

Christ's Nativity.

(Written for the New York Freeman's Journal)

While shepherds watched their flocks by night On fair Jordan plain there shone, Pendant in middle air, a light— A wondrous light like heaven's own, Far shedding round its rays divine; And lo, from out the brightness came An Angel's voice with glad proclaim: O Babe new-born of David's line, The Saviour who is Christ the Lord; An infant wrapped in swaddling clothes And in a manger laid, Then rose Angelic strains in sweet accord. Ay, a bright throng, whose seats are highest The throne of heaven, in rapture then Came hymning "Glory in the highest To God and peace on earth to men Of good will." So in tones of might Far echoing, sang the heavenly choir A new song never to expire Through all the ages in their flight. Anon the shepherds, with the strain Loud in their hearts, sped far and fast, All found the Blessed Christ at last, And worshipped in his lowly lane. Lo, from the East three sages came, Led by a star, and straight adored The new-born King, and in His name Gold, frankincense and myrrh out-poured. O all ye humble, all ye wise— Shepherd or sage—thus evermore On you doth God in mystery pour His mercies from the "blessed skies"; And blest are they that bear apace Pure hearts of love, gifts dearer far Than all earth's rarest treasures are, To greet the Saviour of the race.

By RICHARD O'MALLEY, The Blind Poet of Pennsylvania.

A Sunday in Paris.

(Written for the Casket.)

I had arranged my journey so as arrive in Paris Saturday evening, but I little expected to find it shrouded in a dense fog, so thick that I could hardly see across the street, when I came out from the Gare d'Est. I had some difficulty in getting a cab, and I was very much surprised thereat. When I at last jumped into a carriage and told the cabman to drive to the other end of the city, I could see that he was not pleased at the fare. The fog was very thick and I could see nothing. At last we turned into a narrow street and I knew I was near shelter. Soon I was ringing the bell at one of the very few religious houses still remaining in the City of Paris. Old and hungry after my journey, I hoped to meet friends here, and my expectations were fully realized in the warm, whole-hearted reception given me by these kind missionaries, Fathers of the Holy Ghost. Presently I was seated at table with Fathers and Brothers of the congregation, and with a number of soldiers. I could not account for the latter until I questioned my neighbor to the right, a reverend Father who had, at different times, visited Canada. He informed me that the gentlemen "en militaire" were also priests, who were serving their 30 days "recall to arms." I was at once interested and wished to know all about them. Father L. readily gave me the desired information. "They are called," said he, "to perform military work, according to the law of France, and they pass 30 days in the military hospitals here. Many of them spend the night with us and say Mass in the morning before donning their military costume, and then they hasten to the hospitals where they must report at 6 o'clock. This is a great hardship for them and also for their parishioners, for some of them are pastors and many curates. But they have their consolations and those who remain in the overseas do much good by their example and advice. Since the chaplains were removed from the army, the French soldier must live and die without a priest, unless he can get one from the outside which rarely happens. You see that soldier near you; he is a parish priest and yesterday administered to a dying companion, who otherwise would have died unshriven. So that even here those men have their priestly work to do." How wonderful are thy ways, O Lord! This morning I said Mass in the community chapel. I had to wait some time for a servant when a soldier from amongst the people came over and whispered that he would serve. So I offered up the Holy Sacrifice, attended by a soldier of France and you may rest assured that I asked our Divine Saviour to bless this unfortunate country. After breakfast I set forth to visit some of the churches, to see for myself whether the people attended Mass. I visited three of the larger and some of the smaller churches,

Get the Most Out of Your Food

You don't and can't if your stomach is weak. A weak stomach does not digest all that is ordinarily taken into it. It gets tired easily, and what it fails to digest is wasted.

Among the signs of a weak stomach are: uneasiness after eating, fits of nervous headaches, and disagreeable belching. "I have been troubled with dyspepsia for years, and tried every remedy I heard of, but never got anything that gave me relief until I took Hood's Sarsaparilla. I cannot praise this medicine too highly for the good it has done me. I always take it in the spring and fall and would not be without it." W. A. HOSMER, Baltimore, Md.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Strengthens and tones the stomach and the whole digestive system.

and I was really surprised at the attendance. Taking a seat in the upper part of one of those two-story tramways which one sees only in Europe, I passed the Pantheon and the Sorbonne, then the Odéon. I stopped for a moment at St. Sulpice, attracted by the large crowd who were entering. It was half-past eight. Many of the stores were open, men were working very generally, and yet this large church was fairly well filled with men, women and children. A number of Masses were being said at the different altars, and the people were kneeling in groups around each altar. I passed quietly from one altar to another making the round of the church and I was surprised at the apparent devotion of the people. At the Madelon I found the same conditions and from a card at the door learned that Masses were said on Sunday from 5 o'clock to 10 o'clock. From the Madelon I made my way to Our Lady of Victory. Here, High Mass was being sung and the church was crowded. In a number of smaller churches Masses had been said early in the morning for men only, and I was told that the attendance was very large. The men of Paris attend Mass whatever can be said of the rest of France, but when Paris sends twelve or fourteen Catholic delegates to the Chamber. I arrived at the house at twelve and at dinner I met the Superior-General of the Cong. of H. Ghost, who was Bishop in Africa when elected Superior-General. Mgr. Le Roi has been chosen by the Archbishop of Paris and his council, to give the Course in religion established by Pius X. in the Catholic Institute of Paris. The kindness with which he received me, gave me courage to question him on the reason of their being allowed to remain in their old homes. He simply smiled and began to enumerate the houses, novitiates and colleges they had already lost and then "we are here today but we are not sure of tomorrow. We are in the hands of God."

In the afternoon I visited the Pantheon. "To the great men, the grateful fatherland" is the inscription over the doors, and while examining the famous statue of "The Thinker," an attendant passed me a sheet of paper on which was written the names of the great men buried in the Pantheon: Victor Hugo, Voltaire, Carnot, J. J. Rousseau, etc., to the number of sixty odd. I wondered where was the gratitude of France to her really great men such as Rousseau, Moliere, Bossuet, Fenelon, St. Louis, Charlemagne, etc., etc. France does not honor such, she wishes only to honor those who she dishonored her.

Eighteen years ago when I visited the Pantheon, the High Altar and the Lady Altar were still in their places. They have been removed and the only signs of a religious character are the magnificent paintings of P. de Charrances. They are truly masterpieces and cover the walls of the whole building. St. Genevieve's history is most beautifully unfolded. Joan of Arc in her triumph and sufferings, the Vision and Baptism of Clovis and the Coronation of Charlemagne, with one or two happenings in the life of St. Louis, all these form a series of pictures really magnificent and worth going to see.

The celebrities are buried in the basement and thus the beautiful building itself is not desecrated by the immediate presence of such unholy ashes as those of the famous man of the France of the Nineteenth and Twentieth centuries. W. Paris, Nov. 10th, 1907.

You May Rob Us of Our Property, But Not of Our Consciences.

(The French Bishops.)

It is the custom, writes Father Prelot, in the Jesuits' magazine Etudes, published in Paris, to assert that the French Bishops have hitherto not distinguished themselves by any faculty of initiative, but that, on the contrary, they have allowed themselves to be over-ruled on all occasions by the Pope. There is now no doubt whatever that their famous Declaration of last spring, which was really an ultimatum to the French Government, had been drawn up by them without the advice of the Sovereign Pontiff, to whom it was, however, forwarded for his approval and who returned the document to them without altering one of the clauses. Even the anti-Christian Government was so conscious of the strength and vigor which the Declaration implied on the part of the Episcopate that, for once, it acted with diplomatic decency and consented to read the "rescript. Nor is there any more reason to suppose that in the Episcopal body there are differences altogether irreconcilable; that, as is asserted, some are absolutely resolved to resist, and others are willing to agree to compromises. The Declaration in question proves their unanimity in as far as it demonstrates that they mark definitely the ground of dispute, pointing out the claims they will always insist upon, namely, respect for the hierarchy, the inviolability of ecclesiastical property, the liberty of worship. As it declares, it is so mindful of its high functions and duties, as to even consent, for the sake of the faithful in France, to treat as to the question of the use of churches which by all right belong to the Church. That ought to settle once and for all time, the question as to whether the clergy are simply unwilling to compromise on the ground that they would thereby sacrifice their own dignity.

There were not wanting others who asserted that it was simply a question of money with the Church. The Pope made no secret of his intentions in this regard, in which he was, moreover, entirely supported by the bishops and clergy. We can stand the violation of our rights, he said, you may take our property, but you must allow us to retain our consciences. We can allow no compromise in matters which are likely to produce schism. History records no act of self-abnegation so great as this. The bishops left their palaces, the clergy their presbyteries, and to save their property not one step was taken, the hierarchy consenting only to treat, when the souls of the people became endangered. A characteristic disposition is to be noted in the second Law of Separation. Up till now, the two actors in the drama were the Government and the Church. The Government drew up its law, which when enacted, it transferred for execution to another body of men, to wit, the thirty-six thousand mayors of France. Public worship and the right to a conscience fall then entirely into the hands of a municipal officer who, however honest and reputable he may otherwise be, is in the state of modern France, as likely to be anticlerical as not. He will decide as to the fitness or otherwise of a priest for the duty of officiating in the "municipal church"; at a word he may curtail or prohibit any ceremony which displeases him. True, the decision of any given municipality may be contested. Who will decide in the conflict, however? A commission of the Council of the State which will, of course, be nominated by the anti-Christian Government!

Journals which cannot, under any circumstances, be suspected of clericalism, such as the Temps, the Debats, two of the greatest papers in France, have not been able to resist paying tribute of their admiration to the loyalty of the Episcopate in its efforts to bring about the pacification of the religious situation. The latter journal even goes the length of stating that the Government has provoked the uncompromising spirit of the clergy beyond all hope of appeasing it, by its own harsh demeanor in the first instance, and in its unwillingness to treat fairly. It has to be said in favor of the municipal authorities that in the greater number of cases,

a friendly attitude has been adopted towards the episcopal stand. Yet as it has been well pointed out by the Archbishop of Paris, since the mayors hold their own authority from the central Government, there can be no reliance placed on their momentary dispositions or decisions, which are always liable to be cancelled twenty-four hours after they have been taken. The Church awaits, however, and still hopes. She has conceded everything but principle in the interest of souls and in her desire for peace. If the Government persists to the bitter end, it must hold itself responsible for a war the like of which Christianity has not yet seen.

Sir William Lyne, Secretary of Treasury in the Australian Commonwealth, has introduced a bill into the legislature by which goods manufactured in the colony shall pay half as much duty as imported goods, unless the manufacturers pay fair and reasonable wages. A government tribunal is to determine what is fair and reasonable. The London Times and Spectator cheer at this as being "paternal" or "grandmotherly" legislation. They believe in the good old British system of letting the workingman use his fists against the employer armed with a club. It is rank blasphemy against Adam Smith and the law of supply and demand to talk like this, but it is really a fair enough description of the bargain which a laborer agrees to work for less than a living wage rather than get no wage at all. Just now all Canada is stirred up at the sight of a few hundred victims of raceably immigration agents, stranded in our cities, but England's army of unemployed is numbered by the hundred thousand natives of the soil. Free trade and landlordism have made it impossible for the British farmer to compete with the farmer of North and South America. The result is that the land is deserted and the cities overcrowded. The glut in the labor market lowers wages in accordance with that law of supply and demand which political economists think as sacred as the Ten Commandments. Moreover the manufacturer in free-trade England must cut down wages to the lowest point if he is to compete with the protected manufacturer of the United States and the bounty-fed manufacturer of Germany. Hence starvation wages and processions of sullen men carrying a banner inscribed: "Ours your charity; we want work." This is the field in which Socialism grows rank. But the remedy for the evil is not Socialism. It is legislation, informed by the spirit of Christianity. Australia has caught the first half of the net, unapparently the second half is wanting. Nevertheless, by using a tool invented and employed by Christian legislators in the days when Europe was Catholic, it may accomplish something.—Casket.

If brevity is the soul of wit, simplicity may be said to be the soul of poetry. We mean simplicity in its true and manifold sense of freedom from elaborateness, from complexity, from abstruseness, from affectation. The poet who is born, not made, has all the artlessness of a child. Witness these lines of Gilbert Chesterton's:— The Christ-child stood at Mary's knee, His hair was like a crown, And all the flowers looked up at Him And all the stars looked down. What is called style is merely the vesture of poetry, as indeed of all noble prose. The thought is the gem, the words are but the setting.—Casket.

Men and Boy's suits.—It will pay you to give me a call for your spring suit for yourself or your boy, as I have an elegant range to choose from and my prices are lower than the lowest. H. H. BROWN The Young Men's Man.

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Overalls and working shirts.—At this season of the year every man wants a fitting out in this line. There is no place in town where you can get better value for your money than at H. H. BROWN'S The young Men's Man.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Happiness likes to hang around a man who somehow manages to keep up his merry whistling.—Florida Time Union. Nervousness, however, would move to amend by striking out the word "around."—Indianapolis News.

Minard's Liniment cures everything. Two very cadaverous-looking tramps looked in at the window of a railway-station where a telegraph operator sat at his key. "Say, pardner," one of them said, in a very husky voice, "report o' empties goin' east."—Harper's Weekly.

Take Notice. We publish simple, straight testimonials, not press agents' interviews, from well-known people. From all over America they testify to the merits of MINARD'S LINIMENT, the best of Household Remedies. MINARD'S LINIMENT CO., Ltd.

Beware Of Worms. Don't let worms gnaw at the vitals of your children. Give them Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup and they'll soon be rid of these parasites. Price 50c.

Loafer (saluting perfect stranger)—"I remember you, major, when we was in the regiment." Stranger—"What—in the Ninety-ninth?" Loafer—"Yus, major. Stranger—"A company?" Loafer—"Yus, major." Stranger—"Always getting drunk?" Loafer—"I won't go far as to deny I look a drop extra now and then, major." Stranger—"Discharged with ignominy for cowardice?" Loafer—"Ardy that, major, for I allus did my duty." Stranger—"Then you're not the man."—Punch.

There is nothing harsh about Lax Liver Pills. They cure Constipation, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, and Bilious Spells without griping, purging or sickening. Price 25c.

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