DECEMBER 26, 1925

yet branched out into the extrav-

agance of an automobile. Terry's

able to his guidance, but that guid-ance failed today, as they floundered

through the snow-blocked way choked and muffled with heavy

Twice the bus came to a standstill

and its inmates had to tumble out,

to their hilarious excitement, while

with low-muttered expletives not intended for convent ears, Terry

struggled to start his cumbersome vehicle on its difficult way.

into night before Miss Milly's Christmas guests saw the great

pillared mansion aglow with festive

"Shure the gates is down and blocking the road," said Terry, reining up his "bastes" hastily.

"N'importe, n'importe," cried Mademoisollo. "It is but a few stegs to the house. We can walk, leave us and go back to the convent, Terry. Grasse au hon Dicu, we are

toring. Grand an hon Dieu, we are

11.

II. James Madison had obeyed his young Master's command to the letter. He had "spent it all', and the result was a repast at which the most critical *here vicual* could not cavil. The great dining room was ablaze with festive light, and re-aching with song and jest and uproarious mirth, for the cob-webbed bottles that had prisoned the mellowed spirits of nearly a hundred years were passing around

ndred years were passing around aly. Through the roistering mor only James Madison's

trained ear caught the sounds at the hall door and he disappered for a moment. He returned to his master in evident perturbation. "More company, Sah," he whis-

More company !" Dick Carleton ed around at his crowded table smay. "The devil !"

"Seven ladies!" gasped the bewildered host. "Don't let them in, you dumb fool." "Day's in sch—in to stay—talking

"Day's in sah—in to stay—talking sort ob forrin dat I can't zactly make out, cept it's something about Miss Milly Somers, sah." Richard Carleton started up, roused, sobered, at the name—the name that must not be bandied around nor even breathed lightly here. With a hurried apology which the flow from the cabwebbed bottles made needless, he stepped into the hall where card tables laden with dice, poker chips, cigars and cigar-

dice, poker chips, cigars and cigar-ettes told of the gay night to

repressing nervous giggles, while Mademoiselle Melanie, whose bright French eyes visualized the situation

with horror, confronted the master of the house in excited indignation.

bewildered girls stood there

corrected James

'Seven ladies,

h, no," c hastily.

No cah,

Six

ight rising through the snow laden

The early twilight had deepened

'were usually most amen

him

bastes.'

drifts

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

Father

for him, for I hear he has gone sadly, woefully astray." So, on Christmas Eve, the convent 'bus, an ancient vehicle, generally used to convey small day scholars to and from Mont Marie, was lum-

Not here," she continued as he would have interrupted her, "but bering heavily through snow drifts laden with a merry crowd of girls under the watchful eye of Made-moiselle Melanie, their French teacher. Terry, the convent gate keeper, driver, and gardener held the reins, for Mont Marie had not yet heroched out into the extern. unto death. "Divorced! A living wife! Oh in a new world, a new life. Richard, Richard, how could you lead me to this-to this?" left me large interests in Colorado that are being sorely mismanaged. You are a mining engineer, go and He had been a cad, coward, deceiver to the woman of his love,

speed

confused explanation.

then stood motionless.

on the

move

The

plight.

she said.

in its tone

accosted him.

"Milly," he cried. "You would trust me like this in spite of all you have heard—all I have told you." "In spite of all," she answered. "It will be a hard enough life for ready to trample the lily of her purity into the mire of his foul world. So she had thought, felt, believed, and she had turned from justly, rightly, forever. He back to his own you have lest

And then, in striking contrast to that ruined home, there rose before that I have lost that counts with him the stately gateway of Somer- me. That I can never regain set Manor and the car sped on "Will you go?" she asked again, through an avenue of noble oaks to and there was a softer note in the

the great house glowing with pleading voice. "For my sake, warmth and echoing with music of Richard." She stretched out both warmth and echoing with music of Richard. She stretched out both boyish voices led by a clear soprano. Miss Milly and her college boys were practicing for the Christmas Mass. "O Holy Night" they sang with a wild hope that found deep and the hymn seemed to breathe the blessedness of this hallowed home. shaken voice

"I will go at your word. I would go through much more than this requires if you could say 'Come back to me.'" She lifted her eyes Then the words died into a burst of joyous welcome as the singers crowded to the door to meet the to him, eyes dim with tears but shining with the love that knows not Christmas guests springing gleefully from the great car, and all was a merry Babel of somewhat Time or Space. "It will be a hard fight," she

said softly, "but when it is won, come back to me, Richard." For one moment Richard Carleton glimpsed a slender, graceful figure

standing in the wide doorway sur-rounded by youth and gladness and THE GREAT ANTHEM happy life; then, laying a fierce grasp on the wheel, he would have OF CHRISTMASTIDE started on his homeward way, but the ponderous machine lurched and By Right Rev. H. T. Henry, Litt.D.

The Christmas Cycle extends from Something was wrong, what he the first Sunday of Advent to the Feast of the Purification of Our did not know. As his unheeding young passengers crowded into the It thus commemorates three Lady. house, he leaped from the stalled outstanding facts in the history, not car with a muttered curse and alone of the Church, but of the urned on the flashlight to discover world. And in each of these three phases we perceive the beautiful presence of Our Lady either in the trouble. There was a light step porch and a gentle voice prophecy or in person. You need help with your car? I

will send our man." The words ended in a low, startled cry. "Richard !" came from Miss Milly's white lips as she The first fact, signalized by the preparatory weeks of Advent, is the long period when the world awaited the coming of its Redeemer. This expectation was prophetically an-nounced to the Serpent who had caught at the pillar beside her for support. "You here?" "Yes," was the harsh-toned answer. "I had to come-they caused Adam's fall: "I will put enmities between thee and the mistook the house, and there was no one else. But I will go at once if I can get this confounded car to Woman, and thy seed and her seed ; she shall crush thy head, and thou shalt lie in wait for her heel." Our Our Lady is thus presented to the expectant gaze of the world in its

flashlight showed his face first morning of human habitation. The second grand fact is the fullined and changed, and just now fiercely angered at his awkward filment of this prophecy. God came visibly amongst us, and Christmas is the great holiday of "I will send Dixon to see to it," the world. Again do we look upon Mary, His blessed Mother. Not There was no hiding the tremor in

her voice, the tremor of her lips, but it was the olden music sounding do historians date all the only occurrances of earth before or after in Richard Carleton's ear, the music this central fact of all history, but that had only grown deeper, richer Meantime you must come in out erable masterpieces. The third fact is the Jewish legal

of this bitter cold." he answered briefly. 'No.'

complement of the Birth of Our Lord, namely His presentation in the temple and the purification of His Mother. The Mosaic law cannot, I must not, I will leave the car here, if you permit, and walk back 'Oh no, no, no," she said, "I can-

required this-and He Who had not, hear of that. The young people are sitting down to the supper I had not, hear of that. The young people are sitting down to the supper I had waiting for them. I did not know who it was brought them here. I— I would have thanked you scone: I would have thanke

It is interesting to note that the original Latin contains only six lines And, as he dorste, he drough him ner and ner, to recognize the Compass that shall

rote.

ence

went.

preye.

weye.

SANG ON WAY TO SCHOOL

cannot be adequately represented in English metres, since these depend on "accent" rather than on "quannote, Till he the first vers coude al by in the syllables. As we all tity'

know, attempts have been made, from time to time, to echo in some fashion the 'hythmic swing of clas-sical hexameters in the rougher medium of English verse. Thus we have Longfellow's delightful imita-tion in the rhythms of his "Evange-line".-to confine ourselves just now -to confine ourselves just now to a single example. An attempt like this was made in the English rendering of our anthem given in the Marquess of Bute's translation of the Roman Breviary. The first ine of this rendering is

Maiden! Mother of Him Who redeemed us, thou that abidest'

and we can appreciate the rhythmic echoing like to that with which the "Evangeline" has familiarized us. boy was deeply impressed : From the eight lines of Dom Oswald we have descended to six English hexameters. But a still greater reduction of space is found in Arch. bishop Bagshawe's six lines of Engish dactylic tetrameters :

Our Saviour's sweet Mother, who

As Star of the Sea and bright portal of Heaven,

He would learn the lovely chant of Christmastide "ere Cristemasse is went." He sang the hymn, as he had said the Ave Maria, going to and from school: O help us to rise when we fall, for while earth Stood wond'ring, thou didst to thy and from school

Maker give birth, Yet wast ever Virgin, saluted with 'Hail' Ful merily than wolde he singe,

and crye "O Alma redemptoris" ever-mo; By Gabriel; for us let thy mercy avail. The swetnes hath his herte pierced

ANOTHER FINE VERSION Of Cristes moder, that to hir to Could this space be still further reduced? The powers of compres-sion, as well as of expansion, pos-Ne can not stinte of singing by the

sessed by a master-worker in verse, are illustrated in the fine version made by the poet-priest and con-vert, Father Caswall. His translation is also in six lines, but has a less number of syllables than any of the others:

Mother of Christ ! hear thou thy people's cry, Star of the deep, and Portal of pit.

length coming to the Jewish quarter the sky! Mother of Him who thee from of the town, heard the sweet chant of the Alma Redemptoris Mater,

nothing made, and were amazed to find it Sinking we strive, and call to thee from the lips of the boy hidden in the pit. They brought him to the

for aid; Oh, by that joy which Gabriel brought to thee, church on a litter. There he was asked to explain the miraculous Pure Virgin, first and last, look

singing. He replied that our Lady had placed a grain on his tongue on our misery." whilst he was dying, and he was

It is perhaps curious to note, in thus enabled to continue the song of this connection, that Caswall's ver-sion aatedated all the others praise he so greatly loved. The grain was then removed, and the referred to here. But what lover of Our Lady, having "a turn for verse," should be blamed for essayboy-martyr at length slept in the peace of the Lord.

In various forms, the legend spread over Europe, and its literaing such a beautiful task, albeit others had already succeeded so ture is not slight. In his admirable "Life of St. Hugh of Lincoln," While the Latin verses thus trans-Father Thurston discusses the excesses perpetrated on the Jews as

lated are sung in the Divine Office throughout Christmastide, the vera result partly of false rumors, partly of cupidity for their possesit in their various fashions in innumlow vary. Down to the First Ves-pers of the Nativity (recited on the Eve of Christmas), these are (Vsions, and he praises the manly stand of the Church authorities in behalf. In an Appendix their Versicle; R-Response; O-Oratorio (pages 609, 610) he gives a further Prayer): liscussion of the subject.

V .- The Angel of the Lord de-Mosaic law clared unto Mary. R.-And she conceived of the Holy

law, the law obeys," sang one of our Latin poets. tion of Christ Thy Son by the mes-sage of an Angel, so, by His Passion

well?

And herkned ay the wordes and the note, Till he the first vers coude al by

deviates from its course

The little clerk was greatly attracted by both the words and the melody of our anthem. His listened that bring a thrill to the heart of the man who has inherited this to the singers with intense interest, until he knew by heart the first verse: "Alma redemptoris mater, quae pervia coeli." He filled his childish leisure singing it over and priceless treasure, even if he is very poor in this world's goods. To preserve this sacred heritage, to transmit it to generations yet unborn, patient monks labored in the fading over again. Some strange sweet-ness in it attracted him, for the light long hours in their studies tracing with careful "litel clergeon" was only seven years old. His mother had already letters that spoke of the Mysteries of God. To stone for the careless. aught him the Ave Maria, which ness and indifference of those who the boy was accustomed to repeat tossed it lightly to the winds, great twice daily, going to and from school. He loved Our Lady; and saints buried themselves in deserts or in lonely caves, there to do penance and to spend long hours in when an older companion explained the meaning of the Latin words, the prayer for the sanctification of the world. Men worked for it to their

last breath, men shed their blood And is this song maked in reverfor it amid unspeakable torments Not so far back, in our own day, Of Cristes moder ?" seyde the in-

our forefathers suffered persecunocent ; Now certes, I wol do my diligence tions and trials to conserve it for us who should come after them. The trend of the world today is To conne it all, ere Cristemasse is

not toward Heaven, but toward the abyss of darkness. Money and fame, pleasure and ease, are sought with a zeal that borders on mad-

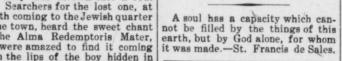
ness, while the things of Eternal Life are cast aside as of no worth. Have we no cause to reproach ourselves? What are we doing to prove our love for that which we proudly claim as a precious heri-tage? Life is indeed an uncertain voyage over an insecure and shift-ing ocean. We sail in a frail barque and without the grace of God, without infirite precautions and unceasing vigilance, we can never arrive in a safe harbor at the

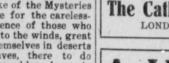
His way led through the Jewish quarter of the town, and the hymn quarter of the town, and the hymn duarter of the town, and the hymn man can sail in tranquillity and in man can sail in tranquillity and in quarter of the town, and the nyme of praise to "Cristes moder" grew more and more unpleasant to the f the denizens. They hired a of the soul. Lacking these, it is thus assure the ceasing of the song. The body was thrown into a foul shipwreck .- The Pilot.

relieved by-

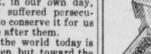
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A soul has a capacity which can-not be filled by the things of this earth, but by God alone, for whom it was made .- St. Francis de Sales













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THREE

Qu'est que d'est ? What is this ? Where is this ? To what place infame have I brought ces filles I would have thanked you sooner. You must be very cold. Come in, please, and get warm." And Madémoiselle ourst into a French tirade in which

Richard Carleton distinguished only one name, a name that cleared all the fumes from his brain and standied him into the dignity and courtesy that befitted the master of Carleton Hall.

"Miss Somers, Miss Some.s invited you here? There must be some mistake, madame, this is not her house."

her house." "Ah Miserieorde ! Then what house is it?" cried Mademoiselle as the clink of refilling glasses was greeted by a burst of masculine song from the room beyond. "Where are we, mes enfants ! To what place have we come, with la volture gone back to the convent ? We must fly from this house, we must fly, mes enfants. Venez, venez, toute de suite, toute de suite ?" venez, suite !"

"
'Oh we can't, Mademoiselle, we can't," came the affrighted answer. "We can't go out there in the cold and the snow." And then, being a bevy of bright American girls, with fathers, and brothers who some-times gave gay parties, at which cards and poker chips were not unknown, Miss Somers' guests explained their coming, the delayed journey, the broken gate, the misget." "Forget," he echoed hoarsely. "I cannot, can you?" She did not answer. "But," he went on, "as I never hope, will never try, to see you again, there are some things I would like you to know." journey, the broken gate, the mis-taken house.

"First, I did not, could not under-stand your Catholic viewpoint. Now I do, and in my later compre-hension of that viewpoint and its "And oh, please, please," they concluded, "get somebody or some-thing to take us to Miss Milly's

right away." Richard Carleton agreed with grave courtesy that he would. A grave courtesy that he would. A few words to James Madison, and married from unutterable wretch-edness and disgrace and took fitting big seven passenger car that had brought out the gay dinner party was pre-empted without ques-tion, and Miss Millie Somers' guests, with the reassured Mademoiselle, care of her until she died two years ago. And lastly, blind besotted selfish cad that I must have seemed to you, my love for you was the strongest, purest, highest experwere enconced comfortably in its capacious depths; and leaving the roistering revellers to the care of his faithful henchman Richard Carleton took the wheel. While the high powered machine send on over

Again the old gentle tone, so compelling in its quiet sweetness, SUMMARY OF PROPHECY In these three phases of history, compelling in its quiet sweetness, the tone that only a churl could resist. He followed at her bidding into the warmth and light of the library, deserted by all the gay guests doing full justice to the supper in the great dining room at the end of the wide colonial hall. A log fire blazed or the hearth, the walls the winders were meanthed.

who stood outcast and intruder here tonight. Milly gave her orders about the waiting car and joined her reluctant guest.

"Dixon will make it all right." she said.

Mother benign of our redeeming

Lord. Star of the sea 'and portal of the skies.

Unto thy fallen people help afford-

Fallen, but striving still anew to rise.

Thou who didst once, while won-d'ring worlds adored, Bear thy Creator, Virgin then as now

O by thy holy joy at Gabriel's

word. Pity the sinners who before thee bow.

This is the translation of the anthem by "the distinguished scholar, the Right Rev. Sir Oswald Hunter-Blair, O. S. B.," which I find in Dom Britt's elegant volume, "The Hymns of the Breviary and Missal." The anthem has also been

and striking monument was erected to the memory of those "who go and Cross, we may be brought to the glory of His resurrection; down to the sea in ships." The figure on the pedestal is that of a seaman, clad in oilcloth, his hand through the same Christ our Lord.

FAITH OF OUR FATHERS

Recently, in a fishing port, a large

resting on the wheel of the vessel that he is guiding into the vast un-known. His eyes, looking fearlessly before him, are strained upon some imaginary, distant object. He has met and known dangers and perils,

log fire blazed or the hearth, the walls, the windows were wreathed with Christmas green. So it had looked five years ago to the man who stood outcast and intruder yet he is ever willing to face the untamed ocean with its treacherous shallows and deeps to fulfil that mission which he has set for himself in life.

Son, even as St. Matthew won-drously couples their names in his Gospel: "Mary, of whom was born Jesus, Who is called Christ. The Marian anthem for the whole of Christmastide is the exquisite Alma Redemntoris Mater whose first remain a pure virgin. R.-O Mother of God, intercede The life of the seaman is a pre-carious one. But, in reality, all life is a venturous quest. In the morning, with fair weather and a 0.-0 God, who, by the fruitful virginity of Blessed Mary, hast given unto mankind the rewards of morning, with fair weather and a stiff breeze, with peace and hope and mayhap joy in his heart, with faith in the future, man starts out to conquer the impediments to his welfare here and hereafter. With face sternly set to the fair horizon line, where he hopes to find safe port at the day's close, he goes for-ward with the datermination to she said. 'It is my cursed luck to be forced on you like this," Carleton said bitterly. 'Give it a kinder name than that," was her answer. 'It is friendliness and welcome and good will. A time to forgive and for-get." ''Forget." he echoed hoarsely. ''I

ward with the determination to overcome all obstacles and to win

-Hermann "the Cripple"—who was a felicitous poet as well as a chronicler and mathematician. Read the brief account of him given in "The Catholic Encyclopedia;" and if your leisure and interest will suggest further explorations, read the twenty large pages shotted in his goal. Shall he arrive in the quiet har-bor at eventide? His fate rests in his own hands. Whether or not his frail craft shall be moored in secur-Irail craft shall be moored in secur-ity to await the next voyage, or whether he shall go down to a hidden and unsung grave in the treacherous waters, it is for him to decide. The passage of the spirit through this world is much more hazardous than that of the stout abin that soft forth with coverthing

suggest further explorations, read the twenty large pages allotted in Duffield's work, "The Latin Hymn-Writers and Their Hymns," to "one of the most meritorious men of the eleventh century" (d. 1054.) Duffield was a Presbyterian min-ister, but handles his theme sympa-thetically.

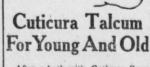
in her favor on the long voyage But with faith in God and deter-mination to conquer the obstacles POPULAR THROUGHOUT EUROPE that arise in the interior life, man The Anthem became very popular throughout Europe. It is recomneed fear no opposing elements of

his three arch-enemies. The life stories of great men show mended for frequent use in the "Ancren Riwle" dating about the year 1200.) Chaucer bases his "Prioresses Tale" on a legend conclearly that those who wrought the best, the highest works, were men of indomitable faith. They ever bore in mind the maxim of the Carleton took the wheel. While the high powered machine sped on over white roads, lit by a Christmas moon, and the merry girls laughed and chattered delightedly over their Christmas adventure, their silent chauffeur, stirled into bitter remembrance by the route he was



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