FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

The noble response which has been peal in behalf of Father Fraser's Chinese mission ancourer made to the CATHOLIC RECORD'S apmission encourages us to keep the list open a little longer.

It is a source of gratification to Canadian Catholics that to one of themselves it should have fallen to inaugurate and successfully carry on so great a work. God has certainly blessed Father Fraser's efforts, and made him the instrument of salva-tion to innumerable souls. Why not dear reader, have a share in that work by contributing of your means to its maintenance and extension? The opportunity awaits you : let it not pass you by.

Lealonel Acknowledged	43,000 /3
M. T. M Cobourg	25
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#### The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1918

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS Our old friend is very thoughtful

at Christmas time. He tells us that he has nothing for dinner but memories. We know that his life has been one of much worry and sorrow, and that some of the memories would take the edge off the keenest appetite, but one would never think it, in looking at the fine old countenance, radiant with the sunshine of an unwarped and unspoiled nature. He is ever a love me more. One Being alone is boy at heart—trustful in the midst of deceit, and sure that in everyone, no matter how depraved, there is a wellspring of nobility. " Look, my boy," he says, pointing to his violin, "everyone is like that Strad. Lots of music in them if you can but come at it.' And then the old fingers clasp lovingly around the violin, and one hears music that, somehow or other, purimas hymn-to the jubilee of praise that long years ago rolled out over the sleeping city on the hill-side. The world is not so old that it has forgotten the story of the Christmas day. Time's burden indeed lies heavy upon it, and men have strewn its that thrilled it with joy still makes music in its heart. And as we listen to the pealing of the bells we must to the cry of men for the God whom they had lost.

They looked everywhere for Him, into the external world—that mysterious temple dedicated to the eternal God -but they could not read the inscription above the door into their own hearts and allayed for a time their anxieties with foolish conceits-into books-and their confession was ever the same—their quest was useless. And as answer God came, not as they expected, but in a manner so marvellous that faith alone firmly received it. When we put away our cap and bells and endeavor to bring to our minds that the word "that was set up from eternity and of all before the earth was" was made Flesh, we must live for a time in an atmosphere of unselfishness. The thought that God placed Himself among human things and wore the vesture of poverty and suffering, and went down at last a dishonored criminal-and all that for us-must make us nobler and braver and more desirous of proving in our own small way that the Love has not been given in vain.

And when we look at the manger at the poor mother, at all the surroundings that, according to the standard of the world, made for fail. ploughed and made ready for the

ure, and consider the stupendous work and the means employed by the Child of Bethlehem for its accomplishment, one can get an idea of the success that means anything. Open the world's map and look over the strong places of the world built up and matured during a thousand years that the Child had to attack and to destroy. It was no weak race of men role of ward politician. They have that He sought to bring under His good intentions. But hell is paved yoke, but men who had fierce warrior | with such. "Kick up the stones ye blood coursing in their veins, who sluggards and break the devil's head broked no order that might stay them from deeds of lust and vengeance, and to whom the success of centuries was a guarantee of the pros- cringe, to give ourselves until we beperity of the future. What meaning could a gospel other than that they knew have for them?

We know, however, that He took poor Humanity into His arms and due not to our principles but to our soothed its querulousness, as a indifference. "Give me ten zealous mother might a suffering child; priests," a holy man used to say, cleansed it of defilement and set its feet on the pathway of hope and im- Give us ten laymen who know how mortality. He broke down the barriers that shut out the sunlight of scious of the priceless value of their truth and let it stream into palace and faith, are ready to make sacrifices to hovel, to bathe women and slave in guard and to protect it, and we would an atmosphere of purity and freedom and to reveal to man his origin and destiny. They who at first regarded and ruins. Do that and we shall Him with distrust, and sneered at His have the fire of a common aim, asassumptions, learned in time to revere | piration and faith transmuting our Him as God, and Master, and, with efforts into success as solid as the no weapon but a cross, to go for His eternal walls. sake on the most forlorn hope the world has ever seen.

Since the time that the Child-God looked with human eves upon His own world men have grouped themselves around Him in love and adoration. His Worship, to quote a dying infidel, will grow young without ceasing. His sufferings will melt the hardest heart; all ages will proclaim that amongst the sons of men there is none greater than He.

Conversing with Monthalon at St. Helena, Napoleon said: "There have been but three great generals in this world-Cæsar, Alexander, and myself. In spite of all their exploits, Alexander and Cæsar are but mere themes for school boys. Who loves them now? So it is with myself. My memory will live perhaps fifty or sixty years in the hearts of some brave men, and after that no one will loved on this earth after eighteen hundred years. He is Jesus Christ. Monthalon! Monthalon! I know something of men, and I tell you that Jesus Christ was not a man."

# THE LIBRARY

We cannot overestimate the importance of the Sunday school or parish fies us and makes every nerve vibrant library. It is one of the adjuncts of with the harmony of noble things the Sunday school. Good books are and attunes our hearts to the Christ- necessary to illustrate and impress | bodies them. upon the young mind the lessons taught in Sunday school. They are necessary to give the children profitable occupation for their spare moments. They are necessary as an antidote to the immoral and danger ous reading that is spread before way with bones and marred it with them at every turn. To secure bloodshed, but the gladsome tidings these results the books should be inspected, and carefully, by persons of discriminating taste. The works of some popular authors, which might think what a wondrous answer it was be allowable in the library of a literary society, are unfit for a Sunday school. The books must not only be edifying, they must tend to interest and instruct, and we have such books whose price need not tax even moderate resources. They are Catholic in tone, and some of them have as authors men of international reputation. Time was when some descrip tions of scenery, a controversial cate chism and a portrayal of insipid pietism was acclaimed as the only suitable reading for the household, but nowadays the book that survives is put together with deft fingers and a sense of literary values. We ought to patronize our authors who are giving us to-day works that for literary finish and intrinsic worth are inferior to none published on this side of the ocean.

# OUR GRADUATES

What becomes of our graduates? Some indeed show that they are not unmindful of the responsibility that weighs upon the shoulders of every man who has received a liberal education. Many, alas! are done to death, ignominious by dissipation. Others let the ground that has been

sowing and the planting be over-run by the weeds of frivolity, indolence and indifference. With these we are indignant, and justly. Instead of being at the top they are at the bottom, in the press where the survival of the fittest is the only law, they are henchmen ministering to the aims of social demagogues, or playing the with them."

but it does not pay. To truckle, to come empty-all this pays. Does the darkness of the persecutions of other days so blind our eyes that we cannot see that our non-success is and I will convert the world.' to think and to express it, who, condrive out from amongst us the foul spectre of indifference that wrecks

#### POLITICS

In some places the plague is "talkng politics." The inhabitants take to it naturally and they discuss the current issues as eloquently as some of the individuals who preface their remarks with "I rise Mr. Speaker." We are unable to ascribe the cause unless we take refuge in Wordan's theory that all men are more or less nsane. Not that we assume that political knowledge, such as it is, requires not that the intellect be in a healthy state, but it seems to us that much talk about it is conducive to mental aberration.

# FATHER VAUGHAN

HIS OPINION ON CO-EDUCATION In a letter to the Times Father

Bernard Vaughan writes: Knowing that I have recently returned from the United States where co-education is very much in evidence, not a few of my friends, interested in the educational problem, have written asking for my views about the "blending of male and female influences in education." As it is my function this evening to distribute prizes at the Jesuit Catholic College of Leeds. I have been at pains to formulate my ideas about co education, and I am making bold to ask you, sir, to give space in your columns for this letter, which em-

# JESUITS AND DAY SCHOOLS

late implying that the boardingschool system of education owes its origin to "Loyola." Not only is there no support for this contention, but as a matter of fact "Loyola" and his sons, till compelled to do other wise, had no such schools at all, but day schools only. We wish we had none others now. To-day the English Jesuit Province has three "bar rack" schools and six day schools, of which day schools the college Leeds is the one most recently founded. I was brought up in Jesuit college and as a Jesuit I have seen a good deal of the Order in various parts of the world, but never have I heard anything but expres-sions of regret that all our schools are not home going at sundown.

Far from desiring to isolate our from home influences, there is not a Jesuit who would not sacrifice much in order to tighten and strengthen those sacred bonds which conventual life sometimes tends to slacken and even to untie. There is no schoolroom so strong or sweet as the mother's arms. In them are impibed lessons which endure with life. However, as our Father General we must look to the good of our boys and adopt the best methods of the age in which we live." The Society of Jesus is not wedded indis-

solubly to any one system.

But it is objected that the Jesuit system is without women teachers, t admits no girls, and refuses all female influence, This is true, not of Jesuit schools only, but also of every public secondary school England. So far Protestants their Public schools as well as Jesuits have confined lady teachers to preparatory classes, where, for the part, they are unrivalled as careful trainers and guides. For years past small boys have come un-der female instructors in Jesuit schools, and if it could be managed I can see no objections to little girls being co educated with them.

CO-EDUCATION

But in principle, and from experience of what I have seen in the United States, I am opposed to coeducation of adolescence. I cannot but think that girls suffer in not a few ways from the physical and mental strain consequent upon competition with boys, who are rougher spun and of stronger fibre than their nature can ever attain. But it will be urged that the lads themselves gain immeasurably in refinement and in discipline by the presence in the school-room of the gentler sex. It may be that the girls lose as much with them."

Mere nonsense. It may be right, desirable that the training of girls between the ages of twelve and eigh-teen should be specialized for their own vocation in life, whereas the education of boys should leave aside "accomplishments" to grip what is needed for the outfit of the engineer, or the trader, or the soldier, or any other career that besits the male?

To those who contend that our present school system gives no opportunity for training sex emotion, I should like to say, "Thank God for should like to say, "Thank God for that." To my thinking, neither the schoolroom nor the playground, nor the public street is the place in which to cultivate sex emotions. Surely young people find distractions enough as it is in their school course without adding to them what might maddening temptations. Those of us who happen at one period of our lives to have been boys or girls may well feel thankful that we were spared the trials to virtue which coeducation might possibly have

strained to snapping point.
In the United States mixed schools have not been the success that was looked for, and I met, not among Catholics only, educationists who were strongly in favour of returning to our time-honoured system, from which some modern intellectuals in this country would have us break loose. Taking human nature as it is, I cannot but agree with you, sir, in deeming it unthinkable that coeducation can ever take the place of our traditional system" (the Times leading article, November 4.)

#### CHARLES BROOKFIELD

The secular Press has recorded the death of Charles Brookfield, Censor of Stage Plays. The tales that centre around his name have been retold. The cynic is a character that always draws, and one of the many men that went to the making of Charles Brookfield was something of a cynic. Next to its admiration of cynicism is the public's love of a paradox, and so the dead censor has himself been duly and unduly censored. The suggestion that he himself wrote a play which he might have been called upon to veto officially was, of course, irresistible. Charles Brookfield would have been the last man to complain of a little fun made at his expense, even over the coffin, that generally silences that sort of badinage. For he had a sense of the fit proportion of things. He showed that sense in its fulness in becoming a Catholic in mature life, when the force of habit made such a change doubly difficult. The world is very unaware of him in the capacity of a convert to the Catholic Church. But there will be some among our own A good deal has been written of him in their minds quite different from that loosely sketched by the daily paper. They will think of the devout and constant attender at the Oratory when he was in town; of the neighbour, at Stratton on the Fosse, of Downside monastery and college. where he placed his own son; of the heroic fighter against illness all his life, and the patient bearer of suffer ing at the close of it, whose sigh

somehow got transfigured into a It is said that Brookfield twice had the experience of reading his own obituary notices, and if he died several deaths, he lived several lives he was a mimic, a mine of anecdote a writer, actor and censor of plays—se combination of three functions in one man which might addeem for a long time officialism from the charge of amateurity. He was a Saturday Reviewer, a member of the Salvile Club where the present writer can remem ber him as one who was gay indeed but with rather a disgust of his gaiet -the witty and worldly Brookfield he was expected by friends and acquaintances to be, but a Brookfield, he expected and meant himself to be, of even better things. The son of a clergyman, he was perhaps, subject to some of those laws of reaction which take the sons of the vicarage far from its enclosure. Educated at Westminster and at Trinity College, Cambridge, he found himself on the boards at the age of twenty two, and before there was talk of Church and Stage Guildsan association at which he was the last to smile, and, indeed, became himself, five years before his death, the founder of the Guild of Catholic Actors and Musicians. His father's and mother's friendships with literary men and women have had their delightful record. Tennyson's char acteristic allusion to

Old Brooks, who loved so well to mouth my rhymes

does not take us much further than -Tennyson. But "Brooks" had his

own claims to consideration, and his wife was among the women of that day who had the gift of friendship. Their son's personal acquaintance with that circle was slight, but at least he inherited the tradition. Ellen Terry was the first to give him his chance on the stage, and later he was successively with the Bancrofts and Sir Herbert Tree. His career was, however, closed by the advance of consumption—a disease from which he had intermittently suffered since he left Westminster School in 1873 at the age of fifteen. Thenceforth his pen was on his novels and his plays, till, in November, 1911, he was nominated Joint Examiner of Plays by his old Cambridge friend, Lord Spencer—one of his last acts as Lord Chamberlain, Mr. Brookfield married Frances Mary, daughter of Mr. William Grogan, whose literary work includes "The Cambridge Apostles," historical novels, and her part in the compilation of Mrs. Brookfield and Her Circle." Of the courage with which he endured his long illness we have already spoken. Heart weakness and asthma has been complications of the last two years; but his death was primarily due to tuberculosis. On Thursday morning he was laid to rest at Stratton onthe Fosse, while his friends in London were able to attend a Requiem at the Oratory. The advertisement of his death in the papers contained a clause which perhaps marks a new method of commemoration : "Those who would like to send flowers are asked to give something in charity instead." To his fellow Catholics may be made the frank request for

#### AGNOSTICISM

prayers.-London Tablet.

REVEALED RELIGION MUST REST PRIMARILY ON AN IN-FALLIBLE VOICE

Dealing with the cult of Agnosti-

cism in a sermon on "Some More Substitutes for the Christian Religion," the Very Rev. Mgr. R. H. Ben on, M. A., at the Carmelite Church Kensington, London, said that Cath olics knew that revealed religion must rest primarily upon an infal-lible living voice. They also knew that the only one authority in the world which coherently claimed to be that infallible living voice was the Catholic Church. There had seldom been a time, continued Monsignor Benson, when there was so much incoherency in religious belief; or when people said so frequently that they could never bring themselves to accept this or that be lief, as at present. This was the result of the breaking away from the coherent infallible creed of the Church of God. People to day were attracted by or persuaded into form of belief containing some little point of revealed religion, and in that they found a shelter for their souls and satisfied their intellectual cravings. The preacher classed Agnosticism under two forms : the false and the

minded, and more intolerant than any other existing form of belief. The false Agnosticism went a step further than the true form of Agnosticism and said: "Because I do not know it is utterly impossible for you tion of the true Agnosticism, whose arguments must be treated with ten derness. Men holding that belief looked round the world and began their search for truth with what was almost an act of humility. They saw on every side a conflict of various schemes of religion and philosophy each containing a certain amount of good and a little spark of truth. These people did not deny that God was an unknowable or impersonal God. But they claimed the liberty of their own individuality in pledging themselves to a spiritual belief. This class of people, said the preacher, were the most difficult in the whole world to discuss religious matters with. It was as probable as fighting When it was pointed out to fog. them that they were wrong in their belief, they were most humble in their protestations, averring that they might be wrong or otherwise. but they did not know. To the Catholic seeking to enlighten them they would say "I do not know that they would say "I do not know that you do not know." It was extra-ordinarily difficult to meet such a attitude which appeared so Chriswas Christian humility was another point. There was another class of Agnostics, continued the preacher, who had been drawn into that state through no fault of theirs. A great number of Agnostics there were who never yet had had the Christian argument presented to them at all. There was also another large section of Agnostics whose Agnosti cism arose from intellectual sloth He (Monsignor Benson) did not suppose that there had ever been such a century of intellectual sloth as the present. Intellectual sloth generally accompanied practical activity People of to-day, declared the preacher, had forgotten how to think. They had not the power to put two and two together. Yet another class of Agnostic regarded the Catholic Church as a tiny state of belief in which the mind was con-

fined and cramped as in a box. A Presbyterian minister, writing in this connection some time ago. Mgr. Benson, described the Catholic Church as "a little creed."

Having demonstrated at length the unsoundness of the Agnostic position in this respect, Monsignor Ben son dwelt upon the fulness of the Catholic knowledge that was not conceivable to those outside Church of God. Catholics had a duty to Agnostics, continued the preacher. Possessing as they did the true faith, it was perfectly obvious that Catholics should do something for these people. Let them conceive what their lives would be like without the Catholic Church, and consider those who ran in circles with the best intention in the world. Let them try to conceive the state of a brilliant man who was making what was called in modern times "progress" covering ground regardless of the direction in which way he was going. Yet through in-tellectual sloth that was the state of many souls outside the Church at the present day. In their attitude towards the Agnostic Catholics had to humble themselves. Whether members of that Church from the cradle, or having received the grace to embrace its tenets in later life, they must guard against displaying spiritual snobbery, and not act as if it were to their credit to become Catholics. God drew them to His Church, because they could not possibly save their souls without it. They required more humility than and so needed more grace. What was that to be proud of? Agnostics needed great sympathy from Catholics, and help in their efforts to find the truth.

DEATH OF A DISTINGUISHED CHURCH-

MAN Rome, Dec. 16.—Cardinal Rampolla, former papal secretary of state, died to night. He was born August 17, 1843, at Polizzi, and having completed his theological studies at Rome he studied diplomacy at the College of Nobles and in 1875 was appointed to the papal nunciature at Madrid. Two years later he was recalled to Rome and appointed secretary of the propaganda for Eastern affairs. He was consecrated titular archbishop of Heraclea in 1885 and returned to Madrid as nuncio but was shortly afterwards created cardinal and appointed papal secretary. New to the Sacred College he was admirably fitted for the office, but his opposition to the powers of the Triple Alliance had its effect when Leo XIII, died. Rampolla was the favourite as suc-

CARDINAL RAMPOLLA

cessor but Austria's veto was inter-posed and Cardinal Sarta was chosen instead. Rampolla at once re-signed as secretary of state and for veral years lived in retirement. Of late he had been more prominent but age was creeping upon him and true. The first he described as a his death comes at the age of seventy belief more illogical, more narrow- years.

# CARDINAL MANNING

HOW HE BECAME A CATHOLIC In a private conversation this great

the following : I was in Rome, visited the muse umns, the churches, and viewed the city from all points. I had never the shadow of a doubt as to the truth of Protestanfism, and had not the slightest notion of changing my religion. Nothing at all that I saw had made an impression upon me, and I was as far from Catholicism as I was at my leparture from England,

One morning I entered the Church of St. Louis of France. The Blessed Sacrament was exposed on one of the altars, probably on account of a novena. There was nothing out of the ordinary; a few candles were burning, the priests, vested only in their surplices, knelt in the sanctuary : and a few of the faithful were praying in the Church. Nothing of the pomp of St. Peter's was there, but it was God's time. I felt in my heart a mysterious emotion, partly illumination, partly attraction. For the first time in my life it appeared to me that truth might be here, and that possibly I might one day become a Catholic. But I was not yet con verted. It was merely the call of God, and I was still far from the truth. I did not reject the call, but I prayed, I sought and studied with all the sincerity of which I was capable. Light increased from day to day, and grace accomplished the rest."

Considered from a temporal point of view, no conversion could have been connected with more disadvantages. For a clergyman and a scholar there was no more agreeable position than that of Archdeacon Manning. As a dignitary of the Anglican Church he possessed riches, influence, and a prominent position; genius, fame and friends were his. On entering the hated Church of Rome he lost his friends; but, as he said, he hearkened to the voice of God calling him .-Missionary.

There is nothing more pitiful than

CATHOLIC NOTES

Rev. Arthur Hart, S. J., lately ordained, was once a prominent worker and organist of the Delaware avenue Methodist church, Buffalo

Lady Elliot, widow of the late Sir Charles Elliot, Bart, is among the latest converts to the Church, having been recently received at St. James Spanish Place, by Mons. Benson.

In Hawick, Scotland, James McDonald, a notorious anti Catholic lecturer, has just been fined, under the Poor Law Act, for having failed to support his wife and two children.

Miss Lomax, a Catholic student of the Glasgow, Scotland, University, recently won a \$250 bursary, but has been debarred from securing the prize on account of her religion. The bursary is available for Protestants only.

The Rev. Russell J. Wilbur, former-Archdeacon of the Protestant Spiscopal Diocese of Fond du Lac, has returned from the American College at Rome to become assistant pastor of St. Cronan's Church. St. Louis.

The new church at Effingham, England, has been formally opened and dedicated to Our Lady of Sorsows. The site was acquired and the church built, furnished and endowed by Mr. George Pauling, of 'The Lodge' Effingham.

Tired of the world's ways, Richard M. Carnes, past fifty years old, until other people, not less; they were a few weeks ago a curb market brok-more weak and feeble than others er, has entered the Jesuit novitiate at St. Andrew's Poughkeepsie, in the humble capacity of a lay brother. He had been in the Street for a quarter century.

It is reported that the French bishops have presented a memorial to the Holy See, in the Congregation of the Penitentiary, with regard to the "tango." It is pointed out that in this matter, which concerns mor-als, bishops and confessors can act of their own initiation, as has been done in the case of persons entering churches unbecomingly dressed.

A Catholic priest was shot and wounded at Brussels, Belgium, recently by a Socialist because he re-fused to join a funeral procession in which the red flag of Socialism was carried. One of the men in the funeral party on his return from the cemetery forced his way into the presbytery, shot the priest, and wounded one of the servants.

The Anglican Bishop of Bangor reopened the ancient pre-reformation Catholic Church of St. Benno, at Clynnoy, Carnarvonshire, England. This church tradition says was the original oratory of St. Benno in the early part of the seventh century. of skulls which probably remained undisturbed for nine centuries were found in it.

No fewer than seven Catholic nayors have been elected as chief magistrates of English cities and towns. The majority of them are Irish by birth or descent. Manchester, Leeds, Worcester, Bootle, Wallsend. Blackpool, and Dewsbury are the municipalities over which they preside. In one instance the mayor was re-elected from the previous

Mrs. Joyce Kilmer, step daughter former editor of Harper's Magazine, has embraced the Catholic faith, having been converted by the Paulist Fathers. Her husband, one of the leading reviewers of the N. Y. Times Book Reviews an author of a book of poemsentitled "A Summer of Love," is convert. Both were Episcopalians. They live at Suffern, N. Y.

About ten years ago Rev. Ernest Rich Grimes, member of the (Angelican) Cowley Father's and precentor of their church at Cowley St. John Oxford, became a Catholic, Shortly after his ordination, seven years ago, his Bishop sent him to the little Leicestershire town of Earl Shilton, to found a mission. At that time there were but half a dozen Catholics there to day the mission numbers 300 souls, all converts of Father Grimes.

Among the Jews who have become priests are the following: Revs. James Veit of New York City, Hilary Rosenfeld, O. S. B., of Davenport, Ia. and Paul Schaffel, D. D. (he changed his first name from Saul to Paul), as sistant pastor of St. Rose's church Racine, Wis. Then there are Brother Antony of the Society of the Atonement, and Brother Walter of the Alexian Brothers, and Miss Blanch Elkan now a Sister of the Good Shepherd, Boston.

A romantic explanation has been found for the disappearance several months ago of Count de Castillon de St. Victor, one of the best known æronauts in France and a prominent member of the French Æro club. His friends suddenly lost sight of him. Some said he was abroad: others feared that he might have met with some fatal accident and that his identity had been unrecognized. But a former companion of the Count, staying near Canterbury in England, was amazed to see the lost member of the fashionable world of Paris wearing a worn and darned cassock and scrubbing floors and a life spent in thinking of nothing but self—Farrar. washing dishes as a novice in a Jesuit establishment.

#### PRETTY MISS NEVILLE

BY B. M. CROKER CHAPTER XXXIX

OUT OF THE FRYING PAN INTO THE FIRE "To be, or not to be, that is the question."
Whether 'tis nob er in the mind to suffer.
The slngs and arrows of outrageous for Or to take arms against a sea of troubles.
And, by opposing, end them? '— Hamlet.

For some time after Mrs. Vane's departure I missed her dreadfully; I had no one to whom I could open my heart, and my mind was in a state of miserable confusion. What had possessed me to accept Major Percival? was a question I was asking myself by night and by day. What infatuation had seized upon me? Was it right to marry a man that I did not love—nay, that I could barely tolerate? Would it not be the truest kindness to break off the match before too late? (lending my. self readily enough now to Miss Gib views on a similar occasion. bon's views on a similar occasion.)

I had hinted to auntie, and hinted in vain; at the very faintest suspicion of my drift she had become ice. There was no hope to be had from her, nor from uncle. My fickleness was notorious; it would be all the same to whoever I was engaged; I had gained a reputation as a flirt that was positively unique. The Globe trotter, Major Dillon, poor Dicky Campbell, and Maurice, and Major Percival was to share their fate, and go by the board as

With my aunt's sanction-never ! This match was for my good, and although I appeared indifferent to my own interests she was not. It was for my happiness; and when people they have your welfare in view how firm they can be! Auntie was adamant. I turned to uncle; he was pitiless as Fate. As a last resource applied to Major Percival, feeling way with a few vague little gener my way with a few vague little gener-alities and distant allusions, then broad hints; but all were alike in effectual. I might just as well have been hinting to one of the elephants in the heavy battery for all the effect I produced. It never dawned on his mind that any poor girl in her senses wish to revoke her could possibly engagement with him. Nothing reained for me but to put the matter nakedly before him, and many and many an hour I lay awake turning over in my mind how I was to break -rehearsing what I would say-what he would say-and, grand ale, what every one would say. I had little or no moral courage; vainly-vainly did I make good resolutions; but at last one day a splendid opportunity forced itself before me, and I felt bound not to let it escape We were alone in the plant-house flance and myself. plant house was a large, circular contruction, built of bamboos, with lofty, pointed roof,—the "Zulu house," Maurice used to call it; inside was a splendid collection of cool-looking green plants. A picturesque fernery occupied the center, and the sides were banks of rock. covered with ferns, caladiums, foliage plants-large leaved and shady. afforded a most delightful contrast to the yellow glare of the sun on the sand outside. Major Percival, clad (even to his boots) in spotless white, save for an easy-looking buff silk out of the breast pocket of which peeped an exquisite handkerchief redolent of white rose. Even at this early hour his appearance was evidently the result of the most studied care. Eye glasses in eye he was condescendingly visiting plant after plant, dusting off minute insects and atoms of dust with his aristocratic fingers. I felt that the moment had come, as, with a violent effort, I brought up my courage to the sticking point. "You must and the sticking point. "You must and shall speak," I said to myself with unwonted determination, drawing off my magnificent diamond and sapphire ring and holding it in the hol low of a cold and trembling hand. Suddenly my companion jerked his eye glass out of his eye, straightened his back, and turned round and con-

fronted me. You are looking uncommonly well this morning, Nora," he said gazing as me approvingly. "Nothing suits you so well as white. In your white gown, with this green back ground, you look—like—let me seelike one of those lilies we used to see up in the hills. You are paler than you used to be," he added, reflectively, rolling a cigarette hetween

his fore finger and thumb.
"Am I?—Major Percival, I want to know how to say it; but I must speak," I said, in a hurried, husky voice. "I wish—to put an end to

our engagement." A long and appalling silence. I glanced at him timidly; his face was

as black as thunder.
"Are you mad?" he asked at last, with indignant incredulity.
"No, not mad," I faltered, turning

away my face, and holding my hand over my eyes to keep back the starting tears; "only very, very miser able. We are not suited to each other," I went on, with a courage that surprised myself. "I do not love you as I should: I made a great mistake, and I am very, very sorry. Forgive me," I added, in a broken voice, tendering my engagement ring with trembling fingers, "and release

Another terrible silence ensued. I absolutely dared not look at Major Percival. At length he said, in his

"Now, who has been putting these ridiculous ideas into your head?that interfering, impertinent little woman, Mrs. Vane. or your cousin, the good-looking aide-de-camp, eh?" I made no reply.

"Your aunt and uncle are not aware that you wish to jilt me?
You have not their sanction?" I shook my head; my tongue re-

fused its office.
"Now listen to me, Nora, while I put the matter clearly before you."
I cannot recollect all he said; but
this I know, that, within five minutes' time, my "ridiculous reasons" were scattered to the four winds ; he was an accomplished rhetorician, and disposed of them with ludicrous facility.

I had never professed to love him;

with a warm liking he was satisfied.
We were just as suitable to each other as we had been eight months previously. The news of our engagement had gone far and wide. His friends were delighted to think he was going to marry at last. My diamonds and carriages were in preparation, my relations had given their hearty sanction; we had gone

too far to go back. Once Mrs. Percival—the possessor of his entire devotion, of every indulgence and luxury money taste could procure, the envied of all world. Thus Major Percival. Taking my hand in his, "Why, what's this?" he cried. discoveries, what's enfolded in my palm; "come, come, put it on again, and don't let us have any more nonsense, eh. Nora ?" slipping it once more on my nerveless

finger.
"I cannot think why you wish to marry me?" I asked in a tearful tone, rolling a pebble to and fro with my shoe. "What can be your induce-

ment ?' "That is easy answered," he re plied, possessing himself of both my hands. "You are young, you are hands. "You are young, you are charming, you are good tempered"

—was I?—"you are without comparison the prettiest girl in India, the destroying angel,' as you are called, and I have made up my mind that you shall be my wife." There was no more to be said; Major Percival and the force of circumstances combined were far too strong for me. see what it is," he proceeded, drop-ping my hands, gravely polishing his eye glass, and surveying me dispassionately by its assistance; "you are not yourself. You are — ah — nervous. You want tone. The sudden ous. You want tone. The sudden heat of the weather is telling on you. You must drink claret, and I will speak to your aunt about a good sound tonic. Yes, a tonic is what you require; that will make you all right, and we will hear no more of these nervous fancies. I suppose I had better not mention your foolish proposal in-doors?" he added, nodimpressively towards the

'On no account, " I made answer, with nervous haste and a sinking heart.

"Then, really, I think, Nora, you ought to give me a kiss for my silence," approaching an arm to my shrinking waist. "Oh, hang him." to a mallee, who, most propitiously for me, at that moment made a third in the plant house, watering pot in 'However, you will give it to me another time. There is the bell," he continued, putting his hand affectionately inside my arm, and leaning on me with unwonted familiarity. "Come, my destroying angel; my Neilgherry lily; my fanciful Nora! Come to breakfast!" and as we left the fernery, arm in arm, it seemed to me, that, far from regaining my freedom, I had gone out of the frying-pan into the fire.

My efforts to free myself were unavailing, no better than those of a fluttering bird in the strong, firm grasp of a man. Things had gone far. As Major Percival had said, circumstances were too strong for was preposterous. My trousseau and wedding cake were already ordered we had received presents and con gratulations from numerous mutual friends, the bridesmaids were be our engagement and inminent wedding a solidly established fact, I could not break it off and give myself up to universal opprobrium especially when my fatal notoriety was taken into consideration. I halted between two opinions. I dared not put an end to my engagement, and yet I dreaded unspeakabt the other alternative. What was to do? Sometimes swayed one way and sometimes another, my brain was in a perfect fever. Little did my friends and relatives guess at the terrible conflict that was going on in my mind. The mind, we all know, has a very considerable effect on the body, and my wakeful nights soon told a tale in pale, hollow cheek and sunken eyes. Major Percival noted the change in my looks with considerable irritation, and was grievously anxious about my sharp ened features and lost roses, and hanks to his suggestion, an unutterably nauseous tonic was duly admin istered to me by auntie's own hands no less than twice a day. Nellie

pearance with affectionate anxiety. What is the matter with you Nora? Why are you so thin and so pale and so miserably out of spirits? she asked, surveying me thought

Fox, too, remarked my altered ap-

" I am perfectly well, I assure you, Nellie ; the last few days have been a little warm, that's all. I never was a blooming beauty, you know," I replied, with assumed cheerfulness

You are not the same girl that you were six months ago," she returned with an air of resolute conviction. Then suddenly taking my hand in hers, she added, in a lower voice: "I believe this marriage is with t preying on your mind—I am sure it mas!"

is; I don't believe you care two straws for Major Percival, and if you don't love him, don't marry him. Even at the foot of the altar it would be better to change your mind than give your hand without your heart. will think me a sentimental noodle, but just listen to me, Nors You know what my home is, not a very happy one, not like yours; I am palpably de trop, and my mother is most desirous to see me settled, as she calls it; well, I had an excellent offer, as you may have heard, a very desirable parti in many ways, but as I did not care about the man I would not marry him; I had actually the hardihood to return home single, to brave all my relations, and to eat quantities of humble pie. Yet I have never; I still never repented itpossess my own self-respect and my independence. I am still Nellie Fox, spinster, aged twenty-four, and bid-

ding fair to be an old maid. Nevertheless, I would rather go out washing or charing than marry a man I did not love, and I would have thought that you would have shared my sen timents. Confide in me, Nora; tell with a hysterical laugh; "you are full of ridiculous fancies." Then,

suddenly leaning my head on her shoulder, my long pent up feelings found vent in hot tears. Slipping own on the floor, I buried my face in her lap, and wept as if my heart would break. After a while I made a beroic effort and composed myself, drying my eyes and endeavoring to stifle my long drawn sobs. "You are my friend, Nellie," I said, taking her hands in mine; "never, never speak of this folly of mine-never, as you love me; it means nothing. I dare say every one feels a little low and depressed when they are going to be married," I concluded, with a watery smile, as I hurried away to bathe my

tell tale cheeks. TO BE CONTINUED

# ONE CHRISTMPS EVE

"Don't come with me, Sister. You would only embarass me," Mrs. Wilkinson exclaimed playfully, but more than half in earnest. "But do tell me what to say to them. I haven't idea" She looked down at the little French nun with an anxious

The Sister shrugged her shoulders laughingly. "Oh, it is your heart must tell you that, Mrs. Wilkinson, She laughed again and assing on, disappeared into one of the many rooms that opened off the long corridor, leaving Mrs. Wilkinson standing alone at the entrance of a ward crowded with men, many of whom were crippled, most of whom were old and decrepit, and all of

whom were penniless.

For a minute or two she looked about her slyly, at a loss how or where to begin. She had never be-fore done more than send an offering of money and small gifts, but that year she felt that it would be a good thing to distribute her Christmas presents herself, accompanying each with a kind word. She had reckoned without taking her excessive timidity

into account.

So she stood in the doorway, irresolute, embarrassed and sorely tempted to turn and run away. Miserably conscious of some twenty pairs of eyes, she would probably have done so had she not looked for been slipping slowly through his stiff, horny angers and as she glanced at been here ever since. My only him he reverently kissed the Crucifix me. I could not run away for a and laid them aside. Then he too, second time in my life. The idea looked at her but without much show "Dear of interest.

Mrs. Wilkinson stepped to his side and gave him a pipe and several packages of tobacco. "I hope that packages of tobacco. you will have a happy Christmas,"

she said sweetly.
"Thank you, ma'am," he answered and opening one of the sacks of to-bacco with feverish haste he proceeded to fill his old pipe—a strange uninviting looking one which, to it was not to be thought of, and yet lit was not to be thought of, and yet lit halted between two opinions. I been an heirloom in Noah's family. He paid no further heed to Mrs. Wil-

After an instant's hesitation she bassed on to the next bed, beside which a man, so old and feeble that ne was bent almost double, sat mumbling to himself. '10 him she gave another pipe and his quota of tobacco with a cherry "Merry Christmas!"

He took his share of the simple gifts eagerly enough but without saying a word.

Mrs. Wilkinson was perplexed. am not getting on very well," she thought. "I once overheard Miss Flynn tell some one to treat the poor like friends if she wished to do them any good or to make them happy.' I must try to do that."

The next man in line was sitting with his back turned toward her. He seemed to be younger than his comanions though a few of them were nore broken or looked mere despond-The truth was that he deeply humiliated at being in a charitable institution and did not wish to As soon as she spoke to him e seen. Mrs. Wilkinson real zed his state of mind but in her ardent desire to be friendly, she would take no rebuff. At a glance she saw too that the man was more refined than his associates. and she heard, in the first words he uttered, the accent and language of

an educated gentleman.
She gave him the best of her pipes and a double share of tobacco, and with them a fervent "Happy Christ-

"Thank you very much," he said, and as she lingered he rose with dif-ficulty and offered her his chair—the only one at his disposal. She saw then that one of his legs had been cut off above the knee.

Mrs. Wilkinson took the chair

though she did not understand the look of shame on his face and knew that he would far rather be left alone But she felt that he needed help and that if she could win his confidence she might, out of her abundance, find a way to give him a fresh start without wounding his self respect. At least she could out of the kindness of her tender woman's heart, offer him the encouragement and sympathy which he needed even more

With the help of a crutch the man crossed the room for a second chair and while he was gone Mrs. Wilkinson picked up the book which he had laid down when she spoke to him. She hoped that it might furnish an opening for their conversation. What was her astonishment when she saw that, instead of the light novel she had expected to find it, it was a well bound copy of Milton with a marker slipped between the leaves at the Hymn to the Nativity. "I see that you are fond of the very best. This s magnificent, isn't it?" she exclaimed when he returned; and in her enthusiasm she quite forgot that

she was trying to make talk.
"Yes," he assented eagerly. first part is particularly fine. I used to—" He stepped short, suddenly remembering that a love of the classics must seem strangely out of place

in one in his position.

Mrs. Wilkinson understood and she had sufficient tact to talk on as if it were the most natural thing in the world. "It makes very fitting reading for to day. And Crashaw's too-I love it. But how few people care for these things now-a-days. mas has come to be such a busy day here in America that we have almost lost sight of the meaning of the fes-

Just at this juncture a bright-faced richly dressed child about seven years of age peered in at the door of the ward, and catching sight of Mrs. Wilkinson, ran toward her laughing gleefully.
"Why, Eileen! I told you to wait

quietly for me in the parlor."
"Yes, I know, Mamma," the child answered a little crestfallen at not being welcomed more cordially, you stayed very long and I got very tired, and the Sister told me to come up here because the cross sick people didn't like to hear me running up

and down the hall." The man woke up at the sight of the little girl. His thin, sad, sensitive face brightened and he smiled at her almost tenderly. "Eileen," he choed. "A real Irish name and a pretty one. I have a little sister named Eileen—at least she was but a child not much older than this one when I saw her last. But that was many many years ago. I came to America and she remained in Cork with my parents. She is a woman wonder if she ever thinks

He did not attempt to finish his sentence so Mrs. Wilkinson took up the thread of conversation, drawing the little girl close to her side as she did so. "Oh, then you, too, were born in Ireland. I was only ten years old when I was brought to America so I do not remember a great deal about the old country but I love it as truly as if I did." She paused but the man said nothing so she added a little more to her own history hoping thereby to prevail on relief at the one man who was paying no heed to her. His beads had and my father and I came to New emigrated

"Dear old Ireland," her companion ejaculated; then with a sad, wan smile he murmured more to himself than to Mrs. Wilkinson, "Truly there is no place like home, no place like His head sank forward unhome. til it rested on his hands and he sat motionless, evidently completely lost to his surroundings in his vivid recollections of other days and dear long. ost faces.

Mrs. Wilkinson watched him not knowing what to say or do. She was accomplishing nothing; still she was loath to go away and leave him to his sorrow. She noted with pity how white was his hair and how thin and worn his body though she judged him to be under fifty years of He looked as if during long years he might have felt the pinch of poverty so great that hunger and cold were familiar enemies, and she wondered what were the details of the tragic story he could tell if he

would. Suddenly Eileen put her lips close to her mother's ear. "He looks like Grandpa now," she said in a stage

whisper. The man paid no heed. Appar ently he had not heard the child. Mrs. Wilkinson looked at him again and saw that Eileen was right. He was sitting in a position that was characteristic of her father when ever he was low spirited or disheart

A torrent of seemingly inconnec-ted thoughts and recollections poured into her mind, and like a flash she saw a gleam of light. She did not hesitate an instant to act upon it. Very gently she laid her small gloved hand on the man's arm. He looked up startled for a moment and surprised, on her fair face a look which was not an effort at a sort of impersonal kindness, but was all eagerness and sympathy and tender, yearning

'Pat." she said, softly. For one instant the man stared her in amazement, then the light which shone in har face was reflected in his.

stacy of joy, but suddenly shrank back into his old chair and burying

his face in his trembling hands sobbed convulsively.

Meanwhile the other men in the ward burning with curiosity and friendly interest, watched the trio closely and strained their ears to coverhear their conversation.

overhear their conversation.

Mrs. Wilkinson was unconscious of everyone except her poor unfortunate brother whom she and her father had followed to America twenty years before and had vainly tried to trace ever since. She put her arms about him, sobbing with him, as she tried to comfort him. Oh Pat, we have searched for you for years! Every morning we have hoped that before evening you would come, and every night we to bed disappointed. We have been so unhappy about you Pat, dear, dear

Pat!—Eileen, speak to your uncle."
He took her little hand in his and she eyed him curiously. "I didn't know that you were Uncle Pat or I would have called you that at first. You don't look like the picture Grand pa carries in his watch. He told me it was Uncle Pat but its much prettier." All at once she smiled radi-antly. "Mamma, I won't have to say antly. that long prayer about finding Uncle Pat any more mornings, will I?

Wilkinson interrupted her "Oh Pat, why didn't you prattle. come to us? You could have found us so easily." muttered something about be

ing a failure and ashamed and afraid of not being welcome.
"But, Pat, you know that it wa

to be with you that we came to America—and then we couldn't find What difference could it have you. made to us whether or not you were making money?"
Pat did not answer at once but

when he did he looked her squarely in the face. "If I had succeeded, Eileen, I would have written, but I have been no good—no good. I per, asked from one of the servants always hoped to get a start at last the cause of the delay, and having would have gone to see you if I

"We knew but too well that if you felt that you would be a help to us you would have come to share your good fortune with us. That only made it harder. We were certain that you were suffering somewhereperhaps were even hungry and cold and friendless. We have grown richer and richer but how could we enjoy the money without you?"

Pat was smiling happily. "You see Eileen, I lost my leg in a railway accident fifteen years ago. That handicapped me in the racehad not been a swift runner at best. The smile had died from his face and his voice trembled over the last words. Before his sister had time to say anything he asked haltingly as if half afraid to hear her answer, Father-is he-is he with you still, Eileen?"

'Yes, yes, Pat. You must come home with me now. What a merry, merry Christmas he will have after all these years of waiting and and watching for you!"—Florence

### A LEGEND OF CHRISTMAS EVE

ST. BRIGID'S WELL

I never pass Cragane Castle an ts holy well but I think of its legends and its ghost ; yet, though I've gone by late and early, I have never seen the unquiet spirit of its repentant squire.

In Cromwell's reign of terror the owner of the castle abandoned his faith in order to save his estates, and in those days all the marsh and swamp ground that one now sees trailing along the Atlantic shore to the village of Seafield, held fair meadows smiling in their rich green and gold, filled as they were with buttercups, daisies and poppies; and fertile fields on which grazed numer-

ous cattle and sheep.
Old Squire Gerald had a great dowry with his wife-one of the Tatts, who, years before, had left the country and gone to Austria, and their descendants are there to this day-who, when she discovered that her husband had given up his religion, would have gone back to her own people with her children. But this the squire would not permit and neither would he suffer priests to come to the castle. His serving men and women were all adherents of the new creed, and on them he imposed the task of watching their mistress and her children. The lady herself seemed to be al-

vays bright and contented, though the squire would not allow her to go unattended beyond the castle ground But almost daily she and her chil dren took their midday meal at the seashore; and from there she would send the servants back, and bid them not return until a certain heur. And each day a saintly priest who lived -like many another in those wild times—concealed in a neighboring cave, came and instructed the children, and gave to their mother the consolations of her faith. The viands they brought with them sufficed not only for their own meal, but for the necessities of the holy hermit. And before each dawn many of the neigh boring peasants put off in their coracles, and came to the sea girth room where the poor, deveted priest said Mass at the risk of his life; and where by his ministrations he helped them to keep their faith, and to bear the hardships and troubles put upon

Christmas was approaching and

"It is little Eileen!" he cried. "Oh her children receive their first Holy Eileen!" He kissed her in an ec-Communion. There was one of the Communion. There was one of the servants in the household who was himself a Catholic, unknown to the master, and it was he who would row them to the cave.

The squire had invited many guests

to the castle, and in those days the festivities were kept up until the 6th of Jan. The lady told the servant that she, too, expected a guesta royal one—on Christmas eve, and that upon the stroke of 12 the gates and the main door of the castle should be thrown open in anticipation of his coming; that all the candles should be lighted, and that the ministrels should play.

Great was the excitement prevail-

ing throughout the household that day. Many visitors were arriving, but the servants were awaiting the coming of the mistress' guest. The children, too, were eager for the ap-pointed hour, but for a different reason. And yet their joy was some what dashed with sadness, for they considered they had nothing to bring to the Holy Infant that could be accounted a worthy gift. They were consoled by their mother, who told them of the poor shepherdess of Nazareth, Morelai, who seeing the wise kings giving their gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh, wept because she had nothing. And God pitying her sent His angels to tell her to look in the snow, and there she found growing the pure and white flower, fringed with a delicate pink, known as Helibore; and plucking it she entered the stable and gave it to the Christ Child. This is only flower that blows through the snow of Christmastide, and it is called the Christmas rose. It is said that it blooms only for the twelve days.

So the children gathered sea ane mones and beautiful weeds, to lay at the feet of the Baby-King. The holy night arrived, and the

lady's orders were carried out to the letter, but still the Royal guest tar-The squire, impatient for sup ried. been informed sent for his wife to explain for whom she waited. But, to his dismay, neither wife nor children could be found. The castle was searced, high and low, and the seek ers had all but given up the quest when the lady and her children en tered. Their cloaks were powdered with snow and it was evident that they had been out of doors. The lady's face was radiant with happiness, and as she apologized to her guests she openly declared that she and her children had been at midnight Mass, and that they had re-

ceived Holy Communion.

Terror was on all the guests' faces when her husband all but roared. We are not papists, madame, an yet you are liable to severe punishment if any of my servants choose to speak of your superstitious practi-

His anger knew no bounds. Who is the guest," he asked, " for whom the gates were thrown open, and who has not thought it worth

his while to come?" "He came," she answered, " for, as well you know, it has been an ancient custom ever since Christianity came to Erin's shores, to open wide the doors on Christmas morn to welcome the Son of God and at least to offer

Him shelter."
"Madam," he thundered, "I'll have no such customs here. I curse your creed, its practices and its priests Where were you at Mass—at the Dripping Well, I'll be bound. (He knew nothing of the cave). I'll have no papistical practices on my estate, and

daybreak." After supper he called his steward, and gave orders that all the sweep-ings of the stables were to be thrown alized indeed. into the well at dawn-that weird hour when all Nature is astir.

His orders were only too willingly executed; but a few hours afterwards when the pale winter sun had risen over the snow clad land, lo! the fields of yesterday were changed to marshy swamps, and his cattle all lay dead in their byres. And the Holy which had been consecrated to St. Brigid, dripped, dripped, dripped, on the virgin snow, but at the other side of the highroad, and there it drips to

this day. Years went by, but the squire's pride, would not allow him to follow the promptings of his heart to return to his old fa th and give up all else He had become more lenient to his wife, and allowed her to visit the adopted country of her people, and even consented to his children being educated in Austria. His only son became a monk, and his wife and daughters made many pious pilgrimages, and were unceasing in their

prayers for his conversion In the fullness of time Lady Gerald died, exhorting her children to guard their faith and to return to their father.

Back once more in Ireland, they were pained to notice how miserable the old squire had become. the solace of sleep was denied him, and he was utterly wretched.

In the gray dawn of a chill November merning, some time after his wife's death, he heard a noise which he thought proceeded from her room. He rose, went out and stood irresolutely in the corridor with his hand on the door-knob, but dreaded to purgatery" at St. Brigid's Holy Well. —Sydney Catholic Press. He had a superstitious fear that her spirit, in some visible form, would meet his gaze if he should open the door. The old courage that he strove to call to his aid had vanished, and he stood, afraid to stir, in the shadowy corrider. Suddenly he saw small, the weather bad, but it hearthis daughters move no selessly down ily as unto the Lord I do the best I the stairs at the farther end, and at can and look not back, but keep right Lady Gerald was filled with anxiety the stairs at the farther end, and at to hear the midnight Mass, and see once the sense of human companion-

ship broke the spell. He followed them at a safe distance, and from the great window on the landing, saw them hasten across the park, and take a path that led to the

Then he remembered that it was the anniversary of his wife's death and he shrewdly guessed that his daughters had been secretly attending Mass somewhere in the neighborhood During the following week, though he watched morning after morning, they never left the castle.

But Christmas was approaching, and he was convinced that if the op-portunity occurred they would attend midnight Mass on Christmas Rve. So when that night came he slipped unobserved from the castle, and made his way to the beach. The meen had not yet risen and as he had yet some time to wait, he sought shelter in a little cave. Warmly clad as he was the numbing celdness soon brought on a feeling of drowsiness, and the squire fell asleep.

He was awakened from his slumber by the sound of oars, and through the mist he saw numerous coracles glid-ing across the bay toward Seafield One was moored near his feet, and casting off the rope, he took up the oars and followed them. Just round the headland he saw a brilliantly lighted cave, and to it all the coracles steered. Leaving their little boats on the beach the people silently entered the cave, and the squire went with them. Within a priest was saying Mass, and the squire was impelled to kneel in the rocky foor and join in adoration with his fellow worshippers—a vast, silent crown seemingly far too numerous for the little chapel. Gradually he became aware that those about him had been long dead. There were the friends of his children and youth; and there, in the farthest corner, were his father and mother, kneeling absorbed in devotion.

As the Mass proceeded contrition overwhelmed him, and piety and faith came back to him. At the, "domine non sum dignus" he struck his breast with the earnestness of the publican of old, and cried, God, be merciful to me a sinner."

They all received Holy Communion but him, and then they knelt in reverent thanksgiving. As the priest left the altar Gerald moved across to speak to his parents, when suddenly the light went out, and he was left groping in total darkness. Even the entrance to the cave was invisible to him, though he could hear the noise of the water as it broke in ripples

on the strand.
Suddenly his hand touched some thing warm and soft, that meved He hastily struck a light, and there before him was Lady Gerald's friend

God save you my man; and what brings you here?" said the holy her-

"Father." said the squire, "did you not say Mass just now.' "No; for it is not yet the hour for my poor friends to come to welcome

the infant Jesus in this humble "Then, Father," he said, "I have been guided here by the holyspirits."
He then related all he had seen, and made his confession. He was still deep in prayer when his daughters arrived, and after them of the neighboring people. No one noticed him until the Communion, when he arose and knelt beside his children to receive the Holy Et. harist. They started as if he had been an apparition. They could scarcely believe it was he after all those years of heresy. But their Christmas joy l give a welcome to your guest at was complete. The peasants' wish 'A Christmas without sorrow to ye,' which would greet them on all sides

> The squire would have been quite prepared to sacrifice land and wealth, if need be, for the faith he had so long forsaken; but the persecution was less keen, and the renunciation

He became most devout and was often seen making the rounds on his pare knees at the Well of St. Brigid. He had a Calvary erected there, with seven resting places on each side for the Way of the Cross, and a large crucifix over the well. And his whole life pecame one of repentance, piety and

One morning he was found kneeling at the foot of the cross with his beads in his hands, and his head pent low, as if kissing the crucifix, but his spirit had flown to its maker.

St. Brigid's Well is still one of the most beautiful of the lovely dripping wells in Ireland. It is situated on the wild, majestic west coast, and is a sanctuary of holy peace and devo-tion for the hush is only broken by the rejoicing of nature—the song of the thrush, the linnet and the blackbird; the drone of the bees, the chirping of the cricket, the musical mono tone of the little brown frog that sounds like the D string on a violing the rustling of the trees, stirred by the breeze from the sea; the echo of the surf as it tumbles on the sands; the scent of the lilac, the woodbine and the briar; and the drip, drip, drip of the crystal water as it falls on its bed of green moss.

And the peasantry far and near declare that Squire Gerald's spirit is seen still praying and still "doing his

on, I am no failure.

### ARCHBISHOP IRELAND SERMON ON THE GREAT ANNI-

VERSARY Jesus Christ yesterday, and to day: and the rever. (Hebr. xiii, 8)

To my old time friends of the Cathe dral parish, to all the children of the diocese of St. Paul, I say from my heart—A blessed and happy Christ mas! May the Infant of Bethlehem dod Incarnate, make you His own and spread over your souls, in rich abundance, the gifts of faith, hope and charity, which it was His mission to lavish upon as many as received Him—giving to those who do receive Him the "power to be made the Sons of God, to them that believe in His

To the world of men the annually recurring festival of Christmas is a day of unusual gladness and rejoicing. None there are, who, in one manner or other, are insensible to the happiness, personal and social, of which it is the harbinger. Once in the ages, manifestly, something did occur, wondrous in the history of the race, the echoes of which never died away -something of momentous meaning humanity, into the influences of which it has so woven the threads of its life course, that from them it never will be torn asunder.

Yes—once in the ages something did occur, wondrous in history, most meaningful to humanity. Once in the ages the message went forth from the skies: "This day is born to you the skies: "This day is born to you a Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord, in

"This day is born to you a Saviour." The full meaning of the message I fain would tell the world of men. By many it is not underof men. By many is stood, and, as around us years go by, less and less is it understood. "He was in the world, and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not. He came unto His own, and His own received Him not. True to day as of yore the words of the Evangelist : more true, alas! today even than of yore.

JESUS THE SAVIOUR, THE REDEEMER "To day is born to you a Saviour." Se spoke the angels : so later spoke Jesus Himself. To be the Saviour of men, to redeem men from sin, to reconstruct in souls the image and likeness of God, to open to them the gateways of eternal felicity—this is the mission of Jesus, this the purpose of the Incarnation - this the divine truth which we must appreis to be fully understood, if its joyousness is to be fully ours.

The quest of Jesus was the quest of souls. The evil oppressing souls is sin—rebellion against the laws of God, separateness from the love and the mercy of God. To deliver souls from sin was the work of Jesus. He shall save His people from their sins "—it was said of Him to the Virgin Mother. "For this is the blood of the New Testament," said Jesus Himself in prediction of His crucifixion, "which shall be shed for many unto the remission of sins."

And in St. Paul we read: "But God And in St. Paul we read : commandeth His charity towards us; because when as yet we were sinners. Christ died for us: much more, therefore, being now justified by His blood, shall we be saved by His life." Jesus was the Saviour, the Redeemer, the Sanctifier. The highest gift in the hands of the Infinite God, whereby to enrich men, is the salvation of their souls; and that is the gift made to them by Jesus: it is the best-the gift most needed by men, most worthy of God's munificence. "What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world, should he lose his own soul ?" The things of earth, so far as they may be required, were put at the isposal of men by the Creator: to men to make use therein of their own ingenuity and industry. The things of heaven are beyond the unaided reach of men: to their help therein the Son of God came down from heaven. The whole career of Jesus was directed to the one great work, the salvation of souls—and to that work alone. As Saviour and Redeemer must we accept Him—else we build up to ourselves a Jesus, Who is not the Jesus of Bethlehem not the Jesus of the first Christmas Day. JESUS, THE TEACHER OF SUPERNATURAL

TRUTH Jesus came as the teacher-the herald of the truths of the Supernatural life. He taught, as He should have taught, if men were to know Who He was, what salvation He of-fered, upon what conditions and through what agencies it was to be acquired. For three years He was the teacher: and His tarrying among men coming to a close, He instituted an apostleship to perpetuate His teachings, saying to its members: "Preach the Gospel to every creature:" "Teach all nations, teaching to observe all things whatso ever I have commanded unto you." He taught "as one having authority." He was the Master. By His works He has proven His right to teach: "If I do not the works of My Father, believe Me not." Hence He demanded that men hear Him, believe Him, and obey Him: "Amen, I say to you, he who heareth My word and believeth Him that sent Me hath everlasting life:" "He that despiseth Me and keepeth not My words, hath One that judgeth him." injunction to the Apostles is positive and explicit: "Preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved. He that believeth not shall be con-demned." How could it be other-When the One Who has proven Himself God's messenger, God Himself "visiting His people," speaks, He must be heard and believed, because of the reverence due Man is not a mere sentient being, and merely by impulse and emo-Him. Divine majesty must assert ruled merely by impulse and emo-

and sustain itself : the creature cantowards the Creator: else the were setting himself; creature were setting himself; above the Creator. Jesus taught: to us to seek out His words, and treasure them in love : to us to believe and obey. Mysteries there may be in the revelations of the supernatural: our duty still is to believe, to submit in all things our understanding to the mind of the Almighty. It was the purpose of divine revelation, as St. Paul writes, "to destroy every height that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, to bring into captivity every understanding unto the obedience of Christ."

JESUS, THE SANCTIFIER OF SOULS Coming as Saviour and Redeemer, esus died to merit for men graces whereby they were to be purified from sin and fitted for divine life. He instituted ordinances through which those graces were to descend into souls. He ordered baptism: he allotted to the Apostles the power of binding and loosing: He instituted To men to submit to those ordin ances, or be deprived of the merits of the Redemption. The creature has not the right to mark out his own road to heaven, to assert his in-Else, again, man should be the Mas

CHRIST, THE FOUNDER OF THE

CHURCH Finally, to perpetuate through ages His teachings, to provide for the ministration of His graces even unto the end of time, Jesus founded His Church, building it upon the rock that no opposition could shatter or weaken —entrusting to its chieftains His own power, giving to them the promises of abiding guidance: power is given to me in heaven and on earth: as the Father sent me, so also I send you-Going, therefore, teach all nations-And behold I am with you all days even unto the consummation of the ages." The Church of Christ is Christ still dwelling among men, still teaching, still anctifying we are not Christ's disciples, we have not entered into the fullness of the spirit of Christmas unless to day we hear the Church and obey its mandates, as we should hear Christ, and obey His mandates were He visibly our immediate teacher and Master.

Say what men will do, do what they will, Jesus has spoken. His "For there is no other name under heaven given to mer whereby we must be saved.

THE ATTITUDE OF MANY TOWARDS CHRIST-AN INDEPENDENT MORAL

What now is the attitude in the world of men around us towards Christ and His teachings? Verily, He was in the world, and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not." There are those who, while casting towards Bethlehem a glance of vague admiration, profess that whatever Jesus may be to others, to them He is as if He had not come. They do not need Him they need neither His teachings, nor His graces. They are all-sufficient to themselves. Are they not the honest men, the good citizens, the benevolent neighbors, the faithful guardians of those entrusted to their care? What more is required? I answer-this is required, that they remember their duty to God and to His Christ. This is the first com-"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, with thy whole soul and with thy whole mind;" thy God thou shalt serve. Whatever the value of this which God is excluded human morality, which demands of human pride and human selfish-above and before all else the sclemn recognition of the Creator and Sovereign Master, which exacts obedi-ence to His will, submission to His word. God has not visited His people to be neglected by them, to be scorned in His gifts, to be de-spised and set aside as useless to humanity, as incapable of asserting His rights to love and worship. Let men be the honest servants, as much as they claim to be: let them have earned earth's wealth and honors to the full extent of their highest ambitions: unless they have served God and kept His commandments their life is a failure; their end is without hope and joy. God has been forgot-ten; and God is the judge to vindi-cate the eternal law of gratitude and ustice, violated by those who have forgotten Him. No man, no creature, is allowed to mock with impunity the Lord and His anointed.

A RELIGION WITHOUT DOGMAS Those there are who dare not altogether blot from their title roll the name of Christian, who feel they must in some manner bow on Christ-mas Day to the crib of Bethlehem, who, however, bid the Christian religion come to them in the form they hemselves have chosen: Let it be an uprising of the soul, a sentiment, an emotion towards a better living. But away with dogmas and doctrines; the world has outgrown dogmas and with the world around we must keep pace. An insult to their own reason, no less than an insult to the authority of the Saviour, language of this kind. What is religion without its dogmas and doctrines? To be at all admissible, a religion must define it. self, declare its principles, its methods of acting, its conditions of service: and this is dogma doctrine. Does the nation exist without its constitution, without its principles of government - in other words, Man is not a mere sentient being,

tion. The intellect must first have spoken before the will moves; and the voice of the intellect is argument and principle—dogma and doctrine. Jesus entered the world to draw men towards Ham: must He not tell us who He is, what His purposes Must He not propose to us the goal towards which He would have us travel, and read out to us the means through which we may reach it? And this is dogma, doctrine. Jesus spoke, "as one having authority." By what right shall we, in rebellien to His teachings, hold our-selves free to reject His words—all or any single one? Shall we say. His words are not truth; and if they are truth are we at liberty to reject the truth? Shall we say, that as if in insanity, Jesus spoke to the winds or bade them pass by? No-the God man does not cast His pearls to the swine: He does not insult His eter-nal majesty, by telling men to do as they please with the offerings of His love. He taught and He exacted that His teachings be accepted, that not one iota be dropped from them: Going, therefore, teach all nations teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded unto you." "He that believeth not shall

A PHILANTHROPIC RELIGION

Well, yes-we hear it said-we one more fit to appeal to present humanity — a church less religious, mere philanthropic—a church that will serve better the requirements of men, that will turn more to earth than to Heaven. I answer; the preaching of Christ was essentially and primarily religious. "What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world, should he lose his own soul?" What man supremely needs is the teaching of religion. Of earth he can by himself take sufficient care of Heaven he knows bythimself but little. It is in His reaching towards Heaven that a Saviour, a Redeemer is needed. If religion is no longer the prime office of the Christian Church, in vain were the good tidings of the first Christmas morn: City of David." In vain was the shedding of the Blood of Christ on Calvary "unto the remission of sin." In vain was Christ's whole coming, Christ's whole preaching, Christ's whole work from Bethlehem to Cal Blot Christ from memory sink Him into oblivion, rather than desecrate His name by affixing to it a so-called church, philanthropic

rather than religious. Of course, the religion of Christ is philanthropic—most truly so, because by its dogmas and mandates it lays the foundations of purest, strongest sweetest charity and justice. who serves God, will serve the neighbor for God's sake. He who fulfills the law of God, will be just—seeking to give to all men their rights; and charitable, spending himself in love to assuage every human sorrow, and relieve every human misery. religion of Christ created a new humanity, wherein justice and charity shone, as never before. But this it did because it was a religion linking man to God by belief in revealed truth, by submission to the divine commands of purity of soul and of immolation of pride and appetite upon the altars of divine love and service. A sad day for the philanthropy even of the present time. when, yet more loosened from the religious principles, which still, with more or less consciousness on the part of its advocates, impart to it inspiration and strength. Thrown back upon its own resources of so-called independent morality, from | thought and motive, it should quickly lacking in that chief element of of battling with the chilling words

A RE-STATEMENT OF THE RELIGION OF CHRIST

Well-we hear it finally said-let the old religion of Bethlehem and Calvary survive, and still continue its course through the world of men: but of its teaching, such as they have been, a re-statement must be made a recast of form so as to clothe them with modern vesture; a recast of substance even, so far as this is no longer expressive of present-day as pirations and conditions. What hu manity has to day so grown in stature that it no longer bends under the ruling hand of God; its intellect has become so enlightened that it no longer bears with the truths of divine revelation : its needs are so expansive that the remedies provided for them by the Saviour of Bethlehem no longer are adequate to sati ate them! The time has come, men dare to assert, when the world has outgrown the religion brought to it from Heaven; when it must seek a life of its own making, independent of Him, Who heretofore has reigned as Sovereign Teacher and Master Veriest of follies and of insensate rebellions—this audacious declaration that the revelation of Jesus must restate its formulas of belief and practice, or make way for a new religion, such as the one or the other in the world of men may at will excogitate and enforce. Christ taught—teaching with the authority of the works of the Infinite. He founded the Church, to subsist in all ages, to repeat even to the end of time the truths He has revealed. Christ remains: His Church remains: "Jesus Christ yesterday and to day, and the Catholic confessional, for no forgive-

THOSE WHO RECEIVE JESUS OF BETH-LEHEM

Brethren, children of the Church of his own language, which is:
hrist, my words are for you, to "In the first place, I do not believe Christ, my words are for you, to guard you from the vagaries of an unbelieving world, to make you fast Church has a confessional which

once for aye delivered to the saints." The world around you does not know the "Word Incarnate." 'He was in the world, an I the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not."

Children of the Church, you know Him. But do you receive Him, as He wishes you to receive Him, as the wishes you to receive Him? "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not." Are you among those of His own who have received Him not? Yes—if, only in belief, and not also in actual regeneration of soul, you have received. eration of soul, you have received the salvation, of which He was the herald, the Master. Have you on holy Christmas Day washed your souls in His sacramental Blood? Have you for the coming year set your thoughts and resolves in har mony with His teachings and commands? Is it so with you that all may say: "Of His fullness we all have received, and grace for grace?"

If so—in all truth, as in all sincerity, wish you a happy Christmas. If so a happy Christmas, indeed, is yours, for you are of those of whom the Gospel says: "But as many as re-Gospel says: "But as many as re-ceived Him, He gave them power to be made the Sens of God, to them that believe in His name.

#### PROTESTANT

CONFESSIONAL

There is not a sacrament, instituted by Jesus Christ, which is of so much benefit and comfort to the Christian as the sacrament of penance. After baptism it is the only plank left for salvation. But for its almost universal wreckage of souls. nature, its proneness to sin, and hence He gave men a means to rise relief and gratitude. from sin's degradation again to the level of divine grace and favor. The most important condition of forgiveness of sin is genuine contritionreal, sincere sorrow, which includes the firm purpose of amendment—a condition upon which all creeds and religions are agreed. Our Saviour need not have added anything to this condition had He so chosen, but it was His desire to give the sinner an of assurance and safety in the sacra ment of penance, of which oral confession to the priest of God is an inman of average intelligence can doubt the institution of this sacra ment of Christ is almost incredible and can only be explained by reason of the perversity of the human mind. When Christ after His resurrection appeared to all His apostles, with the exception of Thomas, we read in St. John, chapter xx, "that He breathed on them; and He said to them: Receive ye the Holy Ghost. Whose sins you shall forgive, they are for given them, and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained." How How be plainer? It would priests of the Church, to forgive or retain sins unless they were first confessed. By commission Christ delegated His power to them. Christ as He could delegate to them His power and authority. They received a plenipotentiary mission, with full equipment to act, not as though they, being

ness, compassion and mercy for the enhanced by the personality of the sinner, our divine Lord knew full minister in their administration. Dr. well the comfort and peace of mind a Sheldon need not worry about copyconfession of his sins would bring to | ing after the Catholic institution him. seek that kind of relief from a truth- ment of penance essablished by worthy relative or friend, in whom he may confide, even outside of the tieth chapter of St. John.-Interconfessional. Yea, the murderer in the face of the gallows is glad to make a confession though his crime has been concealed for many years.

The confession of sins in the sacra ment of penance was not disturbed or assailed until the Reformation. It was one of the sacraments abolished by the reformers, so called But Protestantism is decaying and disintegrating. It is at present but a Christian code of morals, requiring no belief in any of the positive Christian teachings that were taught for centuries up to the present time by the Catholic Church. In their anxiety to keep their flocks together and interest them in something that is unusual it is no wonder that Protestant pastors resort to every expediency. And so it is not strange when we read that a Rev. Charles W. Sheldon, with a D. D. behind his name, recently startled the Christian Endeavor convention at Los Angeles by advocating the establishment in the Protestant churches of what he chooses to call a "Protestant Confessional." He explains this to mean the weekly setting aside by the pas-tor of a few hours for all those members of the congregation who are burdened with sins in order that they may unbosom themselves and receive his comfort, cheer, and counsel. Comes pretty close to the Catholic conception of confession, and so it was interpreted by many and her-alded by the public, had his statement printed, to the effect that his plan was not an imitation of the ness of sin by the minister was contemplated.

But Dr. Sheldon is best judged in

upon the rock of the divine faith, stands for certain things no Protest-

Protestants cannot make use of a this Council," writes Gregory, "there fundamental need in human nature was one of the bishops who declared which craves help and a sharing of that a woman could not be called fundamental need in human nature its burdens.

in the right and privilege of the Pro-testant minister to stand in such a relation to his people that they will turn to him as the confidant of their troubles, and make him the coun-

There is nothing 'Roman Catho lic ' about this-it is simply human nature which is not a monopoly of any church. I object, in my ministry, to the idea that the Protestant is 'imitating' the Catholic when he uses a universal human principle. My meaning of the term testant confessional' may be summed

up as follows:
"1. The Protestant minister should be in the closest possible relations to all the people in his parish as a spiritual and practical adviser and friend. If he is not able to win the perfect confidence and respect of his people so that they will naturally regard him as their best friend in spiritual matters and in general counsel, then no 'confessional' is

2. If such relations are estab lished, the minister will find that it is a help to definite usefulness to have a stated time during the week when his people can come to him with their problems. Sunday afternoon is a good time for such counsel. I have found it so in my own prac-

tise for many years.
"3. There are many problems in the lives of men and women that they cannot and will not discuss of the priesthood. He has refused plank left for salvation. But for its they cannot and will not discuss remission of sins there would be an with their own relatives or friends. It it is an established custom to take Christ knew the weakness of human such problems to the minister, it will be accepted with a great feeling of

> The number of such troubles and the kind are limited only by the acy, is advertised in every Socialist number of people who come to the

minister for help.
"5. In all this there is not the remotest similarity to the Roman Catholic confessional as that is actually practised. The last thing in the world that the Protestant minister wants is a 'copy' of the Roman Catholic confessional. What he does want and ought to have is a personal relation to his people of such a character that he will come to be with them the one person in all the parish who can help them solve their earthly troubles and help bring them close to God. In all this there is not the remotest hint of 'absolution for sin' or 'pardon for sin' or 'indul-gence.' Of course it goes without saging that the practise of such a confessional as outlined here means heroic qualities in the minis try and an enlargement of the defini-

In this statement Dr. Sheldon gives one of the reasons, why Christ estab lished confession as an integral part of the sacrament of penance, when he says that it is "a fundamental be impossible for the apostles, and need in human nature, which craves help and a sharing of its burdens.' How poorly this need, this craving would be satisfied if the penitent sinner could only expect relief from an occasional minister of heroic God could forgive sins, and as God quality in one of the Protestant the doctor believes himself possessed of this quality. How could Christ, as the Son of God, have made so human beings could forgive sin (God sorry a provision, depending upon an alone can do that), but that vicariously they might carry out and sit in Church universal? The idea is judgment on those conditions which simply preposterous. The efficacy Christ has established for the for of Christ's sacraments lies in the veness of sins.

With His divine heart full of kindconferred, and is not curtailed nor It is natural for every man to The Catholic institution is the sacra Christ as he may read in the twen mountain Catholic.

# HAVE WOMEN SOULS?

Frequently reference is made in the radical literature of our day to a supposed discussion held at the Council of Macon to decide whether or not women have souls. The story is taken from the Socialist text-book upon sexual matters, Bebel's man under Socialism." The book, though it has passed through more than thirty editions, and has been translated into nearly every language spoken by Socialists, is as unscientific as it is slanderous, blasphemous and immoral. Its frank paganism and free love doctrines, however, have rendered it popular, while its vile misrepresentations of Christian-ity and of the Church are thought to contribute to the modern emancipa

After striving to prove by disconnected and misunderstood quotations that Christ, St. Paul and the Fathers of the Church were hostile to woman and marriage, he comes to the Council of Macon, "which," to quote De Leon's translation "in the sixteenth (sic) century, discussed the question whether woman had a soul, and which decided with a majority of but

one vote, that she had." (p. 52.)
With his wonted carelessness for truth of precision, provided a slander can serve his purpose, no reference to the source of his statement is given. We must accept it upon his assumed veracity and the infallible correctness of his interpretation. In the official records of the Council no such discussion is noted. The story, as Father W. McMahon, S. J., shows in his "Bebel's Libel on Woman," is founded upon an ignorant or malicious distortion of a perfectly clear passage in the "Historia Francorum"

ant can accept, therefore, the of Gregory of Tours (VIII, 20): "In homo (man). But when the other bishops had reasoned with him, he held his peace, for they showed him that the text of the Old Testament laid down that in the beginning when God created man it was said and female He created them, and He called their name Adam,' which means man of the earth, thus applying the same term to woman and mar alike, for He designated each of them

equally homo.' The question, therefore, whether women have souls was never mentioned in the Council. The discussion consisted merely of an objection made by a single bishop regarding the property of using the term "man" when technically referring to woman, and finally there was no vote taken, but merely an explanation offered, which was at once accepted as satisfactory. It is with falsehoods like the

present, and with apparently learned but misintrepreted quotations and clever sophisms, that the faith of Catholics is attacked on every hand by the Socialist method of propaganda. Naturally the average workingman cannot be prepared to give an answer to such countles calumnies against his Church, nor can he distinguish between reliable and unreliable authorities, between misapplied and correct quotations. Every means is used, moreover, to estrange him from his divinely appointed teachers, and to inspire to heed the warnings of the Church, he has knowingly exposed himself to danger, and his loss of faith is almost an inevitable result.

Bebel's volume, which reflects the very lowest stage of sexual degenerpaper, and has even been sold directly by the "Christian Socialist." freely recommended as a vade meeum for every Socialist girl and woman. Its apparent apparatus of vast learn without any of the reality, renders it sufficiently formidable. Bebel undoubtedly recognized the untenableness of many of his statements, bolstered up, as they are, by an array of credulouly accepted or misinterpreted authorities; but the book was good propaganda matter and a slur upon Christianity and all religion. The Socialist party has everywhere sought to introduce it.

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in 3t Tehn, N. B., single copies may be purchase now. Mrs. to A. McCapire, 24c Maine street ISTTERS OF RECOMMENDATION

Mr. Thomas Coffey Ottawa, June 13th, 1905.
See Dear Str.—Since coming to Canada I have force a creater of your paper. I have more a distriction that it is directed with intelligence and sabidity, and, showe all, that it is minuted with a straing Catholic spirit. It streamonally defends Catholic praceiples and rights, and stands firmly by the brachings and authority of the Charch, at the same that, promoting the best interests of the country. Colliciting these lines it has done a great deal of good for the western of religion and country, and it good for the western of religion and country, and it will deal more Adminish homes. I therefore, an extended the control of the co

Tours very sinearely in Christ, Dowards, Archbishop of Ephesia, Apostolic Delegai University of Ottawa. Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900.

Mr. Thremas Coffey: Dear Riv. 1900.

Lear Riv.: For some time past I have read your methodolog paper the Carmonic Riccore, and congravants you upon the menner in which it is published. For matter and form are both good; and a truly Debnolic splitt pervation the whole. Therefore, with planarus, I can recommend it to the faithful. Blessing you and wishing you success believe me to research.

Tour faithfully in Jesus Christ.

† D. Falcorio, Arch. of Laussa, Apos. Deleg.

LOSDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1918

#### CHRISTMAS

We have never read anything on Christmas approaching in dignity, sublimity and touching simplicity to the Gospel narrative of the events of the first Christmas night ; that night whose anniversary is the holiest and tenderest of all Christian

And it came to pass, that in these days there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that the whole world should be enrolled. This enrolling was first made by Cyrinus, the governor of Syria, And all went to be enrolled, every one into his own city. And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth into Judea, to the city of David, which is called Bethlehem; because he was of the house and family of David, to be enrolled with Mary his es poused wife who was with child.

And it came to pass that when they were there, her days were accomplished, that she should be de livered. And she brought forth her firstborn son, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

And there were in the same country shephends watching, and keeping the night-watches over their flock. And behold an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the brightness of God shone round about them; and they feared with a great fear. And the angel said to them: Fear not; for, behold, I bring you tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people : for, this av is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David. And this shall be a sign unto you. You shall find the infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly army, praising God, and saying :

Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will.

Something of holy personalities of Mary the Mother, Jesus the Child, and Joseph the reputed husband and father, and the real divinely chosen protector, seems to cling to the Gospel of the first Mass of Christmas Day. The angelic choir does not seem to the Catholic merely an echo from a distant past; with the ear of faith he hears the heavenly host singing each Christmas Day the self.same glorious hymn of praise and joy that the shepherds heard in Bethlehem of Judea. He knows the self-same words are sung by human choirs in vaulted cathedral and humble chapel, before tens of thousands of altars throughout the world; while on each altar the same Saviour is born to us Who is Christ the Sacramental Lord.

Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace to men of good-will.

It is not alone because we love the words: pax hominibus bonae voluntatis, nor to show that they are more appropriate and more significant than the "peace and good will toward men " that has been incorporated into the English language from the Protestant version, that we call attention to the fact that the heavenly message of peace is to men of then into our souls will certainly Letter:

descend the grace of Christmas, the peace of God.

To one and all we extend best wishes for a merry Christmas; may God add the graces of a holy Christmas. And God bless all the little lambs of the Good Shepherd's worldwide flock. Christmas is in a special sense the feast of Christian children. Let the children of a larger growth not allow that fact to escape their memory.

LIBERTY AND ITS EXERCISE A noted Frenchwoman once re-

marked that there were crimes committed in the name of Liberty. The wisdom of her profound observation has greatly impressed some of her countrymen and others. For some it embodies the whole philosophy of history. This, in turn, has suggested a guess at the unsolved riddle of the Catholic Republic of France ruled by a clique of infidels who despoil with impunity French churches, religious orders and Catholic institutions. True, the ultraorthodox French Catholics were not enthusiastic republicans. They were Royalists, Imperialists, Legitimists, etc., as a rule ; on occasion, Boulganists, anti Semitists, and other things; but not Republicans. There was no comparison. open declaration of war on the Republic; and there was no open declaration of war on the Church. But there was practically a state of war. And the fortunes of war went against the reactionaries. Twenty - two Four months after Leo's Letter a

things he said : "As a citizen of a republic, I recognize this evening a special obligation his Irish fellow Protestant patriots. through which the to the country approbation and benediction of the Head of the Church have come to the republican form of government-I must give expression to the gratitude which wells up in my heart to night for the great country which gave XIII. the occasion 'to canonize the republic.' Heretofore when came to Europe, I heard it whispered about that I was a dangerous man heretic. All that even friends would say to me was: 'Your ideas may pass current in America where people are not yet fully civilized."

The bearing of these observations lies in their application; and their application is obvious and multiplex. This article is not suggested by the snap vote of the small section of the York Country Board of the Ancient Order of Hibernians for whom we entertain the kindliest feelings. Even if the A. O. H. had not promptly rescinded that resolution and nobly vindicated the true principles of Hibernianism, we should find it easy to understand and sympathize with the point of view and limitations of the little faction of Irish enthusiasts; much easier, indeed, than we find it to understand and sympathize with ther evidences of a similar spirit. These and certain ill natured French comments, not the A. O. H. resolution, have suggested the reflections and observations contained in this article. However, before leaving this phase of the subject let us call attention to a rather strik-

The Protestant Bishop of Tuam, addressing his clergy and laity, said:

ingly parallel case.

"My coming to the West of Ireland has made me more proud of the fact that I am an Irishman than ever I was, for here I have been brought into personal contact with one of the most prominent features, that characteristic mark of the true Ireland. Where in the whole world will you find such kindheartedness and such humanity? The generous welcome extended to me by the people of Connaught, Irish Churchmen and Catholics alike, has made a deep impression upon me. I think I see here in the West of Ireland the dawn of my most cherished hopes. Loving my Church as I do, and loving hardly less my country, I have often longed to see our Church taking a more prominent part in the moulding of our national life and national character. It is sad indeed to think how llttle sympathy there has been in the past between our Church and the aspirations of the nation. And remember, in a very real Ireland is a nation — and there is nothing in the least inconsistent - and there in being a Nationalist and patriot in truest sense of the word and being at the same the staunchest loyalist.'

These words were quoted by John Redmond in the great speech which we placed before our readers two weeks ago. They had already been cited in these columns several months previously. We are glad to letters from some readers whom we quote them again before giving the highly esteem. following extract from an Ulster good will. Good will is our part; Unionist organ, the Belfast News in his Imperialism," writes one.

have been sleeping while the enemy sowed the tares which have now grown up, a bitter crop. Even our friends told us the danger was over and that there was no need for Orangemen; that we should live in peace and amity with our Catholic and fellow-country-men, and all that sickening rot. Live in peace and amity with all men certainly, but clip the wings of Rome. The Papists make good hewers of wood and

drawers of water."

With an effort we can get a some what sympathetic understanding of the point of view that makes this Orange savagery seem to Orangemen the perfect law of liberty. We might even expect them, if they had the Bible knowledge of their forbears, to close with the text, "For you brethren, have been called unto liberty.'

The Belfast News Letter represent the robust reactionary Protestant spirit which greets such utterances as that of the Protestant Bishop of Tuam. Comparisons are sometimes obvious and not always odious. And lest some of our loyal Protestant friends should be too much shocked at the spirit to which the rescinded A. O. H. resolution gave expression, we invite them to make the obvious

But inverted Orangeism is not Irish patriotism. We invite all to make another fairly obvious comparison: consider for a moment with whole hearted appreciation the manly and courageous Irish Protestant years ago the great Pope Leo XIII., of Bishop of Tuam, nationalist and undying memory, called a halt to patriot, yet none the less a loyalist in French Catholic anti-republicanism. every true sense of that much abused word, yearning that the Church which committee of eminent Frenchmen he loves should enter more fully ininvited Archbishop Ireland to give to the life and hopes and aspirations an address in Paris. Amongst other of the nation which he loves, that nation which treasures in her heart of hearts the memory of so many of

Protestant or Catholic, Unionist or Home Ruler, yes, and Orange or Green, is there one true man amongst us all who does not in his heart admit that Bishop Plunkett, right or wrong in his political views, is not a truer man, and a braver man and a better British subject, when, basing his hopes on the that I believed in democracy, that I loved republics. Indeed, it was darkly hinted that I was almost a fullessons of the past, he preaches the gospel of Irish national brotherhood regardless of religious differences, than is Carson K. C., who would perpetuate the feuds of the past and recruit his "army" by preaching the gospel of distrust and hate and reigious intolerance ?

Now nearer home let us consider the Irish Catholic Bishop of London, whose deep unwavering faith in the Church of all the ages and all the nations, impels him not to imitate the timid aloofness that has had so long nullified the influence of the Bishops on the national life of France and driven her priests to the refuge of the sacristy, or to hold that the highest conception of Catholic activity is to be anti-something; but rather to draw his inspiration from the Irelands and of that? Can the same not be said the Gibbonses who have entered so fully and unreservedly into the national life of America and have left their impress deep and permanent on American ideals, American sentiment and American character, to the great advantage of both Church and State.

But an Imperialist? Irish, Catholic, Bishop, and Imperialist? Yes, and the other of Tuam, Irish, Protestant, Bishop and Nationalist! Startling to some, shocking to others must be the attitude of both these worthy Irish prelates. Yet to not a few they point the way to a future enlightened but not embittered by the lessons of

the past. "We should live in our age, know it, be in touch with it. There are Catholics, more numerous, however, in Europe than in America, to whom the present will not be known until long after it will have until become the past. Our work is in the present and not in the past. will not do to understand the thirteenth century better than the nine The world has enteenth. . . . The world has entered upon an entirely new phase; the past will not return ; reaction is the dream of men who see not and hear not; who, in utter oblivion of the living world behind them, sit at the gates of cemeteries weeping over tombs that shall not be reopened We should speak to our age of things which it feels and in language it understands. We should be in it, and of it, if we would have it listen

to us. Archbishop Ireland was speaking to Americans of the duty of Catholics in America, (U. S.) when, twenty five years ago, he used these words. Have they no message for Canadians to-day? We are led to think so by

We shall not follow Bishop Fallon

"Over a quarter of a century we the Bishop would be the first to say that he would prefer to move one to consider the question of Canada's Future, to study it, to think it out for himself, and to form his own conclusions, than to attract a hundred to follow him and unthinkingly accept his solution. Just here the writer of this article wishes it to be understood that he does his own thinking, forms his own conclusions, and upholds his own views, political or otherwise : that he is not an Imperial Federationista: but, for the present at all events, a convinced opponent of that still remote alternative destiny of his native country. The Ten Commandments, the dogmas of the Catholic Church, and a few other things he accepts not on the authority of a bishop but on divine author ity ;on the wide field of liberty, with in the broad lines of Catholic truth he claims equal right with any other man living or dead. If he is ever convertedato the idea of an Imperial Commonwealth, in which Canada will share the privileges and the responsibilities, the benefits and the burdens, he will not feel called upon to justify his right to hold and advocate such views, nor to apologise therofor to? friend or foe, startled, shocked, pained, surprised, or merely contemptuous. Nor will he be troubled for a moment about consistency. Some one said that consistency is a pig; it is born a pig, lives a pig, and dies a pig. And we are disposed to believe, in spite of the slanders of evolutionists, that it has been true to its inherited opinions for countless generations past, and in all probability its descendants will

> The purpose of this article is not, therefore, to justify or propagate Bishop Fallon's views on Canada and the Empire: but to combat an attitude of mind inimical to a true conception of liberty and hostile to its exercise. Follow him? No; imitate him. Imitate the public spirit that impels him to study questions of public interest, to think out a solution, to accept or reject intelligently8the solutions of others ; imitate the moral courage with which, regardless of the support or opposition of the moment, but confident that justice is the basis of peace, he takes his well-considered stand on public questions.

be consistently porcine to the end of

Does a priest or bishop forfeit his citizenship by taking Holy Orders? Bishop Langton led the barons when they wrested the Magna Charta from John. And Bishop Langton is only one in a long procession of patriotic bishops who march across the pages of history.

But Imperialism? We admit the term connotes some disagreeable things. The illegitimate offspring of political exigencies has claimed to be the lawful heir to the title It has served the sordid purposes of selfish politics. It has been used in many senses and its significance has been degraded, almost obliterated. What of Liberty.? of Loyalty? of Patriotism? Shall we deny the existence of all these things because the terms have been abused? May not an honest and true conception of Imperialism lead honest men to different conclusions as to the best way of perpetuating the British Empire, thereby perpetuating the best and broadest ideals of liberty, individual, civil and religious that the world of the covenanting spirit, but the holds in our day?

Is that Imperialism? Yes: is the subject not worthy of

your best thought? An Irish Imperialist, in the best sense of the word, is not going to be

a rara avis in the years to come. Listen to John Redmond

"It is said that we are asking for the exclusion of some Irishmen from their British citizenship. That is ridiculously untrue. (Cheers,). don't desire the exclusion of any Irishmen from British citizenship On the contrary, what we are de manding is admission for ourselves to the British Constitution. We have never during the last century lived under the blessings and the safeguards of that Constitution which has been the palladium of your liberties. We Irish Nationalists stand to day at the door of the Empire, and we ask for admission. We pledge you our fealty as a nation and our loyalty as men." (Cheers.)

Dear! Dear! Where was Joseph Devlin, M. P., National President of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of Ireland? Why Joseph Devlin actual ly follows this man!

Again listen to Redmond the Imperialist.

"We seek to blot out even the nemory of ancient wrongs and anci-

as yours—(cheers)—where the gen-ius of our people, the valor of our soldiers, and the fidelity of our race might possibly prove to be one of your greatest assets in the vicissi tudes and the dangers of an un known future. (Cheers.)

Yes, John Redmond, Irishman

Catholic, Imperialist and Home

Ruler, you are right. The Empire

is ours by right of the ancient miser

ies we are willing to forget, as well as by right of service and achieve ment never to be forgotten. The comprehensive term, British Institutions, includes few things of value that are not rooted deeply in the Catholic ages of English history. The Union Jack is not the flag of England; it is the flag of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, the flag of the British Empire. Spread to the breeze it displays the Cross of St. Patrick as well as those of St. George and St. Andrew. If it floats over a quarter of the human race to day it is largely due to Irish Catholic blood shed on the battlefield in its defence, and to Irish and Catholic genius spent in its service. The Empire is ours and we shall not barter our heritage for a mess of splenetic pottage. We are at home in any part of it. It is not sider every subject he touched in only the right of an Irish Catholic to think imperially:" if education port for what he considered religihas given him the trained mind and God the natural gifts, it is his duty. Especially is this true of the Irish Catholic bishop. That we philosophical tendencies. Mr. Ward, lost our language is the petty and called the intellectual heir of Cardinshort sighted reproach cast up to us; yes, but we acquired another that again the works of the great oratorwe have made our own. That was necessary to fulfil the mission imposed by Divine Providence; the Irish, in the words of Cardinal Manning, are the missionaries, the good cross bearers and the churchbuilders of the English - speaking world. In the British Empire we are at home : for the very reason of its material prowess and prosperity it needs Irish spirituality and Irish Catholicity; every consideration, natural and supernatural, impels us to loval and fearless service. There is room for difference of opinion as to the best course to pursue in various contingencies; there is no room in the Empire-outside of Ulster-for narrow intoler

CREDULITY OR WHAT ?

ance of honest conviction.

The following item from London Truth, Dec. 3, 1913, is not without interest here:

"No matter how disreputable a character, a no Popery lecturer is pretty certain of finding admirers and financial support in Scotland The case of Widdows supplied proof of that, and it was demonstrated again at the Hamilton Sheriff Court last week where a man named Macdonald was charged with failing to maintain his wife and family Macdonald is known as the "Kilwil ling Martyr," and he poses as an ex priest though there is only his own word for it. He started last spring a Protestant propaganda at Hawick, where he lived in comfort, while his little influence in some sections of thing back. wife and three children were fend for themselves at Motherwell. 30 shillings being the total contribution to their support from March to November. He got off lightly with a fine of £5, and sooner or later, I presume, his prosecution will figure as persecution, and he will get his fine back with interest from the simple Protestants of Scotland.

And Scotland is not so bad; it harbors no doubt some rare survivals 'Ulster Covenant" does not appeal to it very effectively. Witness Windermere's cable:

divines did their best in the Wick (Scotland) bye-election. Tariff reform speakers were officially excluded to give them a free field, yet the Government won easily. The result seems to indicate that the "No Popery" cry has lost its old electoral power, ever in an aggressive Protestant division. "Ulster divines" whose clerical

authority, such as it is, was unques tioned, failed to rouse Scotsmen with the "No-Popery cry. Would ac. credited Ulster divines fail so sig nally in Canada at election times London Truth may reproach Scotland, but in Canada too many live in glass houses to throw stones. If Father" Macdonald ever hears about " Patrick " Morgan, ex Capuchin" and ex-ex-priest, Canada willcertainly have an opportunity of hearent miseries and ancient causes of her, by picus Canadian readers of piece of strong and unchangeable which their citizens have grapask to day to be allowed to cross the Maria Monk. The children could be truth will always go through this pled with latter day problems Follow him? We venture to assert that threshold into an Empire, ours, re- used by the Rev. Mr. Fish as exhi- flabby modern growth like the thrust is well known to publicists every-

member, by right of service as much | bits of little Protestants rescued. after Sherlock Holmes-searches, from Catholic institutions.

CARDINAL NEWMAN

Mr. Wilfred Ward, known through out the world for his services to literature and for his life of Cardinal Newman, which takes its place among the great biographies of literature, lectured in New York recently on Cardinal Newman and the critics.

Because of the unwillingness of the critics to be patient and impartial Mr. Ward said there had been created a false figure of Newman pleasing and persuasive, poetic and mystic, yet lacking the strength and power and the vigor, majesty and commanding scope of the real Newman. This Newman, he said, had been built up out of fragments of his works, out of his religious poetry and the Apologia.

Mr. Ward vigorously defended New. man from the charge of dilettantism made against him by certain critics. He said that this charge was based on the multiplicity of detail with which Newman enhanced every subject with which he dealt, and by the tendency of his orderly mind to conconnection with the search for supous truth.

Cardinal Newman's researches in philosophy anticipated many modern al Newman, will induce many to read ian who made Protestants respect the church, and whose integrity, candour and manliness enshrined him in the hearts of even those who disliked his teaching. When he came into the fold of Peter he undid, intellectual. ly speaking, the mischief of three centuries. In 1850 he said to his Anglican friends: "We must either give up belief in the Church as a divine institution, or we must recognize it in the communion of which the Pope is the head; for, he added, the question lies between the Church selves in His service? We imagine and no divine messenger at all. There is no revelation given us unless she is the organ of it, for where else is there a prophet to be found?'

As time goes on men will realize more and more the magnitude and significance of his work. That voice of which Froude spoke, "so keen, so prenaturally sweet," still speaks in the works, which in lucidity, depth, color and majesty are of a master who stands pre eminent in the realms of thought.

OURSELVES

the Dominion; if we sit not in the seats of the mighty; if our contributions to the moulding of public opinion are of a negligible quantity, we should seek the cause. And perhaps we may find it in our own supineness, indifference and apathy. We should cast away all sentimental ism and understand that if we wish to be competitor's with others we must have weapons of offence and defence, be equipped morally and intellectually. It entails self sacrifice it means work and an invincible de-London, Dec. 10.-Eloquent Ulster termination. It means enthusiasm that will keep us keyed up, pulsating with the blood of resolute action With our ideals, our Catholic principles and philosophy, we can do our part toward shaping the destinies of Canada. We need not be suppliants standing cap in hand before the poli-

THE CATROLIC PRESS Speaking on the Catholic Press Bishop Hedley said some years ago that all the authorities from Matthew Arnold to Bishop Creighton keep preaching that education in the true sense of the word is getting rare and many and Great Britain are pouring more rare in the country. People are into Brazil at the rate of 300,000 amused, informed and interested. but not educated. Reflection, prining and seeing the "Kilwilling ciple, character-you have to search Martyr." For such artists this is a very closely to find them; but what great country in which to turn an you do find is superficial smartness, honest penny. If the martyr's wife the exchange of phrases, a mob like would consent to pose as an ex- unanimity in taking a thing up and dark as to the wonderful developnun, and is not too squeamish about dropping it again, fits of excitement, lascivious conversation, the martyr- insular prejudice and an almost com- publics, particularly in those on the ex priest would surely be relieved of plete ignorance of the venerable past. Atlantic seaboard, and the enlightenthe distasteful duty of maintaining Here we have our chance. For a ed and comprehensive way in

of a knife. We have our truth, which can never decay nor be out of date. We have not only our creeds but our Catholic philosophy, our noble and wide theology and clear and strong ethics. There is not and there never can be a day or an hour in the cause of the development of human thought when these undying verities, this inalienable treasure will be powerless to generate light and energy in the confusion and doubt of a world which after all is intended by its Creator to know and to be lieve. Some of our young men will doubtless play an important part in the development of the Catholic press. The real university will give us first-class men, able to compete in intelligence, breath and force with their rivals.

#### A CHRISTMAS GIFT

Since that first Christmas, when Jesus Christ gave Himself to us. Christmas has always been associated with the giving of gifts. Our friends are remembered in various ways, and as far as our means allow we make some provision for the poor and needy, but there is One that is in danger of being forgotten, and that the One Who should be first remembered - the Babe of Bethlehem Have we His Name on our list?

Now let us make a present of some thing to Jesus this Christmas. Let us not "go over to Bethlehem" with empty hands. The Wise Men and the shepherds brought their gifts Shall we be less generous?

Suppose we make Him a present of our hearts? They have been long enough barred against Him, even as the inns of Bethlehem on that first Christmas. It may be we have ad mitted Him to the vestibule, but the key of the inner chamber we have kept in our pockets. Let us hand it over to Him this Christmas. Let us hold nothing back. He emptied Himseif for us, taking the form of a servant. And He bade us follow Him.

How few there are who really follow Jesus ? How few empty themwe can follow Him in certain things whilst refusing to do so in other things. We are willing enough to walk a certain distance with Him We hold the plough straight enough in the morning, but the evening's sun looks upon a crooked furrow because we grow tired and look back.

The young man in the Gospel is a type. From his youth up he had kept all the commandments. But there was something wanting. "If thou wilt be perfect, go sell what thou hast and give to the poor." There was only one sacrifice needed We have no sympathy with lists of to make him a true disciple. But grievances. Our pen is ever ready this sacrifice was too great for him. to denounce any violation of our The love of his "great possessions" rights and any attempt that would had wrapt itself round his heart. fain prevent us from enjoying the He hesitates, wavers, then turns fruits of national prosperity. But we sadly away with the invitation of are not inclined to listen to tales of Jesus ringing in his ears, "Come, woe, however artistically they may be follow Me." He refused to empty recounted. If, perchance, we have himself. He wanted to hold some-

what it is we have been holding back, and let us make that our Christmas present to Jesus. This way happiness lies. If we have found His yoke has in it something of hitterness it is because we have held something back. Those who lose all find all. A hundred fold is the Promise. We must empty ourselves if we "would taste and see that the COLUMBA. Lord is sweet."

# NOTES AND COMMENTS

ACCORDING TO the daily papers, a Rev. Mr. McEwen, formerly a Congregationalist pastor in Ontario, but for the past twelve years a " missionary" in Brazil, has returned to his native shores, and has been giving the reporters his impressions of that country. During the next generation, he told them, a develop ment which will mark the foundation of a world-wide empire, will take place in that vast region of South America, a forward movement almost without precedence in modern times, being already under way-Immigrants from Italy, France, Gerevery year, and the New York liners are crowded to excess on every voy-

ALL THIS is of course not news. The world has not been kept in the ment in all the South American re-

where. The magnificence of some of their cities, and the way in which art and literature have kept pace material developments, has elicited the admiration of many who had been accustomed to regard these Latin Americas as decidedly their inferiors. It may interest the world at large to know that Brazil's good fortune is in large measure due to the ministrations of Rev. Mr. Mc-Ewen and other gentlemen of his calling. At least, that in so many words, appears to have been the bur den of his story to the scribes.

"WITH THE throwing off of the yoke of Rome," he told them, "new life seems to be infused into the people," and since for twelve long years this itinerant evangelist from old York county has been preaching to them, the "yoke," we may be sure, has pretty well disappeared But it is an old song he sings, and one that has been made to do duty for at least two generations now, to the great depletion of the bank accounts of a great coterie of the piously credulous. To what extent fact which could scarcely have been Mr. McEwen's pocket book was correspondingly fattened has not been made public, but if he has anything in common with others of his class the expense of a journey home would not require a second thought. He also have paid tribute to the thorcomes, he announces, to induce young men to join him in his labors and to have a part in the rich prospect that lies before the country. Why waste their time in the Stouff villes and the Coboconks of Ontario while the arms of the Empire State of the South their brethren for their learning and are opened wide to welcome them?

THAT WITH their unexampled prosperity has come a danger to the people of South America is but to re state a truth as old as humanity. That this danger had not altogether passed them by, became apparent a generation or more ago, when, upon the advent of an infidel administra tion, education in Brazil was sec ularized, and every religious emblem including the crucifix, removed from the schools and courts of the land. That was in 1889. But that such a step did not accord with the consciences of the majority of its citizens was manifest even at the time, and an agitation for the revocation of the decree has been of modern languages." maintained without intermission ever since. In San Paolo, the second city in the Republic, this desire of the overwhelming majority of its citizens at length prevailed, and some months ago the bringing back of the Crucifix to the halls of justice was made the occasion of an extraordinary popular manifestation of faith and devotion. This movement spread to other cities, and to-day the emblem of man's redemption once more dominates the courts of practically all Brazil.

showing how, in spite of the alluring The Acta Sanctorum will remain as power of wealth, the faith and integ. one of the lasting glories of Catholic rity of South America may be prebefore all Catholic peoples, and it is Michel, it will have the happiness the Church of their fathers which and the satisfaction to know that his alone can keep them in the right way. The efforts of North American sects to demonstrate otherwise are ridiculous in the extreme. Running away from real problems at home they have poured money without stint into the pockets of the selfseeking and mischief making socalled missionaries whom they have sent south, and these men, in return, realizing, no doubt, that their employers want results, indulge them with volumes of lying tales. They have long ago been discredited by independent observers, but the stream keeps up nevertheless, and the shekels still come. How long, it may well be asked, will the American schools, academies, orphanages and and Canadian people continue to be thus imposed upon?

learning and criticism, we see apprecistive notices of the work still being carried on in Belgium by the Bollandists. The Bollandists, it may be exbeen associated, and which has made of its world. That work was to write the Acts, or the lives of the Saints, in a cate. series of great folio volumes which from thirteen to sixteen years of age. great servants of God who are im-

mortalized in the Church's calendar. The latest volume published was in the Spring of this year, and this treats of the Saints honored on the 5th-8th November, being the third volume devoted to that month. The last was published sixteen years ago, so it may be seen on what an immense scale the project of John Van Bolland is being carried on, and what an enormous amount of time, labor and patience is being bestowed upon

THE TOTAL NUMBER of volume already published is sixty-five, but as time goes on and new material becomes available, the scope of the work broadens, and the two months of the calendar yet to be covered will run into a proportionately greater number of volumes. The work has had many interruptions owing to wars and political up heavals, and, longest of all, during the period intervening between the suppression and restoration of the Society of Jesus. But the continuity has been maintained nevertheless, a possible under any other auspices than the Catholic Church, or by any other than one of her religious orders. This has been testified to by scholars of every persuasion, who oughly scientific manner and devo tion to truth which has characterized it throughout.

THE JESUIT Fathers who carry on the enterprise are chosen from among scientific ability. They occupy a large work room adjoining the library in the College St. Michel. Their late president, Father Charles de Smedt, who died in March at the age of eighty, had been associated with the work for forty years, for twentyeight of which he had been its chief. The best known of the present staff is unquestionably Father Hippolyte Delehave, a savant of European reputation, who, according to the Church Times (Anglican) "knows how to combine strictest scientific probity with a devout Catholic piety. . No one could be better equipped for the work, combining, as he does, the most delicate historical sense with vast reading and a wide knowledge

CENTINUING THE quotation from the Church Times: " Praise must be given where praise is due, and it must be admitted that the credit for this admirable enterprise rests with the Society of Jesus. In the Bollandist publications they have made a real contribution to science; they have reduced an apparently impossible confusion to something like order, and they have produced a series of volumes that for historical value, scientific exactness, and devotional temper WE HAVE recalled this incident as are second to none in Christendom. and Flemish scholarship. Jean Bolserved and go hand in hand with the land laid his foundations well, and if state to the saintly example of a lov extraordinary material development in the hours of night the spirit of ing and devoted mother? which lies before her several com- that brave old scholar ever haunts monwealths. The Latin races are the silent library of the College St. tradition of faithful and laborious toil is still observed, and that his sons are still walking in his steps and obedient to his example."

# CHRISTIAN BROTHERS

The Institute of the Brothers of the Christian schools, which was founded in 1680 by St. John Baptist De La Salle, a priest of Rheims, is to-day spread over Europe, Asia Africa, Australia, North and South America, and the islands of the ocean. It numbers about members and exercises an educational influence over nearly 400,000 subjects in parochial schools, high industrial schools, agricultural and technical schools, normal institute and colleges.

The Institute is governed by FROM TIME to time, in the great quarterlies or other channels of trative council. Each Assistant Superior is charged by the Superior General with the direction of a certain number of Districts, each of which is comprised of a certain number of houses, directed by a Brother plained, are an association of Visitor, subject to the orders of the Flemish Jesuits, deriving their name | Brother Assistant and the Superior from John Van Bolland, who, about General. Each house is directed by 1630, began the colossal work with a Brother Director, subject to the which their name has ever since District possesses, for the formation orders of the Brother Visitor. Each been associated, and which has made of its subjects, establishments them familiar to scholars all over the termed the Junior novitiate, the Senior novitiate, and the Scholasti

The Junior novitiate is for boys should contain practically all that is known or can be known of those prescribed by the Education Department, to which is added religious

knowledge, vocal and instrumental music, and elocution.

The Senior novitiate is for those who have completed their Junior novitiate, and for young men who enter from the age of sixteen to twenty five years. After a suitable proba-tion of several weeks they receive the religious habit and then spend an entire year in learning the prin ciples and practices of the reli Some time is spent daily in the

study of purely secular branches.

The Scholasticate is for those who have completed their Senior noviti-They continue their academic training, and, having passed the ex-aminations required by the Education Department, follow the cours of professional training at the provincial Normal school or the Faculty of Education.

The qualities required in thos who apply for admission to the In stitute are good health, ability to make the required studies, a sociable disposition and a desire for one's spiritual advancement.

The late Archbishop O'Connor some of the reverend clergy, and several of the Catholic laity of Tor onto, contributed the necessary funds to furnish and equip St. funds to furnish and equip St. Joseph's Junior novitiate, which was opened in the De La Salle Institute, Toronto, on March 19th, 1908, with the cordial approbation of the Arch-

bishops and Bishops of Ontario. Up to the present the young men in this department have taken their examinations and have followed the course at the Normal school before entering the Senior povitiate at Montreal, but in future the Junior novitiate will be limited to those under sixteen years as a Senior novitiate will be opened in Toronto on January 6th, 1914. A Scholasticate

will likewise be opened here later. With the hearty approbation and generous assistance of His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto a property has been purchased on Yonge Street on a suitable building will erected to serve for the training of Brothers for Ontario and the West.

Our school rooms throughout the country contain many an earnest, loving and generous little soul, who is both willing and anxious to conse crate his life to God, but is waiting for the encouraging word of parent priest or teacher. To such hearted youth is extended an invitation to join the ranks of the Chris tian Brothers by entering the Junior

novitiate.

Never before was the demand for Christian teachers so urgent. day the schoolroom is the battle ground between religion and infidel ity. Who are to save the little ones from the impending evils, if not our devoted Christian teachers? But to do this their ranks must be recruited. For this purpose the Broth ers extend a cord al invitation to the young men of our country, knowing that among them are to be found many noble and heroic souls, who are only too willing to do some great work for God, but are waiting to have the way pointed out to them Let such generous souls reflect that the field is large, the laborers few. the reward great, and let them haster to enroll themselves under the gloribanner of the Religious Chris tian Educator by entering the senior

novitiate. Thus would the ardent wish of one of our worthy prelates be fulfilled when he said 'It would be for me an unspeakable delight if every Cath olic boy in the province of Ontario were under the care of the Christian

The Christian home has ever been the nursery of religious vocations. How many zealous priests and religious owe the call to their sublime at her knee that all of us learned our first lesson in the spiritual life? Yes, the influence exercised by Chris tian parents, in encouraging and fos tering vocations, is incalculable To them is now afforded an opportunity of consecrating their so God in a work among the noblest on earth - Christian education. What Catholic mother would not be delighted to offer at least one of her sons, as an anostle in a work so dear to the Heart of Jesus, so useful to the Church, and so beneficial to society?

How happy shall such a mother be, in knowing that the sonshe has thus dedicated to the Divine Heart, will one day be the brightest gem in her crown of glory! many to justice shall shine as stars for all eternity." (Daniel, xii. 3.) Well may she rejoice in being favored with a son so signally blessed by heaven

And the Christian father! Should it not be to him the richest reward for his toil and care that his son is called to so holy a life? Such a father may consider himself thrice blessed. Then, too, what benedictions on the home! How shall God bless that family which has so generously given up to Him one of its t members !

His Holiness, Pope Pius X. in a brief dated March 30th, 1913, earnestly exhorts the Archbishops, Bishops and all clergy to willingly aid the Brothers of the Christian Schools in their efforts to establish and multi-ply "Junior Novitiates," with a view preparing a large number of labor ers for the harvest which is daily growing more abundant.

The nearer you come into relation with a person, the more necessary do tact and courtesy become.—Holmes.

Instead of letting the rosebud of romance unfold, the modern novel-ist rudely tears it apart with prying, analytical fingers. — Robert Stump.

ST. ANGELA'S COLLEGE

This is the name of a new tional institution which has been es tablished in London. It is conducted by the Ursuline Ladies who have an-other very large and most successful institution in Chatham. It is scarce y necessary to draw the attention o our subscribers to the excellence of the training of young ladies by the members of this order. They send out into the world young people who receive a most thorough training in every branch of learning necessar for a successful career in the busi are thoroughly grounded in that grace and refinement which renders them a charm in the social circle. carrying with them, too, a thorough ent in the doctrines and practice tices of our holy faith which is proo against all the snares of this cynical age. We trust the Catholics of London will appreciate to the fullest the great work these ladies are doing in our midst and we hope it will not be long before they will find their present quarters too small to accommodate the large influx of pupils. The London Advertiser makes the follow ing reference to the formal opening the college on Monday of last

week : An interesting event of Monday afternoon was the reception at St Angela's College, corner of Queen's avenue and Colborne street, when the doors of that academy were hospitably thrown open to a large number of visitors. Mother Clare of Chatham head of the Ursuline Order in Canada was present, and with Mother Ger trude, principal of the college, Mrs Hon. Thomas Coffey, Mrs. Philip Po cock, Mrs. Robert Muir Burns, and Miss Fitzgerald, extended a gracious welcome to the many who called. AN UP TO DATE COLLEGE

The building occupied by the St Angela College has been thoroughly remodelled since it has been occupied by the Ursuline Sisters, and a better equipped, more sanitary school would be hard to find. From basement to third story it is perfectly up-to-date in every respect, and many expres-sions of approval were heard from the visitors yesterday. Besides the parlors, the first floor is devoted to classrooms, and a cosy little music room. On the second floor is found the interesting science room which is splendidly equipped for the teaching of physics, chemistry, biology and mineralogy. A glass wall-cabinet, which occupies one end of the science room, contains many interesting specimens of minerals, and complete chemical apparatus, and two large laboratory tables add to the admir able equipment. On the second floor too, is found the chapel, simply bu beautifully furnished, and well adapted to the use of the school.

The sleeping apartments occupy the third floor, and here, as throughout the building, in simplicity of floor covering and plainly - tinted walls, is evidenced the good taste of the sisters. Some exceedingly fine pictures adorn the walls of the ous class-rooms and in the readingroom on the second floor, a goo selection of books is found.

The basement, which is one of the neatest apartments of the college, contains kitchen, cloakrooms, refectories

Ushering from room to room were the bright girl students of St. Angela's, and assisting on the veral floors were Mother St. Anne, Mother Fidelis, Mrs. Leech, Frank Forristal, Mrs. (Capt.) Murphy, Miss Crotty, Miss Fenech and others.

### ORANGEISM AND LIKE SOCIETIES

BIGOTRY'S BLOODY RECORD-A SHAMEFUL STORY N. Y. Freeman's Journal

"Bigotry the Foe of Liberty," pamphlet of thirty pages issued by the Catholic Truth Society of Pittsburg, Pa., should be in the hands of every American who is jealous of the reputation of his country as the home of liberty, the country standing out among all others, as he ardently and proudly believes, where every man is free to worship God in accord ance with the dictates of his own conscience; the land of promise, whithe people fly from the tyrannies and persecution and intolerance of the Old World. But especially should the pamphlet find its way into the hands and hones of Protestant Americans; for in the sense in which Sir Horace Plunkett said that the story of English government in Ireand was one for Englishmen to learn and for Irishmen to forget, the "Brief History," which is the sub-title and the subject of these thirty pages is one for American Protest ants to learn and for American Catholics to forget.

MOST SHAMEFUL EPISODES

But as Sir Horace Plunket's epigram really serves as an indictment of British government in Ireland rather than serious advice to Irishmen not to read the history of that misgovernment, so Catholics also should read this concise narrative of the most shameful episodes in American history. None but a lazy and compromising philosopher would counsel the burying of facts of history no matter how disturbing they may be, for to day is the product of yesterday; and the storms and agitations of human history, like those of the elements, are preceded by the

same signs now as ever. We venture to state that not even the American Catholics of this generation, excepting the close students superior sex is giving inferior ser of history, have any realization of vice to the Lord thatmade them.

the extremes to which anti-Catholic agitations went in this country, or of the fact that they were recurrent, breaking out periodically like a dis-ease—which, indeed they were— from Colonial times down to the present day. We all know of the Paritan persecution of the Catholics, among others, and of the anti Cath-olic laws in almost all of the col onies—notwithstanding the heroic example of Catholic Maryland in pro have heard of the "Know Nothing movement, and we have laughed a its A. P. A. successor; but we know little of the actual extent of these successive movements, of their shameful tactics of their ferocious violence, and of the whole record of their dastardly deeds.

USING THE TORCH

We all do not know that house of Catholics were destroyed in Boston in 1829 : a New York Catholic church in 1831; that in 1834 a savage mob set fire at night to a convent in Charlestown, Mass., appar ently with the deliberate purpose of burning the defenseless nuns and their helpless pupils; the mob also desecrating the sanctuary and doing violence even to the dead in the vaults; that in 1844 in the "City of Brotherly Love" even greater vio-lence occurred resulting in the destruction by fire of twenty-nine houses, two churches, a seminary, a library, and a convent, and that New York might have witnessed a olics, under Bishon Hughes and upor the appeal of The Freeman's Jour nal, prepared to defend their lives and property.

It will be observed this was not a

sudden and isolated outbreak, as the period of violence covered five years. In 1855 the "Know Nothings" recommenced these exemplifications of 'civil and religious liberty" and of good citizenship by the destruction of Catholic church and private prop erty throughout the country Maine to Louisville, Ky., where the infamous and savage movement cul-minated in the destruction of the cathedral, the murder of nearly one hundred Catholics and the burning of their homes on "bloody Monday August 6th, 1855.

TRACING THE CAUSE

The writer of the pamphlet traces the causes and the progress of these recurring manifestations of Protest ant piety and devotion to religious dom in a direct and graphic way which rivets interest in the appal ling story-or points out their origin rather than their causes, for cause inherited spirit of ferocious hatred and violent intolerance. They all begin with deliberately invented slanders of the church, of priests and of nuns, with the bearing of false witness against the neighbor, for not one of their infamous charges was proven, the seed being in their own wicked thought and evil nature. which history is repeating itself in the vile slanders of to day. These slanders afloat, a market is created for the fabrications of imposters, which of course is soon gutted.

The measured and dispassionate language of the pamphlet makes it a deadly indictment of-shall we say Protestantism? Unfortunately, we would be almost justified in saying so, as only too frequently were the slanders uttered in and the appeals to the mob issued from Protestant pulpits; but the protests of the few Protestant clergymen who denounced the atrocious ruffianism may charitably be used as a plea in defence of such an indictment.

THE WORK OF ORANGEMEN

There is also another fact standing out in the booklet which must be cited in justice to American Protestants. The originators of those Cath olic pogroms were almost invariably not Americans; with the exception of the "Puritan" inciters of the Boston pogrom they were generally Orangemen, most of whom hate America, as do their brethren at home and in Canada; few of whom become citizens and whose chief idea of liberty is a license to oppress and even kill Catholics and destroy their property. As the most violent of the early agitations were contemporaneous with the movement for Catholic Emancipation in the British Isles, so the present agitation synchronizes with the granting of Home Rule to Ireland. But disease is contagious while health is not, and the Orangemen find easy and credulous victims here to whom the contagion of black hatred and thirst for violence soon spreads.

The pamphlet is most opportune at this time, and its wide circulation could not possibly do other than good, in forewarning Catholics and in show ing the thousands of Christian, fairminded Protestants the genesis of these movements and their inevitable result, if they are not shamed out of existence. It is particularly per tinent to the situation in Pittsburg just now, which with the permission of the editor I will briefly describe in an early issue. Suffice it to say at present that the leaders of the movement here are fit material for WM. J. BALFE any infamy.

SUPERIOR SEX, INFERIOR SERV

"We believe firmly that the major ity of the saved will be of the female persuasion," says the Brooklyn Tab-They are with the Church at every move. The Holy Name move-ment is an effort to bring God into the lives of men. They need Him even more than the women. The

# LIFE THREATENED **BYKIDNEYDISEASE**

His Health In A Terrible State Until He Took "Fruit-a-tives"



B. A. KELLY, Esq.

HAGERSVILLE, ONT., Aug. 26th, 1913. "About two years ago, I found my health in a very bad state. My kidneys were not doing their work, and I was all run down in condition. I felt the need of some good remedy, and having seen "Fruit-a-tives" advertised, I decided to try them. Their effect I found more than satisfactory. Their action was mild and the result all that could be expected.
"My kidneys resumed their normal "My kidneys resumed their norma dozen boxes and I regained my old-time vitality. Today, I am as well as ever, the best health I have ever had".

B. A. KELLY "Fruit-a-tives" is the greatest Kidney remedy in the world. It acts on the bowels and the skin as well as the Kidneys and thereby soothes and cures any Kidney soreness.

"Fruit-a-tives" is sold by all dealers at 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c or will be sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

Archbishop John Lancaster Spald ng, retired, celebrated the golden jubilee of his priesthood recently.

# A PROTESTANT PERIL

The Lake District of Northern England has been celebrated widely by the school of poetry known by that name, and its mild beauties, as sung by Wordsworth leave the impression of quiet content and all pervading peace. But alas! the Words-worthian calm exists no more. A terrible invasion has destroyed the tranquilizing force of nature's charms and transformed the whole neighborhood into a stormy counterpart of the foaming cataract of angry waters that Southey tells us "fall down at Ladore." This awesome event is the opening of a convent school of higher education at a place called Ulverston, and the fact that the Sisters come from France grievously aggravates the peril. The local Anglican rector alive to the dangers of the situation has written to the English Church Magazine in the hope of averting the calamity. It is an instructive docu-ment. He has "nothing but respect and love for Roman Catholics as individuals" and "the local priest is a personal friend" but "the System is unscriptural, fundamentally sound," and as "this convent school is ultimately intended for the influencing of Protestant children to wards the creed of Rome" he feels bound "to give a clear note of warning to those who may be in peril.

The note, if not clear, is long and somewhat loud. He does not deny the cheapness and worth of the secular education given by the Nuns' nor the merit of exiles for conscience sake," nor "the outward charm, culture, quietness and gentleness of those devout ladies," nor that not to interfere with a child's home religion" are "given in good faith"; but as they are "whole-hearted servants and active missionaries of Rome" and "feel that there is but one Church on earth and that all outside her are left to the uncovenanted mercies of God" they cannot keep their promises; and the atmosphere of the Convent School with its emblems, dresses, etc.," will powerfully supplement "the religious bias of the teachers" in turning the pupil's mind " to an alien faith and practice.'

An impassioned appeal follows in the name of "your civil and religious liberties, domestic peace, etc., but otherwise the document is a re strained and moderate statement of the arguments that ministers urge on Protestant parents against sending their children to Catholic schools And it is also true, except in regard to Catholic teachers violating their promises. In this he forgets that the Catholic Church is the protagonist of parental rights in the religious education of children and she wi not receive minors into her fold without their parents' authorization Moreover, in case of abuse the remedy is in the parents' hands, the immediate withdrawal of the children. But why should the minister have to make such appeal? Protestant and secular schools, the com

plainant tells us, are plentiful in Ulverston. Then why should Pro-testant parents send their children to the Sisters? Evidently because they cannot find in their own schools "the charm, gentleness and culture of those refined ladies," and also for the additional reasons he urges to the contrary, that "a singular individual attention is given to pupils in these establishments."

They want to have their children taught well the things they should know and kept free from the burden of things they should not know, and they wish to have them trained in modesty and true culture by ladies whose example enforces their teach-ings. As to whether their daughters in later life will adopt the creed and practice from which the unique excellence of their teachers flows, they can plead the religious liberty which ministers pract in the abstract but seldom act upon in the concrete. "By their fruits you shall know them," is the powerful argument that draws non-Catholics to Catholic schools, and to the Catholic Church, and had the minister such an argument to advance for his own schools would have no occasion for his note of warning. Such incidents may well excite Catholics to further appreciat schools.-America.

#### PRIEST-RIDDEN OR PARSON. PESTERED

An article in The Independent (Protestant), embodies this instruc-tive passage regarding the answer to

the above query:
From the elaborate statistics of the diverse Christian denominations pub-lished, we gather the result that the adjective; "Priest-ridden," attaches not to Catholics, but in its fullest sense to Protestant denominations. These very statistics show that the Catholic priests have the largest parishes, and the Baptists the four times as many churches and three times as many ministers: the Baptists nearly five times as many ministers as there are Catholic priests in the country, although they have little more than one-half the communicants. The result is that there are only ninety Baptists on an average to one of the churches; one hundred and ten Methodists to each of their congregations; while the average number of Catholics to one church is not less than seven hundred and sixty-three.

The test of good manners is to be good-mannered in the presence o ad manners.

> For the CATHOLIC RECORD OUR TRYSTING PLACE

Over the weary waste of sea Your Christmas message came to me, Linking the lonely leagues that part A brother's from a sister's heart: Only a whisper: "We shall meet Before the Crib at Jesus' Feet."

I was so lonely that the tears Their tribute paid to bygone years. Faces passed in the fading fire, Thought made pact with vair

Time, that all other wounds can heal, But makes the parting pain more real.

Dreaming, the torture of the brain. (For dreams can never solace pain), Saw I the scenes of long ago, The Mass-bell called across the snow, Bidding the people kneel in prayer,

Fondly I scanned each well-loved

face, That lingered in the Holy Place. Peace did my weary soul pervade, Before the Crib where He was laid For I had heard your whisper brief, And solace found for aching grief.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT

By Father Faber At last Thou art come, little Saviour! And thine angels fill the midnight with song;

Thou art come to us, gentle Creator! Whom thy creatures have sighed for so long. All hail, Eternal Child! Dear Mary's little Flower, God hardly born an hour, Sweet Babe of Bethlehem Hail Mary's Little One. Hail God's Eternal Son. Sweet Babe of Bethlehem

Sweet Babe of Bethlehem!

We have waited so long for Thee Saviour, Art Thou come to us. dearest, at

bless Thee dear joy of Thy Oh Mother! This is worth all the wearisome

past! All hail, Eternal Child! Dear Mary's little Flower, God hardly born an hour, Hail Mary's Little One, Hail God's Eternal Son. Sweet Babe of Bethlehem Sweet Babe of Bethlehem

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# FIVE MINUTE SERMON

REV. J. J. BURKE, PRORIA, ILL. THE BIRTHDAY OF THE

SAVIOUR this day is born to you a Saviour, Who is the Lord, in the city of David." (Luke II, ii.)

My dear friends, these words of joy were spoken by the angel of the shepherds near Bethlehem 1900 years ago. As they filled the hearts of the Judean shepherds with joy long ago, so to day they fill the hearts of all with gladness, love, thanksgiving and

Every nation celebrates the anniversary of the most important events in its history. The 22nd of Febru-ary and 4th of July will never be forten by the American people; for they are kept alive each succeeding year by a proud and grateful nation in honer of the birth of the Saviour of our country and also in honor of the birth of independence in America.

To day we celebrate the anniver-sary of the birth of Him Who was the Saviour, not of one particular por-tion of the earth, but of the whole world. What joy, then, should fill the hearts of all "For this day is born to you a Saviour."

If we cast a glance back, and consider what the world was 1900 year ago, before the coming of Christ, and then consider what it has been since among peoples guided by Christian principles, then we will have some idea of our motives for rejoicing to-When Christ came, the major ity of mankind was in slavery, without honor, without freedom, without hope. They were sunk into the lowest depths of immorality and crime. He taught them new doctrines concerning the duties of man to man, of the strong to the weak, of the rich to the poor, of man to wo-man. He inculcated the mutual duty of love and charity. He sent those who loved Him to feed the hungry, to give drink to the thirsty, the the naked, to ransom th captive and to visit the sick. He laid special stress upon the virtues of purity, meekness, humility, patience, faith and love. These doctrines of Christ were instrumental in securing the abolition of slavery, popular rights, free government, protection of children and the poor, in bringing knowledge within the reach of all

and in spreading over the whole world institutions of charity.

Is it any wonder then that we rejoice to day and feel that heaven is brought nearer to us? Angels are, no death singing around us at this no doubt, singing around us at this moment and assisting us to be more fervent in our acts of thanksgiving and praise. For it is a day of universal joy and the angel's message has not been received in vain.

But if it is a day of rejoicing for all, it seems to me to be in a special manner a day of rejoicing for the poor and afflicted. The poor seem to be the especial favorites of Christ. He was born in poverty. He, to Whom the whole world belonged, was born in a stable, destitute of the comforts of life. His parents were poor, and His first adorers on earth were poor, hardworking, mountain shepherds. And afterwards He pointed out as one of the signs that He was the Messiah that "The poor have the Gospel preached to them." And one of the characteristic marks of His Church seems to be that it is the Church of the poor. Is not to day, then, in a special manner a day

rejoicing for the poor? clothes, lying on a little bunch of straw in a stable on that cold December night, can we complain any "Wouldn't it be jolly if Dad was in from cold and privation, can we refuse to suffer and bear our trials and our tribulations patiently for His sake? When we reflect on the humble and abject birth of the Son of God, shall we any longer have those proud thoughts because of our wealth, our clothing or our beauty? No. Let us practise those virtues especially ble and effective. taught by the Infant Jesus in the Poverty is new t Bethlehem. Let us practise the Godlike virtues of humility, poverty and mortification, and try as much as possible to imitate Him who came on earth to show us the way to

He humbled Himself by becoming man. By humility He began and completed His victory over hell. He chose as His friends and apostles the humble. And He says to His follow-Learn of Me because I am meek and humble of heart."

He was rich, but for our sake became poor that by His poverty we might become rich. His whole life, from the crib of Bethlehem to the oross on Calvary's heights, was one continual series of suffering and mor-tification endured for sinful man. Without these virtues and especially without humility, no progress can be made on the road to heaven.

For as pride is the source of almost all sin, so humility is the foundation of all virtue.

Is there not much, then, to cause

us to rejoice on this day? And should it not be a day of happiness and joy to all the world?

But although this is a day of rejoicing for all, and especially for the poor, there are some so weighed down with poverty and misery as to be unhappy. If you know of any such, try to make him happy, at least at this joyful season by relieving his wants. Those who do so may be assured that their own Christmas time will be all the more happy and blessed: for He, who prom that a cup of cold water given in His name should not go unrewarded, will not fail to repay those who remember His poor. Do this and you will have what I most earnestly wish grace to remember Him now.

you, A merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

TEMPERANCE

THE CHRISTMAS CELEBRATION It is something to be thankful for that in so many circles the old way of celebrating Christmas by drinking to excess has almost completely died out. Certainly, nothing could have been farther from the true spirit of the Christmas season than the custom whereby men-and women too. alas—made themselves lower than the beasts of the field. The sweetness and beauty of the day which commemorated the coming of Our Blessed Lord as a little Child, was lost and forgotten, drowned in a very ocean of drink.

To day a better state of things pre-vails. A growing sense of decency has made drunkenness odious, and no longer is Christmas merriment made the excuse for beastly intemperance. There still exists, however more than a trace of the old spirit. The custom of offering intoxicating liquors to others in honor of the Christmas season, is still firmly established, though not so wide spread as formerly, and many young men still are tempted to drink at Christmas by those who should be the last to offer them the intoxicat-

ing cup.

And although the custom of Christmas drinking has measurably de-clined among all classes, there has grown up another custom which surely leads to intemperance and other irregularities — the custom of taking Christmas dinner in hotels. This has a most pernicious effect on many people. It takes them away from the quiet, natural atmosphere of their own homes and leads them, among the artificialities of a public eatinghouse, to commit extravagances that they would not ordinarily dream of.

Christmas is a festival of the home and the family. It is a season of simple home happiness. The Holy should be the model of the Catholic family at Christmastide, and while the Christmas spirit should express itself wherever possible in friendly gifts and kindly good wishes and good cheer, there is no excuse for emphasizing the eating and drink ing feature of the holy day. In the drinking, particularly, which so many people over do, the Catholic family should be a model of Christian

'CHRISTMAS EVE - WAITING FOR PAPA"

We have read many Christman stories and seen many Christmas pictures, but none have impressed us more than a cartoon by the late Homer Davenport. It is captioned "Christmas Eve; Waiting for Papa," and depicts an emancipated, misers bly-clad girl of tender years bearing in her arms a younger child of no less pitiable appearance, standing in a driving snow storm with eyes directed toward a toy-store and a

saloon situated next to each other on the opposite side of the street. The snow has drifted high against the front of the toy-store, and there are no foot-prints leading to the entrance; but a heavily trodden path leads to the door of the saloon. Beneath the picture runs this patheti-cally trenchant legend: "Wouldn't it be jolly if Dad was in the toy-

store

The drawn-up figure of a starving dog, accompanying the children, ac centuates the destitution and priva of rejoicing for the poor.

When we cast our eyes on that Divine Infant wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying on a little bunch of the group, and the intensity of the story of the Last Supper.

It is "Christmas Eve," and the They ask what the Lord meant when straw in a stable on that cold December night, can we complain any wouldn't it be jolly if Dad was in more of our poor and wretched lot? When we see that God man suffering child to the other words. When we see that God-man suffering | child to the other. Can you imagine | vital truth, there can be no doubt. the picture? Do you sense the

> We despair of telling in words all that the artist has shown and con-veyed with his brush, but we trust our description of the picture has been clear enough to make the moral that we would adduce from it intelligi-

Poverty is never more incisive than at Christmas-tide; and there is no poverty and deprivation more keen and distressing than that which is precipitated on a home by an irre sponsible and intemperate husband and father. Wouldn't it be jolly if Dad was

in the toy store?"—Yes, wouldn't it be jolly if he was in the grocerystore or butchershop; if he spending his hard-earned money for fuel and clothing; wouldn't it be jolly if he was at home on Christman Eve; wouldn't it be jolly if he wa the man that he had once promised -and a wife in her early fondnes had expected him-to be?

But, alas, he is in the saloon! To keep him from going there, to keep him from staying there, at least to the undoing of his home and its Christmas cheer is the purpose of Homer Davenport's cartoon. To call attention to it and its injunction is the object of this editorial.

If but one family's Christmas will have been merry, or less miserable, by what we have said in reference to nd endorsement of it, we shall feel that our efforts, time and space shall have been appropriated to great and good avail.—Catholic Chronicle.

If we hope to rejoice with Jesus and Mary in heaven, we must mourn on account of Their sufferings for our sins here upon earth. How can we say with the penitent thief who was crucified with Christ, "Lord remember me when Thou comest to Thy Kingdom," unless we share in the sorrows of His crucifixion and death. Let us hope that He will remember us then and give us the

THE PROTESTANT RULE OF FAITH

IS THE BIBLE ALONE SUFFI. CIENT ? By a Paulist Fathers

A second principle by which we may estimate the worth of the theory that the Bible alone, interpreted by each man for himself, and not by an infallible Church, is the means provided by Christ for ac-quainting the world with His Gospel may be briefly stated thus: Christ provided a straight, safe, sure way of arriving at knowledge of His gos-pel. Those, therefore, that walk in his appointed way reach the goal of knowledge. They are not tossed to and fro by every wind of doctrine; they are not always seeking, and never coming to a knowledge of the truth; but in due season they come to know, definitely, clearly and with certainty what Christ has taught, and wants men to believe.

PRINCIPLE UNIVERSALLY ACCEPTED With this principle, on grounds of reasoning, those who call themselves Christians can hardly disagree. In fact they universally admit every point that is stated or implied in the principle. They hold that Christ meant His Gospel for all ages; that He wanted it made known everywhere, and believed by all men; that He knew every difficulty and obstacle in the way of achieving that design; that He was able to cope with all those difficulties, and that He actually made provision, so far as in Him lay, and without setting in Him lay, and without setting aside human freedom of will, to have His Gospel so set forth that all men of good will could learn the truth that He had revealed and preached.

FIDELITY TO THIS PRINCIPLE WILL ATTAIN GOAL

Since He has done His part, well and wisely, it follows that those who faithfully walk in His appointed ways, will reach their goal. They cannot miss it, unless they stray into other paths than His, or give up their effort to reach a knowledge of the truth. A simple illustration may possibly make this line of reasoning more lucid. A stranger in a small town asks how he may get to the postoffice. Certain instruc-tions are given to him, and he goes on his way. Instead of reaching the postoffice he finds himself at a farm-house two miles distant. Now there can be but two ways of ac counting for his mishap. was not given correct instructions, or he himself made a mistake, misunderstanding what was said to him, or failing to do as he was told.

DISASTROUS RESULTS OF FOLLOWING PROTESTANT RULE OF FAITH

We, too, seek the way to a definite goal. We want to reach a knowledge of the truth. The way thither we are told is prayerful reading of the Bible. This is God's word, written under Divine inspiration. We must read it, study it, meditate on it; praying all the while to the Holy Spirit of truth to open our minds, and to make known to us the meaning of God's Book. This is the way prepared and ordained by Christ. By walking in it we shall attain to a real true knowledge of His Gospel.

Half a dozen men accept and act on these instructions. They are sincere searchers after the truth; they are intelligent and careful students; above all, they are prayerful men. The solemnity of the hour and of Christ's conduct, no less than His constant seriousness of speech, make this absolutely certain. is the truth that He wishes to con-

vey in those four words ? The subject is studied thoroughly. Every other passage of Holy Writ which bears upon the text in ques-tion, is taken into account. What keen minded men have written and said is well weighed. The Spirit of Truth is faithfully invoked. In one word, the instructions given by Protestantism to seekers after the truth of Christ are carried out to the letter. Not one iota of the instructions is misunderstood, or overlooked, or neglected.

VARIOUS INTERPRETATIONS GIVEN SINGLE PASSAGE

After mature study those six mer come together and compare notes. No two of them agree in their judgment of what Christ meant when He said: "This is My Body." Their opinions are not merely different in letails: they are fundamentally iverse. They cannot be harmonized.
One holds that after those words

were spoken by Christ, there remained nothing of the substance, the inner reality of bread, but only its outward appearances, the substance having been totally changed into the substance of the Body of Christ.

A second maintains that the bread remains in its entirety, but that the Body of Christ is added thereto by A third holds that no real change

or increase is made by the words of the Lord, but that later on the Blessed Bread becomes the Body of Christ to him who eats it with faith The fourth looks on the blesse bread and wine as a symbol of the Body and Blood of the Redeemer.

The fifth considers the blessing breaking and eating, a mere mem-orial of what Christ has done for us. The sixth concludes that the blessed bread and its eating are a mere sign, not of Christ's Body, nor of His sufferings, but of a compact or cov-

is well begun and half done when you start

# it with -**Old Dutch** Cleanser

cerned to know which one, if any, of these six men, has laid hold on the truth of Christ contained in these four words. This inquiry will be entered into later. The point which challenges our attention now is that no more than one of these men has found out the truth. Five out of the six have not reached the goal of correct knowledge. They are strand ed far away from it in every direc-tion. It is not in regard to this one question alone that we find this disnal failure to reach the truth. It confronts us no matter what religious question attracts our attention -the Divinity of Jesus Christ, His Virgin-birth, sacrificial worship, sac ramental religion, the veneration of saints, the existence of an eternal hell, and so on down the line of religious beliefs.

HOW ACCOUNT FOR ERRORS IN PRO-TESTANTISM ?

are we to account for this state of affairs-for all this uncertainty and error that meets us at all times and everywhere in Protest ant Christendom ?

As we have already seen, there can be but two possible explanations of this sad fact. Either the instructions given to those who asked for Christ's way to the truth were incorrect, or they were not faithfully carried out. The latter explanation must be set aside. It does not fit with either charity or fact. To take it as the explanation of the innumerable differ ences of opinion that have been rife in the Christian world during the last four hundred years is to charge Protestant Christendom with forgetful ness of its own principles, or with downright lack of effort to find out the truth, or with an insincerity unparalleled in human history. hose who will, make such grave and sweeping charges against the Protest ant world. For our part we look on them as no less unjust than unkind. Protestant Christians by the hundred thousand have read their Bibles and studied them; they have prayed earnestly for light from above to know the truth. They have carried out with scrupulous exactness the instructions Protestantism gave them when they asked it how they might learn the gospel of Christ. have not misunderstood those in structions; they have not forgotten them; they have not neglected to observe them; they have not disobeyed them. And yet by the million they have failed to reach the goal of truth. To explain that failure we must look to the theory on which the Protestant world has acted so consistently from the beginning. The fatal flaw is there.

the meaning of Christ's gospel; failed knowledge. It leads, as the history of Protestant Christendom testifies eloquently, to uncertainty, to mani fold, deep-rooted differences of opinion; to all manner of error, and not to that clear, safe, sure knowledge of the truth which Christ wished His followers to have. From this it fol-lows that the reading of the Bible for one's self, independently of the Church that Christ established to be the champion, the custodian, and the authoritative interpreter of His gospel, is not Christ's way to the truth; is not the means that He provided for our final instruction. His way, as all Christians must admit, is

leads to that unity of faith for which He prayed and died. PROTESTANT THEORY DEFECTIVE AND FALSE

a straight way; one so plain that not

even a fool can err therein; one that

These, my dear readers, are som of the reasons why we hold that the Protestant theory concerning the means established by Christ for the spread of His gospel, is defective and

# LIQUOR AND TOBACCO HABITS A. McTAGGART, M.D., C.M.,

155 King St. E., Toronto, Canada

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alse. It consists of two main points
—first, that the Bible is the sole and sufficient rule of faith; secondly, that every man is to get at the meaning of the Bible for himself, through his own prayerful study of its sacred pages. On the first of these assertions we have not dwelt directly. Our attention has been given almost exclusively to the second, which is also the more important part of the Protestant theory. We have argued that the Bible, privately interpreted could not have been the sole means chosen by Christ for making his gospel known to the world; because it does not state the doctrines of Christ with sufficient clearness; because it is not, and never was able to present those doctrines to all classes of man-kind; and because it does not lead those who use it in that way, to the ap-pointed goal of knowledge. For proof of these contentions we pointed to the wide, deep differences of opinion that prevail in the Protestant world with regard to every Christian doc-trine: to the facts that multitudes have neither the leisure nor the abil ity to read and meditate with suffi cient care the difficult pages of Holy Writ; that other multitudes have been unable to read at all; that others again had no Bibles to read, and ould not have had them, since the art of printing had not yet been in vented; that others had lived and died before men knew definitely and without doubt what writings were actually inspired; and, finally, to the most painful but highly illuminating fact, that the majority of those who sought the truth of Christ by reading the Scriptures for themselves have failed utterly and wretchedly to reach the goal of knowledge. CATHOLIC CHURCH THE STEADFAST

CHAMPION OF THE BIBLE

In what has been said, there is absolutely nothing in depreciation of the Bible. The Catholic Church and her children, have no sympathy with those who think little of sacred Scripture, or reckon it as anything less than the Word of God. We believe that it is divinely inspired through and through; we maintain that it does not teach any error; we reverence it; we love it; we treasure all that it teaches. If a Catholic were to question its authority, or to reject any of its doctrines he would be refused the Sacraments of the Church until he had sincerely repented of his errors. Where is there a Church that champions the Bible more steadily, sincerely, uncompromisingly, and effectually? Where is there one that guards the Bible more zealously against abuse and profanity? How comes it, then, we hear so often that the Catholic Church is the enemy of the Bible? There is not one shred of sound evidence to support those charges, while there is abundant and unquestionable proof that the Catholic Church has always been the friend of the Bible, and is to-day its sole, uncompromising defender among the Churches of Chris-

BIBLE MUST HAVE AUTHORITATIVE INTERPRETER

We say, it is true, that the Bible does not state the doctrines of Christ so clearly that all well-meaning and earnest men can know by their own study what those doctrines are. In making that assertion we take our stand by the side of experience and Holy Writ itself against the assumption that men do not need an author ized interpreter of God's book. Ex perience says that men have misinterpreted Scripture in ten thousand ways and more; Scripture says that in an Epistle of St. Paul, and in other inspired writings, there are certain things, hard to be understood, which the unlearned and unstable wrest to READING OF BIBLE FOR ONE'S SELF NOT their own destruction" (II St. Peter, RIGHT ROAD TO TRUE KNOWLEDGE iii, 16). We are at one, therefore Protestants have failed to get at with experience and with the Bible in saying that Holy Writ does not to reach the goal of knowledge, not because they have neglected to read sufficient clearness. What we attack their Bibles in a prayerful spirit, but is not the Bible, but the self-reliance because the reading of the Bible for of men who think that they can one's self is not the right road to true fathom its deep meaning by their knowledge. It leads, as the history own efforts, and with utter disregard of the Church that Christ established as "The Pillar and the ground of

Truth." We say again, taking cognizance of manifold and overwhelming evidence, that the Bible alone does no set the doctrines of Christ before all classes of men, thereby finding fault with the Bible, nor are we denying to its real and rightful share in the formation of Christian faith and morals. We are simply indicating the blindness and folly of the theory that would make the Bible the sole and sufficient rule of faith-sole and suf ficient for the blind, for those un able to read, for those who lived when Bibles were rare because of the cost and difficulty of multiplying them, as well as for the leisured the talented and the educated.

We say once more that the Bible alone, privately interpreted, does not lead all men who read it to a knowledge of the truth. Here, as before, we take account of palpable facts, and with them in our mind, refuse to ascribe to Holy Scripture a role which it does not claim for itself. and certainly does not fill.

In a word, what we have had to

say has not been against the Bible or in circumscription of its author ity and usefulness, but in criticism and disproof of certain extravagant Protestant theories concerning the Bible-theories which might be thought at first sight calculated to exalt the Scriptures, but which sober reflection, dwelling on the facts of nistory and experience, and on the Written Word itself, declares un sound, and such as would in the long run bring the Word of God into discredit.-The Missionary.

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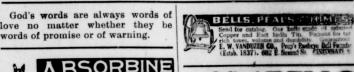


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#### CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

CHRISTMAS Christmas brings to young mer year after year, the same lesson from the Divine Babe of the manger, of ess to others and suffering for

Unless a Christian has the habit of self-denial against the wanderings of the heart and the inclinations of the fiesh, where will he end?

The glory of a young man is his strength. But that glory should not rest only on his vigor of body, but on the robustness of his will-power the robustness of his will power when it is strong enough to throttle the flerce waywardness of his flesh. And that will power can be trained, can be made quick by exercise, can become skillful, expert, tenacious, persistent, and strible by use.

In the conquest of the lower self, the brute part of man, pain is a powerful exert.

erful agent.

The Infant of Bethlehem, cold

The Infant of Bethlehem, cold, wrapped in a few clothes, resting on straw in a manger of a stable, preaches the beauty of suffering.

St. John, the Beloved, in his vision of these who should be saved, saw on the foreheads of all of them the sign of pain — the symbol of suffering.

Young man, don't shrink from the conditast practice of self-denial. Don't avoid the fasts of Advent and Lent. Be strong to suffer and so

THE GREAT ACCOMPLISHMENT "It takes a lifetime to learn to be kind!" It was the emphatic remark of an elderly man noted for his rare combination of brains and heart. The student and the expert each found help and pleasure in his words, and to all he seemed the empatiment of Christian converse and bodiment of Christian courtesy and strength. Yet he himself, afraid that he had been a trifle abrupt in his assertions when talking to a shy young freshman, said aloud to him-It takes a lifetime to learn to

be kind. That was a clear recognition, not often so clearly made, of the real end of a life of learning. Kindliness is often: and is always in its broadest sense, another word for love, and is the law of life. Each year should bring us a new sense of the heights of kindliness above us, of the rocks of stumbling that look large now, but of which we should

e have taken no heed. "Yes, I told him frankly that he was wrong, and I had to do it," said one college man just beginning to see clearly this vision of loving kindness, "but I shall always be sorry for the way I did it. I left him rebuffed and discouraged. I ought to have left him stronger to do his

CANNOT TRANSMIT GENIUS The dictionary of the names of eminent men compiled by Sir Francis Galton listed 29,000 persons who reached eminence in the various fields of human achievement, and indictated that barely 200 in every 1,000, 000 persons were entitled to appear in his roster of greatness. A study of these lists seems to show that the world's famous man seldom have left sons capable of the measure of service that might have gained equal nembers of royal families are specenvironed and educated and with selected husbands and wives to day, yet the great monarch

Watt alone may be rated as in heriting his talents from his father, while George Stephenson was the son of a miner, and the father of Thomas Telford was a shepherd. Of the poets Scott was the son of a Scottish lawyer, Tennyson of an obscure clergyman, Shelley of a country gentieman and Southey of a Bristol linen draper. It was a barber who tish lawyer, Tennyson of an obscure clergyman, Shelley of a country gentieman and Southey of a Bristol linen draper. It was a barber who fathered the Artist Turner, and Romney was the son of a builder and cab inet maker. Sir Joshua Reynolds offered the studio of a great master as an environment for his kinsfolks. but neither he nor Wren, the Architect, nor Scot, nor Wordsworth, nor Romney left descendants whose powers gained them recognitions.

# OPPORTUNITY

A stranger knocked at a man's door and told him of a fortune to be

'Um," said the man, "it appear that considerable effort will be in-'Oh, yes," said the stranger, "you

will pass many sleepless nights and toilsome days."
"Um," said the man, "and who are

'I am called opportunity."

"Um," said the man, "you call like hard work to me." And he slammed the door.—Catholic Columbian.

# WHAT REALLY COUNTS

"If all Catholics would live up to their religion, they would render greater service to their Church, than they think they are doing by lengthy discourses on its truth and moral influence or leading movements in their support, while their own lives are out of harmony with its teach ings," says the Catholic Telegraph. 'It is the living that counts, and men of the type Christ likened to whited sepulchres only serve to render the Church of God a mockery. The higher his place, the more harm

### OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

HAPPY CHRISTMAS

A happy, happy Christmas to you, dear children. And where shall our loving thoughts fly first when we wake on Christmas day? Shall we not think at once of Bethlehem and he dear Child Christ?

Let us try to picture the beautiful scene. Let us think of the holy Virgin Mother in the lowly stable; St Joseph kneeling there, so reverent, so adoring, gazing upon that tiny In-fant, his God and our God, throned while His Mother also is kneeling near, oh, how close to her precious Son. See, too, the ox and the ass, the Shepherds and the lambs, oh. would we not like to be in their places with the stor shining above places, with the star shining above he door way, and the echo of the angels' song still sounding over the

Well, we have seen the story of the well, we have seen the story of the first Christmas, portrayed year after year, in the "Christmas Cribe," as we call them, in our churches; we have knelt there and studied it lovingly, as indeed we ought to do. But let us remember, with warm, loving thankfulness, that the dear Jesus is really and trails an arrange of the start o really and truly on every altar where Mass is said, and that in Holy Communion it is really and truly our dear Lord Jesus Who comes to our happy hearts. Let us say very lov-ing welcomes to Him, even in very simple words, like those we repeated a little while ago:

Our happy hearts are saying low: I love Thee so! I love Thee so!"

Let us ask our Blessed Mother Mary so teach us what to say to her Jesus on Christmas day. Let us ask St. Joseph and the shepherds to share with us their gladness. Let us bring to Jesus the gifts of our loving hearts, and often, in the midet of our Christmas festivities, let us send a tender thought to Jesus in the Christmas crib at Bethlehem. — Sacred Heart

AND A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM

The bell for dismissal had just rung. The boys of the parochial school came rushing out laughing and shouting. The last group lingered around the door until the organist of the church came, and ith her they went over to the choir to practice singing for Christmas. These were the choir boys who stayed after school every night to rehearse hymns. One little fellow, light haired and merry, was the soprano, and the owner of a beauti-ful, well-trained voice. His name was plain, unpoetreal John Smith, and despite his love of fun, he was always earnest and serious when practicing singing. But after leaving the church his merry mood would return, and to hear him shouting with his sebool-mates you would never take him for a choir boy.

On their walk home the boys had to pass an old house, a mansion it had been once; now falling to ruin. There was a mystery connected with the house, if there could be a mys tery in a busy town of the twentier century. The owner had been abroad many years, and the mansion had never been opened since his depar ture. Around the front was a high stone wall, concealing all but the top of the massive, oaken door. A few old residents could remember when the house had been the scene of merry parties and balls. The owner who founds a line of kings is usually was then a boy and his father and succeeded by a series of mediocrities, often good and faithful men, but without the splendid abilities which within a month the mother, too, had gone. After the funeral service the On the other hand, Galton shows young man had never entered a in the choir. that among English inventors James | Catholic Church. He spent a year in his desolate home, and then went to Europe. The house had been elosed and on the st ps were a number of trunks with fore gn labels on them. In the light carpet of snow a man's foot prints were seen and the tracks of cart-wheels. The windows were all open and in one of the upper rooms a light was burning. As soon as they recovered from their surprise at seeing the house open again, the boys began to ask questions no one could answer. "When had the owner arrived?" "Did he intend to stay long?" "What did he look like?"

long?" "What did he look like?"
Was he alone?" These and other
questions were asked, but it was only
the little soprano who said, "I wonder has he gone back to his religion? Wouldn't it be too bad if he did not come to church the first Christmas

Inside the wall a man was walking up and down. Disturbed by the noise the boys were making, he turned to ward the gate to send them away but hearing the questions they were asking each other, he decided to lis ten and hear what they thought of him. When John Smith spoke he shivered; and as he walked away he muttered to himself: "I've buried all that nonsense long ago. Yet the first night I am back, I hear the same question that everyone who knows me asks. What good is religion, any-

way. It helped me none." That night when the news spread that the owner of the long forsaken house had come back to live there again, many tales were revived for the sake of those who did not know the stories of the grim old house Tales of the place when its present master was a boy; of the beautiful mother and of his grand old father. His mother had died a month after her husband. The son was twenty-

one then, and it was said that he had spent all Christmas day in church that year, praying for his dear mother's life. But she had died, and after he had left the church with the

telling the story and his only thoughts were of pity for the poor man who had lost both parents and faith at the same time. "The poor man," he thought. "If he would only come back this Christmas." And he said a prayer that night for the lonely occu nant of the old mansion.

All that week John Smith was not so gay as usual, which gave his teachers some rest though they wondered what it was that kept the lively little

what it was that kept the lively little boy so quiet. Every night he stopped at the great gate to the old house and whispered under his breath, "I won-der if he got it yet."

Inside the house in one of the old-fashioned, high ceilinged rooms, a gray haired man was scated, gazing thoughtfully at a note he held in his hand. It read and. It read :

Dear Mr. Berkeley : Won't you please come to Mass Christmas morning? We have a new crib at church and all the children were told to invite some stranger to see it. I am inviting you because I know that no one else would think of you. I hope you will come. The first Mass is a 5 o'clock and the choir is to sing the Christmas hymns.

Your loving friend,

"I haven't been to church for years," thought the o'd man. "I wonder if it is the same as the last Christmus I went? Mother—" (he almost choked over the word) " was dying then, and it was the last time I went till the funeral. And with all my prayers and her piety she was not saved. Why should I go back now on the anniversary of that awful day? Some foolish schoolboy wishes to mock, perhaps—but no, it sounds too sincere to be that. After all, it is so long since I went—and the last time

-she-was here." Absently he tossed the letter into the waste basket, and sat immova-ble for a long time. Then he roused himself suddenly, and reached for the discarded note, put it in his pocket, and went out. He walked slowly down the street, but as he reached the church door, stopped. The choir boys were going in to rehearse. No one recognized him but John Smith, where your mide with a many mide w whose eyes grew wide with amaze-ment as the visitor followed them in. He did not kneel at all ; just took off his hat and sat down, watching the sanctuary lamp flicker and burn. Presently the little soprano started

to sing. It was only a Christmas hymn but it seemed to carry a mes sage of cheer to the cold hearted occupant of the church; and some-how he knew as he looked at the now he knew as he looked at the singer that this was the John Smith who had written to him "because no one else would think of him." Then the beautiful voice sang the grand

Memories came surging over the man in the church. Memories of "Adestes" of other years. Memories of days when he had come to this same church with his beautiful, young mother. The memory of the last Christmas he had spent in this church, praying with all his heart that she would not die. But it had been God's will and she had gone. It was then that, half-insane with grief, her son had vowed never to enter a Catholic Church again. He had lost his faith, but at a message from one little boy, he had unconsciously broken that vow. Venite Adoremus," sang the boy

How many years was it since he had last adored? Nearly twenty; a long, long time to forget God. Some passing away before a knowingness, to where "Jonson's lead an independence, a self-consciousness on," but where "like the long, long time to forget God. Some What, then, are we to make of this of some low diverges. deep emotion stirred him as the singer finished the last strain; for he suddenly fell to his knees and tried

to remember how to pray.

The little soprano, watching him, knew that the receiver of his letter had "come back for Christmas." Christmas morning dawned bright and clear. At the 5 o'clock Mass a gray haired man received Holy Com-munion for the first time in twenty

Up in the cheir a boy's voice was heard, singing "Adeste Fideles." —Josephine Corcoran in Providence

# CATHOLICS BELIEVE

That truth is one; therefore there can be but one true religion.

That unity of doctrine is essential: and only one religion has this unity

of doctrine. That similarity in ceremonies does not mean identity of worship; just as similarity in dress does not mean identity of persons. Clothes do

not make the man. That trust in God and His mercy without faith and good works is presumption. That philanthropy is not God-like

charity. That mysteries and doctrines of ill advised as it is, it is at least a the Church are not aga nst reason, but may be above reason. That baptism is necessary for sal-

vation; and That God gives to every man the means to be baptized, if not "by water and the word," at least by the

implicit desire of the heart. man's reason is not infallible. That the Bible with an authorita-

tive interpreter should be read in the home and the school. hat there is no absolute authortook our Lord to create the world. | virtue.

That the divinity of the Church is roved by the historical value of the New Testament; but the historical value of the New Testament is not after he had left the church with the funeral train, he had never entered it again. The very mention of religion would leave him trembling.

The little choir boy heard his father apostolicity bear witness to her divinity. proved by the Church, but by mere

divinity.

That baptism given by those outside the Church is valid when administered with the right intention with the right words and in the right

That baptism by immersion is valid, but inconvenient.

That they should love all, inside and outside the Church, even their

That error imposed by authority should be rejected.

That the grace of faith, as well as reason and intellect, is necessary to draw man to the knowledge of divine

That the doctrines of Jesus Chris

### PASSING OF MODESTY

NO DISCOVERIES MADE-MAKE SHIFTS DEVISED - CHILD HOOD HELPLESS WHERE THE WARRIOR QUAILED - TOO WISE IN THEIR GENERATION

Mankind is not long in finding out how the moral world hangs together. Indeed, more than one deep moralist has observed that there are no dis-coveries to be made in morality. But, unfortunately, mankind, having found it out, is impatient to rid itself of disagreeable knowledge and in-genious to invent makeshifts of its own. For one moral need that is genious to invent makeshifts of its own. For one moral need that is very important a whole set of such makeshifts has been devised. Things have not yet come to such a pass that our generation is content to live for itself with no consciousness of an obligation to hand on to generations to come what it has received from generations past, but within the memory of those whose hair has not yet begun to fall white from the bar-ber's shears there has been a revision or a repeal of moral laws or which the coming in of future generations depends. The noble sciences ations depends. of eugenics and eugenetics have been created to take their places. Bill Sikes is not to beget children, so the legislature decrees, and thus ard question-what is to be done with our Nancy Sikes ?- receives its nswer. Mrs. Jellyby is to have all her time for Borrioboola Gha, undis rected by the annoyance of any little Jellybys. But there must be some little Jellybys, otherwise we of this generation must wind up the affairs of our planet after its long and checkered career, and Halley's comet

empty house.

The little Jellybys that we have create a problem of their own. They are wise-too wise-in their genera tion. They have had their love-affairs at an age when their grand parents were at spinning tops and dressing dolls. They cannot be spoken of as young hopefuls indis-criminately, because some of them have already drained the wine of life to the dregs. As a cheering thought to begin the day's toil with, the newspapers furnished us, not long since with the farewell of a young Schopenhauer just entering on his teens, who gave up the game of life before he had fairly begun it, as not worth the candle. That helplessness of child-hood before which the warrier new phase of childhood, our fledgling | Ah, no! The theatre is of the high-Don Juans and Bocky Sharps!

on its next return will perform to an

Mrs. Eugenia Lackbairn has it.
Give them lectures on sexology" est class. And we lead are at tic criticism that wise heads are at variance about the merits and the (an ugly word, without justification meaning of the play. In such and in euphony or linguistics, science or such a city it has had a run of so morals, ryhme or reason). Now, Mrs. E. L. ought to know, or she is more unsophisticated than she is supposed to be, that this would be the most interesting subject of the child's studies, more interesting even than sloyd work and physical culture, infinitely more interesting than arithmetic and grammar and spelling. It would gratify an instinct which is easily aroused and, like fire grows with the food it consumes. If she does not know this there is one that can tell her—the harpy showman who fattens his unholy purse of this morbid curiosity of childhood. The new pedagogy has been trying its best to bring the old saw up to-date with its "effortless study and scientific play makes Jack a bright boy." Effortless pedagogy is a good training in mental idleness, and an idle brain used to be called the "devil's workshop." This idle brain is now to be filled deliberately with images more terrible to youth ful innocence than the cockatrice.

Would that this proposal had as little danger in it as wisdom. But, proof that a certain virtue which this world never had too much of, an on phrontis Ippokleide. "Hippothis world never had too much of, an on phrontis Ippokleide. "Hippoa virtue which does not thrive in clides doesn't care?" Never fear. a virtue which does not thrive in every soil, is fast withering away. Modesty is a beautiful virtue, and in a world where there is so much moraliness one that can ill be spared.

Cildes account to She is true as the Vicar of Bray to her principles to live and die respectable. It is respectability that has changed such things. Wasn't she when Mr. and Mrs. So and So. It is not only beautiful in itself, but That there must be an infallible authority to interpret the Bible; mars the features or distorts the figure; whilst the fairest creatures, if they lack it, must mimic it, since without it they become hideous, let them smirk and ogle as they may. ity for the definite length of time it But it is more than an ornamental



The work of our vice commissions other sources of information have torn the veil from a condition of affairs which gives the lie to a certain set of cheerful prophecies, fills the atmosphere with an unen-durable effluvium, causes the more reflecting to tremble for the future, reflecting to tremble for the future, and calls for remedies of more kinds than one, which are costly in both the literal and the figurative sense of the word. We need not concern ourselves about the prophets, but we would pay as much and as willingly to those who should remove the draff of this evil as we should proship, as we do to the companies that insure us against fire and accident, to those who should cure a sore which is attacking the vitals of society, as we do the medical staffs of our hospital; and, whatever the rem-

edies cost, the money would be well spent, provided it were not spent in and inexpensive, for our maladies which, since it prevented them from coming into existence, is better than the proverbial pound of cure, and so ancient wisdom and modern prophylaxis in its favor. Proof is not needed to show that if our social reformers could endow everyone of our young people with a gererous fund of modesty the present panic would stop of itself. It would, of course, be contrary to all experience to say that there ever was a time when profligacy was unknown or, comes to the same thing when modesty was a universal possession. What is alarming is, not that such a plague has to be dealt with, but that it is appearing in places where formerly it never dared to show its face. Vice has ventured beyond its accustomed haunts, and from the strongholds which never be surrendered if our order is to endure, from the school, from re spectable society, even from the home it is driving modesty before it.

This is no Puritanical jeremial

against the natural gayety of youth; crabbed, ill-natured, dyspeptic whine. Even the most enthusia tic optimist cannot shut his eyes to our danger, the most barefaced apologist cannot explain our shame away. Along our thoroughfares flits (or, rather, shuffles) by the twentieth century young woman who seems to have discovered that dress is the means of suggesting the nude, just as the eighteenth century cynic discovered that language is the art of concealing thought. Such attire, a few years ago, would have left no doubt concerning the habits of life of the wearer. One might think that she quailed, that artlessness which had stepped down from the show-bill practices without first giving the abashed the wisdom of the sage, is yonder which invites the public, not passing away before a knowingness, to where "Jonson's learned sock is decent The poster some low dive, perhaps? est class. And we read in the dramamany hundred nights; in such and such another it has been suppressed by the police. But, surely, decent people stay away? Alas, Mrs. Grundy herself is there! The society column describes her where she sits in her box, resplendent in diamonds and respectability. She, forsooth, has not come thither to gratify the low instincts of the vulgar. Out of the exoteric slime, which the bestial have come to wallow in, her dainty fingers can pick un-soiled the esoteric gem of truth that gleams in the master's thought. And that rem nds us of the dances which the young people relished so much at Mrs. Grundy's recent ball. What has come over this punctilious beldam, she that used to be so de-mure? How does she expect to marry off her daughters? Doesn't she know how a matron fell from grace, even in pagan Rome, by moving her limbs with too much animation? Or does the kordax mean so much to her that she feels like the Athenian youth who, having danced himself out of the wedding which was the object of his

present when Mr. and Mrs. So and So

whose name is the hall mark of

propriety, won the plaudits of all

Vanity Fair by the manners in which

paces imported from the jungle and the barnyard and the lower world? And there is their daughter whe

appeared in the pale moon-light clad in a scant covering of filmy gauze,

they went through their bacchanalian

footing it featly on the greensward of a fashionable boarding school

a fashionable boarding school.
"Cynicism! Passimism! Pay no
nttention, gentle reader." But the
gentle reader knows better. If one
were to reply, that such an account
is highly overdrawn, because there
are many fathers and mothers, sons
and daughters whom the description
does not fit, his reason would state
no more than the truth. That is to
say, there is some virtue left in the
world.—Edward Bergin, S. J., in
America. America.

#### " MOUNT CARMELITE NUNS"

In the survey for November there is a story by Margaret E. Rich, en-titled "Holy Water," which the Cath-olic readers of that periodical cannot but find very offensive. The tale is about "Ellie," a young Irish woman whom her husband treats so cruelly that she is advised by a neighbor to get "some Holy Water from the Nuns of Mt. Carmel," for "that always sets everything right." When Ellie found the convent after a long search (the marvel is that she found it at all!) she was richly rewarded by allowed to look up "into the face of the Mount Carmelite nun," who came presumably to the door. Real Carmelite nuns, of course, do not come to the door, and no mere visitor sees their faces, but the Survey's " Mount Carmelite's Nuns" belong apparently to a new Order unknown as yet to Catholics, or to anyone else. For Mount Carmelite Nuns" apparent

ly support themselves by practising simony. The Survey's contributor says as much when shetells us Ellie's request for some of the precious "Holy Water" that "would set all right," was answered by the "Mount "Have Carmelite Nun's" inquiry: you no money to buy it with?"
"Ellie shook her head—she dared not trust herself to speak. She ought to have known, she thought bitterly, that here one gets nothing without money." However, the thrifty "Mount Carmelite Nun" softened a little, took an empty "whisky bottle" Ellie was clutching, half filled it with Holy Water and gave it back with the pious prayer: "May the Blessed Virgin bring you your desire!" On her way home, we are told, Ellie was run down by a vehicle and killed, so "the Holy Water had set things right"

after all. There is no need of our dwelling longer on the offensive absurdities of the Survey's story. We will merely offer the editor a little friendly advice. It is this: Don't accept a contribution touching on Catholic life or manuscript to some competent per son to look over. Otherwise, Catholics who would enjoy reading articles like that on "Industrial Paganism in the Black Hills," which appears in the same issue of the Survey in which "Holy Water" is printed will bravely deny themselves the pleasure of reading the one, in order to avoid the insult to their religion

To REY. L. BRENNAN.

ontained in the other. Otherwise too, lovers of accurracy will laugh immoderately at the editor whe allows his contributors to write in all seriousness about "Mount Carmelite Nuns," who display "kindly faces" at the door and dispense for a consideration "Holy Water" that "sets everything right."—America.

#### COMPROMISERS AND HUMBUGERS "

a Father Bernard Vaughan has been talking very plainly and in strong terms on the character of his countrymen in connection with the question

of "Stage Morality."
On this subject much has been said and is being said every day on many lines of philosophy and philanthropy. Father Vaughan maintains (in a sermon recently in Farm St. Church, London ) that it is all a purely business matter, and that it could be settled easily if properly taken in hand by business men in a

business way.
"Literature, art, the stage, the dance and the music ball are business propositions. Managers would have no desire to put before the people what was vicious if it would not pay. If the people did not want to have their passions awakened and aroused they could soon stop it. It would not need the Episcopate for that. It would not need any clergy-men for that. The laity must assert their Christian rights and ask for food-stuffs for the body which were soul which were not poison. We are

bugs."
That is Father Vaughan's opinio and to use a perhaps vulgar it seems to "fill the bill." people want stage morelity they can have it, if they take the right way of getting it -Freeman's Journal

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THE CATHOLIC RECORD LONDON

#### THE CONSPIRACY AGAINST ROME

Our alert contemporary, the Excelsior of Milwaukee, recently re-printed from the Freidenker, a rabid "free thought" sheet of the same city, an article entitled "The Storming of Rome from Every Side." offers an almost complete roll-call of the forces organized to fight against Church of Christ. Our friend the enemy has again done us a real service, and we shall not hesitate to avail ourselves of it. We therefore riefly summarize the article in question as an authentic illustration which shows how far bigotry and intolerance have already advanced in our own country. It reminds us of a scene enacted nineteen centuries ago, when the hypocritical enemies of Christ and the ancients of the people gathered in the court of Caiphas and "consulted together, that by subtilty they might apprehend Jesus, and put Him to death. (Matt. xxxvi, 4.) Among the conspiracies formed for

the destruction of American freedom and religious liberty the place of honor is rightly given to "the old and true American Protective Association," the A. P. A., which has now quarters at Pittsburgh, Pa. 'This society," we are informed, "is at present working in secret with fever-ish activity. Everywhere Catholics and the friends of Catholics are being closely observed and attempts are made to harm them in political and business life. The Menace, which

who are to defend American citizens against Church politicans, to destroy the Catholic missions among the Indians and to prevent the the Indians and to prevent the acknowledgment of Roman delegates. They have a standing committee whose duty it is "to watch Catholics and those who are friendly to the Church, and to prevent them from obtaining any political or economic power." Stationed at the head of this noble militia we find General Miles, who has not hesitated thus to prestitute his influence. Rear Admiral prostitute his influence, Rear-Admiral Baird and Mr. Edward. The headquarters are at New York.

Next follows the American Federation of Patriotic Voters, which claims the control of five million votes. Its president is D. J. Reynolds, of Minneapolis. It would prevent the influence of the Church upon the public schools (1) and the apportionment of any public funds for religious pur-poses. No less active, we are told, are the United Societies of Equal Rights, centred at Chicago. They are constantly "employing lawyers to investigate the scandalous interference of the outrageously shameless clergy in the rights of American citizens, and to make legal protest against them." It is interesting to note under what patriotic names and with what pretence of righteousness all these organizations strive to cloak hide entirely, even under the most spacious mantle, the horns and the ail and the cloven hoofs.

We next come to the American Secular Union and Freethought Federation, whose president is E. M. Mc-Donald, of New York. Among the objects of the association we notice religious institutions are not books the neighbors victims of the religious institutions are not books and unmerited persecution. are to be purged from all superstition: As for the execrable deed of blood, the "Massacre of St. Bartholomew," the fact that the Pope was deceived by the King of France, as were all the foreign courts, is carefully concepted. Sunday laws are to be recalled. Most delectable is the clause which "We demand that all laws exacting a 'Christian' morality be abrogated, and that in their place a natural morality be substituted, with equal human rights and an unpartisan and true liberty." We presume that free love and similar practices belong to this "natural morality" in question, and we congratulate ral Miles upon his new friends.
In the last place we may mention

the Bohemian Freethinker's Federation of America, the Bohe-mian Guard of Freethinkers at Chicago, and an entire host be-sides of Ferrer Associations, Rationalist Societies, Free-thought Societies and organizations of the Knights of Luther, whom respectable Protestantism is trying to shake from its skirts. 'The Socialists likewise," our free thought informant continues, "are attacking the Church with greater energy and realize even more fully that in her they must behold their most formidable foe, the chief hindrance to their propaganda. They therefore are indirectly combating this arch-enemy and watching all the

It certainly would be difficult to find a more glorious vindication of the Catholic Church and of her claims to the respect and gratitude of all true American citizens than to be able to point to the long list of organizations we have here enumerated, and to be able to say, "Such are the enemies of the Catholic

faith !" The papers published in America to advance this campaign against American liberty and religious tolerance are the Menace, The American Citizen, The Truth Seeker, The Fra, The Liberator, The American Turner, Sokal, Amerikanische Turnzeitung, and the Freidenker. To this list must be added the three or four hundred Socialist, Anarchist, I. W. W. and Ferrer papers, which, though not primarily for this purpose, pursue it none the less relentlessly.

# Gall Stones

# SANOL

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great portion of the so called neutral, and even of the Protestant press is sufficiently obvious. So therefore we are happy to see realized in all its fulness the promise of our Lord:

"If the world hate you, know ye that it hath hated Me before you. I you had been of the world, the world would love its own; but because you are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you. Remember My word that I said to you: The servant is not greater than his mas-ter. If they have persecuted Me, they will also persecute you." (John

be the servants and the followers of christ, that in spite of defects and Lordship Bishop O'Brien on behalf faults on the part of individuals among her children the Catholic The second place is assigned to the brave and tried "Guardians of Liberty," who are to defend the catholic Church, has ever remained the faithful spouse of Christ. "Blessed are ye when they shall revile evil against you, untruly, for My sake: Be glad and rejoice, for your reward is very great in heaven. so they persecuted the prophets that were before you." (Matt. v, 11-12.)— H. J. in America.

#### THE "MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW"

A friend called our attention, at a time we could not possibly give it, to an article reproduced in the "States-man" in the beginning of this month on the Huguenots. As was to be ex-pected, the article contains the Propected, the article contains testant traditional view of these sectarians and of the "Massacre of St. Bartholomew." Nothing is said about the fact that the Huguenot movement was a political far more than a religious movement, inciting to rebellion against Church and State alike; that the Huguenots twice conspired to seize the person of the King, thrice raised aloft the standard of rebellion, and though defeated in four pitched battles, obstinately plotted on, always pardoned and plotted on, always pardoned and always relapsing; that they entered into treasonable bargains with the inveterate and hereditary foe of their all these organizations surve to total their anti-Americanism. Yet for all their pains they find it difficulty to hide entirely, even under the most hide entirely, even under the most third; that in the first transports of third; that in the first transports of country, and delivered over to him uncontrolled "freedom of conscience" they overran whole provinces, de-stroying churches invading monasteries, murdering priests, butchering unarmed men and women in thou sands, sacking and burning towns and villages literally by hundreds. the following: churches and other length of the following institutions are not to be the helpless victims of an unprovoked

As for the execrable deed of blood cially was to the effect that Coligny and his partisans had organized a plot against the King's person and And a pile of blazin' Irish turf on the old fireside. merely suppressed it. Thus it was that Pope Gregory XIII. at first believed in a conspiracy of the Hugue-nots and persuaded that the King had but defended himself, held a service of thanksgiving for the repression of the conspiracy. Once he became better informed, he grew angry at the news of such barbarity," and when he was asked to receive in audience Maurevel, who had fired on Coligny, Gregory XIII. refused, saying, 'He is an assassin.' "—Catholic Herald of India.

# CHRISTMAS GIVERS' L'ENVOI

When earth's last present is posted

dried, the Christmas roses have faded and the Christmas holly

has died, We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie down for an æon or

Till the Master of Christmas giving shall set us to work anew And those who gave well shall be happy; they shall sit in a rock-

ing chair; They shall 'broider a cherub's gar ments with flosses of angel's

They shall find real friends to give to—seraphim, martyrs, and all; They shall fill up a million stockings hung over a garden wall. And only the Master shall praise us,

and only the Master shall blame; And no one shall give for glory, and no one shall give for fame.

Aut each for the joy of the giving and each with a soul sincere, Will give the thing he holds precious to the friend that is really dearl

-Saturday Night.

### DIOCESE OF PETERBOROUGH

VEN. ARCHDEACON CASEY HONORED

Lindsay, Dec. 18 .- Before a congregation that taxed the seating capa-city of St. Mary's Church to its ut-Vicar General Dominick J. Casey, rector of the parish and for forty years in the service of the Church, was raised to the dignity of domestic prelate this evening. The ceremony of investiture, which carries with it the title of Monsignor, was performed by the Right Rev. M. J. O'Brien, D. D., Bishop of Peterborough. Inside the sanctuary were the following clergymen: Dean Kelly of Trout Creek; Rev. Fathers F. J. O'Brien, rector of the Sacred Heart parish, Peterboro; V. G. McFadden of Wooler; J. Guiry of Kinmount; McGuire of Downeyville; G. Whibbs of Campbellford; Rev. P. J. Galvin, B. A., Principal of the Continuation School, Peterborough; Cote of Bow-manville and Newcastle; M. J. Mcof Cobourg; F. K. O'Sullivan of Port Hope; T. F. Scanlon of Grafton; F. J. O'Sullivan of Victoria Road; Provincial of the Basilian Order of

His Lordship Bishop O'Brien was Such is the reason why as Catholics we rightly rejoice in all these signs of our time. They show that we are not altogether unworthy to of the parish, congratulating the prelate on his consecration to such a high office and expressing grati-tude for the high honor conferred on the pastor of the parish. His Lordship replied at some length to the address. The robes of the new domestic prelate were then blessed, after which Mgr. Casey retired to the sacristy and then returned to the altar clothed in the robes of office. Dr. Blanchard then read on behalf of the parish an address, while Mr. Frank Costello presented Mgr. Casey with a purse containing \$400. Mgr. Casey made a feeling reply.

#### ORDINATION

Rev. John O'Connor, a nephew of the late Archbishop O'Connor, was ordained by Archbishop McNeil at St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto last Sunday. He will chant his first solemn Mass next Sunday in St. Francis de Sales. Church, Pickering, where he was born and where his parents have al-ways resided. This little parish, besides giving the diocese the late Fathers John O'Connor and Joseph Dennis O'Connor has four priest laboring to day. They are Rev. Fathers Robt. McBrady and Frank Walsh, of St. Michael's College, Father Robert Walsh, pastor of Tor onto Gore and Rev. Dr. O'Leary.
On the same occasion was also
ordained Rev. Francis Pennylegion.

# DIED

McGregor-At his late home in Tilbury East, on Dec. 5th, 1913, William C. McGregor, aged seventy years. May his soul rest in peace!

Fox-In Victoria Harbor, Ont., on October 17, 1913, Garnet J. Fox aged twenty-one years and eleven months. May his soul rest in peace!

# THE OLD FIRESIDE

'Tis sittin' by the stove I am, where all the fire in sight,
Would never raise a b'ister on a baby's arm to night.
The wind goes howlin' down the street, as if the important

But I am seein' in my mind a hearthstone broad an Wan side my mother sits and knits a stockin' mea

And granny's prayin,' for I hear the rattle of her beads.
And there's myself with naked shins a happy boy beside
The blessed heat and comfort of the old fireside.

Sometimes the wind and rain come down the chim ney with a shout. And mother signs the Cross to see the ashes dance Then father laughs and says "bedad, the phooka's out to night."

And granny whispers "burk out to night."

And grammy whispers "hush, avic, some poor soul's on it's flight."

And then we get to thinkin' of the lonesome wans denied

For evermore the comfort of their old fireside. The latch keeps liftin' now and then, as neighbor saunter in.

With many a kind "God save all here," and "God have ye agin ;"

And soon from talkin' politics, at fairy tales they'll

And soon from tarkin pointes, at tarty tales they it be,
With stools dhrawn up around the blaze as close as close can be,
And no one wants to look behind afraid a ghost might b de
Among the flickerin' shadows of the old fireside. I wondher where they are to-night, for sure whin al

is told
'Tis feelin' out of place they'd be on shinin' sthreets of gold;
But in the many mansions of the Father's home above,
There may be humble corners where the poor may
know His love,
So in some friendly place apart my Irish kin may

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#### CHRISTMAS

" Christmas comes but once a year,"
When all is joy and gladness,
And grief nor sorrow, sigh nor tear,
May tinge our hearts with sadness,

O was it chance, or was it choice, That in a place so lowly, Should fi st be heard the infant voice Of our Redeemer Holy?

Ambition, Pride-like birth-bound twins
That hard it is to sever—
'Mong angels record, first of sins—
Oft side by side go ever.

With tidings of the Saviour's birth In joyful words addres ing: Glory on high and peace on earth To men good will possessing.

With gold, and myrrh, and frankincense,

From it may we this lesson learn, Whate'er our post or duty When meekly borne, our crosses earn Bright crowns of fadeless beauty.

of sermons, Archbishop Ireland places the reading of Catholic literature. No Catholic household, he says, should be without a Catholic

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2. Books, value \$10 presented by Rev. J. A. Han
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D.

N. D.

3. Mahogany parlor table, donated by McLagan Furniture Mfg. C., won by Marie Roche, Watdord.

4. Parlor chair, donated by Mr. Leo. Dahm, won by B. Roche, Watdord.

5. Bag of flour, donated by McLeod Milling Co., wan by T. Dwyer, Augsburg.

6. Parlor table, donated by Mr. L. H. Bourett, won by Irene Aylward, Pleasant View.

7. Lady's or gentleman's silk umbrella, donated by Mr. P. J. Kelly, won by Jos Districh, St. Clemens.

8. A. Canadian cheese, donated by Mr. T. O'Flynn, won b. J. J. Wha'ing Stratford.

La ge box surprise soap, denated by Mrs. olger, won by P. J. Longeway, Stratford.

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O blessed eve! O happy morn!
'Tween which, of Viigin Mary,
The Saviour of the world was bo
In stable dark and dreary.

How mete 'twas then that, as a child, Adorned with graces ample, He taught us to be humble, mild, By means of His example.

Not to the rich, the proud, the great, Bright angels then descended, But to poor shepherds, keeping late Watch o'er the flocks they tended.

For wor'dly kings, of pomp and pride, Rich rob'd beyond the telling. No starry light appeared as guide To Mary's humble dwelling.

But wise ones saw in brilliant star The sign of Incaination And hastened from the East afar To offer Adorat on.

Their triune gifts composing, They tribute paid omnipotence In Mary's arms reposing.

And as began our Saviour's life In cold and dreasy manger, From crib to cross twas ever rife With sorrow, pain and danger.

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