Catholic Record.

Christianus mihi nomen est Catholicus vero Cognomen."-(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname)-St. Pacien, 4th Century.

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LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1915

there and then was struck the true The Catholic Record note of the real social service to the world.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1915

POPE BENEDICT XV.

The spirit of Christ, says the Holy Father, does not reign to-day. The people talk of brotherhood more varied applications. Most of us err they have ever before, yet brotherhood is ignored to day to a personal worth, being too narrowly degree greater than ever before. races, cities and individuals are divided to day by rancor and self. ness more than they are to-day by political frontiers. The lack of reciprocal charity is causing a lack ally those whom we dislike. Any of respect for authority.

THE HOLY FATHER

They without the fold regard the Pope as they would another sover-They talk of the obstinancy eign. and stubbornness of the priest who renests what has been said throughout the centuries and remains memor able while about him all things are confused and agitated. They may regard him as a phenomenon, but they lack the power to see behind the veil. But love and faith give us sight. And with these we see Christ hidden behind a man, enlightening the world and impervious to all its attacks; this man loaning to Christ for that ministry his voice, his action, his human exterior ; Christ communicating to this man his infallibility, his divine jurisdiction. Man is inconstant. He throws away what he took but yesterday to his heart. And yet man mobile as the sea becomes the organ of the immutable spirit of Christ. Man has a taste for evil and yet this man will guard forever, for the cleansing and strengthening of the world, the stainless source of grace and virtue. Against such a man pride and passion rage. They seek to close his lips; they would fain drag out his tongue by the roots and yet he will always speak. As Pope he is in-vincible and immortal. Man may fall away, tremble and be afraid : the Pope never. Man dies but the Pope lives forever.

ANOTHER FOE

Big business is the new for of the liquor traffic. It insists upon having not only the sober man but the total abstainer. It looks askance upon the man who, however efficient or brilliant, muddles his brain with liquor. The moderate drinker may be and is oftimes a capable workman, but the men who invest money in various enterprises place no dependence upon him. They seek the steady nerved workers who are able to cope with an emergency and to

LOOK AT OURSELVES The French proverb that " no man

fault or blunder we blazon forth

with delight. We may become walk-

ing bill-boards of gossip and scandal.

And while leaving behind us a trail

of misery and strife, of distrust en

gendered, of suspicions aroused, we

have the utmost confidence in our

righteousness and go our way dis-

daining the pity and mercy that we

shall perhaps one day stand in need

of. Montaigne testified: "The farther

off I am read from my own home

the better I am esteemed." The rule

works favorably in many cases

have their reputation by distance

Rivers, the farther they run the

broader they are. Where our original

is known we are less confident :

among strangers we trust fortune."

Men

Ben Johnston remarks that

our own.

the physician is pronounced in a serious case the shock of surprise is not easy to bear : of craven fear there is a hero to his valet" has many and may be none, yet the contemplation of a sudden end to all our plans and in our estimate of our neighbor worldly interests can but seldom be pleasing. observant in small matters and too "There is no help for such a heedless of general tendencies. Some

moment : friends can but follow us of us have a well developed scent for to the brink-there begin thoughts unsavory gossip and a natural itching too deep, too troublous to be confor retailing all we see and hear that fided." reflects on others. We watch especi-

Many echoes of this sentiment are to be found in letters : those who perish or linger in pain on the battle plain have to face spectres unknown to their relatives who mourn their loss. This thought should moderate the display of grief when evil tidings reach us. Heroism obtains its noblest development in the hours that follow the heated shock of arms. Given a great cause there is no greater happiness than that which refreshes the dying fighter, though instant victory be doubtful. There is a reserve force of simple faith in human hearts which those who sit at home in ease cannot fathom. The lowliest victim in a great struggle for liberty is to be envied when no meanness or vice silences the authentic voice of the witness to his claim

Alas! for human frailty which distorts and deforms the vision of quali-ENCYCLICAL OF HIS ties and characters that differ from HOLINESS POPE BENEDICT XV.

upon the Infinite Goodness.

_____ THE BLESSED SEASON

the coming of the holiday season.

BY DIVINE PROVIDENCE POPE Another year has gone carrying with it a big bundle of mistakes and To Our Venerable Brethren, The sorrows and joys. In spite of cynics Patriarchs, Primates, Archbishops, Bishops and Other Local Ordinarmost of us are very much better for ies Having Peace and Commun-ion With The Apostolic See.

when we must give thought to Venerable Brethren, Health and others. Over indulgence in any way The Apostolic Breatren, Hearth and The Apostolic Blessing :--When, by the unsearchable counsel of God's providence, and without any merit of Our own, We were called to the Chair of the most blessed Prince of is bad, whether it be in gift-giving or in entertaining, but to do what we can to increase the sum of the general happiness is to ensure peace of the Apostles—for the same voice of Christ Our Lord which came to Peter came also to Us "feed my lambs,feed my sheep,"...(Jn,xxi.,15.17) mind at least to ourselves. There are times when Brotherhood finds its expression not in prayer but in a immediately We began to regard with unspeakable affection the flock comloaf of bread, and we can, each in his own sphere, prove that Christianity ed to Our care : a flock truly is not merely a string of fine words immense, for in one way or another it embraces all mankind. For all, without exception, have been delivbut a vital force that operates not only for eternity but for time. We ered by Jesus Christ, at the price of His blood, from the slavery of sin ; must not be among those who build fine temples of stone to the Christ nor is anyone shut out from the ben-efits of his Redemption. Therefore and ignore Christ's " least brethren ' as the divine pastor has already hap-pily gathered part of mankind into the fold of the Observed as though they are not. Let us try then to do our very best for the fold of the Church, so, too, does lonely, sorrowful mothers who have He promise lovingly to constrain the to be fathers as well-wretched, rest; "And other sheep I have, that are not of this fold : them also I must aching, drudging women who play bring and they shall hear my voice. the game against odds such as are

(Id. x. 16.) never dreamt of, and conquer de-We will not conceal from you, vener able Brethren, that Our heart's first movement, attributable only to God's goodness, was a wonderful im-pulse of zeal and of yearning for the salvation of all man-kind; and in entering on the Pontificate, We made the selfsame supplication that Jesus made just before going to His death on the Cross: "Holy Father keep them in Cross : Thy name whom Thou hast given me." (Id., xvii, 11.) As soon therefore, as We had looked, from the height of the Apostolic dignity upon the direction in which human affairs were going, and had seen the lament able state of civil society, We were filled with bitter sorrow. For how could it be that We, the common Father of all, should not be pierced to the heart by the spectacle of Europe and the world,-a spectacl perhaps the darkest and saddest in take thought with himself about the journey he has been making : how much of it has hean walked on the indeed come : "You shall hear of wars and rumors of war. For nation 29.) shall rise against nation, and king dom against kingdom." (Mt. xxiv. 6 7). The dread image of war over shadows' the world, and absorbs nearly every thought. The strongest and wealthiest nations are in conwent so far as to identify inmetify with the meanest of men, in whom he wished us to recognize his own personal dignity: "As long as you did it to one of these my least breth ren, you did it to me." (Mt., xxv, 40) What more? At the close of his life flict. What wonder, then, that furnished as they are with the latest weapons devised by military science their struggle is causing enormous slaughter. There is no end ruin, no end to the deaths ; ea There is no end to the sees the earth flowing with fresh blood, and covered with dead and wounded. Who would think that the nations, thus armed against each other, are all descended from one ancestor, share the same nature, be long to the same human family? Who could realize that they are brethren, children of the same Father in heaven ? And while the mighty losts are contending in the fury of combat, cities, families, individuals are being oppressed by those evils and miseries which follow at the was human heels of war ; day by day the numbers increase of widows and orphans ; the paths of commerce are blocked, the

fields are left untilled, the arts are THE GREAT HAPPINESS at a standstill ; the rich are made poor, the poor still more destitute, all It is true that as the post says, all men think all men mortal but are made to mourn. themselves." When the verdict of

are made to mourn. Shocked by so great evils, We have held it to be Our duty, at the very beginning of Our supreme Pontifi-cate, and as the first act of Our Apostolic ministry, to take up and repeat the last words that fell from the lips of Our Predecessor—a pontif of illustricus and so holy memory—and therefore We carnestly besech therefore We earnestly beseech Princes and Rulers that, moved by the sight of so many tears, so much blood, already shed, they delay not to bring back to their peoples the life-giving blessings of peace. When the Divine Redeemer first appeared

upon earth, the glad tidings was sung by Angels' volcs, so now, may God in His mercy grant that, at the beginning of Our labour as Christ's Vicar, the same voice be heard pro-claiming: "Peace on earth to men of good will." (Lk., II., 14.) We beg of those who hold in their hands the destinies of peoples to give heed to that voice. If their rights have been iolated, they can certainly find other ways and other means of obtaining a remedy; to these, laying aside the weapons of war, let them have reourse in sincerity of conse ood will. With no visw to Our own olf interest do we speak thus, but in charity towards them and towards all nations. Let them not suffer Our voice of Father and friend to pass away unbeeded.

But it is not only the murderous struggle now going on that is ruining the nations, and filling Us with anxious alarm. There is another dreadful evil, which goes deep down in modern society, an evil that in-spires fear in the minds of thought-ful men hearure while it benchmarks. ful men, because while it has already caused, and is threatening still to cause, immense mischief to nations, it must also be recognized as the true source of the present deplorable con-flict. Truly, as soon as the rules and dictates of Christian wisdom, which are the assured basis of stability and peace, came to be disregarded in the ordering of public life, the verystructure of the State began to be shaken to its fall ; and there has also ensued so great a change of thought and conduct, that, unless God comes to the rescue, the dissolution of human society itself would seem to be at

hand. The more prominent dis orders are these : the lack of mutual love among men : sisregard for authority ; unjust quarrels between the various classes ; material pros-perity become the absorbing object of human endeavor, as though there were nothing higher and better to be gained. These We regard as the four chief causes why the world is so terribly shaken. We must labour earnestly, therefore, by putting in Christian principles, to re move such disorders from our midst, if indeed we have at heart the com-

mon peace and welfare. When Jesus Christ came from heaven for the very purpose of re-storing the kingdom of peace, which had been ruined by the envy of Satan, he chose no other founda-tion for it than that of brotherly Hence those words of his so love. often repeated : "A new command. ment I give unto you, that you love one another": (Jn. xiii, 34.) "This is My commandment that you love

spirit of brotherhood has been one of the highest creations of modern civilization. Yet the truth is, that men never acted towards each other in less brotherly fashion than now. Race hatreds are sbecoming almost a frenzy; nation is divided from nation more by enmity and jealousy than by geographical position; in the same city, within the same walls, the different ranks are on fire with mutual envy; all take as their supreme law their own self-interest. You see, venerable Brethren, how necessary it is that no effort should be spared to bring back among men the power of the charity of Christ. This shall be Our constant endeavour, the chosen task of Our Pontificate; to this We arbert you to attend to this We exhort you to atten Let us not grow weary of teaching and practising the injunction of the Apostle St. John: "That we love one another "(1 Jn., iii, 28.) Doubt-less there are numerous benevolent institutions now doing useful and valuable work, but they not prove to be of real benefit, unless they help in promoting a true love of God and our neighbour; without this they are nothing worth, for, "He that loveth not, abideth in death." (1 Jn., iii, 14.) We have said that another cause of social disorder lies in this, that authority is generally disregarded. For as soon as human authority began to emancipate itself from God, the creator and master of the universe, and to seek its origin in man's

free choice, the bonds between superiors and subjects were relaxed so that now they would almost seem not to exist. An unbridled spirit of independence, joined with pride, has gradually permeated everywhere, not sparing even the family, where nature itself discloses authority in the clear est light; what is more to be deplored, the evil has even reached the sanctuary. Hence the contempt for law; hence the insubordination of the masses; hence the petulant criticism of the commands of authority; hence the continual attempts to break its power, hence the monstrous deeds of those, who making pro-fession of anarchy, have no respect either for the property or the lives of others. In presence of this perversity of

hought and deed-a perversity destructive of all human society-We, to whom has been committed the guardianship of divine truth, cannot e silent: and We admonish all of be silent: and we admontsh all of thatdoctrine which cannot be changed by man's will : "There is no power but from God; and those that are, are ordained of God." (Rom., xiii. 1) All power, therefore, whether of the sovereign or of subordinate author-ities, comes from God. Wherefore St. Paul teaches the duty of obeying. not in any way, but for cons sake, those who have the rule over us, except when what is commanded is against the law of God : "Wherefore besubject of necessity, not only for wrath, but also for conscience sake." (Ibid., 5.) In agreement with this

are the words of the Prince of the Apostles : "Be ye subject therefore Apostles : to every human creature for God's sake ; whether it be to the king as excelling, or to governors as sent by him." (i. Pet., ii., 13 14) From him." his doctrine the same Apostle of the Gentiles draws the conclusion, that whoever is a rebel against lawful human authority, is a rebel against found, in the riches, the honours, the

whom they generally show them-selves most submissive, who shall persuade them that, because men have equality of nature, it does not follow that they mustohave equality of rank in social life, but that each holds that position which, not frustrated by circumstances, he has gained for himself ? When, therefore, the poor assail the rich, as though these had appropriated to them-selves what belongs to others, they are acting not only against justice and charity, but even against reason particularly because they themselves might better their own position by force of honorable labor. It would be superfluous to point

out the consequences, disastrous alike to individuals and to the community, that flow from this class hatred. We all know and deplore those frequent strikes by which the whole of public life, even in its most necessary activities, is suddenly checked; and then the riotous outbreaks, in which recourse is fre-quently had to arms, and this fol-

lowed by bloodshed. We will not now repeat the arguments that show the untenableness of Socialism and similar errors. This has been done with supreme wisdom by Our predecessor Leo XIII. in his memorable Encyclicals but We appeal to you, venerable Brethren, to use your endeavours that that authoritative teaching be not forgotten; that by means of Catholic associations and congresses, of sermons and the Catholic press, it be adequately explained and enforced, as circumstances may require. But, above all, and We do not hesitate to repeat it, let us make it Our care using every argument supplied by the Gospel, by reason and by public or private good, to stimulate all men to mutual brötherly love in accordance with the divine law of charity This brotherly love does not set it self to sweep away all differences of rank and condition—this is no more possible than it is possible in a living body that all the members should have the same place and function but it has power to make those of higher rank act towards those of a

lower not only with justice, as is indeed imperative, but also with good-will, and kindness, and consideration ; it makes those of a lower rank to be glad at the prosperity of others, and to have confidence in their readiness to help; just as in the came family the yourgor trust to the care and protection of the elder. The evils We have just been de-

oloring find their cause, venerable Brethren, in a deeper root, and unless the good use their efforts to destroy it, We shall look in vain for the realization of Our desire for a solid and lasting peace among men. What that root is, the Apostle tells us : "The desire of money is the root of all evils." (1 Tim., vi., I0.) And to this root are indeed attributable all the evils now afflicting the world. When godless schools, moulding as wax the tender hearts of the young, when an unscrupulous press, contin ually playing upon the inexperienced minds of the multitude, when those other agencies that form public opinion, have succeeded in propagat ing the deadly error that man ought not to look for a happy eternity ; that it is only here that happiness is to be

CATHOLIC NOTES

The Duchess of Sutherland, sister of the Counters of Warwick, has been received into the Church.

1889

Lemberg is the capital and most important city in Eastern Galicia. It splendid Gothic Cathedral dates rom 1850.

The last survivor of the crew of the Monitor in her battle with the Merrimac in 1862, was one of the five converts received into the Church on the occasion of a mission to non Catholics at Nampa, Ida., recently.

His Eminence Cardinal Bourne Archbishop of Westminster, England, has appointed the Right Rev. Dr. Butt, Bishop of Cambysopolis, to the charge of St. James', Spanish place, London, in succession to the late Canon Gildea.

The splendid Gothic Church of St. Jacob, in Liege, Belgium, is unin-jured; its stained glass windows, among the finest in the world, have been preserved. The same is the case with all the other churches, and notable buildings and collections

When the native Indian troops which have been called up by Great Britain landed at Marseilles, France, a short time ago, it was a please surprise to many Frenchmen to find that thousands of them were Catholics, and very good Catholics, too. Another thing which greatly struck the people of the south was the fact that they were well supplied with Catholic chaplains.

At present excavations are on in the Piazza Colonna, Rome, whence it is proposed to remove the unsightly structure that occupied the great part of the Piazza. Some valuable discoveries have been made The excavators have struck upon the "Campus Agrippae," and magnifi-cent specimens of ancient architecture have been brought to light. Two statues of some importance have also been discovered.

The Most Reverend Archbishop Cerretti, first Apostolic Delegate to Australia and New Zealand, arrived in New York recently on his way to Sydney, Australia, via San Francisco. The Most Reverend Archbishop Kelly of Sydney, has placed at the disposal of the new Apostolic Delegate, his country villa on the outskirts of Sydney. Mgr. Cerretti was formerly auditor of the Apostolic Delegation, Washington, D. C.

The Knights of Columbus of Worcester under the title of the Knights of Columbus Religious, Educational, Charitable and Benevolent Association have begun a system of educational work that promises to be one of the most important features of the of the most important features of the many activities planned by the organization. The Rev. Dr. John J. McCoy, John F. Gannon, John F. McGrath and Hon. John H. S. Hunt, comprise the committee on educa-tion, which has had this matter under consideration, and which has mapped out a plan of evening classes.

The will of Denis Hession who died recently on his farm near Hum-boldt, Ia., bequeathed \$45,000 for a memorial church at Humboldt, \$20,-000 for a parochial school, \$6,500 for a pastoral residence, and \$85,000 for the maintenance of the school—a total of \$106,500 for religious and educational purposes in his home community. In addition to this, he left a number of other bequests for worthy purposes. Humboldt is a mission attended from Livermore by Rev. M. J. Costello. There are very few Catholics in the locality. Mr. Hession was the last of his family, his wife and daughter, who were converts to the faith, died several years ago. The Ancient Order of Hibernians in Ireland has just completed a fine address of faith and loyalty, signed by 200,000 members, which it is proposed to present to Pope Benedict XV. The address has been beauti-fully illustrated in old Celtic characters and decorations and has been placed in a casket handsomely designed in bog oak and Galway marble. The designs on the casks include the Papal arms and the Irish harp, while the interior is lined with Irish poplin in St. Patrick's green. The casket and its contents are being conveyed to Rome, and will shortly be presented to His Holiness by some well-known representatives of the Irish clergy and laity.

ander adequate service, and they ar unanimous in declaring that such men are total abstainers. The man ager of a firm employing three hundred men says that it is only commo sense to state that a strictly sober man is worth more to his company and that the firm expects to be more than repaid by the improvement in the service it will get from sober workmen. These employers who are neither philanthropists nor advocates of prohibition as such have come to the conclusion that the men who frequent road houses and saloons are not good investments. Time was when the alcoholic, always brilliant, was tolerated because he was out of the line of progress; but that time is past. To-day he gets but little sympathy from even the sentiment. alists and he is condemned by all who realize that intemperance stands for inefficiency and for mental and moral degeneration.

SOCIAL SERVICE

The unemployed often suffer because of the unemployable. But there is always one method that truly separates the one from the other, and distinguishes the first from the second. That is not to help the man directly but to help him to help himself. Direct help is ofttimes weakening; helping a man to help himself is always strengthening. This is true service to the individual and to the community of which he forms a part. St. Peter said to the cripple at the Temple: "Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have I give thee. And he made him whole." That is he put him on his feet. And the better and happier for it.

crunch the courage of strong men A strange thing called Increased Cost of Living seems to interfere so much with gift-giving that many children were disappointed last year, yet they are hoping this year, just as though everything had come out right. And the air is filled with anxious wishes that never will come true unless we rescue these waif pravers and answer them in a practical manner. -

THE NEW YEAR

To the practical Catholic the New Year comes with a sacredness that quite awes him. It moves him to much of it has been walked on the plain, straight way, and how much in the worldly paths where he did not serve God. It is a reproachful thought but a salutary one. And if a man be in earnest in regard to his soul's welfare such a thought is sure to start him off right on a fresh jour-

ney with a determination to seek first the kingdom of God. Our lives are marked by years, and so the beginning of a New Year strikes the note of something mysterious and unknown. God offers a special blessing to this marking of time-even a New Year soon becomes old. and the largest life on earth is but a breath compared to the life that is to be. A solemn thought this, but the verities of life are more solemn than the most serious-minded of us can imagine. If we bring some of this solemnity into 'our consideration of the New Year the year will surely be

nother": (Id., xv. 12) "These God, and prepares for himself eternal punishment : " Therefore he that rethings I command you that you love one another" (Id., ibid.,17.) as though the whole scope and purpose of His coming were to make men love each isteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God. And they that re sist, purchase to themselves damna other. To stimulate us to this love, (Rom., xiii., 2.) what motives has He not set before us? He bids us to lift up our eyes Let Princes and Rulers of the peoples bear this in mind and be-think themselves whether it be wise to heaven : "For one is your Father, who is in heaven." (Mt. xxiii, 9.) and salutary that public authority should divorce itself from the holy Setting aside every difference of race, of language and of interest, He religion of Jesus Christ, in which it puts the selfsame prayer on the lips of all ; "Our Father Who art in

may find so powerful a support Let them seriously consider whether it be politically wise to banish from heaven;" (Id., vi, 9) he even teaches that the heavenly Father in bestowpublic instruction the teaching of the Gopsel and of the Church. Exing nature's gifts, is not swayed by our deserving : "Who makest His our deserving: "Who makest His sun to rise upon the good and bad, and raineth upon the just and the unjust." (Mt., v. 45.) He further perience teaches only too well that where religion is away public authority falls. It generally happens to States as it happened to our first anjust." (Mt., v. 45.) He further leclares that we are all brethren : parent after his failure in his duty to 'But all you are brethren"; (Id. God. As in him, scarcely had the xiii, 8) and brethren of Himself

will been rebel to God when the pas-That he might be the first born sions broke loose and rebelled against amongst many brethren." (Rom. viii, 29.) Then, what ought most powerthe will ; so too, whenever those who have rule over peoples disdain the authority of God, the peoples in their turn are prompt to hold lightly fully to urge us to brotherly love, even towards those whom our natural pride would lead us to despise, he the authority of man. Certainly there remains the usual expedient of went so far as to identify himself suppressing rebellion by violence, but where is the gain ? Violence may subdue the body, it cannot conque

the will. The double element of cohesion in the body social, that is, the union of he earnestly besought of the Father, that all who should believe in him the members among themselves by mutual charity, and the union of the members with the head by obedience might be made one by the bond of charity: "As Thou Father in me to authority, being thus destroyed or weakened, what wonder, venerable charity: "As Thou Father in me and I in Thee" (Jn., xvii. 21) Lastly, when hanging on the Cross, He poured out His Blood upon us all, so that, as it compacted and joined to-Brethren, that modern society should show itself as divided into two opposing forces struggling against each other flercely, and without truce ? Over against those who have happengether in one body, mutual love should be found amongst us, just as mutual sympathy is found amongst the members of the same body. ed to receive, or have industrio earned a certain amount of wealth. But in these times the conduct of men is far different. Never perhaps there are ranged a number of the in Never perhaps ligent and of workers, inflamed with ill-will, because, possessing the same human nature as those better off, brotherhood more preached than now; nay, it is prethey do not enjoy equal fortune. When once they have been deluded by the sophistries of demagogues to tended that, without any help from the teaching of the gospel, or from the work of Christ and the Church, the

pleasures of this life, it is not su prising that men, with their inex-tinguishable desire of happiness, should attack what stands in the way of that happiness with all the impelling force of their desire. But since earthly goods are unequally divided, and since it is the office of the State to prevent individuals seiz ing at their own will what belongs

to others, it has come about that batred has been engendered against the public authority, that envy of the more fortunate has taken hold of the less fortunate, and that the different classes of fellow citizens are in open antagonism,-those who have not striving by every means to obtain, and the others striving to keep what

they have, and to increase it. Foreseeing these things, Christ our Lord, in the divine sermon on the Mount, thought it good to explain what are man's true beatitudes even here on earth, and so to lay the foundatons, as it were, of Christian philosophy. Men far removed from the faith, have yet seen in this teaching a supreme wisdom, and the most perfect form of religious and moral doctrine; and indeed, all agree that before Christ, Who is truth itself, no

ne ever spoke of these things as He has spoken, with such dignity, such ower, and so exalted a sentiment of love.

Now the deep, and underlying thought of this divine philosophy is, that the good things of this life have only the appearance without the reality of good, and so cannot bestow In the truth of God' true happiness. word, riches and pleasure are so far from bringing true happiness that to secure true happiness we must rather renounce these things for the love of God. "Blessed are ye poor . Blessed are ye that weep now . Blessed shall you be when men shall hate you, and shall separate you, and hate you, and shall separate you, and shall reproach you, and cast out your name as evil." (Lk., vi, 20 22) That is to say, if we bear patiently, as we ought, the sorrows, hardships and miseries of this life, we open for CONTINUED ON PAGE FIVE

A vacancy in the Westminster Chapter is caused by the recent date of Canon William L. Gildea, D. D., Knight Commander of the Order of Isabel the Catholic. He was born in

Hampshire, England, and received his education at St. Charles' College, London, at St. Edmund's College, at St. Thomas' Seminary, and at Propa-ganda, Rome. Ordained in 1882, he was the same year appointed vicerector of St. Thomas' Seminary. He held this position until 1893, when he was appointed to St. James' Church, Spanish Place, London, succeeding Mgr. Barry in full charge in 1900. He became a Canon of Westminster Chapter in 1899. Canon minster Chapter in 1899. Callon Gildea was senior chaplain te the Spanish Embassy. As an author he regularly contributed to the chief scholarly periodicals of England and America. Through all his literary America. Through all his labors he devoted unfailing a to the details of his parochial charge

TWO

SO AS BY FIRE

BY JEAN COMMOR

CHAPTER XVII

A DEATH HOUR

The lights burned low in the death chamber. In the high, old fashioned whose damask curtains were back to give the dying man Randall, his has ne old pinched and ashen, was propped mong his pillows, struggling for up a th

fully

-and now-

The small table beside him, with its crucifix, its tapers, its "fayre white clothe" told that the last sacred rites of that Church to which he and his

of that Church to which he and his forefathers had clung through all change and time had been adminis-tered to its loyal son. Dr. Vance stood gravely watchful at his patient's pillow. Father Lane, who had been kneeling by the bed whispering words of hope and comfort, rose as the newcomers en-tered, and made room for them by the dring man

the dying man. "Nellie !" the failing ear caught the sound of her coming. "My dear little girl, I can not see you, all is

dark. Nellie, are you here?" "Here-grandfather," the name came with a low, choked sob, as the speaker sank down and pressed the groping hand to her lips, the hand that had filled her life with all earth's gifts and blessings. How cold, how helpless it was to those lying lips now !

I am leaving you, my little girl, leaving you forever. Ah, my child, my poor Elinor's child, in this awful -you are my one thought-my one fear.'

Oh, I am not worth thought or tear, dear grandfather, best of frien

Do not think of me now," she sobbed, "I must," he gasped, "I-I must. Before God I will be held-accountable. My stubborn pride—my neg-lect—my—my years of—of," his breath failed. "Father," he whispered, "Father, speak for me. Tell her-what-what I would say."

"My child, the fear weighing upon this parting soul is for you." It was the voice that had followed her through all these lying years was speaking now-the voice that had blessed the little starveling of the Road House, that had roused the blinded girl at St. Barnabas', that had thundered God's judgment on the brilliant society queen scarcely two weeks ago. Its accents were olemn with pity and compassion.

"Your grandfather feels, too strongd, as I tell him, that he is re ly inde sponsible for your refusal of the ight of Faith that is your inheri-

'Oh, no, no !" she cried, desperate ly, as a picture of the true Elinor, clinging to her dead mother's faith with such pathetic trust, rose before her remorseful memory. "Grand-father, no, do not blame, do not reproach yourself. It is I who am weak, wicked, false. You have given me the Faith—you have given it to me. Let no remorse darken your peace, for oh, I beileve as you do. As God is my witness, I believe — I believe !

Then, then, my child," the icy hand seemed to tighten its dying hand seemed to tighten its dying grasp, "you will accept — you will confess—practice—that Faith ? You will turn to God—to the Church of your fathers—you will—live—die— in that —Faith — as — as — as I do ? Promise — promise, little girl, my little girl ?" God, my God !" she cried des-

pairingly. "Sweetheart," it was Allston Leigh's deep, tender voice in her ear, his love.

she se

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

r love's sa

Aunt Van.

depth beyond reach!

ater in the hall.

seen?

her despair."

roused, too, by Lottie's alarm.

"He has gone, dearest !" Allston Leigh was whispering tenderly, "gone, blessing your love with his last she had stolen name, home, love, as well as gold. Ab, the fire was burning with flercer power each moment, the fire

She looked up. Vance was rever-ently closing the sightless eyes, that must consume destiny, the glittering, mocking lie she had lived Father Lane signing the cross of the death damp brow. Outside the servants had burst, after the fashion -the fire that alone could save her shrinking soul.

And the old pagan nature, unsub-dued by long rejected grace, roused into a last fierce defiance at the pain. She could not bear it, she would not ! of their race, into unrestrained means and lamentations. "Nellie, dear child, all is over. Come away," said Aunt Van, tear-There was escape still, escape from the shame, the horror, the awful dearth and desolation before her-there was one escape still. She rose Not yet," was the gasping answer. "not yet. Close the door, Allston, There is something I must say-here

weight in gold from an

Never to wake ! The young face

Depart, Christian soul, from this

of Jesus Christ, the Son of

God's judgment seat came

now, all its

there was one escape still. She rose from her knees, holding to the carved bed to steady her trembling limbs and slowly made her way to her lace-draped table, scattered with dainty trinkets in pearl and ivory and silver, with costly perfame and jewel cashets and all the exquisite thilst personne of a migning help 'Not now, dear," he answered gently. "You have made the pro-mise and will keep it, I am sure. You are under too sharp a strain. You have made the protoilet accessories of a reigning belle Sheopenedahidden drawer and took from it a tiny box she had bought

You are unlet out the proof of the second se old French chemist last summer him who lies before me -and it can old French chemist last summer when her torturing doubts and fears prevented aatural sleep. He had sold these pilules de sommeil with a solemn warning. "No more than not hurt or shame him now. I must confess myself for what I am, a liv-ing lie. I am not Judge Randall's anddaughter. I am not Elinor solemn warning. "No mon two, never, never, madem

'Nellie !" interrupted Leigh, in ror. "Good God she is going mad. Three, four, and you would never wake.

terror. "Good God she is going mad. Nellie, dearest!" "Hear me out!" she panted. "Elinor Kent died in my wretched home nearly three years ago. You Never wake !" The words came back clearly as she stood there with the open box looking at the little "Never wake!" What a restful end to all the pain, the shame, the agony have heard of that home, Allston, you told me of it to night. For I am Barbara Graeme, the starving, the beggar the convict's daughter, the before her. Tosleep and never wake and it would be so simple, so easy girl whom poor Daffy Mills loved and It would quiet, hush all things, if mourned. Father Lane!" she tarted to her feet, and stood white, when they came to look for her nex morning they could find her asleep never to wake! Never to hear the breathless, desperate, before the priest. "You can bear witness to what I say. Look at me, Father, and old scorn or colder pity of the world's judgment, never to meet its curious remember the mission at Graystone Ridge—the messenger who led you ruel eyes! Never, oh, never again to see Allston Leigh's face wear the stern, set look it had worn for one moment to night before it had soft to Elinor Kent's death bed in the old house under the pines, the girl with ened into a manly compassion that could not be love, oh, never more the crow in her arms, the girl whom

you blessed-" "My God! Yes, yes, I see! I relove! member all-you are that strange girl-whom I blessed."

was very pale and cold "Elinor Kent died the next day, delicate outlines sharp and clear cut only the gray eyes burned with strange fire and light as the slender the young voice rose clearer, steadier now on the breathless silence; "died even as the letter reached her white fingers took up the silvery pellets; two, three, four! Ah, there should be no doubt, five, five ! calling her home to Rosecrofte. And I," there was no ples, no extenuation in the pitiless self-accusa-tion, "I stole her letters, her papers. I left her buried in a nameless grave in my own blighted, accursed home. And then she would lie down in the beautiful bed there and sleep never to wake, like the good man who had loved her. She paused a and came here in her uame, her place. How I could have done it I the thought of his last sleeping flashed before her mind. The struggle the pain, the darkness, and over it do not know, but the accident-the railroad wreck, made it easy for me all the clear, strong voice rising in at first, cruelly easy-and afterward, afterward," she paused, and for the solemn command : first time in her confession her eyes

world, in the name of God the Father Almighty, Who hath created thee, in were lifted to Allston Leigh's face The hard lines into which that fact had set vanished at the look. the living God Who suffered for thee, "Nellie," he said, hoarsely, "what in the name of the Holy Ghost, Who this mad, strange thing means, I do sanctified thee." not know. But-but, it changes nothing, nothing. I hold you to

And as the solemn words with which the Church ushers the soul your promise - nay, I claim it at oefore back to the wretched girl trembling Father, before any whisper of on the brink of everlasting perdition, the deadly pellets fell from her hand. She flung herself down upon the harm touches her, I would give her my name, home protection. I would make her my wife now and here." floor with the penitent cry at last upon her lips: "O God, have mercy upon her lips: "O God, have mer on me and forgive, forgive—" And as she lay there crushed an

"Allston," called Aunt Van, trem-ulously, "oh, Allston, my dear boy. Not-not yet." "Ah you need not fear, you need

not fear, Madame Van," and that grand dame, panoplied in worldly broken a memory came back to her of the one sweet spot she had known, visdom as she was, felt a sharp pain where the voice and gaze of the world did not reach, where all was peace pierce her heart at the dull despai of the young voice. "I will not marry him. I will not marry him, and pity and charity. Ah, if she might hide in that blessed shelter for a while, until she could find ladame Van, not if it were to save strength to keep on her desolate way. me all that I lose to night, even, even, The gray light of the early dawn

here, to ever present peril and shame THE TOLL OF WAR And as the proud, lofty nature shock with its contending emotions, the words of that other lover came back to Allston Leigh. "You couldn't By A. M. Foley

The old gray house looked sad and gloomy enough in the twilight. Even the last rays of the November sunset blame Weasel, no matter what she did, Judge, no matter what she did." Blame her! And then a great wave of conquering love overleaped all the stern barriers of pride, honor, bitter-ness. The lift of the red gold head, elanting on the tower served but to accentuate its grimness. The gaunt, bare trees with their leafless branches seemed sighing an eternal Requiem that evening. The extensive grounds, now bare and brown, stretched away the glance of those starry eyes, the fair hands outstretched at last to his at the back of the old, gray house at the back of the old, gray house until they sloped gently to the shore of the heaving, rushing sea — the ever changing sea that he loved to watch, that had called to him with appeal as he stood before her in the firelight glow last night—this had been truth, he knew, truth though all else were the blackest of lies. her siren voice since first he was able to toddle there, his tiny hand held close in his fair haired mother's— Truth-and he would hold to it and to her cost what it might. "There is but one thing to be done," he said, briefly. "She is my the voice that had called to him all

through life, until when the first promised wife. As my wife this story can be hushed forever. I am alarm of cruel war sounded through-out the land-his face glowing and Judge Randall's lawyer, his executor. All matters of unjust inheritance his eyes sparkling-he buckled on his sword, kissed his mother good bye, can be quietly arranged without publicity or scandal. I can give her never seeing the heart break in her eyes, clasped his father's hand, unmindful of his husky voice, and went off to join his comhonored name and home." "Allston," pleaded Aunt Van, "think, in God's name think. Think of her past—her father—her bold, daring, long lived lie."

It has been confessed, atoned for, might still be mistress of the seas and forgiven," he answered. And from all that follows she must have And no word had come from him-the brave laddie with the eager the shelter of her husband's arms, her husband's heart. So to morrow she shall be my wife—and your niece eyes.

Novembers sunset, an old man toiled, a bunch of letters in his hand that trembled as he held them. "If there be no news of Master Harry this time, sure m'lady's heart'll break-I know it," he muttered to himself, "Ay, he was the bonny laddie, may the Virgin Mother watch over him," and the gaunt trees paused to whisper "Amen," ere they went

was suddenly thrown open, and a fair haired woman rushed bare-

through them until she found one that bore the long-looked for sea Aunt Van started up, conscious of She held it up with a cry and dropped a sharp stab of remorse in her quick the others in her eagerness. But ere her quick fingers had broken the flap, alarm. The girl -- the wretched, guilty girl that she had left alone in a firm hand was laid over hers and her despair! The girl who, from

love, and November evenings are chilly. How could you rush out so without your wraps ?" His voice was gentle, but his eyes flashed as he the envelope in her hand. lenderly he drew her towards the door, and old Mark gathered up the scattered mail and handed it to the nead of the house. Lord Elvin it mechanically and passed with his Mark watched them wife indoors. for a moment, then walked away slowly, shaking his head rembling, ashen faced old woman

the door closed after them, " how could I think of myself, when there He had heer may be news of our boy.' handed him the letter. "It "She is not here, not in the house, you say ?" he cried. "Great heavens It is not

They entered the low-beamed library and stood together in the great window as the day was dying. "These," whispered Aunt Van opening her shaking hand, and show The mother, many years younger than her husband, her blue eyes dim ng the little white pellets within. Allston, they are, if taken rashly with pain and tears, stood eagerly death-quick, painless death. And the box has been opened, the pellets and expectantly, longing for the news she had waited for until now, in vain scattered. Oh, God forgive me for leaving that wretched girl alone in er husband, a man broken in health. a semi invalid, in whose emanciated frame dwelt an indomitable spirit,

all I know, all I care, Robert. O Harry, Harry, why did you go, why did you leave me, Harry boy !" and she rocked herself back and forth,

moaning. "Margaret, love, Harry could do nothing else; he belongs to a race of soldiers. Could be stay home, like any frightened woman, when his country needed him? Sweetest, generations of soldier blood is strongthan a woman's arms, though it be his mother's.'

"No, no," sobbed Margaret. "No, no, Robert." Then half wildly she threw out her arms in a frantic ges-ture. "'His country needed him!" he mocked. ' his country-who has thousands of men at her call-when I-I only had the one, my poor, poor Harry." Then seeing the look on Harry.' her husband's face, she sprang to her feet and clasped her arms around his neck

You do not understand," cried. "I never thought he could die. I was sure he would be back with us again

"But, oh, his lonely grave," she murmured brokenly, "his lonely,

lonely grave." "Dearest," the deep voice was say ing, "he is as I am, a soldier's son. It pleased God to will that never again would I hold a sword either for Him or my country, hence Harry went alone to the war." Margaret tightened her clasp around his neck. "And you, love, are you not a soldier's wife and a soldier's mother?

For Harry's sake, for the sake of all the broken-hearted mothers, can't

"Oh ! You are hard and cold, Robert. What do I care for his brave death? What of it, that he may be called a

hero? Does it comfort my heart any to know that other mothers have lost their sons? That doesn't give me back my Harry." She threw out her arms passionately and her voice rang through the room. "How can I be brave?" she cried with blazing eyes

and flaming cheeks, "when my poor boy is dead—dead, do you hear that? Dead, my pretty son!" Her voice trailed off into a sob, "I can't be brave, Robert, I can't, I can't! It is nothing to me that I am and line's is nothing to me that I am a soldier's mother, nothing, dear, but sorrow and heartbreak! and dark, weary days, and darker, wearier nights."

Margaret, O Margeret !"

"Yes, yes, Robert, I mean it," an-swered his wife, sobbing, "Why did you let Harry go ? Tell me, why did you let him go to die-to die, away off there, without any mother near him !" Then spying the letter on the floor, she almost screamed : Look, look ! Why-why in the

name of a merciful heaven, was that man permitted to live, and my poor boy killed-killed, O Robert, killed !" Her sobs choked her, and she did not see the great pain in her husband' eyes. Killed | And he loved life so ! He was so beautiful, and now he is wounded and dead - Oh!" Then turning to her husband, who stood Then white faced and worn, in the shadow of the great window, she murmured, all her passion abated.

"O dear one, if all the riches, all the jewels in the great world were mine, I would give them all - everythingfor just one moment to hold my Harry in my arms and kiss him once-just And the harsh sobs burst **JANUARY 2, 1915**

had Robert, and he was suffering as much as she.

When she entered the library, the fire had died in the grate and the

coom seemed strangely lonely and cold. Lord Elvin sat in his customary place, his head bowed on his chest and his arms hanging listlessly at his sides. A sob broke from her, and in a moment she was kneeling at his side, begging him to forgive her, that she had been wicked and cruel and hadn't meant the wicked hings she said.

But her husband did not answer Fearfully she lifted startled eyes to the drawn face. "Robert !" she al-most screamed. Quickly she placed her hand on his beart. A faint, un-steady beat rewarded her. She rang the bell sharply and when old Mark entered commanded him in a tone, cold and dead, to place his Master on the couch-he had one of his bad she turns-and send immediately for the octor.

When the doctor had brought back consciousness, for a very little while, to the suffering man, Margaret was left with her husband. Dry eyed and pale she sat by his side, holding the cold hand in hers. There was no hysterical outburst now. The heart of her had been crushed at her son's death, it was dead now. He tried to talk, but she stopped him.

"Don't, dear," she whispered, and her voice sounded strange and faraway, " you will be with Harry soon ; pray that I, too, won't have to wait long, Robert." She thought she would strangle, but swallowed hard and pressed the hand that lay in hers. Her husband smiled wanly. "Kiss me, love," he whispered. "It won't me, love," he whispered. "It won't be long." She bent and kissed him, then sank on her knees and buried her face in his pillow. My brave little woman," murmured the dying man

'No! no!" Margaret lifted her head quickly, "I have been a coward, a selfish woman, I was not worthy of you two great men. But I will try, truly, Robert, I will try. I will try to be brave like the other women and do what I can to help the poor soldier . boys, for your sake and Harry's.'

Her husband could not speak now, but he smiled slightly. In his eyes she read farewell, and presently she stooped and kissed the cold pale lips and closed the wide, staring eyes, "Good-bye, beloved," she murmured, give Harry my love."

THE BISHOP'S SUBSTITUTE

A mule cart rattled up the one street of which Howchow could boast, and as it approached Father Labarge's aut the driver called " Nui-kai," two or three times in a voice loud enough to have been heard half a mile away. In an instant the priest and John, his Chinese catechist, were at the door. The postman came but rarely and irregularly. His arrival was a great event and a letter or even a newspaper a treat not scon to be forgotten. On this day there was but one letter. It was addressed to Father Labarge, but John, catching a glimpse of large, peculiar writing, smiled broadly as he went back to his work of cleaning the three little rooms which formed the whole of their domain. He thought that al-most immediately he would be called to hear the news, but minute after minute passed and Father Labarge said nothing, though as he pattered back and forth John could see he had finished reading. The hand that held the closely written sheets was hanging loosely at his side, and he

rades on the long, grim greyhounds of the sea, which were keeping watch and ward in the waters, that England

Up the gravelled path, in the chill And from the stern resolve of that tone Aunt Van knew there could be no appeal. She went tearfully away to her own room-good, worldly wise woman that she was, with neither pity nor mercy for the girl she had loved in her heart to night. In all her sixty odd years good Madame Van had never had such a shock, and she

on with their Requiem. As the old man reached the steps leading to the wide verands, the door wept helplessly, hopelessly, until she dropped at last into a fitful sleep. It

headed to meet him. "Give them to me, Mark," she cried eagerly, "Oh, give them to me —My poor Harry, my son!" She almost snatched the letters from the old man, and feverishly ran and round de house and Miss Nellie ain't nowhar, Madame Van. De bed ain't been stirred and that ar medi-cine is spilled all over de floor."

deep voice cried : such a dazzling height of pride and beauty and power had fallen into Margaret, Margaret, 'tis not June, Chilled with an awful fear, Aunt Van hurried to Nellie's beautiful room. The soft white robe she had worn last evening lay in a snowy heap upon the floor, but jewels trinkets, even the silver purse, with its generous sllowance of pocket its generous ellowance of po money were untouched. Only the little box of pilules de sommeil lay open—its contents scattered. Aunt Van paled at the sight. It was a

Ab, dearest," cried Margaret, as that met Allston Leigh a few moments his writing," she cried fearfully, "open it, Robert, I cannot bear to wait." she could not have gone out in this waste of snow. Aunt Van, what have you heard? What have you

Understand ?" interrupted her

husband, "Understand, Margaret a Why, do you not think I love our boy as much as you, dear? Do you think my heart does not ache for his tragic death, that my life won't be empty without him ?" His voice shook and the tears gathered unheeded in his eyes. Margaret lifted her tear stained face from his shoulder.

you, too, be brave ?' "Oh !" she sprang away from him

was Lottie's frightened voice that roused her. The little maid had gone into her young lady's room as usual this morning to find it vacant. headed to meet him. "I've looked everywhar," said Lottie, tremulously, "up and down

the promise he asks. I make it easy, blessed, to keep, dear

She lifted her bowed head and lover. looked up at him. Oh, the awful mockery of those tender, trusting eyes that met her wild, hunted gaze ! He would make it easy, blessed, for

'My child," and again Father Lane spoke, "it is God who calls you by this dying voice. Surely, if you believe, you can not refuse this last re-

"Father, no, no, I can not. I can not, grandtather. I promise, I pro-mise, all, all you ask."

"And I promise, too, in her name, Allston Leigh said, in a moved voice. "Leave her heart and soul in my care without fear, dear old friend. She is to be my wife."

She is to be my wife." "Allston, my dear boy, Allston," the dying eyes brightened, and the Judge stretched out his stiffening hand to Leigh's grasp, "this is more than I asked. God bless you both for it, my children, my dear children.

'Vance, the pain again, the pain !' The cold hand loosened its grasp. The Judge fell back gasping among his pillows. Vance moistened th dying lips. Leigh, dropping on his knees, flung his arm about the trem. bling form of his betrothed, while clear and strong, above the shrick and moan of the wind, above the sobs of the servants gathered in the hall without, above all the storm and tumult, passion and pain of earth,

arose the voice of the priest. "Depart, Christian soul, from this world in the name of God, the Father Almighty, who created thee, in the name of Jesus Christ, the Son of the living God who suffered for thee, in the name of the Holy Ghost, who sanctified thee-

And as those solemn words in all their surety of command fell upon her ear, it seemed to Barbara Graema that she, too, gave up all of life to Van's quic, which she had so madly, desperately, clung. The Light had flamed into her crime. fire at last-the consuming Fire into which she must fling all.

"I will go away, away from this world in which I have no right." "Nellie, Nellie!" pleaded her was stealing through her curtai window as she rose and looked out. The storm had ceased, all without her

was a white pathless waste, a death scene, in which hope and life were "I am not Nellie," she said, and Rose bower and rose garden, lost. the sharpness of death's pang was in her voice. "Nellie lies dead under grassy slope and gleaming river were the old yew tree on the mountain. I am the convict's daughter of whom

shrouded alike. Yesterday Miss Randall of Rose-crofte, would have recoiled at the you told me to night. I am the Weasel whom poor Daffy Miles loved mere thought of braving this wintry wilderness, but this morning it was -I am Barbara Graeme." And she broke from the death bed group as the hardy little mountain maid of the Road House that doffing all her id the words, and made her dainty finery, slipped into the black gown made for her Lenten days in blindly, somehow, through the wide hall, with its moaning, sobbing Italy, and stealing softly down through the back staircase of the old servants, into her own room, where locking the door, she threw herself wing, opened the door that led into the snow-wreathed rose arbor, and upon her knees, her face buried upon the bed. took her soft, silent way over the trackless wastes once again, the light,

She had flung away all things-she was crushed, ruined, broken-hearted, homeless-friendless, pennisure footed Weasel of old. less, but at last-at last she could cry to God for mercy. At last she was free—she was free ! But even while Allston Leigh had paced his room almost until day. After that strange death-bed scene, there had been a her long prisoned soul felt the thrill long, agitated discussion in the lib-rary. The truth of that startling conof release, the woman's heart knew all the anguish of its sacrifice. Her fession stood out now in clear, re-vealing light. Dr. Vance, who had clear vision, sharpened by suffering, saw the way opening before her in sent the telegram from Bixby Creek all its hopeless desolation-a desert path-lit by fire-lit by fire! She must go back-back to the old home Father Lane, whose confused re-membrance of the girl had always -the old life !

been a perplexing mystery to him, Leigh himself, with poor Mills' story The old life, after all that she had The old life, after all that she had known, after these years of dazzling queendom! She must go back humbled, beggared, disgraced, her story perhaps blazoned through the length and breadth of the land. She must go back, but where, how? The old Bord Horne stord black and echoing in his ears, could not doubt The girl whom he had loved was the beggar, the starveling, the convict's daughter, the pitiful little creature "who never had a chance." And when that chance had come to her

she had seized at it with daring, reckless grasp, and held it. Doubtold Road House stood black and drear under its sheltering pines a ing, fearing, trembling, his quickened thoughts recalled a thousand things thousand miles away, and she was here, here with all doors, all paths, that had bewildered and perplexed all hearts closed against her-she was here without home or friend or him in her changing moods, her mocking coquetries.

place. Allston Leigh! The fire burned into her woman's pride as she thought of him, of his manly plea to shield and save her, of Aunt False, false, his whole soul seemed to cry out in anguish and bitterness, false to the heart's core !

Van's quick protest, that voiced already the world's sentence upon for crime! Ay, that was what he had called a lesser wrong years ago-for

An icy terror gripped her listener's heart, as a vivid memory flashed back to him—a white robed girl, seated in a skiff, and looking with dreamy eyes into the shining river. What was it she had said to him on that summer day long ago? " If I am ever missed, Mr. Leigh, look for

me in some such depths as these It would be such a quick escape from poverty and chame." Oh, how cruelly the words came back to him—the words that even in that glad sunshine had struck a chill to his heart That shining river was closed against her despair now, but a darker river stood open-a river on which

here was no gleam of sun or star. "And with heaven and earth shut against her," he thought in his

agony, "with no friends, no home, no God—" "Beg pardon, Marse Allston "--old

Scip had been standing for fully five minutes beside Leigh, unseen, unheard. "Don't like to be obtrusive sah, but a boy just come over with dis hyah note, and I though it mout

be consequential, sah," concluded Scip, feeling that the solemnity of the time demanded polysyllables. And Allston Leigh broke open the

hastily folded missive and read in trembling, wavering lines : "Nellie is here, safe with me

Leave her in peace, poor, sorrowing shild, at the feet of her God. "SISTER CELESTIA."

TO BE CONTINUED

READ THE BIBLE

In these days when those outside the Church are told by preachers and teachers of bigotry and misinforma-tion on Catholic subjects that Catholics are forbidden to read the Bible no pronouncement could be more opportune than the recommendation of the new Pope that the practice o ortune than the recommendation

reading the scriptures daily in the home should be maintained in every

as piercing and as steady as of old, though his hair was turning very rushed from the room

grey now, fingered the precious en velope with hands that trembled slightly. . . It might contain—so many things ! "Hurry dearest," breathed Margaret. Sharp pain twisted his lips and dark ened his eyes. "Poor Margaret !" he murmured, "I did not think she murmured, "I did no would take it like this."

Slowly Lord Elvin opened the letter, as though he feared what the He raised his eyes to a large picture of his son that hung on the op posite wall. It was a picture of a contents might reveal. "Wait, Margaret," he urged, and fair haired, eager eyed boy, who seemed to be looking forever and formoved nearer the window that the last shafts of light might fall on the

over into some beautiful land whence no one else could follow. "You are sheet. When he opened the letter Lord here now, Harry," his father mur-Elvin ran his eye quickly down the mured. "my brave, brave son.

account of this tiresome pain."

doubled in with pain.

sheet-then his hand shook so the knew, I knew I could trust you, lad, paper nearly fell to the floor. He bit his lip to stay its trembling. Lady you would not fail." Margaret, watching his face, screamed sharply, and gripped her husband's

arms. "What is it, Robert. Oh, what is it? Is he hurt?" Tenderly Lord Robert placed his arm around her and drew her to

"Be brave, little woman," he whispered huskily, " it was to be ex-

whispered hearty, 'I was to be be pected you know." "Not-not-" Margaret's face grew white, and her eyes dilated. "What is it ? O Robert, what-is-it?"

"Dearest," very gently the fire in his own eyes dim now, "dearest, Harry, our Harry, is a hero, as we knew he would be. His ship went

down, but it was a glorious fight—he died bravely, our little son. See, this letter is from his officer, who was among the few saved. Shall I

read it, dear ?" But Margaret was standing with her hands clasped tightly before her, an unseeing look in her eyes. Sud-

garet lay prostrate on her bed. Her denly she broke from his protecting arms and threw herself with a low cry first passionate outburst had spent itself now, and she lay there sobbing on a couch. "My little son," she cried, "my little, little son,"-and quietly. Presently, the thought of Robert caused her sobs to cease. her brave husband covered his face with his hands, and the officer's let

ter fell unbeeded to the floor. "He was a soldier's son," he murmured, and Margaret straightened

up quickly. "O Robert," she moaned, " that "O Robert," she moaned, "that unfeeling one—" She rose hurried and the missionaries. We are among unfeeling one—" She rose hurried and the missionaries. We are among the few who have no woman to help is my little son, and he is gone—he like her son's, and once more hur. has been killed, my poor baby—that's ried over the stairs. After all she Sisters nearby; that is why he is

was leaning wearily against the fran Lord Elvin sank into his chair, his hand pressed hard against his side.

of the door, staring with troubled eyes at the dilapidated hut nearest their own. At last the boy could bear it no longer. He sidled over to Father Labarge and peered question. ingly into his face. The priest smiled.

Well, what is it ?" he asked, mischievously pretending not to under-stand that John was eager to hear the contents of the Bishop's letter. Is-is he coming soon ?" John

asked. "Who?" Father Labarge inquired,

still wilfully stupid. "Oh, you know, Father ; the Bishop,

of course. Is he coming soon to Howchow ?"

John was an orphan whom the The pain caught him again in his Bishop had taken from the Sisters' side and his lips turned gray. When asylum when he was a little fellow the spasm had passed he raised his and had kept until at sixteen years

the space had been by spicture. "It's of age, he had given him to Father really too bad, Harry," he said with a slight smile, much as though the boy was there listening to him, "It is too bad that after nearly losing my you must be disappointed, and so am you must be disappointed. He is unyou must be disappointed, and so am I, but it can't be helped. He is unlife a half hundred times on the usually busy, and it will be a month or more before he can reach us at battlefield, I must go forth at last on He rose and walked unsteadily to a little Howchow. He asks about you, and says that he still misses you cabinet in the wall, and poured him-

John looked very sad when he self out a small glass of brandy, and heard that the Bishop's next visit then sank slowly into his chair again. "I might just as well have gone with you, Harry," he muttered, "I was postponed ; then grinned happily over what came next.

"A month isn't long. I can wait,' will have to go just as soon. Brave lad ! Poor, poor Margaret. Dear, where are you ? Margaret !" His head fell forward a little, and his lips he said.

Father Labarge said no more for a few moments, and when he did speak it was in so troubled a way that even John, too care-free and easy-going Up in her darkened chamber. Marhimself often to be conscious of the trials of others, even John perceived that he was worried.

"The bishop is not coming soon, but some one else is," he announc Her husband, she knew, must feel his son's death keenly—he was the idol of man's life—the breath of his existence—"Dear Robert," she mur-mured, "and I called him hard and cold. Ah, I have been the selfish. He writes that he is sending a substitute-an old woman, John, who cannot speak a word of anything but French. She has lately come from Europe and wishes to devote the remainder of her life to the missions and the missionaries. We are among

JANUARY 2. 1915

giving her to us. She will reach Tsi nan to-day on the afternoon bost. This letter is dated a week ago. Had our lazy mail carrier been a few later she would have found no one there to meet her.'

As he listened John anxiously watched the priest's face, thin and haggard for all its boyishness, won-dering why this was not good news. "We are poor, very poor," Father Labarge continued, after a long pause, "We have headly proved ford

have hardly enough food for two, and whatever comes she must not suffer.

John was greatly relieved. So this as what was troubling Father Labarge !

I can eat less, much less !"

he said stoutly. With real admiration the priest smiled into the stolid contented face of the catechist. Already he was living on what was starvation diet for a growing boy, because it was famine year in northern China, and, though generous to a fault, their people were too poor and too hungry to have more than a pittance to give

away. "And Father, perhaps she knows how to cook. Of course I don't mean that you don't, but-but, why, that's what women are for." he stammered taking true Chinese view of the matter : then hastened to add : ' Maybe you will get stronger if you have better food. And your mother might help us pay, if you ask her. Do you remember you said once that per-haps she would? She knows that are not as strong as you were at b. She'd be glad to think that there is some one to be good to you.'

Yes, she knows all about my health. The bishop made me write and tell her what the doctor said last winter. I am afraid I shall have to ask her for money. I can't allow you and this old woman to suffer. But, John, my mother is not rich, and she has many charities, each dearer to her than anything else in the world, I know well that all she sends us will come out of her living, not out of the part of the income she gives

away." Father Labarge sat twirling the bishop's letter for a while before he continued hopefully, to himself, rather than to John :

erhaps the doctor is right, and I could grow strong if I had better food. Somehow, I can't cook. John can't Practise only makes us more incom-And each time he sees me petent. And each time he sees me the Bishop threatens to send me home if I do not get well. It was the doctor who first put this mischief into his head. I might be kept there for months, or even years, away from these dear people and this field, white for the harvest and so poor in laborers! It would break my heart to go -though I often dream of being home again, just for one hour, just to look more into my dear mother's once face."

That there was a possibility of Father Labarge being sent back to France John had not known. He was deeply distressed. "Oh, Father, you won't leave How-chow !" he exclaimed. senger of the Sacred Heart.

"Never, John, of my own will, or without an aching heart !" Then, abruptly changing the subject, he said in a matter of fact way : "We shall give the old lady my room and move my books and papers out of her way. Henceforth I'll spread my bed beside yours on the kang in the back room. We must be very good to her John. She will be homesick and lonely, you know, so far from

France.' But Father Labarge did not go at once into the house to make the essary changes. He was more weak and weary than any one guessed. Every least effort cost him heroic effort. And John, lazy by nature, was only too glad to crouch down on dly and

natured, as good people of a certain type are, in China as elsewhere. She might become discontented; ahe might be a gossip; she might be meddlesome; there were a dozen menseing possibilities. On and on Father Labarge trudged, God.

On and on Fahner Labarge trugged, the day seemed to lengthen endlessly before him. When, at length, he neared Tei.Tsin vehicles of every description passed him frequently, and soon his clothes were brown with dust, his eyes smarted, and his lips

ecame parched. On and on he trudged, faint and weary, the sense of depression deepen-ing every minute. A feeling of home-sickness stole into his heart, as it was liable to do when he was partic ularly ill or tired. As a boy, because he was delicate, he had been his mother's care day and night; and ill, he always longed to creep into her arms, a little child once more.

He was thinking of her as he picked his way through the dirty street of Tsi nan, recalling little incidents of his boyhood that sometimes brought tears to his eyes, more often a merry smile to his lips. When he reached the boat landing he saw that among those waiting there were Mrs. Smith wife of the British consul at Tsi-nan and her son, a half-grown boy, who he had heard, was going to England to complete his education. He spoke to them, a word only, and hurried to the end of the dock, ostensibly that he might he able to lean against one of the stout bamboo poles that flanked it. Homesick as he himself was that day, he could not bear the sight of Mrs. Smith's white, set face, or her

son's quivering one. He had walked slowly from How-chow and had not long to wait. In ten minutes the boat came in sight around the bend in the river, and at that instant, chancing to glance again, toward the Smith's, he saw the boy cling suddenly to his mother as if he could never part from her. He quickly looked away, but a lump had risen in his throat and tears were streaming over his cheeks.

Already the boat was trying to make a landing, and impatiently he brushed his hand across his eyes so that he could see. A number of people stood by the railing of the upper deck and he scanned them one one; first, some American tourists noisy, curious, unmistakably rich two mandarins, smiling, dignified, in-scrutable; a fat Englishman who lolled over the railing as he chatted with a man much younger than himself : and next to them he saw a short stout, rosy-faced old women. She was tremulously waving her hand-kerchief and tears were pouring unfor one instant Father Labarge

stared at her before he dashed across the still infecure gang plank ;

nother instant and he was running across the deck. The old woman's rms were outstretched towards him and in a moment he was folded close in them like a little, weary child. "Oh, Mother! Mother!" he sob bed -Florence Gilmore in the Mes-

CHARITY WITHOUT FAITH

Where is the need of dogmas in religion ? Is it not enough to be kind to my neighbor, to feel for him in his troubles, to help him so far as I can? Can I not be good to my neighbor no matter what creed I pro tess, or even if I profess no creed at B11 ?

These questions so frequently asked nowadays, indicate a strange ignorance of human nature and of the history of the work of Christianity in purifying and elevating it. In pagan Greece and Rome, just at an men we about definite convictions and as eager for novelty as many persons are to-day, cruelty, sheer enjoyment of human suffering, attained a de gree of refined ingenuity which was not human, but diabolical. The martyrs of Christ, victims of that cruelty in all its extremes of malice and ingenuity, by their heroic loyalty to their Divine Master, helped to change the human heart and to ex. ercise from it the demon of cruelty. Dying in torture, they prayed for their torturers, like Him Whose witnesses they were. Their blood be-came the seed of Christians. They were loyal to Jesus Christ because Jesus Christ is God. They forgave and loved and prayed for their de-luded and brutalized torturers, be cause deep in their hearts was the lesson of charity which they learned from the example and teaching of

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

It may well happen that good will

on the downward path to athe It is not too late for her to re

A TRUCE OF GOD

The London Daily Chronicle pub

his Holiness' efforts to have even

crowned with success. The Father of Christendom beseeches the rulers

of the countries now at war to put a

stop to the clang of arms, whilst

Christians are everywhere celebrat-ing the Feast of the World's Redemp-

that his Holiness has directed that

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Daily Chronicle adds:

The dispatch to the London Chronicle adds: "It is stated

grettable errors.'

French Republic. He expressed the opinion that Benedict XV, is willing to do everything in his power to bring about such a reconciliation. It is asserted that French legislators, to last day : "Whatsoever ye did to the least of My brethren, that ye did unto Me." Men loved one another use they believed that Christ is

When men lose their faith in Ohrist, their charity grows cold. When they cease to be inspired by the sublime example of the love of quote the Archbishop's words : " en-lightened by the immense growth of religious feeling in this supreme crisis, will not deprive victorious God made man for us and for our salvation, their hearts shrink up into the poor petty narrowness of selfishness, individual, tribal, nation-France of the great moral benefit she has spontaneously acquired. And I am convinced that at Rome there is the disposition and the readiness to make an end of all sorry and real. This is the lesson that men may read upon the very surface of his-tory. The thoughtless irreverence which regards our Divine Saviour as

come out of the deplorable necessity that caused France to plunge into the present war. She had set her no more than a merely human teacher is very near to the coldness and hardness of heart that shows it-self in blind and bitter hatred of the feet ism. fellow-man. It is true that even in societies

which have been robbed of the price-less treasure of faith in Our Lord, there remain a kindness and charity. such as were unknown in the pagan world. But this kindness is du the momentum of long centuries of faith and of true Christian love. Our philanthropists are living upon the accumulated capital of ages of Christian charity in the hearts of beir forefathers. Even while they are foolishly tearing up the roots of that divine flower of love, the beautiful old Catholic tradition still whispers in tones that grow fainter day by day, and warns them that even love itself demands clear knowledge and strong conviction. It is one of the strangest notions of this age, that the most urgent of our needs may be trusted to a mere irrational

sentiment as adequate foundation and motive. Politics, literature, art, having nothing inspiring or cheering to tell us about human nature, its apacities, its aims, its destiny, since civilization became apostate from Christ. They tell us nothing except that man is unlovely and unloveable Philosophy and pseudo-science aim at making this lesson of pessimism absolutely irrefutable in itself and

universal in its grip upon the human mind. Then come the poor forlorn sentimentalists, asking us to go back again to the ages of charity without remembering that they were also ages of faith and that the heart of man craves realities not dreams. Amid the stern realities of life, we need a greater reality to raise our hearts above petty, sordid details of selfish well-being. If we are told, as the best wisdom of the world, that there is no such thing as a higher reality, then talk about charity and devotion to the cause of human pro-gress ceases to have meaning.

Without faith in Jesus Christ there can be no real lasting love among men.-St. Paul Bulletin.

GOOD OUT OF EVIL

A part of the French press predicts that one outcome of the present war will be the establishment of better and the French Republic. If this prediction should be verified, it will be the realization of the fondest hope of Leo XIII, who strengly urged the Catholics of France to be loyal to the Republic. Many of them, instead of acting on this advice, did their best to identify the Catholic religion with the cause of menarchy. They there-by strengthened the hands of the foces of the Church in France, who were quick to avail themselves of the political power they acquired through the failure of French Catho-

lics to adopt the wise policy advocated by Leo XIII. The penalty the Church in France had to pay for this failure is known of all men. In addition to the ruth

less confiscation of Church property and the banishment of thousands of

icated to the German Kaiser and the Austrian Emperor, and that he is not without hope of favorable con-sideration for it."

If this hope should be realized, the world will have the latest demonstra-tion of the part the Holy See enacts in human affairs. It has always rep-tion burger in the solution of the part the Holy See enacts in human affairs. It has always rep-

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ily at the cloudless sky. Presently he broke the silence which had fallen over them, saying in a hesitating, wistful way, unlike his habitual un. emotional stolidity:

"Father, this old woman who is coming-I wonder if she is anybody's mother.'

Father Labarge's tender heart was touched, and he laid a caressing hand on John's shoulder. The boy could not remember his own mother, and this was not the first time he had said something which showed that deen in his heart was a hunger for the love he had never known.

"Yes, John ; I forget to tell you all the Bishop said. She has two sons. Both are settled in life and she is carrying out a project which has long been her dream. So you must be a son to her and fill the place of those she has left behind."

Before noon Father Labarge set out towards Tsi.nan, four miles away. Though very miserable, he was too courteous to allow John to meet the courteous to allow John to meet the old French woman. To protect himself from the heat of the midday sun he carried a large umbrella of strange unearthly shape, the worse for much use ; but he could not shield himself from the dust which lay several inches deep in the road and almost blinded him whenever a car jogged past. As he dragged himself along heart was oppressed with the fear which grew on him day by day ; that he would be sent to Europe to recuperate. During his four years of work in China he had seen several men break under the strain of bard work and poor food ; a few had gone home and never yet been allowed to return ; others, and these he envied, had toiled without respite until the

Master Himself had come to take them home to rest forever. He was troubled, too, about the woman thrown upon his hands by the Bishop. She would doubtless be a care in the Son of God made man.

The mystery of the Incarnation established on earth the reign of love. Men learned to love one another when they learned that Jeans is the Christ, the Son of the Living God. When God became man He raised human nature to a sublime dignity and grandeur. The death of the God man for us upon the Cross showed us the mysterious value and dignity of our souls. His lifelong example, as well as His emphatic teaching, inculcated this lesson which He sealed with His blood. His own tender love for the poor, the ignorant, the outcast, the disagreeable, the unattractive, even for the enemies who sought His life, was explained and enforced by Him in ex-plicit and emphatic dogmatic teaching. The root-principle of all His teaching was the mystery of the Incarnation.

The true lovers of men, the true friends of mankind, were always those who remembered the words of race." Latter on in the same inter-the Master-words which He tells us view the Archbishop of Rouen had many ways, a help in none, unless He will repeat with all solemnity be-she could cook. She might be ill. fore the whole human race on the ciliation between the Church and the

are at the present moment some twenty-thousand French priests on the firing line as private coldiers. The heroism displayed by the latter has won for them the admiration of many of their countrymen, who a few years ago denounced them in the bitterest terms. The war itself has had the effect of sobering the French people, who are beginning to take more serious views of life. In this frame of mind they are more susceptible to religious influences than they were before the outbreak of hostilities. Many of them are asking whether their country, which had grown great when it was known as the "Eldest Daughter of the Church," was known as can afford to antagonize, as Viviani and his fellow atheists desire, the great spiritual power that for centuries moulded the French character.

Archbishop Frozet of Rouen, in re-ferring to the various evidences of this alleged mental attitude of his countrymen, says in an interview published by the Paris Gaulois : "The people of Rouen, even those who do not practise religion, cling to its forms and ceremonies. This spirit has grown wenderfully since the beginning of hostilities. . . . Ad-mitting that war is frightful, that beautiful youth and dear lives are destroyed, yet the blood thus shed will weld together forever the French conscious which until now has been conscience, which until now has been divided by too many misunderstand-ings. Even now I receive letters ings. Even now i receive leaves from my priests who are at the front assuring me of the firm confidence that has sprang up between them and their comrades—that is between the people and the clergy. Such an understanding cannot melt away the day after victory, because it is based the solidarity of sacrifice for the Fatherland and in the most deeply rooted traditions of the heart of the

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1915

A BAPPY NEW YEAR Another year with its indelible record of good and evil has rolled hack into the irrevocable past : a new year dawns with its pages of virgin white on which we begin to write anew. Despite the cynic's sneer and the cheap wit's ridicule this is the time for new year's resolutions. For it is only by honestly and humbly looking backward over the dving year's mistakes and failures and sins that with new courage and firm will we may enter on the new born year resolved to rise on our dead selves to better things. " Of our vices we may frame a ladder if we but tread beneath our feet each deed

Standing on the threshold of this new year, whether we cast our eyes backward or forward, we see the porentous spectacle of the World War. "An outbreak of medievalism" we are told by those typically conceited and typically ignorant gloriflers of the half baked philosophies known as modern thought, and of the coarse and selfish materialism called modern progress. It takes a good deal of conceit and a good deal of ignorance just at the present time to invit comparison of our age with the age of spirituality and chivalry, the age which conceived and raised the glori ous cathedrals which we are batter ing to pieces. True the world pro tests against such vandalism ; but when the vandals of peace in France struck with greater savagery at all that the cathedrals stand for. when they warred on peaceful men and de fenceless women, when they plun dered property and outraged liberty, the world was silent.

This War is essentially a product of the age, absolutely modern. Nor. despite befuddled pacifism and baffled modernism is war-even this world-war-the greatest evil of the age. Naturally a materialistic and selfish and self-glorifying age regards the greatest material evil as the greatest of all evils. Each side with characteristically modern assumption of intolerant infallibility. with equal vehemence and equal sincerity, blames the other. Altruism is the euphemistic name of the modern substitute for,-shall we say the medieval - virtue of Christian charity, the greatest and holiest and most God - like thing that ever lightened the darkness of human life or sweetened the sorrow of this vale of tears. In the name of altruism Germany would impose its "Kultur" - the German sub. stitute for Christianity-on an unenlightened world. In the name of altruism we would crush and cripple and disarm Germany, sink her fleet, destroy her armament works, send her Kaiser to St. Helena and divide her territory-all for Germany's own good ; the only good Germany is a dead Germany. Germany with devilish pride sings "Deutschland Ueber Alles" while we with all reverence and humility hymn"RuleBritannia,"-

ditions in times of pe Our hearts melt, thank God the sight of the starving and homeless Belgians ; but they remained hard to the millions of fellow countrymen suffering from malnutrition in places that we are not ashamed to call their homes. Is it so much worse to die on the battlefield than to live underconditions which recruit the ever - growing ranks of degenerate unemployables Is the battle fury at its worst more inhuman than the soul-stifling life conditions of millions of our industrial peace army ? We would free the German people, free Europe, from

the tyranny of German militarism but we were far from unanimous in the war for the freedom and right to decent living of the millions whom our industrial civilization had reduced to "a condition little better than slavery itself." The War has sowed some seeds that will blossom and bear fruit when, chastened, we face again in peace the social problems for which Germany is not reponsible.

The war is lifting the souls of people above the petty, selfish interests of dreary materialism ; selfsacrifice is ennobling those who fall in battle and those who mourn their fall. And far and away above all else the great heart of the people-of all the peoples doing their duty with heroic self-sacrifice on both sides—is turning in humble acknowledgment of unworthiness and sin to God, the Searcher of hearts, Almighty and Allmerciful. Those who can see nothing in the

War but useless waste of money and lives,-money first instinctively,may have their vision broadened by such incidents as this described in a Baden newspaper :

An exalted person has visited the tombs of our soldiers fallen in August and September, on the banks of the Oise, and found among many others two large mounds with wreaths of flower laid upon them. The first bore the inscription : "Offered by the women of France to the German soldiers, our brothers in Jesus Christ." A second inscription read : "For the German soldiers our brothers in Jesus, dead fai away from their country, wept by their families. We pray for them." German mothers will read, certainly not without emotion, how France treats their sons fallen in the great battle.

Those who speak as though the nission of Christ, the Prince of Peace, were a failure, have neither aith nor understanding. Christ did not come to banish war; man's life is a warfare; the supreme evil is not war but sin. "Peace on earth to men of good will" was the angelic hymn at His birth. Peace be to you was His greeting after His resur rection when He committed to men the ministry of reconciliation - of peace. My peace I leave you; my peace I give you. Not as the world giveth - nor as the world understandeth-but peace with God, peace with ourselves, that peace which nothing can disturb but sin. the peace of soul in which Christ, the Prince of ury led Dr. Edmond Halley, the for peace in the higher, the Chris minent mathematician and astrontian sense. omer, whose name is familiar to us From millions of lips, from th from the recent visit of the comet depths of millions of hearts, goes up named for him. to examine the subto God the inspired prayer of the ject. The parish registers of Eng Royal Psalmist : land at the time took no note of age "Have mercy on me, O God, acat death, and Halley, perceiving that cording to thy great mercy. And the average duration of life in large eccording to the multitude of thy groups of persons can only be deender mercies blot out my iniquity. termined when ages at death are Wash me yet more from my in known, sought in vain a statistical ignity and cleanse me from my sin. basis for such inquiry in his own The way to peace is through humil and many other countries. But it ity and penance. Through War the happened that the city of Breslau in world is learning the way to Peace Silesia kent such records, and he Tired of the husks of boastful and succeeded in obtaining the registers blatan materialism we are coming for five years, from 1687-1691, inback from the far country to our cluding 6,198 births and 5,869 deaths Father's house. Even though the No census of the city being taken, road be rough, and through the crash Halley had to estimate the and roar of battle, yet joy and peace population as best he could. await us at the end of the journey. and computed how many of a thou-In this sense and in the spirit of sand children taken at the age of one Christain faith and hope and charity, year will die in each succeeding year. though the clouds of battle darks Arranging the results in three parthe horizon, we wish to each and all allel columns, showing in successive a happy new year. May its close lines the age, the number living at find us all nearer to that peace which that age, and the number of deaths passeth understanding; and may

sision or New Year's Day, The Spiphany, The Ascension, The Immaculate Conception, The Assump-tion, SS. Peter and Paul, and All Saints; also the feasts of Patron Saints where these are solemnly bserved. Should any of these feast fall on a Friday (or other day of fast or abstinence) there is no special dispensation required, nor any an companies. councement of the general dispense tion ; there is neither fast nor abstin

ance on any of the feasts enumerated OVe. Consequently Friday of this week being New Year's Day, is not a day

of abstinence from flesh meat. LIFE INSURANCE

ш MORTALITY TABLES

As the stability and permanence of Life Insurance as a present-day institution are very largely due to what is known as mortality tables we shall give a brief history of their development. The sketch is summarized from the Encyclopædia Britannica article by Charles Thomas

Lewis, Ph. D., and Thomas Allan Ingram, M. A., LL. D., of Trinity College, Dublin. Dr. Lewis was at one time lecturer on Life Insurance at Harvard and Columbia Universities, and on Principles of Insurance

Cornell University. Guesses at the probable length of life for the purpose of valuing or commuting life-estates, leases or annuities were made even by the ncients, and crude estimates of the number of years' purchase such interests are worth occur in Roman Law and in many medieval writings In 1540 the English parliament en-

acted that an estate for a single life should be valued as a lease of seven years, one for two lives at fourteen years, and for three lives at twentyone years. More than a century later a standard work in England with a certificate of Sir Issac Newton to its accuracy, proposed as a remedy for the inequity of this fanciful rule. to value a single life as ten years, two lives as nineteen, and three lives as twenty-seven years. No distinction of ages was recognized so that the results, tabulated to decimal parts

of months, are worthless. Thus the coremost minds of the world had as yet no apprehension of the true method of reasoning on the subject. Now we find all this of supreme and stimulating interest. Attempt to talk to the average man who has

theories and convictions as to life insurance, and he will probably dis. miss the subject as of no practical importance with "Oh I know all about that," and proceed to discuss with a zeal not according to knowl. adge his pet theory or pet grievance. Nevertheless it took the human

race a long time to come to its present knowledge of mortality ables. Governments in the 17th century discounted future revenue by the sale of annuities. They had no mortality tables and they paid dearly for their ignorant assumptions. This loss to the public treas-

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

The Northampton Table (1780) in spite of gross defects remained for a entury by far the most important table of mortality and was adopted by the courts practically as a part of mmon law. In 1872 the Institute of Actuaries (England) published tables founded on the experience. up to 1863, of twenty life insurance

It is only since the middle of the 19th century that actuarial science has rapidly advanced in other coun tries, chiefly under the stimulus of the extending practice of life insur-

This historical sketch will make plain why some insurance societies within the memory of living persons were founded without the knowledge of underlying principles and facts which are the common possession and guiding light of life insurance to-day.

FROM OUR READERS' POINT OF VIEW

These letters from subscribers though not written for publication may be useful as well as interesting to our readers. It is always good to see things from different points of view.

> CATHOLIC FRANCE Dresden, Ont.

Editor CATHOLIC RECORD : With this enclosure of my annual subscription to the RECORD, permit me to express my hearty apprecia-tion of your recent editorials on France. Although of pure Anglo-Saxon descent, environment has caused me to place a very great stress upon the relationship of France with holy Mother Church. Born and bred in a non Catholic comm with all that it implies, having liter ary tastes and compelled to drink of springs drugged with the ever present venom of religious bigotry, o at any rate insidious even if hones resentation, I have turned misre misrepresentation, I have turned towards France as a thirsty wanderer might turn towards a fertile casis in the desert. To me she has been a sort of fabled city, the home of all that is great and noble, the shrine of all that the Cath olic heart could long for. Did I wish for dauntless explorers ? There were La Salle and Cartier. Champlain and Hennepne! Was it military splen-dor that attracted ? Who might vie with her mighty warriors? Was it missionary effort that inspired? Who but her devout sons might carry the cross through fire and flood to make fitting oblation to the Most High!

And yet there are Catholic edito who would forget these things and in the hour of her flery trial turn from her and gratify those who secret ly hate her by heaping ignominy upon her brow. Oh how narrow and short sighted is this policy. Her glory is all our glory; her shame our Continue your good work then

Tell us Eldest Daughter of Holy Church.' To-day her armed chivalry is shatter-ing the greatest foe that democracy ever had. Shall we not share in the glory of her victory?

A WIFE'S CONVERSION

Transcons. Dec. 19, 1914 Editor CATHOLIC RECORD, - En osed please find one year's sub to your valuable paper. cripti should like to give my experience as an illustration of the value of good Catholic papers in the home. I was married about eight years ago to a well bred Presbyterian, an only daughter. Of course being well trained in her faith she could not see her way clear to come with me for the sake of marrying, nor did I try to persuade her; but I always thought that by having Catholic literature in our home she would gradually come to know the truth. So with the CATH-RECORD and North West Re view visiting us weekly and "The Faith of Our Fathers" and other books explaining our holy religion, as well as fervent prayers to the Sacred Heart and to Our Blessed Mother, the effect came last May. Voluntarily, and much to my glad surprise, she told me she felt that the Catholic Church had more help for her and she wanted to be baptized and become a real good Catholic. On request our parish priest gave her instructions and the more she learned the more she liked, the Faith. We have three children and you can just imagine the feeling of joy joy en. that overcame me when en-tirely of her own accord, without so much as a suggestion from me she announced the good news-truly for good tidings of great joy." me "good tidings of great joy." My dear wife, the mother of our little ones, is now a good practical Catho-iic. In our happiness and gratitude we would like all Catholics to join with us in thanking the tender Heart during the year, he formed the first of the loving Jesus for His great mortality table. The arrangement mercy to us. I always felt that I should be itself was a discovery, exhibiting at

BUSINESS AS USUAL ?

The good business man always nakes it a point to take stock at certain fixed periods. Otherwise he would go on from day to day never mowing on which side of the book the balance stood. But in the great business of life how few ever think of going over the books. We are all of us trading with the securities of heaven, and yet how many of us would be ready to hand over our books if the Head of the firm came now and demanded a return ?

Beginning a new year it is well for us to think of these things. Exercising the prudence of the children of the world we should go over our accounts and see how our business

stands. How have we traded in the year that has passed out into eternity ? Have we made a profit or suffered a loss ? How does the talance stand ? What amount is credited to us in the great bank of heaven ? Have we advanced in virtue ? Have we more of the grace of God ?

Business as usual" is a very good slogan for those who trade in the coin of the realm. But it will not do at all for the business that has to do with the things of the soul. For the trader in spiritual things the slogan must be "bigger and better business." To profit by the mistakes of the past, to give ourselves more generously to the affair of our salvation, such should be our resolve. "Business as usual" for many of us means very poor business. And very poor business will not do at all. We must do good business. And we must begin now, for the passing of the dead year reminds us that the night cometh when no man can work. As 1914 has passed so will the remaining years of life pass. The bell that tolled for the dead year will one day toll for us. And then how shall we dare to face the Master if our coffers are empty of aught else but dead hopes and vain regrets ?

Doing good business for God will not only ensure our happiness in eternity but it will make us happy ness. here below. Looking back on the

years of our life that have passed for ever from us let us ask ourselves what profit we have had in the things of which we are now ashamed? The things that were not done for God are they not worse than useless? What brings us the most satisfaction now-the time spent in amusement. and even in sin, or the time spent in prayer? So it will be at the end. We shall then be prouder of one Hail Mary well said than of all the praise that the world may have heaped upon us. For God will praise us for the Hail Mary, and His praise is the only praise that counts.

COLUMBA

Tis

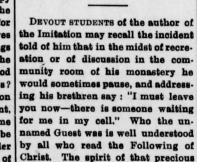
NOTES AND COMMENTS ADMIRERS OF Sir Walter Scott (an who that loves the pure and the good in literature, or steadfastness and integrity of character, is not his admirer ?) are not, we assume, generally aware that he had a brother

translation with the result that five additional volumes of pious meditation were placed at the disposal of devout readers. "None of them, however, have become well known author's name has been so long identified exclusively with the It goes without saying, nevertheless, written is worthy of earnest study and meditation, and that his less known works will in time become household treasures throughout the Catholic world.

THREE OF THE writings of Kempis just mentioned are of the and dignity of Christian maidenhood.

same class as the Imitation, viz., "Prayers and Meditations on the Life of Christ)" "A Meditation on with Cecelia Gonzaga, the child of the Incarnation of Christ," and the Italian Renaissance, and with "Sermons to the Novices Regular." Marie Jeanne D'Aumale of Paris. The author was a member of the Each of them has a touch of kindred Brotherhood of Common Life and it with the girls of this day and generawas to its novices these latter were tion and an unobtrusive lesson of no doubt addressed. His two other virtue and womanliness to impart. known writings, included in this In such company, Scott's heroine, series, were of an historical char-Marjorie Fleming, or the Puritan acter. One is entitled "Founders of maiden, Anna Green Winslow of the New Devotion," 1840-1489, and Boston, may seem a little out of comprises the Lives of Gerard Groote, Florentius Radewin, and their followers. The other, "Chronicle of the Canons Regular of Mount Agnes," is a further account of the the economy of life it is fitting that same movement. Both have, for the time-honored ideal of womanhood the first time, been available in Engas inspired and developed by Christlish since 1905.6. And both add to ianity should be recalled. whatever the volume of evidence uncovered in the narrowing influence of sectarian recent years that in the pre-Reformation life of Europe much greater scope existed for the exercise of individuality and freedom of discussion than was possible after the in cendiary outbreak of the sixteenth century. In other words, it was in

the Middle Ages that the meaning of liberty was best understood. The license of the sixteenth century both narrowed the limits of human freedom and for mankind in general spilled the cup of Christian glad-



volume and of its saintly author is admirably interpreted in the following sonnet, the author of whom is unknown to us. Perhaps someone among our readers can supply the information : Turn with me from the city's clamor-

ous street, Where throng and push passions and lusts and hate,

And enter, through this age browned, ivied gate, For many summers' birds a sure re-

Heaven entreat.

I see

alone.

treat,

And from those patient lips I hear

one prayer : "Dear Lord, dear Lord, that I may

AMONG RECENT publications of

choolgirls of Former Days." by Mrs.

be like Thee !'

who have fallen in the war." Dr. Wallace Williamson, a leading Edinburgh minister, officiated, and with him were associated others scarcely less well-known. The Lord Provost and other civic dignitaries attended in their official capacity. Necessarily there were many features in the celebration inappropriate to such a form of service, such as the reading of the lesson used by Catholics in the Mass of All Saints' Day and the singing of hymns referable only to

the Saints in Paradise.

BUT IT IS certainly remarkable that a Presbyterian Moderator should bid a congregation to remember the Faithful Departed and should offer what are described as "prayers of intercession and rememb In view, however, of the widespread growth of pure ration. lism in the Presbyterian as in other sectarian bodies, there is much consolation in the thought that there exists also a conservative re-The place of perfect peace. And action, which displays an increasing nev to nr For meditation, where no idle prate eenth century, and to return to the Of the world's ways may come, rest salutary practices of their forethee and wait. very quiet. Thus doth still fathers. A generation ago a demonstration such as described would have convulsed Presbyterianism in With rev'rent feet, his face so worn Scotland and split the Kirk in twain. so fair, Walks one who bears the May it not be that now it points the who waits the crown. Tumult is past. In those calm eye way to the only solution of the evergrowing desire for Christian unity ? The image of the Master, Christ

JANUARY 2, 1915

"A GABDEN of Girls," is indeed

very entertaining as well as an

instructive book. In the sketch of Margaret More, for instance, we have a delightfully human account of for the reason perhaps, that the daily life in the home of England's great Chancellor, Blessed Thomas More, the wisest and wittiest man of Following, or the Imitation, as not his age, who, in that famous house to admit readily of other association. hold at Chelsea, exemplified alike the charms of Christian mirth and that all that Thomas à Kempis has the beauty of holiness. Margaret was her own father's daughter, and whether amidst the joviality around the hearthstone or in her father's cell in the Tower, waiting for the hour which was to raise him to the great company of Saints and Martyrs. exhibited in her person the grace

So with St. Elizabeth of Hungary,

place. But Mrs. Concannen is not

narrow in her sympathies or in her

regards and in an age of increasing

laxity respecting woman's place in

environment. This Mrs. Concanner

has essayed to do, and, notwith-

standing minor blemishes, with a

A NEW AND rather startling devel-

pment of Presbyterianism in Scot-

land is the revival of prayers for

the dead. Quite recently there was

celebrated in St. Giles, Edinburgh, a

function which was announced as a

service of intercession for those

considerable degree of success.

"All thine shall be the subject main And every shore it circles, thine."

But judgment has not fled to brutish beasts, men have not lost their reason. Out of the great evil of this war will come-has already come - much greater and higher good.

We have already lost all interest in the superficial analysis of diplomatic documents immediately preceding the war. We recognize that the causes lie much deeper. We admit that under the conditions obtaining war was sooner or later inevit able. This is one great step toward clear thinking and honest examination of conscience.

We who stand aghast at war's awful toll of human life had grown callous and indifferent to the countless deaths due to sweat-shops and Christmas, (as before) The Circum-

every nation have learned to know the things that are for its peace.

NO FAST NOR ABSTINENCE ON FEAST DAYS

All Catholics know that when ablest students. Christmas falls on a Friday there is But while Halley thus firmly and no fast nor abstinence on that day. astingly drew, in outline, the theory Not yet so well known is the fact of life contingencies, through lack that the late Holy Father, Pius X., by of sufficient data the numerical a decree dated July 2nd, 1911, exresults attained by him were grossly tended the same general dispensation

innacurate. Throughout the eightfrom the law of fasting and abstinteenth century the treatment of life ence to the following feasts : annuities was as chaotic and fanciful as before.

a glance the essential data for valuing satisfied to wait in faith and hope for fifteen years, but it has taken only half that time for the Sacred Heart life-risks, and suggesting solutions for problems which had puzzled the of Jesus to draw the mother heart of my wife to the fullness of His nd to the sacramental treas

ures of His love. . . . Wishing you and your staff the compliments of the season. -----

There is luxury and luxury; ease that makes us forget God, and ease that makes us only more conscious of heavenly blessings that are to be. -Charles Fiske.

probable, would become a resident of Upper Canada. Sir Walter was the third son of a large family born to his father, a member of a younger branch of the great Border family of Buccleuch. One of the elder sons Thomas, was a man "of great talents," (as Sir Walter, in a letter which we have seen, describes him). who devoted himself to the legal profession, and became, in due time, a Writer to the Signet, a title corresponding to that of Barrister in Canada.

IN 1817 it was proposed to appoint an additional Judge in Upper Can-Longmans Green & Co. (New York), ada, and Thomas Scott's name was s "A Garden of Girls, or Famous put forward by influential friends for the office. There is in existence Helena Concannen, a well-known a letter of Sir Walter's, addressed to contributor to the Irish Rosary. In John Wilson Croker, the celebrated the avalanche of books for youth diarist, emphasizing his brother's constantly issuing from the pressfitness for the post and soliciting most of them of an extremely doubt-Croker's influence in his behalf. In ful or even pronouncedly deleterithe event, the aspiration was not ous character-it is well that now realized, and the possibility which and then we should have a book of hinged upon it of the great Bard the character of Mrs. Concannen's visiting Canada, and possibly making Garden." which instructs while it it the scene of one of his romances entertains and elevates while it departed. Thomas Scott himself relaxes the tension of modern averwas once thought to be the author of age life. The author selects nine Waverly.

from the time of Ireland's great THE NAME of Thomas & Kempis is Patroness, St. Brigid, and while relating the little drama of their lives (for they are not all 'famous') en. deavors to place them in touch with world is prone to lose sight of his the trials, the joys, the hopes and authorship of other books which in the aspirations of the girls of to day their day were highly valued by and to show that human nature Christian readers. A few years ago amid the many mutations of time re mains substantially the same in all republish some of these in an English ages.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

The developments of the war situation during the past week though important may be summed up in few

The Austro - German victory in Poland is very far from breaking down Russian resistance. Still stubbornly fighting they have fallen back to new lines. The inexhaustible supply of men at Russia's disposal will be a big factor in determining the ultimate result. Though it must be borne in mind that the effective fighting force is definitely limited by Russia's arm, equip and feed her soldiers in the field. How-ever the farther the Russians fall back and the farther the Germans advance, the more nearly are the hostile forces on equal terms in this respect.

One item of news may be of vital importance. The Russians are again on the plains of Hungary. If they are there in force, and if they can strike heavily the Austro-German ad. vance may be not only neutralized in effect but turned into a disaster. The Servians rallying after their defeat and retirement have routed the Austrian army which has with drawn entirely from Servian

tory. The following reports throw a light at least on the probabilities or possibilities in the development of the situation and may be of greater interest than the accounts of pro-gress and reverses along the far

girls from various periods dating so inseparably connected with that inexhaustible repository of devotion, "The Following of Christ," that the an effort was made to collect and

fung battle front, which matters largely as they were a

It is well to realize that anything even the most improbable and un-expected, is possible as a result of the diplomatic war which is waged as strenuously as the struggle on the field of battle.

An incident worthy of record is the first serial duel over English soil. It occurred near Sheerness yesterday at 12.55 in misty weather. A Ger-man seroplane was seen approaching from the east, flying high, and evi-dently headed inland toward London. A British aviator went up to drive off the invader, and, after a lively fasillade, the German turned and flew out over the see. If he crossed from the coast of Belgium he had little reward for his perilous journey in the fog. The submarine danger is evidently not the only one that hides behind the sand dunes of Flanders.—Globe Dec. 26.

RUSSIA NEGOTIATING WITH THE GERMANS ?

cial Cable Despatch to The Glo

Washington, Dec. 24 .- The Wash ington Post gives great prominence to a news despatch stating that over-tures for peace between Russia and Germany are already well under

way. The statement attracts great atter tion in Washington, simply because it is published in The Post, which is owned and edited by John R. McLean, known to have very close personal relations with eminent diplomate.

Tas Post says negotiations an being conducted through "one of th most powerful agencies in the world,' medium friendly to both Germany and Russia, and that they look for a adjustment of all differences betwee Russia and Germany, notwithstand-ing the joint agreement signed early in the war by Russia, France and

Britain not to discuss terms of peace separately. The Post says in part : "The reception given the prelimin-ary negotiations indicates that there may suddenly emerge from Europe a new alignment shattering all predic-tions as to the outcome of the present war, and stamping on the maps of Europe, Asia and Africa new boununthought of when the war

"With Servia's showing of ability to protect her own integrity, Russia's real interest in the war has practically ceased. To fight further means to aid the world diplomacy licies of Great Britain, against and p which Russia has had an historic

AUSTRIA RENEWS PEACE OVER-TURES

(Special Cable Despatch to the Globe.)

Paris, Dec. 24.-It is definitely as serted here that Austria has made independent peace overtures to the allies through Vienna bankers upon the basis of the concession of Galicia to Russia and Bosnia to Servia.

The proposal is favorably received, but is held in abeyance until it is known what the attitude of Italy and Roumania will be respecting such

ENCYCLICAL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE

ourselves a way to the possession of those true and imperishable goods, "which God has prepared for those who love Him." (i. Cor., ii.9.) But who love him." (i. Cor., h., s.) But this important teaching of the faith is neglected by too many, and by not a few is altogether forgotten. It is for you, venerable brethren, to make Ca the priesthood ling to the s ats to t pro-strict legis nds of eq al

demands of ecclesiantical legis-lation and the needs of our own times; the danger of resh innova-tions removed from the teaching of the sacred sciences; music made to bear a worthy part in the sciemn service of God, and the dignity of the liturgy increased; the knowledge of Christianity more widely spread by fresh contingents of ministers of the Gospel. (Job. xxx1, 12.) We desire that Cath-olics should reject, not only the errors of Modernism, but also its tendency,—what is called the Mod-ernistic spirit; a spirit that fastid-iously rejects what is ancient, and is ever on the search for novelties,— novelties in the way of speaking of diving things, in the calebratic of

ever on the search for novelties,--novelties in the way of speaking of divine things, in the celebration of divine worship, in Catholic practices, and even in the exercises of private devotion. We desire, therefore, that the old rule be religiously observed : "Let nothing be introduced but what has been handed down;" a rule which, while being inviolably ob-served in matters of faith, must be taken as a guide also in matters liable to change; although even here the sentence holds good: "Not new things, but in a new way." Knowing, venerable Brethren, that men are greatly helped in their open profession and proper practice of the faith by mutual encouragement and example, We rejoice exceed-i dy at the multiplication of Catho-do we wish them to increase, We also desire that they flour-tish under Our protection and favor ; and they will flourish, if they con-tinue faithfully to observe the regu-lations that have been given, or may be given, by the Holy See. Let all members of such associations, who are laboring for God and the Church, keep ever in mind that saying of the divine wisdom : "An obseinet man by fresh contingents of ministers of the Gospel. Such are the services rendered to the Church by Our Predecessor and those who come after us will grate-fully remember them. But since, God permitting, the field spoken of in the parable is always exposed to the evil working of the "enemy," there never will come a time when, we shall not have to be on our guard lest the cockle do harm to the good wheat. For this reason, applying to Ourselves what God spoke to the prophet: "Lo, I have set thes this day over the nations and over king-

prophet: "Lo, I have set thes this day over the nations and over king-doms, to root up ... and to de-stroy, and to build, and to plant." (Jerm., i, 10.) We shall labour incessantly to the best of Our power in opposing what is evil, in promoting what is good, until it shall please the Prince of Pastors to domand an count of Our stewardship.

In this Our first Encyclical We find opportunity to set before you, vener-able Brethren, some of the chief matters calling for Our solicitude so that by your now getting ready to help We may the sooner obtain the good We desire.

The first element on which the The first element on which the success of any society of men de-pends is the concord of its members. We shall therefore make it one of Our chief cares to do away with, and to prevent, dissension and discord amongst Catholics, and thus to secure unity of plan and of action. The enemies of God and the Church clearly see that a way to victory over us is opened, when-ever our defence is weakened by which is demanded by their state, and by perfect discipline and trainever our defence is weakened by divided counsels; hence they are ever on the alert, when they find as united, to divide us by craftily sowing ing properly to prepare for their holy calling aspirants of the sanctu ary. Although your care needs no exhortation in this matter, neverthe in our midst the seed of discord. Would that their scheme had not less We exhort, and even beseech you, to attend to it with all possible Would that their scheme had not been so often successful, to the great detriment of religion. For this reason it is wrong that anyone should set aside the commands of lawful authority on the pretence that he does not approve of them; let each submit his opinion to the eal. For it is a matter that none can be of more importance for the good of the Church ; but since Our predecessors of happy memory Pope Leo XIII, and Pius X, have at tended to this subject, We add nothing further. Only this We beg, that judgment of authority, and then obey as a duty of conscience. No private person is allowed, by the medium of books or of newspapers or of public speeches, to put himself forward as teacher in the Church. the instructions of those most wise Pontiffs, and especially those given by Pius X. of saintly memory, in his Exhortatio ad clerum, may by your effective oversight be always kept in mind, and most scrupulously ob-All know to whom God has given the teaching authority of the Church ; to served. him it belongs to decide when and how he shall speak ; the duty of There is one thing about which We cannot be silent. We wish to admonish all the clergy, whom We others is to receive his words with reverence and obedience. In matters about which the Holy See has not given a decision, and in which, with-out injury to faith and ecclesiastical

love as most dear sons, how abso-lutely necessary it is for their own salvation, and for the fruitfulness of salvation, and for the fruitfulness of their ministry, that they be perfectly united with, and obedient to their own bishops. We have already de-plored that some ministers of the sanctuary have been infected by that discipline, there may be differences of opinion, each may lawfully defend his own. But in such disputes there must be no offensive language, for this may lead to grave breaches of this may lead to grave breaches of charity; each is free to maintain his own opinion, but with propriety, and if others do not accept his view, he must not castsuspicion on their faith or spirit of discipline. We? desire that that practice lately come into use, of using distinctive names by which Catholics are marked off from Catholics should come: such the transspirit of independence and insubor-dination so characteristic of these lays ;- and it has not unfrequently happened for the pastors of the Church, to meet with sorrow Church, to meet with sorrow and opposition where they had every right to expect consolation and help. May those who have been so unhappi-ly forgetful of their duty seriously reflect that the authority possessed by bishops, whom "the Holy Ghost both plead to who the Church Church Catholics, should cease ; such names must be avoided, not only as "profane novelties of words," that are neither ath placed to rule the Church of true nor just, but also because they God" (Act , xx., 28) is a divine authorlead to grave disturbance and confusion in the Catholic body. It is of the nature of the Catholic faith that who resist any lawful authority resist God, far more wickedly do they act who refuse obedience to the bisnothing can be added to it, nothing taken away ; it is either accepted in hops whom God has consecrated by the seal of his own power. "Since full or rejected in full; "This is the Catholic faith, which unless a man charity," says St. Ignatius Martyr, "does not suffer me to be silent in believe faithfully and steadfastly he cannot be saved." (Symb. Athanas) There is no need to qualify by fresh epithets the profession of this faith; your regard, therefore have I been orward to admonish you, that you be in agreement with the mind of God. For Jesus Christ, our inseparlet it be enough for a man to say : "Christian is my name, Catholic my sur name"; only let him take heed to be in truth what he calls himself. able life, is the mind of the Father the bishops also, set throughout the earth, are in the mind of Jesus Christ. Wherefore it is fitting that As for those who devote themselves to the good of the Catholic cause, the you run in agreement with the mind of the bishop." (In Epist. ad Ephes, iii). The language of the illustrious Church now asks of them not to be over eager about useless questions, but, following the leadership of him martyr has been repeated generation after generation, by the Fathers and whom Christ has appointed guardian and interpreter of the truth, to use Doctors of the Church. all their power to preserve the faith in fullness and freedom from error. Owing to the difficulties of one time, the burden of the bishops is There are still men, and thesenot a few, There are still men, and thesenot a few, who, as the Apostle says: "having itching ears, when they will not en-dure sound doctrine, according to their desires will heap to themselves teachers, and will indeed turn away their hearing from the truth, but will be turned unto fables. (ii. Tim., iv., 3.4.) Some there are who, puffed up and ambeddened in mind by the mon already too heavy; heavier still is their anxiety for the protection of their flocks: "For they watch as being to render an account of your souls." (Hebr., xiii, 17) Is it not cruel that anyone, by refusing proper and emboldened in mind by the won derful advance of natural science-

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

sary freedom of action, ever since the Head of the Church, the supreme Pontifi, began to lack that defence of his freedom which the providence of God had raised up during the course of centuries. The loss of that pro-tection has inevitably caused no light anxiety in the Catholic body; for all the children of the Roman Pontifi, whether near or living afar, have a right not to be left in doubt concerning the possession by their their guard against its contagion; one can well say of it, what Job said of another plague: "It is a fire that devoursth even to destruction, and roototh up all things that spring." (Job. xxxi, 12.) We desire that Cathconcerning the possession by their common Father of a true and un-deniable freedom in the exercise of

deniable freedom in the exercise of his Apostolic ministry. While We pray for the speedy re-turn of peace to the world, We also pray that an end be put to the abnor-mal state in which the Head of the Church is placed—a state which in many ways is an impediment to the many ways is an impediment to the common tranquility. Our Predeces-sors have protested, not from self in-terest, but from a sense of sacred duty, against this state of things : those protests We renew, and for the same reason—to protect the rights and dignity of the Apostolic See. It remains for Us, venerable Breth-ren to lift un our voices in prevent

It remains for Us, venerable Breth-ren, to lift up our voices in prayer to God, in whose hands are the hearts of princes, and of all responsible for the continuance of the scourges now afflicting us, and to cry in the name of all mankind: "Give peace, O Lord, in our days." And may he who said of himself; "I am the Lord." . . I make peace." (Isai, xlv. 67) be moved by our prayers and speedily still the tempest now tossing civil and religious society. And may the Blessed Virgin be mercifully at hand to assist us—she who bore the Prince of Peace; may who bore the Prince of Peace ; may

are laboring for God and the Church, keep ever in mind that saying of the divine wiedom: "An obedient man shall speak of victory" (Prov., xxi, 28) for unless they are obedient to God But in addition to these things, you know, venerable Brethren, that there is need of the prudent and assiduous work of those whom Christ our Lord has sent as labour-ers into his harvest that is to are of she regard and protect with a mother's love Us in Our lowliness. Our Pontificate, The Church, and with the Church the souls of all men redeemed by the divine Blood of her As a pledge of heaven's gifts, and

ers into his harvest, that is to say of in sign of our good will We lovingly bestow on you, venerable Brethren, on your clergy, and on your people the Apostolic Blessing. Given in Rome, at St. Peter's, on the clergy. For this reason you are aware that it is in the highest degree incumbent upon you to promote in your clergy that holiness of life

the Feast of All Saints, November 1st., 1914, in the first year of Our

BENEDICTUS PP. XV.

SIDELIGHTS ON THE GREAT WAR

HORRORS SUGGESTED THAT CANNOT BE DESCRIBED

William G. Sheppard, United Press correspondent, writing from the Austrian battle-front in Galicia Oct. 20th, gives the following picture of the ravages of cholera amongst the troops. Death amid the clash of arms, the roar of howitzers, and the arms, the roar of nowitzers, and the scream of bursting shells is less ter-rible than the writhing horrors of Asiastic cholera. fiappily later in-formation is to the effect that the

cold weather has ended such heart rending scenes as are herein de ecribed

We come to the cholers hospital along the road. It is an old farm house. The scene in the yard is in-describable. I have my pencil and paper in hand but I don't know what to write. All about the yard, lying on straw under the trees, through which the sunshine filters, are inwhich the sunshine filters, are in-animate men, sick of cholera. Here is a soldier priest, wearing on his feet army shoes, a Red Cross band on his arm, and a heavy overcoat. He wears a gold cloth apron over his coat. A soldier rises weakly from the straw to his knees. He folds his hands before him and the

army priest bends over him. This is absolution for the dying that this priest is granting. This muttering shirt. kneel upright and to cross himself, probably will be dead by night, sure-ly by morning. And, after the priest goes, the soldier falls back weakly on the straw, pulls a dirty blue handkerchief from his pocket and sobs out his misery. But the Asiatic cholera will have shirt. its way with him before many hours. The priest goes to another man and arouses him. This man seems stronger than the first. He gets to his feet and falls to his knees and raises his face expectantly and hope-fully to the churchman and takes his absolution without a sign of weak

ribly drawn and ghastly green. They'll be dead by morning or the priest would not have been called. There is misery unspeakable about the yard. Twelve men are lying under the trees. Sunshine dripping on them. With almost their last strength they orawl to their knees one after the other as the priest arouses them, and mumble weakly into his ear. They fall back weakly the priest straightens up and raises ally to those who are not as to a ritualistic service of such so the event was viewed with espec-interest and recognized as one great solemnity interest and recognized as one or great solemnity. Bishop Fallon read the Gospels prescribed for the three Masses of Christmas day, relating the story of the birth of Christ, and of the guid-ance of shepherds and wise men of the East to the manger, in which they found the Infant Saviour wrap-

And

olic Church is actuated in celebrating the birth of Christ on the first mo ment of Christmas with the expres-sion of the wish that all might have

> For the RECORD THE GIFTS

bed The Infant turned and smiled upor

the boy, And in that smile a heavenly radi

ance shed Upon the shepherd's up turned face

of joy; And with a heart all glowing with

He laid his tender buds, fast droop-

The Infant smiled upon the awe

struck boy, And gently laid the waxen rose bud

fair, Within the hands of one who knelt

Beside His manger low, in love and

Herself the fairest rose-sweet Mary

His life blood ebbing on the cruel

And while He shuddered at the awful

aby eyes grew dim with sudder

of pain made the little shepherd's

sight-That waited God's own Son som

And on His Face there grew a look

prayer. tender eyes caressed the wondrous child,

turned away, while He pressed it closer to

ough within its flame He saw

the snow, blood-red flower, deeper.dyed

night.

him in.

than sin.

in joy

mild.

see

Tree !

cruel day.

His Heart,

The

Her

the priest straightens up and raises his hands in blessing over them." ped in swaddling clothes. His Lordship spoke briefly, describ-ing the motives by which the Cath-

SIMPLY CAN'T BE WRITTEN

That's the best I can do. I've never learned any words that would tell such a story as that, and Adams, who has painted emperors and kings, says there's no brush or paint that can tell the story on cauvas. "At last there's a picture I can't with a story

paint," he said. of any human desire.

paint," he said. And as for me, I've found a story I couldn't write. And above all this the artillery is booming, and all around soldiers are working, cooking, cleaning horees, building fires, chopping wood, for the living must live and fight as well as the dying must die. One figure under a blanket, an un-shaved soldier whom the priest had been unable to arouse, writhed and

shaved soldier whom the priest had been unable to arouse, writhed and tossed about. The priest hurried over to that corner of the yard and stood with outstretched hands and uplifted face, with a Red Cross doctor standing helplessly by his side, until the writhing ceased with a sudden jerk and the soldier of Austria came to bis end

BRINGING IT HOME By Emma Wise in the London Daily Mail

Another day I visited a friend in Paris suburb. War has robbed our pretty suburb of most of its men. My friend's husband, being an 1870 veteram, is exempt from service, but the neighbor women all up and down the street have sent their mentolk to the war. It is wonderful how they have taken over the business of those

absent over the They run bakeries, florists' shops, greenhouses, grecer-ies, cafes; and one woman, the clever

est of the lot, manages to keep a sand business going with the few horses the Government has left her. The sand woman is a cheerful soul but that afternoon she came crying into my friend's house. In her hand

she held a letter and a scrap of some-thing that looked like a very thin piece of grey board. 'Oh, Mme. Martine,' my friend ex-

ciaimed, 'no bad news from M. Martine, I hope ?' Mme. Martine smiled. 'He is not dead, nor even wounded

if that is what you mean,' she said, ' but still the news is sad. Just look this. What do you think this is?" She handed over the piece of board. e could not guess.

'It is a piece of M. Martine's shirt,' But from the blood-red flower He she said. The only shirt he has at the war. Then she explained. A man who

had fought beside M. Martine in the trenches had contracted an illness which had necessitated his being inthe day When life and love and friendship valided home. By him M. Martine had sent that bit of shirt and a letter. would depart-And in the crimson petals seemed to

'Again I ask you,' he wrote, ' why in Heaven's name you don't send me a shirt? Four letters I have written begging you for a shirt. Did you get them? If so, I have had no reply. I have no shirt. Every week I get picture postcards from the children. They are very pretty and I am pleased to get them, but—why, ob, why, can

I get postcards and no shirt? I have worn this thing I have on fright— The little fingers trembled in dismay for two months. Yesterday I had the misfortune to break-I say break, not tear, for this stuff is past tearing —a piece out of one of the sleeves. I send it to you as a souvenir. It may stir you up to sending me a

heart stand still— Years after did he see that look

That

again, The day he followed Jesus up the Hill I luties, the spiritual sta which war brings seems to have turned the balance for many who -AGNES M. FOLEY were hovering on the brink of con-ZEALOUS PRIEST version, and large numbers of men and women have applied for instruc-tion in both Westminster and South-LOST IN STORM. BOTH FEET wark dioceses. The latest note-worthy convert is the Rev. Cecil FROZEN, AND AMPUTATION MAY BE NECESSARY Wilton, a very well known Yorkshire The Morning Albertan, Calgary, Dec. 16. rector, whose conversion has created The Rev. Father P. O'Dell Russell whose activities have resulted in the uilding of five Catholic churches in Alberta during the past eighteen

and it is possible that an amputation

He was driving from Empress to

Alsask. It was a bitter cold night,

RECOGNITION OF THE HOLY SEE

The announcement that England has accredited Sir Henry Howard a Envoy to the Holy See is a matter of Envoy to the Holy See is a matter of more than ordinary interest to all Catholics. Whether the appointment is permanent or only temporary has not been officially disclosed and no doubt will depend largely on the im-portance of the issues that may arise and the manner in which Sir Henry carries on the negotiations. It was a wise and prudent move on the part of England inasmuch as there is a large number of Catholics under the jurisdiction of her flag at home and in the colonies, and questions of a politico religious nature arise from time to time, involving a reference the true happiness of a Christmas day in the love and confidence of Christ, rather than in the satisfaction

a politico religious nature arise from time to time, involving a reference to the Vatican and it is well to have an accredited representative there to take up these questions directly with the Papal Secretary of State. Russia also has renewed her former relations with the Holy See by send-ing an ambassador in the person of Baron Nelidow who has just present-ed his credentials to the Holy Father. He stood all trembling at the half. closed door, A little, bare foot, dark-eyed sheped his credentials to the Holy Father. Prussia and Austria are officially represented there. Other countries, too, are considering the advisability of sending envoys to, the Vatican. This world wide recognition of the important part which the Holy See plays in international affairs is a matter of deep interest to Catholics in all countries. It shows that the herd boy, looked down shyly at the gifts he bore, Two hill side flowers, culled with eager joy, One red as blood, the other heavenly Pure-Yet still he waited at the half shut in all countries. It shows that the Holy See is gradually coming into its -St. Paul Bulletin. When lo ! upon His little manger

MR. BRYAN'S ANSWER

In a letter to Father Tierney of New York, the Honorable W.

New fork, the Honorable W. J. Bryan, Secretary of State, says: "With reference to the priests and nuns who had taken refuge at Vera Cruz, the Department would advise you that orders have been issued by delight, He entered shyly from the starlit you that orders have been issued by the Secretary of War to General Funston to convey all priests and nuns who desire to leave, to the United States, and it is the under-standing of the Department that this order has been complied with. "Regarding your request that this Government, withhold its recognition of any government in Maxico that ing low Within the Little Hand that called The pure white rose-bud whiter than

of any government in Mexico that does not grant real freedom of worship, the Department informs you that it will defer final decision as to whether or not to accord recognition to a government in Mexico until the time shall have arrived for making such a decision. When that time arrives, the Department assures you that the question of religious freedom in Mexico will receive due con sideration."

This letter was written nearly two months after the Committee. of which Father Tierney was Chairma waited on Mr. Bryan to protest against the outrages to which Cath-olics were subjected in Mexico. However, it is pleasing to have this belated assurance that the State Department will do what it can to the parametric and obtain stop this persecution and obtain guarantees of future security for Mexican Catholics. It is all right as far as it goes, but why the delay in giving this assurance? We hope the Department will see that perform-ment to hole of a performnce treads on the heels of promise. -St. Paul Bulletin.

FOURTH CLERGYMAN OF ESTAB. LISHMENT TO ENTER FOLD IN MONTH

The influx of converts in England during the two months of the war has been enormous. While Catho-lics themselves have been busy preparing themselves in this solemn time for all eventualities and many lax Catholics have returned to their

this teaching live again amongst men without it men and communities of men will never find peace. We urge therefore all who are suffering under any kind of hardship, not to keep their eyes fixed on earth, which is but a place of exile, but to lift them up to heaven, whither we are tending; for "we have not here a lasting city, but we seek one that is to come." (Hebr., xiii, 18.) In times of adversity, with which God tries the steadiness of their service, let them often reflect on the greatness of the reward when they have come victorious out of the struggle : "For that which is at present momentary and light of our tribulation, worketh for us above measure exceedingly an eternal weight of glory." (ii Cor., iv., 17). Lastly, it should be one of your chief cares, venerable Brethren, with all zeal and energy to make faith in the supernatural live again amongst men, and with faith the pursuit, the desire and the hope of what is eternal; for this work We ask the co-operation not only of the clergy, but of all those Catholics who, banded together in various societies. are labouring for God's honour and man's true good. The more this faith grows amongst men the more will the feverish pursuit of earthly vanities cease, and as charity grows strong social conflicts and tumulte will gradually die away. And now leaving this subject, and

turning to what more immediately concerns the state of the Church, Our spirit, saddened by the present calamities of the world, finds some recommodate them to the modern spirit. Hence have arisen the mon lief. For. in addition to the manifest proofs of the divine power and stabil-ity of the Church, we find no little consolation in the admirable fruits strous errors of Modernism, which Our Predecessor justly declared to be "a synthesis of all heresies," and which he solemnly condemned. That of the laborious Pontificate of Our of the laborious Pontificate of Our Predecessor Pius X., who during that Pontificate adorned the Apostolic, venerable Brethren, See with the example of a life in every way saintly. It is owing to him that We see the religious spirit of the clergy everywhere intensified, not been altogether the piety of the faithful aroused; a disciplined activity promoted

obedience should increase the weight and anxieties of their office ? To such a one the Apostle would say : "This is not expedient for you, (Ibid) and an advance due to the gift of God-have gone so far in their rashness that, exulting their own judgment above the authority of the Church, they have not hesitated to reduce the deep things of God, and the whole revelation of God to the measure of their and the states of the states with the Church. And now, venerable Brethren, at the close of this letter, Our mind their own understanding, and to ac

goes back spontaneously to the thought of peace with which We began. We pray with unceasing prayer for the good of men, and of the Church that this disastrous war may

KNEEL FOR PRIEST'S BLESSING

ness.

But the Red Cross doctors know when to call the priest. Four hours usually see the finish of the Asiatic cholers victim and the priest can be called none too soon after the first unfailing symptom is discovered. This symptom is like a death sen-tence, and these men, lying under the trees in the sunshine, their faces greenish in hue, their eyes closed, are dying, even though some of them have strength enough left to kneel upright as the priest blesses them. I have seen men killed : I've seen men hanged ; I've seen men execu-Is not expendent for you, (161d) and this because: "The Church is a flock cleaving to the shepherd": (S. Cypr. ep. 66) (al, 69) therefore he that is not with the bishop, is not that a human being could ever be-hold. I got the picture with my camera, but it is burned into my

mind more clearly than any film can ever show it. I'm going to put down the exact words as I wrote them at the moment while trying to force my stunned mind to grasp what I was seeing. They will show how weak

And I have sent him eight.' said Mme. Martine ; ' two in reply to each letter. To think of Francois wearing this — Francois, who was always washing and shampooing and chang-ing his clothes. Gaston says he is like the ground. And he cannot get

We laughed, but behind the laugh-ter were tears. We handled the scrap of sodden cloth almost reverently-it represented so much of human privation, suffering, devotion. That piece of shirt had been in the war. And that brought it home.

MIDNIGHT MASS

AT ST. PETER'S CATHEDRAL, LONDON

London Free Press, Dece congregation that not alone

his driver became confused in the blinding storm and got off the road, taxed the seating capacity of St. Peter's Cathedral, but which re-quired upwards of three hundred to and the two wandered out on the prairie until daylight came. Father tand in the rear of the edifice, at Russell was under the impression that he had frost-bitten his feet only, tended the solemn celebration of Pontifical High Mass at midnight. Right Rev. M. F. Fallon, D. D., was and continued with his work, return the celebrant and was assisted by the rector, Rev. P. J. McKeon, the prieste of the staff of the cathedral, deacons, subdeacons and seminarians, who with a score of acolytes, presented a

truly impressive spectacle. With Christmas day one minute old the ceremony commenced and its conclusion was reached shortly before 2 o'clock.

the injured member. Pontifical High Mass is one of the most impressive services in the Cath-olic ritual and its celebration at the midnight hour was rendered even more solemn and inspiring by a musical service of great splendor. The rendition of the Venite Adoramus, his misfortune.

To him who does everything in its proper time one day is worth three.

comething like consternation in his district. He held the living of Lonlesborough, in the East Riding, and Auglican Church Defence society. Recently he was received into the Church at Cardiff by the rector of months, is in the Holy Cross hos pital, with both feet badly frozen, may be necessary. Father Russell was lost in the St. Peter's. He is the fourth Anglican clergyman to be converted dur-ing the past four weeks.-The Missnow-storm that visited Southern Alberta on the night of December 6. ionary.

> FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, China, June 7, 1914. Dear Mr. Coffey, — When I came here two years ago I only had five catednists, now I have twenty-one. I owe this rapid progress principally to my dear friends of the CATHOLIO RECORD. God bless them and your worthy name: ing to Calgary a few days ago. Yes-terday he consulted with Dr. E. J. Madden, with regard to his injuries.

them and your worthy paper ! It takes about \$50 a year to sup-The physician forbade a trip that the priest was about to make to Mun-son, and ordered to the hospital. It is the opinion of the physician that port a catechist and for every such sum I receive I will place a man in a new district to open it up to the Faith. During the past few months one foot is so badly injured that amputation will be necessary, although I have opened up quite a number of new places and the neophytes are very effort is being made to save very pious and eager for baptism. You will appreciate the value of my catechists when I tell that I baptized Father Russell is one of the most active of the younger priests in Alberta, and it is entirely due to catechists when I tell that I baptized eighty five adults since the begin-ning of the year as a result of their work. I have even brighter hopes for the future if only my friends abroad will continue to back me up his efforts that churches have been built in Oyen, Richdale, Mun-son, Belseker, Drumheller and Youngstown recently. He has a host of friends, both in and out of the financially. J. M. FRASER. church who will learn with regret of

Previously acknowledged... \$4,694 98 Port Hope..... M. C. H., Midland..... 1 00 In memory of Mrs. Murchi-5 00

SIX

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

SUNDAY WITHIN THE OCTAVE OF CHRISTMAS

GREAT SIN-INTEMPERANCE

the grace of God was in him ." (Luke ii-40 As the end of the year draws near, it is well for us to pause, examine our-selves and see how we stand in the sight of Almighty God. Can it be said of each of us "the grace of God is in him ?" Many of us, it is true, have received the sacraments during this holy season ; while a few have neglected to partake of the graces God is willing to shower upon us. Some, perhaps, have placed obstacles in the way.

Of the many obstacles to God's grace, none is more potent than in-

Intemperance is an inordinate love of eating and drinking. When it refers to intoxicating drink, it is more frequently called drunkenness. Drunkenness is the immoderate use of intoxicating drink to such an ex-tent as to deprive one of the right use of reason

Drunkenness is a grievous mortal sin. Reason alone teaches this. For a man who voluntarily deprives himworks for temperance, for justice, for honesty, for righteousness and for the good of humanity. As God's Church, though its growth self of the reason without a grave se acts against his rational nature. He lowers himself to the level of the brutes and degrades the image of God that is in him. It is no sin, no crime to be a brute. But is it not a was slow through the centurics, triumphed over all her enemies; so, rievous sin, a grave crime for a man make a brute of himself?

Scripture also teaches the grievousness of the sin of drunkeness. St. Paul says, "Neither the impure, nor idolators, nor drunkards shall possess the kingdom of God." (I Cor. vi, 9,

Drunkards insult and outrage God beyond measure by preferring their low appetite to Him and by making as the same Apostle Paul says, "their God of their belly."

Drunkenness is the source of a multitude of other sins. Anger, quarrelling, fighting, murder, impur-ity and all kinds of wickedness are its daughters.

Of all sins it is the unapproachable chief. Not because it is worse in itself than some other sins ; but because of its consequences-because of the sin and vice and crime and shame-of the robberies and mur-ders and divorces and suicides that flow directly from it.

On that dreadful day, that day of woe, when the veil will be removed from the bottomless pit and we will, perhaps, be permitted to gaze down on the poor deluded victims suffering when the veil will be removed there for all eternity on account of the sin of drunkenness, then and then only will we have the faintest idea of the enormity of this sin and of the great number of victims who have failed on account of it to gain eaven, our being's end and aim. They will then see their great mis-

ake, but it will be too late. The drunkard not only injures himself, ruins his body and his soul, but he also bring untold misery on thers. Losing everything-health, noney, honor, friends and peace of -he makes wife and family miserable. He robs them of their bread, of their peace and often of their virtue by his evil example.

The drunkard's home is the picture blasphemy, quarrelling, disorder and

Drunkenness undermines the most robust constitution, destroys the body and kills the soul. It is the greatest scourge of the age, the surse of our nation, the terror of the family, the heart break of the wife and the path that leads to perdition. It is the curse of the nation from

every point of view — politically, materially and morally. It fills our

Every good work, every strong work, every enduring work, like the nighty oak whose lofty head and wide spreading branches defy the lercest storms of winter, is of slow to administer chlor wide s

to administer chloroform. By his struggles, due to his intoxication, he probably wears the doctors and nurses out. You can readily under-stand that if a man uses his strength to the extent of wearing out four or five other people, he has wasted a tremendous amount of his own en ergy and vitality, which he needed to stand the shock of the operation. The man needed all his reserve strength, and that is the reason he should not have been given whiskey. So you see the net results are that and steady growth. The better the work, the slower the growth and frequently the greater the opposition it excites. Take as an example the Catholic Church, the greatest of God's works on earth. How slow has been its growth! How great has ever been the opposition to it ! It is true, when we consider the So you see the net results are that the man has been shocked when he violent opposition to it at all times, its growth has been to a certain ex-tent marvelous; but when we con-sider its Divine origin, its beautitul

would have been necessary if he had been sober. Occasionally, however, ode of faith and morals and its sub a man is seriously injured who has lime mission, we wonder that its growth had not been greater. to travel some distance. This man needs a stimulant. There is just one stimulant that will do no damage, As another example, take our tem

perance societies such as the Knights of Father Mathew. Next to the means of grace provided us by God's holy Church, I know of nothing capand that is hot black coffee. when a man is being taken to the hospital and needs a stimulant, give him hot black coffee, put warm things around him, but never give him, whisky." able of doing more good than mem bership in one of these societies. As the devil and bad people are continually opposing the work of God's Church, so you will find people

GENERAL INTENTION FOR JANUARY

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS PIUS X.

THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER IN DAILY LIFE

The whole work of the Apostleship of Prayer is summed up in the words of St. Paul to the Philippians (vi. 5):

"Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus." The foundstion on which the Apostleship rests is the truth that our Lord by His Incarnation established between Himself and us as a union similar to that which unites together the members of the human body. "Know you not that your bodies are the members of Christ? . . . For as in our body we have many members, but all members have not the same office, so we, being many, are one body in Christ and every one mem-bers of one another" (I Cor. vi, 15; Rom. xii, 4, 5) And yet this union of Christ and His members is a fact that appeals to our intellects only as an abstract truth. Unless we use our wills to make it flower in our souls, it is a truth that will profit us little for eternity. The object of the Apostleship of Prayer is to bring this into activity, to give it a practical issue in our lives, to establish in

Catholics something more than a speculative interest in their Divine Head, to urge them to unite their prayers to His prayers, and to con-sider His sentiments and desires as being theirs also. In this way the members of Christ will co-operate with their Head in the sublime work for which He died on the Cross, and for which He continues to live His eucharistic life, namely, the salvation

The Apostleship of Prayer urges its members to become the fellow-apostles of Christ, and to exercise their zeal for the good of souls. Usually we couple apostolic zeal with eaching, teaching, suffering, carrying the Gospel to foreign countries, ending one's life possibly by martyr-dom. We are quite aware that every one is not called to teach, or preach,

or go to foreign countries, but even so, are we aware that all may become apostles by prayer? It rarely occurs to us that we can exercise our apostolic zeal even in our own omes; and this is a point that should he well understood.

How may we become everyday apostles of prayer? The answer is very simple. According to the ancient Fathers and ascetical writers

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

AFRAID SHE WAS DYING Suffered Terribly Until She Took "Fruit-a-tives" ST. JEAN DE MATHA, JAN. 27th. 1914.

ST. JEAN DE MATHA, JAN. 27th. 1914. "After suffering for a long time with Dyspepsia, I have been cured by "Fruit-a-tives". I suffered so much that I would not dare eat for I was afraid of dying. Five years ago, I received samples of "Fruit-a-tives". I did not wish to try them for I had little confidence in them but, seeing my husband's anxiety, I decided to do so and at once I felt relief. Then I sent for three boxes and I kept improv-ing until I was cured. While sick, I bot several pounds, but after taking "Fruit-a-tives", I quickly regained what I had lost. Now I eat, sleep and digest well--in a word, I am completely cured, thanks to "Fruit-a-tives". MADAM M. CHARBONNEAU

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pray; better to work; best of all to suffer.

To the question, must one be the state of grace to transform thus all one's works and sufferings into efficacious vital prayer? the answer is, a state of grace is necessary to make those works and sufferings meritorious, that is, worthy of an eternal recompense, but a state of grace is not necessary to give them an imperative value. Naturally, if our souls are in this happy condi-

tion, our prayers of whatever nature will be more agreeable to God and will have greater imperative power that is, they will have greater effi-cacy in obtaining favors from God. From what precedes we may learn how easy it is to turn our daily pray ers, sufferings and actions into works of impetration. We are doing some thing all the time; if not praying vocally or mentally, we are acting or suffering. The Apostleship of Prayer shows how to turn all these deeds, active and passive, into weapons of apostolic zeal. It asks us to offer at the beginning of each day all our prayers, sufferings and good works to God for the intentions and desires of His Sacred Heart. By this offer ing we become fellow apostles of Jesus, our actions are spiritually vitualized, and even though we do not think of repeating the act during the day; the formal daily offering we made continues to have an impetra

tive power throughout the day. This is really the M das touch that turns all our actions and sufferings into gold. Our Daily Offering transforms our works into vital prayer, in ex-change for which God is pleased to shower down in profusion His most precious graces on ourselves and on

ose for whom we crave them. Is was the efficacy of vital prayer, as expressed in the Morning Offering of the League, that drew these lines from a holy bishop who had been diocesan director for twenty years If I shall have a small corner in Paradise it will be due in great part to the Apostleship of prayer. I be-gan to practise the Morning Offering early in life. While I was still pupil at college the formula was as miliar to me as the 'Our Father, and I became convinced that this of fering which, theologically if not retracted, influences all the works of

e day, would

eternal interests at stake, is in this age a powerful means of per-severance. The Apostleship of Prayer, far from being mystic or un-intelligible, is easily understood by everybody and adds nothing to the burdens of an ordinary Ohristian life. And yet a remark is inevitable here. A mechanism may be very simple, but it will never go until some one takes the time and the trouble to set in motion. If a interests at stake, is in the trouble to set in motion. If a clock runs down and stops, it will stay stopped until some one winds it up again. If the League of the Sacred Heart languishes here and there, or even dies out, the fault is not to be attributed to its mysticism or to any complicated wheelwork or to any complicated wheelwork, but rather to the inertia of the motor.

The best way to see what the League can do in the life of a parish is to look at results. For fifty years it has been in operation in various countries, and has now about sixty nine thousand affiliated centers. Here in Canadait is exercising aspiritualiz-ing influence on the lives of six hundred thousand Catholics and it has multiplied Holy Communion everywhere. The League of the Sacred Heart arouses in Catholics a continual consciousness of the presence of God; it keeps up parishes the spirit of piety, fosters zeal for the reception of the Sacraments; it promotes eager-ness to hear the word of truth as well as assiduity in the service of God; it gives life to sodalities and other parish organizations already existing; it encourages Catholics to

profess the faith openly; it inspires devotedness to the interests of Christ and His Church; it excites a spirit of love and concord and good order in families. How then, can a parish fail to grow better if parishioners are fervent members of the League and practise the devotions to the Sacred Heart, the source of all personal piety?

Nay more, the League unites the nearts of men to the apostolic Heart of Jesus. Not merely is it a great help to personal piety, but it is also a potent spiritual help for those apos tolic men and women who are laboring for souls in foreign lands. Knowing that prayer fertilizes the seeds of truth they are planting in the hearts of the heathen, those brave missionaries are continually craving the prayers of their breth en at home. Our daily deeds and sufferings, turned into vital prayer by the offering we make of them to God, will be our response to their petitions. What a consolation to know that the little things of life things that often seem to us petty and trivial—may be of priceless value, if we are wise enough to use them for apostolic ends! When we learn that we may become apostles by prayer without moving from our own firesides, life assumes a brighter aspect for us pilgrims on our way to eternity; new and unsuspected sources of merit reveal themselves to us; new consolations will await us, when souls that have been con verted and saved by our vital pray ers, stand up to plead for us on the

Day of Judgment. E. J. DEVINE, S. J.

'HIS NAME COULD NOT BE LEARNED"

Recently a young man seized with vertigo, fell from the platform of a New York subway station to the track. Two cars of the approaching xpress passed over his body.

nd had to be carried to the stree

"In the crowd that saw the dent," writes the reporter of a New York newspaper, "there was much hysterical excitement. Women faint-

KNOW THE TRUTH

We hear that the Church teach this or that, when the fact is that the Churches teaches nothing of the kind. We are told that the Church

takes this or that position, when as a matter of fact it takes none. And so we go on through life, hearing the Church charged with doing many things that it never does and with holding views that it never held But if we have never studied Church history or doctrine, how can we know that the charges are false, or how can we answer them even if they have not foundation in fact? It is

therefore a very serious and grievous matter when parents or guardians allow their children to grow up in ignorance of Catholic doctrine and history, when they never see that they go to Church, never take them there themselves and never insist that they shall be well acquainted with Catholic truths and history.

It is true that persons well instructed somtimes are allowed by God to fall from faith, but their number is small, is insignificant, compared to the number who sink into apostasy because they have not been properly instructed when they were children, because they never read anything Catholics and are as ignorant of Cath-olicity practically as they are religious tenets of the Llama. Catholics who know their religion will learn to love it, and loving it they will not lose it. They will cling to the faith as they should, and God will bless them in this world and the next.-Catholic Herald.

To suffer and be silent, that is a divine art. There is a weakness in the excessive craving for sympathy. You think you are having a harder time than your neighbor, from whose lips no complaint ever escapes; but if you knew his or her lot you might deem yourself fortunate compared to them.



A Clean Mouth **Promotes Health**

Oral hygiene is quite properly focus-ing the attention of the medical profes-sion as well as the laity. A noted author-ity is quoted as easying: "There is not one single thing more important in the whole range of hygiene than hygiene of the mouth."

In the process of sterilizing the month —destroying disease germs—dependance may be placed on Absorbine, Jr. This germicidal liniment has made good under severe laboratory tests and its use as a germicidate to a seventine is because geim destroyer and preventive is becom-ing quite general. It is unlike the usual germicide because it is non-poisonous, and is safe and harmless to use.

and is safe and harmless to use. Prof J. D. Hird, Biological Chemist, Washington, D. C., after an extensive laboratory examination of Absorbine, Jr. reports "Four or five drops of Absorbine, Jr. to an ounce of water is sufficient to thoroughly cleanse the mouth and teeth of injurious bacteria, without injurious action on the teeth." (Complete report mailed upon request.) Sold by most drugsists at \$1.00 per bottle or sent post-paid by the manufacturer, W. F. Young, P. D. F., 299 Lymans Bldg., Montreal, Canada.

Mrs. Housekeeper!

Canada.

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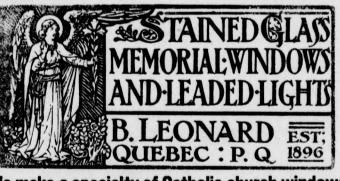
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ions. Join a temperance society, if convenient for you to do so. Even if you do not need it yourself, do so for the good you may do to others. One who avoids the occasion, who follows the teaching of the Church and partakes of her means of grace will obtain the grace to overcome all

Of such a person it can be said. And the grace of God was in him.'

TEMPERANCE

claiming to be Christians who oppose

too, the temperance cause, though of slow growth, will triumph in the

Endeavor at all times to be on the

Follow the teachings of the Church.

side of temperance, of justice, of honesty and of God.

Frequently approach the sacraments. The grace of God is all powerful.

Avoid the occasion, keep away from drinking places and compan-

end

such societies and everyone

" DO YOU DRINK ?" "Going South one spring," said Connie Mack, "I took a fancy to a youngster who was to be tried out. I liked his looks and I liked his line of talk-above all, I liked his high spirits. Seemed to me that he would be there fighting all the time-never down in the mouth and ready to quit. So, having taken such a fancy

to him, I began to pry into his pri-vate life a little, but in such a way as to make him see that I was-you of souls. know-really interested in him, not merely curious about his own affair Quite casually, as I might have asked him if he liked to go to the theatre,

I inquired if he drank. "Well, that young fellow was frank and above board about it. Said he took a drink once in a while-a glass of beer occasionally, sometimes a whisky; but almost always he drank to be sociable—to be ' a good fellow.'

" 'Do you ever go a while without drinking ?' I asked him. Sure !' he exclaimed. ' Some

times I go two weeks or a month without taking a drink.' Don't you miss it ?' I asked

him. "' Not a bit ! Never miss it at all." "'I kept quiet a few minutes. Then I came at the youngster this way: 'Of course, I understand—I prayer, mental prayer, and vital way: Of course, I understand—I know your drinking doesn't amcunt to anything. But if anybody was to sk ma shout you, of course I could ask me about you, of course I could-it is merely a question of choosing the handlest and easiest for our pursay you drink.' Here I stopped-to let it sink in : then I went on. "' Now, so long as you don't miss it when you're not taking it, if I were you I'd think it over and decide whether the drinking is worth classing yourself with those who do drink, with those who can't get along with. out the stuff.' Say, in two days that youngster came to me and said : "Mr. Mack, if anybody asks you

was hurt, and we have to shock him twice as much with chloroform as

By his stion, he

jails and poor houses and causes more sorrow, pain and misery than fire and sword, famine and earthquake

But let me tell you this: no Cath-clio is a drunkard. When I say this I mean that no true Catholic, no Catholic worthy of the name, no Catholic who attends to his religious duties is or can be a drunkard. The drunkard may lay claim to be a Cath-olic, but he is a Catholic only in name. For the true Catholic is one who not only believes all the teach ings of Jesus Christ and His Church, but who also practises them. He is a follower of Christ in word and in deed. And would you say that the drunkard is a follower of Jesus Christ, that he practices the teach-ings of the crucified? The thought

Jesus Christ taught both by word and example, and His Church ever teaches, the beautiful virtue of temperance-moderation in all things. The Church approves of total abstinence and encourages all to join total abstinence societies.

We know full well that a taste often begets a liking, and a liking, a craving. The only safe course to ble stuff.

The one who never touches in toxicating drink will never become a drunkard. The one who does indulge danger of some time taking too much. The bad habit of treating, the fear of being considered mean or stingy and the desire of being called a good fellow have led many to their temperal and eternal ruin. For this on all reasonable persons admit that it is far better never to taste the vile (poison, that steals away the brain and changes men to demons. The work of temperance, and of total abstinence is a slow, a difficult

and an unpepular one. But it is right, it is God's work and should be sided by all true followers of the Saviour.

whether I drink, you tell 'em I don't, for I do not drink.'

Perhaps there's something like a tip in that," commented Mack. "Any business man who has to handle men can take it for what it's worth. I haven't any patent on it, although it's my method."

"NEVER GIVE HIM WHISKY !" A western railroad issues instructions on how to give "first aid " to an injured man. The following passage

is of particular interest : "Now we have stopped the bleed. ing and have the man lying down, but another good friend with a bottle of whisky arrives and gives whisky to the injured man in such large quantities that he often becomes drunk, and by the time he reaches the hospital he is drunk.

The injured man is put on the operating table and the doctors and nurses try to hold him down in order

LIQUOR and TOBACCO HABITS

pose. Vocal prayer is the prayer which we offer with our lips to God

in private, as well as the public prayers which are recited during the Divine services in our temples. Mental prayer is prayer uttered by the heart without any set form of words; it is the prayer media-tion, and contemplation. Both forms prayer are agreeable to God and both are sources of grace

and merit. Vital prayer is possibly not so familiar to us; it is what St. Francis of Sales calls prayer of action when we offer to God our good works, sufferings, and so on, with the inten-tion of appealing to His generosity for ourselves or for others. Vital prayer is efficacious, first, when the

works offered are good, that is, when they are not sinful, and secondly, when they are offered up to God with the intention of gaining some grace from Him; thereby giving them an imperative value.

We can give little time to vocal and mental power in our busy lives, but we can see at once what a large field is open for the operation of vital prayer. Our lives are made up of little deeds, one succeeding the other, we are acting or suffering all the time; the thousand and one inci-

dents that fill up our days are the material that may be turned into vital prayer; we have simply to offer our actions to God, asking Him to accept them as apostolic prayer of-fered for the intentions He has most

at heart. Naturally our actions are not all equally efficacious. Even though our fervor be equal, the little daily sac-

rifices that we impose upon ourselves or that we accept volun-tarily from the hand of God, if offered

a great deal of merit for me." It is children were led away crying, and precisely the object of the First Deree (the daily Morning Offering), to direct the intention, and give merit of the excitement, a priestshouldered to a great many actions that would otherwise have none. His way through the crowd on the platform. With some difficulty, he otherwise have none. The Apostleship of Prayer, better

known as the League of the Sacred Heart, is so familiar to Canadian Catholics that the object of the presis so familiar to Canadian ant article is simply to explain a little more fully than usual the spirit of the organization, and to give our

readers a more intellectual grasp of it. Some people find that the League is too mystic to be popular, and yet its rapid extension since it was founded in 1845 down to the present time, is a proof that even the most uneducated seize the simplicity of the work. It is simple in its object, which is to save souls by prayer and action rendered efficacious by an ardent devotion to the Sacred Heart. It is simple in its practices, for what could be simpler than to offer one's works and sufferings every morning to God in union with His Sacred Heart? What simpler than to ask our Lady's intercession in

this work by a decade of her rosary every day? This is the Second De-What simpler or easier than gree. to go to Communion once a month to atone for our own sins and for those of our fellowmen? This is the Third Degree.

apparently has very little in it that recalls mystic speculation or that is beyond the scope of the humblest minds. Prayer, devotion to Mary, frequentation of the sacraments. are

religion. To offer our daily actions to God and spiritualize them is the ourselves or that we accept volun-tarily from the hand of God, if offered basis of a reasonable Christian life; with an impetrative intention, will be more powerful than actions that entail no suffering or sacrifice. The axiom is always true; it is well to

people swarmed from the street, blocking the subway. In the midst got in between the cars, and administered the last rites of the Church to the dying man who was perfectly conscious, as he lay upon the tracks. Then the priest clambered back to the platform, and went his way. His name could not be learned."

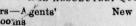
From the New York subway station, let your thoughts take you back to the Rome of nearly nineteen centuries ago. The little group of men and women standing on the sands of the Colosseum, anxiously scan the faces of the clamoring mot about them. Somewhere in that vast crowd is an old Jewish fisherman. As death rushes upon Christ's witnesses, the old man will raise hand, and pronounce the words that were spoken by the unknown priest in the darkness and turmoil of the New York subway recently. The old fisherman and the priest, whose 'name could not be learned," are thinking of that merciful commission which their Lord gave them when He walked among men in the fields of Galilee, "Whose sins you shall

forgive, they are forgiven them.' "Ab. thank God. the priest is here !" In the palaces of kings and the huts The daty to pray to the Sacred Heart, to ask the intercession of our Lady to receive Holy Communion, pest house, at the lonely bedside pest house, at the lonely bedside where there was only one to comfort, practices that lie at the foundation of religion. To offer our daily actions which there is no returning. "Then

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JANUARY 2. 1915

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE NEW YEAR

andshake all the hard things which

have come to you. never dodging out of them, but turning them all to the

WORTH WHILE

A man's work in the world looks

man. That it is a tremendous privi-lege and responsibility to be doing a man's work in the world

admits of no questions. But what the woman forgets is that it is by far a greater privilege and an infinitely

greater responsibility to shape and control the early influences and the

so often say : "What I am I owe to my mother ; the credit is hers. She

MUST FIT THE JOB

Every young man going out into the world to seek employment must remember, that one of the most im

portant things he must learn is to make himself fit his job, says the In-

iness mountain, the job, the atmos-

phere of the office will never rush to

meet the beginner. It is up to the

place, and try to make yourself at home as soon as possible. Try to fit

in, to become a part of your sur-roundings. If you can not do that

if you find that you will never fit in where you are, then be fair to your

employer and still more to yourself.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

LITTLE PETE

Brown," said Sister Ignatia, as

" Something new in No. 11, Doctor

tos wrapped heating pipes in a city hotel. His left arm was thrown over the neck of a little cur, shaggy and

fuzzy as an unshorn sheep ; but with a loving light in its buffalo eyes of a

'And the dog ? I thought there was

aped ; I did."

best possible account.

The approach of the New Year makes timely a consideration of the manner in which every one of us has so much bigger and more important to a woman than her work in the home. And every once in a while even the best of mothers catches herspent the past twelve months. Every one may well ask himself such quesself sighing as she reads or hears of some piece of vital work done by a one as these : 1. Am I a better man to-day than

I was at this time last year ? 2. Have I made a good use of the

past twelve months ? 8. What harm have I done? What sins have I committed ? What in-juries have I inflicted on my neigh-bors? What opportunities for good have I wasted ? What evil example

I given ? Am I stronger to resist tempta

tion ? Am I more firm in my resolution to serve God ? Had I greater control over my passions than I had Does my soul dominate my in 1918? body ? Am I more temperate in eat-ing and drinking ? Am I more

control the early influences and the environment that are to create the man who is to do the work. The greater work doubles the great "worthwhileness" of every hour in a mother's life, compared with that of a man. He does what he is created and shaped to do, but the mother has created and shaped the man to do it. That is why we hear successful men so often say: "What I am I owe to my mother ; the credit is hers. She What good have I done during

5. What good have I done during the closing year? What virtues have I practiced? What merits have I laid up against the day of judg-ment? Have I been good to the poor? Have I been a model member of the parish? Have I been a fair sample to non Catholics of what the Catholic religion produces in the way Catholic religion produces in the way of Christians ?

6. If I keep on as I have been going during this year, where will I dustrial Enterprise. There is nothing in the world re-

quiring energy and patience that really agrees with one at first. School days are pleasant only That is the vital point. As a man lives so shall he die. If I were to when they are a memory. If the mountain will not come to you, you must go to the mountain. The busdie now, where would I be likely to be for eternity ?

THE PASSING OF TIME

beginner to meet the mountain. And he will have to do it quick or some one else will step in and take his place. If you are willing to learn, willing to adapt yourself, then size up your job, the atmosphere of the

THE PASSING OF TIME Youth is full of impatience. It longs to hurry events and bring for-ward the coming days that look full of glorious possibilities. Sorrow, too, is impatient. "How long, O Lord, how long?" cry the voices of those who look out on the world's wrong and oppression, suf-fering souls that groan under bur-dens hard to be borne, and righteous souls that grow hot with indignation at cruelty and injustice in high places.

History is full of protest at the ch of the times, and every slow ma home and heart knows its hours torturing suspense when it would gladly make the shadows on the dial go faster. But waiting times are not lways the worst times for nation or for souls, and many of us have heard, when they were over, the tenderly reproachtul question, "Could ye not watch with me one hour ?" We forget with whom we are asked to wait, whose time we are to bide.

Brown," said Sister Ignatis, as I went with her on my weekly round in the Emergency Ward of St. Joseph's Hospital. There on the smooth white pillow lay a black curly head lit by large beaming brown eyes, twinkling and rolling in a full-moon face. The lad looked about ten years old. But what a sight he was! His whole body seemed a mass of bandages; arms and legs bound huge as asbes-tos wrapped heating pipes in a city More common still, perhaps, is the lesire to turn the dial shadows backward, or at least re-live some of its hours. "I did not know how happy I was, what treasures and opport nities were mine," says the regret-l voice. "If I had it to do over ful voice. "It I had it to do over again "- But life's sun does not turn back for either repentance or regret; the clearer vision is for the future, it cannot change the past. Sometimes it is distrust and ingratitude that would turn the dial back-a refusal to see the blessings of the present or meet the future with faith d courage. There are lives that and courage. There are lives that after the noon record is made are al-ways facing backward. No days can compare with the old days, nothing new can equal the old things. Old new can equal the old things. Our ways, old beliefs, old institutions are better than anything that can pos-sibly succeed them, and clinging hands protestingly hold fast to that which is slipping away. The spirit

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

sender "God bless you" counts for, was found but he absolutely refused any admittance to his home. The messenger came back unrewarded Again he returned to the hovel ; this then an hour's wrangling in controversy concerning mocted points in religion. The poor sinner needs fewer drugs and more nursing. time with Pete's shoes and cap. The rough growl became a plaintive whine, as if to say: 'I am ready to "If I could feel my mother's kiss," said a wounded soldier on the battle field, "it would do me more good than a dozen telegrams."—The Misfollow you wherever you go. You are going to lead me to my little sionary.

> JESUITS AND THE WAR

Such was the story of Sister Ignatia. And so here they were as I found them; boy and dog—the in-separables! friends, true, loyal, lov-ing friends. Together all day: and at night Chap slept in his little rug and straw palace under the shed; with three full meals a day. He seemed to realize that something was wrong; but friends were to-gether and that was enough. Pate grew only a little bit stronger Even the war on the Kaiser does not stop the war on the Church maintained by some confirmed anti-Catholics. Doubting and suspecting the Jesuits has become such a habit with them that they find a Jesuit at getner and that was enough. Pete grew only a little bit stronger day by day. He was suffering ter-ribly from the internal injuries. But he was cheery and patient and within a few days had a troop of friends. Father Ward, the chaplain, the bottom of every mischief. The Churchman's Magazine, an English Protestant paper, has discovered clear proof of the malign influence of the Jesuits in bringing on the war. It appears that "on Aug. 8, four hundred Jesuits left England in was the father he had never known a body. The fact that such a large body of Jesuits left England one day always spoke to him kindly, which was something new to him since he lost his mother. The nurses all claimed the little cripple as their before war was declared." suggests to the writer "that they knew it was coming before war was actually declared. It also suggests that the

own : and even the old surgeon lin-gered longer than usual on his daily Jesuits provoked the war by con-trolling German Imperial policy." With time Sister Ignatia learned

Commenting on this, our London contemporary, the Universe, says : "There is practically no limit says: "There is practically no limit to the field of suggestion that might be presented to such a mind as this! All that we need remark on the sub ject is, that the Jesuits who England on Aug. 3, left it in obedi-ence to the call of patriotism, as expressed in the decree of mobilization already issued by the country of which they were subjects. The French Jesui's at Ore Place, near Hastings, had been exiled from France by anti-clerical laws which proscribed their community life and opposed every exercise of their Catholic devotion. Secure in this country, they might, had they so wished have been deat to the call of a State which has treated them so badly. But this was not their way: France called, and France's exiled sons

answered to the call. French Jesuits went out to fight and, if God so willed, to die. They are fighting for the Union Jack as well as for the Tricolor; perhaps by now their blood has mingled with British blood upon the stricken field. An odd way, this, to prove their hatred of England their control of German Imperia policy! But nothing, we are told, is impossible to a Jesuit, so it may well be that he will go even to the length of death itself to justity his heinous-

WHEN REPRIMANDING

In one of his exquisite essays Rob ert Louis Stevenson tells of an in-spectional visit he made in his young days, when he assisted his father in his work as a lighthouse builder on the coast of Northern Britain. The future writer came upon men who had not been keeping their reflectors in proper shape, and dirty window-panes were too common. At one place he "bent his brows upon the keeper " in stern rebuke for in stern rebuke for some sin of commission or omission in the matter of lamps and panes, and afterwards when we went down to the man's living rooms found him making a coffin for his infant child. Stevenson says that this discovery, coupled with his repri-mand, caused him to feel "a keen



Creator to His creatures' pain; and it is their accumulation that drives divine love out of a beautiful, trustright to punish," says a writer ; " all have a right to pardon." In any case it is well to avoid haste in our reful soul and leaves in it only bitter provings, for sometimes, if we knew all, we would advise more than ad-monish.—St. Paul Bulletin. questionings. When the book has got thus far it

stops. Of course the process may or may not be altogether unusual in those of non Catholic convictions, but it has no counterpart within the Church. It is well, however, for Catholics to realize that there are many doubts, much unbelief, and growing attitude of irreverence for

growing attitude of investigation for things supernatural and divine in the hearts about them. Such books are not to be read, but it will do no harm to know that they exist. Wary read-ing is required nowadays of those who would safeguard the purity of their faith.-America.

HIS PREDICAMENT

A writer of some note attacking the Catholic Church declared that the Catholics wished to take the Bible out of the schools. This, he roundly asserted would never be tolerated while he and other good "Americans" survived. Then he found that his own minister in a sermon rejected the story of Jona and the whale, and a few days after ward the same minister defended a applicant for ordination to the ministry who rejected the Divinity of Christ. In less than one week this vigorous "American," who was pre-

pared to give up his life to keep the Bible (his Bible) in the Public schools found that the Old Testament and the New Testament had been riddled by his own minister. Now a few friends of his are asking if he re-Violent unbelief has never been attractive. The normally constituted mind is reverent, and listens in no ceives bulletins from week to week to keep him duly informed on just how much of his Bible is still ortho kindly spirit to revolt and protest against familiar traditions and time dox, and therefore to be defended honored truths. Those who would even at the cost of his life, as a part obtain a hearing must disguise their of the reading curriculum in

THE CROSS

Public schools .--- Catholic News.

A Protestant minister returned from abroad tells us of a Celtic cross which stands in a conspicuous plac in the town of Bandon, Ireland, and which bears this inscription : Lest we forget! This cross was

Master of the world as they please, but in their speech and in their writ cast out of Kilbroggan Churchyard, ings, they must not assail the exist. ence or the prerogatives of God. Such a stand is not popular. God may be ignored, and the practice of Bandon, by the Rector, Churchwar-dens, and Select Vestry, 27th April, 1903, as being Romish, idolatrous ignoring Him is growing every day; but He should not be attacked. and ritualistic. A subsequent appli cation for readmission was This much at least of the old re and such refusal was upheld by the pang of self reproach." In other spectability still exists. How long it decision of the Cork Diocesan Court, words, he said to himself : "Had I will maintain its influence may be a

what@Americans call mere Brooklyn Tablet.

SEVEN

KEEP RIGHT WITH GOD

"Never lose heart because you are sinners. Just go to Our Lord and have tremendous confidence, for it is because you are a sinner He will because you are a sinner He will halp you," says Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J. "Sometimes I am naked by people well set up for a pit-tance. I looked at a man the other day who asked me for his fare down the country, and I said: 'My friend, I was going to ask you to give me something.' I was not impressed. But a poor woman with a baby in her arms and a basket of shamrock, with an apple here and there, comes and arms and a basket of shamrock, with an apple here and there, comes and begs me to help her. And how could I refuse. She wants it. She is really in need. Well, perhaps a friend will say to me. 'She will only misuse it,' and I say: 'That is not my business; that is here.' If I made use of that argument, and went to Our Lord and said: 'Never give me anything but what I am going to make the best use of,' I am afraid I should not get much. So I say I must give help to my suppliant, and as to what she does with it is her business, not mine. So with Our Lord. Tell Him of your spiritual poverty. Say to Him, 'I am addicted to drink, I am unkind at home, or I slander my neighbors, and so help me.' Why, He would leap, if neces-sary, from His throne and help you. The greater your misery the more worthy an object you are of His help and generosity. In dealing with our Lord you are dealing not only with a God, but with a Man Who is intensely human. You can disarm Him by your appeals, and put Him at a disadvantage. If you will but throw yourself in all your misery at His feet He will bend towards you, and open to you His heart. My brethren, one thing is necessary, keep right with God, and He will make use of you for others."

SOCIAL LEGISLATION

"Man Precedes the State," says Pope Leo XIII, "and possesses prior to the formation of any State, the right of providing for the sustenance of his body. The State must not absorb the individual or the family, both should be allowed free and un-trammelled action so far as is consistent with the common good in the interests of others. It should be borne in mind that the chief thing to be realized is the safeguard of private property by legal enactment and public policies.'

State insurance, state this or state that, is indeed not a guarantee in safeguarding private property. In this particular the state is not protecting but directing private endeavor; it is not encouraging private business but competing with private business. This condition of affairs is commonly known as Socialism; when it correctly should be called indifferentism. Men of influence, officers of organizations, yes, the average citizen is too indifferent to the needs of his fellowmen. He does not heed the cries of the restless masses, his eyes sense not the ills of

the day. Social legislation is not an evil, it is a necessity; is an evil how-ever, when in the hands of a paternalistic government. The weaker members of the society, the less circumstanced need prot by the government, but not charityhis fellowmen, and not his govern nt, are bound in duty to correct those conditions which oppress and suppress him. It is the citizen, not the government, that should partici pate in this activity, and then social service, and not Socialism will be, ever present.-Church Progress.

ness in the eyes of the Churchman' Magazine.

perhaps, too. He would tell him to get up and be well. Then he would glance over at Chap ; perhaps to see

consequently decided that he should eceive baptism, and then be admitted at once to Holy Communion Certainly it was the one desire of the little lad's heart. Pete spoke of nothing else; he even raved over it during his sleep. On the day ap-pointed he was baptized. Next morning, the First Friday in June,

friend knowing and loving a friend. "What's all this, Sister ?" I asked. "And the dog? I thought there was no admittance for dogs here !" "The accident happened a few days ago, Doctor. The city ambu-lance drove up with the boy and was off at once. He was hurried in on a stretcher and on examination we found a crushed, mashed, bruised and broken human hedy. Only big

welcome Him more lovingly.

his story. He had sold papers since he was six years old and by that means had helped to keep a roof over his poor sick mother, until she died a year before. Where she was buried he knew not: " two men took her off " . . . and how he would her off " . . . and how he would then weep! This was the great tragedy of Pete's short life! Since her death Chap had been his only friend; he had been able to sell

Such was the story of Sister

Sister Ignatia he loved because

rounds.

papers enough to buy food and shel ter for them both; and after all ter for them both; and atter all, what more did they need, he thought? Of his accident he knew nothing; he had not seen the auto turn the corner, and remembered

nothing for days after. Here was a soul to win for heaven and for Sister Ignatia this was the one object ever in view, cost what it may. Pete had never heard of God ; once, his mother had said to "Be good and God will bless him, "Be good and God will bless you." But he thought it quite strange.

'I never see'd Him in all New

York. Each day Sister Ignatia taught him a little more of our Creation and Redemption. Our Lord and and Redemption. Our Lord and Saviour's life appealed to him most tenderly. His birth in a stable, His home at Nazareth, and how He healed the sick, blessed little chil-dren, was kind to every one, and lastly His great suffering and death on the Greas A huse tear world on the Cross. A huge tear would

run down the soft cheek of the lad and he thought that if this great Man had been still on earth He would have made his mother better ;

if the dog also was crying. Father Ward was pleased with Pete's progress in catechism, and

Pete's room was turned into a little chapel ; and when the sweet Friend of the lowly came to visit His little patient never did a child's heart

WHY HAVE A POPE? A non Catholic reader of The Advance writes to the editor of that paper to ask if the Pope is not a very expensive and wholly unnecessary luxury. He says that "the Metho dists. Baptists, Episcopalians," etc. get along without a Pope and even

make a pretty fair showing of godliness; so why keep up the medieval superstition? In the course of its reply The Advance says: The facts are that the Papacy is of divine origin, and that the Church

teaches so. According to Father Maturin, a

well known convert, the Papacy is not a mere question of ecclesiastical policy, but, as Catholics maintain, it is the divinely constituted means for protecting the Church from disrup-tion. If the preservation of Truth in its entirety is necessary, then we must admit also the necessity of those means provided for its servation, chief of which is supremacy of the Pope.

It is of no avail to mince matter or gloss over difficulties. The Pope is to religion what the heart is to the human body.

WARY READING

reactionary tenets and given them a

resentation that makes a show of

sympathy for the old and well-worn

habits of human thought. Even

with us, in spite of our wide drifting from religious moorings, there is little sympathy with the open, un varnished expression of intellectual

atheism. In their practice men may be as unconcerned about the divine

at least not often.

the offered good of the other it refuses to consider. My times are in Thy hand," said

the Psalmist trustfully. The Lord Who appoints the circuit of the sun is also the Father Who watches the lengthening shadows. Into each step of the way he sends the work, the strength and the outlook that belong to that step. To each He gives its compensations for whatever is left behind, and for each there is new joy and blessing awaiting the heart that will receive them. "Life grown sweeter and fuller all the way," 'Life grown cheerily wrote a sunshine saint "and if I live to be eighty I expect to be having the time of my life.' Why not? For when the shadow creeps to the last step there is only a little pause, and then the beginning of a new day .- Catholic Columbian.

warmer feeling in their hearts be-cause you did so. You will be glad that you were happy when doing the small, every-day things of life; that you served the best you could in life's lowly round. You will be glad that men have said all along your way: " I know that I can trust him. He is as true as steel." You will be glad that true as steel." You will be glad that there have been some rainy days in your life. If there were no storms, the fountains would dry up ; the sky would be filled with poisonous vapors, and life would cease.

You will be glad you stopped long enough every day to read carefully. and with a prayer in your heart, some part of God's message to those He loves. You will be glad that you shut your ears tight against the evils shut your ears sight against the evils men said about one another, and tried the best you could to stay the words winged with poison. You will be glad you brought smiles to men, and not sorrow. You will be glad that you have met with a hearty

had escaped. He was put on that takes this attitude loses the joy of both past and present ; the one is a grief because it is vanishing, and the table at once, dressed, bandaged, and laid on his cot as tenderly as if he had been a week old baby. 'Right arm and left ankle broken ; severa bad cuts on body ; internal injuries but notivet abletto say how serious, was the record filed of him. "For hours life seemed only flick.

and broken human body. Only his

me, won't you, Father ?" A fortnight later, the eve of the ering; the struggle was desperat All night we were by his side. At feastaof the Sacred Heart of Jesus, times there was not a breath ; th we were all praying that our Saviour might work some miracle for the crippled lad, as Pete had given all so deep groan would come to tell the tale of his suffering. Next morning about 6 o'clock he suddenly opene nerously to Him, living each day his large brown eyes and looked around dazedly; then with an effort in preparation for the next Communon and in thanksgiving for the one to rise, and in the most pleading tones, he muttered : "' Where is I? already made.

Where is Chap ?' "A kind word in his ear, a soft and he promised to bring Holy Con hand on his brow, a little sip placed to his lips, was all I could do. "'No I! must go. I want Chap wiz me,' he murmured. munion after midnight. Pete was too tired to sleep; but how he did

"His eyes shot glazedly about the

When the years have slipped by and memory runs back over the path you have trod, you will be glad that you stopped to speak to every friend you met, and left them all with a warmer feeling in their hearts be he fell saleep—only to wake and look longingly for Chap, to toss his shaggy curls, twitch his dazed eyes

Maker. The miracle had long ago been granted-Francis L. Fenwick, "What could be done to soothe his unrest? There seemed only one S. J., in the Messenger of the Sacred thing-got this wonderful Chap. . But who was he? 'Tell me who Chap is and we'll send for him,' I Heart.

suggested. Chap! Youze ain't heard of

Chap? Chap is ma dog. He's the best dog in all New York. "'Yes, but where is he? Where do you live, and what is your name?'

"'Chap is home. My name's Pete. Womens all call mom Miss Jeffers zeal for souls. And not only more men does she need, but more manfore she's gone. . . But I'm just Pete.

Very well, Peter ; but where do you live ?' "'I live upstairs ; 66 -St. That's

where I allurs stayed.' "Just what we wanted. Chap (would be found and peace restored to this aching heart and body. "We hurried off a messenger to the poor quarter address. The dog

religion, what wins men's souls to God, is contact of souls. A quiet

known of this sorrow I would have matter of doubt, but its influence has Divine Lord were to take you up with Him to join the other angel boys and girls about His throne ?" admonished differently." "Had I known-..." Longfellow says that "if I would willingly go, Father, ex we but knew the tide of sorrow that cept for Chap. But wouldn't you take care of him for me? Chap is surges that every heart, we would forbear where we condemn, and we would be kind and forgiving where all right. You'll love him jes' for

we are cruel and retaliatory." Must we never reprimand or corwhat will become of society and order if the wrong is never chal-lenged and the right never demanded ? The mistakes and offenses of men must be recognized and better things must be required of them ;

but there are ways and ways of doing this correcting. Had he known he would not have bent his brows Father Ward came in to say "Good-night," and give him his blessing, so low upon the mourner whose lamps were smoked. Had he known subtle poison in many ways. Of late he would perhaps have spoken a calm word which would have done pray! Sister Ignatia prepared all for our Savior's coming and then stayed with him the rest of the night. His face was angelic; he was fully conscious, but seemed hardly of this section. more to prevent future shortcoming characters sharply and sympatheti-cally drawn, all of whom independ-ently, and without influence exerted than much bending of brows. the defects must be pointed out ; but not with acid speech. The mistake on them from without, by three must be corrected ; but not with bit-terness and hard words, lest we this earth. Morning came, a bea ful morning of June, and just as the bell was ringing for Mass, Pete lisped half aloud. "Sacred Heart of Jesus . . I love . . You" and his sweet soul had fied to its different processes, give up all belief break where we ought to build, and discourage where we ought to they can without Him. The exclu-cheer and inspire. "Few have a sion of the other world with its hopes

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here to vindicate the not yet ceased to be a fact. Even to the cross.

attacks on Catholicism, the staple of This is a quarrel among Protest so many pulpits, have not found favor with the more cultured of our ants in which we do not care to mix. Our opinion is, howeevr, that logic and history are on the side of the people. They may pass with con-gregations that are ignorant and people who cast the cross out, rather ignorant and than those who erected it and who have taken this means to vindicate with pastors who have to eke out

their poverty of positive instruction (curious word) the insult offered it. with attacks on the Pope and the Church ; but our better educated What business has a cross, and above countrymen have forced their preachers to substitute other topics all a Celtic cross, in a Protestant graveyard? Bandon, by the way, is the town which was so bitterly Proor their Sunday morning talks. The practice of religion, therefore, as testant in the old days that on its walls appeared the inscription : such, has not been openly assailed,

Turk, Jew or atheist, May enter here - but never a And yet atheism is not silent. Its words are guarded and skillfully dis-Papist. Whereupon Dean Swift, seeing it guised but it continues to instil its : babbe

it has become bolder. An example Whoever wrote this wrote it well, in point is the recent novel, "They Who Question." In it there are three The same is writ on the gates of hell.-Sacred Heart Review.

REV. DR. COTTER AND AN IMPUDENT LAWYER

in God, and resolve to live as bes A good story worth telling has come to us. Rev. Dr. Cotter of Iron-ton, O., as a Catholic priest was a and fears is developed so gradually and so artfully that it is made to seem a natural and by no means a shocking thing. Souls that are unwitness recently in a court and was interrogated by an impudent lawyer upon his knowledge of the decease whom he had attended before his questionably good wrestle painfully with unmerited sorrow and receive The lawyer was not at al death. respectful to the priest witness, and the father determined to teach him with unmerited sorrow and receive not even a suspicion of relief, they grope pitfully for light and find only darkness. The principal character is at the beginning one of more than a lesson if the opportunity came In the course of the cross-examination the lawyer said, "When did you give the deceased the sacrament?" ordinary holiness and nobility; and yet all that she hoped for and cher. ished in her youthful dreams of the goodness and the nearness and the Here was the opportunity sought for "Which sacrament do you mean?" asked Dr. Cotter. "There are sever ove of God crumbles about her and of them. Tell me which one you mean and I will answer." The she is left standing among the ruins, cheerless and despondent and an infidel. All the stock mean and 1 will answer. The lawyer blushed, stammered and was mum. He didn't remember one of them, and the judge and jury smiled out loud without being accused of objections are urged against religion not by argument but by the events of life. They are not put strongly or controversially or in spirit of angry revolt, but are presented by the sheer weight of life's sufferings and the seeming indifference of the you will find a large percentage of

It is better to be rebuked by a wise man than to be deceived by the flattery of fools. Thus we read in the book of Ecclesiastes. Think it over.



and Fasts, a splendid picture of His Holiness Pope Benedict XV., and the following excellent articles and Short Stories by the best writers :

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C. M. B. A.

At a regular meeting of Branch 159 of the C. M. B. A., held in Ottawa, on December 15th, 1914, the following resolution was moved by Brother P. J. Coffey and seconded by Brother W. P. Harty and unanimously adopted : Whereas deep and justifiable dis-satisfaction and disappointment is felt by the members of this branch in consequence of the new schedule of

felt by the members of this branch in consequence of the new schedule of rates submitted by the Grand Trus-tees in the circular issued by that body and which was, by that notification, to come into force on January lat next.

And whereas in view of the storm of protest from all over Canada the Grand Trustees have decided to post-pone the adoption of the new scale rates until July 1st next as stated in

the notice just read. And whereas, in the opinion of this And whereas, in the opinion of this branch, the existence of the associa-tion is gravely imperilled by the course adopted and the options offered by the Grand Trustees, in as much as many of the older members, who are not in affluent circumstances, will be forced to abandon their membership.

And whereas the disruption of the ssociation would result in thousands of widows and orphans being left helpless and hopeless to face the battle of life, we desire, by every means in our power, to avert such

And whereas the notification just And whereas the notification just read states that the postponement is made for the reason that the Grand Trustees "desire to earnestly con-sult the membership" on the subject Be it resolved that Branch 159 of the C. M. B. A. in complementation for the hard pressed soul of man. One of the most pathetic sights I have witnessed in England was a crowd of Belgian women and chil-Be it resolved that Brench los of the O, M. B. A. in regular meeting as-sembled emphatically demand that an extraordinary representative con-vention of the Association be called, not later than May 15th to discuss of an old Sussex town, where they were met by English women who were to conduct them to homes. These pallid faced Flemish peasant this particular matter and other matters pertaining to the welfare and stability of the Association and that ich convention be composed of one delegate from, say every four branches, in a county or locality, to

These pailld faced Flemish peasant mothers, with the eyes of crucified Madonnas, with wailing children clasped to their breasts and clinging to their skirts, craved another shelter. be chosen in joint meeting. Resolved that copies of this reso-fution be sent to the Grand Secretary, to their skirts, craved another shelter. Their first question was, "Where is the church?" And by the church they meant the Catholic Church. So they were led there, already shriven by the mighty sorrows of war and sacrifice, stripped of their worlds, goods, and often of every to sister branches in the city, to the local daily papers, and to the CATHO-LIC RECORD, London, Ont.; to The Antigonish Casket, The Canadian Kingston, Ont. ; and The

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

took up his residence in Chicago. With a sincere desire for F. Kubinyi's

with a sincere desire for r. Authority a good and for the good of the Church at large, we advise that he should re-call the book and others he has pub-lished from circulation and devote,

Special to the RECORD

A TOAST

and to their virtues bow .

Here's to Past and Future both; for

BIGOT

and ever more :

But

But

peace and silence of that sanctuary. I thought of a preacher I had seen, crazed by the scenes of carnage through which he had passed, walk-ing with his hands lifted in horror and repeating over and over this dolorous refrain : "The God that failed ! The God that failed !". Presently the women filed out, strangely comforted, their faces sweet-ly calm. They had been fed and clothed in that place by their faith, by the evidences they somehow re-

THE OLD YEAR'S BLESSING

I am fading from you, But one draweth near, Called the Angel guardian Of the coming year.

If my gifts and graces Coldly you forget, Let the New-Year's Angel

For we work together ;

He and I are one : Let him end and perfect All I leave undone.

Blossom into Deeds.

I brought Joy to brighten

Many happy days ; Let the New Year's Angel

Turn it into Praise.

If I gave brought you Care. Let him make one Patience, And the other Prayer.

Where I brought you Sorrow, Through his care, at length, It may rise triumphant Into future Strength.

Turn them into Alms ?

I gave Health and Leisure,

Skill to dream and plan; Let him make them nobler; Work for God and Man.

If I broke your Idols Showed you they were dust, Let him turn the Knowledge

Into heavenly Trust.

If I brought Temptation,

Into boundless Pity For all hearts that stray.

Dark and long appears, Let this new-born Monarch

Melt them into Tears.

While he crowns my Past.

May you hold this Angel

Dearer than the last-So I bless his Future,

Let sin die away

If your list of Errors

If I gave you Sickness,

Bless and crown them yet.

I brought Good Desires, Though as yet but seeds ; Let the New Year make them

clothed in that place by their faith, by the evidences they somehow re-tained of things hoped for, beyond vision of this awful moment in their lives. They had projected themselves into that peaceful future of believing souls. They had prayer, at last, be-fore an altar for their dead sons and husbands and fathers. These were now safe. The priest—they had seen him. He promised also to pray—not for them, but for their dead sh Mal lines, who had not even been buried, and who had been trampled beneath

for them, but for their deak brind, lines, who had been trampled beneath the feet of the German soldiers. The trouble with us we think always of the providence of God in the terms of time, with the mortal sense of limitation. As I watched these simple women I understood that this war and the horrors it brings are only moments in the fate of those people. Beyond the moment of death, beyond these swift years of poverty and privation for those who survive, there remains Eternity, in which to live and to accomplish righteousness and peace. If I brought you Plenty, All wealth's bounteous charms, Shall not the New Angel

RECENT CONVERTS

The Rev. P. G. M. Rhodes, M. A. formerly assistant curate at Kidderminster, England.

minster, England. The Rev. Cyril Howard Stenson. B. A., curate of Stoney Statford, Bucks, England, and formerly an Exhibitioner of Keble College, Ox-ford, has been received by the Abbot of Criter. of Caldey. Rev. Arthur Dilly, a London clergy-

Rev. Arthur Dilly, a London clergy-man and the Rev. Samuel Fairbourn, of the Anglican church, were con-firmed by the Bishop of Southwark, London, on October 4, along with the Misses Rachel Parkinson and Veronica Wightman, formerly Anglican

nuns. The Rev. R. Cecil Wilton, B.A. The Rev. R. Cech whom, D.A., rector of Londesborough, E. Yorks, Honors in History, Cambridge, Light-foot Scholar, 1887, and for many years lecturer for the Church De--A. A. PROCTER THE BELGIAN FAITH

fence Society. He is a son of the late Canon Wilton, a well known writer of religious verse. The late Col. I. C. Guinn, President In a splendidly written article for the Saturday Evening Post, entitled "The New Militants," Corra Harris thus describes the beautiful faith of of the First National Bank, Milan, Mo, and director and stockholdor in the Quincy National Bank ; received

the Belgian women, whose first ques-tion upon landing in England was, "Where is the church ?" a few days before his death. Miss Lavinia Clair Wiseman, Den-

Where is the church ?" The Belgians, like people who have had the very world in which they live literally destroyed, are reduced to their faith in God—the last resort Mrs. R. A. Hedley, Portland, Oregon Lutheran. Miss Blanche Owen, Galveston Terss.

Mrs. Leonard Joseph McEnnis Houston, Texas. Muss Catherine Elizabeth Stricklin, Toledo, Ohio. dren standing in the railroad station

Mr. George Arpp and Miss Clara Dennis, Huntington, W. Va. Mr. and Mrs. Mantell, Memphis. Mr. Mantell is City Chemist, and a

graduate of Cornell University. Meyer R. Ruffner, Denver, Colo. So far this year there have been twenty six converts at the Cathedral, according to the Denver Register. Dee Brown, Denver, converted at a

Billy Sunday revival. W. R. Mitchel, Colorado Springs, Col. Miss Clara K. Stadtlauder, Denver, Lutheran. Charles Shinn, and Mrs. J. C. Miss Clara K. Stadtlauder, Denver, Charles Shinn, and Mrs. J. C. Charles Shinn, Shinn, Shink Sh

by the correct slang, are very apt to be taken with a sort of quiet disgust toward the whole interest which they find thus badly defended; and thus to look favorably in the same measure on the other side, as being, at so many points, plainly an injured and persecuted cause."—St. Paul Bulletin. priesthood, but no one had the cour-age to inform his father of this fact and he was ordained. In Hungary he found enemies wherever he went; this may have been his misfortune, but it suggests to the reader that it may have been partially the result of some defect of his own character. Eventually he came to America, where he does not seem to have got on with his Bishop and fellow-clergy any better than in his own country. Eventually he transferred his allegiance to our Communion, chiefly on account of the kindness and con-sideration with which he was treated by the Episcopal clergy. His book DEATH OF FATHER QUIGLEY'S FATHER Mr. Patrick Quigley, father of Rev.

Mr. Patrick Quigley, famer of riev. J. R. Quigley, of St. Alphoneus Church, Windsor, Ont., died at his home in Elginfield, on Saturday December 19. The late Mr. Quigley was a most highly respected resi-dent of Elginfield, beloved by all who had the pleasure of his acquainton account of the kindness and con-sideration with which he was treated by the Episcopal clergy. His book makes us fear, however, that some day when he is better acquainted with our little faults and failings he may again set sail and drop anchor in another port and write another book dealing candidly with them he does with the faults he has found among the Roman clergy. Our objection to this book is that the author makes capital of the faults of his brethren. . . . We maintain that the exposure of the faults of others with any other object than their reformation is what the Catechism calls "evil speaking." The incident is the author's life which seems most in his favor is that at one time when he found his congregation willing ignorantly to ance. He leaves to mourn his loss, his wife, three daughters and four is loss, his wife; three daughters and four sons. The funeral was held on Monday from St. Patrick's Church, Biddulph. Grand High Mass was celebrated by his son, Rev. J. R. Quigley, assisted by Rev. James Hanlon, London, deacon, and Kev. James Harding, London, sub-descon, A year, appropriate and James Harding, London, sub-deacon. A very appropriate and touching sermon was preached by Rev. C. Nagle, Simcoe. The priests present in the Sanctuary were: Rev. P. J. McKeon, Rector St. Peter Cathedral, London; Rev. J. Gleeso congregation willing ignorantly to follow him, into the Episcopal Church or wherever he chose to go, he simply ran away from them and took up his saidenee in Chinand Catnearsi, London, Rev. J. Ofesson, Sarnia; Rev. C. Nagle, Simcos, Rev. T. Corcoran, St. Mary's Church, London and Rev. J. Hogan, the

pastor. DEATH OF SISTER STE MARY

CHARLES

The announcement of the death in Montreal on Wednesday, Dec. 9th, of Sister Ste. Mary Charles of Congre-gation de Notre Dame, was heard with deep regret by a large circle of friends. She entered at the age of twenty and in three short years of religious life she won, by her heauti. say the next five years, to study and do work amongst his fellow country. It may be added to this remarkably candid review of what is evidently another contribution to the anti-Catholic "literature" of the day that "congregation" that followed F. Kubinyi out of the Church was never a recorriged Catholic neurish. It com religious life she won, by her beauti-ful disposition, the love of all who knew her. While assistant commera recognized Catholic parish. It com cial teacher in Kingston she made rises a very small number of familhost of friends. She was a niece o es in a Middle Western city, who had ies in a Middle Western city, who had no church building of their own. To them F. Kubinyi ministered in the role of a Bishop consecrated by the notorious Vilatte. When they broke away from the influence of the latter Rev. C. J. Killeen, Belleville, Ont., and sister of Sister Ste Mary Johanna, Notre Dame Academy, Kingston. R. I. P.

HENRY VIII. BARRED THE BIBLE

they saw the advantage of being courted and supported by the gullible clergy of the Anglican Church, who But few people know that in the sixteenth century an Englishman was not allowed to read the Bible, jumped at the opportunity of an ac-cession from Rome. As far as we can find, F. Kubinyi never had any was not allowed to read the Bible, yet it is perfectly true. Henry VIII, issued a decree prohibiting the com-mon people from reading the Bible. Officers of state were exempt from this law. Probably the king thought these officials would be none the worse for permained the sagred work. faculties in this country.-Phil-adelphia Standard and Times. these officials would be none the worse for perusing the sacred work, and noble ladies or gentlewomen might read the proscribed volume if they did so in their gardens or or-Here's to health and happiness throughout the glad New Year. May every trouble fade away and hards, but no one was allowed even every joy appear, while we toast the days to come to read it to the lower classes.estminster Gazette.

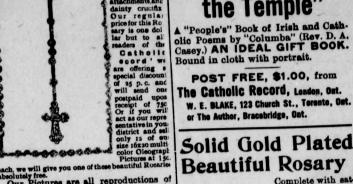
with hope and courage high Let's not with base ingratitude for-get the days gone by. This, from a secular daily newspaper, is interesting. After all the talk of the Catholic Church refusing Here's to friendships we may gain to allow the "poor people hungry for the word of God, to read the Bible," throughout the coming year May they be strong and worthy all, and the further talk of how the Reformation ended all this, it is also and every day more dear: while we toast the friends to be almost mirth provoking. Perhaps the "chain bible" has been dis-covered.—St. Paul Bulletin. Let's not forget the dear old friends who stand about us now.

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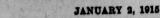


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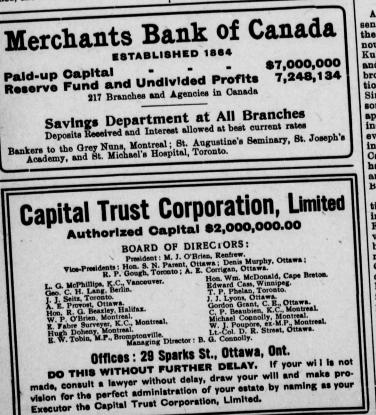
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J. L. BURKE, Rec.-Sec'y.

"I have so much that I must do!" says the average person. O, very well! But I am an inquisitive being. Will you please tell me what is more closely related to that im-pelling "must" than getting acquain-ed with your inner self and with the higher and most potent forces which do not respond to the hurry and confusion of the market-place, the office, the workshop?

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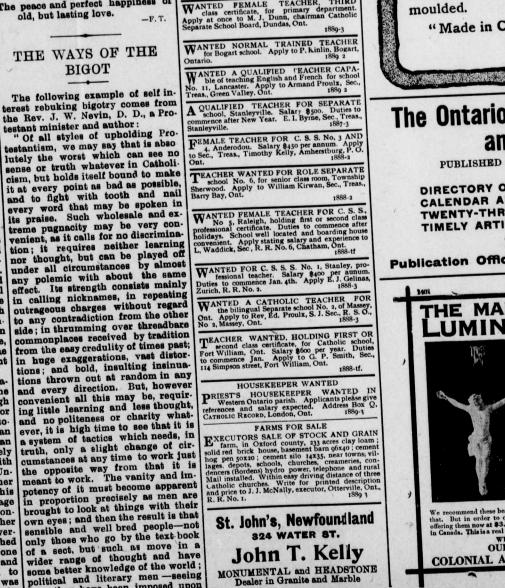
worldly goods and often of every earthly tie, to make their prayer to the Prince of Peace, who is the Kaiser's God of War. Their faith was not shaken ; it was, intensified. O'Neil, have been received into th Church in Denver.

Mrs. George Washington Doyle, Kerrville, Texas ; Episcopalian. Miss Louise Strackbein, Kerville, Texas ; now a Sister of Charity. Dr. Orville Egbett, Kerville, Texas. Julius C. Tips, Sr., a prominent merchant of San Antonio, Texas; received on his deathbed. Lieutenant G. R. F. Rowley, of the Coldstream Guards, England. -Scan-nell O'Neil in the Missionary.

VOCATIONLESS PRIEST

A short time ago something of a sensation was caused in the ranks of the High Church party by the an-nouncement that the lev. Victor von Kubinyi, an alleged Catholic priest and Hungarian nobleman, had brought his whole Magyar congrega-tion over to the Episcopal Church. Since then those who understand something of the ways of clerical apostates have been waiting for the inevitable smash that follows such events. It looks as if it were com-ing. Here is what the American Catholic, a High Church magazine, has to say on the subject. The has to say on the subject. The article is entitled "An Unpleasant

article is solution in the publica-book:" We sincerely regret the publica-tion of a book which has just come into our hands entitled "Through of Fog to Light," by the Rev. Victor i von Kubinyi. This book is an auto-biography of a young Hungarian noble who took orders in the Roman Communion and who has lately come into the Episcopal Church with his whole congregation. * * Un-fortunately, the writer sees other people's faults more clearly than his own, and seems to have the courage of his impulses rather than his conof his impulses rather than his con-victions. From his book we gather that he was the third son of a power-ful Hungarian nobleman, who wished him to take Holy Orders. The one subject which the young man and his various instructors seemed to have the had no vocation for the



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