

BOYS and GIRLS

POLLIE'S SAD CHRISTMAS.

It was Christmas eve in the little town of Newark where Polly Simpkins lived. But it was a sad Christmas for little Polly. Her mother had been ailing ever since Polly's father died, which was about six months ago. She seemed to be growing weaker and weaker day by day. Poor little Polly had to sell matches to support herself and mother. But she did sell many. She had been trying hard to get a new dress, but she had not had time to go to the store. She was drawing near and still the unsold matches lay in her basket. At last a pleasant voice said:

"What is it you are selling?"

"Matches," answered Polly.

"Well," said the young lady, "that is just what I want."

So she bought a number of boxes from Polly and handed her the money, which amounted to fifty cents.

Then another lady passed and she also bought some. Polly's basket was now pretty well empty. She was very cold, so she started for home. On her way, as she was looking in shop windows, she saw something she thought her mother might like, so she stepped in and asked the price and finding it to be reasonable she bought the thing. You can imagine how happy she was on her way home. But it was different when she reached the little cottage where she lived. Polly stepped up to the door and knocked, but no one answered. So Polly thought her mother might be lying down. She went to the side door, and, finding it unlocked, she walked in. Her mother was sitting up in a rocking chair. Polly thought it very funny she did not speak to her, so she went over and placed her hand on that of her mother. Finding it very cold, she spoke to her mother and asked if she was not cold, but no one answered. Then Polly lit the lamp and found her mother to be dead. She was selling matches.

Polly did not know what to do. Her poor little heart was almost broken. The day after Christmas Mrs. Simpkins was laid to rest. It was a sad funeral that passed into the small village church. Father Dunning said that sufferings and trials made a saint of the woman whose body lay before them. After the services Mrs. Simpkins was laid to rest in a small cemetery outside the village.

Polly went to live with an aunt, where she spent the remainder of her days.

IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS?

The following is an editorial in defense of Santa Claus which appeared in an American exchange, attracting widespread attention:

"We take pleasure in answering at once and thus prominently the communication below, expressing at the same time our great gratification that its faithful author is numbered among the friends of the Sun:

"Dear Editor: I am eight years old.

"Some of my little friends say that there is no Santa Claus.

"Papa says 'if you see it in the Sun it's so.'

"Please tell me the truth; is there a Santa Claus?"

"Virginia O'Hanlon, '115 West 95th street.

"Yes, Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

"Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance, no make tolerable this existence. We would have no enjoyment except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

"Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas eve to catch Santa Claus; but what if he caught Santa Claus? There is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not; but that's no proof that they were not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

"You may tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view the picture that lurks behind. It is not real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

"No Santa Claus! Thank God he lives, and lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood."

SANTA CLAUS' WORKSHOP.

Tourists wandering out of the beaten tracks of their kind occasionally come to a little village in Austria which presents the aspect of a corner of toyland.

The name of the village is St. Ulrich, and nearly all of the inhabitants are toy-makers. Each household, too, has its specialty. One old woman has done nothing but carve wooden cats, dogs, wolves, sheep, goats and elephants.

She has made those six animals a whole life long, and she has no idea how to cut anything else. She makes them in two sizes and turns out as nearly as possible a thousand of them a year.

She has no model or drawing of any kind of work to go by, but goes steadily on, unerringly, using gauges of different sizes and shaping out her cats, dogs, wolves, sheep, goats and elephants with an ease and an amount of truth to nature that would be clever if they were not utterly mechanical.

This woman learned from her mother how to carve these six animals, and her mother had learned in like manner from her grandmother.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP

Is A Remedy Without An Equal For COUGHS, COLDS, And All Affections Of The THROAT and LUNGS.

Coughs and Colds do not call for a minute respite of symptoms as they are known to everyone, but their dangers are not understood so well. All the most serious affections of the throat, the lungs and the bronchial tubes, are, in the beginning, but coughs and colds.

No more stress can be laid upon the admonition to all persons affected by the insidious earlier stages of throat and lung disease, as failure to take hold at once will cause many years of suffering, and in the end that terrible scourge of "Consumption."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is not sold as a Cure for Consumption but for affections tributary to, and that result in, that disease. It combines all the lung healing virtues of the Norway pine tree with other absorbent, expectorant and soothing medicines of recognized worth, and is absolutely harmless, prompt and safe.

So great has been the success of this wonderful remedy, it is only natural that numerous persons have tried to imitate it. Don't be humbugged into taking anything but "Dr. Wood's." Put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark; price 25 cents.

51, we read: "And it came to pass that whilst he blessed them, that He departed from them and was carried up to heaven."

And in St. Mark, chap. xvi., 19, appears: "And the Lord Jesus, after He had spoken to them, was taken up into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God." Here we see clearly that though Christ's soul descended into that hell wherein were detained the souls of the just, He shortly afterwards ascended into the kingdom of God.

He descended into hell, as we find in Holy Writ, and why, but to make known to the souls detained there the glad tidings of their redemption; that by His precious blood, the souls, which, by Adam's sin, closed heaven against man, had now been broken.

Rev. Dr. Smyth, finding the twenty-second verse of the 16th chapter of the Gospel according to St. Luke a very severe witness against his pet delusion of the non-existence of an eternal hell, and immediate judgment after death, would follow the example of the Reformers and change the sacred text so as to make it meet his aim. When the so-called Reformers of the sixteenth century met any text of Scripture that did not agree with their new creed, the Scripture was made to agree with their creed and the creed with the Scripture. As an illustration of this we have only to consult the Latin or Greek version, comparing them with the translation of Baza and later English Protestant versions, and we will find "grave" rendered for "hell," "soul" for "life," "wife" for "woman," "elder" for "priest," etc., etc.

So to-day, Rev. Dr. Smyth, in an endeavor to overthrow the doctrine of an eternal punishment and the immediate judgment of the Church concerning the fate of the man who gives away another man's money to the beggar, would simply and very coolly, too, change the word "hell" in chapter 22 of St. Luke, to the more open one of "Hades." The so-called Reformers were indeed very artful in bridging difficult passages; really they had an ingenuity all their own. But as the garment cheaply put together soon shows forth its many seams, so the Anglican Creed so artfully constructed, to-day shows forth its hollowness and inadequacy.

From appearances, Rev. Dr. Smyth is a very kind-hearted soul, too kind to condemn any man to eternal ruin. Now I fear his kindness in this particular matter is just a little presumptuous. It is like the kindness of the man who gives away another man's money to the beggar. The law of God exists independently of the acceptance or non-acceptance of the individual. "He that despiseth me," says our Blessed Lord, "and receiveth not My words, hath one that judgeth him; the word that I have spoken the same shall judge him in the last day." John, xii., 48. Of course man is at liberty to reject the doctrine of the Son of God, and in its place, preach the doctrine of men, but by so doing, he does not alter one iota of the truth of the Gospel of Christ who "will destroy the wisdom of the wise."

So in placing the rich glutton snugly away in "hades" to keep company with poor Lazarus, Dr. Smyth does not change the circumstances as they really exist. His predecessors in the Anglican ministry were always at wits' end to get rid of that "Romish" doctrine of an intermediate state in the world of spirits. To them there were but two states of souls in the hereafter, heaven for the just and hell for the wicked.

But Rev. Mr. Smyth changes all this and in his kindness abolishes that "fiery hell" altogether.

Very well, both Lazarus and the glutton are in "hades," and neither has yet been judged according to our modern Biblical critic. But, alas! I hear the piercing cry of the glutton penetrating even unto Abraham's bosom begging for mercy, craving for one drop of cold water to cool his burning tongue, "for," declares he, "I am tormented in this flame." But Abraham's reply to that cry for

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Mrs. Andrew Savoy, Grattan, N.B., writes: "In the year of 1905 I was taken sick and did not think I could live any length of time. My trouble was with my heart and people told me that nothing could be done for a case like mine. I consulted the very best doctors but they could do me no good. For seven weeks I could hardly cross the floor. I had no pain, but was so weak that I was perfectly well and had given up all hopes of living and had given my little girl to my sister-in-law.

"One day a friend came to see me, and calling me by name, said, 'Lizzie, if I were you I would try a dose of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills as they are good for heart trouble.' My husband got me a box, but for two days I was not feeling any better. On the fourth day my husband said, 'I believe those pills are doing you good.' I was able to say 'Yes, I feel a good deal better this morning.' He said, 'Well, I will get you another box right away.' I took two boxes and three doses out of the third one, and I was perfectly well and have not been sick since then.

"I will never be without them in my home for God knows if I had not been for Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, I would not have been alive now."

Price 50 cents per box. 3 boxes for \$1.25.

The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

St. Joseph's Home Fund

The actual date of Father Holland's birthday has passed and we had hoped that a goodly sum would have been realized to present to him on Sept. 19th; but so many have been out of the city during the summer that our appeal failed to reach them and consequently nothing like the necessary amount came in. However, every day is a birthday—somebody's—so if each one contributed, his number of years either in dollars or cents, quite a comfortable sum in a little while would be realized. We thank those who answered our appeal and trust that those who have not already done so will send in their mite to help a worthy cause—To pay off the debt on the St. Joseph's Home for Working Boys. A cent will be as welcome as a dollar and will be acknowledged in issue following receipt.

FILL OUT THIS COUPON.

FOR ST. JOSEPH'S HOME FUND.

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Correspondence.

THE ETERNITY OF HELL.

To the Editor of True Witness:

Sir,—Rev. Dr. Paterson-Smyth is sorely perplexed over the possibility of there being a place of eternal punishment in the world beyond the grave, as well as over the equally terrible reality of an immediate judgment after death. He cannot reconcile eternal fire with the goodness of God; he seems to consider only one of the attributes of the Creator, namely—His goodness, losing complete sight of that other and equally infinite attribute, His justice.

Now, to more easily combat the doctrine of eternal punishment, the Rev. Rector of St. George's sets to work in an endeavor to repudiate the teachings of the Church concerning the immediate judgment after death.

If he succeeds in overthrowing the belief of a particular judgment after death, he would consider the battle against eternal fire half won.

In a sermon preached in St. George's recently he is reported as saying: "No man has yet gone to heaven. No man has yet gone to hell. No man has yet been damned." Again he says: "Not even Christ Himself went to heaven when He died."

Now, he evidently means to confer the idea that the Son of God is still in that intermediate place of wait, and this in the face of such evidence to the contrary as is found in the pages of the sacred writings. Let us review a few of the numerous texts of Scripture which go to show that the Redeemer after His death ascended to His Father in Heaven. In the Gospel according to St. John we read: "I go to the Father," Chap. xvi., 10. "Again I leave the world, and I go to the Father," Chap. xvi., 28. "Jesus saith to her: Do not touch me, for I have not yet ascended to my Father, but go to my brethren, and say to them: I ascend to my Father and to your Father, to my God and your God," Chap. xx., 17. In the Gospel according to St. Luke, chap. xxiv.,

GRAND NEWS FOR WOMEN

Mrs. E. P. Richard Tells How Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Her.

After Suffering for Twenty-eight Years From Pains and Weakness and Sleeplessness—Dodd's Kidney Pills the Only Medicine She Wants.

Cottle's Cove, Notre Dame Bay, Nfld., Dec. 14.—(Special)—Grand news for suffering women is that being scattered broadcast by Mrs. Elizabeth P. Richards, of this place. For years she suffered from that terrible weakness and those agonizing pains so many women know. She has found relief in Dodd's Kidney Pills, and she wants all suffering women to know it.

"For twenty-eight years," says Mrs. Richards, "I suffered from Rheumatism, Kidney Trouble and Neuralgia. I got so weak I could not do my housework. Sleep was out of the question except for a few minutes at a time. My back ached so I could not sleep. I tried all kinds of medicine and had come to the conclusion there was no cure for me, when reading advertisements led me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. I now sleep well and rise refreshed every morning. Dodd's Kidney Pills are all the medicine I want."

The woman who has healthy Kidneys will never know the pains and weakness that make life hard, yea, worthless living. Dodd's Kidney Pills always make healthy Kidneys.

mercy is: "Between us and you, there is fixed a great chaos, so that they who would pass from hence to you cannot, nor from thence come hither." St. Luke, xvi., 26.

Alas! What comes of Rev. Dr. Smyth's theory. What a variety of places must exist in "hades!"

Our reasoning forces us to return to primitive teaching and accept St. Augustine's sound words, which are none other than the words of the infallible mouth-piece of the Holy Ghost—the one Holy Catholic Church—that Lazarus was indeed in hell, but in that "lower hell" of Holy Writ, where he was in peace and at rest, while the rich glutton was in the "lowest hell" in fire and torments.

Here we find the doctrines of the Catholic Church concerning heaven, hell and purgatory illustrated in vivid manner.

Had the glutton not been judged, how came it that he was tormented in the flame? Rev. Dr. Smyth's pet delusion has certainly failed in the test. He may content himself with the fact, terrible though it may appear, that there is without the slightest shadow of doubt an immediate judgment after death, at which our eternity is irrevocably sealed, and that for some, heaven commences immediately, while for many—oh, terrible the thought!—the despairing cry of the lost is already heard as the eternal decree banishing forever the reprobate soul from the presence of the Infinite Justice is pronounced.

Others there are, yes, thanks to the infinite mercy of God, who repair to that temporal place of expiation as the dove to its cote, and there, by suffering, are prepared for their joyful entry into the Divine Presence where nothing defiled can appear.

As we Catholics think of that awful day of dissolution when our souls leaving our body, will go to hear from the lips of Jesus Christ the sentence which shall be rendered according to the laws of His Infinite justice, let us not forget in our supplications to heaven, those souls tossed to and fro upon the great sea of uncertainty and doubt, and beg of God to bring all to a true knowledge of His holy doctrine that by dispising the world and its plea-

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M. F. C.
Montreal, Dec. 8, 1908.