DECEMBER 25 1916

aren's so plentiful as some would have us think, I believe hewas more like one than any one would have guessed, even from knowing the good he did, which could not be hid, and listening to his sermons, and seeing him with the sick, and with children, but above all, hearing him say Mass."

but above all, hearing him say Mass." She broke off, deeply moved. A robin began his evening carol in the wych elm just beyond the terrace, sweet and clear and indescribably sad. "There have been days," went on the old servant, " when he would come in from Mass, and it seemed as if his face was shining with light; as if he had been looking straight into heaven. Talk about saints! Did you ever hear he knew one—a real you sver hear hs knew one-a real one? He knew the Curé d'Ars-I've often heard him speak of him. Twice he went to see him when he was quite a boy-once before he was or-dained priest, and once just after dained priest, and once just after. He gave me his life to read once, and as I read it, I thought that some of the thir is I could tell of Father Forester were not unlike what was said of the Curé. But it is not right of ask me, as he did once when he came down for a confirmation.

She took up her knitting again she took up her knitting again, and I saw two tears fall on the rough grey wocl. "Mary Florence," I said, laying my hand on her arm, "I don't want you to tell me anything that you think is too sacred to tell. Of course I'm almost a stranger here ; I never know Father Forester, bat I've and so much about him since I've been in the neighborhood that I can't help wanting to know more. And Ill tell you the truth : I did specially come here to day hoping you would tell me-if it doesn't hurt you too much-about what happened just at the end. I know he died on Christmas Eve, and several people have told me he died without being able to receive the last sacraments, because the snow was so deep no priest could get here. And it seemed to me so hard for him. But just one triend-the lady I'm staying with-told me to ask you about it. She wouldn't say more, but I thought parof course I don't know

haps. . . of course I don't know that there was some story about it. Somehow I can't believe that after such a life Our Lord would let him suffer that loss just at the end. But don't try to tell me if you would rather not.'

Mary Fiorence rolled up her knitting and laid it on the woodan banch ide her. Then she clasped her what I saw. And then I heard a sound from the bed, and when I work worn hands beneath the white apron, as if it were a scapular, and began to speak, her dark eyes fixed his eyes wide open, and a smile like the distant bills. And this is what an angel's on his face. And he said no word, but pointed to the door, she said I do not pretend to explain it; nor do I think it can be explained certainly not as one person wh heard the story did, by the theory of second sight "-whatever that may But I know the old North. country women described what she believed she saw ; and I, who heard her, believe she saw it.

"He hadn't been ill so very long,' she said. "He suffered from heart disease—there is a Latin name for it. It was terrible pain. But for a few weeks before the end-all through November and December-he had been better, and had said Mass every day. Then, three days before Christmas came a great fall of snow-the heaviest for years. The roads were blocked, but the doctor had been here the week before, and had left medicine, and I knew all that was neces sary to do for him when the attacks came on. I had nursed him through He would not give up the so many. idea of midnight Mass, though the snow was too deep for any one to affected him, and I tried to persuade him not to attempt it. But it was no good. He had a way with him-a way of looking up and smiling-which meant he had made up his it. And then, at 6 o'clock on Christmas Eve, he was suddenly taken illworse than I had ever seen him

last sacraments-on Christmas Eve. for him, the joyful mysteries, and last sacraments—on Christmas Eve. . . . Sometimes I wonder if I dreamt it all—but I know I did not. Indeed, I huve always known that I saw . . . what I saw. For the very next morning, Christmas morn-ing, on my wayto Mass (for the priest did get here about 9 in the morning, and said Mass for us early before he left.) I saw all the Christmas roses in flower—in fall bloom, where the day before you could hardly see the buds. My master had been so sorry they would not be out to decorate the they said they were doing so. He had taught them you see. He seemed to be unconscious. He had not spoken since they had carried him up stairs, but he had his beads in his hand, and as I looked at him they seemed to be slipping through his He izad fingers. It may have been the firs-light. There were candles on the mantle shelf, but I had not lit them. mantic-sheir, but I had not it them. The room was quite light from the burning logs. I sat by the fire, when I was not kneeling by the soot of the bed, and prayed and prayed that the priest might come in time. Once he they would not be out to decorate the altar for the midnight Mass. They were in big clumps, like white stars pushing through the snow. . . Every one saw them, and wondered at them—for they had not seen what opened his eyes, and looked at me. There was a question in them, and I told him the men had gone for the priest long ago, and I hoped he would I had seen, and I said nothing, but I laid them in his hands, in his coffin. be here scon now. He smiled very sweetly, and shut his eyes, and I did And ever since then, you'll not think I'm a fanciful old woman, we've

not speak to him again always had Christmas roses for the " It was close on midnight when I midnight Mass." went to the window and looked out, wondering if possibly the prices might be coming by the lower road THE CRIB IN THE CARMELITE All the leaves being off the trees. I could see right down the crags into the valley. The moon was high. It was a lovely night, And then I saw through the leafless trees, right down at the foot of the (W. M. Letts, in the Westminster Gazette) Foreninst the crib there kneels little child, Behind him in her ragged shawl his crags, a light that ween't mounlight. It was a lantern, I thought at first, and I stood watching at the window mother, For all the ages that have passed one before running down to unbolt the child Still finds God in another. front door. I saw the light coming higher and higher up the path toward the house. Bright and golden it Now, look a how he wonders when he sees The shepherds with their lambs beseemed, but as is came nearer I saw it wasn't a lantern. It was just a side the manger. cattle, poor dumb creatures, looking down light, shining round a Figure that was coming up the crags through the The snow, and I was so astonished that any one could find and keep that dan Upon the little Stranger. gerous, narrow path, hidden under deep snow, that I forgot to wonder An' there's our Saviour lying in the hay, Behind Him in her shawl His watchabout the lantern. Then as He came out at the top, just down there, close ful Mother : to the lawn, He stood still for a moment, and locked up at the Two mothers with their sons-each house.' And sorrows of the other.

The silence that followed was so long that I was afraid she would be The father kneels away there by the unable to finish. I knew that I was trembling, and I felt that she was. door, The hands he clasps in prayer are But presently she went on : "He looked up, and H s Face was shining, rough with labor ; The likes of him that hunger and

turned there was my dear muster,

nd waited as if he was listening. .

do not know how I got down stairs.

but I found myselt in the dark hall, there was just a ray of light through

the kitchen door, and I could hear those two women still saying the

rosary while I was fambling with the bolts and the lock, and then the door

was open. . . I flung it wide and knelt down almost behind it, for I

was frightened, and covered my face.

that He passed through, and went to my master, and He took him away

"I think I must have fainted, for

the next thing I knew was that the two

women, who had feit the air from the

open door and had come to see what

was the matter, were lifting me up,

and carrying me to the kitchen. But

I stood up, and told them to wait, and I crept up the stairs to my master's

door-oh! I don't know how I dared go in! But I did. I slipped round,

dared not look, but I know that.

with H.m.

I saw nothing more. . .

I cannot say more of that. I dare that toil Once called Saint Joseph's neighbor. not You would not believe me. Even then I could not believe my Outside the church the people travel own eyes, until I saw what He wors, by, it was a priest, vested for Mass, The sick and sad, the needy, the negstood down there with bare feet in

lected, the snow, and His vestments shone But just across the threshold Bathle. like light. . . I thought I was asleep, dreaming, I dared not believe hom lies,

knows the joys

Where none will be rejected. A LESSON FROM THE MANGER

CHURCH, DUBLIN

Brother Leo, F. S. C., in The Missionary

The blessed Christmastide is with us once more. This most beautiful, most appealing festival of the Christian year comes to us, in the midst of our workaday lives, with its mysteries, its glories and its lessons. With bowed heads and softened hearts we kneel beside the manger, of Bethlehem. We pay the tribute of our devotion to the Virgin Mother, we offer the homage of our adoration to the Infant God. We pray, earnestly and sincerely, that grace may be voucheafed us to learn aright the lessons which the humble crib in the hewn stable has to teach. And one of those lessons is the lesson of sacrifice.

Sacrifice! Few of us, indeed, who do not wince at mention of the word. Isstrikes harebly upon our ears. The weaker part of us would prefer to ignore its interferences, to deny the The gift that involves no sacrifice validity of the idea for which it show was too deep for any one of inside the screen. The room was stands. Sacrifice ! Verily, this is a it a gift at all ? account of the drifts. I was afraid jast as I had left it 10 minutes before. hard saying. It seems so galling to No sacrifice beyond our strength for him, for the bitter cold always The clock was ticking and the firs our tender flesh, so out of harmony is asked of us. True; but have we with the spirit of the age in which we live. Beside the manger, where we live. Baside the manger, where judge ourselves more by what we we kneel, we are ready enough to have done, than by what we protest our love, our devotion, our might do, for God? Have we poaunswerving loyalty. But why must there be mention of sacrifice And yet is not the story of Bethlehem a story of sacrifice ? Did not the beginning of Our Blessed Saviour's life mark the beginning of that supreme Sacrifice which reached its do all things in Him Who strengthen. bloody culmination on Calvary's hill, eth me? and which continues even to day in the bloodless oblation of the holy Mass ? What, if not sacrifice, mean the stable and the straw and the cold and the swaddling clothes and the Divine Intant's wailings ? And is not the notion of sacrifice the light in which we read aright those pa thetic words of the Gospel narrative, "There was no room for them in the inn ?' We kneel beside the manger of Bethlehem, and we shudder at the thought of sacrifice. On that first Holy Night others knelt there, and and there learned the lesson of sacrifice. Mary thus learned it, Joseph thus learned it. And the shepherds from the neighboring bille, roused from their watchings over their flocks, learned it, too. Naught else but the spirit of sacrifice brought them to the Saviour's feet. Though the angel of the Lord stood by them, though the glory of God shone round about them, though the heavenly chorus rang cut its message of peace and good will, they might have remained in the relative comfort of their hillside camp. They might have persuaded themselves that the colestial voices were but dream voices, that the angelic message signified nothing. They might have pleaded their duty to their sheep, every outward mark of love and reverence. "When you see this lighted lamp on entering the church," and refused to move from the vicinity of the sleeping flocks. They might have drawn their cloaks more closely about their shoulders, and decided to postpone their visit to the stable until the morrow. But they did none of these things. They acted, as well

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

and as completely as in them lay, in the spirit of sacrifice. And they re-ceived their surpassing reward. We kneel beside the marger of Bethlehem, and the thought of sacrifice makes our hearts grow faint. But stout hearted and strong of soul

were the Wise Men from the East. Had they been otherwise they should have ignored the silent beckoning of the mysterious star. They, too, might have pleaded uncertainty, the

discomforts of travel, the duties that discomforts of travel, the acties that lay nearer home. But, bravely and prayerfully, they set forth ; and as, after to many weary days, they knelt beside the manger of Bethlehem, their hearts were glad, for they, offering their gifts, had learned the learen of security. lesson of sacrifice. We kneel beside the manger of

Bethlehem, and at the thought of sacrifice we grow of a sudden sad. Through more than nineteen centuries earth's grandest men and women have knelt where we kneel to night,

and in the thought of sacrifice they found a source of strength and holi ness and peace. The canonized saints, those herces and hercines of Catholic history whose words and whose works thrill us and inspire even across the abysses of the years, won their greatness and their glory because they learned the lesson of sacrifice. That lesson is the explana tion of St. Paul's toilsome mission ary journeys, of St. Augustine's con version, of St. Jeroms's sacred scholar ship, of St. Teresa's mysticism, of St Francis' unflinching devotion to the Lady Poverty, of St. Vincent de Paul's tireless ministrations to the needy and the oppressed. The saints loved much and did much because their

we kneel beside the manger of Bethlehem, and at the mention of sacrifice we reflect on the frailty of our bodies, the impotence of our wills, the baffling complexity of the world in which we live. We recall with a glow of warm, human feeling, the ties of friendship and affection that bind us to our fellowmen ; must those ties be ruthlessly severed ? We dwell on the thought of the little things-the books, the pictures, the souvenirs, the bric a brac-that we have gathered about us in the jour ney of life, little things rendered significant by reason of hallowed associations; must we give them up? We remember how pleasant we have found it to keep in touch with the

lives of men, with the march of events; to rub shoulders with the crowd in the streets of the city ; to share in the give and take of conversation . in the club room and parlor ar ; must these things be for us no

more ? Let us, on this Christmas night kneeling beside the manger of Bethle hem, cast away all vain and idle fears. The little dimpled hands of

the God Man are outstretched to us, almost touching our faces. They are a promise of blessing, and of sacri Yes, of sacrifice; for in a fer fice. short years those gentle hands will be torn by the cruel nails, and for us But now they are stretched forth be

seechingly, as they were stretched out to the Magi. We know the gifts the Magi gave ; what gifts have we

to give ? Of one thing let us be sure. The Infant Jesus does not ask us to do the impossible. Sacrifice He demands, sweetly but insistently, yet no sacrifice beyond our strength to make. There is consolation in this thought. And yet, must we on that

account content ourselves with offering Him some ill considered trifle. something that we can give readily and with no effort, something that having given, we shall never miss ? on the part of the giver, may we call

"No Book Without a Keeper," and measured our strength ? Do we not demonstrated that there could be no Bible without the Church to preserve it. He said that the Protestant ex. treme view is the Bible, the whole dered those pregnant words Bible and nothing but the Bible. The Catholic extreme view is the Paul, that generous servant of God who gave himself "to spend and be spent" in the serving of the Divine Master, and who rapturously measured his strength thus : "I can There is the solution of all our difficulties, the easing of all our burdens, the dissipation of all our fears. We are kneeling beside the manger let us lay our perplexities at the little Saviour's feet. If we are cowardly, let us ask Him for courage; if we are weak, let us ask Him for strength. If we are in doubt as to what gifts we should offer, let us take counsel with the Babs of Beth-

act of the highest worship and you should make is with all reverence If you do not call to mind or notice that you are in the presence of Our Lord Himself, you will not feel hum-bled as you ought or show the reverence you owe Him all the time you are in His house.'

When the Wise Men came to Beth lehem, what was their first act? The Scripture tells us, 'Falling down they adored Him." We do the same thing before the

Blessed Sacrament. Therefore, when you come into the church, never for get this not of reverence, never forget the homage due to the great God, Who roposes there in the tabernacle wait hing for you and for me to come to Him. He watches with a Father's love for the listle signs of true Cath olic devotion that prove how close He is held in the hearts of His children If we truly love God, we can never be heedless of His Presence. - Sacred Heart Review.

DAILY MASS

"Every day, sweet son, hear Holy So spaks the father to his Mass." son in the days of chivalry. It was the usual custom in those days, Leon Gautier tells us in his beautiful work on that period.

Good Caristians are eager to hear Holy Mass every morning. Like the mother of Saint Augustine, who says himself that she never failed to assist at the altar, they neglect nothing in order thus to sanctify the beginning of their day. Had they numerous of cupations, they ross earlier, thus ren dering their action more meritorious.

Daring his stay at Laghouat Gen eral Sonis, of whom Gallifet says "No one knew batter than he both how to command and how to obey," never failed to assist at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. "At six and a half, or seven," wrote one of attaches, "he went to church in sil ence. I used to accompany him.

"This habit never interfered with the discharge of the important duties of his position. On the contrary, he found himselt better disposed to ful fill them, as is always the case when one has peace of conscience and joy of heart.

"The best way to economize time, wrote Ozanam, " is to lose about half an hour every morning at Holy Mass. How much dissipation does not this half hour conscientiously loss, retrench during the rest of the day !'

La Roche Jacquelein, expressing the same thought in his military language, said: "When I have lost my morning Mass, I live on a lower

level all the rest of the day.' The illustrous Daniel O'Connell, in spite of his basy life, was constantly faithful to this pious habit ; and the Dominican, Father Burke, declares that what greatly contributed to his entering the priesthood was the de-vout attitude of the great Irish orator

during Mass. - True Voice.

THE BIBLE WAS GIVEN US BY THE CHURCH

FATHER DRUM IN LECTURE SHOWED CHURCH WAS BE. GUN CENTURY BEFORE SCRIPTURES

Rev. Walter Drum, S. J., professor of Scripture in Woodstock College Woodstock, Md., delivered the first of a series of five lectures on "The Church and the Bible" in the hall of St Cecilia's Guild, Belvidere Street Back Bay, under the auspices of the League of Catholic Women. A large audience was present.

Father Drum took for his topic

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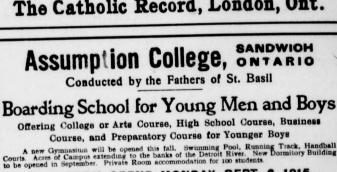
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The Catholic Record, London, Ont.



FALL TERM OPENS MONDAY, SEPT. 6, 1916

THREE

Bunt and Bill. Clara Mulholland. The Little Apostle on Crutche Henriette E. Delamare. Little Missy. Mary T. Waggaman. Seven Little Marshalls. Mary F Nixon-Roulet. As True as Gold. Mary E. Mannix. The Golden Lily. Katharine Tyna Hinkson For the White Rose. Katharine Tynan The Dollar Hunt. From the French by

BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL. A Tale of the Neg o Uprising in Haiti. By Rev. Joseph Spill-mann, S J. Translated by Mary Richards Gray.

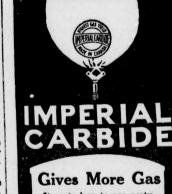
Tears were streaming down her face. I felt unspeakably cruel and selfish for having pressed her for the story, but it was too late now, and I dared not interrupt. Presently she went

on quietly : "Two of the women from the nearest cottages came and sat in the kit-chen. They thought I should be afraid to be alone. Their husbands were good men. They carried him upstairs to his bed and laid him there, and then they took a lantern and long poles, in case they came on a drift, and they set off to walk six miles to _____, where the nearest priest lived, and the doctor, teo. But I told them to go to the priset firstif ever they got there-and to get a horse at the inn and ask him to ride it back. But by the time they reached his house it was past midnight and all was over here.

It had stopped snowing, and there was a beautiful moon. It was freez. ing, too, and you could see across the hills for miles. Being so white, it was all as light as day almost. My master lay quite still and did not speak. I had given him all the remedies, and the pain was less, I could see ; but I knew that it was the end, the very end. I had a great fire of logs blazing on the hearth in his bedroom, and I had drawn the window purtains close, for the night was The door was wide open, for bitter. air, and there was a screen round the bed on that side. Now and then one of the women would creep up the stairs to the door, and ask in a whis-per if she could do anything. But there was nothing to do except to pray. I asked them to say the rosary

blazing, and the priast lay dead, with the same smile on his lips I had seen when I left him-but there was no one there. The doctor, when he came, said he had probably died in which meant he had made up his mind, and that was all there was to it. And then, at 6 o'clock on Christ. for years I could not bear to speak of it. Then I told Father Langdale... and I thick he must have given some idea of it to one or two people

who were friends of my old master, and who felt, as you did, that it was hard that he should not have had the



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Dominion Bank Building TORONTO ONTARIO lebem, who offered Himself for the Redemption of the world.

THE GENUFLEXION

When you bend the knee as you enter the church, do you realize what he act means? Not all Casholics do. if we may judge by the quick little jerk that they give by way of genu-flexion. We are instructed to bow the head with repect to the house of God, even if the Blessed Sacrament is not there, but in the Presence we must give a greater mark of reverence. This is why we are told to bend the knee to the ground. The lighted lamp, glowing on the altar proclaims that the Blessed Sacrament is in the tebernacle. Surely no other warning should be needed to draw from us

Church, the whole Church and nothing but the Church. Between these two extremes is a true mean that leaves out neither the Bible nor the Church; but rightly rates each This via media puts the Bible in its place in regard to the Church and the Church in its place in regard to the Bible. First comes the Church. It is be fore the Bible in point of time, in apologetic worth and in dogmatic

value In point of time the matter is per fectly clear. The Church was estab-lished before the death of Christ,let us say 29 A. D ; and was com pletely founded on the first Pentecost Day. Her doctrines were fully evolved before the death of Johnthat is between 100 and 110 A. D. Since the death of John there has been nothing added to the deposit of faith ; nor can there be aught added

thereto. But how about the Bible ? When was it brought into being? Not un til about 220 A. D More than s hundred years of perfect organization in doctrine went by, after the death of John ; and then, and then only,---to far as the evidence allows us to

form a judgment,-was the Bible as it now is. Apologetically the Church is before the Bible because we may establish the Church without the Bible; where as we have no Bible unless the Church gives it to us. Dogmatically the Church is before the Bible for like reason. Unless the Church be infallible and with all her infallibil ity tell us that the Bible is the Word of God, we have no more right to take the Bible as divine than the Moham-

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