

The Catholic Record.

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

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WEEKLY IRISH REVIEW

IRELAND SEEN THROUGH IRISH EYES

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MURDERS AND REPRISALS HEART-BREAKING

The truly fearful recent doings in Dublin are too sad to dwell upon. Some of the flower of the race are surely being ruthlessly mowed down. God grant that light may dawn on our people before all that is best in the ranks is lost.

Sean Hales, shot dead as he left his hotel, was one of the finest fighters that Cork knew during the time of the British Terror. They would have been gladly willing to reward richly the man who should kill him. And on the other hand Liam Mellows, one of those executed by the Government in reprisal, was a soullessly noble, patriotic, self-sacrificing, noble, beautifully high-minded and single-minded as Padraic Pearse. He was a lofty idealist, who would scorn suffering, torture, and death, for the land that he loved with a love that burned him. General Sean McKeon once told me that of all the Republicans—and he knew them all—Liam Mellows and one other—Mrs. Tom Clarke, widow of the executed Easter Week leader—were the two only ones who never wavered, and never would favor, accepting the slightest compromise of the Republican ideal. It is entirely too painful to say much about these terrible tragedies.

THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL

WORD comes from Dublin that, although the Republicans have delivered a broadside against the new Governor-General Tim Healy, the people who are most particularly irate over his elevation are his erstwhile comrades, and later enemies, of the old Parliamentary Party—John Dillon, Joe Devlin, and Company. One does not need to guess—for it is certain—that the melancholic Dillon on reading in his Freeman's Journal, that Tim was chosen to rule over him, drew the shades on the windows, nailed them down with tennenny nails, locked his front door and threw away the key. And Joseph Devlin will now never more come nearer to Ireland than Belfast—where we can in fancy see him ascend the great Brewery chimney-stack at the head of Falls Road and gaze sorrowfully toward the Promised (but-snatched-away) Land where now reigns a king who knows not Joseph—who in fact, would ignore Joseph if he met him in a desert.

On the day on which the new Governor-General was first seen riding down O'Connell Street, I know well without having seen it, that the face of Parnell on his statue at the head of that street, took on a stonier stare than the sculptor gave it. Dubliners will not be astonished even if, after enduring a couple of months of the reign of Tim L., the upper lip of the statue should develop a slight curl.

At a time when Tim was trying to draw the Irish Parliamentary Army in a direction opposite to that in which its leaders wanted to lead it, and that things were consequently going badly for the cause, Tim's namesake and fellow-wit, Father Healy of Bray, being asked by an American visitor who was speculating upon the personnel of a future Irish Cabinet: "What will Mr. Timothy Healy be, when Ireland gets Home Rule?" answered—"Truth, I'm thinking he'll be a very odd man." If he had replied he'll be Governor-General of an Irish "Free State," the joke would have created even more uproarious laughter.

TIM HEALY AS AN OBSTRUCTIONIST

Tim Healy was one of the seven or eight original, picturesque, obstructionists who introduced into the British House of Commons an entirely new era, and a new weapon at paralyzings its proceedings. It is in dispute as to whether it was Parnell himself or his friend, the brutally blunt Belfast porkman, Joe Biggar, who invented the obstruction policy; but undoubtedly Biggar was the prince of obstructionists, and Tim Healy ran him close for the laurels. For two and a half centuries, since Cromwell's day, the British people have not been treated to such shocked thrills as a little handful of Parnellites gave them when, forty years ago, these Irishmen began making a mat of the sacred traditions of the House, and with this mat insolently wiped the bog from off their Irish brogans. Hear William O'Brien's description of the first little shock Tim gave the House—a faint precursor of real shocks that were to follow quick and fast—"A quarter of an hour after he took his seat as member for Wexford, he started up to make his maiden speech—tiny of frame, sardonic of visage, his hands in his breeches pockets, as coolly insolent as a Parisian gamin roaming through the Tuilleries Palace at the heels of Louis-Philippe, making havoc of the pictures and mirrors, as entirely detestable as a small Diogenes peering out over the rims of his pince-

nez, through bilious eyes, over his contemptible audience—and horrified the House of Commons with the following exordium: 'Mr. Speaker, if the noble Marquis (Hartington) thinks he is going to bully us with his high and mighty Cavendish ways, all I can tell him is he will find himself knocked into a cocked hat in a jiffy, and we will have to put him to the necessity of wiping the blood of all the Cavendishes from his noble nose a good many times before he disposes of us.'"

HOW TIM USED TO ENJOY HIMSELF

O'Brien says that at that time, Tim was almost as fond of making himself disagreeable to his friends as offensive to his foes. His theory of life was to regard everybody as an enemy till he had proved the contrary, and that he affected a brutality of speech which would have made Swift or Rabelais green with envy. He one time concluded a harangue with these words: "I have nothing more to say to you; I have discharged my stomach." It was only a very few intimates, O'Brien tells us, who at that time knew the man's amazing fertility of intellectual resource, his devouring industry, his eloquence of tongue and pen, rich with plentiful, and sometimes not too reverent, borrowings from the old Testament.

In those early days, the marvellously readable and brilliant United Ireland, the weekly official organ of the Party, was almost entirely the output of the pens of O'Brien and Healy, dashed off in breathless intervals—often in the middle of the night—between strenuous Parliamentary or public tasks. In their little office in which the two of them were at work one night, Healy told a visitor: "Here O'Brien and I concoct our United Ireland salad—O'Brien supplies the oil, and I put in the vinegar."

HOW JOE BIGGAR USED TO DO IT

Second only to Biggar did Tim shine during the famous All-Night Sittings of the House of Commons in the early eighties—the sittings wherein the little handful of Irish obstructionists held the fuming, cursing, sleepy British members in their seats all through the long winter night, and far into the next morning. Joe Biggar had a truly diabolical delight in trampling on the traditions of the House and insolently flouting its demi-gods—then watching the Britishers squirm and listen, hearing them denounce, and threaten to seize him, seeing them eager to leap on him like tigers on their prey—eager but afraid. Biggar would procure all the Government Blue Books in which there was a line remotely bearing upon the subject that he was supposed to be discussing, and with truly devilish delight dancing in his eye, would hold the squirming Speaker and the raging House in their seats, while he read the book from beginning to end, not consenting to spare them even a little foot-note. "I must say," said the tired Speaker once, in hopeless endeavor to discourage the eager Biggar—"I must say that I can hardly hear what the honorable member for Cavan is reading."

HOW JOE BIGGAR USED TO DO IT

"Yes sir," Biggar replied imperterbably, "the acoustics of this house certainly leave much to be desired. I'll come nearer to you." And to the speaker's horror, Biggar embraced an armful of Blue Books, marched right up beside the chair, while Tim Healy, as a faithful disciple, followed, aggravatingly groaning under a larger load of Blue Books, for him. "And now sir," said Joe, with the coolest, most provoking irony, "as I wouldn't for worlds have you miss one word of this highly important document, I'll begin again at the beginning." The poor Speaker groaned, the dazed House moaned, and Joe, reverting to page one of the thousand-page book, turned on again his Belfast burr that was harrowing to both the sense and soul of every Britisher present. Well might the poet laureate of the Irish Parliamentary party, T. D. Sullivan, in his song "The All-Night Sitting," sing "And Joseph Gillis Biggar with his big Blue Book, came in to give us readings till the mornin'."

TIM THE ICONOCLAST

Tim sadly shocked the British sense of reverence for titled ones when he described an Irish peer as "this bigoted and malevolent young puppy." And he threw the House into a rage when, addressing the British benches, he said "I had as lief reason with a horse of Zeus as with you, set of British asses." But he dumfounded them when, breaking the sacred tradition of hundreds of years, he with cool rascality not merely questioned the Speaker's ruling, but actually began an argument with that divinity.

The brilliant, but eminently erratic, and super-eminently egotistic, Frank Hugh O'Donnell, early noted member of the small Parnellite party, who however could never be broken to work in harness, had his political doom sealed when Tim named him "Crank Hugh O'Donnell."

AS A PARLIAMENTARIAN

After Tim had been flaying an English conservative member who

was a landlord in Tipperary—flaying him for injustice to his tenants—the smarting and indignant gentleman answered him: "If I am as vile a landlord as the honorable member makes me out to be, why did not the honorable member's fellow countrymen, who were never noted for their tender consideration for a landlord's life, shoot me?" "I suppose," retorted Tim, "it is the old story—what was everybody's business, was nobody's business."

Tim Healy permanently established his Parliamentary reputation by his brilliancy in the debates upon the Irish Landbill of 1881, a brilliancy that forced the admission of his enemies, including, notably, Gladstone, who afterwards said that Healy was one of only four men who thoroughly understood that highly complicated measure. "And of these four," said Gladstone, "Healy was the only one who gained complete mastery of all the bill's details." By the famous clause, "the Healy Clause," which he had inserted in the bill in Committee, a clause which provided retrospectively that the landlord could not benefit by any of the tenant's improvements, the brilliant young member linked his name with the noted bill through a quarter of a century succeeding.

It was the occasion of this Land bill of '81 which first showed Healy publicly kicking over the political traces. While Parnell and his party, resolved not to be content with this bill, purposely abstained from attendance at Westminster when it was being hammered out on the Parliamentary anvil, Healy, in defiance of the party order, remained all alone to fight and work over the bill, and incidentally win for himself lasting Parliamentary fame.

A good number of years ago this man quitted political life by the back door. Now suddenly re-appearing before his country at the psychological moment, he amid showers of laurels and with blare of bands is led into political life again through the gilded and bejeweled hall-door of a palace.

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ARCHBISHOP PRAISES WORK OF K. B. S.

New York, Dec. 4.—Most Rev. E. J. McCarthy, Archbishop of Halifax, is the latest prelate to give endorsement of the work of the Knights of the Blessed Sacrament. In a letter to Philip McIntee, central secretary for the United States of the Knights, the Archbishop says:

"The Archbishop of Halifax gives his hearty approval to the Knights of the Blessed Sacrament. The Circle is doing a splendid work and deserves the support of every bishop and priest in America." The Crusade of the Knights and Handmaids of the Blessed Sacrament has inspired and fostered many religious vocations. Within the last two months, three K. B. S. secretaries and two H. B. S. secretaries have resigned in order to enter the religious state. They were doing zealous work in Italy, Ireland, England, Uganda and Mesopotamia.

50,000 ARGENTINA CATHOLICS ATTEND CROWNING OF STATUE

Buenos Aires, Nov. 2.—More than fifty thousand Argentinians participated in the religious ceremonies which marked the solemn crowning of the statue of Our Lady of the Rosary of Nueva Pompeya, in Buenos Aires.

Mgr. Casallo di Torregrossa, the Apostolic Delegate, who presided at the ceremony was assisted by seven Bishops, three Auxiliary Bishops and Mgr. Baudrillard, a member of the French Academy. A personal representative of the President as well as several Ministers and Deputy Ministers of the Government and distinguished statesmen of Argentina were among those who witnessed the exercises, which were marked by an oration by Mgr. de Andreu, Auxiliary-Bishop of Buenos Aires, and one of the most gifted Argentinians of the day.

The crowns of the Infant and Mother, said to be valued at eighty thousand pesos, are the gifts of Senora Adelia Harlaos de Almos, one of the three women who recently gave a million pesos each to the two objects of the National Catholic Collection for social and educational purposes. The crowns are of gold, and artistically adorned with diamonds, pearls, emeralds and other precious stones. The crown of the Blessed Virgin weighs four and a half pounds and that of the Infant Jesus weighs two pounds.

The statue is a replica of the miraculous statue of Our Lady of Pompei, Italy. Cardinal Gasquet was originally expected to preside at the coronation, but was unable to do so because of illness.

SOLDIER PRIESTS OF FRANCE

FORMER MINISTER OF WAR SUED FOR LIBEL

By M. Massiani

Paris, Nov. 9.—As stated in a cable to the N. C. W. C., the priests of the diocese of Montpellier have decided to bring suit for libel of the priesthood against M. Painleve, former Minister of War and Premier of France for several months in 1917. As M. Painleve is now a deputy, the Chamber had to be petitioned to lift the parliamentary immunity which now protects him, before steps could be taken to bring suit. The petition sent to the Chamber bears the signatures of 276 priests, all former soldiers, the majority of them decorated for valor during the War.

The reasons for this action are as follows:

In the absence of M. Caillaux, banished from Paris by a decision of the High Court, M. Painleve is President of the "Ligue de la Republique," a racial-socialist organization which is making a campaign to control Parliament in 1924. Every Sunday the heads of the Ligue speak in some town of the provinces. Not long ago, M. Painleve was at Montpellier. During a banquet arranged by the radicals and socialists of the district, M. Painleve spoke of the necessity of "defending the Public Schools against the clerical reaction." The local radical paper, Le Petit Meridional, commenting on the speech, attributed the following statement to M. Painleve.

"It was not the Public School teachers who were slackers during the War; it was the men in black cassocks."

PROTEST OF PRESS

"As soon as this statement became known, a large number of papers made violent protests. One of the Catholic papers wrote: 'M. Painleve lies. And his lie must be known everywhere tomorrow, so that everywhere he may be scorned by all those who know the heroic conduct of our priests, our brothers, sons, compatriots and friends, by all those who weep for them, by all those who admire them.'"

The editor of L'Intransigeant, a neutral paper, likewise denounces "this wicked action, much more dishonorable for M. Painleve than for those to whom he referred."

Lastly, M. Xavier Vallat, a young deputy who lost a leg and an eye in the War, sent an open letter to M. Painleve in which he calls the statement attributed to M. Painleve by Le Petit Meridional "an odious infamy." In the name of his colleague M. de Gailhard Bancel, deputy of the Ardeche, who had one son, a priest, killed in the War, and another son, also a priest, badly disabled; and in the name of another colleague, M. Ruellan, deputy of Ille-et-Vilaine whose brother, a priest, died on the field of honor; and in his own name, as the only surviving brother of a novice of the Society of Jesus who gave his life for his country, M. Xavier Vallat asks the former Premier whether he is willing to take back his words or whether he assumes full responsibility for them.

PAINLEVE'S ANSWER BETRAYS EMBARRASSMENT

M. Painleve's answer revealed embarrassment. He stated first that the Petit Meridional had misquoted him. But although less violent, the words which he admits having spoken are no less unacceptable. This is what he claims to have said:

"Official statistics concerning the losses of the War showed that the personnel of our Public Schools (one third of every four mobilized) has a glorious record. Why do not those who attack them so bitterly publish similar statistics concerning the number of priests mobilized? Is it because despite the numerous examples of heroes who abandoned their cassocks to run to the battlefield, it is feared that the difference between the two sets of statistics would be too great?" And in conclusion M. Painleve stated that he doubtless the Church "used its influence" to keep its priests away from the firing line.

M. VALLAT'S REPLY

M. Vallat answered the above letter in the following terms:

"It is no longer a question of a clear and characteristic libel as in the sentence attributed to you by Le Petit Meridional, and for which this paper will have to assume full responsibility before the courts; it is no longer a question of affirming that the priests were slackers; you content yourself with declaring that doubtless the Hierarchy made every effort to protect the priests."

"When insinuations of this kind and of this gravity are made, they should be backed at least by the beginnings of proofs. Where are yours? You were President of the Council and Minister of War in 1917 for eight months; if you had been convinced at that time that the priests were or had been

slackers, why did you not chase them out of their places of safety? It would have been your strict duty, and you had full authority to do so.

"I will not remind you of the statistics concerning the losses suffered by the clergy during the War. They have been published for a long time, and you have no excuse for ignoring them since you have such a passionate interest in this subject.

"They are as honorable as those of any national body, you cannot deny it."

"I may add that it would never have occurred to me to oppose them to the statistics concerning the Public School teachers.

"The son of a Public School teacher and brother of a Jesuit who died for France, I unite all my brothers in arms, priest or lay teachers, in the same memory, and it is my boast that the first sentence spoken by me in this Parliament where I have the honor to be, was a tribute to the heroism of both."

"I can but assure you, Monsieur, of my most perfect scorn for your inability to understand the lessons of the War."

"XAVIER VALLAT."

This scathing reply had just been read in Paris when news was received from Montpellier that the clergy of the diocese had decided to bring suit against Le Petit Meridional and M. Painleve.

RARE PUBLIC SERVICE APPRECIATED

J. A. S., the Ottawa correspondent of the Farmers' Sun, writes from the Progressive point of view. Though he has no love for either of the old parties he is a well-informed, keen and impartial critic of things political at the Capital.

Here is his appreciation in last Saturday's Farmers' Sun of the very effective work of the new Postmaster-General.

MR. MURPHY'S WORK

It is pleasant to turn from the shortcomings of O'hara to the good work of a member of the Government. The Hon. Charles Murphy, the Postmaster-General, may have his faults but he is by far the most efficient and energetic of all the Ministers. Thanks to the incompetence and neglect of his two immediate predecessors, he found the Post Office, when he took over its administration in December, 1921, in a state of confusion and chaos. Divorcing himself from all political work, he concentrated his energies upon the reformation of his department and began a thorough house-cleaning which is still proceeding. The services of inefficient officials were dispensed with, new blood was introduced and systems of operation were renovated and changed. Officials in the provinces were brought to Ottawa to confer with heads of departments in the capital and many economies and improvements were effected. Mr. Murphy has now gone a step further. He brought to Ottawa this week Dr. Hubert Work, the Postmaster-General of the United States, and half-a-dozen of his chief subordinates to participate in an International Postal Conference which will facilitate postal intercourse between the two countries.

FAMOUS PICTURE RICH IN HISTORY

OUR LADY OF GRACE HONORED AT CAMBRAI

Cambrai, Dec. 7.—A remarkable history lies behind the famous picture of Our Blessed Lady which is venerated at Cambrai under the title of "Our Lady of Grace," and which was recently restored to its place after being removed during the recent War.

In 1425 Canon Fursy de Brulle was summoned from Cambrai to assume important duties at Rome, and after he had achieved the work which had been assigned to him, he returned to Cambrai. With him he brought back a picture of the Blessed Virgin which had been much venerated in the house of Cardinal de Brogny, to whom he had acted as secretary. The picture is believed to be one of those painted by St. Luke. It was bequeathed by Cardinal de Brogny to his secretary.

Canon Fursy returned to Cambrai in 1450. At the time of his death he gave the famous picture to the Cathedral at Cambrai. It was hung in the Chapel of the Trinity opposite the tomb of the Canon, and this was the first sanctuary of Our Lady of Grace. The Canons of the Cathedral were so pleased to have this celebrated picture in their possession that they adopted the pious practice of going in procession each day after Laudes to view the antiphonal "Sub tuum praesidium" at the shrine.

The practice of the devotion to Our Lady of Grace developed in a marked manner, and, continuing, grew to such proportions that it

made this sanctuary one of the most famous in that part of France. During the invasion of Cambrai by the Germans in the Great War the picture of Our Lady of Grace was removed from the cathedral to a position of safety, and when the danger had passed it was restored to its place of honor.

GAELIC LEAGUE SEEKS TO RESTORE PEACE

Dublin, Nov. 25.—Public opinion in support of peace is growing and becoming more articulate. Following upon the desire already expressed in many quarters, the Gaelic League, which comprises Free Staters and Republicans, passed the following resolution:

"That the Gaelic League Ard-Fheis keenly regrets the present dissension in the ranks of the Gael; and, since this unfortunate war is responsible for the deaths of the best of Ireland's sons, the country's destruction, and much damage to the cause of the language, and may be a source of enmity for a long time to come, we earnestly ask both sides to end it, for their own sake, for the sake of their country, their language and their God.

This resolution was heartily supported by enthusiastic followers of each of the contending parties and forces. At the same time there was published in the press a letter signed by a number of gentlemen in representative public positions, announcing that the formation of a "People's Peace League," was projected. A provisional committee has been set up, and it is intended to hold a public meeting in support of the movement. Optimism has been created by these latest developments. In fact intermediaries are again at work trying to bring about an accommodation.

TO RAISE STATUE ON MOUNTAIN

Rio De Janeiro, Dec. 7.—The mammoth statue of Liberty, the work of the sculptor Bartholdi, which dominates the entrance to the port of New York, is known at least by reputation all over the world.

The incomparable Bay of Rio de Janeiro will soon have something better than this allegorical figure which, says the Courier of Latin America, has long since been lost in the fogs.

On the summit of "Boscu," a peak of 800 metres which picturesquely rises above the plains into the far horizon,—will be elevated an immense statue of Christ, the Redeemer.

The wonderful site was awarded by the Government itself for its sublime purpose. It has been solemnly blessed by the Cardinal Archbishop of Rio de Janeiro in presence of the Apostolic Nuncio and a great throng of distinguished prelates.

The beautiful statue is 50 metres in height. It will be clearly visible many leagues to seaward and over the chain of mountains far into the interior of the country.

This stupendous act of faith of the people of Rio may well be imitated in other parts of the world in order to bring back the thought of the Redeemer to many who have forgotten Him and His blessing which is sorely needed in the distressing conflicts of these times.

GERMAN MOVEMENT FOR TEMPERANCE

By Rev. Dr. Wilhelm Baron von Capitaine

The movement against the use of intoxicating liquors has gathered in Germany to the point where a demand has been made upon the President of Westphalia for regulations forbidding the manufacture or sale of spirituous liquors, stout-beer or champagne. A resolution to this effect was adopted at a mass meeting attended by 6,000 persons in the town of Ludenscheid in Westphalia, following an address by Father Elvras the Catholic priest who is one of the leaders of the prohibition forces in Germany.

Two other Catholic clergymen, Father Neumann of Elberfeld, and the Franciscan Father Elpidius have been prominent in the fight against alcoholism. Even before the War, the movement had gained considerable strength and a central agency had been established at Leutersdorf.

From this agency, booklets, pamphlets, and periodical magazine devoted to the attack upon the use of intoxicating liquors were issued. Since the War, notwithstanding the excesses of the profiteers and the general moral bewilderment of the youth of Germany, some progress has been made along this line. Some encouragement has been received from the higher ecclesiastical authorities, the head of the Cologne diocese recently issuing a statement which condemned alcoholism and the excessive use of tobacco.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Returns from the diocese of Westminster, England, show a total of 1,837 conversions last year.

It is a common slander of bigotry that the Catholic Church discourages general education. In this country our educational institutions in the answer. In Europe, Bologna, Cambridge, Padua, Oxford and practically all the great universities were founded by the Church as history testifies. This is surely refutation.

New York, Dec. 4.—In the Chapel of the American Foreign Missions (Maryknoll) on the Feast of the Presentation, thirty-one young men received the cassock and cincture of the Society. Of these, twenty-seven were students of philosophy, representing a score of States in the Union; four were Auxiliary Brothers.

Rome, Nov. 20.—Plans for the continuation of the Oriental Institute in the building of the Biblical Institute have been completed to the point where students are being enrolled in the building of the Biblical Institute which will serve in future as headquarters of the joint institutes. Both are now in charge of the Jesuits.

What are the greatest evils of the day in this country? The mayors of fifty western cities replied to a questionnaire sent out to them asking this question. The chief evils of today are lack of parental control of children, the wrong use of the motor car, the modern dance and the immoral picture show. The enumeration may be incomplete, but the lesson is obvious.

Washington, Dec. 1.—The Rev. William J. Farrell of St. Bernard's Church, West Newton, Mass., has been awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for heroism displayed while he was chaplain of the 104th Infantry of the 26th Division. The citation upon which the award is based praises Father Farrell for risking his life repeatedly in aiding the wounded.

A new mission has been assigned by the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda to the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America (Maryknoll) in Chosen. This territory lies along the Western Coast to the North of the capital, Seoul. The center of the mission is the city of Ping-Yang. The Mission hitherto has been under the direction of the Paris Foreign Missions.

Rome, Dec. 7.—The Papal villa at Castel Gandolfo, where the Pope spent the summer season prior to 1870, is being renovated and put in shape to serve as a refuge for four hundred Armenian girls, who have been driven from their homes and deprived of their parents by the recent disturbances in the Near East. The orphans will be accompanied by twelve Armenian nuns, members of the Immaculate Conception order.

The opening of new Catholic Churches throughout Scotland bespeaks the extension of the faith in that land. The Church of Our Lady, Kinghorn, Fife, was recently opened to worshippers. This edifice was formerly a Presbyterian place of worship. Owing to the smallness of the Presbyterian congregation, the church was closed and later purchased by Catholics. Most of the furnishings have been donated by converts of that section, of whom there is an ever-increasing number.

Paris, November 24.—A French Relief Committee has been constituted to render assistance to the victims of recent events in the Near East, particularly the refugees without distinction of nationality or religion. This Committee, which is composed of the most prominent figures in the Catholic world, one of the heads of the Protestant Church, the grand rabbi of France and the writer Anatole France who claims to be a communist, has elected as its Chairman Cardinal Dubois of Paris.

Dublin, Nov. 24.—Right Rev. Dr. Downey, Coadjutor Bishop of Ossory is the first native of Armagh since St. Malachy to be raised to the episcopal dignity. The people of Armagh presented a congratulatory address to Dr. Downey. Cardinal Logue who presided at the function said he hoped the new bishop would live to see the prophecy of St. Malachy fully verified and that, as the Saint foretold, Ireland would emerge from the dark days of persecution and come forth bright, glorious and free.

Dublin, Nov. 24.—A clerical member of the Catholic Truth Society makes the suggestion that the Society should not be confined to Dublin; that a branch of the society be established in every diocese; and that the annual conference should be held in the different cities in rotation. Further, he advocates the holding of a Eucharistic Congress in Ireland. Every Catholic nation in Europe, except Ireland, has had one. Never since the days of St. Patrick was it, he says, so imperatively necessary that Catholic truth should be proclaimed from the housetops.

HER IRISH HERITAGE

BY ANNIE M. P. SMITHSON

AUTHOR OF "BY STRANGE PATHS"

CHAPTER XVI.

AFTERMATH

"To every man upon this earth death cometh soon or late. And how can man die better than facing fearful odds, for the ashes of his fathers, and the temples of his gods?"

There was silence for a few moments in Mary's little sitting-room, and then Anthony straightened himself suddenly, and seemed to brace himself for what he had to say. Clare was seated in a low chair beside him, her hand in his, and Mary was seated opposite to him, her eyes never leaving his face.

"It is no good keeping you longer in suspense," he said at last. "Shamus was shot in action in the Post Office area. He was helping a wounded comrade to safety when an English bullet hit him—two indeed. One only grazed his temple the other entered the lung."

Clare was sobbing, but Mary sat stiff and upright in her chair. Every vestige of colour had left her face, and her eyes were strained and hard, but she was quite calm. "Did he die at once?" she asked.

"No," replied Anthony, "he was shot in the morning, about eleven o'clock, and did not die till ten at night. We got him—"

Clare interrupted him quickly. "We!" she said. "Oh, Tony, then you were in it too?"

"Why, certainly," he said; "surely you would not have wished me to stand aside at such a time? I was not one who voted for the Rising; but when it was an accomplished fact my place was with my countrymen. I was in the G. P. O. during all the fighting, and escaped almost by a miracle."

"Go on about Shamus," said Mary, and her voice sounded hard and cold.

"Well! We got him into a friend's house for safety, and a doctor and nurse saw to him at once. Ah! Mary, I can never tell you how devotedly our Red Cross people worked. We had a priest also, and he received the Last Sacraments. I asked him, 'Tony's voice broke suddenly, but he struggled on. "I asked him had any request to make, or was there anything that I could do for him. And he asked me to bring his sister Mary to him if possible."

"And did you?" breathed Clare.

"Yes. I can never forget that journey to Rathmines—it was bad enough going, but coming back with Mary it was an awful ordeal. But she was very brave. How we escaped I don't know—I suppose it was by—anyhow we got safely to where poor Shamus was lying. That was about eight o'clock, and he was anxiously awaiting us, for he knew he had not much longer to live. Mary just went straight to him and knelt beside him, holding his hand, but she could not speak. He smiled at her with all his old brave spirit, although his eyes were dimmed with pain. He gave her messages for all the others, and for Sarah Donovan. She was in the College of Surgeons with the Countess, and we could not reach her. Presently Shamus asked us to say the Rosary in Irish—there were about six of us with him—and we did so. A little before ten o'clock, he turned to me and said—the words coming very slowly and with difficulty—"If you get out of this all right, old fellow, tell Mary Carmichael that I have got my wish. I don't know what he meant of course, but that is his message! He seemed to slumber for a few moments, and then he opened his eyes suddenly and looked straight at the foot of the bed. No one was there—that we could see—but he lifted his hand to the salute and saying quite loudly and clearly—"For Ireland!" he fell back—dead!"

"Yes—he got his wish!" said Mary, letting the tears fall at last.

"And the others?" asked Clare.

"Oh! are they all right?"

Anthony did not speak at once. Then—

"Mary and Sarah and Bridie are with Mr. Blake in Rathmines," he said, "and as for Pat, he was a perfect brick all through that terrible time—dressing our wounded, and doing the work of two men. He is at present 'lying low,' as he would say himself, because there are several of our people in hiding who need his care, and so he is still in the city, and has not returned to Rathmines yet."

"And Tom?" It was Mary who asked the question.

Anthony rose abruptly from his seat and going to the window, stood looking out for a few moments. There was a white lilac tree outside, and the scent was wafted to him through the open casement. He could never bear the smell of lilac afterwards.

"And Tom?" repeated Mary again, and her voice sounded strange in her ears.

"Tom was shot," and Anthony turned suddenly and put his arm round Mary as a stifled moan fell upon his ears. She could not speak, but looked at him pitifully and he went on quickly—trying to get it over—to put her out of suspense—and feeling, as we feel when we have hurt some poor dumb thing.

"Tom did not join them at first," he said, "he thought, like myself that the Rising was a mistake at the

time, but on the third day he went to his father, and told him that he could not stay at home any longer—both Shamus and Pat were gone, and he must follow if only to see could he gain any tidings of them. His father had expected this. "No Blake ever hung back when his country called him—he said—"

"your grandfather was out in '67—and only wish to God that I was young myself again! Even Mary did not try to dissuade him. He made his way citywards, and had not gone far when he fell in with some young fellows whom he knew. They gave him a rifle and he joined them—one of them was a special friend of Shamus. Coming to a place where the firing was pretty severe they had to stop and defend themselves against the British. They fought for over two hours and both sides were pretty well exhausted."

"Tom's attention, it seems was suddenly caught by the sight of a wounded British soldier lying in the very centre of the roadway—a perfect target for the rifles of both sides. Without an instant's hesitation he stepped out of the ranks. "Where are you going?" said the man who fought beside him, and who happened to be his brother's friend, from whom I heard it all. "I want to drag that Tommy out of the firing line—he's badly hit, poor chap!" Tom replied.

"You'll be a fool if you do!" said the other; "do you think that they would do as much for one of us?"

"I can't help it," replied Tom, "I couldn't see any unfortunate wretch suffering like that."

"Oh! how like him!" whispered Mary, as Anthony paused for a moment.

"Well, he reached the soldier, and managed to bring him to the Irish ranks. He had just placed him in safety behind the firing line, and was returning to his place, when an English bullet was aimed straight at him, and he fell at once, and he never spoke again."

"Mary did not attempt to speak, and Clare sat aghast.

"His friends got the body, and he was buried with the Flag of the Irish Republic wrapped round him."

Mary lifted her drawn face. "And Angel?" she breathed. Oh, Tony, don't tell me that she too—"

"No, dear! no!" he reassured her quickly. "The shock has been terrible of course for her, and for days we thought that she was going to join her brothers; but God means to spare her to us for a little while yet; and Mary—I have one bit of pleasant news for you—she is coming down to stay with you for a long visit as soon as she is able for the journey."

"Thank God!" said Mary. Then she rose and laid her hand on Anthony's arm.

"Thank you, Tony," she said quietly. "I know what it must have cost you to have to speak of these things. God bless you for coming. Now I want to be alone for awhile, and I will leave you with Clare."

There was silence for a few minutes when she left the room.

"Clare," said Anthony then. "But there was no answer—Clare's sweet face was hidden in her hands, and her head was bent down on the arm of her chair."

He was beside her instantly. "Dearest!" he said softly, "don't fret—sure, it is the will of God!"

"I'm not fretting—at least not for them," was the stifled answer. "Then for what?" he asked.

Her face was still hidden, and he had to bend his head close to hers before he could hear the shamefaced murmur.

"Oh! Tony, you won't care for me any more now, because I'm half English!"

The ghost of a smile dawned in Anthony's tired eyes as he slipped his arm tenderly round her.

"Clare Castlemaine may be half English," he whispered; "but Mrs. Anthony O'Farrell will be Irish—every bit!"

Upstairs in her own little room, kneeling before the picture of the Sacred Heart, Mary Carmichael was pouring out her soul in prayer for those who "died for Ireland."

Her grief was very great, her heart torn with suffering and pain, and yet above and over all her sorrow was a feeling of pride and glory in the thought of those gallant young lives laid down so gladly—oh! so gladly! "for Ireland." She thought of Easter Sunday morning when in all parts of the city, they had approached the Altar rails in their hundreds to receive the Holy Communion which was to be the Viaticum for so many of them—knowing the risk they were taking and realizing that they would probably never see another Sabbath dawn over their beloved city. And yet willing—oh! and eager!—to light that spark which was to rouse their countrymen from their lethargy.

"Weep not for them with useless tears; but think of them with pride, For Ireland they have fought the fight, for her with joy they died. We'll remember, we'll remember, their blood, their wounds, their pains, Tho' we know no pang was wasted, not one drop was shed in vain! For our country has awakened, and we have heard the trumpet blast, The dream of slaves is shattered, and we shall be free at last!"

Lo! the dead arise triumphant, and the living's task is set. The cause is burning in our heart—and we shall not forget!"

TO BE CONTINUED

THE YEARS BETWEEN

By Adelaide Proctor

Richard Stanbrook's household consisted of himself and his daughter Ruth. So when an important business affair called him north in December he had taken her with him, as it was not a season of the year when either cared to be alone.

Ruth was very young when her mother died, but she had scarcely realized her loss, for a brother, some years older, had almost completely filled her little world. He had always had time to listen to her, to play with her, to take care of her. And then, just before Christmas one year he had suddenly gone away. She remembered that day still, although she had tried so hard to forget it—for, after all, he had been unworthy of her hero-worship. Her father had said so. He had explained it all to her after Robert had gone and he had found her sobbing in her room.

It had seemed incredible that Rob—her Rob—could have disgraced the family name, the family pride; that he should have deliberately ruined his own prospects for a brilliant future. And yet, her father must be right. And her father said that Robert had done all these things and more by becoming a Catholic!

Robert, a Catholic! She could only guess at the enormity of the offense by its effect on her father. Of course, it was not to be expected that her father could have such a person in the house. Even Robert could understand that. And after her father had made it quite plain to her, she had been displeased with her brother's conduct for a whole day and then had promptly forgiven him and longed for his return. She remembered clinging to Robert's hand that last day and crying out that she wanted to go with him, even if he were a Catholic; and that she would be one, too, if he would teach her how, for she wanted to be like him. It was then that her father had ordered her from the room. He had later told her that the word "Catholic" must not again be mentioned, and that Robert's name must never again be spoken under that roof.

She had never seen her brother again. At first, letters had come from him and her father had grimly returned them unopened. After a while they had ceased to come. That was fifteen years ago. If Richard Stanbrook regretted his decision, no one knew. Only Ruth noticed that he was becoming more tolerant of the opinions of others on religious matters, and one day she came upon him suddenly when he was looking wistfully at Robert's picture. And although nothing could have induced him to seek his son openly; although if another letter had come some adamant trait in his make-up would have urged its return; although he had come to believe that his son was no longer living; he had, of late years, acquired the habit of glancing at every passer-by—particularly if he were in a strange city—subconsciously hoping against reasonable hope to find his son.

As her father was still busy with the interests that had brought him to the northern city, Ruth was spending these last days in visiting the shops and Christmas markets. She had even looked into several churches to see the decorations, a thing she would never have dreamed of doing at home, and in one of them she had gone very close to a crib that was being arranged at a side altar. It was strangely peaceful in there, yet she had not stayed. It would have seemed disloyal to her father. And yet—all this had been, maybe was still, a part of her brother's life. She tried to see it through his eyes, and went slowly out with a backward glance at the crude manger and at the swinging ruby light that seemed to drop in front of the main altar. Somehow Robert seemed nearer in places like this. She would visit Catholic churches again, she decided; but for the present, perhaps, she had better go alone. Her father might resent an invitation to accompany her. He might even be displeased if he knew that she had gone. When, therefore, she met her father at dinner and, as was her custom, related the incidents of the day, she did not mention the visit to the churches.

They had both looked forward with pleasure to this hour when they exchanged bits of interesting news and when Ruth invariably gave an account of her sight-seeing trips. Her father seemed unusually depressed that evening, so she chatted more volubly than ever in an effort to distract his thoughts.

"Oh, yes! I almost forgot another adventure," she added, after she had declared her account complete. "I was about to enter a department store—one of those that advertise itself as the headquarters of Santa Claus, but forbids an admission of children who are unaccompanied by adults. A little group of forlorn children stood just outside. Their adult relatives were probably hard at work somewhere, and the children had been turned back at the door."

"No, we can't go in," explained one of the older ones in an eager,

insistent, smaller boy, presumably his brother.

"But I want to see him. I do want to," sobbed the child.

"Aw see the nice things in the window, Jimmie, and never mind about Santa Claus. They won't let us in. You got to have old people with you. And if we tried it by ourselves maybe Santa'd know it and he wouldn't like it, Jimmie. So let's just look at these things here—they're awful nice."

"And poor little Jimmie, turned towards the window. I felt so sorry for them all! And I know you will think it quite ridiculous of me, but I just invited the whole ragged lot of them to come in with me. I wish you could have seen their happy faces, father. And then, in case Santa should not reach their houses with toys I bought a couple of little things for each of them. They were so happy. It seems to me as if the poor must feel their poverty more during the Christmas season than at any other time. How I wish—"

"That reminds me, Ruth, of something I did today. I know you will approve of it. I noticed in this morning's paper an appeal from the charity clerk of this city. He stated that there had been so many appeals for help filed that the funds for this purpose will not permit the usual amount of provisions going to each applicant and he asked charitably inclined persons to relieve conditions by assuming some of the burden. I phoned that I would take care of half a dozen families and he gave me the names and addresses of some."

"Oh, father, how good that is of you! Nothing could please me more,—not even the little children's enjoyment today. How generous you are!" Generosity, she told herself, had not been one of her father's earlier traits.

"We'll buy the things tomorrow, father. And as I want to see these people myself, and as this is a strange city to me, you will come with me to see them, too, won't you? It will do you good to get something to think of that!"

"Oh, father, how good that is of you! Nothing could please me more,—not even the little children's enjoyment today. How generous you are!" Generosity, she told herself, had not been one of her father's earlier traits.

"Yes, yes, I'll go with you," her father replied, smiling. "You are probably afraid that a messenger would eat some of the food or—"

"No, father, it is just because I want to see these people myself, and I don't want to get lost in dark stairways and spooky halls."

"Very well, dear! that isn't much to do for you. We'll go together."

On the afternoon before Christmas they started on what Richard Stanbrook called his "Christmas adventure."

The silent, brooding man was finding the experience more interesting than he had expected. To plunge from bright, sunlit streets into dark alleys and darker rooms to leave gay, laughing faces and look upon weary, sad ones; to catch these fleeting glimpses into lives so differently ordered from his own; was to see life from a new angle. These people were human beings like himself. Only the accident of birth in a higher social circle made him appear different. Beneath the surface, perhaps, honesty and disinterestedness, generosity and greed were the same, irrespective of their dwelling places. The barriers of his reserve his self-centeredness were breaking down.

He had supposed that the dispensing of charity was a very doleful process; that the visitor was delighted with complaints and tears; that a pall of gloom hung over every poor home. He found cheerful resignation, if not contentment, in most of them.

Some of the recipients accepted the gifts as their due, casting an appraising eye over the contents of the baskets.

"So! No celery nor cauliflower even. But one vegetable with potatoes. There might have been two. What do they think?" to a harassed-looking husband in an invalid's chair. "It is Christmas. If the city gives, why must it not give right? Yes, there's a pie. One. That means, should cut it in six pieces! Well, it is good what is here, lady. We're obliged."

Others plainly felt that it was a humiliation to accept public charity. One woman explained that she was asking for charity because her husband had died a few months before and she had not married again.

"I could have married," she added proudly. "With my five children, he would take me. But I thought no. He has not so much; and so I wait—maybe someone come with more money and I take him. I wait, and the city help me. It is wiser so."

"Marriages for money are not confined to our class alone, then," laughingly commented Stanbrook when they had left the dingy little rooms.

"No, indeed," agreed Ruth pleasantly. "And now I wonder what we'll find most valued at the next place. Food, money or something else? It's interesting, isn't it, to see the difference in ambitions. By the way, we have only two more places to visit."

They were both in the same tenement house and both up the same rickety stairs. One was the home of a man named O'Toole, advanced in years and a hopeless invalid; the other, that of a Mrs. Cassidy with

three children and a sick husband. Mr. O'Toole's door was opposite to that of the Cassidys. Ruth rapped at the open door.

"Come in," said Mrs. Cassidy, taking her hands from the wash tub and drying them on her apron. One of the children was crying and a fretful voice was heard in a bedroom beyond.

Ruth explained her errand.

"Well, it's glad I am and grateful to you, Miss. It's for something to eat, that Bessie's crying now. There's a bit of bread and milk here for the children, but they must wait until I get this washing done. I would have been through before now, but there is a man sick across the hallway—"

"Oh, yes," interposed Ruth. "And after I have brought him his breakfast and basket of things, will you let me help to get the children's supper and to make a cup of tea? I can make a little broth for Mr. Cassidy."

"Well—I don't like you to be doing all that with the pretty clothes on you, but 'twill be a great help to me, to be sure, and the children are hungry—but as for Martin O'Toole, he'll need nothing more here. It's dying he is and the priest is with him now. I left the washing to stay with him until a short man ago. I sent Maggie for the priest, but the pastor was out on another sick call and 'twas one of the missionaries that come—there's a mission at St. Paul's, you know—and my husband says to me, 'When the priest comes let him come to me, too.' 'Tis nearing Christmas and I must be receiving.' And although I was kind of afraid when I saw it was a strange priest, still I knew by the looks of his face that he wouldn't mind, nor he didn't. He will come in to see Tom before he goes back, and so I wanted to get the tubs out of the way—"

"Well, I am sorry about Mr. O'Toole," said Ruth, "but I assure it will be all right to leave his portion here. You can make use of it. And now let me get the children's supper."

"You won't mind waiting a few moments, will you, father?" inquired Ruth anxiously. She hoped that they could get out before the priest would leave Mr. O'Toole, for she did not want their afternoon spoiled by an encounter with a Catholic priest. It would upset her father and embitter him again.

"No, no. I won't mind waiting," and he turned to watch the older boy who was trying to make a sled from the boards of an old box.

But his mind was not on what the boy was doing. It was busy with other thoughts—thoughts of the close relationship that seemed to exist between a priest and his people; of the spirit that prompted this man, a stranger in the city, to respond to a call meant for an absent pastor. He was under no obligation to do it. What could he gain by it? And the Catholics, with all reverence, yet with all assurance, seemed to expect this service. It was strange. There must be something more to it than he, Richard Stanbrook, could understand. Robert had apparently understood.

"I wonder," reflected Stanbrook, "if Robert remained a Catholic. But I'll never know. I—think I would be disappointed in him now to hear that he gave it up. I don't know just why, but I hope he didn't give it up. I wonder what these years have meant for him!"

And yet the old feeling was still so strong within him that he sat very rigid, refusing to turn in his chair when he heard a light step at the door and heard Mrs. Cassidy say:

"Excuse me, Father, for not meeting you at the door. I didn't hear you coming. Tom's room is right there beside you and I'll see you after you're through with him."

No word was spoken by the priest, who bowed in response to the direction and went into the bedroom. There was a low murmur of voices from the room and Ruth felt relieved that neither she nor her father had been obliged to meet him.

They would go now before he left the bedroom.

But the priest returned sooner than she had expected. Ruth had scarcely finished her self-imposed task when she heard him coming toward the door. She did not turn. Mrs. Cassidy would draw her into the conversation.

"Good-by, Mrs. Cassidy. One of the priests will be over tomorrow."

At the first word Richard Stanbrook leaped to his feet and faced the priest. Ruth clutched the edge of the table and stared at the tall figure with her brother's voice.

The priest looked from one to the other of the startled faces in the room. Ruth was the first to recover.

"Robert! Robert!" she cried, reaching out her arms to him. "Oh, Robert, I'm so glad! I can hardly believe it is true!"

"My boy!" he whispered brokenly.

"At last! I was afraid that you had died—"

And he brushed back the hair from his forehead with a swift, energetic movement as if he were trying to banish the nightmare of remorse that had haunted him through the years.

And then he remembered what had brought his son there. His son was a Catholic priest—a missionary priest! His frames suddenly stiffened but only for a moment. It was force of habit making a last protest

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against the changed order of things. The old antipathy towards Catholic and the Catholic religion had disappeared.

The son realized what anguish his father must have endured before his tenacious grip on the old convictions had been loosened, and the priest knew that only the grace of God had given this soul the strength to surrender.

With his hands on the priest's shoulders, Richard Stanbrook said with simple dignity: "I was wrong, Robert. You are right. I see it now. I think I have known it for a long while, but I would not admit it—not even to myself. And I have missed you, my boy."

"That's all right, father. Don't think that I didn't miss you and Ruth, too. But I decided upon prayer instead of letters. They only widened the breach. I was discouraged at times, but I kept right on. In fact, I finished a novena today that I made for that intention. I asked the Christ-Child to bring a true reconciliation. That means but one thing."

"I—want to tell you something," said Ruth, hesitatingly, and she looked apologetically at her father. "I went into a Catholic church yesterday and again today—and I—"

"So did I, Ruth," said her father, quietly. "We won't be afraid to tell each other when we go again."

Much of the conversation had been in low tones, so that Mrs. Cassidy only half understood the scene; and the Cassidy children were too busy eating to care that a family was being reunited back of them.

"God be with them and give them a happy Christmas!" fervently exclaimed Mrs. Cassidy as she closed the door after them.

And the three who had come on errands of mercy went down the rickety stairs together, with the joy of Christmas singing in their hearts.

THE BEST GIFT

By Mary T. Nixon-Roulet

Miss Hannah Lisle was not feeling her usual serenity of soul. A less well poised person would have owned herself cross, but Miss Lisle would never have admitted such an un ladylike frame of mind possible to a Lisle, trained to uphold a long line of ancestors, taught the tocsin *Noblesse Oblige*.

It was Christmas time. Miss Lisle always went south for Christmas. There was less fuss in a fashionable hotel about the festive Yuletide season, and she hated fuss.

Years before she had accepted invitations to spend the day with various friends and relatives, sorry for her loneliness, and had been bored to a degree by the family jollification. In it all she felt a hopeless outsider, no matter how kind people were and she took their kindness as perfunctory, not so warmly as it was really meant. In fact, comfortable and luxurious as was her life, the rich Miss Lisle, as she was always called, was frequently bored and at no time more so than at the holiday season when family reunions were the fashion.

That she had no family to assemble was her own fault. At five-and-forty she had within her breast the comforting assurance that she was an undoubted old maid, by preference, not necessity. Many men had admired her stately beauty, even more attracted by it than her fortune, but had gone away disheartened by her placid coldness. None had ever touched her heart. Only one had ever rippled the surface of her interest and he was a young doctor, hopelessly impractical, devoted to dirty babies and cripples and other objects of misery quite beyond the ken of the elegant Miss Lisle. Long ago he had dropped out of her life, though once in a while she heard vague rumors of his wonderful success in his profession, a success not measured by dollars and cents, but in the coin of scientific honors and the blessings of the poor. An only daughter, in her girlhood Miss Lisle had performed a trying novitiate as nurse to an invalid mother, fractious with suffering; later, globe-trotting with her father, an inveterate traveller and adventurer, until the Great Adventure claimed him and she was left alone.

It was cultivated loneliness, however, made pleasant by the best of friends, books, music, art. She discharged her duty to her neighbor, as she saw it, by generous cheques to the St. Vincent de Paul Society, the Children's Hospital and other fashionable charities. Her duty to God was fulfilled less scrupulously

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by paying her pew rent in St. Hilary's church, and hearing Mass when convenient, though she was not often enough at home to be seen frequently in her parish church, and when travelling she found it seldom possible to hear Mass.

The cause of her dissatisfaction on Christmas Eve was that a sprained ankle had kept her at home from a proposed trip to Palm Beach for the holidays, and she was forced to be at home for Christmas. It was stupid to say the least. What on earth could she do all Christmas day, kept in the house, with her foot before her?

"Thank goodness I can always read," she thought to herself, and took up a recent magazine, only to put it down with a frown of impatience.

"Full of Christmas, as usual," she said. "It is impossible to find a same story in the month of December. How cold the wind whistles round the house! I must have more fire on the hearth," and she rang for wood, somewhat impatiently.

Red-checked Katy, with her sweet Irish blue eyes and her soft Irish tongue came quickly at her call, heaping up the logs on the hearth, fanning it into a blaze with the hand-carved bellows. Miss Lisle glanced at her a moment; the girl was so soft and quiet, her service was a pleasure, yet tonight she seemed less adept than usual and her mistress saw that the girl's eyes were red with weeping. She said nothing, however. It was one of her cardinal axioms not to talk to servants; it encouraged them to impose on your good nature, she thought, and she was surprised when Katy timidly spoke to her.

"If you please, Miss Lisle, Cook wanted me to ask if I might phone an order on your phone? The service phone is out of order and the turkey hasn't come from the store."

"Yes, certainly, Katy," Miss Lisle replied, as she toasted her lame ankle at the blaze. "Telephone anything you wish."

She sat quietly as the girl stepped to the telephone, hearing half unconsciously the pretty brogue as it rolled into the instrument.

"Terry please, yes it's Terry Burke I want. Terry is it herself? Where's our turkey, boy? It's me Kathleen, sure. No, it isn't here yet and Cook's that cross! Bring it right up, that's a dear. I'll be at the basement door for ye, and Terry, could ye take back a parcel for Mother? I can't get off till after nine, and I couldn't go home you know, on account of the quarantine. You're an angel, Terry. What! The doctor! No, Terry darlin', it can't be true! Not Doctor Bland! The Christ Child wouldn't let him die on Christmas Eve! Well, goodbye, boy."

Katy turned away from the instrument to find her mistress's eyes fixed on her, and she said hurriedly:

"Thank you, Miss; excuse me for takin' so long, but it's me brother is the butcher boy, and I've not seen him for a fortnight."

"How did it happen you've not been home, Katy?" Miss Lisle felt a stirring of interest which surprised herself. "Doesn't Cook give you a day out every week?"

"Oh yes, Ma'am, but my little brothers and sisters have the scarlet fever, and I couldn't go home on account of the quarantine."

"That is too bad; you'll have to send them something. Are they very ill?" The tone was perfunctorily kind.

"Oh, I've presents for all of them, Ma'am, and Terry will take them." Katy's face brightened a little. "They're all on the mend now, thanks be to God and His angel doctor. He worked over them day and night, and sent the mother a nurse, and her own son couldn't have been kinder than he. And now—" the girl suddenly burst into tears and covered her face with her hands, then turned to leave the room.

Miss Lisle hated tears. She never cried. She considered it unladylike, as much so as it was ungentlemanly for a man to swear. Both were unnecessary exhibitions of feeling and should be curbed. There was something so spontaneous and heartfelt about the grief of the usually smiling girl, however, that even her mistress' cold heart was touched.

"What on earth is the matter, child?" she inquired not unkindly, and Katy replied:

"He's dyin', Ma'am; Terry says the doctor's dyin'. He—the angel man that he is! Everybody's friend and everybody's servant! Even Father Casey isn't better loved and he's a saint on earth. Doctor Bland was hurryin' to a case, Ma'am, Terry says and some rich man's automobile ran him down. He's at the hospital and they don't think he'll live through the night. Ah, wurr! Such a Christmas for the poor, with their best friend gone to heaven! He served them like their brother and never had thought of pay when they weren't able to meet his bill, him as could have been the doctor for all the rich folk on the drive. Many's the day they came to Doctor Cyril and he turned them off and went to some poor body that hadn't a penny to bless himself with!" and Katy sobbed again, her apron to her eyes.

Doctor Cyril Bland—the name stirred a far off memory in Miss Lisle's heart and slowly, a dull flush spread over her cameo cheek.

"They say he loved the poor because he had none of his own to love, some lady turned him down when he was young," said Katy. "That couldn't be, Ma'am; no lady would turn him down—the big heart of him! She'd be proud to black his shoes if he cared for her. He loved the poor because they were the Christ Child's poor, and his heart was all filled up with love for Him. He always did so much on Christmas Eve, and if he knows anything at all now, he's worritin' because his people will miss their Christmas from his bein' sick—I know the heart of him!"

"That did he do on Christmas Eve?" queried Miss Lisle.

"Oh, baskets for all kinds of people, Ma'am. Old ladies he knew as had no children, old men whose children weren't good to them; babies whose mothers were dead; lame boys and girls, and, queer enough Ma'am, especially maiden ladies who had no folks he always sent things to. When flowers were so high you could scarce look at 'em he sent them to the lonesome ones; as he called them, and never once did he miss putting a bunch of violets on the altar at St. Bride's for his 'special intention,' he said. I knew so much about his doin's because I was housemaid to his aunt where he lived. I only left there to come here, Ma'am, and he told me to, because I had to have good wages to help my mother. You'll have a grand place, Katy," he said; "Miss Lisle is a fine lady, I knew her once a long time ago. She'll treat you right, child, and do your best for her. She needs a heart to help her—but there's the back door bell, Ma'am, and perhaps it's Terry with the bird. I'll just run and see," and Katy hurriedly left the room.

Back in a moment, all smiles, she said to her mistress:

"Is there anything you'll be wantin', Miss? Terry says the doctor is some easier. He stopped after the hospital on the way here. If you don't want me, Ma'am, could I go out for half an hour?" timidly. "Oh yes, Katy," Miss Lisle smiled. "Some Christmas shopping, I suppose. Here, take this, handing her a gold piece, and buy yourself something pretty."

"Oh, Miss Lisle!" Katy clasped her hands. "You are too good! May I please send it to my mother instead? She has so much to pay out with the children's sickness and her not able to work for the quarantine. It was to Confession I wanted to go, if you please, and I thought I might burn a candle for the doctor and if I could find a few violets I would put them on the altar for his intention, for I know he'd hate to miss it, and he's too ill to think of it for himself. He told me once always to go to Confession on Christmas Eve. It's the best gift you can make to the Christ Child, little girl," he said, "when He has given so much to you, give Him the precious gift of a clean soul, free from selfishness and sin! And now he's given himself, Ma'am, if he dies, for he was hurryin' to save old Biddy McGill when he was hurt," and Katy choked with tears again.

"Go to Confession, Katy, and get your flowers," Miss Lisle spoke curtly and took up her magazine as Katy, with a murmured "Thank you, Ma'am," hurried away.

As she tried to read, however, something seemed to come between the lady and the printed page, a face earnest and worn and she seemed to hear a voice say as once she heard it—

"Our point of view is different, Hannah; perhaps some day you will see things as I do, the things of the heart are of far more importance than the things of the head. Tell me when you do; I shall always be hoping to hear," he had finished with his rare smile.

Suddenly she took up the telephone calling up the hospital where Dr. Bland was ill.

"Yes," they answered her, the doctor was a little easier. There was a chance for his recovery if he lived through the night. He was quite conscious and they could give him any message. She was Miss Lisle—Miss Hannah Lisle. She wished them to tell Dr. Bland that she at last saw his point of view and she would try to do his Christmas Eve work as he had always done it, that was all. They would tell him.

The next hour found her busy at the telephone, shopping by phone being possible in spite of a sprained ankle, and all manner of tradespeople being glad to oblige the rich Miss Lisle even at the eleventh hour. A fashionable florist was ordered to send wonderful flowers to St. Bride's church as well as a huge bunch of fragrant violets to the hospital. The toy department of a great store was commanded to despatch marvellous toys to various addresses, furnished by the jubilant and wondering Katy. Groceries and sweets, fruits and game were sent to over a dozen families and until nearly midnight the telephone gifts went on. Finally, the last name on the long list attended to, Miss Lisle lay back in her chair, tired yet happier than she felt for many a Christmas Eve.

"There's the bell for Midnight Mass at the Convent, Ma'am," said Katy timidly. "May I wish you a Happy Christmas?"

"Thank you, Katy," said Miss Lisle with unwonted gentleness. "I'm sure it's happy ye should be this day, Ma'am, the girl went on, 'you've made so many happy, and he would die happier knowin' all you've done of what he loved to do

for the Christ Child.' "Ah Katy!" Miss Lisle spoke with sudden feeling. "I have given nothing worth while—only money. If I gave all I have the rest of my life I could never, never equal him, for he has given himself to men, as did the Christ Child so long ago on that first Christmas—himself, the best gift!"

BISHOP McNICHOLAS
TO CATHOLIC WOMEN

Washington, November 17.—Conventions in America today are most favorable to a proper presentation of the case of the Catholic Church through such agencies as the National Council of Catholic Women and its larger parent body the National Catholic Welfare Council.

Bishop John T. McNicholas told the delegates and guests of the second annual convention of the Women's Council in his sermon at the Mass which opened the Convention. The efforts of the enemies of the Church have brought about a national psychological condition, the Bishop said, which makes the people

exceptive to the presentation of the facts about the Church and is much more favorable to Catholic interests than the former condition of indifference.

Discussing the function of the National Council of Catholic Women, the Bishop said:

"You can plan many things which could not be so well formulated by those whose vision does not embrace our vast continent, and who may not understand the interdependence of Catholic societies of women nor appreciate, as does your central organization, the value of cooperation. Hundreds of groups of women from the Atlantic to the Pacific are attempting varied works. You are, I assume, keeping in sympathetic touch with every organization, studying its methods, following its progress, recording its achievements, stimulating initiative where it is lacking, discouraging fussy activity and pettiness of spirit; and holding up the importance of obtaining substantial results."

FUNCTION OF CENTRAL BODY

"You have the advantage of being able to make a comparative study of units that are carrying on the same line of work. This study should enable you to formulate norms and to set standards, which can only be done through a central organization. It is first necessary to get things right in theory and principle. Your central office in discharging its duty does not assume authority or dictate policies, but only offers helpful suggestions whenever and wherever acceptable. For all your work you have sought and received the blessing of the supreme authority of the Church, vested in the Vicar of Christ, a blessing which is not to be understood as identical with approval of all the details of your work, but which invokes the guidance of the Blessed Trinity on your labors for Church and country."

The speaker referred to the work carried on by the enemies of the Church in the following terms:

"Some few find it remunerative to wage war on the Catholic Church. There are politicians beneath contempt who do not hesitate to arouse religious strife in a community, merely to take advantage of it for their own political advancement. There are many religious denominations which are bitterly opposed to the Church because of her unity and authority. This need not surprise us, since they are the children of those who four hundred years ago attacked the unity and authority of the Church. These same religious denominations condemn her today because she refuses to have any part in their scheme of unity. Intent upon condemnation, they never ask themselves: Can unity exist anywhere except where Christ has placed it?"

"Today we face an opposition unprecedented in the history of the country—a opposition roused by bigotry, ignorance, political and social considerations, a sensational press, a hireling propaganda and poorly informed zealots. Shall we fear and be silent, and pray for strength to bear with the persecution? We know that under Divine Providence nothing happens by chance. We have, therefore, no fear, and we must not be silent! We can have no better guiding principle at the moment than that of St. Augustine, namely, to pray as if all depended on prayer, and to work as if all depended on ourselves. We have reason, in truth to be grateful to the forces united against us. You know how hard—almost impossible, indeed—it is to arouse the American people. The League of Nations did not succeed in doing so. But within the last two years political and economic conditions, and the many reactions from the War, have created in the American people a deep sense of unrest, of dissatisfaction. They long for a change."

NOT TIME FOR SILENCE

"The forces of bigotry have focused attention on the Church. Hitherto the general attitude has been one of indifference. But now the attention of the public is unquestionably arrested—and this is favorable to the Church, even though it may be due to the calumnies uttered against her. Public opinion is in the formative stage, a stage which the Church, without the aid of her enemies, could not have hoped to bring about in a

hundred years. The masses are being receptive, shall we be silent? Shall we fail to speak out the truth, especially on those questions which are now engrossing the public mind? Shall we fail to tell liberty-loving Americans what the Church understands by liberty, how she has ever been the guardian of liberty, how her divine constitution obliges her always to espouse the cause of liberty? Shall we lose the opportunity to prove that Catholics ever demand liberty? The present tendency towards excessive organization affords this curious paradox: propagandists, agitators and legislators, while talking of and pretending to extend the liberties of the people, are in reality stealing them away, and imposing the tyrannous rule of bureaucracy. What an opportunity to prove the outline of the Church's struggle in the cause of justice! Shall we fail to assure the poor and laboring classes that the Church will fight their battles with them in every just cause, and that they always have a friend in her, even though, as a friend, she cannot approve of their every action?"

"Shall we not tell Americans where the Church stands on the right of private property? Shall we not make all understand that the Church inculcates from infancy to old age respect for all authority, domestic civil and religious? Shall we fail now to make the masses grasp the general outlines of the history of education in America, and the principal facts about the Catholic system? The eyes of America are fixed on the school question, but its vision is unfocused. Public opinion is misinformed. Liberty of education is not explained. The inalienable rights of parents are not made known. The duty of the State to safeguard these rights, as well as those which are prior to the formation of civil government, rather than to encroach upon or to attempt to abolish them absolutely, is not even hinted at. The presentation of the school question is not fair. Already unjust provisions are written into the legislative books of one State. The people, misinformed and misjudging, have unknowingly been induced to employ the ballot as an agency of tyranny. Love of liberty is inherent in human heart. No human power, no form of tyranny, can eradicate it. Every encroachment on it brings eventually its own punishment."

TRUE LIBERTY OF EDUCATION

"Shall we fail to make every American understand the true idea of liberty? Can we, as a whole American people that the things the Church stands for mean the stability of civil government, mean law and order, mean the protection of life, property and home, mean the defense of liberty as it fires man from infancy to old age?"

Continuing his discussion of the methods whereby the cause of the Church in America can be aided, Bishop McNicholas said:

"Has not the Church of the United States the opportunity to develop through the National Catholic Welfare Council and the National Catholic University the greatest department of Catholic apologetics of all the Christian centuries? Millions will not seek information from the Catholic Church. But the Catholic Church can go out to give information to millions."

"The Church also needs such a great national organization as yours; she needs every force she has through which her message can be delivered to millions. She needs great resources—not resources which will come through the ordinary revenue of parochial and diocesan channels, but resources which will come from the superabundance of all whom God has generously blessed with material possessions. Resources will not be wanting if our Catholic people be shown the need. They will be quick to see the necessity and the advantage of prompt action if we but deliver the message. The National Catholic Welfare Council deserves attention and encouragement for the beginning it has made in presenting the case of the Catholic Church. The work should go on, but this is impossible without generous support."

As to the specific manner in which the National Council of Catholic Women may best serve Catholic interests, the speaker declared:

"Your organization can help greatly in the work of Americanization. I venture to think that in this we waste too much time in trying to prove that we are patriotic. The President of the United States knows that our country has no more loyal citizens than Catholics; the members of the Federal Congress and the State officials throughout the nation know how genuinely patriotic Catholics are, and ever have been. Every honest inquirer can ascertain conclusively the quality and extent of our patriotism. The fact of our patriotism can be proved as clearly as the existence of the City of Washington."

TWO THINGS TO HELP

"May we not more profitably do two things that will force others to recognize the patriotism of Catholics? First, let us have confidence, patriotic confidence in ourselves as citizens of the United States. Let us insist that every Catholic citizen cultivate and experience in himself this confidence. We should allow no citizen, no group of citizens, to

treat us patronizingly, as though they had a brand of patriotism superior to ours. Every Catholic man and woman should feel this confidence, should help to make his fellow Catholic citizens experience it. This commendable confidence should make Catholic women resolve to use the ballot on all occasions. There is not the remotest suggestion to be made as to party affiliation or candidates. But our Catholic women should vote always, and according to a conscientious judgment."

"Secondly, we should urge all the Catholic children of the United States, whatever be the nationality of their parents, to cultivate a great love for the English language. Could we not offer thousands of substantial annual prizes to the children of our foreign-born citizens to stimulate their interest in the study of English? Our success, I am sure, with the children of those whose mother-tongue is not English will be extraordinary if we but perfect an organization to give them the necessary encouragement. Let our next generation of children foreign-born parents—Poles, Italians, French, German, Jugo—and Czecho-Slavs, and all the nations of the world here gathered—feel that confidence which a perfect command of the English language will give them. Your Council may be able to give great encouragement to this study."

CHRISTMAS EVE—THE POOR
LITTLE "HOLE-Y"
STOCKINGS

God bless the little stockings
All over the land tonight,
Hung in the choicest corners
In the glow of crimson light;
The tiny little stockings,
With a hole in the heel and toe,
Worn by wonderful journeyers
The darlings have to go.

And heaven pity the children
Wherever their home may be,
Who wake with the first gray dawn—
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,
Whose home is empty and still,
Who has no little stockings
With childish toys to fill;
Who sits in the deepening twilight,
With face against the pane,
And grieves for the little baby
Whose grave is out in the rain.

Oh, empty shoes and stockings
Forever laid aside;
Oh, the tangled, broken shoe strings
That will never more be tied!
Oh, the little grave of mercy,
Of the cold December rain!
Oh, the feet in the snow-white
sandles

That can never trip again!
But happier they who slumber
With marble at foot and head
Than the child who has no shelter,
No raiment, no food, nor bed;
Oh! let us help the living
Children of want and pain,
Knowing no food nor pleasure,
Out tonight in the rain.

—JOYCE KILMER

CHRISTMAS EVE

There was a gentle hostler
(And blessed be his name!)
He opened up the stable
The night Our Lady came.
Our Lady and St. Joseph,
He gave them food and bed,
And Jesus Christ has given him
A glory round his head.

There was a joyous hostler
Who knelt on Christmas morn
Beside the radiant manger
Wherein his Lord was born.
His heart was full of laughter,
His soul was full of bliss
When Jesus, on His Mother's lap,
Gave him His hand to kiss.

—JOYCE KILMER

JUST BEFORE CHRISTMAS

The youngsters' round where I live
R usy now as BB.
They never steal the jam o' nights,
They never, never TT.

They CC each opportunity
To make themselves of UU,
And they R most particular
To mind their PP and QQ.

Their Sunday-best behavior
Would fill me with surpris
If I blush to say it I were
Not quite so worldly YY.

You'll recognize yourself, I'm sure,
That theirs is just a KK
Of Santa Claus approaching and
The Xmas holiday.

A THOUGHT

The fishermen of Brittany, so the story goes, are wont to utter this simple prayer when they launch their boats upon the deep: "Keep me, my God; my boat is so small, and Thy ocean is so wide." How touchingly beautiful the words and the thought. Might not the same petition be uttered with as much directness every morning and evening in our daily life: "Keep me, my God keep me from the perils and temptations that throng around me as I go, so helpless, so prone to wonder, so forgetful of Thy loving kindness. I am tossed to and fro at the mercy of the world; I am buffeted about by sharp adversity and driven before the

storm of grief and sorrow. Except Thou dost keep me I must perish. Keep me, my God, for Thy ocean is so wide; the journey is so long, and the days and years are so many. In Thee, O Lord, do I put my trust."

INVENTS NEW LAMP
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Ottawa, Patents have been granted by the Government to a lighting engineer by the name of Johnson, on a new lamp for burning ordinary kerosene oil. This lamp produces a vapor from the oil which makes a blue flame that incandescences a mantle, and thus creates a very strong, soft, pure white light. As it consumes only 8% oil mixed with 92% air, it is exceedingly economical. Said to be very simple to operate, odorless, noiseless, and dangerous.

M. H. Johnson, 246 Craig St. W., Montreal. He also wants local distributors and has a very unique selling plan to offer agents. He is even offering to give one free to the first user in each locality who will help introduce this new light.

BENEDICTINE COLLEGE
AT OXFORD

Oxford is more and more measuring up to olden times, as a sign of which is the taking over of more extensive premises by the Benedictine monks of Ampleforth, who are enlarging their college of studies at Benet Hall. The monks have acquired the convent on Saint Giles until recently occupied by the Sisters of St. Ursula, and this will be used for Catholic undergraduates who intend to enter the priesthood after completing their academic career.

The vigor of Catholic life in this country, more particularly in the sphere of higher education, is nowhere better exemplified than in the University of Oxford. And all this has been accomplished within recent years, since Pope Leo XIII. removed the ban that forbade Catholics to enter the University. The ban had nothing whatever to do with any Catholic objection to university education; but the old Protestant regime had so hedged things in with religious tests that it was impossible for any Catholic to graduate without at the same time apostatizing. In a more tolerant age these tests were removed, and on the petition of the English Bishops the Holy See removed all the restrictions.

Considering that Oxford owes its very foundation to the Catholics of a bygone age, this return of the Catholics of our own day to the University is a matter of particular gratification. When the ban was first removed the lay Catholic began gradually to return. Then, under a statute of the University which permits any Master of Arts to open a school affiliated with the University, which thus becomes a constituent college, the Jesuits opened a house of studies, presided over by one of their most distinguished members. This private house of studies is now the Jesuit College of Campion Hall.

The way of the return of the religious, opened by the Jesuits, has resulted in the Benedictines, the Franciscans, the Salesians, and, last of all, the Dominicans being now at Oxford.

The life of the University is a thing apart from the ordinary life of the city. For example, even with the Anglicans, the cure of souls in the University is totally distinct from the parochial cure of souls in the city. And so with Catholics. The ordinary Catholic citizens of Oxford have their own parish church. But the Catholic undergraduates, who are members of the University and not of the city parishes, have their own oratory and chaplain, whose ministry is confined solely to the Catholic undergraduates in the different colleges.

As things are, the University of Oxford is anything but a Catholic institution. Yet the Catholic representation in the academic life of the University grows from year to year; and considering that the total Catholic population of the country is not large, the Catholic showing at Oxford is very creditable.

A FRENCH GENERAL'S FAITH

In his recent audience granted to Msgr. Chaptal auxiliary bishop of Paris, Pope Pius XI. questioned the prelate regarding the work being done in Paris for foreigners, and was brought in this way to speak of the Poles and his sojourn in Warsaw as Apostolic Delegate. He recalled the following words spoken by General Jeyand, Chief-of-Staff of Marshal Foch and head of the French mission to Poland, on the morning of the day the supreme battle was fought against the Bolsheviks under the walls of the capital:

"The situation is very grave. I have taken all military measures. But I have more confidence in your prayers, Monseigneur, than in our means of defense."

It will be remembered that the day ended in victory for the Poles, urged forward by the heroism of a priest who marched straight toward the enemy in his surplice, carrying a crucifix in his hand, and who was killed by a bullet in the forehead.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, Dec. 23, 1922

CHRISTMAS

What holy and tender memories are stirred in every Catholic heart by the very mention of the word! For it is essentially a Catholic feast, Catholic in its origin, Catholic in its connotation—Christ's Mass, a term coming down from Catholic times. Martinmas, Michaelmas, Candlemas and Hilarymas still survive in the English language from the time when the Mass was for everybody the great central act of worship that marked the celebration of every feast; but Christmas has regained its universal acceptance even amongst those who would like to forget its derivation and significance. In England Christmas was forbidden by Act of Parliament in 1544; the holy feast was turned into a fast and market day; shops were compelled to be open; plum pudding and mince pies were condemned as heathen. But today even puritans keep Christmas, and keep it in the spirit of a Catholic feast. True the term irks them sometimes, and they fain would substitute Yuletide for Christmas. But it is a good while since Sir Thomas Massey seriously proposed to take the popery out of the term by making Yuletide its legal designation. Daniel O'Connell covered the doctory knight with confusion and buried his proposal in ridicule when he suggested that Sir Thomas Massey should at the same time be changed into Sir Totide Tidy!

Christmas it now is and Christmas this "man-made Sabbath" will ever remain since it has survived the savage times when to celebrate Mass or to harbor a Mass priest was treason, and has survived to see "the old religion" young again, honored and growing marvelously in influence and numbers in the English-speaking world. These retrospective glances at the history and significance of Christmas are not intended to revive bitter memories; on the contrary they are taken in the true Christmas spirit with joy and gratitude to God that the past is past and that the glorious present gives promise of a still more glorious future.

The backward glance over the dark pages of the history of Christmas was suggested by a special Globe despatch from Russia which lies before us: Throughout Russia this Christ-mas-tide "a battle against all religious holiday-making" has been begun, being sponsored by such men as M. Stananoff, a leading anti-religion writer, and groups like the Central Committee of the Communists Union and the League of Communist Youth. The efforts to abolish Santa Claus will be followed by a campaign against the religious significance of Easter, Passover, Yom Kippur; in fact, all Christian, Jewish and infidel holidays alike. "Angels are symbols used to enslave the child's mind," says the protocol, which asserts that holidays leave a psychologically bad impression on children, due to decorations and legends of "decadent religions."

To counteract this a program of music, theatricals and anti-religious speaking is suggested. By these and other acts of devilish tyranny the anti-Christian and atheistic rulers of present-day Russia carry to its logical conclusion the doctrine that bemused patriots of many other Christian countries often either openly advocate or necessarily imply when they proclaim the supremacy of the State in the education of

children. Russia's gigantic failure has perhaps saved the world from lapsing into Socialism; her attempts to efface Christianity from the minds of children, to inoculate them with hatred and contempt for all religion, may open the eyes of those blind patriots in other countries who would sacrifice the hard-won right of freedom of conscience to that dogma of tyranny—the supremacy of the State. Christmas is above all the feast of the children. It is the commemoration of that stupendous event in human history when God sent his only-begotten Son to be a child with us to lead us to understand the infinite love of the Almighty Father.

Christmas will survive the tyranny of Soviet Russia as it survived the tyranny of Puritan England. It is not in the external powers of evil, but in the hardness, the selfishness, the sin of Christian hearts and souls that the danger lies of losing the Christmas spirit and the Christmas grace. Indignation at the tyranny of Communist Russia we may not suppress; but let us each examine his own conscience and look into his own heart. Thus only shall we be able to deepen the Christmas spirit, to prepare the way for the graces of this holy feast and season.

Glorify to God on high and Peace on earth to men of good will. Aye, there is the condition—to men of good will. It is for the world and for each one of us to prepare the way for the Lord by giving glory to God on high and deserving the Peace He freely grants to men of good will. In the true Catholic meaning of the time-honored phrase, THE CATHOLIC RECORD wishes all its readers and friends A Merry Christmas!

TWO ATTITUDES TOWARD HOLY SCRIPTURE

"The Roman Catholic standards, however, differed in toto from the standards of every Protestant Denomination."

Thus does J. George Hodgins quote himself as saying in an address before the Anglican Synod of Toronto in 1862. The non-Catholic need not be in sympathy much less in agreement with Catholics to recognize an outstanding fact. The basic principle of Protestantism is fundamentally and irreconcilably opposed to the basic principle of Catholicism. And this is true of Holy Scripture where, it might seem to many, we stand on common ground. Protestants—at least that section of them who still hold to the older Protestant belief—believe that the Scriptures are the inspired Word of God. Catholics, too, believe that the Bible is the Word of God; to deny its inspiration is to cease to be a Catholic. But here our agreement ends. The fundamental principle of Protestantism is that the Bible privately interpreted is the sole rule of faith, the sole guide in morals. In virtue of this principle Protestantism rejects and denies the authority to teach in His name that Jesus Christ solemnly committed to His Apostles and their successors to the end of time. The divine authority of that Church which Christ founded on Peter and the other Apostles Catholics hold to be clearly, definitely and unmistakably taught in Holy Scripture. Protestants deny it and substitute for the divinely commissioned Church the written Word. So that on the very ground that we apparently hold in common we stand radically and irreconcilably opposed.

The Catholic principle is the principle of Unity; the Protestant principle is the source of endless sectarian divisions. Jesus prayed "that they all may be one as Thou Father in Me and I in Thee; that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that thou has sent Me." That unity for which Christ prayed is realized in the Catholic Church. The rejection of Christ's divine plan of unity instead of leading the world believing and adoring to the foot of the Cross, has gone far to destroy all faith in Redeemer or Bible; to regard Christ not as the eternal Son of God made man for our salvation, but merely as one of the great teachers of mankind, and to look upon the Bible, at best, as one of the great masterpieces of the world's literature. Again, Catholics and Protestants are alike urged to read the Bible. But the version and the canon accepted by Protestants are not acceptable to Catholics. Our version must be approved by competent

ecclesiastical authority, and the canon contains seven books which are lacking in the Authorized Protestant Version as now published. To accept the Protestant version and canon would be to surrender a vital Catholic principle.

Grant the authority of the Catholic Church as divinely conferred, and it follows necessarily that the Church is the guardian of the Bible, and its sole infallible interpreter.

So Catholics reverently read the Bible, but with submission to the teaching authority of the Church.

In this we follow the universal practice with regard to all written law. Citizens may read the law of the land; it is well that they should do so. But if the written civil law, privately interpreted, were their sole guide to the rights and duties of citizenship the result would be not greater freedom but absolute anarchy.

The common sense of mankind revolts from such a principle; it sets up courts and officers for the definite interpretation and enforcement of the civil law.

So in matters religious we Catholics find it eminently in consonance with right reason to have an external authority in the Church to correct the vagaries of private judgment. Furthermore we could not reconcile with the divine wisdom and omniscience of Jesus Christ his failure to establish just such necessary authority in His Church.

It will be clear from the foregoing considerations that "instruction in morals and good citizenship drawn from carefully selected Scripture passages" can not be made by Protestant clergymen from the Protestant version and canon of the Bible and be at the same time acceptable to Catholics.

It may be said, "you have your Separate schools, why interfere with us in our effort to teach religion in the Public schools?"

The majority of Catholic children, it is true, attend Separate schools; a considerable minority, however, attend Public schools. Moreover, Catholics are taxed for the building, equipment and maintenance of Public High schools. It has been declared from the house tops that the schools of this province are absolutely neutral with regard to religion. Whenever we have reason to discuss Separate school interests we are met with this clamant assertion. Now while it may be in the interest of all of us to have the Public schools teach religion in a manner acceptable to Protestants but utterly unacceptable to Catholics, it is neither fair nor honest to Protestantize the Public school system and still maintain the fiction that it is undenominational, neutral; and must therefore be acceptable to all and supported by all.

We have the greatest sympathy with the object our Protestant friends have in view; but let us face the question squarely, and honestly admit its implications.

They are important and far-reaching.

THE CHURCH IS ALWAYS "NEWS"

By THE OBSERVER

Unfortunately, the reason why the Church is always news is one that reflects no credit on either the newsgatherers nor the clientele of readers to whom the newsgatherers cater. The Church is news only when something can be told or invented to her seeming discredit. The word "News" has a particular significance in the offices of newspapers and news agencies. In considering whether a thing is news or is not, truth is of only secondary importance. It may be true and it may not be news. It may be false and be, in the estimation of the news gatherer or vendor, news nevertheless, and from their point of view, the best of news. What they mean by "news" is something that will appeal to the interest of readers or of those whom they hope will become readers. This is the primary consideration, not for the actual receipts from the sale of papers, which is a comparatively small matter, but because of the fact that every addition to the circulation pushes them towards a higher charge for their advertising. The main idea in the modern paper is, How much more can we increase our circulation before the lists are audited again by the agency from which we hold our certificate of circulation? This is the main question because on that certificate depends the charge for advertising.

"News," according to the definition made under those circumstances, means that which will sell papers. If there is none actually, it must be made. It must be manufactured, and to any extent that may be required by the needs of the moment. "News" they must have; and it must be furnished daily. Also it must not be displeasing to the class from whom they get most of their advertising; nor bear too severely upon the financial interests with which those advertisers and their friends are bound up. And of course there must be due attention paid to the interests of any political interest, civic, State, provincial, national, or international with which the paper may be concerned.

After providing for all these things, the paper is ready for "news." The Catholic Church is usually "news." No financial interest cares in the least what happens to her. No advertisers are to be lost by lying about her, for Catholics are usually afraid to even protest openly against a dirty attack on their Church; not to speak of cancelling an advertisement because of it. And there is always the great mass of Protestant bigotry and ignorance gaping wide for any fool story about the hated and feared "Pope of Rome" or any part of the terrible machine he is supposed to have ready for all purposes and at all times.

The crudest fakes are good enough for the gaping gullets of credulity and ignorance. One of the crudest I ever saw in my life was the report, published last week that there was a split in the Church in France; a split amongst the clergy. This is what is popularly called a whole-cloth yarn. The Church has suffered much and in many ways in France, but the clergy have always been true; nor is there the smallest reason to suppose that there is amongst them now any disaffection towards the Church. The history of the Catholic clergy of France is a glorious one. They have withstood heresy, infidelity, the insidious appeals to a spurious loyalty to the State at the expense of the Church, and all sorts of persecutions, both great and petty. They withstood the horrors of the French Revolution, the iniquitous Civil Constitution of the Clergy, the tyrannous acts of Napoleon, the confiscation over and over again of their temporal possessions, and the social and legal and political pressure which alienated the hearts of their flocks from them, not on one occasion only but on many; and through all these things they have remained true and staunch in their loyalty to the Holy See; and above reproach in their characters and habits of life.

It does not need to be said that for this loyalty to God rather than man they have been lied about exceedingly. A dozen times it has been announced to a world willing to believe the lie that at last the clergy of France were going against "Rome" that the milk white hind was at last fated to die; for where could the Church hope to live if France, "The eldest daughter of the Church," were to go wholly against her? But though the enemies of the Faith of Christ have on more than one occasion succeeded in detaching great numbers of her children from her the Church in France has always been saved by the faithfulness of her priests; and they are still faithful. Macaulay wrote eighty years ago that the bravest act in the Church since the days of the persecutions inflicted on her by the persecuting pagan emperors of the old Roman Empire was the act of the French clergy when they flung the Civil Constitution of the Clergy in the face of the leaders of the French Revolution, refused, though the penalty for their refusal was death, to become mere puppets of the State. But long after Macaulay's death, and in our own days, we have seen the French clergy refuse again to become puppets of the State though the refusal meant exile for some and almost starvation for others.

The Catholic world need not worry about the French clergy, and as for the recent story of a split amongst them on the question of a married clergy it carries its refutation upon its face for all who are not going about with their tongues hanging out for some sort of scandal about the Church of God. The clergy of France have recently won back many of the hearts which were alienated from them by their inspiring conduct during the War

and their patriotic services to a country that had deserved but little from them. And the fact that they are now more generally beloved than they were before the War is exactly the reason why it has been thought necessary to start some fresh story about them. This is the latest story; and even as a lie, it is a poor and foolish one.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE RECENT earthquake in Chili would seem to give some degree of substantiation to the theory formerly held by scientists that earthquakes recur regularly at intervals of about one hundred years, for it is just a century to the very month, or on November 19th, 1822, that Chili was visited by disaster similar to the one that has just occurred, when a permanent change of surface was effected over a territory of 100,000 square miles, and a multitude of lives were lost.

MR. JOHN DRINKWATER, whose delineation of the character of Abraham Lincoln in the drama of that name has been so favorably received on both sides of the Atlantic, has produced another play, this time dealing with the character of Mary Queen of Scots. In regard to Lincoln the dramatist was dealing with a subject with which he may be presumed to have been familiar, and therefore produced a successful play. In regard to Mary Stewart he was in deeper water, and from all descriptions of the play which we have seen appears to have succeeded only in perpetrating a gross caricature.

AT THE banquet tendered by the Board of Trade of Montreal to Sir Henry Thornton, the new President of the Canadian National Railways, special emphasis was laid by the guest of the evening, and also by the retiring President, Sir Joseph Flavelle, on the vital importance to Canada no less than to the huge transportation system to which the country has now committed itself, of a wise and vigorous policy of immigration.

IN THIS sentiment, and in the efforts that may be made to give it practical effect, Sir Henry Thornton will be supported by the great body of the people of Canada. His first care, however, should be, and no doubt will be, devoted to avoiding the mistakes of the past, in either the quality of those invited to our shore, the inducements held out to them, or the treatment meted out to them after arrival. In regard to the second, irreparable harm can be done, and certainly has been done in the past, by indiscreet and over-zealous immigration agents, whose imagination has been allowed to run riot in the pictures they have drawn of this fair Dominion as a veritable El Dorado. The consequence is that, allured by these specious promises many have come to Canada to find nothing but disillusionment. Not that Canadians have reason to be anything but proud of their domain, its illimitable resources, its equable climate, the soundness of its political institutions, and the manifest greatness of its future, but that in the effort to attract immigration fact, not fiction, should be the stock in trade. Canada should be painted as it is.

THE RESOLUTION in this regard passed at a recent meeting of the East Edmonton District Association of the United Farmers of Alberta is being given great publicity abroad, and may easily be utilized to the great detriment of Canada as a field for settlement. A case in point appears in the latest issue of the Weekly Scotsman of Edinburgh. A correspondent, a Scotsman, resident apparently in Edmonton, writes to the editor of that influential journal in this strain:

I should like to bring to your attention the following resolution of the East Edmonton District Association of the United Farmers of Alberta, as it may serve as a reliable guide to anyone thinking of coming to Western Canada in the spring. Speaking as a farmer myself, I advise all to stay away, as farmers are producing everything at a loss and are only staying on the land because they are too poor to move elsewhere. The reports in the papers of great crops, etc., are only put there in the interests of the grain speculators.

The resolution is as follows: "Whereas, we believe that the occupation of our vacant land by prosperous settlers is most desirable, the prosperous settler being the best immigration agent, and,

Whereas the economic and financial burdens on this, the basic industry, are such that it is impossible for farmers to continue to carry on under existing conditions. "We therefore wish to point out the folly of any immigration project until the aforesaid burdens be removed, because: First, any large influx of settlers would tend to intensify for those already on the land the conditions now existing; and, second, we consider it a gross injustice to those who may be induced to come."

THE RESOLUTION itself, particularly as brought to the attention of Scotsmen in this formal manner by one of themselves, may easily defeat the efforts of the best of immigration agents. Sir Henry Thornton, in his prospective tour of the National Railway System, will undoubtedly have it brought to his attention, and if we may form an opinion from his Montreal address, it will have due weight in his future operations. An issue having so vital a bearing upon Canada's future calls for statesmanlike qualities and executive ability of the highest order.

THAT PORTION of the United States press which takes sides against M. Clemenceau in his statement of France's case against Germany, has dwelt with some emphasis upon France's alleged post-war employment of black troops upon German soil. To the unqualified character of this indictment the veteran French statesman has given emphatic denial. But whether true or not, the last nation in the world, one would think, that has any right to find fault is the nation that made such copious use of colored troops during its own Civil War, and was responsible for the awful reign of terror which at the close of the war was inaugurated by the attempt made to place the Southern whites under the heel of the emancipated negro. M. Clemenceau may at least claim that no such night of horror has been imposed upon the people of Germany.

SYMBOLISM OF THREE CHRISTMAS MASSES

By Right Rev. Mgr. H. T. Henry, Litt. D.

For a millennium and a half, the Feast of Our Lord's Nativity has enjoyed a unique distinction in the Roman Liturgy. Not only are priests permitted, on that glorious festival, to celebrate three Masses, but the rubrical assignment of the Masses to specified times and the beautifully varying texts peculiar to the several Masses have resulted, adown the ages, in clothing them with appropriate symbolic and mystical meanings.

The unique distinction of Christmas in this respect was locally altered when Pope Benedict XIV granted a special concession to Spain and Portugal, in virtue of which priests were permitted to say three Masses on All Souls' Day (2 November). Very recently, this concession has been granted generally, in order that the Holy Souls may be benefited by a specialized commemoration.

The origin of the triple Mass of Christmas is involved in some obscurity. Even within the last quarter of a century, some writers have maintained that Pope Telesphorus, martyred about the year 188, issued a decree assigning one Mass to midnight of the vigil (Christmas Eve), one to dawn, and one to the period following sunrise. Others find no reliable basis for the statement, and contend that we have no genuine decision of that Pope in liturgical matters. The Gelasian Sacramentary (6th-8th century) gives three Masses for Christmas, while the Liturgies of Milan, Gaul, Spain, assign to the Feast but one Mass, although Ildefonsus, a bishop of Spain, alludes in the year 845 to a triple Mass on Christmas, Easter, Pentecost, and the Feast of the Transfiguration.

THEIR MYSTICAL MEANING

So far as the Masses of Christmas are concerned, the really distinguishing features are, therefore, not so much their number, as the rubrical assignment to midnight, dawn, sunrise, and their accompanying symbolic and mystical meaning. On the other days of the year, the present law of the Church (affirmed in Canon 821 of the Code) requires that the celebration of Mass should not begin sooner than one hour before dawn or later than one hour after midday. It should be noted here that priests are not directed, but only permitted, to say three Masses on Christmas (and, also, on All Souls' Day). The Canon Law accordingly declares that a midnight Mass of Christmas "can" be said: "In the night of the Nativity of the Lord one parochial or conventual Mass can begin at midnight, but not a second Mass except by Apostolic indulgent" (Section 2). Conventual Masses are those celebrated daily in cathedral, collegiate and conventual churches according to the order of the Office. As priests are not directed, but only permitted, to say three Masses, so the faithful are

not required to hear more than one Mass on Christmas.

The rubrical assignment of the Masses to midnight, dawn, day, affects only conventual churches (cathedral, collegiate, conventual in which the Divine Office is daily and publicly performed.) Here the third Mass has the very greatest solemnity, the midnight Mass is sung with somewhat less grandeur, the auroral Mass with still less. The assignment does not affect ordinary parish churches, which nevertheless may follow the official order, since the law does not forbid them to do so. In parish churches, nevertheless, there may, in many localities, be danger of irreverence at a midnight Mass, and the bishop may direct that the first Mass be celebrated only in the early morning. It was in recognition of this danger, for instance, that Bishop Francis Patrick Kenrick, in a synodal law of the year 1892, forbade all the churches in his diocese to be opened for Mass or Communion on Christmas earlier than five o'clock in the morning.

PRIVILEGES OF MONASTERIES

A Roman decree dated August 1st, 1907, and confirmed in the Code of Canon Law, grants forever to monasteries, religious houses, charitable institutions and seminaries, having a public or private chapel (oratory) with habitual reservation of the Blessed Sacrament, the faculty to have said, in the "holy night" of Christmas Eve (midnight), three ritual Masses, or one only, and to distribute Holy Communion to those who piously desire it. The Mass, or Masses, will begin at midnight, and will satisfy the precept of hearing Mass on that grand Holy Day of obligation. The permission applies to cloistered nuns and to places where the laity are admitted. Why was this unusual faculty granted? The decree itself answers the question: "In order to nourish the piety of the faithful and to rouse in them a sense of gratitude for the ineffable mystery of the Incarnation of the Divine Word." Previous to this, such institutions could obtain permission for midnight Mass only individually and upon special application to the Holy See.

The Masses assigned to midnight, dawn, day, have been understood symbolically as representing respectively, the dispensations, Patriarchal or apostolical, Jewish, Christian; the future Saviour being darkly intimated in the first, glowingly promised in the second, revealed as a sunburst in the third. A deeper mystical insight views in the first Mass the eternal generation of the Divine Word in the breast of His Heavenly Father; in the second, His spiritual birth in the soul of the believer; in the third, His earthly generation in the sacred womb of His Blessed Mother. The Mass is elegantly illustrated by St. Thomas Aquinas, who points out that the introit of the midnight Mass contains the words of Psalm 2: "The Lord hath said to me: Thou art my son, this day have I begotten thee;" the introit of the auroral Mass, the words, "The Light shall shine this day upon us," referring to the words of St. Peter, 2 Pet. i, "until the day dawn, and the day star arise in your hearts;" the Introit of the third Mass, "A child is born to us." But St. Thomas further points out that the order can be inverted. The eternal generation of the Divine Word was in perfect light, and so in the third Mass, whose gospel refers to it, we find the symbolism of the full daylight. For a contrary reason, the midnight Mass would symbolize the earthly generation of Christ, which literally occurred at night, and mystically represents the fact that He came into the night of our infirmities.

SOME RUBRICAL ILLUSTRATIONS

In the rubrical assignments of the three Masses, these symbolical mystical meanings can be illustrated. The symbolical suggestiveness concerning the three dispensations will not be found, obviously, when the three Masses do not conform to the assigned hours of midnight, dawn, day. Priests in our own times, for instance, ordinarily begin the first Mass at five o'clock in the morning, and follow on with the other two in immediate or close succession. The same thing may be said of the order apparently permitted by the decree of August 1, 1907, according to which the first Mass beginning at midnight, may be followed forthwith by the other two.

A word more about the midnight Mass. Its exceptional character was well illustrated when Leo XIII. allowed it on December 31 of the years 1899 and 1900 in order to begin and end holily the Holy Year of 1900 by decree dated Nov. 13, 1899. Custom has so firmly imbued us with the idea that Mass can be said only in the morning hours as to cause wonderment when, in Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet," we come upon a reference to "evening Mass" (IV, i, 38): "Are you at leisure, holy father, now, Or shall I come to you at evening Mass?"

Critics have seized on this to argue that Shakespeare could not have been a Catholic, or he would have known better than to think of an "evening" Mass. In the early ages of the Church, every feast was preceded, during the night, by a vigil, when prayers were said, psalms were sung, sometimes a sermon was preached, and Mass was celebrated before the vespers of the following feast. After this vigil

service, there was an intermission before the morning services of the feast began. The people were apt to congregate in the adjoining streets or churchyard during this intermission, and at times there was carousing and dancing. Such an abuse brought about many attempts at reformation, the vigils were gradually restricted in number, and their complexion was largely altered into the truly pious days such as we now witness—albeit the vigils of All Saints, Christmas, and of New Year's Day (the Feast of the Circumcision) appear still to retain much of the characteristic abuses of the olden times.

CUSTOMS OF ARMENIANS

In practically all the provinces of Northern Africa, as St. Augustine witnesses, Holy Thursday was marked by an evening, as well as a morning, Mass, in order to imitate, so far as might be, all the circumstances of the Last Supper. To this day, the Armenians have evening Mass on the Eves of Christmas and Easter, when, as the Introit announces the Feast, the curtain which, in the introductory part of the Mass, has hidden the altar, is suddenly withdrawn and the altar shines forth to the worshippers in all its light and splendor.

In the early Middle Ages, the time for celebrating Mass changed with the character of the feast, so that it might be in the forenoon, the afternoon, the evening, the night. Martene refers to Masses on fast-days at three o'clock, in Lent at evening, and at night at Christmas, Easter Eve, the feast of St. John Baptist, days of Ordination: "Even to this day (1699) in the church of St. Denis, the Bishop says the solemn Mass for the Kings of France in the evening, and in the Church of Rouen on Ascension Day Mass is often said in the evening."

Those who are interested in the question of the Evening Mass should consult Bowden's "The Religion of Shakespeare: St. Pius V. (1566-72) discontinued and prohibited afternoon and evening Masses. And the remarkable thing is this, that according to the testimony of the Liturgical writer, Friedrich Brenner (1824) Verona was one of the places in which the forbidden custom lingered even to our own century. After quoting the precepts against it, he says, "Notwithstanding, evening Masses are still said in several Italian churches moreoyer in the Cathedral of Verona, and even in the Papal Chapel at Rome." The scene of "Rome and Juliet" is laid, as everyone knows, in Verona; but in vindicating to Shakespeare a knowledge of Catholic customs, Bowden has incidentally thrown a good light on the question of the Evening Mass in general.

BISHOPS OF POLAND ISSUE WARNING

FAITH ENDANGERED BY PROPAGANDA OF RENEGADES FROM AMERICA

In order to ward off the dangers which are threatening the faith in Poland, the hierarchy has issued a joint pastoral which has been read in all the Catholic churches of the land. The document points out that the dangers foreseen by the bishops assembled in conference a year ago have grown in an alarming manner, and that unless the warnings given at that time and repeated in the present pastoral are heeded, many will be in danger of losing the precious heritage of their faith.

SOURCES OF DANGER

The danger threatening the faith of Poland, in the opinion of the bishops, comes from three sources. "In many parts of our land," says the pastoral, "an open campaign for a so-called National Church is being conducted. Renegade priests from the United States of America are flooding our country with their writings and their followers, and in union with the subversive parties they have gotten control of certain popular newspapers through which they are spreading the Catholicism to abandon the Church. Knowing well that few would follow them if they proceeded by honorable methods, they are endeavoring to mislead the simple people and persuade them that the sect which they are striving to introduce in their native land is identical with the Catholic Church, merely possessing the advantage over it of being a National Church, an advantage which they claim the Catholic Church lacks. They have retained many Catholic customs, in order to better deceive the people, but they have lost Catholic unity and their recently published catechism shows that they have rejected many Catholic truths. The special danger of their activity lies in the promise of the demagogues that in the National Church the people will hold the reins of administration and that the priests will be but the representatives of the people's will."

Although groups are being formed here and there for the establishment of the National Church, the bishops are nevertheless of the opinion that a far greater danger for the faith of Poland lies in the activities of various Protestant sects, such as the Methodists, the Baptists, the Quakers, Adventists, Theosophists, etc., which, since 1918, have sprung like mushrooms from the earth and are working with feverish activity throughout

the length and breadth of Poland. Having important financial resources, they are everywhere erecting schools, homes for children, orphanages, hospitals and are making every effort to win the poorer classes, in particular, to their teaching.

WARNING AGAINST Y. M. C. A.

The pastoral closes with a warning against the Y. M. C. A. which is working principally with young people, thus constituting a grave danger to the faith of the coming generation. According to the pastoral, the Y. M. C. A. during the past year has been extremely active in the intermediary schools, building up through its branches, and through the paper Czyn, its official organ, indifference and distrust in everything pertaining to the Catholic Church. In the higher educational establishments there has been formed an association called the Christian Students Association of Poland, which is under the influence of the Y. M. C. A. and is but an imitation of the World Federation of Christian Students. Although this Students Association has for its purpose the renaissance and reconstruction of the Fatherland, it is based on a dangerous spirit of religious indifference which slowly but inevitably is leading its members away from the Catholic Church. "We appeal here," the bishops say in the pastoral, "to the testimony of conscientious and truthful representatives of the Y. M. C. A. themselves. The statement of some of them has become known to us, that the affiliation of Catholics with the Y. M. C. A.—and the same holds true in the case of related or dependent organizations—is a betrayal, on the part of these young people, of their own Church, and that in practice, the majority of them have already abandoned the Church entirely."

APOSTLE OF NORTH CALLED BY DEATH

MGR. LATULIPPE STARTED LABORS IN TIMISKAMING IN EARLIEST DAYS

Cobalt, Dec. 15.—Right Reverend Joseph Elie Amicet Latulippe, Bishop of Haileybury, died yesterday following an illness of three months. He was in his sixty-third year. He had never fully recovered from the effects of the shock of the Haileybury fire, in which he was one of the patients to be transported from the hospital to Cobalt. He is reported to have shown exceptional courage in directing the work of transferring the patients, and although himself an inmate, worked hard in an attempt to extinguish the flames. Since his removal to Cobalt the cares and worry entailed as a result of the destruction of Catholic buildings contributed a great deal to endangering his life.

The body of the late Bishop will be buried beneath the altar of St. Hilariion Church, according to present arrangements. Funeral services are to be held in Cobalt at 9 o'clock next Wednesday morning.

LIFEWORX LAY IN NORTH

Elie Amicet Latulippe was born at St. Anicet, Huntingdon county, Quebec, August 8, 1859. His father was a farmer. Educated by the Sulpician fathers in Montreal College and the Grand Seminary of Montreal, he was ordained priest May 30, 1885. His first appointment was to the parish of St. Henri, Montreal. Afterward he was chaplain in the Convents of the Good Shepherd, Montreal, and St. Anne's, Lachine. In all these different posts Father Latulippe displayed so much ability that he was early marked out by his superiors for advancement.

His lifework was destined to lie in Northern Ontario and Quebec. The young Lachine chaplain was called November 22, 1894, to the vacant position of rector of the Cathedral parish of Pembroke. For over eleven years he remained in Pembroke, and proved a great help to the aging Bishop Mgr. N. Z. Lorrain. The diocese of Pembroke at that time included the present territory of the diocese of Haileybury and the vicariate of Northern Ontario. In 1906 the rapid development of the Ontario section of the northern part of the diocese decided Bishop Lorrain to send the rector to Pembroke to take charge.

BECOMES VICAR APOSTOLIC

Father Latulippe arrived in Haileybury March 29, 1906. During the two following years he built a presbytery at Haileybury and chapels in Haileybury, Cobalt, New Liskeard, Englehart and Latchford. Named Bishop of Catona and Vicar Apostolic of Timiskaming, he was consecrated at Pembroke November 30, 1908. The vicariate was raised to the status of a diocese seven years later, and Mgr. Latulippe was enthroned first Bishop of Haileybury March 25, 1916. In 1919 the northern part of the Ontario section of the diocese was erected into a separate vicariate and entrusted to Mgr. Halle, who established himself at Hearst.

Bishop Latulippe's work during the fourteen years of his episcopate may be best shown by a summarized comparison. In 1908 there were in the diocese fourteen priests, seven parishes and about 15,000 Roman Catholics. There are now after the above-mentioned division, sixty-three priests, forty-six

parishes and close to 40,000 Roman Catholics. Then there were one convent and one hospital. Before the fire attacked Haileybury there were five convents, four hospitals and two orphanages.

The completion of the T. & N. O. and Transcontinental Railways in 1913 opened up great new industries in the vast territory of the diocese. Besides the gold field and the pulp mills, there was a great impulse given to colonization. Thousands of settlers, in the main French-Canadians, sought homes on the fertile lands of the north. The Bishop naturally took great interest in this work of colonization and despite the handicap of the War his efforts were crowned with much success.

WORKED AMONG INDIANS

Before the division of the diocese Bishop Latulippe's charge extended to James Bay. He made several trips to visit the Indians of these and other regions in the vast northern hinterland, on one occasion returning home by steamer through Hudson Strait. One of the chief works of the Bishop was the construction of Haileybury Cathedral, which was opened on Christmas Day, 1911. This magnificent Romanesque temple was unfortunately destroyed in the conflagration of October 4 last. This severe blow fell upon the Bishop when he was seriously ill. It brought him to death's door. But, as twice before, in 1914 and again in 1917, he rallied when his life was despaired of.

From his Cobalt sick-bed he addressed two pathetic pastoral letters to his flock, in the latest, dated November 21, announcing his intention of taking up residence temporarily in Cochrane.

MGR. SEIPEL SUCCEEDS IN SAVING AUSTRIA

By Dr. Frederic Funder

Monsignor Seipel, the Catholic champion of Austria, has returned in triumph from the meeting of the League of Nations at Geneva, having brought about an extension of credits which, it is expected, will make possible the re-establishment of Austrian currency on a sound basis. In spite of the antagonisms which divide the European powers, the Austrian Chancellor managed to obtain an agreement according to which the Great Powers of Europe acting in conjunction with other nations, guarantee a loan of 650,000,000 of gold crowns to Austria. The preliminary arrangements for the extension of credit to Austria by an Anglo-American financial committee have been made. Already three American financial syndicates—Hallgarte, Blair, and Kuhn, Loeb & Co. have declared themselves ready to cooperate in supplying the necessary means of the loan. On the first of January, 1923 the work of economic reform is expected to be started.

After four years of gloomy decline of distress, and impoverishment the sun seems to be rising at last for Austria. The rapid increase of prices during the past several months, has ceased, production begins to rally a little, and the population nearly driven to the brink of despair at the prospect of utter ruin, now has taken a new lease on life and hope.

SURPRISES HIS CRITICS

The success of the Austrian Catholic leader at Geneva was a surprise to everyone. When he left for the League meeting at Vienna newspaper commented with grim humor that "he had to be taken to a hospital in Geneva, having incurred a rupture in his attempts to raise the rate of exchange of the Austrian crown." It was not long, however, until all joking ceased. As the negotiations in Geneva progressed the whole population, irrespective of party affiliations came more and more to admire this man, who, with exceptional ability, profited by the rivalry of the Powers to make them see the political consequences which would result if Austria in her extremity should be forced into an unconditional surrender to either of the great groups of European powers.

For four years, Austria has been calling for help without success. Several ministries have been overthrown in their fruitless attempts to secure sufficient credit for the nation. Now, when the situation seemed almost hopeless, the deliverer of the country suddenly arises in the person of this calm modest prelate. Austria with a credit of 650,000,000 crowns will be able to stabilize her currency, to bring about a quiet development of her economic resources and to rearrange her finances. In the course of two years it will be possible to make the changes necessary to establish the equilibrium of the federal budget.

Monsignor Seipel's successful intervention had also a deep moral effect. The humiliated nation already submerged in hopelessness, at last sees a man at its head equal to the difficult task the State imposes upon him. A true leader of the people, he revives their confidence in the government and in their own capabilities. One must have experienced the previous despair to understand the joy the Austrian people feel at the thought of having a great statesman at their head, one able to fulfill the duties of his office and strong enough to find the way to a better future for the nation.

There is, however, one mourner in Austria; the Social Democratic party. More than in any other country it is fighting passionately against Catholicism in Austria and at feud with Monsignor Seipel as the representative of Austrian Catholic thought. In their fierce partisan spirit, the Socialists are apprehensive lest the possibility that a Catholic priest should be able to save the country might enlighten the people to the injustice of their accusations against the Church, the Catholics, and the Catholic leaders. What the Socialists are also afraid of is that the Catholic movement, in Austria may gain new strength from Monsignor Seipel's successful intervention. They are, therefore, making violent charges against the Chancellor-prelate.

GUARANTEES GIVEN

As justified by the enormous figures of the credits granted by the State, a guarantee is asked by the State taking part in the agreement, to insure the just and most efficient use of the loan. The agreement signed by Monsignor Seipel and which will soon pass the Austrian parliament, provides for the appointment of a control committee composed of representatives of the guaranteeing powers and for a chief commissioner appointed by a central State, to cooperate in carrying out the economic reforms and in the use of the credits. According to the financial program now before the Austrian Parliament the government is authorized to carry through the reforms in two years. The terms of the agreement are moderate and explicitly safeguard the political independence of Austria.

These safeguards, however, do not prevent the Social Democratic party from accusing the "prelate government" of high treason on the ground that it is delivering Austria into foreign bondage and deserves to be brought before the courts for trial. This accusation is too ludicrous to be treated seriously by the public. It has been shown that the material assistance Austria is going to receive, thanks to Monsignor Seipel's negotiations represents thirty-five times the monthly income of the State, i. e., all the revenues derived from direct and indirect taxation, duties, and proceeds of monopolies and domains. In the face of these facts, who would dare to reject the proffered help in the form of sums amounting to eight billions of the present Austrian currency? At last the political independence of the State, always in danger up to now, is going to be safeguarded, while the outside control is for no other purpose than to guarantee the object of the loan, i. e., the rescue of Austria. It has been suggested that it would be a good thing if the Social Democratic party would at last stop joking about the extraordinary success of the Catholic Federal Chancellor since they are only hiding their envy by doing so.

SOCIALISTS ARE SILENCED

In spite of the violence of the charges against the government, it is not to be supposed that the Socialist opponents of the Chancellor will dare seriously to endanger the success of his work. They dare not answer for it to the people. The advantages to everyone of economic order in the State are too obvious to require defense. All the Socialists would be able to achieve would be to draw the people's attention to the fact that Monsignor Seipel's opponents are keeping aloof from a work serving the welfare of the nation. The achievements of the Austrian Catholics would thus be rendered more conspicuous.

His adversaries are fond of calling Monsignor Seipel a "Monarchist holding the Republic in abhorrence." By a stroke of irony this same man, entitled to be called the deliverer of his country, is rendering the greatest service to the Republic in its history, and that after it had been brought to the brink of ruin by the Bolshevik experiments of the Socialists. Austrian Catholics are proud of this man who has drawn from his Catholic convictions the moral force to achieve a work that will put Austria again into the ranks of organized States.

RECALLS DAYS OF CARDINAL NEWMAN

Birmingham, Eng.—Memories of Cardinal Newman and of the early history of a great Catholic educational institution are vividly recalled by the recent removal of the famous Oratory School from Edgbaston to Caversham Park, near Reading.

The Oratory School is one of the most widely known evidences of the great revival of Catholic life which took place during the last century in England. The school was founded by Dr. Newman in 1839. Its aim was to provide Catholic boys along the lines of Eton and Rugby, at a time when such educational facilities were much more restricted than they are at the present time. One of the members of the Oratorian community, Rev. Nicholas Darnell, was the first headmaster of the institution. A little later he was followed by an intimate friend of Dr. Newman, Rev. Ambrose St. John.

The first boy who entered the school was Richard Bellasis, a son

of Dr. Newman's friend and helper, Sergeant Bellasis, and now the Superior of the Edgbaston Oratory. The school had an auspicious growth and progressed and prospered until, at one time or another, it has included among its pupils representatives of most of the leading Catholic families in the British Isles. The present headmaster of the school is Rev. Edward Pereira, who is a former pupil of the Oratory School.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA FOR GOD AND CANADA

By The President

The title of this missionary article is taken from the badge of "The Catholic Women's League of Canada." The words appealed to us, they embrace so well the objects of the Catholic Church Extension Society, the glory of God, the growth of the Church and the spiritual welfare of Canada. The symbolism of the insignia of the League is explained in the December issue of "The Canadian League." The Circle means that we have in Catholicity unbroken unity. The Cross stands for that steadfast faith that overcomes every difficulty and makes us do wonderful things for Him who was crucified on it. The Maple Leaves remind us of our Dominion, over which we hope and pray God's grace shall reign supreme. White and Gold, the papal colours, remind us of Christ's vicar whom we love so much, whose will we are eager to anticipate, whose blessing and approval we cherish.

How readily may all this beautiful symbolism become applicable to the Catholic Church Extension Society of Canada! Our Society seeks by every legitimate means to increase and multiply the flock of Christ, to save those who are now in the fold but beset by enemies on every side, to bring back to the Shepherd the wandering sheep and to give some degree of assistance and comfort to the hard-pressed helpers of Christ in the great waste places of the West and North. Week after week we appeal to the Catholics in the well-settled dioceses to aid through us the missionaries of Christ. In this way we try to impress upon our brethren the necessity of practising Catholic unity, "the unbroken unity," by means of sacrificial acts, acts of charity.

The Cross means much to every one of us. It is the symbol of the excess to God's love and the guarantee of the blessings purchased for us by Jesus Christ. But if we only think of ourselves and luxuriate in the blessings of God without a thought of those who have not the means or ways of obtaining the fulness of God's blessings, the Mass, the sacraments, the priest and the word of God, and who cannot have the means unless we by sacrificing our selfishness give the means for the propagation of the faith; we have no understanding or realization of the true significance of the Cross of Christ; our religion is a vain and selfish thing far, far away from any teachings and practices of Catholicity.

The growth of the Church and the spiritual welfare of the people in Canada ought to occupy the minds of every true son and daughter of the household of the faith. This is a trust, for the mission of the Catholic Church is missions. From the day that Christ gave the command to go forth and preach, a mandate was issued that we may not put aside. After all is said, the propagation of the Faith of Christ is only practical charity—that charity, the sign by which Christ shall recognize us as His.

In Canada our opportunities are great. The harvest lies before us and it is our own fault and shall be our condemnation if we do not gather it into the barns of the Master. By serious co-operation with the chief pastors of Christ in the missionary fields of Canada we may fulfill our obligations as members of the Church.

We cannot go forth like the missionary priests and stand in the first line trenches, but we can second their efforts by supplying them, at least with the necessities of life and the means of combating the enemies of our Church and of saving our brethren in Christ Jesus Our Lord.

not made now a real effort to protect them, the remainder shall be lost entirely within the span of two generations.

The Catholic Church Extension Society has done its best with limited means to stay the debacle. Bishop Budka, the Ruthenian chief pastor, recognizes this so well that recently when about to sail for Rome, he wrote as follows: "Having received notice of our departure too late to permit me to go to Toronto, I felt compelled, on board of this splendid boat (Empress of France) by a few words, at least, to let you know that in my last moments in Canada I am thinking of my greatest benefactor, the Catholic Church Extension Society of which you are President, with deepest thanks and appreciation. May God bless you in all noble enterprises for the good and progress of Mother Church." The Catholic Church Extension Society does not deserve such thanks, for we have done little for the Ruthenians when we should have done much. Much can only be done when there is more unity in Catholic mission work and more co-operation from those having the means of action in their power.

How great is the approval extended by the Holy See to the Extension Society is very well known. The President of the Society is appointed by the Holy Father; the Constitution of the Society carries with it the blessing and the mark of Rome and the members are enriched by most precious indulgences.

We, whose motto is "Thy Kingdom Come," appeal, therefore, to "The Catholic Women's League of Canada," whose insignia symbolizes Unity, Faith, Country and Pope, to give mission work for Canada a more prominent place in its programme. The President of the Extension Society—a society that may honestly claim, too, for its motto, "God and Canada"—has up to the present received little or no assistance, moral or financial, from the Catholic Women's League, as such. It may be said "You didn't ask." Well, that difficulty is now removed, and forever.

The following from the Toronto Mail and Empire, Nov. 30, may suggest some wholesome thought.

"The Women's Protestant Federation met yesterday afternoon at Jenkins' Art Galleries, for the election of officers for the Toronto Branch, Mrs. A. E. Gooderham, Chairman of the Federation, presiding. Reports of the work of the Ottawa and St. Catharines Branches were presented, showing the recent establishment of three mission Sunday schools, Anglican, Methodist and Presbyterian, for Canadianization among the Ukrainians at St. Catharines. A suggestion was made that the Federation should include in its activities the teaching of English to non-Anglo Saxon women now resident in the Dominion. The aim is to embrace a programme of work which will be constructive in character.

"It was reported that the St. Catharines Branch, with Mrs. George Smith as President, had assisted in securing a pastor who has been ordained for a Ukrainian Protestant church.

"One Anglican Church Woman's Auxiliary member reported work being done among the Macedonian women in the East End of the city. Discussions and suggestions with regard to extending the programme of activities completed the meeting."

Donations may be addressed to: Rev. T. O'Donnell, President Catholic Church Extension Society 67 Bond St., Toronto.

Contributions through this office should be addressed to: EXTENSION, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE London, Ont.

DONATIONS

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes entries for X. Y. Z., Nova Scotia, James F. Lee, Winnipeg, etc.

MASS INTENTIONS

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes entries for Bryson, A Friend, M. G. Killen, Upsalquitch, etc.

SAYS PRESS MUST BE CONVERTED

The public press must be converted and made to work in harmony with the churches if the principles of Christianity are to dominate national life, according to John T. Brabner, chairman of the committee on publicity of the Chicago Church Federation. Addressing the National Conference on Church Publicity he declared: "The next great crusade of the Church, which is absolutely necessary to the conversion of the world to Christ and His Kingdom is a Crusade to convert and use the press for the Kingdom of God. If Christianity is to be applied to our social and economic life it must and will be applied to the newspaper. Sooner or later the Church will apply Christianity to the public press as it has applied it to labor and capital, to politics and social life, and it will then increase in editorial and news space with terrific strides."

A tendency in the direction of Christianizing the press is already to be noted, according to Mr.

Brabner. "The press has many prophets of Christ," he said, "many editorials help His Kingdom and an increasing number of owners and writers do their work for Christ's sake. The press is helping to remake a new and better world by cooperating with the pulpit and has been instrumental in assisting to change the conduct of people throughout the world."

CORRECTION

St. Peter's Seminary, London, Canada, Dec. 16, 1922.

Editor, CATHOLIC RECORD: Through an error the first subscription in the list of contributors to the Austrian Relief Fund, published in the RECORD of Dec. 16th, read "Through Rev. J. F. McMaster, Mahon, N. S., \$1,000." It should have read "Through Rev. J. F. McMaster, Mabou, N. S., \$1,000. Would you be good enough to publish this correction so that the generosity of these good people may not pass unacknowledged.

Faithfully yours, L. M. FORRESTAL, Treasurer.

REFUSE TO EXECUTE ORTHODOX PRIESTS

Paris, Nov. 9.—A letter from Moscow sent via Finland, reports that twenty-three soldiers of the Red Army have been court-martialed for refusing to act as executioners. Ordered by the Cheka to execute the death sentences pronounced against a number of priests of the orthodox faith, they formally refused to carry out the orders.

The twenty-three soldiers belong to the detachment placed at the disposal of the Cheka of the old Russian regime, which means that they are probably not very sensitive to the kind of duties they may be called upon to perform, and yet they are willing to undergo court-martial and perhaps worse still rather than kill the defenders of their faith.

BURSES

FOR EDUCATION OF PRIESTS FOR CHINESE MISSIONS

These burses will be complete at \$3,000 each, and will provide a perpetual scholarship for boys wishing to study for the missionary priesthood and go evangelize China. Donors to these burses will be remembered by these future priests during their whole sacerdotal ministry.

REV. J. M. FRASER, M. A., China Mission College, Almonte, Ontario

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY THE REV. F. P. HICKEY, O.S.B.

FOURTH SUNDAY OF ADVENT

CHRISTMAS
"There was no room for them in the inn," (Luke ii. 7.)

There is a word ever dear to our hearts, but dearer at this Christmas season than at any other time. Our hearts agree with the old saying, "There is no place like home."

Just as it was nineteen hundred years ago, there will be gatherings of friends and happy hours spent in our homes this Christmas-time.

But there were two poor travellers—oh, you know them well—who had journeyed in the winter-time all the way from Nazareth.

So much for the world at large, but not, please God, as regards ourselves. Yet even amongst Catholics there are men who forget Christ at Christmas-time.

He deserves a welcome; and we can give Him one. He seeks a home, and we have one to offer Him—our heart.

At last earth's hope was granted, and God was a child on earth; and a thousand angels chanted the lowly midnight Birth.

reign supreme; and then, so soon, our home will be with Him in the Kingdom of His glory.

NO ROOM IN THE INN

Footsore and weary, Mary tried some rest to find; but was denied. "There is no room," the blind ones cried.

Meekly the Virgin turned away, No voice entreating her to stay; There was no room for God that day.

No room for her, round whose tired feet Angels bowed in transport sweet, The Mother of their Lord to greet;

No room for Him, in whose small hand The troubled sea and mighty land Lie cradled like a grain of sand.

No room, O Babe Divine, for Thee, That Christmas night; and even we Dare shut our hearts and turn the key.

In vain Thy pleading Baby-cry Strikes our deaf souls, we pass Thee by, Unsheltered 'neath the wintry sky.

No room for God; O Christ, that we Should bar our doors, nor ever see The Saviour waiting patiently.

Fling wide the doors. Dear Christ, turn back, The ashes of my heart lie black; Of light and warmth a total lack.

How can I bid Thee enter here, Amid the desolation drear Of lukewarm love and craven fear?

What bleaker shelter can there be Than my poor heart's tepidity, Chilled, wind-tossed as the wintry sea?

Dear Lord, I shrink from Thy pure eye; No home to offer Thee have I, Yet in Thy Mercy, pass not by.

—AGNES REFFLER

CHRISTMAS NIGHT

At last Thou art come, little Saviour! And Thine angels fill midnight with song;

Thou art come to us, gentle Creator! Whom Thy creatures have sighed for so long.

Thou art come to Thy beautiful Mother, She hath looked on Thy marvelous face;

Thou art come to us, Maker of Mary! And she was Thy channel of grace.

Thou hast brought with Thee plentiful pardon, And our souls overflow with delight; Our hearts are half broken, dear Jesus,

With the joy of this wonderful night! We have waited so long for Thee, Saviour,

Thou art come to us, dearest, at last! Oh, bless Thee, dear Joy of Thy Mother,

This is worth all the wearisome past! Thou art come, Thou art come, Child of Mary!

Yet we hardly believe Thou art come! It seems such a wonder to have Thee,

New Brother! with us in our home. Thou wilt stay with us, Master and Maker,

Thou wilt stay with us now evermore! We will play with Thee, beautiful Brother!

On Eternity's jubilant shore. —REV. FREDERICK W. FABER

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO!

Gloria in excelsis! sound the thrilling song; In excelsis Deo! roll the hymn along.

Gloria in excelsis! let the heavens ring; In excelsis Deo! welcome, new-born King!

Gloria in excelsis, over the sea and land; In excelsis Deo! chant the anthem grand.

In excelsis! let us all rejoice; In excelsis Deo! lift each heart and voice.

Gloria in excelsis! swell the hymn on high; In excelsis Deo! sound it to the sky.

Gloria in excelsis! sing it, sinful earth, Is excelsis Deo! for the Saviour's birth.

Thus joyful and victoriously, Glad and ever so gloriously, High as the heavens, wide as the earth,

Swelleth the hymn of the Saviour's birth. At last earth's hope was granted,

A PILGRIMAGE TO CASCIA

EN ROUTE

By Cecil Fanning

My brain is absolutely in a whirl tonight, for I am in Cascia. I have been talking at a table with a group of men, each of whom had a command of several languages.

While we were reviewing the frescoes of Giotto, in the Upper Church, depicting the miracles of St. Francis, we talked of Padre Pia of Foggia, who is also a member of the order of St. Francis.

I had completely forgotten my little buttons guide, but he waited patiently for me in the sun, and perched on the cycle back of my "Fearless Fiend," took me to the tomb of Saint Clara and the Cathedral.

The bells of Assisi were striking eleven-thirty, as we started for Foligno, again en route to Cascia.

By one-thirty we were ready to proceed to Cascia. We were—but our conveyance was not! For at the city gate, my chauffeur discovered that we were out of benzina.

For years I have wanted to travel by motorcycle. I have toured Europe and America in everything from a Ford to a Rolls-Royce.

The scenery, withal, was almost overpowering in its loveliness. Suddenly my chauffeur slowed down and, pointing to a hill top which rose ahead with a soft mist or haze of summer over it, exclaimed, with hushed tone: "Signor, Mont Assisi!"

There it was—truly awe-inspiring. The discovery revealed to us that we were at least six miles off the road to Cascia, but I was never so thankful for a guide's error, and we rode right on into Assisi.

At this hotel, I secured the services of a perky little page in uniform decorated with many brass buttons, whom I asked to direct me to the San Francis Monastery.

My guide at the monastery was a young man, of Polish parentage from near Boston. He will be ordained and sent back to America next year.

Among the collection of personal souvenirs of St. Francis which he showed me, is a fragment of a habit worn by the Saint. It is of neutral gray homespun quality and not the brown or black that most painters have clothed him in.

THE ORDER AT PRESENT WEARS BLACK, BUT I WAS TOLD THAT IN 1922 IT RETURNED TO THE ORIGINAL GRAY.

While looking at the collection of relics, I told my fellow countrymen that I liked to think that St. Francis and all the Saints were not very different from ourselves.

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ALL THE DIFFICULTIES NOW PREVENTING A SETTLEMENT OF THE QUESTION.

The education of the clergy is another subject discussed by the last meeting of the hierarchy.

The education of the clergy is another subject discussed by the last meeting of the hierarchy. In the three parts of "The Education of the Clergy" by Germany, Austria and Russia, different requirements existed for seminarians.

It is now proposed to establish uniformity in the various dioceses and raise the standards wherever they are found to be low. Since Poland regained her freedom, two new schools of theology have been opened, one at the University of Warsaw and the other at Lublin, the Catholic University founded in 1918.

CENTRIST COMMENT

By Rev. Dr. Wilhelm Baron von Caplaine

Cologne, Oct. 23.—Publication of that part of the former Kaiser's Memoirs in which he discusses his relations with the Center Party and the Catholic Church in Germany, has provoked considerable comment in the Centrist press.

In particular the intimations contained in some portions of the Memoirs that the Center in certain instances placed the interests of the Papacy ahead of those of the Empire, have attracted attention.

A typical Centrist comment in one of the party's papers reads as follows: "That the former Kaiser was never the friend of the Center was made known by many of his public statements. And because he still retains that feeling today, he lacks, even after the World War, a proper estimate of the patriotism of the Center party. The former Emperor would have done well to have spared the party this attempt to cast suspicion upon it.

He who has not suffered and overcome some fiery temptation is unworthy of Divine contemplation.

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One of the principal tasks undertaken by the bishops is that of making it possible for Catholicism, which was oppressed by hostile governments, to develop a new life. To this end, the formation of Catholic organizations such as exist in other countries, but which were hitherto prohibited in Poland, will be encouraged by every possible means.

The bishops have all agreed on establishing in every diocese associations of Catholic young people and Catholic labor unions.

Another question to which attention is being devoted by the bishops at their annual meetings is the support of the clergy. The governments which formerly divided Poland, especially the Russian government, confiscated property belonging to the Church, and administered all church property on the pretext of relieving the clergy of this responsibility.

In return the government paid the clergy a very meager stipend. The present Polish Diet has voted that the adjustment of the question of Church property must be made in concert with the ecclesiastical authorities. The intention of the government is to take possession of this property, divide it among the peasants, and compensate the clergy by providing for its support. Such a project obviously presented great difficulties, and the negotiations are proceeding very slowly.

A mixed Commission has been formed, composed of an "Ecclesiastical or Papal Commission," appointed by the Holy Father, and including five archbishops, several bishops and some superiors of religious orders, and a "Government Commission" made up of representatives appointed by the government. This joint Commission will endeavor to overcome

CUTICURA HEALS ITCHY PIMPLES

Face Inflamed and Disfigured. Lost Rest at Night.

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Vapo-Cresolene

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At last, a friend advised me to take "Fruit-a-livas" and in a short time the Constipation was banished, I felt no more pain, headaches or dyspepsia, and now I am vigorous, strong and well."

Madam ARTHUR BEAUCHER. 805 CARTIER ST., MONTREAL.

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30 Days' Free Trial! If after using for 30 days you find that our washer is not satisfactory in every way and better than any \$25.00 machine that you can buy, return it and we will refund your money.

Send only \$1.75 today, and we will send you the washer postpaid.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

GOING HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

He little knew the sorrow that was in his vacant chair...

He little knew the gladness that his presence would have made...

There would be no home to visit and no parents dear to see...

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

We can all catch this spirit of Christmas; we can all rejoice, not merely for the day but for the entire year...

CHRISTMAS GREETING

Merry, merry Christmas, Haaste around the earth; Merry, merry Christmas, Scatter smiles and mirth...

THE CHRISTMAS CRIB

Devotion to the crib is no doubt of very ancient origin; but it remained for St. Francis of Assisi to popularize it and to give it the tangible form in which it is known at the present time...

ST. WINNIFRED AND THE TREE

One story of the origin of the green tree as the Christmas tree among the people of northern Europe is given in a legend of St. Winnifred...

and which generally pass now under the name of "Christmas myths." It is related that St. Winnifred, a great Christian missionary...

A BEAUTIFUL CHRISTMAS CUSTOM

The wanderings of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph on Christmas Eve, before they found shelter in the stable where our Blessed Lord was born...

CHRISTMAS IN IRELAND

All nations celebrate the festive season of Christmas, but none conversant with the methods of celebration in European countries will gainsay the fact that in Ireland...

WORLD CIRCLING MISSIONARY

Nagasaki, Oct. 12.—Another post on our missionary journey around the globe has been passed. Japan, the island empire of the Orient...

MGR. BAUDRILLART IN SOUTH AMERICA

Valparaiso, Chili.—The press of South America has been enthusiastic in its comments on the visit through the various nations of the southern continent of Mgr. Baudrillart...

venerable pastor invoked in fervent prayer heaven's choicest favor upon every member of his congregation!

On Christmas night the family and friends gathered round the fire-side, and the fife and fiddle attuned to the finest pitch...

But before the festivities end, the memory of some members of the family now resident in America or far-off Australia is toasted in poetry and prose of a laudatory nature...

The feast of the Epiphany, or "Little Christmas," is a holy day of obligation in Ireland...

Jesus Christ, yesterday and today and the same, forever! These words of St. Paul express at once the noblest and the most delightful occupation of our lives...

THE INCARNATION

Jesus Christ, yesterday and today and the same, forever! These words of St. Paul express at once the noblest and the most delightful occupation of our lives...

THE HOLY NIGHT

And it came to pass that in those days there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus; that the whole world should be enrolled...

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professors from the Imperial University. Graduates of the Catholic University are rated on a par with those of the Imperial University...

There are six Catholic churches in Tokio. To Monsignor McGlinchey and Father Delauney and myself it was indeed curious to see hundreds of pairs of sandals deposited at the doors of the churches where the worshippers had left them before they entered the church in their stocking feet...

We spent a very pleasant day at Nikko, which is to the Japanese what Rome is to the Christians. On our return to Tokio we were the guests of Captain Yamamoto, the preceptor of the Prince Regent...

This is the third of a series of articles by Father Mathis, who is circling the globe in company with Monsignor McGlinchey of Boston...

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"Hear With Both Ears" advertisement for Sherlock-Manning Piano Company, London, Ontario. Includes an image of a piano and testimonials.

ASPIRIN advertisement for Bayer Tablets. Includes the Bayer logo and a list of ailments treated: Colds, Headache, Rheumatism, Toothache, Neuralgia, Neuritis, Earache, Lumbago, Pain, Pain.

Hotel Fort Shelby Detroit advertisement. Located at Lafayette Blvd. at First St. Winning for Detroit Fame For Hospitality.

FREE advertisement for SAMARIA REMEDY CO. 142 MUTUAL STREET, TORONTO. Offers a trial treatment for various ailments.

Louis Sandy advertisement. Specialized in Habit Materials and Velings for Religious Communities. Located at Gordon Mills, Stafford, England.

PENITENTS' PARADE

INTERESTING MEDIEVAL SURVIVAL

By Rev. J. Van der Heyden

Despite the modernizing spirit, little Belgium, with its numerous quaint traditional religious ceremonies, which neither time, nor wars, nor changed conditions and conceptions succeeded in eliminating, remains charmingly archaic.

There is for instance the penitential procession of Furnes, medieval if anything, yet, notwithstanding all the vicissitudes of changing times, repeated year after year with a fervor ever new. This famed religious street demonstration is a combination of the mystery plays and the penitential processions of the Middle Ages.

There are groups in line representing events and personages from the Old and the New Testament; the First Parents' Fall, the Patriarchs, the Prophets, John the Baptist, Herod's Court, the Saviour's Entrance into Jerusalem, etc. Then there are floats with tableaux vivants of the Nativity, the Adoration of the Magi, the Flight into Egypt, of Jesus teaching the Doctors of the Law, and of other Biblical events.

The end is not yet; for here comes a cohort of Roman warriors mounting stalwart Flemish steeds. The horsemen are brawny men from the country, ill at ease in their multi-colored rig-out. A clangor of irons and chains, the guardsmen's heavy thumps with antique halberds upon the paved streets, the measured rat-a-tat of muffled drums, achieve the realism of a shifting panorama heralding the approach of the two thieves clad in somber garb and shouldering heavy crosses.

Following the Good Thief, there is a long line, stretching as far almost as the eye can see, of gowned and masked figures, each one carrying his or her cross; for women as well as men take part in this penitential march. The women wear a coarse, black, hooded gown and the men a dark brown. As they step along, they repeat: *Zijn kruis wyl dragen, is God behagen*; "To carry one's cross cheerfully, is pleasing to God."

In and between the different living groups there are also statues, and floats with clusters of statues, sculptured ages ago, primitive of form and expression. Jesus scourged at the Pillar, and in front of Him a soldier with outstretched tongue; St. Peter's denial; Jesus before Pilate, etc. The statues are carried, the floats dragged, by penitents in mask and cloak. Among them are members of the foremost families of the city and of the neighboring towns.

At intervals along the line of march, a penitent's mask has dropped and his hood fallen back upon the shoulders and you are startled to see a stubble-bearded face, a crooked-hair head and stern rigid eyes that recall the faces you saw upon canvases in the museums of Antwerp, Bruges and Ghent; and you may find yourself wondering if they are the descendants of men whom the Flemish primitives, a Memling or Matsys, used as models for their paintings.

It is all exceedingly impressive and the crowds that line the sidewalks look on in unbroken silence, at times even with bated breath, at the passage of the group of the Nativity escorted by Angels singing the glad alleluia of man's redemption or of the group commemorative of Jesus' triumphant Entry into Jerusalem, which bursts forth in an exultant hosanna to the "Blessed One who cometh in the Name of the Lord." The words of the songs and the dialogues, more or less modernized, date from the year 1600. Both songs and dialogues are clearly heard and understood as they are wafted along the course of the meandering procession to the thousands of pious on-lookers and listeners.

Stirred by the sentiments expressed they fall upon their knees to a man when the long rows of cross bearers and impersonators have passed and the priest carrying the Sacred Host treads along under a rich baldachin of gold brocade. Reverential awe holds the multitude adoring "the God with us." The noise now is of tinkling bells, and of clinking censers, whence ascends the sweet perfume of incense, a figure of the prayers ascending from the hearts of thousands kneeling to the Lord of Hosts treading among His Own.

OBITUARY

VERY REV. DEAN E. C. LEHMANN

The Very Rev. Dean Rudolph C. Lehmann died at St. Joseph's Hospital, Guelph, on Thursday evening, December 7th. His remains were taken to Mildmay on Saturday. The funeral took place there on Wednesday, Dec. 13th. The Right Rev. J. T. Kelly, V. G., was the celebrant at the solemn obsequies and Rev. C. W. Brohmman preached the sermon; there were also about twenty-five priests present in the sanctuary. The remains were interred in the Mildmay cemetery. The Very Rev. Rudolph C. Lehmann was born at Osnabrueck, Germany, on Jan. 12, 1870. He began his studies in Germany. In 1886 he came to America to his uncle Father Steinlage who was parish priest of Piqua, Ohio. In 1886 he continued his studies at St. Jerome's College, Kitchener, going to the Grand Seminary, Montreal, in 1891. He was ordained priest on Aug. 5, 1894. For a little more than a year he was assistant at the cathedral, Hamilton, and then was appointed pastor of Carlsruhe. From 1898 to 1901 he was teaching at St. Jerome's College, Kitchener; he was afterwards at Doernertown and Macton, and took charge of the parish of Mildmay in 1903. For over twelve years he labored faithfully in this parish; the stately Church of the Sacred Heart, Mildmay, built in 1912 under his care is a monument to his zeal and administrative ability. He was a gifted speaker and did not spare himself in looking after the spiritual interests of his parishioners. He was also a musician of pronounced ability. Ill health compelled him to resign his charge in 1915. After several years of sickness he recovered to some extent and was appointed parish priest of Hanover in June, 1921. He resigned on account of sickness, in Aug. 1st, 1922, and retired to St. Joseph's Hospital, Guelph, where he died December 7th.

SISTER MARY OF ST. COLUMBA
"Happy brides in spotless garments,
Close beside our Lord we throng;
Where the Lamb goes, there we follow,
While we sing the unknown song."
This divine promise made by the heavenly Spouse in the Book of Canticles should bring supreme consolation to the Religious Family of Holy Cross that mourns today the loss of one of its most cherished members.

Sister Mary of St. Columba, (Catherine Julia Macdonald), the eldest daughter of a noted Glengarry family, entered the Convent of the Sisters of Holy Cross, after having spent her school years under the direction and the tuition of the same religious body in St. Margaret's Convent, Alexandria.

She was then a beautiful young maiden of twenty, endowed with an ample share of those rare qualities of mind and body that mark those women around whom center the adulations of the world. Harkening to the voice of conscience that called her to a life of religious perfection, she left home with all its joys, its comforts, and its hopes, in order to give a loyal and life-long service to Him who was soon to become her Divine Spouse.

At the usual term of probation, Sister Mary of St. Columba was admitted to the religious profession August 15, 1888. What hallowed reminiscences of mingled joy and sorrow must necessarily come to those dear members of the family who assisted at that first solemn religious ceremony thirty-five years ago, but who today witness the untimely closing of a useful life, generously spent throughout long, laborious years in the teaching profession, center of the souls of God and the salvation of souls.

The initiating years of her teaching career were spent in St. Gabriel's Academy, Montreal, and in St. Margaret's Convent, Alexandria, Nashua, Manchester, and Fall River owe her that debt of gratitude which can never be cancelled from the hearts of grateful children, even after long years of separation from their graduating teacher.

The six last years of her life, rich in the acquisition of virtue, witnessed an energetic struggle between declining health and loyal devotion to her beloved Congregation. We might truly say that she died in the harness; for she left her post of duty but a short time ago to take a much needed rest. Her devoted brother, Reverend Dr. R. Macdonald, Pastor of Glen Nevis, spent anxious hours beside her death bed during the last few days of her mortal life. At 9 p. m. Sunday, the 3rd inst., she passed away peacefully and trustfully into the arms of her Creator, whose call to render account of the inestimable gift of the religious life, was obeyed with the same spirit of submission that actuated her throughout life.

For two days the body lay in state in one of the Community

reception rooms during which time the Sisterhood kept a prayerful guard of honour. Reverend Dr. R. Macdonald chanted the Requiem Mass. Present in the sanctuary were: Very Reverend George Corbett, Vicar General of the Diocese of Alexandria; Rev. Father Hingston, S. J., Rector of Loyola College; Rev. Duncan Macdonald, Cornwall; Rev. Albert McEae, St. Andrews West; Rev. J. Dulin, Alexandria; Rev. A. L. McDonald, Glen Robertson; Rev. C. H. Gauthier, Greenfield; Rev. Bro. Nicholas, Master of Novices of the Presentation Brothers, Montreal. Surrounding the bier were Mrs. H. R. Macdonald, the venerable mother of the deceased, and her two daughters, Mrs. A. L. Bishop and Miss Agnes Macdonald. Two Sisters of Providence, and several friends of Glen Nevis, and a delegation of pupils from Mount Royal Academy were also present.

The Community of Holy Cross, the Boarding School of over two hundred students, with the teaching staff also paid their last tribute of respect to the departed one. The remains were then carried to their final resting place in the Community cemetery.

RICHARD PIGOTT
At St. Joseph's Hospital, Guelph, early Wednesday morning, Nov. 29th, there passed away a highly esteemed citizen of Guelph in the person of the late Richard Pigott. The deceased, who had been in failing health for the past year, suffered a paralytic stroke four weeks ago. He died fortified by all the rites of the Catholic Church, of which he was a devoted member. He was a member of the Knights of Columbus and a charter member of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association. The deceased was born in Trafalgar Township, the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Michael Pigott. Later he moved to the farm on the Elora Road adjoining the Jesuit Novitiate. For some years he conducted a stove and hardware business on the Market Square and later engaged as salesman in the carriage and implement business. His many sterling qualities and kindness of heart endeared him to a wide circle of friends, while in his family life he was a most devoted husband and father. Besides his widow there survive four daughters, Margaret of the Guelph Collegiate Staff, Teresa of the Simpson Co. Office Staff; Celestine and Mertina of the Guelph Separate School Staff. The following members of his family predeceased him; a brother M. A. Pigott of Hamilton; four sisters, M. M. Ignatius, M. M. Basilla of Loretto Community, Mrs. J. Holman and Mrs. J. McLaughlin.

The funeral was held from his late residence, 84 Cambridge St., Guelph, on Friday morning, Dec. 1, to the Church of Our Lady, where Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Doyle, S. J., as deacon, and Rev. Father Corinor, S. J., as sub-deacon. A large number were present to pay a last tribute of respect to the departed, and to pray for the repose of his soul. The children of the Separate schools attended in a body while there were representatives of the following: The Knights of Columbus, the C. M. B. A., the Separate School Board, the Board of Education, the Guelph Collegiate Institute. The music was rendered by the boys' choir, with Miss Rose Gay presiding at the organ. At the end of the Mass solos were beautifully rendered by Miss Minnie Gay, and Mr. James Gallagher. Rev. Father Quirk, S. J., officiated at the grave. The spiritual and floral offerings were numerous and beautiful. The pallbearers were: M'ssrs J. Harris, J. M. Dooley, J. Sweeney, R. J. Hanlon, W. P. Foote, J. Ryan, J. E. Phelan, G. L. Bush. May his soul rest in peace.

SHOW STRONG TREND TO ROME
INTELLECTUAL CLASSES ARE WELL REPRESENTED
"The souls of kings and peasants are of equal value in the eyes of the Catholic Church, and the conversion of a litterateur means no more to her than that of a laborer," says the Freeman's Journal (Catholic) of Sydney, Australia. "If Mr. G. K. Chesterton has returned to the faith of his fathers he alone is to be congratulated. But there is a lesson for those outside the Church in the steady stream of intellectuals who are passing from doubt and darkness as they follow the lead of the 'kindly light.' It is a complete answer to the silly charge that Rome only flourishes where ignorance and superstition abound."

MASTER MINDS OF NATIONS
"Of course, educated men know that the Church has claimed and continues to claim the master minds of the nations. They know that right through history marches a magnificent procession of Catholic geniuses. They know that art, literature, and science would be poor indeed without the Catholic Church. They know that Europe, outside Germany, is nothing if it is not Catholic."

The conversion of a Chesterton, who has followed the lead of his deceased and distinguished brother, again recalls the towering English minds which of recent years have

decided against the claims of the Protestant Church, born of the Reformation. It is a long list, if we begin only with Newman, and we have the curious spectacle in England, a Protestant country by law established of a Catholic aristocracy in the higher walks of intellectual life—an aristocracy daily being added to as thoughtful sons of Oxford and Cambridge seek the safe haven behind the Rock of Peter. In America, too, cultured converts are also seeking new and permanent moorings so numerous that the non-Catholic Churches show dismay.

"How, we wonder, would those who deny our Church explain these extraordinary happenings? No matter how they slander the Irish people they can hardly charge a Manning, a Lucas, an Aubrey De Vere, a Benson, a Burnard or a Kinsman with mental darkness. Most of them have much to lose socially and sentimentally, if not financially, by 'going over.' It was after the fullest and most complete enquiry, which brought men like those we have mentioned into the Catholic fold. Logic convinced them it was the Catholic Church or none which was founded by Our Lord Jesus Christ. They were given the grace to recognize the divine marks."

THE ONLY CLAIM
"We would like some of our local politicians to recall the intellectual eminence of these latter-day converts to Catholicity before they again speak evilly and blatantly of Catholic ideals. For if the Catholic Church is the Church of the ignorant and unilluminated, as some of these sectarians infer on the platform, how comes it, we ask again, that the brightest minds of the age are voluntarily seeking sanctuary there?"

CARD OF THANKS
The Sisters of St. Joseph in charge of the House of Providence and of Mount St. Joseph Orphanage, herein return their sincere thanks to the good people of Dublin and Seaford, for the very generous supply of apples, potatoes, canned fruit, etc., which these generous benefactors showered on these Homes. That God may bless the donors, is the daily prayer of the Aged and the Orphan.

DIED
SINNETT.—At her late residence 475 De St. Vallier Street, Montreal, Que., Mrs. Michael Sinnett, aged fifty-three years. May her soul rest in peace.

IN MEMORIAM
Mrs. Annie Mulligan, who died 14 December, 1923, at her home 24 Parliament St., Dublin, Ireland. Inserted by her son John, Chatham, Ont.

TEACHERS WANTED
WANTED teacher holding second class certificate for C. S. 8, 2nd. Duties to commence Jan. 3rd, 1924. Light school conveniences. Salary \$800. Apply stating experience to J. D. Macdonald, Sec. Green Valley, Ont. P. O. Box 36. Telephone 60 R 12. 2306-2

WANTED teacher holding second class Ontario certificate for Catholic Separate school, No. 2, Middlesex. Salary \$1,000 per annum. Duties to commence January, 1925. Apply James Quinn, Sec. Treas., Essex P. O., R. R. No. 3. 2306-1f

BAL-SA-ME-A FOR WEAK LUNGS

THE menace of tubercular trouble is ever present when the lungs are weak. During treacherous winter days, weak lungs need a tonic. BALSAMEA is unequalled as a strengthening lung tonic. It is recommended by physicians for all respiratory weakness or ailments. It will arrest pulmonary tuberculosis. Balsamea is pleasant to the taste and is free from all harmful drugs. Relief guaranteed or money refunded.

Don't Throw Your Old Carpets Away

No matter how old, how dirty, how dilapidated, its a rope around them and send us to be made into The Famous VELVETEX Rugs

When the Government Watches

The British National Assurance Company

Holy Week in Jerusalem!

DEPARTURE from New York

"I Can Now Do My Work Without Feeling Tired"

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

THE HOME BANK OF CANADA

To Mail Money Safely

Branches and Connections Throughout Canada

WANTED a middle aged woman to take care of semi-invalid, elderly lady, and help with the work in a country home near Niagara Falls.

WANTED a competent Catholic man to work by the year, rent or work on shares one hundred acres, one of the most fertile and best equipped farms in Ontario.

WINTER TERM OPENS JAN. 3rd

XMAS PRESENTS

MUSIC

For All Kinds of Church Supplies