DECEMBER 27, 1918

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

CHRISTMAS

Christmas brings to young mer year after year, the same lesson from the Divine Babe of the manger, of ess to others and suffering for

Unless a Christian has the habit of self-denial against the wanderings of the heart and the inclinations of the fesh, where will he end?

ness, where will he end? The glory of a young man is his strength. But that glory should not rest only on his vigor of body, but on the robustness of his will-power the robustness of his will power when it is strong enough to throttle the there waywardness of his feeh. And that will power can be trained, can be made quick by exercise, can become skillful, expert, tenacious, persistent, and stable by use. In the conquest of the lower self, the brute part of man, pain is a pow-over largent.

erful agent. The Infant of Bethlehem, cold. The Infant of Bebliehem, cold, wrapped in a few clothes, resting on straw in a manger of a stable, preaches the beauty of suffering. St. John, the Beloved, in his vision of these who should be saved, saw on the foreheads of all of them the sign of pain — the symbol of suffer-ion

Young man, don't shrink from the conditast practice of self-denial. Don't avoid the fasts of Advent and Lent. Be strong to suffer and so over

THE GREAT ACCOMPLISHMENT

"It takes a lifetime to learn to be kind!" It was the emphatic remark of an elderly man noted for his rare combination of brains and heart. The student and the expert each found help and pleasure in his words, and to all he seemed the embodiment of Christian courtesy and strength. Yet he himself, afraid that he had been a trifle abrupt in his assertions when talking to a shy young freshman, said aloud to him-It takes a lifetime to learn to he kind.'

That was a clear recognition, not often so clearly made, of the real end of a life of learning. Kindliness is often: and is always in its broadest sense, another word for love, and is the law of life. Each year should bring us a new sense of the heights of kindliness above us, of the rocks of stumbling that look large now, but of which we should e have taken no heed.

"Yes, I told him frankly that he was wrong, and I had to do it," said one college man just beginning to see clearly this vision of loving kindness, "but I shall always be sorry for the way I did it. I left him rebuffed and discouraged. I ought to have left him stronger to do his

CANNOT TRANSMIT GENIUS The dictionary of the names of em-inent men compiled by Sir Francis Galton listed 29,000 persons who reached eminence in the various fields of human achievement, and indictated that barely 200 in every 1,000. 000 persons were entitled to appear in his roster of greatress. A study of these lists seems to show that the world's famous man seldom have left sons capable of the measure of service that might have gained equal honor for themselves. Only nembers of royal families are specenvironed and educated and ially with selected husbands and wives to day, yet the great monarch created the dynasty

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS HAPPY CHRISTMAS

A happy, happy Christmas to you, dear children. And where shall our loving thoughts fly first when we wake on Christmas day? Shall we not think at once of Bethlehem and the dear Child Christ? Let us try to pictare the beautiful scene. Let us think of the holy Vir-

gin Mother in the lowly stable; St Joseph kneeling there, so reverent, so adoring, gazing upon that tiny In-fant, his God and our God, throned on Mary's knee, or lying in the straw while His Mother also is kneeling near, oh, how close to her precious Son. See, too, the ox and the ass, the Shepherds and the lambs, oh, would we not like to be in their places with the star shining abaya nant of the old mansion. places, with the star shining above he door way, and the echo of the angels' song still sounding over the

Well, we have seen the story of the went, we nove seen the story of the first Christman, portrayed year after year, in the "Christmas Cribs," as we call them, in our churches; we have knelt there and studied it lov-ingly, as indeed we ought to do. But let us remember, with warm, loving thankfulness, that the dear Jesus is aand. It read : really and truly on every altar where Mass is said, and that in Holy Communion it is really and truly our dear Lord Jesus Who comes to our happy hearts. Let us say very lov-ing welcomes to Him, even in very simple words, like those we repeated a little while ago:

Our happy hearts are saying low : I love Thee so! I love Thee so!"

Let us ask our Blessed Mother Mary so teach us what to say to her Jesus on Christmas day. Let us ask St. Joseph and the shepherds to share with us their gladness. Let us bring to Jesus the glifts of our loving hearts, and often in the midth of our Christ. and often, in the midet of our Christmas festivities, let us send a tender thought to Jesus in the Christmas crib at Bethlehem. — Sacred Heart Review

AND A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM

The bell for dismissal had just rung. The boys of the parochial school came rushing out, laughing and shouting. The last group lingered around the door until the organist of the church came, and ith her they went over to the choir to practice singing for Christmas. These These were the choir boys who stayed after school every night to rehearse hymns. One little fellow, light haired and merry, was the soprano, and the owner of a beauti ful, well-trained voice. His name was plain, unpoetical John Smith, and despite his love of fun, he was always earnest and serious when practicing singing. But after leaving the church his merry mood would return, and to hear him shouting with his sebool-mates you would never take him for a choir boy.

On their walk home the boys had to pass an old house, a mansion it had been once; now falling to ruin. There was a mystery connected with the house, if there could be a mys tery in a busy town of the twentiest century. The owner had been abroad many years, and the mansion had never been opened since his depar ture. Around the front was a high stone wall, concealing all but the top of the massive, oaken door. A few old residents could remember when the house had been the scene of merry parties and balls. The owner who founds a line of kings is usually succeeded by a series of mediocrities, often good and faithful men, but with out the splendid abilities which gone. After the funeral service the On the other hand, Galton shows young man had never entered a in the choir. that among English inventors James | Catholic Church. He spent a year in his desolate home, and then went to heriting his talents from his father, while George Stephenson was the son of a miner, and the father of Thomas Telford was a shepherd. Of the poets Scott was the son of a Scot-tish lawyer, Tennyson of an obscure gentieman and Southey of a Bristol linen drager. It was a barber who Europe. The house had been elosed deep emotion stirred him as the singer finished the last strain; for he suddenly fell to his knees and tried to remember how to pray. The little soprano, watching him, knew that the receiver of his letter had "come back for Christmas." Christmas morning dawned bright and clear. At the 5 o'clock Mass a and on the st ps were a number of trunks with fore gn labels on them. gray haired man received Holy Com-munion for the first time in twenty In the light carpet of snow a man's foot prints were seen and the tracks of cart-wheels. The windows were years. Up in the choir a boy's voice was beard, singing "Adeate Fideles." —Josephine Corcoran in Providence all open and in one of the upper rooms a light was burning. As soon as they recovered from their surprise at seeing the house open again, the

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

one then, and it was said that he had spent all Christmas day in church that year, praying for his dear mother's life. But she had died, and after he had left the church with the

telling the story and his only thoughts were of pity for the poor man who had lost both parents and faith at the same time. "The poor man," he thought. "If he would only come back this Christmas." And he said a prayer that night for the lonely occu

All that week John Smith was not so gay as usual, which gave his teachers some rest though they wondered what it was that kept the lively little

what it was that kept the lively little boy so quiet. Every night he stopped at the great gate to the old house and whispered under his breath, "I won-der if he got it yet." Inside the house in one of the old-fashioned, high ceilinged rooms, a gray haired man was seated, gazing thoughtfully at a note he held in his hough. It read

Dear Mr. Berkeley : "Won't you please come to Mass Christmas morning? We have a new crib at church and all the children were told to invite some stranger to

were told to invite some stranger to see it. I am inviting you because I know that no one else would think of you. I hope you will come. The first Mass is a 5 o'clock and the choir is to sing the Christmas hymns. Your loving friend, Lour Swing " JOHN SMITH.

"I haven't been to church for years," thought the o'd man. "I won-der if it is the same as the last Ourist-mes I went? Mother-" (he almost choked over the word) " was dying then, and it was the last time I went ill the funeral. And with all my prayers and her piety she was not saved. Why should I go back now on the anniversary of that awful day? Some foolish schoolboy wishes to mock, perhaps—but no, it sounds too sincere to be that. After all, it is so long since I went-and the last time

-she-was here." Absently he tossed the letter into the waste basket, and sat immova-ble for a long time. Then he roused himself suddenly, and reached for the nimseif suddenly, and reached for the discarded note, put it in his pocket, and went out. He walked slowly down the street, but as he reached the church door, stopped. The choir boys were going in to rehearse. No one recognized him but John Smith, whose eyes grew wide with amaze-ment as the visitor followed them in. He did not kneel at all ; just took off his hat and sat down, watching the sanctuary lamp flicker and burn. Presently the little soprano started to sing. It was only a Christmas hymn but it seemed to carry a mes sage of cheer to the cold hearted occupant of the church ; and some-how he knew as he looked at the singer that this was the John Smith who had written to him "because no one else would think of him." Then

the beautiful voice sang the grand Adeste.' Memories came surging over the man in the church. Memories of "Adestes" of other years. Memories of days when he had come to this same church with his beautiful, young mother. The memory of the last Christmas he had spent in this church, praying with all his heart that she would not die. But it had been God's will and she had gone. It was then that, half-insane with grief, her son had vowed never to enter a Catholic Church again. He had lost his faith, but at a message from one little boy, he had unconsciously broken that vow.

Venite Adoremus," sang the boy

That the divinity of the Church is roved by the historical value of the New Testament; but the historical value of the New Testament is not after he had left the church with the funeral train, he had never entered it again. The very mention of religion would leave him trembling. The little choir boy heard his father The little choir boy heard his father proved by the Church, but by mere divinity. That baptism given by those out-

side the Church is valid when administered with the right intention with the right words and in the right manner. That baptism by immersion is

valid, but inconvenient. That they should love all, inside and outside the Church, even their

That error imposed by authority should be rejected. That the grace of faith, as well as reason and intellect, is necessary to draw man to the knowledge of divine fraw man to the knowle

truth That the doctrines of Jesus Chris have nover changed, developed. but

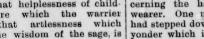
PASSING OF MODESTY

NO DISCOVERIES MADE-MAKE SHIFTS DEVISED - CHILD HOOD HELPLESS WHERE THE WARRIOR QUAILED - TOO WISE IN THEIR GENERATION

Mankind is not long in finding out how the moral world hangs together. Indeed, more than one deep moralist has observed that there are no dis-coveries to be made in morality. But, unfortunately, mankind, having found it out, is impatient to rid itself of disagreeable knowledge and in-genious to invent makeshifts of its own. For one moral need that is genious to invent makeshifts of its own. For one moral need that is very important a whole set of such makeshifts has been devised. Things have not yet come to such a pass that our generation is content to live for itself with no consciousness of an obligation to hand on to generations ain. to come what it has received from generations past, but within the memory of those whose hair has not

yet begun to fall white from the bar-ber's shears there has been a revision or a repeal of moral laws on which the coming in of future gener-stions depends. The noble sciences ations depends. of eugenics and eugenetics have been created to take their places. Bill Sikes is not to beget children, so the legislature decrees, and thus ard question-what is to be done with our Nancy Sikes ?- receives its nswer. Mrs. Jellyby is to have all her time for Borrioboola Gha, undis tracted by the annoyance of any little Jellybys. But there must be some little Jellybys, otherwise we of this generation must wind up the affairs of our planet after its long and checkered career, and Halley's comet on its next return will perform to an empty house. The little Jellybys that we have

create a problem of their own. They are wise-too wise-in their genera tion. They have had their love-affairs at an age when their grand parents were at spinning tops and dressing dolls. They cannot be spoken of as young hopefuls indis-criminately, because some of them have already drained the wine of life to the dregs. As a cheering thought to begin the day's toil with, the newspapers furnished us, not long since with the farewell of a young Schopenhauer just entering on his teens, who gave up the game of life before he had fairly begun it, as not worth the candle. That helplessness of child-hood before which the warrier quailed,



passing away before a knowingness, to where "Jonson's learned sock is



The work of our vice commissions other sources of information

have torn the veil from a condition of affairs which gives the lie to a certain set of cheerful prophecies, fills the atmosphere with an unen-durable effluvium, causes the more reflecting to tremble for the future, reflecting to tremble for the future, and calls for remedies of more kinds than one, which are costly in both the literal and the figurative sense of the word. We need not concern ourselves about the prophets, but we would pay as much and as willing-ly to those who should remove the draff of this evil as we should pro-side criment the late of emperiment. America.

vide against the lots of our cit ship, as we do to the companies that insure us against fire and accident, to those who should cure a sore which is attacking the vitals of society, as we do the medical staffs of our hospital; and, whatever the remedies cost, the money would be well spent, provided it were not spent in

But there is an old remedy, simple and inexpensive, for our maladies which, since it prevented them from coming into existence, is better than the proverbial pound of cure, and so has ancient wisdom and modern prophylaxis in its favor. Proof is not needed to show that if our social reformers could endow everyone of our young people with a generous fund of modesty the present panic would stop of itself. It would, of course, be contrary to all experience to say that there ever was a time when profligacy was unknown or, comes to the same thing which when modesty was a universal possession. What is alarming is, not that such a plague has to be dealt with, but that it is appearing in places where formerly it never dared | says as much when shetells us Ellie's to show its face. Vice has ventured beyond its accustomed haunts, and from the strongholds which must never be surrendered if our order is to endure, from the school, from re spectable society, even from the home it is driving modesty before it.

This is no Puritanical jeremial against the natural gayety of youth ; crabbed, ill-natured, dyspeptic whine. Even the most enthusia stic optimist cannot shut his eyes to our danger, the most barefaced apologist cannot explain our shame away. Along our thoroughfares flits (or, rather, shuffles) by the twentieth century young woman who seems to hav discovered that dress is the means of suggesting the nude, just as the eighteenth century cynic discovered that language is the art of concealing thought. Such attire, a few years ago, would have left no doubt concerning the habits of life of the wearer. One might think that she quailed, that artlessness which had stepped down from the show-bill tribution touching on Catholis life or practices without first giving the yonder which invites the public, not

footing it featly on the greensward of a fashionable boarding school

a fashionable boarding school. "Cynicism! Passimism! Pay no attention, gentle reader." But the gentle reader knows better. If one were to reply, that such an account is highly overdrawn, because there are many fathers and mothers, sons and daughters whom the description does not fit, his reason would state no more than the truth. That is to say, there is some virtue left in the world.—Edward Bergin, S. J., in America.

" MOUNT CARMELITE NUNS"

In the survey for November there is a story by Margaret E. Rich, en-titled "Holy Water," which the Cash-olic readers of that periodical cannot but find very offensive. The tale is about "Ellie," a young Irish woman whom her husband treats so cruelly that she is advised by a neighbor to get "some Holy Water from the Nuns of Mt. Carmel," for "that always sets everything right." When Eilie found

the convent after a long search (the marvel is that she found it at all !) she was richly rewarded by allowed to look up "into the face of the Mount Carmelite nun," who came presumably to the door. Real Carmelite nuns, of course, do not come to the door, and no mere visitor sees their faces, but the Survey's " Mount Carmelite's Nuns" belong apparently to a new Order unknown as yet to Catholics, or to anyone else. For Mount Carmelite Nuns" apparent ly support themselves by practising simony. The Survey's contributor request for some of the precious "Holy Water "that" would set all right," was answered by the "Mount "Have Carmelite Nun's" inquiry : ycu no money to buy it with?" "Ellie shook her head—she dared not trust herself to speak. She ought

to have known, she thought bitterly, that here one gets nothing without money." However, the thrifty "Mount Carmelite Nun" softened a little, took an empty "whisky bottle " Ellie was clutching, half filled it with Holy Water and gave it back with the pious prayer : "May the Blessed Virgin bring you your desire!" On her way home, we are told, Ellie was run down by a vehicle and killed, so "the Holy Water had set things right" after all. There is no need of our dwelling

longer on the offensive absurdities of the Survey's story. We will mere-ly offer the editor a little friendly advice. It is this : Don't accept a contribution touching on Catholis life or manuscript to some competent per son to look over. Otherwise, Cath-

ontained in the other. Otherwise too, lovers of accurracy will laugh immoderately at the editor whe allows his contributors to write in all seriousness about " Mount Carmelite Nuns," who display " kindly faces ' at the door and dispense for a con-sideration "Holy Water " that " sets everything right."—America.

COMPROMISERS AND HUMBUGERS "

a Father Bernard Vaughan has been talking very plainly and in strong terms on the character of his countrymen in connection with the question

of "Stage Morality." On this subject much has been said and is being said every day on many lines of philosophy and philanthropy. Father Vaughan main-tains (in a sermon recently in Farm St. Church, London) that it is all a purely business matter, and that it could be settled easily if properly taken in hand by business men in a

"Literature, art, the stage, the dance and the music hall are busi-ness propositions. Managers would have no desire to put before the people what was vicious if it would not pay. If the people did not want to have their passions awakened and aroused they could soon stop it. It would not need the Episcopate for that. It would not need any clergy-men for that. The laity must assert their Christian rights and ask for food-stuffs for the body which were ot fraudulent and food stuffs for the soul which were not poison. We are a nation of compromis

bugs." That is Father Vaughan's opinio and to use a perhaps vulgar it seems to "fill the bill." people want stage morelity they can have it, if they take the right way of setting it -- Freeman's Journal.

AFTER SHAVING

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SEVEN

Watt alone may be rated as in heriting his talents from his father, the poets sect was the son of a sect-tish lawyer, Tennyson of an obscure olergyman, Shelley of a country gentieman and Southey of a Bristol linen draper. It was a barber who fathered the Artist Turner, and Romney was the son of a builder and cab inet maker. Sir Joshua Reynolds offered the studio of a great master as an environment for his kinsfolks. but neither he nor Wren, the Architect, nor Scot, nor Wordsworth, nor Romney left descendants whose powers gained them recognitions.

OPPORTUNITY

A stranger knocked at a man's door and told him of a fortune to be made

"Um," said the man, "it appears that considerable effort will be involved.'

'Oh, yes," said the stranger, "you will pass many sleepless nights and toilsome days.

"Um." said the man, "and who are you?'

'I am called opportunity." "Um," said the man, "you call like hard work to me." And he slammed the door.—Catho-

lic Columbian.

WHAT REALLY COUNTS

first night I am back. I hear the same "If all Catholics would live up to question that everyone who knows measks. What good is religion, anytheir religion, they would render greater service to their Church, than way. It helped me none." That night when the news spread they think they are doing by lengthy

discourses on its truth and moral influence or leading movements in house had come back to live there their support, while their own lives again, many tales were revived for are out of harmony with its teach. the sake of those who did not know ings," says the Catholic Telegraph. the stories of the grim old house Tales of the place when its present 'It is the living that counts, and men of the type Christ likened to whited sepulchres only serve to render the Church of God a mockery. The higher his place, the more harm

Visitor. boys began to ask questions no one c uld answer. "When had the owner arrived?" "Did he intend to stay long?" "What did he look like?" long?" "What did he look like?" " was he alone?" These and other questions were asked, but it was only the little soprano who said, " I won-der has he gone back to his religion?

Wouldn't it be too bad if he did not come to church the first Christmas he is back ?"

Inside the wall a man was walking up and down. Disturbed by the noise the boys were making, he turned to ward the gate to send them away but hearing the questions they were asking each other, he decided to lis ten and hear what they thought of

him. When John Smith spoke he shivered ; and as he walked away he

muttered to himself : "I've buried but may be above reason. all that nonsense long ago. Yet the That baptism is necessary for sal-

> means to be baptized, if not "by water and the word," at least by the ' by

that the owner of the long forsaken implicit desire of the heart. authority to interpret the Bible; and curved spines and whatever else

That the Bible with an authoritative interpreter should be read in the

master was a boy; of the beautiful mother and of his grant old father. His mother had died a month after her husband. The son was twentytook our Lord to create the world. virtue.

ars was it since he an independence, a self-consciousness on." How many years was it since he an independence, a self-consciousness on," but where "1 had last adored ? Nearly twenty; a which equally disguits and alarms. drapery is torn off." long, long time to forget God. Some What, then, are we to make of this of some low dive new phase of childhood, our fledgling Ah, no! The theatre is of the high-Don Juans and Bocky Sharps ! Don Juans and Bocky Sharps ! est class. And we read in the analysis of the set class it. tic criticism that wise heads are at the diverties on sexology "variance about the merits and the

(an ugly word, without justification meaning of the play. In such and such a city it has had a run of so in euphony or linguistics, science or

morals, ryhme or reason). Now, Mrs. E. L. ought to know, or she is more unsophisticated than she is supposed to be, that this would be by the police. But, surely, decent people stay away? Alas, Mrs. Grundy herself is there! The society column describes her where she sits in her the most interesting subject of the

ture, infinitely more interesting than arithmetic and grammar and spell-

CATHOLICS BELIEVE

That truth is one; therefore there can be but one true religion. That unity of doctrine is essential and only one religion has this unity of doctrine.

That similarity in ceremonies does not mean identity of worship ; just as similarity in dress does not mean identity of persons. Clothes do not make the man. That trust in God and His mercy without faith and good works is presumption.

That philanthropy is not God-like charity.

the Church are not aga nst reason,

vation; and That God gives to every man the

That there must be an infallible it can beautify moles and cross eyes

man's reason is not infallible.

home and the school. hat there is no absolute authority for the definite length of time it But it is more than an ornamental

The poster some low dive, perhaps? est class. And we read in the drama-

"life's

many hundred nights; in such and such another it has been suppressed

child's studies, more interesting even than sloyd work and physical culbox, resplendent in diamonds and respectability. She, forsooth, has not come thither to gratify the low instincts of the vulgar. Out of the exoteric slime, which the bestial

arithmetic and gratify an instinct which is easily aroused and, like fire, grows with the food it consumes. If she does not know this there is have come to wallow in, her dainty fingers can pick un-soiled the esoteric gem of truth that

showman who fattens his unholy purse of this morbid curiosity of gleams in the master's thought. And that rem nds us of the dances which the young people relished so much at Mrs. Grundy's recent ball. childhood. The new pedagogy has been trying its best to bring the old saw up to date with its "effortless What has come over this punctilious eldam, she that used to be so destudy and scientific play makes Jack a bright boy." Effortless pedagogy mure? How does she expect to is a good training in mental idleness, and an idle brain used to be called marry off her daughters? Doesn't she know how a matron fell from the "devil's workshop." This idle brain is now to be filled deliberately grace, even in pagan Rome, by mov-ing her limbs with too much animation? Or does the korwith images more terrible to youth

dax mean so much to her that she ful innocence than the cockatrice. feels like the Athenian youth who, having danced himself out of the Would that this proposal had as little danger in it as wisdom. But. That mysteries and doctrines of ill advised as it is, it is at least a wedding which was the object of his

proof that a certain virtue which this world never had too much of, a virtue which does not thrive in clides doesn't care?" Never fear. this work which does not thrive in a virtue which does not thrive in every soil, is fast withering away. Modesty is a beautiful virtue, and in a world where there is so much mor-a world where there is so much mor-ture in the spared. It is respectability that has changed such things. Wasn't she It is not only beautiful in itself, but present when Mr. and Mrs. So and So whose name is the hall mark of propriety, won the plaudits of all mars the features or distorts the fig-Vanity Fair by the manners in which they went through their bacchanalian ure; whilst the fairest creatures, if paces imported from the jungle and the barnyard and the lower world? And there is their daughter whe they lack it, must mimic it, since without it they become hideous, let them smirk and ogle as they may.

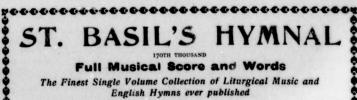
appeared in the pale moon-light clad in a scant covering of filmy gauze,

5.

decent olics who would enjoy reading articles like that on "Industrial Pagan-ism in the Black Hills," which appears in the same issue of the Survey in which "Holy Water" is printed, will bravely deny themselves the pleasure of reading the one, in order to avoid the insult to their religion

TO REY. L. BRENNAN.





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