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 asure air was still,
The sheep in quiet clusters lay
Upon the grassy hill.

When lo! s white-winged Angel The watchers stood before, And told how Christ was born

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 bright host chanted 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, new born 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 Mother 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 Bethle

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 norizon 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 beils of Rome ring out in peals of unre-strained 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 nen. 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 booming which sweeps over the

eity 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 elis ring out once more and the Masses

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

At the collegiate chasels throughout the city the superiors offer the oblation many nations stand side by side in spiritual brotherhood.

In the palaces of the rich, an interest

ing scene might be witnessed. Lord and servant kneel tog ther 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 draped with regal red and gold by lov-ing hands, and here, where his ancestors knelt three centuries ago, surrounded by their retinue of armed men, the his servants offers prayer and thanks-

feast of childhood and happiness. In the calm of early morning, great multi-tudes throng the churches, and remain in fervent devotion before the little crib placed in the sanctuary. Priest after priest ascend the altars, from ry 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 ennob-

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

Whatever may be the religion of the thousands of travellers at Rome during the Christmas season, for one week the the Christmas season, for one week the discordant sects are absorbed in the all prevailing Catholicity. Some have not 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.

We glance at the kneeling throng and

We glance at the kneeling throng and many nationalities are present. A party of Swiss tourists, with their green hats and short capes 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 vas 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, Rome's principal
street, 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.

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 an utter 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 unbashed in their provincial grandeur before the most exquisite creations of before the most exquisite creations of

Parisian artists.

The bronzed and sturdy rustics The bronzed 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 signal distinction is given to the whole attire by the red scarf tied round their waists. They are 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 pessantry and a highly educated and energetic aristocrat, and all the grades between these 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 affecta-

tion. If ever the angelic injunction of good-will to men has become a pleasant reality, it is 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 who sold you some unmounted photographs two weeks ago. A bright boy greets you kindly and in his holiday raiment you can with difficulty discern the urchin, who occasionally sold you the newspaper. A giad cry of Christmas greeting meets your ear and looking at your cordial friend, you discover the ragged old cab driver, who last week, brought you through the

Villa Borghese.

Even the poor woman who sells mas away from home and all your friends are thousands of miles away, you are not lonely, for the warm, gene courtesy of the Romans has made Rome your home and all who ever met you, even in the most casual manner, are your kinsfold for a day.-The Pllot.

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 larguage 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 repri-mand, rebuke or resistance to the evil influences of self-made leaders, whose sole purpose it is, no matter what their unctuous pretensions, to weaken dis-cipline 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.

EFFORT'S OF CHURCH'S FOES

"The very shrewdest manœuvers 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 us for those who intrude themselves into the sacred precincts: where 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 warned and no on guard against to Leer no astute flattery of those whose faith is only a figment deceive you. Its pur-pose is all too clear. And the shep-herd will not fail to fearlessly hurl his staff when the protection of the unsuspecting flock requires the defense.

"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 open forum of perfect equality with the best.

OURSELVES TO BLAME

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 onward together. God is with us. And if we do our share manually, his blessing will bring its sure and bountiful triumph.

THE GREAT CARDINAL

HOW NEWMAN SILENCED A CON-

"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 phantomes of opposition, or any phalanx of open enemies.

OUR WATCHWORD OURSELVES TO BLAME

OUR WATCHWORD

"Unity is the Catholic watchword. In that tense the whole Church universal is a Catholic union. Nowhere, thank God, more than here among us does this sacred virtue reside, consecradoes 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.

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

PATH OF DUTY " That is to point out to every Catholic of this diocese the path which our holy faith illumines through this mortal life, and which alone leads to a bless 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 the place which surely God will give them here in this life if they stand by their Cathological Carlos lic 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 undoubted and admitted progress in religious activity

and public prestige.
"Think for a moment of the million souls, each one needing care and in-struction and sacramental aid. Conthrong our institutions, each one look aid and solace and comfort in trial. Have you ever before considered what perfection of discipline and order is necessary that each and all may go well and proper? And have you ever before reflected that for all this order and harmony and good discipline in the last resort the archbishop of the diocese must hold himself responsible?'
Speaking of the Holy Father and the attitude of the world toward the Prison-

er of the Vatican, the Cardinal said: GREAT WORLD QUESTION

"The greatest statesmen of every custom is still preserved.

The monks stand in their dimiy matches to keep herself from beggary smiles so pleasantly when she sees you, from the huge value missel. The age and every country have attested to question is met honestly and squarely and is dealt with upon the high basis of international harmony and well-being the nations themselves who stand in the way of a just settlement of this most im portant problem will be the chief

"No single power can ever deal with a nestion which by its very nature is not a national issue, but a matter of international consideration and deliber

"Such by its very nature is the ques tion of the place of the papecy among the governments of all Christian people. and the three hundred millions Catholics, inhabiting 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 relig-

"Meanwhile, we again raise united voices to deplore the violation of those rights of the Sovereign Pontiff or toose rights of the Sovereign Ponting, without which, notwithstanding all shallow platitudes, the Head of the Church of Christ is a prisoner, unable to exercise those very influences which would infallibly redound to the good of all governments, and the welfare of airli content the whole welfare of airli content the whole welfare. civil society the whole world over.

Catholics. If statemen, little moved by other considerations than international expediency, realize the logic of it, we, as loval children of the See of Peter,

as loyal children of the See of Feet, affirm it as part and parcel of our Christian inheritance.

"Heaven and earth shall pass, but My word shall out 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 changes 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

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 be the consolation of the Father of Christendom, who, under sad conditions, the sad conditions, the sad conditions of the Father of Christendom, who, under sad conditions, the sad conditions of the father of Christendom, who, under sad conditions, the sad conditions of the father of the consolation of the consola

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 sub-

From the days when he played the violin as a young boy, his brother Frank playing the bass, down to the Little-more period when he played in company with Frederick Bowies and Walker, string quartets and trios were his favorite recreation. Mr Moxley, in his 'Reminiscences of the Oxford Movement,' thus desoribes his playing of Beethoven with Bianco White in 1826: 'Moxf interesting was it to contrast Blanco 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 1864 made him renew acquaintance with his old love after a long interval, the manner of his playing was somewhat different. 'Spinx-like immobility,' writes Mr. Edward Bellasis, 'had made way for From the days when he played the 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 awk-ward yet vigorous, painstaking rather than brilliant, he would often attend the Oratory School Sunday practices be-tween two and four of an afternoon, Father Ryder and Father Norris some-

anti-Popery speaker, challenged him to a public dispute, Newman replied that 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.

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 relied, It is curious you should say that.
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 Hadyn almost vulgar. He impressed the cuit 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 and Mozart, writes air. Bettasis. Their ultimate goal was Beethoven. As with literature, so with music, Newman was on the whole true to his early loves—indeed, he was resolutely old-fashloned. Beethoven already him in the twenties, and later masters never quite won his heart. This wa pecially true with sacred music. Mr. Bellasis writes on the subject in some letail :

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 indged without a thorough knowledge t, he was disinclined to be introduced bare chance, that might never occur, of what had been a casual acquaintance ship ripening into an intimate friendship He had in early days found time and opportunity to comprehend certain mas-ters, Corelli, Handel, Haydn, Romberg, Mozart, and Beethoven, but Schubert, Schumann, Wagner ("I cannot recollect all the fellows' names"), who were these strangers, intruding somewhat late i the evening upon a dear old family party? Thus he writes in March, 1871, of Mendelssohn's chief sacred work which he had been reluctantly induced to go and listen to, and which he was never got to hear again: "I was very much disap-pointed the one time that I heard the 'Elijah,' not to meet with a beautiful melody from beginning to end. What can be more beautiful than Handel's Mozart's, and Beethoven's melodies?" Now, of course, there is plenty of melody in the "Elijsh," though it may be con-ceded that Mendelssohn's melodies gifts is less copious than that of Mozart. But the fact was, Cardinal Newman never got to know the "Elijah," doubtless deemed it long, and felt content to feed upon the musical pabulum that he had so long found satisfying. . . fairly

'He got to know well Mendelssohn's canzonet tet and Schumann's pianoforte quintet Op. 44; but we recall no musi-cal works heard by him for the first time in very late life making any particular impression on the Father, with one nota-ble exception; Cherubini's First Requiem in C Minor, done at the Festival, August 29, 1879 We were to have gone August 29, 1879 We were to have gone with him, but a Father who accompanied him wrote us instead next day: "The Father was quite overcome by it. He kept on saying 'beautiful, wonderful,' and suchlike exclamations. At the

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

OUR CATHOLIC SOCIETIES

FATHER OTTEN, S. J., QUESTIONS WHETHER THEY ARE DOING WORK THAT IS NEEDED

In a sermon preached at the special Mass for workingmen in a St. Louis church on a recent Sunday, Rev. Bernard J. Otten, S. J., took cocasion to say a timely word on Catholic societies and the influence they should wield for social and civic justice. His words will bear repetition and we quote from the Church Progress as follows:

evils, there is need of action, and of concerted action. Single handed we can do little; but if we stand shoulder to shoulder hundreds of thousands in to shoulder hundreds of thousands in serried ranks, success must crown our efforts. And this duty we dare not shirk. Our own personal interests as well as the common good, make it incumbent upon us to promote the work of social reform by every means in our power. It we are content to live in a power. If we are content to live in a society that is rotten to the core, we ourselves shall soon be in a gangrened condition. Hence we must be up and doing. We glory in being Christians, but it is well to bear in mind that the Christianity which produces results is not of the passive kind; it is active, it seeks its opportunities, it goes out into the streets of the city, into the market place, into the council chamber, into place, into the council chamber, into the highways and byways of life, and with a stout heart fights with the Lord of Hosts against the unwise. This is what we need to-day—an aggresive Christianity, which contends, not only for personal holiness, but siso for public morality in all in its various forms.

WHAT ARE OUR SOCIETIES DOING ? " Is our Christianity of this kind? Do our Catholic Societies stand in the forefront of the battle line that is forming all the world over in defense of Chris-tian ideals? What influence does our Catholicity exert upon public life? What, for instance, are we doing for the betterment of social conditions in this city, where nearly one-half the population professes allegiance to our holy faith. Surely, the presence of some three thousand Catholic men and women should make itself feltalong the various lines of social morality; especially as the majority of them are in one way or another connected with societies that were established for the moral uplift of community life. We have our Sodsli-ties, the Sacred Heart League, the Knights of Columbus, and all those numerous associations drawn closely to gether in 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 who visit them.—St. Bonaventure.

NO POLITICAL MACHINE WANTED "And is this tremendous power ever called into action? Is it pressing forward the needful work of social reform?
To maintain the contrary would be little less than to condemn these societies, as so many useless institutions. This we cannot do, and this I certainly will not condemn these societies, as lic, that while the Masonic sectorians so many useless institutions. This we cannot do, and this I certainly will not condemn these societies, as lic, that while the Masonic sectorians are seeking, fortunately unsuccessfully, to suppress the old churches, a great condemn these societies, as do; yet, even with the best of wills, much more might be accomplished. so much merchandise, and vet 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 Catho lic 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 re-form. 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 doin, something, no doubt; but might they not do ever so much more? Some of our newspapers and other publications are in the habit of Catholic but anti-Christian in tone and endency, yet hardly a voice is raised Perhaps you will say that the defense of religion belongs to the priests, 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; out has it ever occurred to you that the priest is practically powerless if not backed up by the laity, whose subscriptions and advertisements supply these publications with the sinews of war? The priests may send protest after protest, and not an editor will heed them; but let our Catholic societies, with their thousands and thousands of members, threaten to withdraw their patronag unless an immediate stop be put to everything that outrages their religious feelings, and the effect will be instan-taneous. If our secular press shows little respect for Catholic sensibilities, it is largely because editors know from past experience that our Catholician is of the passive rather than of the active kin.l. They may reverence us as martyrs, but they do not fear us as soldiers. Yet we are supposed to be soldiers of Christ!

"What would be the effect should a great Catholic meeting in Rome resolve that there should be a uniform education 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

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 then rehearsed in all its ghastly details to feed the morbid curlosity 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 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 but 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 persist in their efforts societies were to persist in their efforts to influence the powers that be. "And so I might point to many other

needful 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 resin?" If we too stand in need of re-form, we should only make ourselves ridiculous by attempting to reform others. Their unfailing taunt of "Physician heal thyself" would frus-trate our every effort. We cannot ex-pect to make the world Christian, ex-cept insofar as our own individual lives be so many concrete expressions of every true Christian ideal. If there be any-thing wanting to us, our reform must begin at home before it may safely ven-ture upon its mission abroad."

AT THE CRIB

The divine Child, He is the splendour of heaven, lay on a crib. A little straw formed His bed to whom the earth and all it contains belong. And she 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 Him to be 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 ten-der care for Him, and during His whole life upon earth she never failed in the least 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 Hun, from the Feast of the Nativity to the Feast of the Presentation each faithful Christian soni should visit at least once a day Mary at the crib, to adore the Infant Jesus, and meditate upon their poverty, their humility, their charity. There will be found Jesus, Mary, Joseph, to

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 of new sacred edifices which will always remain the property of Catholic societies are springing up all over the country. One of the most re-cently consecrated was that of a populous quarter of Luneville. Being on the eastern frontier of France, the Bishop of Nancy considered it oppor-Bishop of Nancy considered it oppor-tune to dedicate it to the "Saint of the French Fatherland." The Sovereign Pontiff as early as July 1, 1910, grante the necessary authorization to dedicate it to the beatified heroine, which was a derogation from the canonic rules. It the first of those exceptional authorizations granted to dedicat churches to Joan of Arc. The conse cration ceremony, which was celebrated some fortnight ago, was most imposing. It was presided over by the Bishop of Nancy, assisted by the Bishop of Vau-couleurs and the Bishop of Dijon.

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 22ad 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, re commences its upward path, and reaches its highest altitude in the

leavens on the 21st of June.
In the Church the month is dedicated to the sacred devotions in commemora ion of the sacred humanity of our Divine Saviour, and the Advent prepar ations for the celebration of the sweet est 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 asks— "What would be the effect should a 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 re-cently was the British General, Lord Roberts.

The Catholics of Belfast, Ireland, are

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-balf 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; Oceanica, 328; Europe

A somewhat unusual combination of political circumstances in Santo Domingo has resulted in the choice of Archbishop Noual as temporary presi-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.
T. A. Daly, of 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 c eck in prepayment.

Most of our esteemed contemporaries Most of our esteemed contemporaries featured prominently, several weeks ago, the report that the notorious "Archbishop" Vilatte 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 cheme he is operating in Mexico.

Since the conversion of Princess Ena to Catholicity no incident has aroused so much interest in English society circles as the announcement that the only child and heiress of the Earl of Ashand burnham has renounced the world and decided to become a nun, says the B. C. Western Catholic.

Cardinal Logue, in sending Mr. R. J.
Keily, of Doblin, 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 these brave men, who have fought so
while against the hereditary enemies of nobly against the hereditary enemies

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 on up-to-date fireproof maternity hos-pital. This will cost \$100,000 and \$150,-000, and the only condition which accompanies the gift is that the hospital shall be non-sectarian and that color

shall not bar one from entrance. Dr. Max Pam, the Jewish sociologist and philanthropist, recently announced it as 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 Constanting now turned into a Turkish Mosque. this Cathedral Bulgaria owes under God, its conversion from paganism to Christianity. It was erected by the Emperor Justinian in 532. It costabout \$10,000, 000. It has 8 columns of porphory and columns of green marble from the Roman Temple of the Stesian Temple of Diana. f the Sun and the Eph-

In Washington on Thanksgiving Day, the president of the United States, the Hon. W. H. Taft, with his military and naval aids, attended solemn High Mass at 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 representatives of the Governments of the Latin - American nations.

Philadelphia is now a city of Bishops, 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 Ruthenian Catholic Bishops, Mgr. Ortynsky, 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 Sion, d in Paris, in 1843, by the Jewish founded in Paris, in 1843, by the Jewish convert, Abbe Theodore 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 France, with other rengious communications ten years ago. The Kansas City convent represents three nation sslke, English, Irish and French. They will teach in the parochial school of the Annunciation.

Archbishop Francis Redwood, S. M. Archusnop Francis Redwood, S. M. D., of Wellington, New Zesland, Lately spent a few days in St. Louis as the guest of Archbishop Glennon. When asked what measure of success at-When asked what measure of success actended 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 great-est common good. I am heartily in sym-pathy with the movement in this coun-try, and believe that the tide of equal suffrage cannnot be stemmed.

TALES OF THE JURY ROOM

By Gerald Griffin
THE SECOND JURYMAN'S TALE

THE STORY TELLER AT FAULT CONTINUED

"What are you going to do with me?"
asked the Long Gray Man, when he asw
the soldiers gathering round him.
"We mean to have a sharp eye on you.

"We mean to have a sharp eye on you, that you may not give us the slip till dinner is over," said O'Donnell.
"You are very hospitable," replied the Gaol Kiava, "but I give you my word, if you were as good again, it is not with you I'll dine to day."
"Where else will you dine?" asked O'Donnell.

O'Donnell.

"Far enough from you, you may be satisfied," replied the Caol Riava.

"I pledge you my word," said one of the gallogiasses on guard, "if I find you attempting to stir against O'Donnell's wish, I'll make pound pleces of you with the said of the sa

my battle-axe.

The Caol Riava made no reply, but took an instrument and began to play as before, in such a manner that all within hearing were enchanted with his music. He then laid aside the barp and stood

ap in his place.
"Now." he said, "look to yourselves you

who are minding me, for I am off !"

The instant he uttered these words, the soldier who before had menaced him the soldier who before had menaced him raised his battle-axe, but instead of wounding the stranger as he intended, he struck a heavy blow on the harness of the man who stood next him. The latter returned the stroke with the best of his will, and in a few moments the whole score of footguards were hewing at each other's heads and shoulders with their battle axes until the figor was strewed with their disabled bodies. In the midst of this confusion the Caol Riava came to the doorskeeper and said to him:

"Go to O'Donnell and tell him that for a reward of twenty cows and a large farm rent free, you will undertake to bring his people to life again. When he accepts your proposal, (as I know he will be glad to do,) take this herb and rub a little of it to the roof of each man's month, and he will be presently

man's mouth, and he will be presently in perfect health again."

The door keeper did as he was directed, and succeeded perfectly, but when ed, and succeeded perfectly, but when he returned to thank his benefactor, to his great astonishment he could discover no trace of either him or the Story-

It happened at this very time that It happened at this very time that a worthy man, named Mac Eocha, of Leinster, a doctor in poetry, had been laid up with a broken leg more than eighteen weeks without receiving the least relief, although he had sixteen of the ablest surgeons in Leinster in consultation upon it. Happening to lift up his eyes as he sat before his door, he saw the as he sat before his door, he saw the Caol Riava and the Story-teiler ap-proaching, the former having only one large garment around him, and an Irish book in his hand out of which he read aloud in one monotoneus humming tone, "Save you, Mac Eocha, said the

"And you likewise?" replied Mac Caol Riava. Eocha, "may I ask you what is your profession?"

"Why," replied the Caol Riava, "I am why, replied the Usol Riava, "I am what you may call the makings of a physician from Ulster."

"And what is your name?"

"Oall me Cathal o Gein and I will

"Call me Cathai o Gein and I will answer to it," replied the stranger. "I understand you are of a very churlish and inhospitable disposition, and if you changed your conduct, I would be apt to cure your leg for you.

Out 1 am easy as to wast others may do.
But I promise you if you cure me that I
will not be guitty of that fault again."
While he was speaking the sixteen
doctors who were in attendance on him came up, to it quire how he was getting on, upon which he told them of the offer

made by the Caol Riava.

The doctors looked at the stranger, and at the Story-teller, and then laughed

immoderately.
"Tis very well," said the Caol Riava, "but wait a little. Rise up now," said he to Mac Eocha, "and let me see which can you or your sixteen physicians run fastest.

Up started Mac Eocha, and away went the sixteen doctors after their patient, but he left them far behind, and came back in great spirits to his house, while they remained panting and puffing

"Now, you Mac Eocha," said the stranger, "do not be guilty of inhospitality or churlishness from this time forward, or if you do, I'll come to you again, and break your leg worse than it was before, and not only that, but the other leg slao I'll break in such a manner that before, and not only that, but the other leg also I'il break in such a manner that all the surgeons in the Fenian hosts will not be able to cure it for you. As for these sixteen impostors that pretended to treat it for you, not one of them shall ever walk without a limp from this time forward."

om this time forward."
"I promise you I will remember what
u say," replied Mac Eocha, "and to beginning, come in now and partake of a magnificent banquet which shall be prepared on the instant, for you

and your companion."

They entered the house and were followed by the sixteen physicians who shortly after came limping across the threshold. However, while Mac Excha was ordering the banquet, an attendant ran to tell him that the Ulster doctor was running down the hill, which sloped away from the door, faster than a grey away from the door, taster unan a given hound with a hare in his eye. Mac Eyohs was so much surprised at his abrupt departure that he made these abrupt departure that he made these lines which were often repeated after

Though my trust in his skill and his

powerful army with a vast herd of catale and other spoils, which he had driven from the bondsmen of Munster. The Caol Riava went up and seluted him:

"Save you, O Connor," he said boldly.

"And you likewise," replied the monarch. "What is your name?"

"Call me Gloils De," said the Caol Riava. "What is the cause of the contusion which I observe amongst your forces?"

"We are expecting an attack from the Munster men," replied the king, "and are at a loss how to drive the spoils and repel the enemy at the same time."

"What made you drive them at all?" said the Caol Riava.

"You know," replied the king, "that a monarch ought always to be ready to redress the slightest grievance of his subjects. Now it happened that a Connaught woman lent a basket to a weman of her acquaintance in Munster, who refused to return it at the appointed time. I heard of the injury and immediately raised an army to avenge it. I am now returning with the spoils, a portion of which I intend to bestow on the poor woman was lost her basket."

"And what will you do with the rest?" inquired the Giolia De.

"I will keep them myself," said the king, "to signalize my victory, and enhance the national glory, after the way of all great kings."

"I'm afraid it will give you enough to do," replied the Caol Riava, "for before you leave this heath, you will have more Munster men to meet you, than there are purple bells all over it."

"That's what I fear," said the king.

"What will you give me if I help you?" said the Caol Riava.

"You!" cried one of O'Connor's men, with a burst of laughter, "it cannot make much difference to O'Connor, whether you go or stav."

"You !" cried one of O'Connor, whether ou go or stay."
"What reward would you require?"

"Mat reward would you asked O'Connor.

"A share, little or much, of anything you may get while I am with you," replied the Giolla Da.

"Agreed exclaimed the king.

"Very well," said the Giolla De, " do

"Very well," said the Giolia De, "do you hold on your journey driving your spoils, while I coax the Munster men home again."

The king proceeded, and saw nothing of the men of Munster until he reached his ewn domain, where he arrived before any of his retinue. As hedd so, he perceived the Giolia De, and the Story - teller again by his side. Wearled from the fatigue of the expedition, after welcoming them he entered a shieling by the wayside, and called for a drink. It was brought, and he drank it off without brought, and he drank it off without even thinking of the Giolls De.

even thinking of the Giolla De.

"I am sorry to see you forget your agreement," said the latter.

"Do you call that trifle a breach of my agreement?" said the king.

"Ab," replied the Giolla De, "it is trifle a that show the mind. You mant to

trifles that show the mind. You went to war for a basket, and you call a cup of wine a trifle." And he immediately spoke these lines :

The wrong a king doth, were it huge as a mountain, eighs it no more than a drop from the fountain.

the fountain.

The wrong a king suffers, though light as a bubble, Sends fools to the slaughter, and king-

doms to trouble.
ceforth I'll not swear by the weight of a feather the firmness of ice in the sunny

spring weather, But I'll swear by a lighter, more slippery

thing, And my treth shall be plight by the word of a king.

The instant he had uttered these lines the Caol Riava and the Sory-teller van-ished from the eyes of O'Connor, who looked around for them in vain in all "I acknowledge my failing," said Mac Ecoha, "I am as niggardly as any miser until I take my third cup, but from that out I am easy as to what others may do. remained with his nose, nor count any thing be found throughout the whole army, but an old basket which the Connaught woman already spoken of, recognized as the one she had lent to the Munster woman. While all were wondering at these strange events, the Caol Riava and the astonished Story-teller approached the house of a man named Thady O Kelly who at that moment happened to be sitting at his own door, in the midst of his friends and dependants. The Coal Riava drew near, dressed in The Coal Riava drew near, dressed in the same tattered garments as usual, and bearing a white crooked wand in his

"Save you, Thady 'OKelly," said the Caol Riava.
"And you likewise," replied Thady,

"from whence do you come?"
"From the house of O'Connor, Sligo,"
answered the Caol Riava. "What is your occupation?" asked

Thady. "I am a travelling juggler, replied the stranger, "and if you promise to give me five pieces of silver, I will perform a

me nive pieces of strict, Twin places of strict for you."

"I do promise you," said Thady.
The Caol then took three small since as or leeks and placed them lengthwise on his hand, and said he would blow out the middle one and leave the two others in their places. All present said that such a feat was perfectly impossible, for the three sizeens were so light and lay so close together that the breath which carried away one, must necessarily take the two others also. However the Caol Riava put his two fingers on the two outside leeks, and then blew away that which was in

the middle.

"There's a trick for you, Thady
O'K-slly," said the Caol Riava.

"Ideclare to my heart," said Thady,
"'tis a good one." And he paid him the

five pieces of silver. "Why, then, that he may get good of your money, himself and his trick," said one of O'Kelly's men. "If you give me half what you have him, I'll engage I'd perform the same trick as well as he did it."

"Oh 'tis easy enough to do it," said Thady.

Though my trust in his skill and his learning is high,
I'd have liked him the better for bidding good bye;
If the doctors of Ulster have all the fails, for I never yet saw a boaster succeed in anything he attempted."

if the doctors of Uister nave all the same breeding,

'Twere fitter they stuck to their cupping and bleeding.

Meanwhile the Story-teller and his strange master found themselves on a wild heath, in Sligo, where they beheld wild heath, in Sligo, where they beheld of a company of Connaught at the head of a company that in the centre. However he had acarcely done so much, when his two fingers went down through the palm of

his hand in such a manner that the tips appeared at the back, and would have remained so in all likelihood to the day of his death, if the Cleasaiye, or juggler, had not rubbed an herb upon the place and healed it.

"Well," said he, "you perceive that everything is not easy that looks so. But if you Thady O Kelly will give me five pieces more, I'll do another trick for you as good as the last."

"You shall have them," answered Thady, " if you let us hear what it is to

"Do you see my two ears?" said the juggler, thrusting his head forward.
"What a show they are!" said Thady,
"to be sure we do."

"Well, will you give me the five places if I sir one of my ears without stirring the other."
"Indeed I will," said Thady, " that is

"Indeed I will," said Thady, " that is impossible at all events, for you can only move the ears by moving the whole sealp of your head, and then both must move together."

The juggler put up his hand and catching hold of one ear stirred it.

"Upon my word," said Thady, "you have won my five pieces again, and that is a very good trick."

"He's welcome home to us with his tricks," said the same man who spoke before, "if he calls that a trick. Only I was so hasty and so awkward awhile ago, I could have done the trick well enough, but there's no great art required for this at all events."

st all events."

So saying, he put up his hand and stirred his ear, but to his asionishment and terror it came away between his fingers! However the juggler rubbed an herb once more to the place, and herbed it as hefore.

healed it as before.

"Well, Thady O Kelly," said the juggler, "I will now show you a more our ious trick than either of those, if you give me the same money."

"You have my word for it," said

The juggler then took out of his bag The juggler then took out of his bag a large ball of thread, and fold ing the end around his fluger, flung it slantwise up into the air. Up it flew, unrolling as it proceeded, while all gazed after it, lost in wonder until it disappeared amongst the clouds. He next took out of his bag a fine hare which he placed on the thread, when to the increasing astonishment of the beholders, the animal ran up the line, with as much dexterity as it she had been all her life at Astiey's or Vauxball. He next took out a greyhousd, which he placed on the thread in like manner, when the animal stretched away after the hare with as much zest and security as if both were on the Curragh of Kildare on a March morning.

morning.
"Now," said the Caol Riava, "has any one a mind to run up after the dog and see the course?"
"I will," said the man who had spoken

twice before.
"You are always ready," said the "You are always ready," said the juggler, "but I fear you are lazy, for you are almost as broad as you are long, and I'm afraid you'll fall fast asleep on the way and let the hound eat the hare."

"There is not a more assive man in the known world than the very individual who is talking to you now," said the

t men.
"Up with you then," said the juggler, "bus I warn you if you let my hare be killed, I'll cut off your head when you

The fat fellow ran up the thread, and all three soon disappeared. After looking up for a long time the Caol Riava

"I'm afraid the hound is eating the hare, and that our fat friend has fallen

Saying this he began to wind the Saying this he began to wind the thread, and found the case as he had suspected it to be, the fat man fast asleep, and the greyhound with the last morsel of the hare between his teeth.

sanction to see a young man murdered in that manner under his root.

"If it grieves you," said the juggler,
"I think as little of curing him now as I did before; but I must leave him some

mark to make him remember his rash-So saying he placed the head upon

the shoulders again, and healed them, but in such a manner that the countenance looked the wrong way, after which he spoke there lines: What I take at my ease, at my ease

It becomes him much better I'm sure than before. If any man says I have wronged him thereby, Tell that man from me that I gave him

the lie, For an insolent braggart is odder to see Than a fool with his face where his pol

ought to be.

The Caol Riava had scarce uttered these words when he and the Story-teller disappeared, nor could any person present tell whether he had flown into the air, or whether the earth had swallowed them. The next place the Story-teller found himself with his the Story-teller found himself with his whimsical master, was in the palace of the king of Leinster, where the customary evening barquet was on the point of being prepared. The Story-teller was grieved and, perplexed to hear the king continually asking for his favorite Story-teller, while no one present was able to give any account of him.

"Now," said the Caol Riava, turning to him, "I have rendered you invisible in order that you may witness all that

in order that you may witness all that is about to take place here without being recognized by any of our daily ac-

So saying, he sat down close to the musicisns who were playing in concert at the time. Observing the attention which he paid, the chief musician said when they cnncluded;
"Well, my good man, I hope you like

"I'll tell you that," replied the Caol Riava. "Were you ever listening to a cat purring over a bowl of broth?"

"I often heard it," replied the chief

"I often heard to, "Or did you ever hear a parcel of beetles buzzing about in the dusk on a summer evening?"
"I did," said the chief musician.
"Or a bitter-faced old woman scolding in a passion?"

"I did often," said the chief musician, who was a married man. "Well, then," said the Caol Riava, "I'd rather be listening to any one of

"I'd rather be listening to any one of them than to your music."

"You insolent raggamuffin," said the chief musician, "It well becomes you to express yourself in that manner."

"You are the last that ought to say so," replied the Caol Riava, "for though bad is the best off the whole of you, yet if I were to look out for the worst I should never stop till I lighted on yourself."

At these words the chief musician arose, and drawing his sword, made a blow at the Caol Riava, but instead of striking him, he wounded one of his own party, who returned the blow forthwith, and in a little time the whole band of musicians were engaged in mortal conflict one with another. While all this confusion prevailed, an attendant came and swoke the king, who had been taking a nap while the music played.

and awoke the king, who had been taking a nap while the music played.

"What's the matter?" said the king.
"The harpers that are murthering
one another, please your majesty."

"Please me!" crisd the king of Leinster, "it does not please me. They
ought to be satisfied with murdering all
the music in my kingdom, without murdering the musicians too. Who began
it?" says his majesty.

the ?" says his majesty.

A stranger that thought proper to and fault with their music," replied the attendant.
"Let him be hanged," said the king. and do not disturb me again abo

him."
Accordingly some of the king's guards
took the Caol Riava, and carried him
out to a place where they erected a gallows, and hanged him without loss of lows, and hanged him without loss of time. However on returning to the pal-ace, they found the Caol Riava within,

"Is it me myself you mean?" said the

"Is it me myself you mean?" said the Caol Riavs.

"Who else?" said the captain.

"That the head may turn into a pig's foot with you when you think of tying the rope," said the Coal Riava, "why should you speak of hanging me?

They went out in alarm, and to their horror, found the king's favorite brother hanging in the place of the Coal Riava. One of them went to the king and woke him up.

him up.
"What's the matter now?" cried the king, yawning and stretching him-

"Please your majesty, we hanged that "Please your majesty, we hanged that vagabond according to your majesty's orders, and he's as well as ever again now in spite of us." He was alraid of telling him about his brother.

"Take him and hang him again then, and don't be disturbing me about such trifles," said the king of Leinster, and he went off to sleep again.

They did as he recommended, and the same accene was repeated three times

same scene was repeated three times over, and at each time some near friend over, and at each time some near friend or favorite kinsman of the king was hanged instead of the Coal Riava. By this time the captain of the guard was

fairly at his wit's end.
"Well," said the Caol Risva, "do you

"We'll," said the Caol Risva, "do you wish to hang me any more?"

"We'll have no more to say to you," said the captain, "you may go wherever you like, and the sooner the better. We got trouble enough by you already. Maybe 'tis the king himself we'd find hanging the next time we tried it."

"Since you are growing so reasonable," said the Coal Risva, "you may go out now and take your three friends down again. They will not be so much the worse for their experience; but they can thank you for finding them more comfortable quarters; and I give you a parting advice, never while you live, again to interpose between a critic way and his wife, or a off the young man's head at a blow.

At this Thady O Kelly stood up and said he did not relish such conduct, and that it was not a thing he could ever specific to the could ever speci

minstrel composes, Must lie upon something less grateful

than roses : He who takes up a quarrel begun by poet, at bottom have wit, but lacks

wisdom to show it,
For than him a worse ninny will rarely be found Who would peril his nose for a dealer in

sound. Immediately after he had uttered the verses, he disappeared, and the Story-teller found himself in company with him on the spot where they had first met, and where his wife with the carriage and horses were awaiting them under the ca e of the man to whom the

Coal Riava had intrusted them.
"Now," said the latter, "I will not be rnow, said the latter, I will not be tormenting you any longer. There are your carriage and horses, and your dogs, and your money, and your lady, and you may take them with you as soon as you please, for I have no business in life with any of them at all."

with any of them at all."

The Story-teller paused for some moments to collect his thoughts before "For my carriage and horses and hounds," he said at length, 'I thank

you, but my lady and my money you

may keep."

"No," replied the bococh, "I have told you that I do not want either, and do not harbour any ill-will against your lady on account of what she has done, for she could not help it."

"Not help it!" exclaimed the Story teller. "Not help kicking me into the mouth of my own hounds! Not help casting me if after all my kindness to her in favor of a beggarly old —— I beg pardon," he said, correcting himself, 'I ought not to speak in that way, but a woman's ingratitude will make a man

woman's ingratitude will make a man forget his good manners."

"No offence in life," said the bocock, "for these terms are very just, and apply not to my own real form, but to that which I have assumed for the purpose of befriending you. I am Aongus of Bruff, for whom you obtained many a favour from the king of Leinster. This morning I discovered by my skill in things hidden, that you were in a difficulty, and immediately determined to free you from it. As to your lady, do not blame her for whath has passed, for by the same power which enabled me to change the form of your body, I changed the affections of her woman's ingratitude will make a man

mind. Go home therefore as man and wife should do, and now you have a story to tell the king of Leinster when he calls for it."

Saying this he disappeared, and the lady bursting into tears begged her husband's forgiveness, and assured him that she would sooner die a thousand deaths than act in such a manner, if some extraordinary influence had not possessed her.

possessed her.

This explanation proving entirely satisfactory to the Story-teller, they proceeded homeward happily together. Notwithstanding all the speed they could make, it was so late when the Story-teller arrived at the king's palace, that his majesty had already retired to his sleeping-chamber. When the Story-teller entered, the king inquired the cause of the delay.

"Please your majesty," said the

quired the cause of the delay.

"Please your majesty," said the Story-teller, "there is nothing like the plain truth, and I will tell it to you if you dealre it."

The king commanded him by all means to do so. Accordingly the Story-teller began, and gave a detailed account of the adventures of the day, his difficulty in trying to invent a story, the benevolence of the friendly Droaidhe (forDruid) and the ingratitude of his wife, remarkable in itself, and still more so in the singular manner in which it was explained. When it was ended, the king laughed so heartily and was so diverted with his narrative, that he commanded him to commence that the commanded him to commence the strength of the strength heartily and was so diverted with his narrative, that he commanded him to commence and was so diverted with his narrative, that he commanded him to commence the whole again, and relate it from beginning to end before he went to sleep. The Story-seller obeyed; and when be had concluded, the king commanded him never again to go to the trouble of inventing a new story, but to tell him that one every night, for he never would listen to another story again as long as he lived.

ace, they found the Caol Riava within, sitting among the guests, without having the least appearance of having been ever hanged in his life.

"Never welcome you in," cried the captain of the guard, "didn't we barg you this minute, and what brings you here?"

would listen to another story again as long as he lived.

A general murmur of approbation followed the conclusion of the Second Juryman's Tale, after which a call arcse for his "song," with which he compiled as follows:—

When filled will thought of life's your day, Alone in distant climes we roam,

And year on year has roll'd away Since last we view'd our own home.
Oh then at evening's silent hour, In chamber lone or moonlight bow'r,
How sad on memory's listening ear,
Come long lost voices sounding near,
Like the wild chime of village bells leard far away in mountain delis.

II. But oh ! for time let kind hearts grieve, His term of youth and exile's o'er, Who sees in ite's declining eve With altered eyes his native shore! With aching heart and weary brain,

treads those lonesome again!
And backward views the sunny hours When first he knew those ruined And hears in every passing gale Some best affection's dying wail

Oh, say, what spell of power serene Oh, say, what spen to power that Can cheer that hour of sharpest pain, And turn to peace the anguish keen That deeplier wounds because in vain That deeplier wounds because in v.
"Tis not the thought of glory won,
Of boarded gold or pleasures gone,
But one bright course, from ear

youth, Of changeless faith—unbroken truth, These turn to gold, the vapours dan. That close on life's descending sun.

The song was received with as much are song was received with as much appliance as the story on the part of the company, after which the person who sat third in succession, was called on to choose the alternative of paying the fine, or complying wish the requisite conditions.

"Gentlemen," said the third Juror rising from his place, "apart from the satisfaction, I must ever feel in striving to contribute to your innocent enter-tainment, I confess that shillings are feel myself warranted in neglecting any honourable occasion of avoiding their expenditure. I will therefore endeavor to imitate the example of our worthy Foreman, hoping you will bear in mind, that a man can only do his best in your service."

Loud cheers announced the assent of the company to this favourite proposi-tion, after which the third Juryman resumed his seat, and commence narrative in the following words. TO BE CONTINUED

THE STRANGER

Inside the kitchen it was very bright Inside the kitchen it was very bright and warm. The little clock ticked on the dresser, and the fire crackled in the grate, and the gaslight shone on the clean olicloth of the table. But over in the low rocking chair in the corner Mary was crying soitly, her head buried in the friendly roller towel.

The crumpled letter that lay on the ficor could have told you why. Smooth it out, puzzle over the crooked writing and the tear-blots, and you will see.

it out, puzzie over the crooked writing and the tear-blots, and you will see.

"Dear Mary," it said, "I am hoping this will reach you by Christmas as I know how lonely you will be all by yourself in the first year you are away. I am writing for mother as she says every day o how i wish i cood rite so that i could rite to Mary my youngest dauter so far away in america. "Mother is well but she is looking old. I do not like her looks at all she worries to much shout looks at all she worries to much about you i think, however this is not cheeryou i think, however this is not cheerfull for you at Christmas poor girl, and i will try to tell you some news. Things is very dull at Clancarthy, we have a new preest father Hennigan and Father McBride has gone to Queenstown which is fine for him. Mary ther is one thing i work you to do and that is rite to Delia. want you to do and that is rite to Delia Bland. Poor girl she is so sick now she

ness, this bit of a missive from old Clan-

And then to write kindly and awe to Delia Bland—Delia Bland, who to Delia Biand—Delia Biand, who had been her dearest friend and then had stolen Joe! That was why she had heard so little from him, then! It was more than she bould bear, thought Mary, and as another peal of laughter sounded from above she choked hard and hurst out awring.

burst out crying.

For quite five minutes there was no sound expect the ticking of the clock, the merriment above, the wind that monaed outside and the muffled sobs in the roller towel.

Above the wind came the sound of a treet at the door. The second time

knock at the door. The second time she heard it Mary rose slowly, wiped her eyes on her sleeve, pushed back her eyes on her sleeve, pushed back her bronse hair, and opened the door. A man stood without, a poorly dressed bearded man, with a box of wood for

kindling.
"May I bring these in?" he asked in

"May I bring these in?" he saked in a voice that was low and sweetly grave. Mary stood dumbly inside, watched him put down the wood and waited for him to speak again.
"I am cold," said the stranger. "I have come a long distance to bring the wood your people wanted; may I rest by your fire?"
"Sare!" said Mary and shut the door. Then as she saw how the man shivered under his thin coat, she added, "Take the cup of coffee by the back of the fire. There'il be nobody wantin' it."

"Thank you," said the man. Again there was an awkward silence.
"You are homesick to-night," said the man suddenly.

man suddenly.
"Ob, that I am," answered Mary, a bit

of tremble in her voice. "It's longing I am for my old home across the water."
"Ireland," said the man. "Yes, I country? Oh, if you'd only be tellin' me that!" "Is it yourself that's from the old

"I have been there. I have been many places."
"At Ciancarthy have you been? Do ye know my old mother there? And my sister Ellen, that's married to Jimmy Flannagan? And Delia—?" But that

memory was too sharp, and Mary stopped short.
"I have known many people," said the

"I have known many people," said the stranger, in his beautiful voice.

"Ye'd know my old mother. She's always worryin' and fidgetin' about us, so careful like and lovin'; an' she's thinkin' always of our comfort; beautiful clean our house is, an' mother always fussin' about it to keep it decent."

"I know," said the stranger. "My mother was very dear to me. And I had a friend once who was a careful worker, and troubled about many things. It is the kind heart that makes these women dear to us." omen dear to ua.'

"Was ye ever poor?" asked Mary "Very, very poor," answered the "An' lonely? An' away from home?

An people all around you carin' nothin' for you an' goin' on their own careless way without a thought?" way without a thought?

"I have been in great sorrow, and without a friend."

"Then I'm glad to tell you my trougher to heart somehow. I

bles and relieve my heart somehow. I can't stand it alone like this. Here it is Christmas eve, an' a party upstairs, an' no one wantin' me except to wait on them when they eat. An over there in Clancarthy's my mother an all the folks Clancarthy's my mother an' all the folks this night, an' my boy that I'm eatin' my heart out for. There's a girl there too; a girl I used to know. She stole my boy; my sister wrote me that tonight. An' on top of that, they want me to write to her, now that she's down sick, and tell her I forgive her that was once my friend. She keeps cryin' for once my friend. She keeps cryin' for me—oh, but there's limits!—I can't do

his thin, worn hand on Mary's shoulder. "There were people who thought that I could not take it in silence. But I had to forgive them. We must forgive people; we can't help it."
"I can't forgive her! It's more than

flesh can bear!"
"Ah! but not to forgive her is more than the spirit can bear. Have you thought of that ?" "Let her die; she can blame

hereafter, if she wants to." And Mary's pretty face grew hard and sullen.
"I must go," said the stranger sadly.
"I came in because I thought you wanted "Ye mustn't go. I've had no right to talk this way to you, to a stranger. But my heart's so sore!—and to-morrow's Christmas day."

"It's my birthday," said the stranger. "Will you give me a present?"

"I? I've nothin' to give! What should I give to the likes of you—a gentleman born, as I can see plain, if ye are

in hard times now."

"No; I was not born a gentleman "No; I was not born a gentleman, it was a very poor place I was born in. And you will not give me a present?"
"What is it you'd be after wantin'?"
"That you should forgive your friend

-because you love her."

"Love!" cried M*ry, "I did love her fast enough once! Sure, and I'd never thought of that. Della was like my "She is your sister!" and the stran-

ger's voice grew lower and almost stern. "Forgive, her, now, before it is too late! Because she has offended you, forgive her!"

"Oh, you're too good for me! Sure, and I will write to her—this very night—and wish her a merry Christmas!

There was something bard on my heart that you've been takin' away. Poor that you've been takin' away. Poor Delia!"

Delia!"

but Jacob lingered to say:

"And do you think he'll come to Hardsorabble, for all she said?"

A few moments later, when Dr. Peavey passed through the open door to the living-room, she found Justine seated with a book at the table.

paid no attention to her at all but has been just kind like now she's so sick. There is no girl for me but Mary, Josays, an' it won's be long now I'll be goin' out to see her. He'll be riteing to you himself soon, he hurt his hand plowin' before. Now they say his uncle wants to help along this marriage—"

A second time the letter fell to the floor. Some sudden thought sent Mary to her knees. Outside the wind called softly—a Christmas carol.

WHEN CHRISTMAS COMES AGAIN

"I want to go," said Justine Eliet
"where I won's even hear the word.
Christmas. If you'd only open the carif
Dr. Sarah, we sould stay here, just by our
two selves, until these ghastly holidays
are over. Oh, won's you please?"
Justine Eliot was nineteen, far richer
in money than she needed to be, and as
pretty as a blush-rose. Until a year age
she had known nothing hat sunshine.
This fact Dr. Sarah Peavey took inte
swift account and she did not say,
"Don's be a coward! Face it out!"
"You see, there were two of us a year
ago," Justine went on, "and now I'm all
alone. Oh, if I'd only gone down-town
that day with mother! But she said it
was a secret, and I wasn't to come. And
I said I didn't want to come, for I had a
secret, too. It was a pillow I was covering for her as a Christmas present—
the fir-balsam pillow that I'd made that
summer at the camp. I finished it that
afternoon, and tied it up with rod with summer at the camp. I finished it that afternoon, and tied it up with red rib-bons. There were Christmas wreaths in all the windows, and holly paper and red ribbons everywhere. You know how mother loved the Christmas season, and mother loved the Christmas season, and how she remembered everybody. Oh, it was too cruel that she should leave us then! And if I'd only been with her, I know it wouldn't have happened. But that crowded, slippery crossing, and that automobile bearing down—and I wasn't there! I never want to see green bolly or red ribbons again. I think if I hear people say, 'Merry Christmas!' I shall die. And I wish I could!'

Justine broke into sobs, with her face

Justine broke into sobs, with her faces For a moment Dr. Peavey watched

her through narrowed eyelids. Then she took a time table from the drawer of she took a time table from the drawer of her deak, and said:

"I'll leave my patients with Deering. I'll telegraph Serena Wetherbee to open the camp for us. Meet me at the station to morrow evening, and—"

"Doctor Sarah! Then you will?"

"Yes. I'll table you make you followed.

"Doctor Sarah! Then you will?"

"Yes, I'll take you where Christmas won's find you—if I can!"

Surely no bester refuge could have been found for Christmas fugitives than the camp on Nobeco Head. Clad in black firs and bound with iron rock, the headland thrust itself into the icy waters of the bay. Half-buried now in the white drifts of winter, the little house stood solitary—three miles by the road from the village of Crosset Cove, and a half-mile, at least, from the little settlement known as Hardscrabble.

It was from Hardscrabble that Serena Wetherbee came—s grim, gaunt womas Wetherbee came—s grim, gaunt womas well and little set the conditions.

It was from Hardscrabble that Serena Wetherbee came—a grim, gaunt woman who not only had lost three children, but had never learned from the waves where they had flung the body of her sailor husband. To warn her not to talk of Christmas seemed superfluous. But on the fourth evening, while they were all these sitting round the glowing airtight stove in the camp living-room, Justine politely asked Serena what she was knitting and received an unexpected answer:

answer:
"Christmas presents," said Serens Wetherbee. "A nair of mittens for Jacob Tracy, and stripped reins for his little sister Emmy. Haven't you noticed? once my friend. She keeps cryin for me—oh, but there's limits!—I can't do that! There sin't a soul on earth that would do that."

"I did it once," and the stranger laid the mix over from Hardscrabble, and they're poorer than Job's turkey.

There'll be a tree over at Hardscrabble. Tracy young ones shan't go without presents, not while I'm sloot."

With a word of excuse and good night, Justine rose and went to her room.
But Serena Wetherbee talked on:
"I don't know, after all, if there'll be
a tree this year at Hardscrabble. Have
you seen the schoolma'am, Dr. Sarsh?
She's a Nash, from over in Jeffersonone of those bred-in-the-bone old maid's
that would then cream some instance. that would turn cream sour just by looking at it. Like as not she'll set n

for not having a tree to the scho But evidently Serens did not believe this dire prophecy, for she was as hor-rifted as Doctor Peavey by the devel-opment of the next day. The two women were in the kitchen when small Jacob Tracy clumped in out of the twi-Jacob Tracy clumped in out of the twi-light, leading a sobbing little sister.

"Now you just shut up, Emma Tracy!"
Jacob said, but not unkındıy. "You ask Aunt Sereny and she'll tell you it sin't so at all."

Service Watherbea, lifted the abild to

Serena Wetherbee lifted the child te her lap.
"Tell aunty all about it deary!" "Tell aunty all about it deary!"

"She says—teacher says—there ain't
—there ain't no Sa-anta Claus—and
there won't be a tree at Hardscrabble—
and no Christmas! And I'd wrote Santa Claus to bring me a dolly with hair— and there ain't—there sin't no—" "Teacher doesn't know everything!"

snapped Serena Wetherbee. With assurances and molasses cookies the two women comforted the child. She left the house with a watery smile, but Jacob lingered to say:

"And do you think he'll come to
Hardscrabble, for all she said?"

"Goodbye, my friend," said the stranger. 'I must go now, for other losds to ger. 'I must go now, for other losds to leave and take away."

"You'll be tellin' me your name? An' l'il be seein' you again?"

"I shall come if you need me, never when you want a friend, you will know me by this when you want a friend, you will know me by this when you want a friend, you will know me had much to suffer and much to forgive."

And the stranger slowly closed the door after him and went out into the night.

Mary caught up the crumpled latter.

"Issue and take away."

"To tell a child that at Christmas time!" flashed Justine. "She ought to be whipped!"

"That wouldn't help the children much," said Dr. Peavey, mildly, "or her either."

To Justine Dr. Peavey said no more but she took counsel with Serena. That evening, after Justine had gone thoughtfully to bed, Dr. Peavey, made out a list of the names and contact the school at Hardscrabble, where the little ones go, told them that there was no Santa Claus."

"To tell a child that at Christmas time!" flashed Justine. "She ought to be whipped!"

"That wouldn't help the children much," said Dr. Peavey, mildly, "or her either."

To Justine Dr. Peavey, mildly, "or her either." friend; and it is because I have had much to suffer and much to forgive."

And the stranger slowly closed the door after him and went out into the night.

Mary caught up the crumpled letter.

"But," said Ellen, "you will not mind doin' that when I tell you Joe never

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

winter.

The next morning, Dec. 22nd, Dr. Peavey tucked her list into her pocket and started afoot for Hardscrabble, where she planned to hire a horse and pung from Cephas Tooke. She had bid den Justine good-bye for the day without explanation. A little wholesome neglect would be tonic for Justine, 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 woodpath, when she heard the oracking of a step behind her, and turned to see Justine, as warmly bundled up as she was herself, with her purse in her mistened hand. The color came and went in Justine's cheeks. For the moment she seemed again the girl that Dr. Peavey

tine's cheeks. For the moment she seemed again the girl that Dr. Peavey had known in joyous summers at the

"Dr. Sarah!" Justine began, breath-"Dr. Sarah!" Justine 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!"

me help, please!"

For one second Doctor Peavey's heart For one second Doctor Peavey's heart contracted. She saw the purse in Justine's hand, and she read the passing thought in Justine's mind. Would she have to tell Justine that money alone could not buy a Christmas gift, even of the poorest sort? But Mrs. Eliot, as Dr. Peavey had often said, was one of the finest women that she had ever known, and Justine was her daughter. "Oh!" said Justine, with a little catch "Oh!" said Justine, with a little catch
of her breath. "You think that I should
—" Sae 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!"
Togetheen think the purchase the

Together they trudged through the cathedral gloom of the firs and over the dazzing whiteness of the fields to Hard-Together they clambered ramsbackle pung and drove the nine bright miles to Hanscomville. Such plans as they made on that drive! 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 popsorn and red cranberries by the yard.

"And we'll buy lot's of sparkly snow
and shiny doodaddles at the ten-cent
stope!" orded Justice.

and shiny doodaddles at the ten-cent store!" cried Justine. 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 wee Emmy. I'll have time to make it a dress and a petitions, at least. And I'm going to get a sled for Jacob Tracy."

S) they planned all along the second

Jacob Tracy."
So they planned all along the road, which seemed short, and in Hanscomville they made the plans come true. Up and down the little main street they bustled, and made their purchases, Dr. Peavey painstakingly, Justine with a

Presently they were stuffing packages into the pung—bags of oranges and nuts and Christmas candies from the gro-cer's, buiging, frail bundles from the ten-cent store, skates and pocket knives -an extravagance at which Dr. Peavey held up her hands—from the hardware shop, and even lordly, important-looksnop, and even lordly, important-look-ing parcels from the general store. Among the last was a doll's carriage. "It's for Emmy's doll," said Justine, "and we must find room for it, even if we have to tow it behind the pung."

On the way home they chatted about on the way nome they chatted about their Christmas tree. "It's the sort of thing that mother would have loved to do," Justine 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 Crosset Cove when Dr. Peavey broke th anhappy silence into which they had

"Instine! If we haven't forgotten to get a present for the school-teacher!"
"For that Nash woman?" cried Justine shouldn't like to say what she does de-

Then they reached the long tug of Nobaco Hill, where, in mercy to the tired old horse, they got out and walked. At the top of the hill they evertook 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 numbed 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 Nach!" must be Miss Nash!"

oman turned as Doctor Peavey spoke to her. Oh, yes, she would be glad of a life, 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

Doctor Peavey's eyes, seeking Jus-

We were planning a little surprise for your children," she said, "but we'll need help to put it through. Couldn't you spend the night with us, and string cranberries and sew candy-bags?"

So the amazing thing came to pass-

the odious Miss Nash sat that evening at the camp table, and worked swiftly to make real the Christmas plans. So silent and so white she was that even

erena forbore to sniff at her.

And a yet more amazing thing came And a yet more amazing thing came to pass. The next morning, when Doctor Peavey had prepared a hot hanging on his mantel-piece or pasted early breakfast for Miss Nash, and had on a log cabin. My affectionate bless-

"She isn't horrid at all !" Justine broke out. "It's Kilen 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 mosher, and I—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 saultarium 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 ree, engaged for next term. And the same engaged for next term. And the same day she had a letter from her mother— a pitiful letter! That Christmas was a pitiful letter! That Christmas was coming, and they couldn't be together—that they would never be together! And she says she guesses she was half-crasy, but that morning, when little Eamy Tracy saked 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 ineve and Christmas fellowship was ineve and Christmas fellowship was ineve and Christmas fellowship was just a story. 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, Justine."

'I—I haven't been doing this year as mother would have expected of me to

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

"Dr. Sarah," she said, with her old energy, "can we go home to-night on the night train?"
"What of your tree at Hardcrabble?"

"Of course we won't disappoint the children. We'll write a letter, in the same of Santa Claus, and ask them to serena Wetherbee's on Christmas day. 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 Eilen Nash will have the tree and the presents all ready. O Dr. Sarah, it would have made you cry to hear how she went out to get a tree, and had even taken some of her hard-carned money to have not a read applied. earned money to buy nuts and apples for the children, because the wanted to make up for what she had said !! But now they'll have a sure-enough Christmas at Hardcrabbie, 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 wouldn't want to have go un-remembered! 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 sister set crimson roses beneath their mother's picture and opened their gifts in its presence. Sarah Peavey had the medical book that she had needed, and a brown print of a Madonna, and even a ticket for the opera. In the gift that she valued most came in the twilight. The telephone bell rang, and over the wire came Justine Eliot'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 Eilen Na h, and she's sending for her. She'll pay her three times what the Hardscrabble school paid, and Miss Nash will be able to go often to see her mother. Dr. Sarah!"
"Yes, Justine."

"Po 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 sent it off yesterday, in holly wrappings to Eilen Nash's mother. And that's all, Dr. Sarah, dear only—I wanted to wish you-Merry Christ-mas !" - Beulah Marie Dix in The Youth's Companion.

IVELY JOURNEY

Father Vaughan, S. J., gives some a counts of bis 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 simest 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 gramaphone with records going on all the time. I have been a 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. 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 Mass, as my train left by 8:15. This is strenuous. The Catholle Church is the strenuous. The Catholle Church is the Light of this New World. Nearly 16,-000 000 of members from all the nations under the sun. In one gold mine 2 000 men and 35 different nationalities! Paddy is in evidence everywhere, and he is a Catholic as well as an Irish-man. In New York and Boston he flourishes most of all. Many multi million-aires 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 knew 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 cortain. early breakfast for Miss Nash, and had set her part way on her road to the schoolhouse, she returned to camp to fand Justine — the old Justine of Nobsco summers — waiting to confide in Chicago New World.

The River and the Song ng, long ago when I was young, Twas many a song my mother sung,
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 teardrops 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."

Because I somehow seemed to hear Through all its words and all its to By field and wood and winding road;
And, oh, that song was always and,
However warm the world and glad.
And yet I loved it well,
And ever begged to hear 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 spy
The towers that kept the heavens
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 ran so pure To Carrick from Clonmel

And oft', in fancy drifting down, pierced the distant mountain ridge A leaf upon the current savel.

I floated many a mile along,
Until by Waterford I passed,
And reached the shining seas at last
That round old Ireland swell.

That round old Ireland swell.

'Twas thus I used to dream what time
My mother sang that hauuting 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

Full many a river fall and rise
And many a grief my heart has felt,
At many a new made grave I've kneit.
And dreams of pr mise once I knew
Have proved unstable and untrue.
And still, whate'er befell,
The song that charmed my childish ear
I've always heard and he'd it dear—
"The River Suir
That run as once

That run so pure To Carrick from Clonmell."

DENIS A. McCARTHY in Rosary Magazine

EQUALITY, TRUE AND FALSE The doctrine of equality, correctly or The doctrine of equality, correctly or wrongly conceived, underlies every attempt at dealing with the social problem. Wisely, therefore, Pope Plus X. in giving to the Christian world its "Fundamental Regulations 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 authoritatively summarized by him from the Encyclical of his predecessor Quod

Apostolici Muneris.

1. Human zociety, a God has established it, is composed of unequal elements, just as members of the human

ments, just as members of the human body are enequal, 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 shear Creators that there is the consists solely in the same of the control of their Creator; that they have been redeemed by Jesus Christ; and that 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 prin 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 on Catholic Popular Action)

To avoid all misunderstanding a tion must be called at the very begin ning to the last of these clauses. 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 author-ity, 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 con-

spired to do. spired to do.

The attempt of Socialists to turn into ridicule the position of the Church by maintaining that all the existing conditions of excessive riches and squalid poverty, of rictous weath and oppres-sive labor are championed by her as "the will of God," is a calumny which has deceived too many of our Catholic workingmen. Our first duty, is, therefore, to make plain that the Church, while defending unconditionally, "the order established by God," does not because of this sanction any industrial iniquity 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 bent down with unnatural toi), or a single child is deprived of its God or a single child is deprived of its Goo-given right to love and happiness and all the due development of every faculty of body and soul, she will continue to

repeat her pleadings 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

ore souls than Socialism has ever been able to wrest from her. It is precisely because the ways of modern wealth can too often not be squared with the prin-ciples of Catholic faith, that a transition diples of Catholic faith, that a transition from poverty to riches has only too fre-quently been followed by a separation from the Church whose restrictions laid upon wealth had become unbearable, and whose mission of preaching the Gospel to the poor had become a scandal and a

Nothing, moreover, could be more proced to the Catholic dectrine of Nothing, moreover, could be more opposed to the Catholic dectrine of human equality than those theories which long have been the support of capitalistic selfashness, and which under various names are known as Manchestrianism, 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 for every form of greed and oppression. All restrictions on labor contracts or competition, whether due to organisation or state interference, are, according to such theories, to be to organisation 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 faiture. 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 man against 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!

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
Novarm)

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 the same. Against this, therefore, the words of Pope Pius X, are now directed as much as against are tyrannical demands of Socialism. Expressly be calls attention to the primary law of he calls attention to the primary law of Christian economics, the only true ap-plication 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

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 con-tribute to the good of all the others, and private aims must be kept subordinate to the general we are

"Therefore," says Pre Leo XIII,
"just as the Almighty willed that, in the heavenly kingdom itself, the choirs of angels should be of differing ranks, sub-ordinated theone-to the other; and just as in the Caurch God has established different grades of orders with diver-sity of functions, so that all should not apostles, all not doctors, all not pro-ets; so also has He established in civil society many orders of varying dignity, right, and power. And this to the end that the State, like the Church, should form one body comprising many members, some excelling others in rank and importance, but all alike necessary to one another and solicitous for the common welfare." (Quod Apostolici Muneris)

Such subordination does not, however, mply any indignity put upon a class, as Socialism teaches the masses in order to rouse them to rebellion. It is hallowed by Christ Himself and is to be accepted only for love of Him, of Whom the Apostle reminds us: "Being rich He became poor, for your sakes; that through His poversy you might be rich." (2 Cor. viii:9) It therefore is lifted to as a sublimity immeasurably above all king-ship and domination of earth, and re-ceives, when thus borne, the promise of the kingdom, the true riches which Christ came to bring.

There is before God, as we well know, no

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 peril of their soul. 'For a more severe judgment shall be for them that bear rule. . . . For God will not accept any man's person, neither will he stand in awe of any one's reatness: for He bath made the little and the great, and He hath equally care of all. But a greater punishment is ready for the

nore mighty." (Wisdom, vi, 69)
In the conception of society according to the mind of Christ and of His Church, the master is for the servant and the servant for the master, the employer for the welfare of the employed as much the employed are to contribute to the good of the employer, and all are for the glory of God through Christ their common Lord. 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 like wise exist the mutual duties of piety or affection. The fact that even ary 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 versally 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 band, and of revolutionary Socialis and can at no epoch be set aside with impunity. It is precisely the violation

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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 cavil 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 stant expulsion of any member from any Socialist lodge the world over. With the first internal assent to these Catho-

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 human being born into this world is to be given an advantage over any other. This they readily admit would not be possible without a complete destruction of the present form of society. Thus Socialist equality implies revolution. It is a system of implies revolution. It is a system of economic injustice most strongly con-demned by successive Pontiffs. It is demned by successive Pontiffs. It is a heresy repudiasing the Scripture teaching of the subordination of wife to husband, not in slavery, but in love, as 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 bus from God: and those that are, ordained of God. Therefore, he that registeth the power, resisteth the ororganed of God. Therefore, he that resiste 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 author-

laboring classes, that it will bury their cross forever in a new era of social equality, is no less vain than the hope of capitalism which seeks to hide it b neath a 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 not up his cross, and followeth Me, is not worthy of Me. For this reason she will ever be persecuted by Labor as well as by Capital, waerever 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 will be the world by the continue in the course will be the well than the world by the well than t uplifting the world by slow degrees an restoration of Christian civilization in

modern social life.

Tast this result is being achieved in several countries of Europe supposed to have been given over to the enemy must be admitted.—Joseph Husslein, 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 are in command of as military forces is still one of the w ders 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 holding Portugal by the threat and loading it down with the chains of religious persecution — it seems almost incredible and the tragedy that Catholics in that unfortunate coun try are not organized and without lead

Our three American Cardinals reoently sent a letter of sympathy touch-ing the sorry condition of things in their so-called republic to the Portuguese Episcopate, and from the answer of the latter we quote the following which wil give a closer insight into

ion wrought and the reason of things
"Day after day the violent and vexa tious persecutions against the Church and its ministers assume new and disas trous aspects. Our temples have been destroyed, despoiled and sacrilegiously profaned. All our episcopal palaces and not a few of the presbyteries have been confacated. A large number of parish priests have been expelled, exiled, and others have been imprisoned, exhied, and others have been imprisoned, to be in a short time subjected to trial by the military tribunals. All the clerg-, especially in the large cities, have been persecuted, harassed, exposed to the most humilisting and opprobrious jibes and to the most ferocious physical ill-treat-

ment.
"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 23d aspect which the future presents to the ministers of the Catholic Church, or as a result of the law which makes military service compulsory for clerics. Religious worship Our parishes are without pashibited. tors, and practically religious ministra-tions are no longer available for the

" Tae religious communities have to 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 misde meanor. The greater 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

cuted and robbed as Cathol cs 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 natil 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 some-Cannot the moral sense of all casholics 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 hoards to acquire wealth never enjoys the happiness of giving.

The man who horres to acquire wearen never enjoys the happiness of giving. The man who puts off sli his kind deeds to the future becomes confirmed in un pleasant ways. The sinner who puts of pleasant 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 surfeit 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 profiably put off indefinitely. Unkind words and deeds can wait. Perhaps to morrow we shall see that they were bet-

words and deeds can wait. Perhaps to-morrow we shall see that they were bet-ter 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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Apostolic Delegation. Ottawa. June 13th, 1905.

Dear Sir.—Bince coming to Canada I have reader of your paper. I have noted with satishat it is directed with intelligence and and, above all, that it is imbued with a strong ic spirit. It strenuously defends Catholic les and rights, and stands firmly by the teachie authority of the Church, at the same time ing the best interests of the country. Followsee lines it has done a great deal of good for lifare of religion and country, and it will do almore, as its wholesome influence reaches as the continued success. Yours very sincerely in Christ.

Yours very sincerely in Christ.

Domatus, Archibishop of Ephesus.

Ontawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900.

Thomas Coffey me time past I have read your mable pape, the CATROLIC RECORD, and congrate you upon the manner in which it is published matter and form are both good; and a truly holic spiri- pervades the whole. Therefore, with saure, I can be recommend it to the faithful. Bless you and wishing you success, believe me to re. In.

'TO. Fai. COMIO. Arch. of Larissa, Apos. 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 age 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 treasen and " Mass priests" trait ors. Christmas with other " man-made Sabbaths" shared the hatred of selfconstituted 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 heathen.

But in times of persecution as in time of triumph, through good repute and evil repute, in the twentieth century as in the Middle Age, the Catholic Church has kept hely 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.

Even so will her faithful guardianship of the faith once delivered to the saints, and her fidelity to the ideals which that faith inspires, save for future ages many a Christian principle from the dissolving influences of the creedless Christianity of our day.

As our many readers assist at the Holy Sacrifice which gives this great Holy Day its name and its significance we ask them to breathe a prayer that the CATHOLIC RECORD may, by God's blessing, worthily fulfit the mission of a paper devoted to the service of our holy

And since the Church in her great feasts approves and encourages a spirit of joyous festivity, we make no apology for expressing our Christmas greetings to one and all in the time honored phrase—A Merry Christmas.

MIXED MARRIAGES

The Registrar-General's recent re port on vital statistics shows that fifteen hundred and nineteen Catholics racted mixed marriages in this province during 1911.

"Roman Catholics marrying outside their Church" is the ambiguous and possibly misleading headline comment noticed in some papers. That Catholics contracting mixed marriages " marry outside their Church" is obviously true in the sense that they marry non-Catholics. But they were married by Protestant ministers does not by any means follow. Since the recent marriage decree renders the marriage of Catholics invalid unless contracted be fore a priest with proper jurisdiction, it may safely be assumed that in the great majority of mixed marriages the required conditions were complied with and the parties married by Catholic

Mixed marriages are, nevertheles forbidden by common sense and prudence as well as by the Church. In this the most intimate union that can exist between human beings, difference of religion must tend inevitably to mar the perfect harmony that should exist between man and wife. When children come, instead of being an additional

bond of union and of common interest and responsibility, they are often a ource 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 intimacles with non Catholics as are likely to lead to the desire for marriage, are cersainly lacking in prudence, and may be sulpably responsible for the conse-

At any rate the truth can not be too

learly taught, that a Catholic who narries before any other than a duly authorized Catholic priest, contracts 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 Catholie, and who will not be married by 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 rnew that the Catholic girl really be. lieves herself bound by the laws of the Church, however he himself may regard religion, cannot honorably ask her to ecome 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 cf.

What we have to say does not affect the question as a party issue.

That bars, or their equivalent, have me a universal institution throughout the civilized world, suggests that they must respond to some intimate numan need other than that which they satisfy as mere drinking places.

Man is essentially a social being ermits and recluses are not the normal type of men. The ordinary normal man esires 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 ike the dining room, would be merely ncidental, even if useful and necessary

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 accommoda-

It is this degeneration of the public nouse into a mere drinking place in rural districts, that has made its total abolition by local option so generally 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 peccible place where the natura 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 meas-

The recognition of this fact, and the practical working out of the attempt to provide the necessary substitute for the saloon as a social institution, forms the subject of an interesting article in The Outlook.

The Southern Pacific Railway realized six years ago that the rule prohibiting the use of intoxicants on or off duty was not going to be generally observed while the saloons were left in entire possession of the field as poor men's clubs. Accordingly club-houses were erected at operating centres Nest rooms, well-cooked wholesome food of the best quality, non-intoxicating drinks, cigars, candy and tobacco are provided for the men in these clubhouses. Billiard and pool tables, bowling alleys, libraries, shower-baths, halls for dances and meeting are placed at their disposal. Their marked success from the beginning, is the best proof of their need, and the folly of leaving the

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 drinking places closed their lozen 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

A recent bulletin of the Inter-Sta 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 enger through collision or derail-

A writer in the Fortnightly Review thus indicates the lines on which the Southern Pacific club houses have been onceived 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. Athearn, 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 ing from the accepted standards of social welfare work, Mr. Athean studied the methods of the enemy, and adapted them t the saloon, and adapted them to the railway's purposes. The saloon requires neither dues nor membership eards from its patrons. Neither do the 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 aloon, 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 clab-houses are innocent of signs proclab-houses are innocent of signs pro

hibiting 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 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 indicate hereals.

leaner, stronger, healthier manhood. While societies religious and faternal 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

IS THIS HONEST?

To the recent marriage case, with which we dealt last week, The Chrisian Guardian refers as follows :

The startling point in connection owing statement: "It was incidentalhurch had announced its willingnes to confirm the original marriage provided the husband simply paid the mount of dispensation fees, which hould have been paid before marriage. Surely this statement does not fairly re resent the Roman Church. Surely which prides itself upon the facthat with it marriage is always a sacra ment, sacred and indissoluble, cannot justify itself before either man or God eacred and indissoluble, canno if it dissolved a marriage, which it was quite willing to ratify, for a few pieces of

No, this statement does not fairly represent the Roman Church. It very unfairly, and, we fear, very dishonestly

misrepresents the "Roman Church." We have no right to ask Protestant 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 con demning it and sneering at it.

The Catholic position is this: The Mosaic laws relating to marriage, like those relating to diet and to the obser vance 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 unmistak. able import, Our Divine Lord conferred on the Apostles and their successors the bishops of the Catholic Church, the authority to abrogate the laws of Moses and to make laws to take their place.

By virtue of this authority the Church mposes her own laws of fasting and ab stinence instead of the laws regulating

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 nakes 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.

Now as to the facts in the case. The marriage was between third

ousins, related therefore in the fourth legree of consanguinity. There was no dispensation, therefore there was no marriage. The ecclesiastical court did not "dissolve the marriage," it simply declared the fact that there was no marriage. The Church, in such a case, is always willing and very anxious to validate the marriage. But the parties must be willing to marry. No authority ecclesiastical or civil can marry ther against their will. In the present case he man refused to consent to marriage and it was, therefore, impossible for the Church to "ratify the marriage."

In the civil courts exactly analogou cases frequently occur. If some essen tial condition be lacking, or some essen tially invalidating condition be present the Court declares a contract null and void, regardless of the hardship which sometimes ensues.

With regard to the "pieces of silver, we have in the same issue of the Guar dian a very ingenious bit of casuistry by the editor, designed to allay scruples of a Sabbatarian who is troubled about the "pieces of silver," given to the minister on Sunday. Mut atis mutandis it would suit our case. But we decidedly prefer the straightforward admission that on the occ of granting dispensations, baptism, and marriage, a fee is expected, and generally naid. Civil officials sometimes re ceive their remuneration partly in salary, partly in fees. The ecclesiastical official like the civil official must live and that costs money. No spology is offered. The arrangement is purely a domestic affair. Like their Protes ant friends Catholic priests will receive fees or other offerings on Sunday yes, even on the Sabbath day.

The insinuation of the Guardian that the Church refused to validate this marriage because the dispensation feet were not paid, is beneath contempt. We challenge the Guardian to find a single instance in which a dispensation has been refused because the fees were not forthcoming. A dispensation is never granted on account of the paltry lee, nor ever refused to those unable to pay, provided always there is sufficient reason to dispense.

There is a law which the Church will never abrogate, and to this law we call the attention of the Christian editor of the Christian Guardian : "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neigh-

IMPERIAL ACTION ON NE TEMERE

"Ne Temere is practically fought and won" was Rev. Dr. Hincks' orscular announcement on his return from England, where "he furnished a most power ful and strong argument for Imperial action on this matter." As a result of the meeting which he attended, Dr. Hincks modestly observes that he believes that "Imperial action will be taken which will speedily bring the point to an issue."

It would be too much to expect a netoriety-loving minister to forego the onportunity of self-advertisement afforded by such a trip as Dr. Hincks has just made; but when he gets through advertising himself, he will settle down with the rest of Canada, to the conviction that the Ne Temere agitation is dead and that neither imperial, federal nor provincial action will revive it, bring the point to an issue."

" THE CHURCH"

A correspondent sends us an English paper containing an account of a meet ing 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 osing 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 divnely commissioned."

What "The Church" means to Mr. Hughes is not clear; sometimes it eviiently means the Methodist Church, at other times he feels too keenly the limitations of his own Church, and speaks of 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 auth-

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

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, out as one having the authority of its

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." nen of good will." It is waiting for us all, high and low, rich and poor, peer and peasant, the beggar by the wayside with the millionaire in his equally slace. "The Son of Heaven's Eternal King" is no respecter of persons. It is oble deeds, not noble blood He looks to. and not so much the deed as the will to

"It is not what man does exalts him,

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 heavts are full of other things, what better are we than the innkeeper 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 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 onely 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 gold. 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 Scrooge's nephew thought of it-as a kind, forgiving, charitable time; the women seem by one consent to open their shut up hearts freely, and to think of others as if they were really fellowpassengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other COLUMBA

NOTES AND COMMENTS

Recent issues of Catholic periodicals lave given some prominence to reviews of "The Romance of a Jesuit," a nev 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 comance, it is not really so, precedence by twenty-three years being due to s

translation by the late Mrs. G. M. Pennée of Quebec, which appeared as a serial in the Catholic Weekly Review, a periodical published in Toronto from astical year which, extending over sev-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 jour-

THE OCCASION of the earlier transla tion of d'Hagerne's ronance was th furious agitation which sprang up all over Canada, but 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 readers will not middle-aged have forgotten the circumstances of that exciting time. All the smouldering hatred of the Catholic Church ed to have broken into flame. Old fables were resuscitated, the rusty meapons of Ignorant fanaticism were

furbished-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 humiliating chapter in our national history. Suffice it to say that the tempest continued for many months, gathering increasing fury, until, when the ques tion 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 enmity to the Society of Jesus. What Sir John Thompson accomplished by reason and on sense, Sir John Macdonald apped by timely ridicule. Then the whole agitation collapsed, and its promoters returned to their pristine obcourity.

THE TRANSLATION of "The Roman 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 advance ment of religion and true civiliza sion, and the pernicious character of the opposition against them. The central figure of the story is a young man who entered the noviciate of th Society as a spy and the willing instrunent of its enemies. The result, however, was his repentance and conver sion, and finally his becoming a Jesuit nimself. 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 saidfor 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. Pennée, 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 Pennée, 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 Pennées became permanently settled in this country Always of a literary turn of mind, and sharing in no small degree the gifts of er more famous brother, Mrs. Pennée, 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 but he saw them not. Before his mind St. Alphonsus. She had a great devotion to St. Anne, and great love and admiration for the Redemptorist Order, arrange things. He turned with a and having built a home at the and went home. He found his wite in far famed shrine of Ste. Appe 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. Pennée (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 transla-

MRS. PENNEE 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 ecclesieral 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. PENNEE died at Quebec in 1896. naving 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 drawn from their hiding places and re- at the Franciscan Convent, Grand Allée,

Quebec. " My heart," she wrote, " is always at St. Anne's, but circumstance 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 gracous memory. "She was not an ordinary voman that valiant Chistian 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. Pennée as we knew her, and as she was known likewise to the poor and unfor tunate 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 in 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 locking in something which he feared might come out and follow him.

Along the street as he passed the shops were gay with Christmas of Men, women, and children laden parcels, met, passed, and jostled him. In contrast to their happy smiling faces, the thought of his own gloomy home nomed 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 browneyed girl-his daughter, whom he had driven from his home a year ago, be-cause 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

im. Near his home he came in sight of the church wherein he regularly wor-shipped. On one side of the walk lay a pile of evergreen boughs, and on the other one of bare branches, denuded of their foliage. From force of habit he turned in. His wife for years had taken part in the work of decorating this church for Christmas, and latterly his daughter

had also helped. He had usually called from them on his way home. Mr. Steele entered the church, and glanced about. All around were busy workers. They were twining greens around pillars, over w and beautifying every bare spot. One group was working about the upper left corner where the creshe was to be, while others were finishing at the main

altar. These things were before his eyes, He could see her flitting about the main altar, with reverent touch helping to

the library.
"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 wa

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

At this point dinner was announced.

The meal was almost silent. Even the two young sons, home for the holidays felt the depression.

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

inging now.

For a moment the ghosts of the past ror a moment the gnosts 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 have, but not to-night. Ghosts do not engender hate. In fact they are a reminder that there comes a time when hate must die. 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 brown hands looked, as they deftly fitted 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! There stood the writing desk and book-ease combined, with rows of the books she loved. Then he turned his eyes on the little white bed. He remembered a time when he often came in before retiring just to look at her, and if she happened to be awake, she would make him sit by the bed and chat with her. He remembered just how she used to look; the sweet face framed in a halo of brown hair, with the white background. Suddenly, she invaded his mental vision as he had last seen her, crushed and terrified at his harsh mandate. He turned away and stood by the dresser. With its dainty, be-ribboned fixtures. Mechanically he opened a box. There lay the gloves that used to cover the little brown hands, and faint odor of sweetbriar came to his senses. He went out closing the door softly.

The library was untenanted when he

He went out closing the door softly. The library was untenanted when he entered, so he went to the window, and stood gazing at the snow-covered lawn glistening in the moonlight. But a summer scene came to his mind. His daughter with bare sun-browned hands tending the flowers she loved, while the birds sang gayly in the trees above her head. The flowers were under the snow, and there was no living thing in the garden now.

and there was no living thing in the garden now.

"Agnea," he called to his wife, "I think I'll go over to the church now."

"Very well," came the answer.

As Mr. Steele passed down the walk the snow creaked sharply under his feet. He shuddered. Where was she, his tenderly nurtured darling on this bitter night? He drove the soft thought away, and strode forward.

When he entered the church the work was all done, and the lights turned very low. Worshippers were constantly coming and going, and from the vestry came a soft murmur of voices. He went over to the right, and knelt before a picture of the Crucified One at which he always loved to look. But to-night the deeply sorrowful eyes of the Saviour seemed to look at him with reproach.

"O, Lord," he murmured, "my daughter offended, and I cast her forth."

Still from the mystic depths of the

offended, and I cast her forth."
Still from the mystic depths of the Divine Eyes there seemed to come an accusing look. Then Robert Steele looked searchingly back into his own soul, and began his examination of conscience.

After a long time he rose up, and went into the vestry. Presently he came out, and knelt for a time before came out, and knelt for a time before the main altar. Then he crossed over to the left. High up, amid the evergreens that sheltered the mimic stable, there glimmered a single star. He knelt down beside the lowly manger, and let his eyes rest on the image therein. Was he dreaming? or could it be? Surely there was a living baby lying close beside the waxen image of the Christ Child. Yes, he could distinctly see by the light of the star, the tiny face, and one little hand that had escaped from the folds of the shawl in which it was wrapped. He put a finger into the baby wrapped. He put a finger into the baby hand, and the wee fingers closed around it with a pressure that sent a thrill through his whole being, even as the touch of other little fingers had do be. sighteen years ago to-night, when his paby daughter had been laid in his arms

baby daughter had been laid in his arms for the first time. His "Christmas Baby," he had always called her.

Without stopping to think or reason, he gathered the little waif into his arms, and started down the dim aisle arms, and started down the dim aisle with his burden. He went straight to his wife, and laid it in her arms.

"Why, Robert," she exclaimed, "where did the baby come from?"

He told her where he found it.
"What will we do with it?" she
asked, and lovingly caressed the sweet

Keep, guard, and shelter it; and maybe the Lord in His mercy will pro-tect and care for our own lamb that my

harshness has cast forth."

Then the mother let fall the relieving tears. Tenderly he gathered the two into his arms, the wife of his bosom, and

"Oh, Robert, you'll forgive our darling, and bring her back, won't you?"

eared the mother. "To-morrow, if I can find her," he

As early as possible next morning, message was sent to the address given in the one repentant letter received by the parents from their daughter, but she onger there, nor was her address

The father was now as eager and de-termined to find his child, as he had formerly been to ignore her existence. But the day wore on without his having Still faintly hoping he walked to the

telegraph office, but returned disap-pointed with lagging steps. As he neared the porch of his home he fancied he saw the figure of a man moving stealth-ily through the sbrubbery. He knew the man must soon pass through the stream of light that came from the library window. He concealed himself silently watched.

The shaft of brilliant light distinctly revealed the figure with a fur cap pulled low over the face, a long Ragian over-

cost, and rubber boots.

There had been a number of petty burglaries committed in the vicinity of late. Mr. Steele months a few minutes he heard a stealthy step crounching on the walk, and then the door bell rang. He answered it in door bell rang. He answered it in person, the servants having retired. Before him stood a policeman, supporting an inanimate form.

"Heavens, man, you haven't killed him?" he exclaimed aghast.

"No, I never hit him at all," denied

the policeman.
"Then, why don't you take your prisoner at once to the station?"
"Because, I want to see who it is," he
said pushing his way into the lighted
hail. Then he pulled the fur cap off,
and a tumble of brown hair fell down
around the thin, pinched face of a

"Dear God, it is my child!" cried Mr.

Steele in amazement.

The policeman passed into the library, and laid his unconscious burden on a couch. "Can you get some brandy?" he asked of the half dazed braudy?" he asked of the half dazed father. The brandy was administered, and presently the eyelids began to quiver. "She's coming round. I'd better be going," announced the policeman. At the door he turned. "Can I do anything else for you?" he inquired. "Only to keep this out of the papers?" and he thrust a bill into the big hand.

Left plone with the girl, the senses of

big hand.

Left alone with the girl, the senses of the father became alert. He chafed the tion.

icy hands with his own warm ones, then pulled off the boots, and warmed her chilled feet in the same way, all the while murmuring terms of endearment. After a while her eyes opened and looked into his face with a meek smile. "Papa, am I dreaming?" she

and looked into his face with a meek smile. "Papa, am I dreaming?" she breathed.

"No, sweetheart. You're not dreaming. I'm here, and my arms are around you," he assured her, as she seemed lapsing back into unconsciousness. There was no response, and he was smitten with a cruel fear that he had only found her to lose her forever. He gave her more brandy, and the next time the brown eyes opened, two weak arms tried to encircle his neck but fell back. Then as if devining the fear in his heart she told him she was getting better.

his heart she told him she was getting better.

Somewhat encouraged he took off his overcoat, and carried her up to her old room. Many a time in the happy bygone years, he had dismissed the nurse and prepared his little girl for bed for love of the task. So with loving hands he soon had her wrapped in a warm fiannelette nightle, and tucked into bed.

"How lovely it seems to be warm, she smiled, with a luxurious little wriggle, "I think after all Purgatory must be cold. I've had no fire to-day—"

She paused noting the look of pain in

his face. Then he asked her to try and brace up before seeing her mother.

"Oh, please don't alarm mamma. If I might have something to eat—I've had nothing to-day, and very little yester-

"Oh, my poor lamb!" oried the father, as he hurried from the room. He was back in a few minutes with biscuits and wine. He sat by the bedside while she ate, and watched the life seming healt to her face.

coming back to her face.
"There now, I feel a whole lot better.
May I see Mamma?"
Mr. Steele entered his wife's room

with a light step, and smiling face.
"I've put a guest in Angela's room," he

announced.

"A guest in Angela's room?" she repeated in surprised displeasure.

"Yes; come and see."

Mechanically she followed him scarcely knowing what to expect. At the door he paused, letting her pass before him. Quickly her eyes rested on the bed. Then the loving rested on the bed. Then the loving light of two brown eyes caught her own, and with a glad cry she sprang forward. As she again felt the beloved form in her arms the sorrow of the past year faded, and it seemed her soul was get-

Then came a few breathless questions and answers. But, why did you come at night and by stealth?" questioned

"Because I was afraid of making

"Because I was afraid of making Papa angry, yet it seemed as if I must see how you all-looked; and oh, I did so long for a sight of my baby."
"Your baby!" chorused the parents.
"Oh, I forgot you didn't know. You see, I was freezing and starving, and I was afraid she would starve too. I didn't know what to do. I think I was almost crazy. So I took her to the church, and laid her in the manger beside the image of the Infant Saviour.
Then I knelt down and told the dear Virgin Mother that she would just have to take care of my little one, for the sake of the little Jesus, whom she had once carried in her own blessed arms. I watched from a ldark corner till I saw Papa carrying her away. It seemed as

Papa carrying her away. It seemed as If I couldn't keep from following, yet I dared not, then I fainted."

It was some time before either parent could speak. "Where is your husband?"

a hospital." a hospital."
"He shall not be there an hour longer than I can help," he promised.

GIFTED NOVELIST TELLS CONVERSION

HAD WHILE QUITE YOUNG READ WIDELY IN BOTH THE REALMS

In looking back after a period of many years on the most important step in my life I marvel more and more that the claims of Christianity—by which I mean, very precisely, the claims of the Catholic Church—are ignored, or feebly evaded by so many of those to whom they should appeal.

It is true that I marvel almost as much

-and every convert must-that I should have been snatched, as it were, from the burning; for the chain of events linking one step in the road to Rome to another, seems most frazile— Rome to another, seems most fragile—almost accidental. Yet the convert knows that the chain was not merely a fortuitous succession of happenings. Nothing in all of the divine economy is more mysterious than the movement of There had been a number of petty burglaries committed in the vicinity of late, Mr. Szele went to the phone, and notified the police of his discovery. In a few minutes he heard a stealthy step crounching on the walk, and then the

tainty, into the bosom of God, Himself, then all the rest will be added to his slender store of faith and hope. Every convert naturally wishes that his own story might be of use to others. Every convert naturally wishes that his own story might be of use to others. To me, Cardinal Newman's story was the most moving—his "Apologia." I did not see Father Kent Stone's "The Invitation Heeded," until I had become a Catholic. And it must be remembered, too, that whatever the human influences that contribute to bring one to the door of the Church, there remains for the convert one extremely vital matter that he must work out for himself—that is, an adequate understanding of a Faith that to him is very new and strange; and upon the character of this working out everything depends. If it be thorough, the result will be, at least, staunch, if not always edifying Catholicity; a conviction so deep-seated and compelling that it becomes a master influence, a part and parcel of thought and life itself. If, on the other hand, the matter be only formally worked out, the conversion may result in a state worse than the first. The very working-out process will take complexion largely from what a man brings to the study of the Church. In most instances, I think, it takes years for a convert to conceive anything like an adequate impression of the real majesty of this great and visibly divine institution.

Temperament disposed me very early in life to much reading. I read omnivorously, chiefly perhaps of fiction, but among other matter some history fell in my way. While the claims of some fiction to being history are always on the point of question, we need not cavil here over the claims of some history to being fiction; I mean especially to indicate such history as has to do with differences in the matter of religion. Easily moved by cruelty of any sort, my earliest sympathies were enlisted toward the victims of religious persecution by Catholics. pathies were enlisted toward the victims of religious persecution by Catholics. Naturally I found it an easy mental step to attribute the misdeeds of the persecutors to the doctrines and practices of the Church itself. I was quite innocent, too, of knowing that these misdeeds, atroclous enough in themselves, were distorted and magnified a thousandfold by the ingenious malice of the narrators.

by the ingenious malice of the narrators.

As to the Protestant Reformation,
which I had come to look upon as a sort
of divine Magna Charts of religious liberty, and which certainly has proved itself so admirable a Magna Charts of
economic and religious license; the suspicion that it was very largely a movement of politics and greed lay as far
from my mind as possible.

Cruelty was my first and strongest
impression concerning the Catholic
Church and its doctrines, and it came to
me wholly through my reading; the

Church and its doctrines, and it came to me wholly through my reading; the aprings of history are poisoned against all inexperienced readers.

At eighteen I was well out into the world and without any fixed or definite religious discipline to hold me, I easily lapsed into indifference. In my reading I had become interested in the brilliancies of the French Encyclopedists—we used to hear more of them then, than now—and I was superficially agnostic. In the large city, however, to which I had been drawn, I made my home with a Catholic family, and when the time of indecision finally and disquietingly came, one of the factors in strengthening me one of the factors in strengthening me on the road toward Rome was the edif-ing life of Catholics whom I had inti-

I had a strong impression, too, I had a strong impression, too, that Catholic practice savored of credulity. Modern miracles were a stumbling-block to me and a serious one. My attitude on this point was one of contempt for the vagaries of Catholic belief. Indeed, my position towards Catholicity was one of suspicion and contemptuous distrust, based on the consciously superior, not to say insolent, attitude of reading and thought en that subject among English speaking Protestants.

It was, then, upon a vague and general It was, then, upon a vague and general indictment, based on errors such as these, that I haled the great Christian Chnrch into my sorry court to plead for herself. However, the august Mother had learned humility long before I sought to humiliate her, and had long been used to pleading for her Master before tribunals almost as unworthy as that to which I had summoned her.

A further personal matter interposed an obstacle. I was a Mason and the order was interdict. From the Masonic side of the question in my case, there

order was interdict. From the Masonic side of the question in my case, there was no reason that I could see why I could not belong to the Church and to the order. But what I realized instinctively was that Masonry was not vital in my life, whereas the choice of an authoritative religion was extremely vital.

On the subject of miracles I found my difficulties based on mere misapprehendifficulties based on mere misapprehensions of Catholic doctrine. On becoming a Catholic I was asked to accede on this point to one proposition: that in the life of the Church, miracles always

had been and always would be possible; but that the authenticity of any particufinally asked the father.

"Sick of fever in the charity ward of Devotion to the Blessed Virgin was an offensive point in Catholic practice. Certainly when once I had freed myself from prejudice, it did not need profound thinking to convince me who had the better of this question of devotion to the Mother of God and to His Saints.

And when I came to discriminate be-tween the sins of unworthy Catholics and the doctrines of the Church I saw the dectrines of the Church or to unre generate human nature. The Church of Christ I grew to learn has never been other than all merciful.

other than all merciful.

Never more strongly than to-day have the claims of the Church urged themselves on thoughtful men. We are witnessing everywhere the failure of non-Catholic principles; of education without Christian religion, or morality without Christian religion, of organized society, indeed, without Christian relig-

ion.

The truth bluntly is, that for the average man in this world, but two paths lie open. One is indicated by Christianity; the other urged by sensuality. The exceptional man, who treads neither, is too rare to be reckoned within any inclusive consideration of human sffairs. On its human side, Christianity—Is sensuality inclusively. Catholic Christianity—Is

On its human side, Christianity—I mean distinctively, Catholic Christianity—is the sole effective philosophy of restraint; it is the noblesse oblige of a fallen humanity. For whether we believe, or do not believe, all reflecting men are agreed that human nature tends continually to sink to levels incomparably below the level of the beasts.

Christianity, whether considered as a spectacle or a philosophy, is the most fascinating of studies in this life. It alone affords elemental struggles, deeply moving contrasts, and inevitable, as well as never-ending strife. For, once the sense of sin is lost, sin itself loses all poignancy and interest; everything falls to the negligible depth of sensual caprice.

in the same way the one great refuge from present-day provincislism of thought is the Catholic Church. It is in its terms of Truth alone, that any adequate understanding may be had of Christian civilization—of what Europe has been in the fullness of that civilization, and of what we all are to-day in its eclipse. The more adequate one's knowledge of the Christian religion, and I must repeat, I here use "Christian" and "Catholic" as one—the greater is his corrective of the In the same way the one great refuge thought is the Catholic Church. It is in its terms of Truth alone, that any adequate understanding may be had of Christian civilization—of what Europe has been in the fullness of that civilization, and of what we all are to-day in its eclipse. The more adequate one's knowledge of the Christian religion, and I must repeat, I here use "Christian" and "Catholic" as one—the greater is his corrective of the myopia of present day thought. In saying: "The only clear thought to-day in Europe, is Catholic thought," Mr. Hillaire Belloc is exactly right.

The claims of Catholic Christianity are obscured, it is true by the clamor of

the many voices, yet, if every other of its claims on humanity itself were waived, Christianity could still point to one alone to justify all of its pretensions. Christianity discovered woman. It gave to us all, believers and unbelievers, the explain it for me."

"Very well, Father, I'll tell you. Do you know Mr. B. that lives just a concession to the south on the next line? That's the man that persuaded me to go

to us all, believers and unbelievers, the methers, sisters and wives, as we know them in our women of to-day. If it had no other claim to the consideration of mankind, this alone, I repeat, would entitle it to a place above every other known philosophy. Christianity has lifted woman from the pallet of the slave, from mere existence as the female creature, the chattel of burden, to the moving beauty and serene dignity of a creature, the chattel of burden, to the moving beauty and serene dignity of a queen; from the couch of the concubine to the sacredness of wifehood and motherhood. Paganism, which always reverts to sensuality—it can not do other, since there is nothing else for it to revert to—tends always to drag woman down. Christianity tries always to raise her up. And woman is to man like his conscience: good, his highest inspiration and sanction; bad, his most potent influence for evil. Between man and woman this relationship of good and evil has, in all history, been the same; it is inevitably to the end, action and reaction. church."

"I don't know, Father; and, not making your riverence an ill answer, I don't care; but, just as sure as I'm sitting here, it was he that got me to go back

reaction.

Christianity, then, is a profession and a service—a devotion to the human and the Divine, consider a moment: Here is a body of Catholics the world over, of is a body of Oatholies the world over, or every race and clime—more than two hundred millions of people, who, in the simplest analysis, are a body of men and women that have agreed, and who strive to place their minds and bodies under a certain decent restraint, imposed on them, not alone by their God-given in-stincts, but by the definite word of God Himself, speaking directly through the living voice of His Church. And precisely as to what constitutes such a re-straint, these two hundred millions are perfectly agreed. Is it not a spectacle,

upernatural?
Outside the Catholic Church we see Outside the Catholic Church we see in our day as the sbiding place of the fast-failing sects, a spiritual desert where the hot sun of the unaided intellect parches the life of the sou. Its shifting sands of negation are swept by the burning winds of license. The debasement of the marriage relation to the cld paganism is practiced everywhere in it, not only by the least worthy, but by the illustrious in thought and leadership. The stunted family, the one child, or two, or no children home, the easy divorce—first aid, now as always to mere passion—have found good standing and more than tacit sympathy within the tolerant limits of its athy within the tolerant limits of its

elastic practices.

And if the arrogance of the apothegm be permitted the convert he may to the still recurring question: "Why did you become a Catholic?" always answer: "Like Henry IV—to gain a King-om!" — Frank H. Spearman, in Exten-

THE ORANGEMAN'S CONVERT

To the Editor of The Lamp : Allow me to send you the fellowing, which, I think, is suitable for a Catholic paper. Perhaps you would like to print it in The Lamp. I vouch for the truth of it.

Yours faithfully NEMO.

In a parish in western Cahada, some twenty years ago, an Iviah pagasant

twenty years ago, an Irish peasant farmer became very negligent as to the performance of his religious duties. Sunday after Sunday passed by, and he was never seen at Mass, and at length he grew so careless as to allow more than a year to clapse without "going to his

outy" or making his Communion.
Of course this could not go on un known to the pastor, and the good priest ent to see him more than twice or thrice to find out what was the mator three to had out was was the mar-ter. But the parishioner—let us call him John—put his pastor off with the usual excuses, such as how hard he had to work to make both ends meet, how tired he was in the morning, how glad he was to have one day in seven for rest, how hot the weather was in sum-mer, how bitter cold in winter, how he could not afford to dress as he would that upon the charge of cruelty, at all events, the ground was slipping from under me. I was left to answer for mymained away from Mass, and would not make his confession.

The priest, as it happened, had a mission in his parish, the following Advent,

and the missioner was a Benedictine whom we shall call Father H. The mission was well attended, and was very successful — particularly among non-Catholics, many of whom were present at every service, even at the early daily Mass. But John was never seen in the church. When the mission had been going on a few days the pastor told Father H. about John, and drove him over to visit him, hoping (and praying no doubt) that the missioner might be no doubt that the missioner might be more auccessful than he himself had been. But all in vain, for the efforts of the missioner were no more effectual than those of the regular pastor of the parish. The mission came to an end, and John was still as careless as ever, parist. The mission came to an end, and John was still as careless as ever, letting even the feast of Christmas pass by without assisting at Mass. But towards the beginning of Lent John, to the surprise of the congregation, and to the surprise and delight of his pastor was seen at church one Sunday morning and better yet—he continued to attend regularly Sunday after Sunday.

His pastor, naturally desirous of learning how the change had been produced, called to see him one day; and, after telling him how pleased he was to see him attending to a duty he had neglected so long, asked him how the change had come about.

neglected so long, saked him how the change had come about.

"John," said he, "when I used to call here last year, and try to persuade you to attend the public worship of the Almighty, what was it I said to you at any of my visits that has brought you to Mass again?"

"John, this is as hard as a puzzle. can't understand it. I do wish you'd

That's the man that persuaded me to go back to Mass."

"Why, John, surely that cannot be. I know Mr. B. very well, and he is not only a Protestant but a red-hot Orangeman. It is impossible that he would try to induce you to go to Mass. He would be more likely to coax you to go along with himself to the heretic church."

"I don't know. Father: and, not mak-

to Mass again."
"How was it, John? do tell me all about it, for it is the queerest thing I

about it, for it is the queerest thing I ever heard of."

"Well, Father, it was this way. One fine bright Sunday morning shortly after Christmas I was out there standing by the gate, taking a whiff of the pipe, when Mr. B. and his family came driving along on their way to the Protestant church. As soon as he saw me he pulled up his horses; and when we had passed aich other the time of day he asked me (for of course he knows I'm a Catholic) if I wasn't going to Mass this morning. I told him I wasn't, that I hadn't been there for better than a year, that something had come over me that kept all thoughts of God and religion out of my head, and that I was a bad Catholic."

"Yes, John, I understand; and what

on out of my head, and that I was a bad Catholic."

"Yes, John, I understand; and what did Mr. B. say to that?"

"Something, Father, that I never expected. He said, "John, do you believe that when the priest says the words of consecration the Lord Jesus comes down there on the altar? and I said, Oh yes, Mr. B. glory be to God, I believe every bit of it; and it's true; too, for the Lord Himself says so."

"That is right, John, so He does say so: but what did Mr. B. say when you told him that?"

"Well, Father," he said, "All right, John, believe it if you like, but I don't

"Well, Wather," he said, "All right, John, believe it if you like, but I don't believe a word of it. See here, John, if I believed as you do I'll tell what I'd do. I'd never miss Mass if was possible for me to be present. I'd drive to the church through the worst storms that Canada has ever seen, on the coldest days that have ever come, and on the hottest Sundays that have ever shone out of the heavens: and, once I was inside the church door I'd get down on my knees, and I'd crawl up to the place where my God and Saviour was lying on the altar!" Well, Father, that's what brought me back to Mass. After he went away I thought it over, and saw that I deserved every word he said saw that I deserved every word he said to me, and I was terribly ashamed that I should lay myself open to be talked to in that way by a heretic—a good man indeed and a kind neighbor, but still a

A VITIATING FALLACY EXPLODED

Perhaps the most vitiating fallacy prevalent among Protestant controversialists is to take for granted that the defects, both of the scientific and of the theological mind in Galileo's time, arose from the fact that both scientists and theologians were Catholic—or in other words, that the distinctive creed of the Roman Church lay at the back of the

Roman Church lay at the back of the whole mischief, says Rev. Ernest Hull, S. J., in the Bombay Examiner.

It requires only a very slight insight into the history of the time to show that this is not the case. In other matters, such as the constitution and authority of the Church, the doctrines of the secrements of indulgences. of the sacraments, of indulgences, of justification, of the cultus of saints and the use of images and relics, etc., there was a polaric difference between the Catholic and the Protestant standpoints. But in questions regarding the authority and, inspiration and the meaning of Scriptures no such differences existed -I mean, none such as to effect the question before us. Similarly

prevailed in both camps. PROTESTANT SCIENTISTS It would not be difficult with a little

asting about among books, to prove this twofold point to demonstration. But for our present purpose let a single example suffice in each case.

Lord Bacon was born in 1561 and died in 1626, and therefore stands practically contemporary with Galileo and Kepler. Lord Bacon has been habitually and the standard of Medern Kepler. Lord Bacon has been habitu-ally called The Father of Modern Science, and it is one of the glories of Protestantism to claim him as its own. Lord Bacon's fame in this regard rests upon his two works The Great Instaura-tion and the Novum Organon.

It is to his credit that he was instru-

mental in bringing forward the necessity of a more inductive study of nature as a check on the apriorism of the medieval schools. But his merit both as a philosopher and a scientist has been highly overrated; and the comparative exiguity of his claims has been re-peatedly recognized by independent writers, both Catholics and non-Cathoics. De Maistre states that "Bacon in his

philosophy deceives himself equally in that which he aims at, and the means he takes to attain it. He discovered little of what he pretends to have discovered. His Novum Organon is replete with the prejudices which possessed him. He makes flaring blunders in astronomy, in makes naring bunders in satural history, and fills his pages with childish observations, trifling experiments and ridiculous explanations."

Lest this view be discounted by the

fact that it proceeds from a Catholic writer, let us listen to Ueberweg, a non-Catholic, who says:

Catholic, who says:
"Bacon's development of the principles of his method was in many respects a failure; and his attempts to apply those principles by personal investigation is not to be compared with the achievements of earlier and contemporative investigations of the contemporative contem

achievements of earlier and contempor-aneous investigators of nature."

And Professor Draper: "Bacon never received the Copernican system. With the audacity of ignorance he pre-sumed to criticize what he did not under-stand, and with a superb conceit dispar-aged the great Copernicus. The more

we examine the writings of Lord Bacon we examine the writings of Lord Bacon the more unworthy does he seem to have been of the great reputation which has been assigned to him. The popular delusion, to which he owes so much, originated at a time when the history of science was unknown. This boasted founder of a new philosophy could not comprehend and would not accept the greatest of all scientific discoveries when it was plainly set before coveries when it was plainly set before his eyes."

The instances of false assumption which the conservative scientists of Italy opposed to Gallleo's discoveries seems to us truly ridiculous in many cases; but they are not by any means surpassed by those which we find scattered over the words of Lord Bacon. Among his aphorisms occurs the following:

"Wooden arrows without an iron point penetrate further into a wooden substance than the same arrows pointed with iron, owing to the similarity of

with iron, owing to the similarity of substance."

"It is certain that in projectiles the impact is not so violent at too short a distance as a little afterwards."

"There is a singular motion of attraction between quick-silver and gold; and those who work surrounded by the vapors of quick-silver are wont to hold a piece of gold in their mouths to collect the exhalations, which would otherwise attack the head and bones; and this niece of gold soon grows white."

piece of gold soon grows white."
"There is no expansive motion to be allowed for ignited iron, for it does not swell its bulk under the influence of heat but retains the same apparent

dimensions."

He also describes an experiment by which he succeeded in reducing water to seven-eighths of its original volume by pressure!

"Every tangible body with which we invisible and invited and invited and invisible and invited and invited

are acquainted contains an invisible and intangible spirit, over which it is drawn, and which it seems to clothe. The departure or emission of this spirit is rendered sensible in the rust of

is rendered sensible in the rust of metals," etc., etc.
Bacon's collection of experimental problems called the Silva Silvarum is full of similar scientific fictions, which Bacon implicitly takes for granted—the reading of which is as funny as a page of Punch;—any of which could have easily been refuted by a single carefully conducted experiment on the spot.

But what is most to our point is the fact that Bacon categorically rejected the whole Copernican system, and spoke of Copernicus as "a man who thinks noth-

of Copernicus as a man who thinks nothing of introducing fictions of any kind into nature, provided his calculations turn out well."

Whewell complains that Bacon did not even understand the older system of Ptolemy which Copernicus had sup-planted.

of Copernicus as "a man who thinks noth

I am not putting this fact forward with the invidious object of belittling Bacon or of demolishing one of the Pro-testant idols. I am merely trying to testant idols. I am merely trying to give fair play to Bacon's Italian contemporaries, by showing that their blind reverence for a traditional inheritance of bogus learning was not anything distinctively Catholic.

In wider confirmation of the same equalizing argument, I mayadd that as Bacon "the father of modern science"! sided with the intrasignency of the

sided with the intransigency of the medievals against Copernicanism, so also did Descartes, "the father of modern philosophy" (falsely so-called) whose theory of vortices did much to keep back the development of modern

science.
Nor was this "opposition to the great est of all scientific discoveries," confined to these two branches. For, as we read in Hallam: "In the middle of the seventeenth century and long after-wards there were still mathematicans of no small reputation who struggled staunchly for the immovability of the earth."

PROTESTANT THEOLOGIANS

Let this suffice towards providing proper historical perspective in the de-partment of science. Turning to the-ology it has next to be shown that the condemnation of Copernicanism was not peculiar to Catholic divines, but was shared just as actively by Protestant

It is a well known fact that at the very time when the Popes were patron-izing the waitings of Copernicus, Luther was calling him "a fool" because he had turned astronomy upside down, and Mel-ancthon and practically all Protestant preachers and professors were strongly condemning the system as contrary to the teaching of the Bible.

A most striking instance comes before us in the case of Kepler who (born 1571, died 1630) was a strict contemporary of Galileo, and occupied the same scientific lace in Germany as Galileo did in Italy. The two biographies are so strikingly similar as to suggest a clever Galileo was of a well reputed civic

Gallieo was of a well reputed civite family, so was Kepler. Gallieo was handicapped by "an ill-starred union," so was Kepler. Gallieo was engaged in a constant struggle with ill-health, so was Kepler. Gallieo suffered from family misfortune and constant poverty, and the kepler. Gallieo pibled at a second constant poverty, and the second constant poverty, and the second callier property and the second constant poverty. so did Kepler. Galileo nibbled at so did Kepler. Gailleo nibbled at a clerical vocation, so did Kepler. Both worked themselves up to a university career. Both were captivated by the theory of Copernicus. Both dabbled with astrological almanacs. Both made many discoveries, some true, some fallacious. Both gained a worldwide reputation thereby. Both were honored with the post of mathematicans to reigning houses, and both suffered from insufficient pay for their eminent services. Both were involved in vexatious disputes with obstinately conservative disputes with obstinately conservative opponents. In both cases the opposing party prevailed. Finally both Galileo and Kepler were hauled before the theological tribunal and condemned for I allude here to the condemnation of

I allude here to the condemnation of Kepler by the theological faculty of Tubingen|(Protestant) in 1596, for affirm-ing the identical scientific truth for which thirty-seven years later Galileo got into trouble. When he wrote his celebrated work Prodromus Dissertacelebrated work Prodromus Dissertationum Cosmographicarnum to demonstrate the truth of the Copernican system, he had to lay it before the Academical Senate of Tubingen for their
approbation, without which it could not
be printed.

The unanimous decision of the divines
that senate was that Kenlar's book

in this senate was that Kepler's book

contained a deadly heresy, because it contradicted the teaching of the Bible in that passage where Joshus commands the sum to stand still.—(Precisely the same verdict as that of the Roman congregatious).—To this Kepler replied that as the Bible addressed itself to mankind in general, it spoke of things in the life of men as men in general are accustomed to speak of them; that the Bible was in no respect a manual of optics or astronomy, but had far higher objects in view; that it was a blameable abuse to seek in it for answers to worldly things; that Joshua had wished to have the day prolonged and God had responded to his wish; how this happened was not a subject for inquiry.—(Precisely the answer given by Galileo).—In spite of this argument, his judges repeated their condemnation; and the vexations which follow caused him to write in despair to his friend Mastlin:

"That he held it best to imitate the disciples of Pythagoras and keep silence on the discoveries he had made, lest like Aplan he should lose his situation and be doemed to die of hunger."

The upshot was that he took refuge with the Jesuits of Gratz and Ingold-stadt—of all people in the world—who received the great Protestant discoverer with open arms because of the services he has rendered to science. Kepler ended in being appointed Court Astronnomer to the Emperor Rudolph at Prague.

A Christmas Wish

A Christmas Wish

What do I want for Christmas day? A few glad hearts about me. Some smiles to light me on my way As proof that you don't doubt me.
And then if you choose you may climb

my knee, And smother my cheek with kisses. And I am sure that the heart of me Won't ache for a thing it misses.

Just tiptoe to where I sit and doze, And give me your fond embraces, And all of my different cares and woes Will vanish to other places.

Just give me your love in the old-tim

Bestow on me your caresses, And my battered old heart on Christ mas day Will forget all the past distresses. -Detroit Free Pres

Her Christmas Praver Mary Mother he good to him; Be kind to him this day-

Twill be the only Christmas time That he has been away. promised him a world of toys If he would only stay sure, heaven's full of little boys That sing and laugh and play. But you would know the smile of him Among a thousand more; His smile will make all else seem dim

When you call him "Asthore." promised him a splendid tree. With candles all aglow,
O Mary Mother, you can see
'Twas me that loved him so. And surely, surely, you will see My boy so sweet and slim— His eyes are hungering for me

As my eyes are for him.

Mary Mother, be good to him; Be kind to him this day-Twill be the only Christmas time That he has been away.

-W. D. NESBIT in Harper's Weekly

Written for the CATHOLIC RECORB

Suffering Not in Vain The noblest men I know on earth Are those whose souls have felt the smart
Of sorrow, sadness, care and pain,
And grief that rends the human heart.

Such souls are like a sunny eve That follows days of blithing storms— The rage is calmed, the strife subdued-Nought now remains but golden charms.

The souls that suffer learn the worth Of fellow-feeling, patience strong Of deeds that help, of words that Of smiles that move like martial song

Such souls expand and reach away Beyond the bounds of selfish love: They bend to lift the broken reed: They lead the way to Heaven above.

Then why should we from suffering fly, Or hesitate to bear our cross
The gold would rest a worthless thing
Did fire not cleanse it of its dross. -THOS. R. GORMAN, Grand Seminary, Quebec

For the CATHOLIC RECORD The Message of the Christma Bells Hark to the bells ? Xmas bells, from grey church steeple pealing;
And sweet the thoughts that in our hearts arise,
As down the wings of time we hear
their music stealing,
Of Peace on earth and Faith beyond
the skies.

Ring out, sweet bells,
The blessed message of Redemption telling, The same glad tidings of the angel's

song ; In Christian hearts responsive chords are swelling
'It is the King"—we hail Him clear
and strong.

Dear Xmas bells, Preach, "Charity sums up the Master's teaching, That Law is Love, and One is King o'er all, That Hate's the coin of Hell;"—and

mindful of this preaching,
We'll brothers be who hear the Saviour's call. Ring out, sweet bells,

And may your notes drown aught of petty faction,
Your message heal the wounds of old discord,
And may it be to all a call to action, In harmony to battle for the Lord.

Learning without wisdom is like a sword without a handle.

-D. A. CASEY-Xmas 1912.

chanks be to God if are neads forth a sides, the great organ sends forth a glad peal and a thousand voices join in the "Te Deum." Outside the church bells of all the churches are rung, cannons are fired and the whistles of

steamers and factories are sounded.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON FOURTH SUNDAY OF ADVENT

CRIPICISING OUR PASTORS

These words, my dear brethren, were addressed to those who judged and crit-clead God's ministers. We need them at this day as much if not more than t this day as much if not more than acce to whom they were written. It would have been better for many to ave kept them in mind at all times by them we are prohibited from judging and criticizing God's ministers.

Way are we prohibited? Because by sing so we offend God, we impede the tork of God in our part of the Church, a injure seriously our own souls.

Low do we offend God when we judge and criticize His ministers? By meding with God's business. Those in theority over us, our rectors and

ority over us, our rectors and its, are what they are and where priests, are what they are and where they are by God's appointment. Therefore, to judge and criticize them is to put ourselves in God's place, to assume to eurselves God's authority. God alone and those appointed by Him to fidge them are the only persons on the who have a right to judge the efficiency of God. To these alone are that responsible. We offend God, therefore, and frequently offend Him gravely, when we judge His ministers, and thereby practically question the wisdom and providence of God in calling them to their several stations. How do we impede the work of God in our part of the Church if the members of our part of the Church if the members of our part of the Caurch do not think, act and speak alike, they cannot be of and speak alike, they cannot be of the mind, as St. Paul tells the faithful one mind, as St. Paul tells the faithful to be. They cannot work together in harmony and in peace. If we do not work together in our own parish, the work of God that we have to do by all working together not only cannot advance, out will, through our own fault, bease entirely or drag on but very

How does the judging and criticizing of God's ministers injure our own souls?
It makes us discontented, lukewarm, indifferent, unwilling, and finally rebel-House We are commanded by God to do His work in this parish, to do it faithfully and well. If we get into such a state of mind we will not do this, and a state of mind we will not do do do work cannot go on. He who continues in this state of mind separates himself from the unity of the fatth. which every one must preserve or lose his soul. We become a scandal to our neighbors, many of whom we make like to ourselves by means of our bad ex-

Wast must we do, therefore, my dear Wast must we do, therefore, my dear brethren, to keep from off-ending God in this manner—from impeding His work in our parish, and to keep our souls from so sad a fate? This we must do. Be of one mind with those in authority over us. Stop judging and criticizing them. Let our motive be to please God in all we do. God's work in this parish is all arranged for us, those He desires is all arranged for us, those He desires to do are already appointed for that purpose. All we have to do is to sustain, encourage, and push that work in the way God wills, evidently, it shall be carried on. There is but one way it can go on. If we push it on in that way success is certain. If we oppose all will fall through our fault. He who encourages and advances God's work in his parish as laid out for him, makes a record in the world for God's work in his parish as laid out for him, makes a record in the world for himself, and upon the works of God, to be opened on the day of judgmens, a record eternal in heaven. He who opposes finds out the work of God here a success, but that he has had no part in ft, nothing to show for himself to God, or man. He is left out in the cold through his own fault.

or man. He is left out in the cold through his own fault.

Finally, remove from you the relig-ious tramps who neglect their own bus-iness to attend to, criticize, and judge God's ministers and God's affairs. We must regard even the little we can do for God as a great privilege and ines-timable. Let us thank God that we are permitted to have a part in what is done for Him, for it is our greatest glory that we are permitted to serve Him at all. "Therefore judge not before the time." Leave judging and criticizing to God, Who reserves all judgment to Himself, particularly the indeping of His ministers.

TEMPERANCE

THE ANTI-LIQUOR BUSINESS

POLICY We find in the Scientific Temperand

We find in the Scientific Femiperators
Review the following statement from J.
A. Denison, President, Maryland Lumber
Co., Denman, W. Va., as to the profitable policy pursued by that concern
with regard to employees:

"I have been engaged for about
I have been engaged for about

twenty-five years in the lumber business in one capacity and another and for teen years have had charge of operations of varying dimensions.

"Our present operation employs on
the average one-hundred and eighty

men, principally Americans, but we have on the average about fifteen Italian

laborers.

"For several years it has been my policy not to retain in the employment of the company any persons who are discovered to be even moderate drink-

ers.
"I believe it is conceded that lumber-"I believe it is conceded that lumbermen as a whole are about as rough a class of labo as exists to day, especially the woodsmen, but we experience but the woodsmen, but we experience but little trouble with the liquor habition our works for our stand in this connection has become generally known in the community and the old habituals pass around us.

The blood is most carefully preserved in a glass bottle globular in shape and holding about a wine glass and a half. I have seen this bottle brim full of the layer of the liquor half of the layer of the liquor half around us.

For this reason we secure the best class of labor that is to be had, men who regular at their work and always in markable features of the miracles, that condition to do the work in hand. There the blood not only changes from the solid is no question whatever but that the use

twenty-five Italians and have never known of their bringing any liquor of any sort, not even beer, on the works; neither have they been away from the works on sprees, for we have no open saloous in this or adjoining counties; consequently, it is very evident to the mind of the writer that this is an unfounded theory. A number of our neighbors in the lumber business have caught the cue and are taking the same stand on this question, and they experience no trouble when they sit firmly on the matter."

A TEST OF TWO REGIMENTS

A TEST OF TWO REGIMENTS A TEST OF TWO REGIMENTS
A North German battalion of five regiments, engaged in massavers some years ago during very hot, sultry weather, encamped one flight in two divisions, two and one-half regiments in a town where the citizens treated the soldiers freely to beer, and two and one-half regiments in an outlying village where no such entertainment was offered. Next day there was a sham battle, followed by a long march. Large numbers of men dropped out because of heat and exhaustion.

Investigation showed that very few of

Investigation showed that very few of Investigation showed that very few of these men came from the two regiments which camped in the village the night before. There were more from the regiments that had been half in the village and half in the town; but by far the largest number came from the two regiments that camped in the town and partook freely of the beer offered them.

TEMPERANCE NOTES By the side of your door
To make your boy a drunkard
And his mother's heart sore;
If you want crowds of men
To come day by day
To drink and to swear

Where your children must play;
Then vote with a will
And vote by the score To keep a saloon
By the other Man's Door.
A. M. Hicks.

Intemperance in drinking is said to imply either a bad memory or a good constitution—a constitution so good that it does not feel the ill effects, until it suddenly goes to pieces—a memory so poor that it does not, when invited to over-indulge, recall the pains of the previous sobering up.—Catholic Citizen.

previous sobering up.—Catholic Citizen.

The social and commercial importance of temperance is widely recognized by employers of labor. For the protection of lifetand property, and the good of the service, railway companies have adopted rigid rules against the use of intoxicants. Reputable physicians no longer endorse the use of stimulants, declaring them valueless.—Pittsburgh Catholic.

Do you know a saloon that does the Do you know a saloon that does the community any good? That makes its natrons better husbands and fashers? That gives anything of value for the money spent over its bar? That brings happiness to homes of the men who patronize it? That sids a young man in securing a position? That parents advise their sons to visit? That makes better citizens? That encourages men to lead better lives?

Don't waste flour and other good materials trying to make good bread with poor yeast but use White Swan Yesas Cakes. Live grocers sell 6 cakes for 53. Free sample on request. White Swan Spices & Ceresis, Limited, Toronto, Ont.

THE MIRACLE OF ST. **JANUARIUS**

Naples, Sept. 10, 1912. To-day for the fourth time during my two years sojourn in Naples, I have seen the famous miracle of S. Januarius. In fact I have just returned from the cathedral, and now, while the events are fresh in my memory and white my soul is still stirred with emotions of awe, I shall try to accurately describe everything just

as it took place.

When I arrived in the sacristy this wash I arrived in the sacrety there were already waiting some hundred persons who, like myself, had anxiously come in advance to witness at close range the wonderful sight. Precisely at 9 o'clock, from another adjuning sacristy, came five or six monsignors and as many assisting ministers wearing white surplices, and the venerable Canon who was to hold the vial of blood Canon who was to nois the visi of blood during the miracle and show it to the people. He had a ricily-embroidered red stole. No sooner did they move towards the entrance to the chapel than everybody waiting rushed to accompany them. As soon as we arrived on the altar I felt deeply grateful that I had come early and through the sacristy, for the spacious chapel was already thronged to its utmost capacity with about 2 000 persons, a larger number than I had seen on any previous occa-

This Chapel of St. Januarius where the miracle takes place, leads off from the right side of the mammoth Gothic the right side of the mammon Gothic Cathedral. It is considered to be the richest chapel perhaps in the world—a gem of artistic beauty—loaded with gitts of silver lamps, candelabra, altars, statuary, chalices, etc., the gitts of kings, princes and wealthy personages of all nations from the time of its erection as a reciprocation of the property of the process of the property of the process of votive offering after the plague in 1526

blood and at other times only about half is no question whatever but that the use of also notice liquors in any quantity reduces the efficiency of labor and makes it unsafe for fellow employees to be in proximity to those addicted to the habit, and this alone should be sufficient reason for refusing to employ persons known to be drinkers or users of drugs in any form.

"Another theory that has always held an important position in this question, is the one that it is impossible to work foreign labor without allowing the men the use of liquors. We have had in our employ here for two years from ten to to the liquid state of itself, but also that

PARALYSIS COM-PLETELY CURED

"Fruit-atives" Perferms Another Miracle

BRISTOL, N. B., JULY 25th. 1911

"Il had a stroke of Paralysis in Masch 1910, and this left me unable to walk or help myself, and the Constipation of the Bowels was terrible.

Nothing did me any good and I was wretched in every way.

I then took "Fruita-tives" for the Constipation and it not only cured me of this terrible trenble, but gradually this fruit medicine tened up the nerves and actually cured the Paralysis.

By the use of "Fruita-tives", I grow strenger and stronger until all the Pasalysis and weakness left me.

I am now well again and attend my store every day. I say "Thank God for Fruita-tives"

ALVA PETILIPS.

for Fruit-a-tives"

ALVA PERILIPS.

"Fruit-a-tives" not only cared the terrible Constipation, but so tened up the nervous system and the general health as to completely overcome the

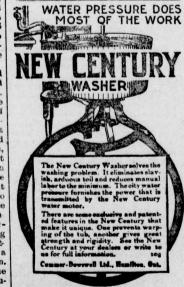
palsy.
Truly "Fruit-a-tives" is a wonderful 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50 trial size, 25c.
At dealers or sent on receipt of price by
Fruit-a-tives Limited. Ottawa.

ary is the blood-vial that it would be impossible for human hands to remove the stopper wishout breaking the two outer plates of glass. When not actually outer plates of glass. When not actually before the gaze of the multitudes this doubly sealed relic is kept in a strong metal safe, built firmly in the wall behind the superb main altar. In this same safe is contained the life size sliver bust of St. Januarius with the skull of the martyr within. Its heavy silver doors are locked with four great keys, two of which are in the custody of the Archbishop of Naples and the Archbishop of Naples and two in that of the mayor of the city. From all this it follows that it is absurd to be this it follows that it is absurd to be lieve that there is any tampering with the blood—for genuine blood it has proven to be. Among other tests for genuine blood, it has been demonstrated and pronounced unquestionably to be such by the well-known spectroscope analysis of Professor Sperindeo and Professor Raffael Januario of the University.

sity of Naples with others, on the even-ing of September 26th, 1902. Having arrived at the main alter the clergy say a few prayers and then re-tire with lighted caudles to the depositry, where the different representatives are in waiting with their respective keys to unlock the great silver doors. The faces of these doors once beautifully engraved, have been worn smooth by the kisses of the millions of devont pilgrims who have come hither during

he past centuries. First the martyrs skull in the silver bust is carried to the front of the alter and deposited on the gospel side; imma-diately after this the blood is brought both by the aged Canon. At this moment the sanctuary gates are thrown open and as the people press on and fill every inch of space, I take my stand with other fortunate ones, on the very top step of the altar. Now as the blood is held up before the people I gaze closely at it, for now it is only about one foot distant from my eyes. It occupies about half the globular bottle, and when turned up-side down remains perfectly fixed. So that one of the assisting min-isters declares the absolute truth when inters declares the absolute truth when he says aloud, after scrutinizing it: "Edura" (it is hard). Of this fact I am absolutely certain. As 5 minutes past 9 by my watch, the blood showed uo more sign of being liquid than so much cold, hard, dark-red sealing wax. From now on till the liquefaction this solid blood is held up in full view of the 2000 is held up in full view of the 2,000 spectators. As I said, there is no ceremony, no services, no manipulation of any kind. The whole affair from start to finish is done with the utmost simplicity, but reverence. No one touches the relic except the aged prelate, who holds it up in his feeble hands and from time to time turns it upside down to observe the first signs of the

prodigy. I should have mentioned that the liquefaction commences on the first Saturday evening in May, in the Church of Sants Chiara, after which the blood is conveyed with solemn procession through the streets of Naples to the Cathedral, where the miracle is generally repeated during the seven following days. The second commences in the Cathedral on September 19th, the feast of St. Januarius, and generally conor St. Januarius, and generally con-tinues again during the octave, I say generally, because some days it does not change at all, which is regarded as an evil omen. The records show that the time required to wait for the mir acle varies from two minutes all the way to eight hours. Scientists have also recorded the temperature on a vast number of these occasions, and have de-



monstrated befond a doubt that the liquifaction takes place not in keeping with the greater or lesser amount of surrounding heat, but entirely independent of, and often contrary to the corresponding variations. Taus, for instance, on the four days I have witnessed the marvel it took less time to change when the weather was cool. **PRESIDENT** NONE - 50 - EASY

and the tide of English arms never again surged so far as the city of 8t Aignan. The victory, her companions in arms attest, was all her own. They had despaired, they were in retreat, when she, bitterly wounded as she was, receiled them to the charge. Within less than a week of her first day under fire, the girl of seventern had done what Welfe did on the heights of Abraham, what Bruce did at Bannockburn; she had gained one of the 'fifteen decisive battles' of the world." steamers and factories are sounded.

It is an awe inspiring scene. Each time I behold it I am more deeply impressed, as the realization of what actually takes places grows fuller on me. For here is genuine human blood—demonstrated scientifically to be such by eminent chemists of the University of Nantas the world."

The last chapter, which tells of the

but it is a matter for rejoicing that he struck this brave blow before he died It was in a cause dear to his heart, and worthy of his sword. easily doubt the reliability of my senses as doubt the reality of this marvelous

Novena is of Divine Institution

I was among the first this morning to be allowed to kiss the precious relic, and as The word novens is applied to the the venerable priest approached it to ony lips, I was reassured by my scrutiny that the former red mass within the scaled glass phial had in a few minutes, without the application of heat, pressure, friction, electricity, or any other external means become completely liquified, and indeed so naturally and perfectly as to colour and consistency that no human blood drawn freshly from a pulsating artery could appear more lively. You may be sure that I saluted this relic of Christ's noble martyr with deepest reverence while

Dr. Boon of Alssaia writes a charming description of a little known and singu-larly picturesque religious ceremony which takes place every Chrismas Eve in Alssais, known as the Saepherd's Mass. It is celebrated in the Church Students assisted to positions. College in session from Sept. 3rd. Catalogue free. Enter any time.

Mass. It is celebrated in the Church of St. Ambrogio. After the priest has given an address and amid the solemn strains of the organ there is seen advancing slowly up the able a tall, venerable shepherd, the patriarch of his clan. He bears on his arms, carrying it carefully and tenderly, a young lamb, snowy white.

The whole congregation is in a state of strained attention. The shepherd of strained attention. The shepherd boys press forward in their excitement; the older shepherds are anxious, and the shepherdesses hang on their husbands arms, for to them this is a moment of suarms, for to them this is a moment of supreme interest. The shepherd, calm and direct, approaches the sanctuary steps. The priest meets him, and, taking the lamb in his arms, sprinkles it with holy water, signs it with the sign of the eross and returns it to the shepherd who, with a reverent bow, silently and slowly walks down the sisle and return to the hills.

The flocks are blessed for the coming year, and a happy throng of shepherds and shepherdesses passes out to greet the Christmas morning which is near at hand.—Travel and Exploration.

lished by the Civilta Cattolica, Via Ripetta 246 Rome.—Geo. G. Fox, S. J.,

MASS FOR THE SHEPHERDS

Dr. Boon of Alassia writes a charming

in America.

Soul Snatchers in Dublin

From reports received by The Irish Catholic of Dublin, it announces that an active propagands has been entered upon by various proselytizing agencies of that city. In fact it declares the work of the soul snatchers is rampant to

work of the soul shatchers is rampant to the extent of aggressiveness, and de-mands equally counter activity.

One of the organizations has a com-plete register of Catholic families in its listrict. Five organizations are " seek ing whom they may devour "in one par-ish sione, and another has just been set up in an adjoining parish. The ser-vant maids are also objects of solicitude.

stance, on the four days I have witnessed the marvel it took less time to change when the weather was cool. Yesterday, the Feast of St. Januarius, I waited 2 hours and then had to leave without seeing the miracle. The chapel was literally jammed with people, the heat of the cay was sweltering. The liquefaction did take place, but only after 3 hours and 28 minutes. To-day, although very much cooler, we had to wait only 17 minutes. As the time goes on, the people become more anxious, the prayers are redoubled. At the first notice of the liquefaction a hush falls upon the throng, the bystanders press more closely and strain their eyes to see the transformation. The fortunate ones, like myself, at close range can plainly see the color of the blood growing more lively, the inclination of its surface changing when the phial is ever so slightly tilted, and in a few seconds the complete liquefaction takes place. At this juncture, when there is no longer a doubt about the verification of the miracle, one of the assisting ministers waves a white hand-kerchief to the choir aloft, a thrill of joy is felt through the congregation, countenances change their expressions of anxiety into that of satisfaction, heartfelt sighs of "Deo Gratias!" (Thanks be to God!) are heard on all sides, the great organ sends forth a glad peal and a thousand voices join in A committee of Catholic laymen has been formed to grapple with the evil, and to collect information. Belfast has made this rescue a special work of the St. Vincent de Paul Society. Its members seek out the poor, wayward ones, not only in their homes, but in the shelters, and camps and reading rooms, and place them, if they consent, in a Catholic atmosphere.

A BRAVE BLOW IN THE CAUSE OF JEANNE D'ARC

The keenness with which Mr. Lang piled proof upon proof in defense of Jeanne D'Arc's military geatus never Jeanne D'Arc's military geatus never betrayed him into any excess of speech His sorrow over her shameful death was veiled in decent composure. At the close of Chapter XII., which tells of the relief of Orleans, he writes:

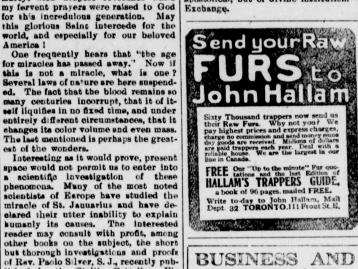
"She had kept her word, she had shown her sign, Orleans was delivered, and the tide of English arms never again surged so far as the city of St. Aignan.

tragedy of Rauen, closes with these stern and bitter words:

"That the world might have no relic of her of whom the world was not worthy the English threw her ashes into the

fically to be such by eminent chemists of the University of Naples—real blood preserved without any artificial means, according to undeniable testimony for nearly 1600 years—here and now after the lapse of time, changing its state, of itself, from solid to liquid before our very eyes. Does this not seem prodigious? And yet, this is the simple, plain truth, and I can as easily doubt the reliability of my sense. Mr. Laug's death robbed English letters of a rare element of distinction;

practice of preparing by prayer and good works for certain feasts during nine days. The first one that ever took place was after the Ascension. We are told the Apostles returned to Jeru-salem and in obedience to a formal comsalem and in obedience to a formal com-mand of Jesus Christ remained in the apper room with His Immaculate Mother and the disciples to the number of one hundred and twenty. They con-tinued in prayer, expecting the coming of the Holy Ghost, during nine days. This practice is therefore not only spostolical, but of divine institution.—



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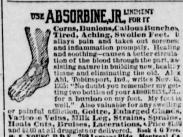
annual gift perplexity.

Why not make it an insurance policy on your own life, and made payable to your wife or your mother?

It would be a gift which would not only make this Christmas a happy one for your loved ones, but one which would insure their future Christmas days.

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is an ideal preparation for building up the BLOOD and BODY It is more readily assimilated and absorbed into the circulstory fluid than any other prepara-tion of iron.

It is of great value in all forms of Anemia and General Debility. For Sale at Drug Stores

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The Uncertainty of the Future

Actual statistics show that only six per cent. of those who reach old age accumulate sufficient funds to maintain themselves in comfort without the aid of relatives and friends.

And yet this contingency is one that can be readily met by the exercise of a little self-denial in using a comparatively small part of each year's income to purchase one of the attractive Endowment policies of

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of Canada Head Office: Waterloo, Ont.

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A Piano is no better than its hidden parts. That's why we so confidently ask you to compare the Sherlock-Manning 20th Century Piano with the best makes.

ARK you, we do not urge you to buy a Sherlock-Manning Piano—we simply a k you to compare the Sherlock-Manning with the world's best.

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and we believe that your judgment or the judgment of any unbiased master musician, will confirm our But, before you decide, find out the essentials of a

But, before you decide, find out the essentials of a perfect plano—the features that make for lasting tonal beauty.

The plano you buy should have
—The Famous Otto Higgel Double Repeating Action.
—Poshimann Wirs, the best plano wire made.
—Weickert Felt Hammers, the Hammers that endure.
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- Billings Brass Action Flange, the latest improvement. — Billings Brass Action Flange, the latest improvement. There are other essential features, but ask to be shown these—the most essential. You will find that only high-grade, first quality instruments possess these. Now Sheriock-Manning 20th Century Plano is the embodiment of quality. It possesses every feature that makes for plano excellence and the lasting life of the instrument. Yet—you can save money, a considerable amount of money, if you buy a Sheriock-Manning Plano. Ask us to show you where and how the saving comes in. Write for inside information anyhow.

Sherlock-Manning Piano & Organ Co.

London (No Street Address Necessary) 22 Canada

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE CHRISTMAS STAR

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

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

He speaks peace to their troubled consciousness, 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

CREATIVE ENERGY

Anything which destroys mental vigor also destroys creative energy, without which adequate success is impossible. The man who aquanders his vitality, whether it be by physical or mental dissipation, overwork, or indolence, loses his eriginality; and, when he ceases to be original, he ceases to achieve. It may seem a little thing to a youth to ascrifice a portion of his sleep, night after night, for the sake of some form of entertainment, but he buys some form of entertainment, but he buys the indulgence which he calls pleasure at the cost of a certain amount of form-

tive power.

The man who drinks does not realize 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 devitalizing forces which the drink habit sets in motion; if he could look into his brain and note the growth of the first him seeds of does. growth of the first tiny seeds of decay sown there; if it were possible for him to view through a microscope the cor-rosive action going on in his veins and arteries, sapping his blood, and stealing the electicity from his muscles; in short gradually from a vigorous human being to the physical and mental level of a

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 depletes his mensal force to such an extension of the procession of the processi ent that he becomes incapable of acting on his own impulse, and loses irre

vocably whatever stock of creative energy he might have had at the outset 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 possession 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 our weak spot may be, it will be reflected in what we do, in what we write, in what we do, in what we write, where we write, where we will 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 "blab."

Every jarring element in the machinery of our bodies, be it poor health, bad temper, prevarication, indolence, vacilia-tion, or any of the lessor faults, which to many appear so insignificant, will prove as disastrous to our efforts to at-tain 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 forbearence draw us Patience and forbearence draw us told me I must first have your permission," the child continued in a pleading 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 want immediate results. We dislike to wait. But "patience hath a perfect work." "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. our souls in patience. are not measured by rapid success. The process of nature is slow. All The process of nature is slow. All God's best and noblest works, are slow and gradusl. "St. Mark says: "First the blade, then the ear, atterwards the full corn in the earth." (St. Mark, 4:28). Character must be built up, slowly moulded, fostered and developed, Graduslly 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 went you for the work. Be patient — wait! Strength unbridled is not strong. We may never see the results of our enmay never see the results of our endeavors — Union and Times.

LOOK FOR THE GOOD SIDE LOOK FOR THE GOOD SIDE

There is no quality of the mind that gives so much true pleasure to curselves and those around us as that charity 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 faith in our fellow-beings. Many a youth has the mistaken idea that in order to combat the hypocrise. that in order to combat the hypocrisy and deceit of the great unfriendly world and deceit of the great unfriendly world he must be constantly on the lookout for these disagreeable sins in those around him, thus keeping himselt in a state of turmoil and in no way remedy-ing the injustice and enmity directed against him. Show no trace of wariness or applicion in your dealings with those against film. Show no trace of wariness or suspicion in your dealings with those who would do you harm, and ten to one who would do you harm, and ten to one your straightforward, respectful manner will appeal to their better natures and command friendliness and esteem in return. Be noble and large-minded enough never to stoop to childish quarreling 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
Charity of section. To judge no one
harshly, to misconceive no man's
motives, to believe things as they seem
to be until they are proved otherwise,
to temper judgment with mercy—surely
this is quite as good as to build up
churenes, establish asylums and found

churenes, establish asylums and found colleges.

Uakind words do as much harm as unkind deeds. Many a heart has been wounded beyond cure, many a reputation has been stabbed to death 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 condems. Such charity hears the tale of slander, but does not repeat it; listens in silense, but forbears comment them locks the unpleasant secret up in the very depths of the heart.

Beginning a thing is easy. It is per-evering in it that is difficult. The severing 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 the doesn't matter what your work is—
earning a living or making a home or
conquering a besetting sin—the discoursgement is bound to come. Don't
give way to it. Be prepared for it and
make up your mind to keep on just the

PERSEVERANCE

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

MARYS FIRST COMMUNION MARY'S FIRST COMMONOR
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 mas probably seven years of age She was probably seven years of age and an only child, her brother and two sisters having died when bables. On this November afternoon she had just re-turned 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

Sacrament, and assented Benediction of Sunday School. In this manner she learned to love the Cathoric 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 another, sne early married a 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, Mams," the child orled eagerly, seating herself upon her mother's lap "To-day at Sunday School, the First Communion class was started and Margaret O Leary and Agnes White are going to prepare. Please can't 1? Id just love to."

It was rather a startling question for

It was rather a startling question for the child to ask such parests and it stunned them. It was Mr. Donnelly who turned to the child and spoke for his wife.

"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's want
you to have anything to do wish them?
Don't mention such a thing again ucless you want to displease me very much."
'Oh, Papa, I do so want to receive
First Communion, but Sister Mechtilde First Co

tone.
"Hm—I thought as much; more of those nuns' foolishness. Say nothing more about it, Mary; drop the subject at once." And picking up the paper

at once." And picking up the paper he continued reading.

Still the child was not satisfied and continued pleading, her big blue eyes beaming with the earnestness of her petition. Her father, however, was not to be influenced although he dearly loved his only daughter, and it grieved him to deny her anything she asked. The wistful eyes of the child turned sadly to those of her mother for aid, but they those of her mother for aid, but they were cold and answerless, and stared into

those of her mother for aid, but they were cold and answerless, and stared into vacancy. A tear arose and slowly trickled down the child's flushed cheek; a the golden head released from its bonnet dropped to the motherly shoulder, and the child wept, sobbing as though her heart wou d break.

A few days after this incident Mrs. Donnelly walked home from school with her daughter. It was now Mary's custom when passing St. Dominic's Chapel to enter for a few moments, but to-day she hesitated, lest her mother might be displessed. She risked it, at any rate, and timidly asked:

"Mama, won't you come into church just a minute? I don't like to pass without going in. You know God is always waiting there for us. Won't you come?"

Mrs. Donnelly had been watching her child quite closely of late, curious to learn how Mary had acquired her pious practices, and her knowledge of the Catholic Church. Her curicaity now got the better of her, and taking the child's hand she entered. It was a strange sensation that she experienced. Many, many years had passed since she had entered a church, and she had almost forgotten what to do, as well as how to pray.

An instruction for the First Commun-

what to do, as well as how to pray.

An instruction for the First Communion class was just closing, so Mary in ion class was just closing, so mary instead of seeking her usual place at the altar railing ramained in a pew in the rear of the church until the children had departed. Then, leaving her mother she noiselessly walked up the side aisle, crossing to the center of the heart breat reverently before the

"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
awake many resolications. Selzed with
a desire to talk to her, she began rather
timidly.

you are bound under serious sit to took out for her religious education. Won't you consider this? You say your hus-hand is opposed, but haven't other women been in your position and come out victorious? What others can do

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 reasoning amile quickly reason. Sister's reassuring smile quickly re-en-tered the church to wait. The two spoke for some time, and Mrs. Donnelly without realizing it had told Sister the greater part of her life. Sister endeavored to show the woman her duty and

ommunion at Saint Dominic's Chapel at Midnight Mass. Mrs. Donnelly carefully arrayed her daughter in the outward garb of purity, for already her spotiess soul had been sansified in the cieansing sacram nt of Penance. The dainty white dress was donned; a tiny white ribbon nestled in bright cuils and the golden head covered with the and the goiden head covered with the delicate First Communion veil. What a picture! The big blue eyes were filled with a spiritual radiance 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—yes, her mother was crying. No wonder! Did this picture not recall to her the day when she herself stood as this child in the innocence of youth, awaiting the Bridegroom? On tiptoe the child tenthrew her arms about her derly threw her arms about her mother's neck and drawing her face to her own lovingly kissed her, then whis-

'Mams idear."
"Yes, Mary," was the soft reply.
"To-morrow is Christmas isn't it?
Will you give me something I want
very much?"
"Wnatever you want you have, my
darling. What are you so anxious to

receive?"
'Plesse, Mama dear, receive the

Christ Child to-night when you come to Church with me."
"O Mary, that's no Christmas gift for

"O Mary, that's no Christmas gift for you. Why not ask for something you would like very much for yourselt?' 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 gitt if you will only go to Him and ask for it. Please come?"

The pleading tone, the look of love

Him and ask for it. Please come?"

The pleading tone, 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:

"My own little girl, I will not refuse "My own little girl, I will not refuse you even this on your First Communion day, though it is the hardest thing you could possibly ask of me. Pray, Mary, that the Christ Child may give me the grace of a good confession. What others have done, I, too, can do."

"O, Mama, I'm so happy," Mary cried, and tears of joy filled her eyes as with her mother's hand in hers she sought her father in the library;

"Papa," she said, releasing her mother's hand, and stealing softly to her father's side.

mother's hand, and steaming solvey to her father's side.

He did not answer. This outward display, foolish in his opinion, provoked him and his wrath was enkindled. Entirely against his will was this event taking place, and it angered him to see his wife opnose him so.

taking place, and it angered him to see his wife oppose him so. "Papa dear," the child again pleaded. He raised his eyes from the paper. "What is it?" he asked.

"Will you give me a Christmas gift?" This question was entirely unthought of, and the man, delighted to please his daughter in every way, replied:

"Certainly, what would you like?" "Just to have you come to church with Mama and me to-night, and see me make my First Communion. Please don't say no."

His dark eyes clouded, the mouth hut firmly, and he gased for a moment this daughter in astonishment and

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mend the one pound cans.

TO BE TO BE TO SHALL

customs that have become smalgamated and modified into the usage of modern

civilisation.

The Druids of Britain, whom the

Romans discovered there when they conquered the Celts, were a priesthood railing the people by cruel witchcraft. They worshipped the oak, the mistletce and the holly. Their alters on their

feast days were decorated with the branches of white and red berries, and one of the most important of these festal occasions was the celebration of the winter solstice when the sun began

ME POOR OULD DARLIN'

heart. Her tottering feet had brought her to the curb, and looking at the older edifice, her hands uplifted, "Ab,

me poor ould darlin' church," she mur-mured as her hands let fall.

soms that once festooned

Or was it down those selfsame steps her precious dead were carried long, 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?

Et bien! my masters! these are the little tragedies that grip the human hearts of me.

hearts of us.

Dear old |patient, heart-sad mother

soon, too, you must follow in the way !-Catholic Advance.

LET US BE CHARITABLE

No less an authority than our Divine

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 that line of conduct. We cannot enter fully that the other part of the plans of another

into the thoughts or the plans of another unless he takes us into his confidence fully. We cannot understand his mo-

tives unless he chooses to disclose them. And until he makes known his motives we have no right to criticise or

condemn them.

Yet, what is more common than to

Yet, what is more common than to attribute unworthy motives where perhaps none such exist? Uncharlty 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 its sting.

its sting.
We learn by experience; and having

learned how our own motives may be misconstructed, let us be slow to impute base motives to others. Let us be charitable towards the failings of others,

hair?

CHURCH !"

its backward journey.

printed on the label.

"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 awoke many resolite pions. Seised with a desire to talk to her, she began rather timidly.

"Sister, I think you know my little girl, Mary, Mary Donnelly. Don's you?"

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

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

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

This remark pricked Mrs. Donnelly's conscience, which was somewhat hardened by the neglect of many years.

"I am sorry to say Sister, I have taught her notking. I had her baptised when a baby, but that is all. I was sengite more than it is bored him? Sister replied. "Margaret O Leary who has been telling, her these things."

"I would not be surprised at all," Sister replied. "Margaret is well instruced, and the two little ones are often together. But I hope you will not deprive her of making her First Communion. She is a Catholic, as you say she has been baptised, and you know you are bound under serious sin to look out for her religious education. Won't you consider this? You so you position and come out vistorious? What others can do under the religious education. Won't you consider this? You so your bear of the consider this? You so there is not look out for her religious education. Won't you consider this? You so your hand is opposed, but haven't other wonen been in your position and come out vistorious? What others can do men you presition and come out vistorious? What others can do men you are beindened forth softly and the choir broagan chimed forth soft

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

The prices, turning to the people, and elevating the Sacred Host, said, "Ecce Agnus Dei," and descended to admin-ister First Communion. Still the man remained standing at the door, gazing in remained standing as an door, gaing in assonishment. 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 urged her to permit Mary to join the First Communion class.

"Mary is too young, I think," was Mrs. Donnelly's objection. "She cannot realize 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 Mechtide replied.

"Well, Sister," Mrs Donnelly replied, "I shall consider your words, and meanwhile, pray that God will strengthen me to do right.

It was Onristmas 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 carefully arrayed her daughter in the counternances. Still the choir sang-

"Thou art my Good Shepherd Take myself, dear Jesus,
All I have and am.
Take my heart and fill it
Full of love for Thee; All I have, I give Thee Give Thyself to me."

The man fell upon his knees and his head dropped upon his hands; tears filled his eyes as the organ ceased and myself, dear Jesus; give Thy self to

The following Christmas found not two, but three persons happy; too happy for this world, kneeling before the altar awaiting the coming of the Bridegroom.—Kathleen Kearns in Sunday Compan-

A TRUE STORY

When the conductor came to collect thelyoung lady's fare she discovered that she had left her pocketbook at the office where she works as stenographer. It is a predicament not uncommon with city dwellers, but the rest of the story as told takes a new and agreeable turn.

"Why, I'm afraid I haven't any money with me," she said, looking very much with me," she said, looking very much

embarrassed.

The conductor said nothing, but stood there and waited.
"I guess I'll have to get cff," said the girl, "I have left my pocketbook at the

"Here, lady," said a boyish voice coming across the aisle, "I got a nickel I'll lend you."

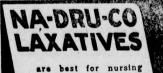
She looked at the boy and took the nickel. "Thank you," she said. "I'll pay you back if you'll give me your name."

"Don't worry 'bout that," he replied "I'm she kid you gave the half dollar to last Christmas when you seen me sellin' papers down on Fifth avenue. I sin't torgot you. I'm sellin' papers there

She smiled at him when she left the car, and he was about the proudest boy in town—Selected.

The Christmas of Our Fathers

It is interesting to note that many of the Christmas customs which have endeared themselves to the people scattered all over theworld have their origin in many cases among those ancient men and women who worshipped strange gods before they heard the message of peace brought to them by the early Christian Fathers. The holiv, the mistletoe, the wassail bowl, the Yule log and the Christmas tree are remnants of old



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even when those failings make us un-comfortable. God alone searches the heart We may not understand the reasons that influence our neighbor's conduct. Let us not assume to know more than God has given us to know. Let us be charitable; and if we are charitable we will be very slow to pass judgment upon the conduct of others.— True Voice.

SIMPLICITY

In order to be truthful with others we should avoid having secrets, and still more avoid becoming the depository of the secrets of others. Nobody will ever be persuaded of this as long as the world lasts. However, truth has to be said, even when the saying of it is too plainly useless. Secrets are nearly the most mischievous things in the world, and almost the most unnecessary. A secret once set upon its course through the world gathers venial sin to itself as the rolling snowball takes up snow. How few things are there which really need be secrets! How much fewer which, being secrets, need be confided to others! Unless clear duty is there to sanctify it, he who confides a secret to another has laid a burden on him, led him into temptation, fettered his child-like liberty of spirit, and inspired the presence of God in his soul. This is a serious indictment. But secrets are the garments which of all others self importance most affects. To be told a secret is the most delicate of flatteries. The teller and listener both grow in their own esteem and in each other's. They become like Pan Puk-Keewis. "larger own esteem and in each other's. They become like Pan Puk-Keewis, "larger than the other beavers," which is althan the other beavers, which is al-ways a pleasant operation to vain nature, though sometimes, as in Hia-watha, entailing uncomfortable conse-quences. But now look at your own past life—have not secrets, especially the secrets of others, made you petty, narrow, pusillanimous, conceited, un truthful, unsimple, and out of God's presence? Depend upon it, there is nothing in the world that will more effectually entangle you in unreality than an unnecessary secret. Great-minded men have few secrets. — Father

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

Adrian Feveral, in the December Catholic World Quotations taken quite at random 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 Mis. Eddy's writings, we begin to see what she is really saying. Read in the textbook, with a mass of hezzy phrases, one sometimes fails adequately to understand their real intent. For example, consid-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—lineal direct of the Kings Milesian—on the steps of the older 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 priess was saying to her—no Mass ever there again." their real intent. For example, consid er the first quotation. "The corporeal Jesus was human." Tais we all know and acknowledge. But we also believe that the corporeal Jesus was Divine. This Mrs. Eddy denies entirely. She This Mrs. Eddy derives entirely. Since 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 desiders Our Lady and her virginal desiders. no Mass ever there again."
"But, father acushla," she answered him, "sure this is Sunday mornin', and livery precisely as she would consider any other woman who had "sufficient science" to create a child through menis to no Mass at all you'll be afther tellin' me, they'll be havin' here total generation. Mary's spiritual sense was illumined with divine science, as the Holy Ghost. In other words, Our Lady day?"
There was an ineffable pathos in the situation. "Up yonder, mother," replied the priest in kindness, and he pointed towards the new Cathedral a caught a gleam of Eddyism, and through this understanding she brought forth her child, putting to silence the material order of generation, and demon-strating God as the Father of men. To lew short blocks away.

Then it came to her! She started as strating God as the Father of men. To put it in plainer words, with a sufficient knowledge of "sclence" 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 at the same time a concept of the divine idea, it is difficult to see. We must not, however, look for consistency in Eddyism though some sharp pain had pierced her and clutched her shawl against her

that is a gem that does not adorn our Back to the Catechism

however, look for consistency in Eldyism

There are a great many catchwords at present, "Back to the land," "back to nature," etc. A very important one for Catholics is "Back to the Catechism," a book whose study we all seem to drop as speedily as possible. The Catholic Bulletin says: "Back to the Catechism in order that each one, by familiarity with its concise teaching. by familiarity with its concise teaching, may be able to set before non Catholics the truths of religion in all their sublime beauty and attractiveness. Back to the Catechism for the comfort to be derived from the consciousness of being equipped with sufficient knowledge to serve the Church of God in the sphere

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

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margerine monks to be found. As well make an act of faith that margerine is butter because it looks like it, as that a Protestant parson is a priest because he dresses like one, and tries to act, preach, and teach similarly.

Severe, are men who, to say the least of it, rarely rise to fame, except such fame as Luther and Chiniquy enjoy.

I have read the Anglican life of Manning. Newman and Gladstone. Their lives were most edifying. I am cer-

preach, and teach similarly.

Please excuse my very plain speech.

How on earth can you teach the faith in the Biessed Sacrament without havland surely does not accept the dogma of the Real Presence, or the holy sacri-fice of the Mass. If you hold that the "body and blood, soul and divinity of Christ are present in the holy sacra-ment of the altar and can be offered to God by a priest for the living and the God by a pricet for the living and the dead," you cannot rest in mere "sympathy with all Catholic teaching and organizations." You must go a step farther, and if you attempt to celebrate holy Mass and to offer, for the absolute

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 ides 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 Biessed Sacrament itself, and in the priesthood—Catholic and Apostolic - through which it

That great actor, Henry Irving, was 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 their wives, because "Nemo Dat Quod Non Hebet".

As we are not acquainted, you will, I hope, realize that there is nothing personal in this, but merely a blunt state clarations, actions and pronouncements ment of Catholic teaching which you of her archbishops, bishops and people a great deal," said the visitor. "Don't

October 23, 1912. Dear Sir — Thank you for your letter. I have noted its contents, so 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 slightmany 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 mot think it is wise to condemn our orders. I am sure unity will never be gained by it, and we are, I teel 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 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 kind-

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

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

From the Liverpool Times

Dean Ring, missionary rector of SS.
Mary and Mionael's, Commercial road, E., seads us the following correspondence for publication:

Sir.—The following letters may be of interest to your readers. I omit the name of the elergyman 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 responsiolity for them. I am suce he will not mind his arguments and his conclusions standing in print by themselves.

T. J. Ring.

October 19, 1912.
To the Very Rev. Dean Ring:

1 Dear Father,—I take the Catholic Times and have read the letter to you from Father B. Vaughan, and I do note about the Blessed Sacrament Guild. I should like to know something about it, also rules and what medal they use. Also the extra devotions. I do hope that you will not think I am rade 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 Pricest of the country.

Assistant Pricest of the country of the reconstruction who your shartless it you send me his decision to that effect, supported by his same, you on densition see how you then to the his decision to that effect, supported by his same, you on densition to that effect, supported by his same, you on densition to that effect, supported by his same, you densities it you send me his decision to that effect, supported by his same, you on the that effect, supported by his same, you on the his decision to that effect, supported by his same, you on the his decision to that the same as Lord Haifax and Gladstone." But netled on the that do not delimite the reformation? The Bishop of Hereford, and "that dour old Scot of Canterbury" would not speak of you very reverently if you told them you can the leave of the Mass, and the real presence? Has it been taught since the reformation? Th

men. I beg to differ. The priests who leave the Catholic Church and join the Anglican ministry have, as a rule, a sad history. For your own curiosity single out a few of them and ask why they left. Their Bishops will tell you that either assure you that I do "not think you are rude" in writing to me about the Blessed Sacrament Guild, or 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 thon me on."

If I may say so without an appearance of patronizing, I nave heartfelt pity for the multitude of Anglican clergymen who are vainly trying to "gather grapes from thorns," and who, without sanction or certainty, are flattering themselves that they are "priests." Nowhere on earth, outside England, is this silly exhibition of margerine monks to be found. As well make a act of laith that margerine is severe, are men who, to say the least of

tain thousands of your fellow clergymen are to day striving to please God in honesty, sincerity and truth. But that does not make them priests. There are clergymen, equally sincere, in your church who soorn the idea of valid orders, in the sense that they can say Mass or hear confessions. Wny, the bishop who ordained you may have been himself ordained by a low-church bishop. It is only since the early forty's of the last century that Newman and Pusey in the Tractarian movement evolved this idea of an Auglican priesthood. I am sure you are in perfect good faith. If I thought you were not adoration of people, as the body and person of Christ that which is not His real presence, you are doing that which has perfect health and not know till the doctor examines him that he has heart

> All the "doctors" of the Catholic Church, whose business it is to know, will tell you emphatically that your orders are not valid, and that you should not attempt to say Mass. You believe in the Mass and in the Blessed Sacrament and Real Presence—then in God's name don't rest on the inclined plane that drops you outside the unity of the one true Church of Christ.

It does not depend on popes or priests to secure that valid orders are invalid. Once a priest you are ever a priest. But if not ordained validly, by a bishop who has himself received consecration from the successors of the apostles, no declaration from any source could make your orders valid, or your Mass any

thing but a pious prayer.

The history of England for three are a repudiation of the Mass, the real presence, the reservation of the Blessed

you where Catholies stand.

Looking Toward Christmas God bless the little stockings

All over the land to-night,
Hung in the choicest corners,
I the glow of crimson light;
The tiny scarlet stockings,
With a hole in the heel and toe. Worn by wonderful journeys The darlings had to go.

And heaven pity the children,
Wherever their homes may be,
Who wake with the first gray dawning
An empty stocking to see,
Left in the faith of childhood, Hanging against the wall, Just where the dazzling glory Of Santa's light will fall.

Alas, for the lonely mother Alas, for the lonely mother
Whose home is empty and still,
Who has no scarlet stockings
With childish toys to fill;
Who sits in the swarthy twillight,
With face against the pane,
And grieves for the little baby
Whose grave is out in the rain.

Oh, empty shoes and stockings,
Forever aid aside!
Oh, the tangled, broken shoe string,
That will never more be tied!
Oh, the little graves at the mercy
Of the cold December rain!
Oh, the feet in the snow white sandals
That never can drin again!

That never can drip again!

But happier they who slumber
With marble at foot and head,
Than the child who has no shelter,
No raiment, nor food, nor bed;
Oh, let us help the living
Children of want and pain,
Knowing no food nor pasture,
Out to-night in the rain!

HUNGRY SHEEP

In the Century Magasine, W. L. Phelps Lawpson, 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 pityingly, 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 parases. 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. The three clergymen had themselves supplied abundant reason 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 to day 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 rollitical and literary tonice.

secular themes, by the discussion of timely political and literary topics. As a matter of fact, the ungodly respect heartily a Christian minister sermons to religion; and they despise a vacilisting and worldly-minded pastor, who seems to applogize for his religion, and who substitutes lectures on politics 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, onthing is more superfluors than a willing the contract of the sunday paper that very morning. nothing is more superfluous than a politi-

cal discourse in church.
"The tremendous strength of the Cath olic church lies in its fidelity to principle and its religious vitality and in its hatred of compromise. It should be an object lesson to 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 Christian-ity 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 as-

sociates."
"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 \$2. 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 elecution 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

"How much do you give them for entertainments?"
"Not more than 40 cents a week,"

"Not more than 40 cents a week, said the mother firmly.

"That means 80 cents, doesn't it—counting carfares."

"Not every week," demurred the mother. "And as soon as the new movement of the county o ing picture show is open in our own town there won't be any carfares. Perhaps I may be able to see my way clear

to subscribing again as soon as the chil-dren begin to earn."

"Aud in the meantime they will lose wait until then, Margaret. Take it now; get the children to read it and you presence, the reservation of the Biessed
Sacrament and the whole ritual which
in recent years a few clergymen of
your church are again making popular.
Please excuse this long letter. But
as you understand that I am not in the
least questioning your perfect candor
and sincerity I feel emboldened to tell
the reservation of the Biessed
now; get the children to read it and you
will never have cause to complain that
they have no Catholic associates. A
good Catholic paper is the best of company, and a great help in making your
boys and girls what you want them to
be—a comfort to you and a credit to
their Church—S. H. Review.

In a Weekly Called Christian

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 —," well printed and well illustrated, as 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 nugget:

"Should Rome succeed in the cherished plan of making America Catholic, how many years must elaspe before After all is said, it really is not a

how many years must elaspe before indulgences would be sold and given away in the streets of our principal cities?"

The memoirs of the late Sir Richard Cartwright, the Canadian statesman, have been published. A Canadian journal tells us that they are dedicated to the memory of Alexander Mackenzie, the opponent of Sir John A. Macdonald, the opponent of Sir John A. Macdonald, with the words of Dante: "I have loved righteousness and hated iniquity, therefore I die in exile." Perhaps Dante used the words; but we suspect he was too great a man to be a plagiarist. They certainly were used by a greater man than he. They were the dying words of St. Gregory VIII.—America.

Put heaven into your life, that once again you may end your life in heaven. Flattery is the politeness of con-

is the only remedy which has record of complete cures.

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THE SANOL MFG. CO., LTD. WINNIPEG, MAN.

One of Many Selden, Kansas, Dec. 9, 1912 Of all the Catholic papers coming to my home the CATHOLIC RECORD of Lon-don, Oatario, easily holds the first place. Would that all priests knew of

this paper.
REV. MARTIN. J. SCHMITT. Thank you Father Schmitt.

SEPARATE SCHOOL WORK .- Miss Kathser 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 Collegiste Institute. She took the feet of the Collegiste Institute. tute. She took the four year pass ma-triculation course in three years. This gives us another illustration of the superior preparatory work done by the Separate schools. We send our congra-tulations to Miss Rose.

O'BRIEN-In Toronto, on 18th of October, 1912, Mrs. Mary A. O'Brien, at her residence 366 Lansdowne Ave. May her soul rest in peace!

Chapped Hands-Rough Skin-Sore Lips—cured by Campana'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

ere.

After vespers at a meeting of the C. M. B. A. of which he was the recording secretary he was preented with a valuable combination silk umbrella on Dec. 1st the mission of allumette Island had so presented a farewell address and purse to Rev. ather Sloan. Tather Sloan.

His successor is to be the Rev. Father Doyle a corner classmate of Father Sloans.

ravors Received

A reader wishes to return thanks for a favor re-eived through prayers to the Blessed Virgin and

A subscriber wishes to return thanks for favors re-eived after prayers to the Sacred Heart, and Thirty Jays Prayer to St. Joseph in honor of the Sacred Passion and also prayers to St. Anthony.

Loretto Abbey, Toronto

An afternoon of intense intellectual enjoyment was afforded the pupils and community of Loretto Abbey and its Aumnae, when Miss Louise Macpherson, who has recently returned from a three years course of study with Herr Goldschmidt of Berlin, displayed her pianistic ability in a recital at Loretto Abbey. Thursday, Nov. 28th. The foliowing programme met with the most enthusiastic apprecia-

rung. Chopin—Sonata, Op. 35 ; Grave-Agitato ; Scherzo. Fraurmarsch ; Presto. Liszt—Sonette De Petrarca No. 123. Rhapsodie

N. 8.

Miss Macpherson's rendering of these varied numbers was artistic and gave evidence of deep intellectual grasp. The Chopin Sonata was given in a style that would have done credit to a virtuous of maturer years. Her finished technique and poetical interpretation combined with a charming girlish simplicity enraptured the hearts and minds of her audience. Miss Macpherson took her departure from Toronto on Dec. 1st., en route to her home in Butte, Montana, The pleasure of hearing her again before the close of the present season is anticipated by her many Abbey friends.

THE SISTER OF CHARITY

She once was a lady of honor and wealth, Bright glow don her features the roses of health Her vesture was blended of silk and of gold. And her motion shock perfume from every fold: Joy revel'id around her—love shone at her side, And gay was her smile, as the glance of a bride; And light was her step, in the mirth-sounding her when she heard of the daughters of Vincent Paul

Paul

She felt in her spirit the summons of grace,
That cail'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,
Ano passed from her home with joy of a bride;
Nor wept at the threshold, as onward she move
For her heart was on fire, in the cause it approv

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

Lost ever to fashion—to vanity lost,
That beauty that once was the song and the
No more in the ball-room that figure we meet,
But gliding at dusk to the wretern's retreat.
Forgot in the halls is that high standing Lame,
tor the sister of Charity blushes at fame:

Those feet that to music could gracefully move. Now bear her alone on the mission of love; Those hands that once dangled the perfume

gem,
Are tending the helpless or lifted for them;
That voice that once echo'd the song of the vain. pearl, Is wet with the tears of the penitent girl.

Her down-bed a pallet; her trinkets a bead; Her lustre—one taper that serves her to read; Her sculptue—the crucifx nail'd by her bed; Her paintings—one print of the thorn of

head; Her cushon—the pavement that wearies her knees Her music—the psalm, or the sigh of disease; The celicate lady lives mortified there, And the least is forsaken for fasting and prayer.

Yet not to the service of heart and of mind Are the cares of that heaven-minded virgin confined; .

Like Him whom she loves to the mansions of grief She hastes with the tidings of joy and relief, She strengthens the weary—she comforts the weak And soit is her voice in the ear of the sick; Where want and affliction on mortals attend, The sister of Charity there is a friend.

Like an angel she moves, mid the vapor of death; Where rings the loud musket and flashes the sword Unfearing she walks, for she follows the Lord, How sweetly she bends o'er each plague-tainter face. With looks that are lighted with holiest grace! How kindly she dresses each suffering limb for she sees in the wounded the image of Him!

TEACHERS WANTED

EXPERIENCED CATHOLIC TEACHER wanted for school section 1, Rutherford, Second wanted for school section t, Rutherford, Secon Class certificate to teach in Public schools in Ontario Male or female. Salary \$550 per annum. Duttes to begin next January term. Apply to P. R. de Lamo indiere, Killarney, Ont.

WANTED QUALIFIED TEACHER FOR junior room C. S. S. No. 5, and 8, Sandwich South and Maidstone. Duties to commence about Jan. 3rd. Salary \$450. School close to church. P.O., Steam and E ectric R. R. Apply stating qualification and experience to John J. Costigan, Maidston, Ont.

WANTED A TEACHER HOLDING A SECOND class professional certificate, for senior room inthibora, S. S. Salary \$500. Duties to begin Jan and. Apply giving references experience and quali ications to John Walsh, Sec. Treas., Kinkora, Ont. TEACHER WANTED, FOR SECTION SCHOOL

certificate. Able to teach French and English—t Catholic French-Canadian children, Duties t commence on Jan. 3rd, 1913. Apply to Frank Met vier, Sec., Big Point, Ont. 1783-3 CATHOLIC TEACHER WANTED MALE OR

Pemale, fully qualified to teach and speak the French and English languages for school section No. 4, Dover East, Kent County, Public school. Salary \$600 per year Duties to commence on January, 3rd, 1913. Apply to Joseph Cadotte, Sec. Treas., Paincourt, Ont., 1783-3

WANTED FOR NORTH BAY SEPARATE school two Normal trained teachers for and and ard book classes. Duties to commence after Xmas. holidays. Apply immediately to the sec. of North Bay Sep. School Board, stating salary, experience and references.

English Prayer Books From 10c, to \$3.00

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ILDERTON

TEACHÉR WANTED, FOR AFTER NEW Years for S. S. 4, Westmeath. Holding Ontario Normal certificate. Salary \$500 and upwards according to experience, etc. Will receive applications from qualified 3rd, class teachers also. Address Gilbert Gervais, jr. Sec. 1 reas., La Passe, Ont. 1783-4

WANTED AN EXPERIENCED QUALIFIED teacher for Separate school section 12, "A Lochiel." Applicants state salary expected and apply tolepter, McDougall, Sec., Box 98. Glen Robertson, Ont. A TEACHER WANTED HOLDING A THIRD

WANTED QUALIFIED KINDERGARTEN

ANTED FOR P. S. S. NO. 4, ADMOSTON, Ont. A second class Normal trained teacher. Duties to commence Jan. 3, 1913. Salary \$600 ver annum. Apply to Matthew Kane, Sec. P. S. S. No. 4, Mt. St. Patrick, Ont. 1783-1

TEACHER WANTED, FOR SEPARATE

1013. Apply stating salary and experience to Jas. Gallagher, Sec. Eganville, P. O, Ont.

TEACHER WANTED FOR SEPARATE S. S. No 9. Harwich holding a second or third professional certificate. State salary and experience. Apply to A. F. Blonde, sec. treas. Vanhome, Ont.

Tarate S. S. No. 6, Township of Sherwood, in village of Barry's Bay, the ho der of a second o professional certificate. Kindly apply stating sal qualifications, and experience, to William Kir Sec., Barry's Bay, Ont.

TEACHER WANTED FOR SEP. S. S. No. 11. township of Hay. Salary \$400 to \$450 per annum, according to to qualification. Duties to begin lan. 3rd, 193. Apply to O. Bissonnette, sec, itreas, St. Joseph, P. O. Huron Co., Ont. 1782-2 TEACHER FOR C. SEPARATE SCHOOL
No. 7. Grenelg. The holder of a first or second
professional. Male or Female. Salary not to exced \$475. Apply by mail to J. S. Black, Pomona,

NORMAL-TRAINED FEACHER FOR P. S. S.

WANTED FOR C. SEPARATE SCHOOL No. 6, Stephen and McGillivray, Huron county

HOUSEKEEPER WANTED HOUSEKEEPER WANTED FOR PRIEST IN village parish in Ontario. Apply, stating experience, etc., to Box R., CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 1782-3.

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The Catholic Record Landon