

# The Catholic Record.

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

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## CATHOLIC NOTES

Bishop Foley, of Detroit, has ordained the Rev. Cyprian Marchant, O. P., who is a convert from Episcopalianism.

Among the old students who gathered at the Jesuit school at Wimbledon recently was the British General, Lord Roberts.

The Catholics of Belfast, Ireland, are being shamefully treated, persecuted and assaulted. Many have been obliged in consequence, to remove elsewhere.

According to recent returns, the state of New York contains more Catholics than any other state in the Union. The number is 2,778,000 of which more than one-half live in New York city.

About 3,000 Jesuits are laboring in the mission fields. They are distributed as follows: Asia, 1,174; America, 607; Africa, 373; Oceania, 328; Europe 114.

A somewhat unusual combination of political circumstances in Santo Domingo has resulted in the choice of Archbishop Nouel as temporary president of the Republic pending the election of a president.

Mitchell Kennerley, the New York publisher, offered prizes amounting to \$1,000 for the best American poem of the year. The Catholic Standard and Times, Philadelphia, and George Sterling of California, won the second prizes of \$250 each.

Catholic papers are commenting with wonder and admiration on the Knights of Columbus Council in Fairfax, Minn., which at the close of an initiation ceremony, recently, handed the editor of the Catholic Bulletin of St. Paul a list of sixty new subscribers with a check in payment.

Most of our esteemed contemporaries featured prominently, several weeks ago, the report that the notorious "Archbishop" Vlatke had been murdered in Mexico. It appears, however, that the well-known character is very much alive, and is now in San Antonio, Texas, in the interest of a colonization scheme he is operating in Mexico.

Since the conversion of Princess Eoa to Catholicity no incident has aroused circles as the announcement that the only child and heiress of the Earl of Ashburnham has renounced the world and decided to become a nun, says the B. C. Western Catholic.

Cardinal Logue, in sending Mr. R. J. Kelly, of Dublin, a subscription of £2 for the wounded Bulgarians, writes: "There could be no stronger claim on the sympathy and charity of Christians than to aid in relieving the sufferings of the brave men, who have fought so nobly against the hereditary enemies of Christendom."

Right Rev. T. M. A. Burke, Bishop of Albany, N. Y., announced recently that Anthony N. Brady is to furnish him with funds to construct and equip an up-to-date freeborn maternity hospital. This will cost \$100,000 and \$150,000, and the only condition which must be met is that the hospital be non-sectarian and that color shall not bar one from entrance.

Dr. Max Pam, the Jewish ecologist and philanthropist, recently announced it is his opinion that the salvation of the congested Jewish districts on the East side of New York lies in their conversion to Catholicity. Dr. Pam, himself a Russian Jew, who came to this country as a barefoot immigrant lad, recently gave a large sum to found scholarships at the Catholic University.

Among the greatest cathedrals of the world is St. Sophia in Constantinople, now turned into a Turkish mosque. To this Cathedral Bulgaria owes her God, its conversion from paganism to Christianity. It was erected by the Emperor Justinian in 532. It cost about \$10,000,000. It has 8 columns of porphyry and 8 columns of green marble from the Roman temple of the Sun and the Ephesian Temple of Diana.

In Washington on Thanksgiving Day, the president of the United States, the Hon. W. H. Taft, attended with his military aide, the Rev. Fr. John J. Conboy, of St. Patrick's Church. This Thanksgiving service is now held every year at St. Patrick's and to it are invited the officials of the United States Government and all the representative American nations.

Philadelphia is now a city of Bishops, four having there residence there. They are the Most Rev. Archbishop Prendergast, his newly consecrated auxiliary, Bishop McCort, the Russian Catholic Bishop, Mgr. Orlynsky, and Bishop Carroll, who lately, on account of ill health, resigned his See in the Philippines. Bishop Carroll is now the permanent rector of the Church of St. Edward the Confessor.

A group of Sisters of Our Lady of Zion, founded in Paris, in 1843 by the Jewish convert, Abbe Theodor Ratisbonne and his brother, Alphonse, have gone to Kansas City, where they will establish a convent. The society was expelled from France, with other religious communities ten years ago. The Kansas City convent represents three nations alike, English, Irish and French. They will teach in the parochial school of the Annunciation.

Archbishop Francis Redwood, S. M. D. D., of Wellington, New Zealand, lately spent a few days in St. Louis as the guest of Archbishop Glennon. When asked what measure of success attended equal suffrage for women in New Zealand, he said, as reported in the St. Louis Times: "Women have had the vote in New Zealand for many years, and it has been proven that they use it wisely and judiciously, and for the greatest common good. I am heartily in sympathy with the movement in this country, and believe that the tide of equal suffrage cannot be stemmed."

## GUARDIANS OF PUBLIC DECENCY

"The same condition of things obtains in regard to social indecencies. Every moral outrage is ferreted out by our ubiquitous reporters and their hordes in all its ghastly details to feed the morbid curiosity of a sensation hunting public. The scandals of our divorce courts are discussed with a freedom that might well cause a roue to blush, while salacious plays and immoral shows are advertised in text and illustration that set all rules of public decency at naught. Some action has indeed been taken by our Catholic societies to prevent these abominations, yet how woefully inadequate all such efforts have hitherto been is shown to evidence by the fact that little improvement has resulted therefrom. Why not enforce respect for religion and for public decency by securing the rigorous application of existing laws, or by the enactment of new ones if no such laws exist? This would certainly appear within the reach of possibility, if all our Catholic societies were to unite in their efforts to influence the powers that be."

"And so I might point to many other needless social reforms, all of which might be effected, or at least considerably promoted, by a vigorous action on the part of our Catholic societies. Of course, no vigorous action on our part is possible, unless we ourselves can stand up before the world and say: 'Which of you shall convince me of sin?' If we too stand in need of reform, we should only make ourselves ridiculous by attempting to reform others. Their 'Physician heal thyself' would frustrate our every effort. We cannot expect to make the world Christian, except insofar as our own individual lives be so many concrete expressions of every true Christian ideal. If there be anything wanting to us, our reform must begin at home, to be a safely venture upon its mission abroad."

## AT THE CRIB

The divine Child, He is the splendour of heaven, He is the little straw that formed His bed to whom the earth and all it contains belong. And the who is Queen of Heaven and earth is near that crib. There she watches and is attentive to all the wants of her Divine Son. With what respectful care she touches Him and holds Him, knowing that her Lord and her God! With what joy and confidence she embraces Him and presses Him to her bosom! She was the most humble of creatures, she was also the most prudent and watchful. She was never wanting in the most tender care for Him, and during His whole life upon earth she never failed in the fulfillment of any duty towards Him.

Our Heavenly Queen has her station near the crib; let us place ourselves there with her; and let it be our joy to be often near the Infant Jesus, for virtue doth go forth from Him, from the Nativity to the Feast of the Epiphany, and all those who are united to the Federation of Catholic Societies. What a splendid array of Catholic manhood and Catholic womanhood they present to the eyes of the thoughtful observer! What a power for good there must be latent in their serried ranks!

## First Church Dedicated to Blessed Joan of Arc

It is consoling to know, writes the Paris correspondent of the Irish Catholic, that while the Masonic sectarians less than to condemn these societies, as so many useless institutions. This we cannot do, and this I certainly will not do; yet, even with the best of will, one cannot help thinking that ever so much more might be accomplished. Thus, for example, in many instances our public offices are bought and sold as so much merchandise, and yet our Catholic citizens remain as inactive as if it were no concern of theirs. Why not club together and make an end of corrupt politics? We don't want a Catholic political machine, as lying bigots accuse us of having; but we do want clean politics, and we do want our Catholic societies to be instrumental in bringing about this much needed reform. If they fail to strive for this, they are delinquent in a duty which is imposed upon them by their religious as well as by their civic allegiance.

## INDIFFERENCE THE DANGER

"Again, what are our Catholic societies doing towards inspiring others with respect for our holy religion? They are doing, something, no doubt; but might they not do ever so much more? Some of our newspapers and other publications are in the habit of printing articles that are not only anti-Catholic but anti-Christian in tone and tendency, yet hardly a voice is raised in protest or a subscription withdrawn. Perhaps you will say that the defense of religion is the duty of the priest, that they are the official guardians of the Church's interests and as such they must see to it that all unjust aggressors receive due reproof. This is very true; but has it ever occurred to you that the priest is practically powerless if not backed up by the laity, whose subscriptions and advertisements are put to publications with the sinews of war? The priests may send protest after protest, but not an editor will heed them; but let our Catholic societies, with their thousands and thousands of members, threaten to withdraw their patronage unless an immediate stop be put to everything that outrages their religious feelings, and the effect will be instantaneous. If our secular press shows little respect for Catholic sensibilities, it is largely because editors know from past experience that our Catholicism is of the passive rather than of the active kind; but they do not fear us as martyrs, but they do not fear us as soldiers. Yet we are supposed to be soldiers of Christ!

## Most Joyous of all Months

The last month of the year was the tenth month under the old calendar, and still retains the name December, which signifies tenth instead of the twelfth month, as it now is. On the 22nd of the month the sun enters the sign of Capricornus, or the Goat. The idea is represented by the animal noted for climbing the hillsides, suggesting the beginning of the ascent of the sun, which, after reaching its lowest declination on the 21st of this month, recommences its upward path, and reaches its highest altitude in the heavens on the 21st of June. In the Church the month is dedicated to the sacred devotions in commemoration of the sacred humanity of our Divine Saviour, and the Advent preparations for the celebration of the sweetest and most joyous festival of all the year—Christmas Day.

America, speaking of the conference in London, addressed by our own unique Mr. Hincks, very pertinently asked: "What would be the effect should a great Catholic meeting in Rome resolve that there should be a uniform educational law in Canada, on strictly Catholic lines?" If we are asked, what would be the effect on Rev. Mr. Hincks, we answer that we should fear the worst.—Casket.

which struck him most by far, and which he spoke of afterwards as we drove home, is the ending of the 'Agnus Dei'—he could not get over it—the lovely note which keeps recurring as the 'requiem' approaches eternally. When it was done twice in its true home, the Church, later, on the 2nd and 13th November, 1886, he said 'It is magnificent music.' 'That is a beautiful Mass' (adding, with a touch of pathos) 'but when you get as old as I am, it comes rather too closely home.'

is bearing the heavy burden of the church universal, and who nobly and with the courage of a Christian martyr is withstanding the violence of Christ's enemies.

UPWARD AND ONWARD  
"Stand firm, look upward and march onward together. God is with us. And if we do our share manfully, his blessing will bring us his sure and bountiful triumph."

## THE GREAT CARDINAL

HOW NEWMAN SILENCED A CON-TROVERSIALIST.—HIS GREAT LOVE FOR MUSIC

A very human and attractive side was visible in his love for music, of which I have already spoken, and a few words may here be added on this subject.

From the days when he played the violin as a young boy, his brother Frank playing the bass, down to the Littlemore period when he played in company with Frederick Bowles and Walter, string quartets and trios were his favorite recreation. Mr. Newman, in his 'Reminiscences of the Oxford Movement,' thus describes his playing of Beethoven with Bianco White in 1826: 'Most interesting was it to contrast Bianco White's excited and indeed agitated countenance with Newman's Sphinx-like immobility, as the latter drew long, rich notes with a steady hand.' When the gift of a violin from Rogers and Church in 1854 made him renew acquaintance with his old love after a long interval, the manner of his playing was somewhat different. 'Sphinx-like immobility,' writes Mr. Edward Bellasis, 'had made way for an ever varying expression upon his face, as strains alternated between grave and gay. Producing his violin from an old green baize bag, bending forward, and holding it against his chest, instead of under the chin in the modern fashion, most particular about his instrument being in perfect tune, in execution with his left hand illumined through the keys, and which alone leads to a blessed immortality—to make that faith which is our greatest inheritance better known and better loved—to show side by side with our supernatural destiny, the only real way by which our beloved people may rise to give them here in this life if they stand by their Catholic principles and Catholic ideals, equally unmoved by cheap patronizing on the one hand and by ignorant intolerance on the other—claiming no privilege accepting nothing short of justice. We have, even in the brief space of these few years, made no doubt, and admitted progress in religious activity and public prestige.

"That is to point out to every Catholic of this diocese the path which his holy faith illumines through this mortal life, and which alone leads to a blessed immortality—to make that faith which is our greatest inheritance better known and better loved—to show side by side with our supernatural destiny, the only real way by which our beloved people may rise to give them here in this life if they stand by their Catholic principles and Catholic ideals, equally unmoved by cheap patronizing on the one hand and by ignorant intolerance on the other—claiming no privilege accepting nothing short of justice. We have, even in the brief space of these few years, made no doubt, and admitted progress in religious activity and public prestige.

"I think you Mr. President for the devotion and affection which in your own name and in the name of the union you so filially offer me. As your archbishop I have absolutely only one end in view, one only purpose in all that I do.

When Canon McNeile, the Liverpool anti-Popery speaker, challenged him to a public dispute, Newman replied that he was no public speaker, but that he was quite ready for an encounter if Mr. McNeile would open the meeting by making a speech, and he himself might respond with a tune on the violin. The public would then be able to judge which was the better man.

His favorite composer was Beethoven, to whom he was passionately devoted. Once, when Mr. Bellasis said of the Allegretto of the Eighth Symphony, that it was like a giant at play, Newman replied, 'It is curious you should say that. I used to call him the gigantic nightingale. He is like a great bird singing. My sister remembers my using the expression long ago.' He had reached this preference gradually. 'I recollect,' he writes to a friend in 1865, 'how slow I was as a boy to like the School of Music, which afterwards so possessed me that I have come to think that my earliest recollection has been the cult of Beethoven on all the young Oratorians who played in his company. They might start with Corelli, and go on to Romberg, Haydn, and Mozart,' writes Mr. Bellasis. 'Their ultimate goal was Beethoven.' As with literature, so with music, Newman was on the whole true to his heart's desire. Beethoven already possessed him in the twenties, and later masters never quite won his heart. This was especially true with sacred music. Mr. Bellasis writes on the subject in some detail:

"He was very slow to take (if he ever really took) to newcomers on the field of sacred music. And holding, as he did, that no good work could be adequately judged without a thorough knowledge of it, he was disinclined to be introduced to fresh musical names at all, on the whole true to his heart's desire. Beethoven already possessed him in the twenties, and later masters never quite won his heart. This was especially true with sacred music. Mr. Bellasis writes on the subject in some detail:

"No single power can ever deal with a question which by its very nature is of international issue, but the matter of international consideration and deliberation. "Such by its very nature is the question of the place of the papacy among the governments of all Christian people, and the three hundred millions of Catholics, who inhabit every nation throughout the world, can never supinely accept as a permanent solution of this question, which vitally concerns each one of them, any condition which hinders or obstructs the absolute freedom of the august head of their religion."

"Meanwhile, we again raise our united voices to deplore the violation of those rights of the Sovereign Pontiff without which, notwithstanding all shallow platitudes, the Head of the Church of Christ is a prisoner, unable to exercise those very influences which would infinitely redound to the good of all governments, and the welfare of civil society the whole world over. "This is our immutable attitude as Catholics. If statements, little moved by other considerations than international expediency, realize the logic of it, we, as loyal children of the See of Peter, affirm it as next and parcel of our Christian inheritance.

"Heaven and earth shall pass, but My word shall not pass." The face of the nations shifts and is changed. National boundaries vary, are increased and diminished, but the dignity and authority of the vicar of Christ change never, and his inalienable right as head of God's kingdom on earth will never be yielded until on the last day, Christ, Our Lord, comes in person to vindicate His own.

STAND OF THE UNION  
"On this ground the union came into existence. Here we still stand. To God we trust the cause of God, but our loyalty, our prayers, our all, shall ever be the consolation of the Father of Christendom, who, under sad conditions,

"Of one thing I know you are all well assured—the chief shepherd of this diocese; unmoved either by fear or favor, while ever striving to live in peaceful harmony with all about him, will never rest and never cease his labors for the advancement of his people and his flock until he has done his share to bring them by instruction, by discipline and by affectionate, if at times sturdy guidance, into their rightful place here in New England. That place is not an inferior corner of toleration, but straight out in the forum of perfect equality with the best."

OURSELVES TO BLAME  
"Such from the beginning has been my aim. And let me say it clearly, if we come short of its attainment, it will not be from the opposition of outsiders. There are thousands of good men neither of our faith nor our race who are as eager and anxious for that day as I or you can never be. It will be and can only be because of divisions in your own ranks—the jealousy of the petty, and the pusillanimity of the weak ones in faith and manly hope, who in every stage of the Church's progress have blocked the way far more than any phantoms of opposition, or any phalanx of open enemies."

OUR WATCHWORD  
"Unity is the Catholic watchword. In that sense the whole Church universal is a Catholic union. Nowhere, thank God, more than here among us does this sacred virtue reside, consecrating the labors of all, prelate, priest and people, and bringing forth such wonderful results. In that holy unity let us look the future squarely in the face. United thus, we may behold the promise of a great and beautiful harvest."

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PATH OF DUTY  
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We glance at the kneeling throng and many nationalities are present. A party of Swiss tourists, with their green hats and short spears are kneeling near the altar rail, while the Germans have taken advantage of the improved transportation facilities and have come to Rome in great numbers for the festival.

Outside the Church we hear many languages spoken, and here and there is a strange face which we cannot classify. Our own country is well represented, and we strain our attention to note the voices which so often betray their section in this vast country.

The multitude is composed of many races, yet it is pleasant to consider that regardless of their color, heredity and education, they are united for one day, at least, by a satisfying common thought.

Having fulfilled their religious obligations, the concourse of people pass along the Corso's principal thoroughfares that they may see their friends and may be seen by whoever wishes to glance their way. The narrow sidewalks cannot contain the throng and they take possession of the broad thoroughfare. With difficulty can a carriage press its way through the mass of people.

All kinds and conditions of men and women saunter along, complacently enjoying the spectacle and one another. Heavy peasant women arrayed in gorgeous colors walk along with the admirable poise due to their lack of self-consciousness. They are wearing their heavy gold ear rings and their three rows of simple coral. Long silver pins, adorned at one end with a silver globe pass through their abundant hair and heavy embossed brooches blaze on their brilliant dress. They are absorbed in their previous grandeur before the most exquisite creations of Parisian artists.

The brozed and sturdy rustics accompanying them are wearing their peaked hats, short jackets, high boots well oiled and glistening after the elaborate care bestowed on them in the morning, while a sign of distinction is given to the whole attire by the red scarf tied round their waists. They are sons of the soil and walk the city's streets with the calm confidence of men who ask no favor of the world save an opportunity for honest labor that they may earn their bread.

They look with wonder but without envy at the fashionable young gentleman from London, in his stylish frock coat and high hat. Face to face are the representatives of an untrained but intelligent peasantry and a highly educated and energetic aristocrat, and all the great differences between the two can be seen on the stately Corso during the morning hours of Christmas.

Italy is a land where courtesy is never forgotten and etiquette is simple and natural, without the least taint of affectation. If ever the angelic injunction of good-will to men has become a pleasant habit in the streets of Rome on Christmas morning. The pleasant greetings of "Buona Festa" and "Buon Natale" are heard on all sides.

A well dressed gentleman salutes you with good wishes for a happy day, and after a time you recognize him as the clerk of the magazine who has announced photographs two weeks ago. A bright boy greets you kindly and in his holiday raiment you can with difficulty discern the archduke, who occasionally sold you the newspaper. A glad cry of Christmas greeting meets your ear and looking at your cordial friend, you see the magazine's old cashier, who, last week, brought you through the villa Borgheese.

Even the poor woman who sells matches to keep herself from beggary smiles so pleasantly when she sees you, that even though it is your first Christmas away from home and all your friends are thousands of miles away, you are not lonely, for the warm, generous courtesy of the Romans has made Rome your home and all who ever met you, even in the most casual manner, are your kindred for a day.—The Pilot.

## CARDINAL O'CONNELL ON CATHOLIC UNITY

Cardinal O'Connell has again in clear terms marked out the line of Catholic action in this country. His talk to the Diocesan Union is being read by all Boston, and non-Catholics find it typical of the man they have learned to respect and admire. The Cardinal said:

"As your spiritual leader it is my duty to speak as plainly as language permits when any danger to the flock lurks within the fold or confronts us from without. Thank God I do not know what fear means when there is a clear duty to perform either in reprimand, rebuke or resistance to the evil influences of self-made leaders, whose sole purpose it is, no matter what their anonymous pretensions, to weaken discipline and utterly destroy Catholic unity. The place to believe as one likes, and to create factions for personal motives is not the Catholic church. And while I have a voice to raise, it will be lifted loud and strong against such interlopers and disturbers of the peace of God's house and kingdom.

EFFORTS OF CHURCH'S FOES  
"The very shrewdest maneuverers of the church's foes, one which has always operated with the greatest success, is that by which the prestige and dignity of the spiritual authority of the bishop is diminished and lessened, and in its place thrones are set up for those who intrude themselves into the sacred precincts, whose fate they have neither sacred nor human right to stand. This is a trick as old as the Church herself. Be warned and be on guard against it. Let no astute flattery of those whose faith is only a figment deceive you. Its purpose is all too clear. And the shepherd will not fail to fearlessly hurl his staff when the protection of the unsuspecting flock requires the defense.

Whenever may be the religion of the thousands of travelers at Rome during the Christmas season, for one week the discordant sects are absorbed in the all-prevailing Catholicity. Some have no sufficient courage to manifest their devotion by kneeling, but there is an absorbed attention and subdued demeanor which signify the prayer in the heart even if the lips are silent. The spirit of unity in religion is too strong to be resisted.

## A Christmas Carol

The moon that now is shining, In skies so blue and bright, Shone ages since on Shepherds Who watched their flocks by night. There was no sound upon the earth, The snow lay still, The sheep in quiet slumbers lay Upon the grassy hill.

When lo! a white-winged Angel The watches of the night, And told how Christ was born on earth For mortals to adore; He bade the trembling Shepherds Listen, nor be afraid, And told how in a manger The glorious Child was laid.

When suddenly in the Heavens Appeared an Angel band, (The while in reverent wonder The Syrian Shepherds stand.) And all the brightest choiced Words that shall never cease,— Glory to God in the highest, On earth good will and peace!

The vision in the heavens Faded, and all was still, And the wondering shepherds left their flocks, To feed upon the hill: Towards the blessed city, Quickly their course they held, And in a lowly stable, Virgin and child beheld.

Beside a humble manger Was the Maiden Mother mild, And in her arms her Son divine, A newborn Infant, smiled. No shade of future sorrow, From Calvary then was cast; Only the glory was revealed, The suffering was not passed.

The Eastern Kings before him knelt, And rarest offerings brought; The shepherds worshipped and adored The wonders God had wrought: They saw the crown for Israel's King, The future's glorious part:— But all these things the Quirinal kept And pondered in her heart.

Now we that Maiden Mother The Queen of Heaven call; And the Child we call our Jesus, Saviour and Judge of all. But the Star that shone in Bethlehem Shines still, and shall not cease, And we listen still to the tidings, Of glory and of Peace.

—ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

## CHRISTMAS IN ROME

When the December sun sinks down beyond the horizon on the evening before Christmas and the clear notes of the Angelus tell that another day has been registered in the scroll of time, the bells of Rome ring out in peals of unrestrained joy, the vigil of Christ's coming to earth. Every spire and tower and cloistered monastery join in this glad rhapsody of welcome to the Redeemer of men. Huge, loud-voiced bells from the great basilicas send forth their harmonious roar to mingle with the silvery sweetness of smaller companions, and the softened tinkle from some modest convent meets and is lost in the solemn booming which sweeps over the city from St. Peter's.

The sonorous music of the bells dies away, the great city lies buried in sleep until the clock on the Quirinal tower strikes the midnight hour, when the bells ring out once more and the Masses begin in those churches where the custom is still preserved.

The monks stand in their dimly lighted choir and intone their antiphones from the huge vellum missal. The hymn of praise, first sung by angels to the watchful shepherds, is chanted, and after the consecration, the Saviour lies upon the altar, not wrapped in swaddling clothes, but in the gleaming white semiblanche of bread.

At the collegiate chasels throughout the city the superiors offer the oblation of prayer and praise and give to their students the Bread of Life. Men of many nations stand side by side in spiritual brotherhood.

In the palaces of the rich, an interesting scene might be witnessed. Lord and servant kneel together before their Saviour. The individual receives a new dignity at this season and all artificial standards of society lose their power. The little private chapel has been draped with regal red and gold by loving hands, and here, where ancestors twelfth centuries ago, surrounded by their retinue of armed men, the modern noble kneels and in union with his servants offers prayer and thanksgiving to the new-born Saviour.

Bright and clear dawn Christmas, the feast of childhood and happiness. In the calm of early morning, great multitudes from the churches, and remain in fervent devotion before the little crib placed in the sanctuary. Priest after priest ascend the altars, from every part of the massive edifice the tinkling of bells announce that here, as truly as in the hill town of Bethlehem, Christ is born, that glory is given to God and that peace will come to men, who make their heart a temple to ennobling charity.

The faded and patched garments of poverty are at the side of the rustling silk of good fortune, yet for one day poverty disappears in the richness of God's blessing which descends upon all His children.



se much for oranges, so much for crinkly Christmas candy, so much for gifts, to be bought at the tea - count store at Hancoville. It was only a small sum, but small as it was, it meant that Dr. Peavey would go without the evenings as the eggs which were the one luxury of her winter.

The next morning, Dec. 22nd, Dr. Peavey tucked her list into her pocket and started about for Hancoville, where she planned to hire a horse and dung from Cephas Tooke. She had bid adieu to Justice good-bye for the day without explanation. A little wholesome respect would be paid for Justice, she believed and she believed also that you may sometimes attain your goal, like Alice in the Looking-Glass country, by walking away from it.

She was to have speedy confirmation of her belief. She had barely started down the shining hill slope to the wood-path, when she heard the crackling of a step behind her, and turned to see Justice, warmly bundled up as she was herself, with her purse in her mistlewood hand. The color came and went in Justice's cheeks. For the moment she seemed again the girl that Dr. Peavey had known in joyous summers at the camp.

"Dr. Sarah!" Justice began, breathlessly. "I didn't mean to peep, but your writing is so big and clear! I only glanced at your list by mistake, but I knew in a minute, and I might have known anyway, knowing you. But why didn't you ask me to help? Oh, you surely don't think I'm like that horrible Miss Nash? I don't want Christmas for myself ever again, but I wouldn't take it away from other people, and least of all from little children. So let me help, please!"

For one second Doctor Peavey's heart contracted. She saw the purse in Justice's hand, and she read the passing thought in Justice's mind. Would she have to tell Justice that money alone could not buy a Christmas gift, even of the poorest sort? But Mrs. Elliot, as Dr. Peavey had often said, was one of the finest women that she had ever known, and Justice was her daughter.

"Oh!" said Justice, with a little catch at her breath. "You think that I should be?" She slipped the purse into her pocket. "Of course you can't do it all alone. Eighteen children!" she cried. "I'm coming with you, Dr. Sarah!"

Together they trudged through the ethereal gloom of the firs and over the dazzling whiteness of the fields to Hancoville. Together they clambered into the ramshackle pung and drove the nine bright miles to Hancoville. Such plans as they made to drive I they would have a tree set up in Serena Wetherbee's cottage, if the odious Miss Nash still refused to let them have the schoolhouse. They would string yodur and red cranberries by the porch.

"And we'll buy lots of apples, oranges and shiny doddadles at the ten-cent store!" cried Justice. Her eyes were as bright as Christmas stars. "We'll cut the candy-bags in the shape of stockings. And we'll buy a dolly with hair for that weamy. I'll have time to make it a dress and a petticoat, at least. And I'm going to get a sled for Jacob Tracy."

They planned all along the road, which seemed short, and in Hancoville they made the plans come true. Up and down the little main street they bustled, and made their purchases. Dr. Peavey painstakingly, Justice with a lavish hand.

Presently they were stuffing packages into the pung—bags of oranges and nuts and Christmas candies from the grocer's, bulging, frail bundles from the ten-cent store, skates and pocket knives—an extravaganza at which Dr. Peavey held up her hands—from the hardware shop, and even, for the first time, a pair of parcels from the general store. Among the last was a doll's carriage.

"It's for Emmy's doll," said Justice, "and we must find room for it, even if we have to tow it behind the pung."

On the way home they debated about their Christmas tree.

"It's the sort of thing that mother would have loved to do," Justice said, and then she began to talk about her mother, and to tell sweet, homely incidents of the life that they had lived together.

"They had passed through Crossed Cove when Dr. Peavey broke the not unhappy silence into which they had lapsed.

"Justice! If we haven't forgotten to get a present for the school-teacher!" "For that Nash woman?" cried Justice. "She doesn't deserve a present. I shouldn't like to say anything she does deserve."

Then they reached the long tug of Nobsco Hill, where in mercy to the tired old horse, they got out and walked. At the top of the hill they overtook a woman, who was trudging on foot in the twilight. She was thirty, perhaps, with a thin, tired face. She wore a coat that was not thick enough, and a little, old-fashioned neck-piece of worn fur. She was dragging a small fir tree through the snow, and every little while she stopped to beat her aching hands together.

"I thought I knew everybody in these parts," said Dr. Peavey, under her breath, "but she's a stranger. Why, it must be Miss Nash!"

The woman turned, as Doctor Peavey spoke to her. Oh, yes, she would be glad of a lift, she said, in a tired voice. She had been out getting a little tree for her school children. She did not want them to think that Santa Claus had forgotten them.

"She isn't horrid at all!" Justice broke out. "It's Ellen Nash, I mean. After you sent us up-stairs last night and said that we must rest,—did you do it on purpose, Doctor Sarah?—she talked to me. She said she hadn't talked in months. It was the picture, you know, there on my bureau. She asked if it was my mother, and I told her she died a year ago. And then she told me, Doctor Sarah, there are just she and her mother—and her mother is at the sanitarium with tuberculosis. What chance she has to get well is spoiled by her fretting to have her daughter near her, and they have so little money that that is out of the question. So Ellen Nash has been trying to earn a little by teaching. On Wednesday she got notice from the committee that she wouldn't be re-engaged for next term. And the same day she had a letter from her mother—a picture letter! That Christmas was that they couldn't be together—that they would never be together! And she says she guesses she was half-crazy, but that morning, when little Emmy Tracy asked her if Santa Claus would come this Christmas, she answered right out of her heart that there wasn't any Santa Claus, and that all the talk about love and Christmas fellowship was just a fancy. O poor thing! I can understand! Why, Dr. Sarah, she only went one little inch farther than I had gone, and she is so much worse off than I. For my blessed mother never suffered any, and we were together up to the very last hour. Dr. Sarah!"

"Yes, Justice."

"I-I haven't been doing this year as mother would have expected of me to do."

"That's all over now," said Dr. Peavey, heartily. She hardly knew how truly she had spoken, but she knew an hour later, when Justice again was at her side.

"Dr. Sarah," she said, with her old energy, "can we go home to-night on the night train?"

"What of your tree at Hancoville?" "Of course we won't harden the children. We'll write a letter, in the name of Santa Claus, and ask them to Serena Wetherbee's on Christmas day. She says she'd be glad to have them. You wouldn't think, to look at her dear old granite face, that she loved children so. And Ellen Nash will have the tree and the presents all ready. O Dr. Sarah, it would have made you cry to say how she went out to get a tree, and had even taken some of her hard-earned money to buy nuts and apples for the children, because she wanted to make up for what she had said! But now they'll have a sure-enough Christmas at Hancoville, and we'll go home. There's so much I must do, and only a day to do it in! So many children that mother would have wanted to have gone to see! And you, Dr. Sarah, you're willing to go home?"

"Yes," said Dr. Peavey. "It was a Christmas of bright sun and glad weather. Sarah Peavey and her sister set crimson roses beneath their mother's picture and opened their gifts in the presence of Sarah Peavey had the medical bed that she had needed, and a brown print of a Madonna, and even a ticket for the opera. At the gift that she valued most came in the twilight. The telephone bell rang, and over the wire came Justice Elliot's voice:

"Is it you, dear Dr. Sarah? I wanted to tell you I've seen my old cousin Hester. She's tired of hiring maids, you know, and she's been looking for a woman to be a sort of companion house-keeper in her little apartment. I told her about Ellen Nash, and she's sending for her. She'll pay her three times what the Hancoville school paid, and Miss Nash will be able to go often to see her mother. Dr. Sarah!"

"Yes, Justice."

"Do you remember my telling you about that fir balsam pillow I made up last year—the one I thought I couldn't ever touch again?"

"I remember, child."

"I set it off yesterday, in holy wrappings to Ellen Nash's mother. And that's all. Dr. Sarah, dear only—I wanted to wish you—Merry Christmas!"—Bulah Marie Dix in The Youth's Companion.

IVELY JOURNEY

Father Vaughan, S. J., gives some accounts of his activities in the United States as follows: "You will want to know what I have been doing since I left my native shores. It would almost be easier to say what I have not done.

From New York to the Klondike—in mining camps, lumber camps, in coal mines, and in canneries, preaching and lecturing on sea, land and on mountain tops. I have been working in slums and preaching in cathedrals, and giving addresses in theaters. I almost fancy I have been a gramophone with records going on all the time. I have been a picture show, giving all sorts of gospel stories and experiences of men and scenes. Even on the trains I have had to give talks. I have addressed some 300,000 persons. This is a great country for public speaking. In one town I arrived at 8 p. m., gave a lecture in the theater, shook hands with most of the people as they were presented to me at 10 p. m. Then we adjourned and dined. There were twelve speeches at the banquet, the Bishop in the chair. I got home at 2 a. m., and had to say early Mass, as my train left by 8:15. This is strenuous. The Catholic Church is the light of this New World. Nearly 16,000,000 of members in one solid mile under the sun. In one solid mile 2,000 men and 35 different nationalities! Paddy is in evidence everywhere, and he is a Catholic as well as an Irishman. In New York and Boston he flourishes most of all. Many would millionaires among them. They have built up the church, for here, as elsewhere, they are generous to a fault. In every part I have been I have come across many of them I know in England or Ireland. Strange to say, I have found I am known in the States almost as well as in London or Dublin, and many a poor fellow has been proud to show me my portrait hanging on his market place or posted on a log cabin. My affectionate blessing to every man, woman and child in the parish. Tell them to put me in their prayers as I put them in mine."—Chicago New World.

The River and the Song  
Long, long ago when I was young,  
'Twas many a song my mother sang,  
'Twas many a strain comes back to me  
First heard and loved beside her knee,  
And one old song of all the rest,  
That stirred or soothed my infant  
breast,  
Was sung to such a plaintive air  
It set me weeping unaware.

Yet, though the tearsdrops fell,  
I would not go to rest without  
The song in which she sang about  
"The River Suir  
That runs so pure  
To Carrick from Clonmel."

Perhaps the song to me was dear  
Because I somehow seemed to hear  
Through all its words and all its tones  
The river singing o'er the stones,  
The river singing as it flowed  
By field and wood and winding road;  
And, oh, that song was always sad,  
However warm the world and glad.  
And ever I loved it well,  
And ever I loved the strain  
That ended with the old refrain:  
"The River Suir  
That runs so pure  
To Carrick from Clonmel."

The town from which the river came  
To me was more than just a name;  
My fervent fancy made it grand  
As any town in fairyland.  
And in my heart I yearned to trace  
The stream to that enchanted place.  
For there, methought, I'd surely say  
The towers that kept the heavens on  
high.

And wonders hard to tell,  
And there I'd see the river's birth,  
Its waters welling from the earth—  
"The River Suir  
That runs so pure  
To Carrick from Clonmel"

And off, in fancy drifting down,  
I came again to my own town;  
I passed beneath its ancient bridge,  
I pierced the distant mountain ridge;  
I leapt upon the current strong,  
I floated many a mile along,  
Until by Waterford I passed,  
And reached the shining sea at last.  
That round old Ireland swam,  
'Twas thus I used to dream what time  
My mother sang that haunting rhyme  
About "The Suir  
That runs so pure  
To Carrick from Clonmel."

The world is wide, the years are long;  
I've heard since then full many a song,  
And seen with somewhat wearied eyes  
Full many a river fall and rise  
And many a grief my heart has felt,  
At many a new-made grave I've knelt,  
And dreamed or dreamed or dreamed I knew  
Have proved unstable and untrue.  
And still, what'er befall,  
The song that charmed my childish ear  
I've always heard and held it dear—  
"The River Suir  
That runs so pure  
To Carrick from Clonmel."

—By DENIS A. MCCARTHY in ROSARY MAGAZINE.

EQUALITY, TRUE AND FALSE

The doctrine of equality, correctly or wrongly conceived, underlies every attempt at dealing with the social problem. Wisely, therefore, Pope Pius X, in giving to the Christian world its "Fundamental Principles of the Christian Popular Action," laid stress in the first place upon this important question. Nothing can be more helpful in beginning our study than a clear conception of the positive Catholic doctrine as briefly and authoritatively summarized by him from the Encyclical of his predecessor Quod Apostolicum Muneris.

"I. Human society, as God has established it, is composed of unequal elements, just as members of the human body are unequal, to make them all equal is impossible, and would be the destruction of society itself.

"II. The equality of the different members of society consists solely in this: that all men have come from the hand of their Creator, and they have been redeemed by Jesus Christ, and they will be judged, rewarded or punished by God according to the exact measure of their merits and of their demerits.

"III. Consequently, it is conformable to the order established by God that in human society there should be princes and subjects, masters and men, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, nobles and plebeians, who, united by a bond of love, should help one another to attain their final end in heaven, and their material and moral well-being on earth (Motu proprio Catholic Popular Action).

To avoid all misunderstanding attention must be called at the very beginning to the last of these classes. It does not, as Socialists and other enemies of the Church are pleased to interpret such utterances, contain a condemnation of Democracy, but only a complete sanction of all lawful authority, whether found in a monarchy or a republic. Neither does it express a desire to withhold education from the people, since nowhere is this more carefully promoted than within the fold of the Church. Least of all does it imply any wish to keep the masses in poverty, as with one voice the Socialist press declares the Catholic Church has conspired to do.

The attempt of Socialists to turn into ridicule the position of the Church by the doctrine of excessive riches and squalid poverty, of riotous wealth and oppressive labor are championed by her as "the will of God," is a calumny which has done too many of our Catholic workmen, men of duty, to therefore, to make plain that the Church, while desiring unconditionally, "the order established by God," does not because of this sanction any industrial inequality established by man in the present state of society. She has been the first to lift her voice against the abuses which today exist, and as long as even a single man is denied his just wages, or a single woman is beat down with unnatural toil, or a single child is deprived of its God-given right to love and happiness and all the due development of every faculty of body and soul, she will continue to repeat her pleasings and denunciations.

The last proof that the Church is not what Socialism declares her to be is the undeniable fact that Capitalism has, in proportion, driven forth from her fold

more souls than Socialism has ever been able to wrest from her. It is precisely because the very of modern wealth can too often not be squared with the principles of Catholic faith, that a transition from poverty to riches has only too frequently been followed by a separation from the Church whose restrictions laid upon wealth had become unbearable, and the poor had become a scandal and a hindrance to social advancement.

Nothing, moreover, could be more opposed to the Catholic doctrine of human equality than those theories which long have been the support of capitalist selfishness, and which under various names are known as Materialism, Liberalism, or Individualism. Their basic principle is in every instance the unregulated freedom of individual action in industry and commerce, which in turn is based upon a false conception of equality. This, in place of leading to social helpfulness, is made a justification of every form of greed and oppression. All restrictions on labor contracts or competition, whether due to organization or state interference, are, according to such theories, to be swept away, and each individual is to depend upon his own resources for success or failure. It is the Darwinian struggle for existence legalized. The only object of government would thus be to keep a free field for the struggle of different grades of man, where the stronger could with full impunity and even with the support of law, conquer, crush and enslave the weaker—and all in the name of liberty and equality!

It was this system, the outgrowth of the Reformation, which soon led to a condition of which Pope Leo XIII. could write, "A small number of very rich men have been able to lay upon the teeming masses of the laboring poor a yoke little better than slavery itself." (Rerum Novarum)

This pagan capitalism, as we may call it, has been fought by the Church and by the laboring classes until its power to-day has already been greatly reduced, yet its spirit remains. Against this, therefore, the words of Pope Pius X. are now directed as much as against the tyrannical demands of Socialism. Earnestly he calls attention to the primary law of Christian economics, the only true application of the Christian doctrine of equality: that men, united by a bond of love, should help one another to attain their final end in heaven, and their material and moral well-being on earth.

True equality, therefore, is to be found only in that Christian conception of society which regards it as an organic body, wherein each member must contribute to the good of all the others, and private interests be kept subordinate to the general weal.

"Therefore," says Pope Leo XIII, "just as the Almighty willed that, in the heavenly kingdom itself, the choirs of angels should be of differing ranks, subordinated the one to the other; and just as in the Church God has established different grades of men, with diversity of functions, so that all should be as aptles, all not doctors, all not prophets; so also has He established in civil society many orders of varying dignity, right, and power. And thus to the end that the State, like the Church, should form one body comprising many members, some excellent others in rank and importance, it is necessary to one another and solicitors for the common welfare." (Quod Apostolicum Muneris)

Such subordination does not, however, imply any indignity upon a class, as Socialism teaches the masses in order to rouse them to rebellion. It is allowed by Christ Himself and is accepted by the only love of Him of whom the Apostle reminds us: "Being rich He became poor, for your sakes; that through His poverty you might be rich." (2 Cor. viii: 9) It therefore is lifted to a sublimity immeasurably above all kingship and domination of earth, and retains, where it borrows, the promise of the kingdom, the true riches which Christ came to bring.

There is before God, as we well know, a distinction between rich and poor, except that the latter are clothed in the special livery of Christ, while the former, having much to answer for, run greater risks of the same. "For a more severe judgment shall be for them that bear many." For God will not accept any man's person, neither will he stand in awe of any one's greatness; for He hath made the little and the great, and He hath equally care of all. But a greater punishment is ready for the more mighty." (Wisdom, vi, 69)

The conception of society according to the mind of Christ and of the Church, the master is for the servant and the servant for the master, the employer for the welfare of the employed as much as the employed are to contribute to the good of the employer, and all are for the glory of God through Christ their King. The relations of labor are meant to be only an extension of the relations of the family. Laborers are to be respected and treated as members of a larger household. Besides the obligations of justice and charity, there likewise exist the mutual duties of piety or affection. The fact that even to mention these appears idealistic and visionary in our day shows how far we have drifted away from Christianity in our present industrial life. And yet it is not true that these obligations are universally ignored. Much less is it true that they can no longer be observed. The principles of Christianity, though equally ignored by the selfish theories of rationalistic capitalism on the one hand, and of revolutionary Socialism on the other, are nevertheless for all time and can at no epoch be set aside with impunity. It is precisely the violation

of these precepts which has led to the present industrial crisis.

We have thus far contented ourselves with making application of the principles of equality to present-day capitalism. As regards Socialism, however, its complete condemnation in the three articles of Pope Pius X. on human equality is too evident to call for comment. And yet we cannot too strongly urge this point, always giving due reason and explanation to avoid all evil and misconception. The mere enunciation of these three primary rules of Catholic action, laid down by Pope Pius X. as obligatory upon every Catholic, would be sufficient to cause the instant expulsion of any member from any Socialist lodge the world over. With the first internal assent to these Catholic principles the person professing them would already cease to be a Socialist.

Socialism, as we clearly understand, does not at the present day usually defend a doctrine of absolute equality but mainly insists upon an equality of opportunities, so that no man being born into this world is to be given an advantage over any other. This the reality itself would not be possible without a complete destruction of the present form of society. Thus Socialism equally implies revolution. It is a system of economic injustice most strongly condemned by successive Pontiffs. It is a system repudiating the Scripture teaching of the subordinate position of man to his God, not in slavery, but in love, the Church is subject to Christ. (Eph. v, 23.) It is in fine a sectarian creed denying the divine origin of authority as taught by Christ in His answer to Pilate, and so clearly expressed by St. Paul: "Let every soul be subject to higher powers; for there is no power from God; and those that are ordained of God. Therefore, he that resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God. And they that resist, purchase to themselves damnation." (Rom. xiii, 1, 2) These, at least, are the doctrines of all leading Socialist authorities.

The promise of Socialism to the laboring classes, that it will bury their class forever in a new era of social equality, is no less vain than the hope of capitalism which seeks to hide its bank of roses. The Church neither sides with the rich nor flatters the poor, but calls upon her children to acknowledge the order established by God, and to defend within it the just rights of labor by every legal means, while she preaches to all classes alike the need of renunciation, in the Saviour's words: "He that taketh up his cross, and followeth Me, is not worthy of Me."

For this reason she will never be persecuted by Labor as well as by Capital, whatever the spirit of the world and not the love of Christ is the dominant principle of action. But fearless of opposition, she will continue in her course uplifting the world by slow degrees and working out the only true progress, the restoration of Christian civilization in modern social life.

This result is being achieved in several countries of Europe supposed to have been given over to the enemy must be admitted.—Joseph Husolin, S. J., in America.

RIGHT THE WRONGS OF PORTUGAL

The persecution of the Catholics of Portugal by a handful of infidels who some time ago gained control of the government, and as a result of the command of the military forces is still the wonder of the present age which cannot be explained excepting by the fact that the Catholic majority has been browbeaten into a cowardly submission and does not dare to raise its head in protest. To think that this small, wretched clique of anti-Christian politicians should have succeeded in leading Portugal by the throat and leading it down with the chains of religious persecution—it seems almost incredible and the tragedy can only be explained on the ground that Catholics in that unfortunate country are not organized and without leaders.

Our three American Cardinals recently sent a letter of sympathy touching the sorry condition of things in their so-called republic to the Portuguese Bishops, and from the answer of the latter we quote the following which will give a closer insight into the desolation wrought and the reason of things: "Day after day the violent and vexatious persecutions against the Church and its ministers assume new and disastrous aspects. Our temples have been destroyed, despoiled and sacrilegiously profaned. All our episcopal palaces and not a few of the presbyteries have been confiscated. A large number of parish priests have been expelled, exiled, and others have as a result of the military short time subjected to trial by the military tribunals. All the clergy, especially in the large cities, have been persecuted, harassed, exposed to the most humiliating and opprobrious jibes and to the most ferocious physical ill-treatment.

The greater part of the seminaries have been closed and suppressed, and those which still subsist have been reduced to the direst penury and soon perhaps they will be deserted, either because of the sad aspect which the future presents to the ministers of the Catholic Church, or as a result of the which means military service compulsory for clerics. Religious worship has been fettered, obstructed and prohibited. Our parishes are without pastors, and practically religious ministrations are no longer available for the faithful.

The religious communities have to a considerable extent been deprived of their revenues, and it has been made impossible for them to perform their work. The wearing of the ecclesiastical dress by the clergy has been forbidden and punished, as if it were a crime. The teaching of Christian Doctrine is considered a provocation and a misdemeanor. The greatest and better portion of our clergy have to contend with the greatest difficulties in order to procure an honorable maintenance, and already some of them are confronted with the gravest privations, with abject poverty and hunger."

If the Jews were a majority of the population of Portugal, and were persec-

uted and robbed as Catholics are, how long would they submit to the outrages? A united protest would be made against it by the Jews of the world—and they would not rest until the wrongs of their countrymen had been redressed, though it took the influence of several foreign powers to do so. And should Catholics who are in the great majority in Portugal, tamely submit to the indignities and injustices perpetrated upon them? Cannot the moral sense of all Catholics be aroused on the subject and something be done to right the wrongs of Portugal?—Intermountain Catholic.

LIVE TO-DAY

Live to-day as you would wish to live to-morrow. It is always to-day. To-morrow belongs to God. The future is uncertain. Is there a bad habit you wish to eradicate? Begin to-day to correct it. To-day is ours. To-morrow belongs to God. He gives us time only in moments. We must make the most of them while they are here.

The man who boards to acquire wealth never enjoys the happiness of giving. The man who puts off all his kind deeds to the future becomes confirmed in unpleasant ways. The sinner who puts off repentance is endangering his eternal salvation, if he does not become hardened in sin. The true philosophy of life is to take no surplus of enjoyment, and not to postpone all the better and higher things. To live by the way, and to build too much on the future is not the part of a wise man.

There are only two things that can probably put off indefinitely. Unkind words and deeds can wait. Perhaps to-morrow we shall see that they were better left unsaid and undone. They add to no one's happiness—not even to their own. Would you be happy? Then postpone them indefinitely—but your deeds of kindness do to-day.—True Voice.

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION

Apollitic Delegation, Ottawa, June 13th, 1905.

Mr. Thomas Coffey, My Dear Sir:—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper.

Dear Sir:—I have some time past I have read your admirable paper, the Catholic Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Yours very sincerely in Christ, D. F. COMO, Arch. of Larissa, Apoc. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1912

CHRISTMAS—CHRIST'S MASS

As long as the English language endures, the holy name of this holy feast will carry back the mind to the ages when all who spoke the English tongue were Catholics; when for young and old, gentle and simple, king and commoner, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was the great central act of worship and the soul of the Christian religion.

In the sad days which followed the so-called Reformation, celebration of Mass was treason and "Mass priests" traitors. Christmas with other "man-made Sabbaths" shared the hatred of self-constituted expounders of the Word, and did not escape their holy zeal for Scriptural religion.

In 1644 Christmas was forbidden by Act of Parliament; the day was to be a fast and a market day; shops were compelled to be open, and plum pudding and mince pie were condemned as heathen.

But in times of persecution as in times of triumph, through good repute and evil repute, in the twentieth century as in the Middle Ages, the Catholic Church has kept holy the 25th of December, to commemorate the birthday of her Divine Founder. Her fidelity to the Christmas feast has had an influence far beyond the household of the faith, and now the Christmas spirit permeates even the spiritual descendants of the intolerant and Christmas-hating Puritans.

bond of union and of common interest and responsibility, they are often a source of discord and contention. Parents who, instead of providing suitable social intercourse with Catholics, allow their sons and daughters, still immature and impressionable, to form such intimacies with non Catholics as are likely to lead to the desire for marriage, are certainly lacking in prudence, and may be culpably responsible for the consequences.

At any rate the truth can not be too clearly taught, that a Catholic who marries before any other than a duly authorized Catholic priest, contracts a civil marriage only. In the eyes of the Church there is no marriage. That being the teaching of the Church, the non-Catholic wishing to marry a Catholic, and who will not be married by a priest, simply asks the Catholic to apostatize. The non-Catholic man to whom all churches (except the Catholic) look alike, may, perhaps, be excused for thinking the Catholic girl holds religion in equally light esteem. But if he knew that the Catholic girl really believes herself bound by the laws of the Church, however he himself may regard religion, cannot honorably ask her to become his wife except in accordance with those laws. Any other suggestion is dishonoring to himself as well as to the woman he would make his wife.

ABOLISH THE BAR A HALF-MEASURE

As the question of the abolition of the bar is now engaging public attention it may be useful as well as interesting to consider some of the causes of the evil which this measure is designed to get rid of.

What we have to say does not affect the question as a party issue. That bars, or their equivalent, have become a universal institution throughout the civilized world, suggests that they must respond to some intimate human need other than that which they satisfy as mere drinking places.

Man is essentially a social being; hermits and recluses are not the normal type of men. The ordinary normal man desires to meet his fellows, to enjoy the interchange of views and opinions, friendly companionship and social intercourse. The public-house came naturally into existence to afford the opportunity of gratifying this social instinct.

With this reason for existence, the bar, like the dining room, would be merely incidental, even if useful and necessary accessories. In the course of time the evolution of the public-house along two different lines produced two distinct types that have little in common. The one along the line of what is called the legitimate hotel business provides for the necessary accommodation of the travelling public; here the bar is only an accessory. The other, where the bar as a source of revenue tended to dominate the whole institution, has developed the saloon. The law in this province steps in to arrest this latter development, by refusing a license to a place that has not a certain minimum of hotel accommodation.

It is this degeneration of the public-house into a mere drinking place in rural districts, that has made its total abolition by local option so generally acceptable in Ontario and Quebec. Were this not so, local option would meet with sturdier and more rational opposition.

Unfortunately neither the legitimate and necessary hotel, nor the hotel which is only an adjunct of the bar, makes much provision for social intercourse apart from what is demanded by its immediate revenue producing business. So that the bar has come to be almost the only easily and generally accessible place where the natural social instinct of men may be gratified, and has thus become a social institution. That it very inadequately meets the requirements as such, is not so much an argument for its abolition as it is for the necessity of providing a suitable substitute. Unless and until such substitute be provided, the abolition of the bar, with all its attendant evils, assuming this to be possible without the aforesaid provision, is only a half-measure.

bar-room in sole possession of this field of useful social work.

In one small railway town of three thousand souls, we are told, twenty-nine saloons flourished when the club-house was opened. Six months later half a dozen drinking places closed their doors. The others showed fight. Club house employees were bribed to give poor service, cooks were induced to poison the men's food; as a last resort, the entire club house crew was bought to go on strike. But the saloons lost.

A recent bulletin of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, analyzing the accident records of the country's railways, reports that the Southern Pacific had carried one hundred and fifty million persons in the four years ending June 30, 1912, without killing a single passenger through collision or derailment.

A writer in the fortnightly Review thus indicates the lines on which the Southern Pacific club houses have been conceived and carried on: "The victories won in the fight against the saloon by the institution have been permanent and progressive, thanks to the novel principles upon which the management of the club-houses is based. F. G. Aibearn, the social engineer who founded the clubs, realized that institutions similar to the Young Men's Christian Associations would not reach the class of men he dealt with. Departing from the accepted standards of social welfare work, Mr. Aibearn studied the methods of the enemy, the saloon, and adapted them to the railway's purposes. The saloon requires neither dues nor membership cards from its patrons. Neither do the railway clubs. They are open day and night to every employee who wishes to make use of their facilities. As in the saloon, all club patrons stand upon a plane of social equality—the same courtesy that greets the aristocratic engineer or conductor is extended to the humble section worker. Like the home and the saloon, the walls of the club-houses are innocent of signs prohibiting swearing, smoking, expectorating. There are no rules of conduct. The men's freedom of movement and action is as unrestricted as it is in the saloon. But the subtle influence of wholesome, neat environment has in no instance failed to prevent abuses. The men are expected to behave as gentlemen—and they do. They pay their way just as they do in the saloon, though no profit is derived from the operation of the club-houses except the indirect benefit resulting from cleaner, stronger, healthier manhood."

While societies religious and fraternal may do much in their own sphere, the man in the street requires something to take the place of the bar as a social institution; and whether the bar be abolished or not, the question calls for solution.

IS THIS HONEST?

To the recent marriage case, with which we dealt last week, The Christian Guardian refers as follows: "The starting point in connection with the whole matter lies in the following statement: 'It was incidentally shown in the evidence that the Church had announced its willingness to confirm the original marriage provided the husband simply paid the amount of dispensation fees which should have been paid before marriage.' Surely this statement does not fairly represent the Roman Church. Surely a church which prides itself upon the fact that with its marriage is always a sacrament, sacred and indissoluble, cannot justify itself before either man or God, if it dissolved a marriage, which it was quite willing to ratify, for a few pieces of silver."

No, this statement does not fairly represent the Roman Church. It is very unfair, and, we fear, dishonestly misrepresents the "Roman Church."

We have no right to ask Protestants to agree with the position of the Catholic Church on the question of marriage, but we have a perfect right to ask them to understand that position before condemning it and sneering at it. The Catholic position is this: The Mosaic laws relating to marriage, like those relating to diet and to the observance of the Sabbath, were limited in their application to the Jews. Jesus Christ said to his apostles: "All power is given to Me in heaven and in Earth.—As my Father sent me so I also send you,—going therefore, teach ye all nations,—and behold I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world."

By these and other words of unmistakable import, Our Divine Lord conferred on the Apostles and their successors the authority to abrogate the laws of Moses and to make laws to take their place.

By virtue of this authority the Church imposes her own laws of fasting and abstinence instead of the laws regulating Jewish diet.

By virtue of this authority the Church changed the Jewish Sabbath (Saturday) into the Christian Sunday, and made her own laws for its observance. By virtue of this authority the Church makes laws with regard to marriage. One of these laws makes the marriage of persons within the fourth degree of consanguinity null and invalid. Since the Church herself makes this law, she can and does dispense from it for reasons satisfactory to herself. Without such dispensation the marriage is null and invalid from the beginning.

This hazy notion of "The Church" indicates that there is amongst the sects a groping after the truth, to Catholics familiar and self-evident, that if there is a Church "divinely commissioned" to convey Christ's message to men, it must, of necessity, be a visible Church, speaking in no uncertain voice, but as one having the authority of its Divine Founder.

THE MESSAGE OF CHRISTMAS

"Peace to men of good will"—this is the message of Christmas. It was thus the angels voiced the first Christmas greeting ever uttered. Not to the great ones of the earth did they bear this message, but to the humble shepherds who tended their flocks on the Judean hills. And so to-day the blessing of Christmas is not for kings and princes, but to "men of good will." "To men of good will." It is waiting for us all, high and low, rich and poor, peer and peasant, the beggar by the wayside equally with the millionaire in his palace. "The Son of Heaven's Eternal King" is no respecter of persons. It is noble deeds, not noble blood He looks to, and not so much the deed as the will to do it.

"It is not what man does exalts him, but what man would do." As on the first Christmas, so this Christmas the King of Peace will come to us if we have the good will. It is that we may have this good will that the Church bids us during the three weeks of Advent prepare for His coming by getting out of ourselves, as it were; by withdrawing our thoughts as much as possible from the things of the world, in order to watch for the coming of the Redeemer, so that when He does come He may find us ready to receive Him. To those who have thus prepared, "coming, He will sup with them," but if we have made no room for Him, if all the chambers of our hearts are full of other things, what better are we than the keeper who had no room for Him?

"To men of good will." Ah, but you say that there is so little we may do. Well, do that little. If God wanted you to do something very great He would have given you greater opportunities. But are you sure that you realize all the opportunities for doing good that He has given you? May there not be a kind word that you have omitted to speak? An imagined slight that you have made no effort to forget? A smile, or a little kind act, that costs so little and yet may mean so much to some poor lonely one starving, not for bread, but for the sunshine of sympathy? It is not the millionaires, who donate large sums to various undertakings more or less praiseworthy, who are the greatest benefactors of the human race, but the doers of the "little unremembered acts of kindness and of love." More people are starving for love than for food. Let us, then, this Christmas learn the Christ-like secret of doing all the good that we may. "He went about doing good."

Christmas is only Christmas when Christ is with us. Without Him it is but a pagan festival of merriment and pleasure. May we, then, keep Christmas—Christ with us. May we keep it all the year, and may we keep it well. May we always think of Christmas as Sorogee's nephew thought of it—as a kind, forgiving, charitable time; the only time in all the year when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut up hearts freely, and to think of others as if they were really fellow-passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys.

THE CHURCH

A correspondent sends us an English paper containing an account of a meeting of Wesley Guilds, at which a Rev. Mr. Hughes gave an address on "The Church." Amongst other things he complains that there are "many who believe the Church to be a more or less human institution," that many young people "wholly devoted to Jesus Christ" were losing faith in the Church and refusing to become members in order to have more time to devote to social progress. And he gravely assures them that they cannot, in the long run, establish social reforms on an enduring basis unless "The Church" was behind them, "or some institution corresponding to the Church."

It was time, said Mr. Hughes, that the Church ceased to take the position of suppliant in the face of the people, it was time they stood as "a Church divinely commissioned."

What "The Church" means to Mr. Hughes is not clear; sometimes it evidently means the Methodist Church, at other times he feels too keenly the limitations of his own Church, and speaks of a vague, indefinite, invisible, elusive entity called "The Church," which apparently manifests itself only in its "branches." How such a "Church" can be "divinely commissioned" and "entrusted with a divine message to men," he does not explain. Which of the visible "branches" of the invisible "Church" is commissioned, or whether all are equally commissioned, he does not inform us. But he would fain have "The Church" stand before men not as a suppliant but as one having authority.

Our transatlantic preacher expresses himself in terms that have become very familiar on this side of the ocean also.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

Recent issues of Catholic periodicals have given some prominence to reviews of "The Romance of a Jesuit," a new translation from the French of De Beugney d'Hagerne, of a novel dealing with the inner life of the Society of Jesus. We say, new translation, for while the book has been generally referred to as the first rendering into English of the romance, it is not really so, precedence by twenty-three years being due to a translation by the late Mrs. G. M. Penné of Quebec, which appeared as a serial in the Catholic Weekly Review, a periodical published in Toronto from 1887 to 1892. It was not republished in book form, hence, while attracting much attention at the time, was soon forgotten, and lies buried in the few existing files of that short-lived but interesting journal.

The occasion of the earlier translation of d'Hagerne's romance was the furious agitation which sprang up all over Canada, and especially in Ontario, over the settlement by Hon. Honore Mercier, then Premier of the Province of Quebec, of the long outstanding Jesuits' estates question. Our older and middle-aged readers will not have forgotten the circumstances of that exciting time. All the smouldering hatred of the Catholic Church seemed to have broken into flame. Old feelings were rekindled, the rusty weapons of ignorant fanaticism were drawn from their hiding places and re-

furnished—all because it was proposed to make some inadequate and belated restitution to the Society of Jesus for property confiscated by the Crown upon the death of the last member of the old Society in Canada following upon the suppression. It is not necessary, nor would it be desirable to recall that humiliating chapter in our national history. Suffice it to say that the tempest continued for many months, gathering increasing fury, until, when the question of disallowance of Mercier's Act came up in the House of Commons, Sir John Thompson, as Minister of Justice, effectually disposed of it by appeal to elementary constitutional law and dispassionate exposure of the true character of the traditional enemy to the Society of Jesus. What Sir John Thompson accomplished by reason and common sense, Sir John Macdonald capped by timely ridicule. Then the whole agitation collapsed, and its promoters returned to their pristine obscurity.

The translation of "The Romance of a Jesuit" to which we have referred was designed to offset the disturbed state of public feeling at that time. The original was written to illustrate the true spirit of the Jesuits, their single-minded devotion to the advancement of religion and true civilization, and the perilous character of the opposition against them. The central figure of the story is a young man who entered the novitiate of the Society as a spy and the willing instrument of its enemies. The result, however, was his repentance and conversion, and finally his becoming a Jesuit himself. The narrative introduces a variety of characters, abounds in strong situations, and by dispelling a cloud of misconceptions is calculated to do great good to Catholics as well as to non-Catholics. For, unfortunately, there are Catholics whose minds are easily disturbed by every idle calumny against their Church to which irresponsible preachers or editors may choose to give utterance. And the Jesuit is always a mark—a patient and long-suffering mark, it must be said—for the bigoted fanatic.

A word may not be out of place as to the personality of the first translator of "The Romance of a Jesuit," Mrs. G. M. Penné, to whom that title belongs, was a sister of the celebrated Catholic editor and philosopher, William George Ward, whose name and work are familiar to all students of religious literature. Early in life she had married Arthur Penné, an English barrister, who later became a solicitor of the Supreme Court, British India. Subsequently they came to Canada, and their children, having married into well-known French Canadian families, the Pennés became permanently settled in this country. Always of a literary turn of mind, and sharing in no small degree the gifts of her more famous brother, Mrs. Penné, after the death of her husband, devoted herself to literary pursuits, and over her maiden-name, G. M. Ward, rendered into English some of the best known of the devotional and ascetical writings of St. Alphonsus. She had a great devotion to St. Anne, and great love and admiration for the Redemptorist Order, and having built a home at the far-famed shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre, her literary talent was placed unreservedly at the disposal of the Fathers for the promotion of devotion to the Patroness of Canada. Hence it was that the world knew so little of her undoubted gifts of expression, for Mrs. Penné (or Madame, as her friends loved to call her) never sought its applause. "My life," she wrote to us in 1887, "has been too filled with trials and grinding work for me to have properly cultivated what little literary talent I may possess, and I only now use my pen when I think I can be of some service to the good cause of our Church. This is why I generally stick to translations."

Mrs. Penné did, however, produce some original work, but we are not aware that any of it has been reproduced in book form. We recall particularly a series of essays on the ecclesiastical year which, extending over several years, she contributed to the Review above referred to. These are distinguished by a deep knowledge of the subject, by devotional fervor, and great appreciation of the beauties of the Catholic liturgy. She has also written on subjects connected with the history of New France, and we often find ourselves lamenting that these have not been collected and given to the world in a permanent form. We know of nothing in English that covers quite the same ground as her liturgical essays, or that clothes the subject in more attractive form. As a letter writer, she had excellencies all her own.

Mrs. Penné died at Quebec in 1896, having attained a ripe old age. Finding her infirmities increasing she had a year or two before given up her cottage at St. Anne's, and taken up her residence at the Franciscan Convent, Grand Allée,

Quebec. "My heart," she wrote, "is always at St. Anne's, but circumstances do not allow of my living there, so I must do God's will in the matter. Age is creeping on, and I am very glad to be under the same roof as the Blessed Sacrament, and willingly make various sacrifices for the sake of being so near our dear Lord and getting my daily Mass." Several voyages to England on urgent family affairs, and a stay of some months in Alderney (Channel Islands) had preceded her final settlement with the Franciscan Nuns. There, as already stated, she ended her days early in 1896, leaving with her friends a sweet and gracious memory. "She was not an ordinary woman that valiant Christian whom the Sovereign Judge has just called to her reward," wrote the editor of the Annals of St. Anne de Beaupre in the April number of that periodical. "Those who, like us, had the advantage of her intimate acquaintance, know that she had to endure bitter and almost incessant trials, especially after she had the happiness of embracing the true Faith. But God had endowed her with a soul full of courage, and with the aid of grace this courageous woman remained ever firm, resigned and fervent as a neophyte to her last breath." Such was Mrs. Penné as we knew her, and as she was known likewise to the poor and unfortunate and to all those who shared with her ambition to do something for the glory of God and advancement of His Church upon earth.

THE CHRISTMAS BABY

Elizabeth Pollard in the Sterling Magazine. Robert Steele rose from his desk with an impatient jerk. He hastily shoved the papers that he had been working on into their receptacles, then passed out through the door, which he locked, as if he was looking in something which he feared might come out and follow him.

Along the street as he passed the shops were gay with Christmas cheer. Men, women, and children laden with parcels, met, passed, and jostled him. In contrast to their happy smiling faces, the thought of his own gloomy home loomed into his mind. Unconsciously he sighed, and the persistent ghost which he had meant to lock into the office was with him. It took the form of a lovely brown-eyed girl—his daughter, whom he had driven from his home a year ago, because she had married against his will, a poor, but lovable artist. She was banished, but banished ones take strange liberties at Christmas time. All day long her presence had haunted his office, clinging round him like a sweet-scented garment. He walked on briskly, as if trying to leave her behind him.

Near his home he came in sight of the church wherein he regularly worshipped. Early in life she had married Arthur Penné, an English barrister, who later became a solicitor of the Supreme Court, British India. Subsequently they came to Canada, and their children, having married into well-known French Canadian families, the Pennés became permanently settled in this country. Always of a literary turn of mind, and sharing in no small degree the gifts of her more famous brother, Mrs. Penné, after the death of her husband, devoted herself to literary pursuits, and over her maiden-name, G. M. Ward, rendered into English some of the best known of the devotional and ascetical writings of St. Alphonsus. She had a great devotion to St. Anne, and great love and admiration for the Redemptorist Order, and having built a home at the far-famed shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre, her literary talent was placed unreservedly at the disposal of the Fathers for the promotion of devotion to the Patroness of Canada. Hence it was that the world knew so little of her undoubted gifts of expression, for Mrs. Penné (or Madame, as her friends loved to call her) never sought its applause. "My life," she wrote to us in 1887, "has been too filled with trials and grinding work for me to have properly cultivated what little literary talent I may possess, and I only now use my pen when I think I can be of some service to the good cause of our Church. This is why I generally stick to translations."

"Watching for Santa Claus?" he queried with an attempt at cheerfulness. "No; I wasn't watching for anything," she returned with a forced smile. "I called at the church thinking you might be there," he said. "No; I couldn't go to day," she replied in a low voice.

He looked at her, then turned away his head. He knew why her hair was graying, why her step was slow, and her face aging. He had forbidden his daughter's name to be spoken, but he had no power to control thoughts. "Shall you go to midnight Mass?" he asked after a pause. "I think not. I'll go with the boys to the late service." "It's too cold for you, but I shall go as usual."

At this point dinner was announced. The meal was almost silent. Even the two young sons, home for the holidays felt the depression. When dinner was over, Mrs. Steele was called away to attend to some household duty, and the boys went out, leaving Mr. Steele to himself. He aimlessly wandered into the drawing room. It came into his mind how much singing there used to be in the house. How the children used to sing all over it, answering each other from room to room like a lot of birds. There was no singing now. For a moment the ghosts of the past rose up around the piano. His wife was playing, and the others grouped around her singing. There was one in the group that he used to hate, but not tonight. Ghosts do not engender hate. In fact they are a reminder that there comes a time when hate must die. At the end stood a girl with a guitar on his arm. How small and sweet the little brown hands looked, as they deftly flitted over the strings. He rubbed his eyes. The piano was closed, and the guitar lay there. He turned away, and passed up the stairs. Something impelled him to open a certain closed door. There was her room just as she left it a year ago in her hurried flight. How warm and cosy it was! These stood the writing desk and book-case combined, with rows of the books she loved. Then he turned to the little white bed. He remembered a





CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE CHRISTMAS STAR

The star that shone so brightly on Bethlehem's plain on that glad morning when shepherds heralded the advent of Jesus has not lost its lustre. Nay, it grows more luminous and beautiful as the days go by, and mankind in greatly increasing numbers is guided by it from the sorrows of earth to the joys of heaven.

What a wonderful impetus it gives for better living! What aspirations it kindles! What resurrection of buried hopes, what struggles are renewed for better living and for better things! Christ cheers the sorrowing with jubilant hopes, and bids them cast their shadows upon Him who cares for them with more than a mother's tenderest love.

He speaks peace to their troubled consciences, giving them forgiveness, sympathy and strength, and points them to that haven of rest where no storms ever sweep across their souls, filled with eternal blessedness. Christ brings good will among men.

CREATIVE ENERGY

Anything which destroys mental vigor also destroys creative energy, without which adequate success is impossible. The man who squanders his vitality, whether it be by physical or mental dissipation, overwork, or indolence, loses his originality; and when he ceases to be original, he ceases to be a youth to sacrifice a portion of his sleep, night after night, for the sake of some form of entertainment, but he buys the indulgence which he calls pleasure at the cost of a certain amount of formative power.

The man who drinks does not realize that he purchases the temporary gratification of his appetite at a price which, if seen objectively, would stagger him. If he could see, before he becomes its victim, the devastating forces which the drink habit sets in motion; if he could look into his brain and see the growth of the first tiny seeds of decay; if he were possible for him to view through a microscope the corrosive action going on in his veins and arteries, sapping his blood, and stealing the elasticity from his muscles; in short, if he could see himself being reduced gradually from a vigorous human being to the physical and mental wreckage which he would shrink in horror from the sight.

The vacillator, the man who swings back and forth like a pendulum, never taking a firm, independent stand on any question, not even on those which affect him most deeply, by his vacillation deprives his mental faculties of such an exciting force as is necessary to give impetus to his own impulse, and loses irrevocably whatever stock of creative energy he might have had at the outset.

A violent temper, leading, as it does, to frequent outbursts of passion, tends to wear out the nervous system, and in time robs its possessor of the power of initiative.

All our faculties, physical and mental, are welded into one complex machine, so fine and sensitive that discord or friction in any part affects the whole. No matter where or what the weak spot may be, it will be reflected in what we do, in what we write, in what we say, in our very innermost thoughts. It is a part of our being, and like character, do what we will to conceal it, will "blow."

Every jarring element in the machinery of our bodies, be it poor temper, nervousness, indolence, vacillation, or vice of the lesser faults, which to many appear to insignificant, will prove as disastrous to our efforts to attain success as would, so many weights attached to his person prove to a man competing for a prize in a foot race.

BE PATIENT

Patience and forbearance draw us nearer to God. Who tells us to "possess our souls in patience." Patience is a necessary requirement for a godly life. Without patience virtue is not solid. Without patience you can be master neither of others nor of yourself. Most of us are too hasty. We desire immediate results. We dislike to wait. "Behold the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth," says St. James, "patiently bearing till he receive the early and the later rain." (St. James, 5:7.) Life and character are not measured by rapid success. The process of nature is slow. All God's best and noblest works are slow and gradual. "St. Mark says: 'First the blade, then the ear, afterwards the full corn in the ear.'" (St. Mark, 4:23.) Character must be built up, slowly moulded, fostered and developed. Gradually you must live down bad habits; gradually you must ripen in vigor of purpose. "Out of weakness made strong," is God's motto. We must learn to labor and to wait. It is annoying to wait. There is so much to be done; why wait? God may not wait for you for the work. Be patient—wait! Strength untried is not strong. We never see the results of our endeavors—Union and Times.

LOOK FOR THE GOOD SIDE

There is no quality of the mind that gives so much true pleasure to ourselves and those around us as that which looks and love towards others that "thinketh no evil." The best and surest capital we can take with us when we start out in the world is a trustful, believing, and in our fellow-beings. Many a youth has the mistaken idea that in order to combat the hypocrisy and deceit of the great unfriendly world he must be constantly on the lookout for these disagreeable sins in those around him, thus keeping himself in a state of turmoil and in no way remedying the injustice and enmity directed against him. Show no trace of wariness or suspicion in your dealings with those who would do you harm, and ten to one your straightforward, respectful manner will appeal to their better natures and command friendship and esteem in return. Be noble and large-minded enough to stoop to childish squabbling over your little wrongs and slights. Never let your name figure in any petty affair of vengeance or spite. Never ruffle your temper and lose your spirits in resenting the "littleness" in people.—Union and Times.

CHARITY OF SPEECH

Charity of speech is as divine a thing as charity of action. To judge no man harshly, to misconceive no man's motives, to believe things as they seem, to be unkind things as they seem, to temper judgment with mercy—surely this is quite as good as to build up churches, establish asylums and found colleges.

Unkind words do as much harm as unkind deeds. Many a heart has been wounded beyond cure, many a reputation has been stained to decay by a few little words. There is charity which consists in withholding words, in keeping back harsh judgment, in abstaining from speech if to speak is to condemn. Such charity hears the tale of slander, but does not repeat it; listens in silence, but forbears comment then loses the unpleasant secret up in the very depths of the heart.

PERSEVERANCE

Beginning a thing is easy. It is persevering in it that is difficult. The test of character is the ability to go on and finish. It is a rare virtue and an exceedingly valuable one, for, whatever you have set yourself to do, there will surely come a time of discouragement when you doubt if, after all, it is worth while. Look out for that time—the time when you are tempted to turn back. It is there that the danger lies. It doesn't matter what your work is—earning a living or making a home or conquering a besetting sin—the discouragement is the bond to come. Don't give way to it. Be prepared for it and make up your mind to keep on just the same.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

MARY'S FIRST COMMUNION

Breathless and flushed with excitement Mary eagerly opened the front door, and with a cry of "Mama, Mama, where are you?" quickly ran up the stairs. It was a pretty child who entered the room where her father and mother were seated, and throwing both arms around her mother's neck fondly embraced her. She was probably seven years of age and an only child, her brother and two sisters having died when babies. On his November afternoon she had just returned from Sunday School, which for the past few weeks she had attended with her playmate Margaret O'Leary. Although she was not a Catholic, many of her companions were, and with them she frequently visited the Blessed Sacrament, and attended Benediction or turned to love the Catholic Church.

It was only natural that Mary should inherit some love for the Church, for Mrs. Donnelly, her mother, a graduate of a convent school, was once a firm Catholic and an ardent lover of the true Religion. Unhappily like many of the children of the early married bigoted Protestant lawyer, who easily persuaded her to abandon first one and then another of her pious practices, till she finally renounced religion itself.

"Oh, Mama," the child cried eagerly, seating herself upon her mother's lap today at Sunday School, the First Communion class was started and Margaret O'Leary and Agnes White are going to prepare. Please can't I? I'd just love to."

It was rather a startling question for the child to ask such parents and it stunned them. It was Mrs. Donnelly who turned to the child and spoke for him.

"Where did you get such a peculiar notion, Mary?" he asked tossing aside his Sunday paper.

"At Sunday School," came the prompt reply.

"Don't you know, Mary, I object to these Sunday Schools, and don't want you to have anything to do with them. Don't mention such a thing again unless you want to displease me very much."

"Oh, Papa, I do so want to receive First Communion, but Sister Mechtild told me I must first have your permission," the child continued in a pleading tone.

"I believe I have. Thank you, Sister," Mrs. Donnelly replied, taking the glove. It was a long time since she had seen a Sister of Notre Dame, and this meeting evoked many recollections. Seized with a desire to talk to her, she began rather timidly.

"Sister, I think you know my little girl, Mary, Mary Donnelly. Don't you?"

"Yes, indeed," the Sister replied "and a dear child she is."

"Mary has been to Sunday School a few times and I am anxious to know how she has learned so much about the Catholic Church. You know we are not Catholics."

"What! Not Catholics? I thought you must have taught her everything you know, the prayers and even the catechism. I have often thanked God, dear Mrs. Donnelly, that she had such a good mother."

"I would not be surprised at all," Sister replied. "Margaret is well instructed, and the two little ones are often together. But I hope you will not deprive her of making her First Communion in the church, as you say she has been baptized, and you know you are bound under serious sin to look out for her religious education. Won't you consider this? You say your husband is opposed, but haven't other women been in your position and come out victorious? What others can do you, too, can do; so take courage and do not be afraid to do what is right."

Meanwhile Mary had finished her prayer, and had returned to find her mother, but not seeing her she passed quickly to the vestibule, and meeting Sister's reassuring smile quickly entered the church, to wait, and meet her without realizing it had told Sister the greater part of her life. Sister endeavored to show the woman her duty and urged her to permit Mary to join the First Communion class.

"Mary is too young, I think," was Mrs. Donnelly's reply. "She cannot understand what she is doing."

"Oh, my dear, she has attained the use of reason; she knows what is right and wrong, and that is all that is necessary," Sister Mechtild replied.

"Well, Sister," Mrs. Donnelly replied, "I shall consider your words, and mean to do to the best of my power. I shall consider what God will strengthen me to do right."

It was Christmas Eve. Everything seemed to make ready for the wonderful event to take place that night, First Communion at Saint Dominic's Chapel at Midnight Mass. Mrs. Donnelly looked at the child, and with a smile of affection and pride, she kissed her forehead and the little mouth parted in a smile of peace of one waiting to welcome for the first time the Lord and God of all. What an abode prepared for the coming of the Lover of childhood!

Was it a tear that fell upon Mary's hand? She raised her eyes, and her mother was crying. No wonder! Did this picture recall to her the day when she herself stood as this child in the innocence of youth, awaiting the Bridegroom? On tiptoe the child tenderly threw her arms about her mother's neck and drawing her face to her own lovingly kissed her, then whispered:

"Mama, dear," was the soft reply. "To-morrow is Christmas isn't it? Will you give me something I want very much?"

"Whatever you want you have, my darling. What are you so anxious to receive?"

"Please, Mama dear, receive the Christ Child to-night when you come to Church with me."

"O Mary, that's no Christmas gift for you. Why not ask for something you would like very much for yourself?" Her heart was touched, however, by the child's appeal and she struggled hard to control her emotion.

"No, Mama, there is nothing else I want. Only give me this one thing. I know the little Jesus is just longing to give you this gift if you will only go to Him and ask for it. Please come, the Christmas tree, the look of love and longing in the tearful eyes, the pressure of the little arms about her neck were too much for the Mother. Embracing the little one more tenderly than she had ever done before she replied:

His dark eyes clouded, the mouth shut firmly, and he gazed for a moment at his daughter in astonishment and anger.

"Mary, what do you mean by even mentioning such a thing? If I had my way neither you nor your mother would go there. Such foolishness, mockery, he mumbled, rising; and pushing past the child, he left the room so suddenly. Only the measured tread of his footsteps were heard as Mr. Donnelly passed back and forth in his room. The ohimes soon waited their tones across the snow and announcing the glad tidings, "Glory to God, good will to men," finally ceased. He was all alone; something tore at his heart. "Why cease thy child address on such a happy night? Go, visit the Christ Child, see your daughter's happiness and your wife's peace when they receive the Divine Child." Surely there must be something in this notion, and he was making his little one so happy. Who could it be that she loved more than she loved him? "Will I go?" he meditated. "Go," his his Guardian Angel prompted. "Don't be foolish; why show your wife how weak you are? What will the other people think? He will split with pride. He struggled hard, such promptings tortured him. With a last, final struggle, he banished temptation and seizing his overcoat and hat he hastened from the house.

The chapel was crowded as the man entered, and dashed by the scene before him, he walked towards the door. The altar was lighted with numberless candles and an odor of incense pervaded the place. The altar bell sounded three times; the children in white advanced slowly to the altar, while the organ chimed forth softly and the choir began—

"Jesu, Thou art coming,  
Holy as Thou art,  
Thou the God Who made me,  
To my loving heart."

The priest, turning to the people, and elevating the Sacred Host, said, "Ecce Agnus Dei," and proceeded to administer First Communion. Still the man remained standing at the door, gazing in astonishment. What a holy scene! One by one the little ones arose at the altar railing and other's took their places, till finally the long line was nearly ended. The man never for a moment took his eyes from the children until, "Who? Yes! It must be my Mary! Last of all. Yes, last, but not least, Mary slowly returned from the altar, her head erect, but her eyes lowered, and her hands reverently joined in adoration. "My wife!" the man gasped, as behind the child a tall woman, dressed in black, with downcast eyes and hands joined in prayer. He took a step forward and leaning against the back of a bench gazed intently at the two as they slowly proceeded to their places. What could be the meaning of that smile that each beheld in the most important of these festive occasions was the celebration of the winter solstice when the sun began its backward journey.

ME POOR OULD DARLIN' CHURCH!

One of the priests was on his way to the early morning service in the new St. Mary's Cathedral. He found a fine old lady—lamest direct of the Kings bore—on the steps of the old edifice as he passed, holding a silent solitary vigil—waiting for the doors to open and the bells to ring.

"No Mass there this morning, mother," the priest was saying to her—no Mass ever there again."

"But, father, she answered him, "this is Sunday mornin', and it is no Mass at all you'll be after tellin' me, they'll be havin' her today?"

There was an ineffable pathos in the situation. "Up yonder, mother," replied the priest in kindness, and he pointed towards the new Cathedral a few short blocks away.

"Then it came to her! She started as though some sharp pain had pierced her and clutched her shawl against her heart. Her tottering feet had brought her to the curb, and looking at the older edifice, her hands uplifted, "Ah, me poor ould darlin' church," she murmured as her hands fell.

Then there was a deep drawn breath, and the glasses of the priest were dimmed with something misty as he hurried on his way.

Was she married then, he wondered? In that brief moment did that day of days? Was she thinking of the procession up the church aisle of the fragrant orange blossoms that once festooned her hair?

Or was it down those selfsame steps her precious deed were carried long years ago and the silent, solemn march was started that ended at the new-made grave—the grave, perhaps, that closed in from her tear-dimmed eyes forever, the one precious thing which alone she loved on earth?

Dear old patient, heart-sad mother, soon, too, you must follow in the way—Catholic Advance.

MAGI BAKING POWDER advertisement with image of a tin and text: "Read the Label", "The only Baking Powder made in Canada that has all its ingredients plainly printed on the label.", "For economy we recommend the one pound cans."

customs that have become amalgamated and modified into the usage of modern civilization.

The Druids of Britain, whom the Romans discovered there when they overcame the Celts, were a priesthood ruling the people by cruel witchcraft. They worshipped the oak, the mistletoe and the holly. Their altars on their feast days were decorated with the branches of white and red berries, and one of the most important of these festive occasions was the celebration of the winter solstice when the sun began its backward journey.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

Adrian Fernal, in the December Catholic World

Quotations taken quite at random show very clearly the teaching of "Science" regarding our Divine Redeemer. Once separated from the verbal mist which hangs over all of Mrs. Eddy's writings, we begin to see what a virgin. Read in the text-book, with a mass of history phrases, one sometimes fails adequately to understand their real intent. For example, consider the first quotation. "The corporeal Jesus was human." This we all know and acknowledge. But we also believe that the corporeal Jesus was Divine. This Mrs. Eddy denies entirely. She does not at all deny that Jesus was torn of a virgin. And it is interesting to note in this regard that "the discoverer and founder" of Christian Science considers Our Lady and her virginal delivery precisely as she would consider any other woman who had "sufficient science" to create a child through mental generation. Mary's spiritual sense that she was united with divine science, as the Holy Ghost. In other words, Our Lady caught a gleam of Eddyism, and through this understanding she brought forth her child, putting to silence the material order of generation, and demonstrating that the Father of men, to be put in plain words, with a sufficient knowledge of "science" any woman could become a virginal mother. Just how Mrs. Eddy regards Jesus as human when according to her theories the corporeal form of mankind is erroneous, and me poor ould darlin' church," she murmured as her hands fell.

LET US BE CHARITABLE

No less an authority than our Divine Lord Himself warns us not to judge, lest we ourselves be judged adversely. Who is competent to judge the conduct of his fellowman? To do so would imply that the one judging understood thoroughly the motives influencing the line of conduct. We cannot enter fully unless he takes us into his confidence fully. We cannot understand his motives unless he chooses to disclose them. And until he makes known his motives we have no right to criticize or condemn them.

Yet, what is more common than to attribute unworthy motives where perhaps none such exist? Uncharity in thought and in speech is the most annoying failing of many otherwise good people. They do not realize how uncharitable they are. Perhaps they have learned accidentally how others judge their own motives. Then they are quick to resent the injustice done them. But it does not occur to them that they have been misjudging others as they have now been misjudged.

They have been indulging in uncharitableness but others, not they have felt it sting.

We learn by experience; and having learned how our own motives may be misconstrued, let us be slow to impute base motives to others. Let us be charitable towards the failings of others,

of life to which each one is called.—Davenport (Ia.) Messenger.

Catholic Mind Pamphlet

Removal of Parish Priests

(MAXIMA CURA)

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INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN DEAN RING AND AN ANGLICAN MINISTER—PLAIN LANGUAGE

From the Liverpool Times. Dean Ring, missionary rector of SS. Mary and Michael's, Commercial road, E., sends us the following correspondence for publication:

Sir.—The following letters may be of interest to your readers. I omit the name of the clergyman in question as I have not his permission to use it, and I do not think it fair to him to impose on him any responsibility for them. I am sure he will not mind his arguments and his conclusions standing in print by themselves.

I, T. J. RING, October 19, 1912. Dear Father—I take the Catholic Times and have read the letter to you from Father B. Vaughan, and I do not about the Blessed Sacrament. I should like to know something about it, also rates and what medals they use. Also the extra devotions. I do hope that you will not think I am rude in sending this letter to you. I am much in sympathy with all Catholic teaching and organizations, and I am trying hard to teach the faith in this part of the country.

Believe me to be yours faithfully, Assistant Priest of — London, E., Oct. 21, 1912. Dear Sir—In reply to your letter I assure you that I do not think you are rude in writing to me about the Blessed Sacrament, and in saying that you are "much in sympathy with all Catholic teaching and organizations." I have the greatest respect for the sincere mind which—in groping uncertainty—prayed "Lead kindly light, lead thou me on."

If I may say so without an appearance of patronizing, I have heartily pity for the multitude of Anglican clergymen who are vainly trying to "gather grapes from thorns and wild without sanction or certainty, are flattering themselves that they are "priests." Nowhere on earth, outside England, is this silly exhibition of margarine monks to be found. As well make an act of faith that margarine is butter because it looks like it, as that a Protestant priest is a priest because he dresses like one, and tries to act, preach, and teach similarly.

Please excuse my very plain speech. How on earth can you teach the faith in the Blessed Sacrament without having it yourself? The Church of England surely does not accept the dogma of the Real Presence, or the holy sacrifice of the Mass. If you hold that the "body and blood, soul and divinity of Christ are present in the holy sacrament of the altar and can be offered to God by a priest for the living and the dead," you cannot rest in mere "sympathy with all Catholic teaching and organizations." You must go a step further, and if you attempt to celebrate holy Mass and to offer, for the absolute adoration of people, as the body and person of Christ that which is not His real presence, you are doing that which I need not describe.

Of course, this is opening the big questions which are at the very root of Christian life, and I assure you that I am not a controversialist and have no idea of raising an argument, but—take my advice—have nothing to do with the Guild of the Blessed Sacrament till you fully believe in the Blessed Sacrament itself, and in the priesthood—Catholic and Apostolic—through which it comes.

That great actor, Henry Irving, was not a cardinal, though he admirably took the role of one. He is as much and as little a priest as any Anglican archbishop or bishop. Holy orders from your bishops or archbishops might just as well be given by wives, because "Nemo Dat Quod Non Habet."

As we are not acquainted, you will, I hope, realize that there is nothing personal in this, but merely a blunt statement of Catholic teaching which you admire. Faithfully yours, T. J. RING, October 23, 1912. Dear Sir—Thank you for your letter. I have noted its contents, and would like to answer you verbally, so in the meantime I shall be glad to call on you. I have had conversations with many of your learned clergy and they have told me that there is not the slightest doubt but that we are validly ordained priests, and I do not see how we can question such men as Lord Halifax and Gladstone. Of course many of our priests come to you and as many of yours come to us, and the great experience I have had with our Catholic priests, that they are good and holy men, and they know for certain that our divine Lord is truly present after they have spoken the words of consecration. I could not question it myself for the great blessings I receive, and daily I say Mass. The Church must speak the truth and not think it is wise to condemn our orders. I am sure unity will never be gained by it, and we are, I feel sure, the purified Catholic Church in England, and nothing will convert English people to the faith but the holy services in the vernacular. I am convinced of that and I am satisfied with my orders and feel sure that I am as much a priest as any in the Church of Rome, and I am sorry you are not able to help me to start the B. S. Guild. I have seen priests in both, and watched them closely, and I am sure there is no difference, good and very bad. I thank you again for your kindness. I am yours faithfully, Commercial Road, E., Oct. 24, 1912. Dear Sir—I am glad to note from your letter that you intend to visit me. Even if I do not satisfy you with regard to the guild, I am certain we shall not be worse friends. I am, not a little, surprised that "learned clergy" of my faith have told you "that there is not the slightest doubt but that you are validly ordained." Surely this is a mistake. No priest in communion with the Holy See is so stupid as to hold that Anglican orders are valid. Pardon me if I make you an offer. Find me even one who says so and I'll undertake to prove to

HUNGRY SHEEP

In the Century Magazine, W. L. Phelps Lamson, professor of English literature at Yale University, has this to say about starving sheep: "A United States Senator met three clergymen in three different parts of the country, and each complained that he could not get a large audience. The Senator asked the first man if he believed that the Bible was the word of God. The cleric smiled piously, and said that of course he did not in the crude and ordinary sense, and then he launched a mass of vague metaphysical phrases. The Senator asked the second man if he believed in the future life; and the reverend gentleman said that he did not believe in personal immortality, but that the essence of life was indestructible, or some such notion. The Senator asked the third man—a pastor of an orthodox evangelical church—if he believed in the divinity of Jesus Christ. The shepherd of souls replied that all men were divine. These clergymen had themselves applied abundant reasons why their audiences were small. They had nothing to offer them but wind. The hungry sheep looked up, and were not fed.

"The Protestant clergy of today are sadly weakened by a spirit of compromise. They are afraid to preach Christianity, partly because they do not believe in it, and partly because they are afraid it won't 'draw.' They attempt to beguile men into the church by announcing secular themes, by the discussion of timely political and literary topics. As a matter of fact, the majority respect heartily a Christian minister who is absolutely sincere, and who confines his sermons to religion; and they despise a vacillating and worldly-minded pastor, who seems to apologize for his religion, and who substitutes lectures on politics and socialism for the preaching of the Gospel. No mistake is greater than the mistake of the minister who conceives it to be his duty to preach politics from the pulpit. To an audience who have read the daily papers all the week, and the Sunday paper that very morning, nothing is more superfluous than a political discourse in church.

"The tremendous strength of the Catholic church lies in its fidelity to principle and in its hatred of compromise. It should be an object lesson to all Protestant ministers. They may not believe its dogmas, they may not accept any theological dogmas at all; but the preacher is to hold forth in unity and not to discourse on sanitation, political economy, or literature. People everywhere are eager for the Gospel, and always respond to it when it is convincingly set forth."

SAVING THE WRONG WAY "The one thing I don't like about the place," said a mother who was rearing a large family in a suburban town, "is that the children have no Catholic associates."

"Do you take a Catholic paper," asked a friend. "I find that helps a great deal."

"I used to take one," replied the mother, "but I dropped it when the price went up to 82. I simply couldn't afford it; what with the violin lessons for Tom, and the cornet for Charlie, and Addie's dancing and piano lessons, and elocution for Helen; and all the clothes I had to get for them so that they might look as good as anyone else, I simply had to economize somehow."

"How much do you give them for entertainments?"

"Not more than 40 cents a week," said the mother firmly. "That means 80 cents, doesn't it—counting carfare?"

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One of Many Seiden, Kansas, Dec. 9, 1912. Of all the Catholic papers coming to my home the CATHOLIC RECORD of London, Ontario, easily holds the first place. Would that all priests knew of this paper.

SEPARATE SCHOOL WORK.—Miss Kathleen M. Rose, of Galt, a pupil of the Separate school of that town has achieved distinction by winning the medal of the Principal of the Collegiate Institute. She took the four year pass matriculation course in three years. This gives us another illustration of the superior preparatory work done by the Separate schools. We send our congratulations to Miss Rose.

WHITTY — In Mitchell, Ont., Mr. Moses Whitty, in the seventy-seventh year of his age. May his soul rest in peace!

O'BRIEN — In Toronto, on 18th of October, 1912, Mrs. Mary A. O'Brien, at her residence 390 Lansdowne Ave., May her soul rest in peace!

Chapped Hands—Rough Skin—Sore Lips—cured by Campa's Italian Balm. Send two-cent stamp for postage on free trial size—mentioning this paper—to the distributors for Canada, E. G. West & Co., Toronto, Can.

PEMBROKE DIOCESE Chapter Dec. 9th, 1912. The day of Our Lady's Immaculate Conception, was saddened for the people of Chapeau parish by the sudden death of the Rev. F. J. Sloan from the curacy of Chapeau parish to the parastate of Whitney by our beloved Bishop, Right Rev. N. Z. Moran.

RECEIVED FAVORS Received A reader wishes to return thanks for a favor received through prayers to the Blessed Virgin and the Holy Family.

In a Weekly Called Christian R. C. Gleason, in the Catholic Columbian After all is said, it really is not a wonder that so many non-Catholics keep alive their false ideas about the Church, when sectarian weeklies give them such outrageous anti-Catholic mental food. There is published in New York a weekly called the "Christian" which is well printed and well illustrated, an attractive publication to the eye, and yet its last number absolutely reeks with venom against the Church, editorially and in its news items. I am going to give one little item from its columns, just for the purpose of giving my readers a good opportunity to smile—yes, and to laugh. Here is one snippet: "Should Rome succeed in the cherished plan of making America Catholic, how many years must elapse before indulgences would be sold and given away in the streets of our principal cities?"

THE SISTER OF CHARITY

She once was a lady of honor and wealth, Bright glow'd on her forehead the roses of health; Her venture was hindered of sick and of gold, And her money she hid in the bosom of gold; Joy revell'd around her—love shone at her side, Her path was her home with the joy of a bride. And light was her step, in the mirth-sounding hall, For she heard of the daughters of Vincent de Paul. She felt in her spirit the summons of grace, That call'd her to live for the suffering race; And, heedless of pleasure, of comfort, of home, Rose quickly like Mary, and answer'd, 'I come!' She put from her person the trappings of pride, And pass'd from her home with the joy of a bride. For her heart was on fire, in the cause it approved, Lost over to fashion—to vanity lost, That beauty that once was the song and the toast, But gilding at dusk to the wretches' retreat. Her path was her home with the joy of a bride, For the sister of Charity blishes at fame, And so in the halls of the mirth-sounding hall, For she heard of the daughters of Vincent de Paul.

Those feet that to music could gracefully move, Now bear alone on the muson of love; Those hands that once once dangled the perfume and gem, Are tending the helpless or lifted for them; That voice that once echo'd the song of the vain, Now sings the hymn of the lowly and plain; And the hair that was shining with diamond and gem, Is wet with the tears of the penitent girl.

Her down-bent a pallet, her tresses a head; Her lustre—one taper that serves her to read; Her sculpture—the crucifix nail'd to her bed; Her paintings—one print of the thorn crown'd head. Her cushion—the pavement that wears her knees; Her music—the psalm, or the sigh of disease. The delicate lady lives mortified there, And the least is forsaken for tasting and prayer.

Yet not to the service of heart and of mind Are the cares of the heaven-minded virgin confined; Like him whom she loves to the mansions of grief She shares with the tidings of joy and relief. She strengthens the weary—she comforts the weak, Where want and affliction on the sick; Her hands are busy with the sufferer's need, The sister of Charity there is a friend.

Unshrinking where pestilence scatters his death, Like an angel she moves, and the vapor of dread, Where hangs the cold mist, and flashes the sword, Untending she waits for the soul of the Lord, How sweetly she tends our each plague-tainted face. For looks that are lighted with holiest grace, For kindly the smiles, each sufferer's aid, For the seen in the wounded the image of Him!

Behold her, ye worldly! behold her, ye vain! Who shrink from the path of virtue and pain; Who wish to slip to pleasure your nights and your days, Forgetful of the forgotten of pain, Ye lay philosophers—self-seeking men—Ye dress in fine silks, and your feet are in shoes, How stands in the balance, your eloquent weight! With the life and the deeds of that high-born maid!

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WANTED AN EXPERIENCED QUALIFIED TEACHER For Separate school section 12, 'A' Locke. Applicants state salary expected and apply to Peter McDougall, Sec. Box 68, Glen Robertson, Ont. 1781-2

TEACHER WANTED HOLDING A THIRD CLASS CERTIFICATE. French and English for school section No. 3, Paincourt. State salary. Apply to Cyrelle Primeau, Sec. Paincourt, Ont. 1781-2

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WANTED FOR P. S. NO. 4, ADMONTO. Ont. A second class Normal trained teacher. Duties to begin Jan. 6, 1913. Reference required. Apply, stating salary and experience to W. K. O'Connell, Sec. Treas. 1131 South May St., Fort William, Ont. 1781-3

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