas is the time of all others when our memory and thoughts gather round our home. We all go home in spirit or in glad reality at Christmas. And amidst all our pleasures and comforts we have a thought — a loving thought for those who are far away, whether distance or death separate us. We remember them all at Christmas. We miss their voices and their tender glances; we notice a vacant chair or a little token of the past. Perchance on coming to the Christ-mas Mass we may cast a wistful glance at the churchyard, where in their little home some dear one is

Just as it was nineteen hundred years ago, there will be gatherings of friends and happy hours spent in our homes this Christmas-time. Yes, it was a busy and a festive Of light and warmth a total lack. e at Bethlehem, the little city of David, so many centuries ago.
All the friends and kinsfolk of the place were gathered together for the taking of the census. By order of the Roman Emperor the people had to be counted, each in his native place, the old home of the family. So that all the people, rich and poor, had come from all parts, far and near, each to be enrolled in his own city. Each house was full and the inn crowded with these family gatherings.

But there were two poor travellers -oh, you know them well-who had journeyed in the winter-time all the way from Nazareth. And they had no home. No welcome was waiting for them. Doors were pitilessly closed against them as they humbly sought a shelter. And the gospel says: "There was no room for them in the inn." When the bleak night came on, Mary and Joseph sought refuge in a cave, which was used as a stable. There our Lord was born. "And There our Lord was born. "And she brought forth her firstborn Son, and wrapped Him up in swaddling clothes, and laid Him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn" (Luke ii. 7.) The very One Who provided all those homes for others had no home Himself. "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not'

many at this holy Christmas-time

Him like the Bethlehemites of old! How many will fail to recognize the wanderers, and, closing the door against them, will soon forget the cold and cheerless night without! There are those standing without, who indeed deserve a home. Joseph and Mary would bring Jesus to us, if we would but let them. Oh, the bitter irony of this festive time! Why is it a festive time? Because of the birth of Christ. His blessed and the name of holy Mass united — Christmas — is on every tongue. The world resounds with Christmas greetings, but to so many, so very many, there is not a thought of remembrance of Him. So much for the world at large, but not, please God, as regards ourselves. Yet even amongst Cath-olics there are men who forget Christ at Christmas-time. We must redouble the fervor of our piety to make up for those who forget Him. Who is it that their hearts keep standing without, and refuse to bid Him enter, and give Him welcome? Is it a beggar? Yes, a beggar indeed! "He came into the world, and the world was made by Him. and the world knew Him to Him. He gave it us all. Where would be our home, if He had not given us our health and our livelihood, our happiness, our children, our very existence? And now He will not force us, but asks us, begs of us to give Him a home. And He that seeks a home is no stranger, but a kinsman and a brother. He

but a kinsman and a brother. He made us His brethren. For the Son of God became man, that we poor men should become the sons of God. He came "to be in all things like His brethren." (Heb. ii. 17.)

He deserves a welcome; and we can give Him one. He seeks a home, and we have one to offer Him—our heart. Do not let this holy time pass by without bidding Him enter and make it all His own.

Gloria in excelsis! swell the hymn on high;
In excelsis Deo! sound it to the sky.
Gloria in excelsis! swell the hymn on high;
In excelsis Deo! for the Saviour's birth.

Gloria in excelsis! swell the hymn on high;
In excelsis Deo! sound it to the sky.
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In excelsis Deo! sound it to the sky.

Start High start High sound in excelsis Peo! sound it to the sky.

Start High start High sound in excelsis Peo! sound it to the sky. enter and make it all His own. His coming was all for us. He came to atone for us; to give to our poor lives and daily actions an eternal reward. He came as an And God was a child on earth; to make it easy for us to remember Him; to take away all fear, and to give us full confidence in His devoted love for us. Our hearts are unworthy of Him, but if they are all for Him, He will gladly make His home there. And Mary and Joseph will teach us how to Infant to force us to love Him; make His home there. And Mary and Joseph will teach us how to serve Him and be faithful. Our hearts, for a little while now, to be His home, where His love will

FIVE MINUTE SERMON reign supreme; and then, so soon, our home will be with Him in the our home will be with Kingdom of His glory.

NO ROOM IN THE INN

Footsore and weary, Mary tried Some rest to find; but was denied. "There is no room," the blind ones

Meekly the Virgin turned away, No voice entreating her to stay: There was no room for God that

No room for her, round whose tired feet Angels bowed in transport sweet, The Mother of their Lord to greet;

No room for Him, in whose small hand
The troubled sea and mighty land
Lie cradled like a grain of sand. No room, O Babe Divine, for Thee, That Christmas night; and even

Dare shut our hearts and turn the

Should bar our doors, nor ever see The Saviour waiting patiently. Fling wide the doors. Dear Christ,

turn back ; The ashes of my heart lie black : How can I bid Thee enter here, Amid the desolation drear

What bleaker shelter can there be Than my poor heart's tepidity. Chilled, wind-tossed as the wintry

Dear Lord, I shrink from Thy pure eye: No home to offer Thee have I. Yet in Thy Mercy, pass not by.

-AGNES REPPLIER

CHRISTMAS NIGHT

At last Thou art come, little Saviour! And Thine angels fill midnight with song; Thou art come to us, gentle Creator

Whom Thy creatures have sighed for so long. Thou art come to Thy beautiful like a month since I descended from my room at the Grand Hotel Brufani,

And she was Thy channel of grace. Thou hast brought with Thee plen-

tiful pardon,
And our souls overflow with delight; Our hearts are half broken, dear Jesus, With the joy of this wonderful As of old, so now, Christ Jesus our Lord is seeking a home. How

night

taken up with the comforts and have waited so long for Thee, pleasures of the season, with their house full of friends, will treat Saviour, Thou art come to us, dearest, at

Oh, bless Thee, dear Joy of Thy Mother,
This is worth all the wearisome

past!

Thou wilt stay with us, Master and Maker,
Thou wilt stay with us now ever-

We will play with Thee, beautiful On Eternity's jubilant shore. -REV. FREDERICK W. FABER

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO!

Gloria in excelsis! sound the thrill-Gloria in excelsis! let the heavens

ring In excelsis Deo! welcome, new-born King Gloria in excelsis, over the

In excelsis Deo! chant the anthem grand. Gloria in excelsis! let us all rejoice In excelsis Deo! lift each heart and

Gloria in excelsis! swell the hymn Gloria in excelsis! sing it, sinful

Swelleth the hymn of the Saviour's birth.

And a thousand angels chanted That hour than Paradise;
And the light of earth that night

A PILGRIMAGE TO CASCIA

EN ROUTE

By Cecil Fanning My brain is absolutely in a whirl tonight, for I am in Cascia. I have been talking at a table with a group of men, each of whom had a command of several languages. And though during much of the conver-sation, I felt like a stone mason dismissed from the Tower of Babel, none the less I am happy. One of the men is the secretary of the Mayor of Cascia, and another, the chaplain of the Church of Saint

My interest in Saint Rita has brought me to Cascia. That, and my devotion to the memory of my mother; for Saint Rita was a source of joy and consolation to my mother throughout her last long decade of invalidism and there have been many inspiring examples of benefits received through communon to Saint Rita in my own personal In vain Thy pleading Baby-cry
Strikes our deaf souls, we pass
Thee by,
Unsheltered 'neath the wintry sky.

Christ, that

In vain Thy pleading Baby-cry
at which Rita once looked. And a menclosed by walls which once knew her saintly touch. Tomorrow I am going about Cascia—at last to see first hand the scenes which hold mother's favorite Saint in

tourists. To many Italians, the dearest spot in their Italy for me, does not exist! Even the travel agents whom I have met along my inquiring way, have not

I came by the way of Florence. The train from Florence to Perugia was like a hot-room in a Turkish bath—with this difference, that there was no cold shower and cooling room afterward. On Italian trains, stations are never called, therefore it was perhaps only through the kindness of an Italian gentleman in the compartment next to mine that I changed at a junction point from the Roman Express to a combination passenger - freight train which circuits the shore of the beautiful Lake Trasiemeno on its fifteen mile jaunt to Perugia.
(Perugia is where you leave the railroad in going to Cascia from

Florence.) The day has been so full it seems Mother,
She hath looked on Thy marvelous Perugia, at six-forty this morning. expecting my motor conveyance at Thou art come to us, Maker of any moment. At eight-thirty a motorcycle arrived, with a perambulator-bassinette arrangement at the side, and a youth, ragged and dejected, with his throat wrapped in a dingy black handkerchief. it was for a sore throat, I think it was chronic, from the looks of the handkerchief.) He reminded me of the "rat" or Gamin in an illus-trated edition of "Les Miserables." I later dubbed him my 'Fearless Fiend,' for when he tuned upon his 'benzina wagon,' he was a

twelve inches from mother earth, decidedly human about them! and going at twenty, thirty and forty miles an hour! I know now how a chicken feels when an auto-mobile hoves in sight to fill its pallid upon us at once. My heart was in my mouth as I threw my hands to ward off the crash! But they missed us and not a feather flew. At times, we seemed to rebound more than advance. Most of the way to Cascia, my "Fearless Fiend" assumed that I was deaf and dumb, ing song;
In excelsis Deo! roll the hymn assumed that I was deaf and dumb, for he would only nod or shake his head at my questions. The noise was frightful! One moment we seemed to be a fleet of Zepplins bombarding defenseless women and children and chickens, and the next moment we sounded like a bunch of giant-firecrackers, shooting out of

> season.
>
> The scenery, withal, was almost overpowering in its loveliness....
>
> Suddenly my chauffeur slowed down and, pointing to a hill top which rose ahead with a soft mist or heat haze of summer over it, exclaimed with hushed tone: "Signor, Mont' Assisi!"

There it was—truly awe inspiring. The discovery revealed to us that we were at least six miles off the road to Cascia, but I was never so thankto Cascia, but I was never so thankful for a guide's error, and we rode fright on into Assisi. We ascended a fascinating street, with English signs on hotels, and drew up at the Giotto. At this hotel, I secured the services of a perky little page in uniform decorated with many brass buttons, whom I asked to direct me to the San Franciscan Monastery.

to the San Franciscan Monastery. My guide at the monastery was a young man, of Polish parentage from near Boston. (He will be ordained and sent back to America next year.) Among the collection of personal souvenirs of St. Francis of neutral gray homespun quality the road. Between these lines of and not the brown or black that most painters have clothed him in. a riot of wild flowers springing

The order at present wears black, but I was tood that in 1926 it will return to the original gray. While looking at the collection of relics, I told my fellow countrymen that I liked to think that St. Francis and all the Saints were not very different from ourselves... the only difference between us and the Saints being that we have fleeting moments of saintliness and they were able to sustain that high elevation. My guide insisted that he had no moments of saintliness, but I told him I was quite sure he was mis-

was very simple and sincere.

While we we reviewing the frescoes of Giotto, in the Upper Church, depicting the miracles of St. Francis, we talked of Padre Pia of Foggia, who'is also a member of the order of St. Francis. My guide said he had heard Padre Pia, who is thirty-three years of age, has the Stigmata and always wears gloves to keep the curious from gazing upon his wounded hands, and that whole town came out to look il forestieres (the foreigner) over, while my "Fearless Fiend," who had brought me safely to my destinhe can read the thoughts of others.
Tonight I have heard the same thing from the Chaplain at St.
Rita's Church, and the Secretary of the March, and I don't wonder. For, although the March, and I don't wonder. For, although the Mayor.

am enclosed by walls which once knew her saintly touch. Tomorrow I am going about Cascia—at last to see first hand the scenes which hold my mother's favorite Saint in reverent memory.

But I am getting ahead of my story. The route to Cascia is one of great interest. The more so, because it is relatively deserted by the main altar of her own church. It is perfectly preserved, excepting the nose, which has been artificially restored. The face and hands are as black as the wooden statue of the Amid the desolation drear
Of lukewarm love and craven
fear?

What bleaker shelter can there be

along my inquiring way, have not known its whereabouts. So you will want to know how one gets
there.

Leave by the way of Florest

The bells of Assisi were striking eleven-thirty, as we started for Foligno, again en route to Cascia. We arrived there at twelve-thirty. The descent for Foligno is in a valley was through groves of ancient gnarled olive trees. A wide view of the Umbrian mountains. lovely and peaceful, would have been more appreciated but for the heat which was almost overpowering. At Foligno, we stopped for

By one-thirty we were ready to proceed to Cascia. We were—but our conveyance was not! For at the city gate, my chauffeur discovered that we were out of benzina, the Italian word for gasoline, and because, like all the shops in Italy, the local garage was indulging in its daily two-hour siesta, we were forced to wait nervously until two o'clock inervously, because we were at the end of the National Highway (which we had followed from Assisi and uncharted roads through mountains lay between us and arrival in Cascia this evening. I read again the prayer to St. Rita, and consoled myself with the thought that I was facing a beauti-

ful ride, no matter where it ended. The side road out of Foligno may have been good in the time of Hannibal, &B. C. 217, but at present Fiend," for when he tuned upon his 'benzina wagon," he was a demon.

For years I have wanted to travel by motorcycle. I have, toured Europe and America in everything from a Ford to a Rolls-Royce, but have ever watched with envy the motorcyclists. A motorcycle is so that the state of the sta Thou art come, Thou art come, Child of Mary!

Yet we hardly believe Thou art come;—
It seems such a wonder to Thee,

New Brother! with us in our home.

New Brother! with us in our home.

New Brother! with us in our home.

The past!

With no connection of ideas. That was a haughty and plutocratic with envy the motorcycle is so aggressive, diabolical and defiant. It should be prohibited by law, but it isn't—and I am for it.

We started off, and how perilously close to nature I seemed in my bassinette... actually only about the close to nature I seemed in my bassinette... actually only about the close to nature I seemed in my bassinette... actually only about the clickens from the feet up, and from that angle there is something the clergy a very meager stipend.

The present Polish Diet has voted

Strange to say, when we actually got into the mountains the roads were perfect; the reason for it I mobile hoves in sight to fill its pallid breast with indecision, for, at one point, two towering motorbuses set upon us at once. My heart was in the way, the road ran along pali-sades, on a sort of shelf cut out of cliffs, like a narrow, white ribbon. But that made little difference, for there was no traffic to mentiononly one motorbus and five animaldrawn carts during the afternoon. Of course the beasts (whitest of white oxen and donkeys) were terrified on hearing and seeing us. Why not, with all of the horrible noise we made? We were real disturbers of the public peace—and superb public peace it is in those parts

The scenery was full of exquisite variety. We were miles from a railroad, in the heart of the Umbrian Appennines. The word wild might, in a way, describe the surroundings, though the term may be misleading to an American. The scenery was never rugged in the same sense as the mountains in the United States—probably the White Mountains of New England come nearest akin to the Umbrian range; for nature in Italy, though sometimes stern, is always calm and never savage. It was a gypsy landscape, in gitana costume, nonchalant, picturesque and almost defiant of usefulness and productivity. There would be long stretches of chalky would be long stretches of chalky palisades on one side of us and on the other, a well made stone parapet which kept us from sliding off into the deep valley or ravine yawning below frequent, sudden, sharp curves. A rushing mountain stream would sometimes call to us from the depths of a deep canyon, bidden by a line of populars or small which he showed me, is a fragment hidden by a line of poplars or small of a habit worn by the Saint. It is oak trees that skirted the edge of

there was an hotel called "Sole meaning "The "Sun," "Eclipse would be a more decriptive name for my hostelry. My heart sank when I saw the outside of it, but it is clean inside, and the keepers of it are good-hearted and very interesting people. The chaplain and secretary eat at the "Sole" so it must be the leading inn.

Two shelves above the hotel is St. Rita's Church and Convent, resting as they have for hundreds of years, in the midst of smiling squalor and pleasant indolence. A dream of many years has at last come true. A dream of Tomorrow, I shall go there.

POLISH BISHOPS PLAN ACTIVITIES

Several questions of the utmost importance to the Church and to national life were discussed by the bishops at the recent annual meeting of the Polish Hierarchy. These meetings, which were impossible before the reconstitution of Poland, are a dominant factor in the work of Polish reconstruction and unity, as they tend to restore uniformity to those Polish dioceses while under the domination of three distinct empires, were unable to retain the homogeneity they pos-sessed before the dismemberment

of Poland. One of the principal tasks undertaken by the bishops is that of making it possible for Catholicism, which was oppressed by hostile governments, to develop a new life. this end, the formation Catholic organizations such as exist in other countries, but which were hitherto prohibited in Poland, will be encouraged by every possible means, as will Catholic and social action on the part of the clergy.

The bishops have all agreed on establishing in every diocese asso ciations of Catholic young people

The present Polish Diet has voted that the adjustment of the ques-tion of Church property must be made in concert with the tical authorities. The intention of the government is to take possession of this property, divide it among the peasants, and compensate the clergy by providing for its support. Such a project obviously presented great difficulties, and the negotations are negotations are proceeding very slowly. A mixed Commission has been formed, composed of an "Ecclesiastical or Papal Commission," appointed by the Holy Father, and including five archbishops, several bishops and some superiors of religious orders, and a 'Government Commission' up of representatives appointed by the government. This joint Commission will endeavor to overcome

moments of saintliness, but I told him I was quite sure he was mistaken, and I am sure he was, for he taken, and I am sure he was, for he looked to me like a dream city, the Catholic University founded in

CENTRIST COMMENT

By Rev. Dr. Wilhelm Baron von Capitaine Cologne, Oct. 23.—Publication of that part of the former Kaiser's Memoirs in which he discusses his relations with the Center Party and the Catholic Church in Germany has provoked considerable comment in the Centrist press. In particular the intimations contained in some portions of the Memoirs that the Center in certain instances placed the interests of the Papacy ahead of those of the Empire, have attracted

A typical Centrist comment in one of the party's papers reads as follows: "That the former Kaiser was never the friend of the Center was made known by many of his public statements. And because he still retains that feeling today, he lacks, even after the World War, a proper estimate of the patriotism of the Center party. The former Emperor would have done well to have spared the party this attempt to cast suspicion upon it.

He who has not suffered and overcome some fiery temptation is un-worthy of Divine contemplation.



Face Inflamed and Disfigured. Lost Rest at Night.

"My face broke out with hard, red simples which festered and scaled over. They were in blotches and itched and blotches and itched and burned so badly that I had to scratch them, and my face was inflamed and disfigured. I lost rest at night on account of the irritation.

"I saw an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Contment and sent for a free agreed which relieved was

for a free sample, which relieved me.
I bought more, and after using four
cakes of Cuticura Soap and two
boxes of Ointment I was healed, in about three weeks." (Signed) Miss Juliette Ortiz, Box 1018, San Diego, Calif., Feb. 7, 1921.

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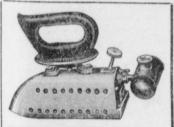
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