

The Catholic Record.

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

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LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1918

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FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

The noble response which has been made by the CATHOLIC RECORD'S appeal in behalf of Father Fraser's Chinese mission 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 salvation to innumerable souls. Why not, dear reader, have a share in that work by contributing your means to its maintenance and extension? The opportunity awaits you: let it not pass you by.

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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 of the keenest appetite, but one would never think it, in looking at the fine old countenance, radiant with the sunshine of an unworried and unspoiled nature. He is ever a boy at heart—trusting in the midst of deceit, and sure that in everyone, no matter how depraved, there is a well-spring of nobility. "Look, my boy," he says, pointing to his violin, "everyone is like that. 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, purifies us and makes every nerve vibrate with the harmony of noble things and attunes our hearts to the Christmas 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 it with way with bones and marred it with bloodshed, but the gladness tidings that thrilled it with joy still makes music in its heart. And as we listen to the pealing of the bells we must think what a wondrous answer it was 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 marvelous 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-

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 that He sought to bring under His yoke, but men who had fierce warrior blood coursing in their veins, who broke no order that might stay them from deeds of lust and vengeance, and to whom the success of centuries was a guarantee of the prosperity 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 soothed its querulousness, as a mother might a suffering child; cleansed it of defilement and set its feet on the pathway of hope and immortality. He broke down the barriers that shut out the sunlight of truth and let it stream into palace and hovel, to bathe women and slave in an atmosphere of purity and freedom and to reveal to man his origin and destiny. They who at first regarded Him with distrust, and sneered at His assumptions, learned in time to revere Him as God, and Master, and, with no weapon but a cross, to go for His sake on the most forlorn hope of the world has ever seen.

Since the time that the Child-God looked with human eyes 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 Monthonal 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 love me more. One Being alone is loved on this earth after eighteen hundred years. He is Jesus Christ, Monthonal! Monthonal! 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 library. It is one of the adjuncts of the Sunday school. Good books are necessary to illustrate and impress 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 dangerous reading that is spread before them at every turn. To secure these results the books should be inspected, and carefully, by persons of discriminating taste. The works of some popular authors, which might 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 descriptions of scenery, a controversial catchism and a portrayal of insipid piety, 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 ploughed and made ready for the

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 role of ward politician. They have good intentions. But hell is paved with such. "Kick up the stones ye sluggards and break the devil's head with them."

Mere nonsense. It may be right, but it does not pay. To truckle, to cringe, to give ourselves until we become 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 due not to our principles but to our indifference. "Give me ten zealous priests," a holy man used to say, "and I will convert the world." Give us ten laymen who know how to think and to express it, who, conscious of the priceless value of their faith, are ready to make sacrifices to guard and to protect it, and we would drive out from amongst us the foul spectre of indifference that wrecks and ruins. Do that and we shall have the fire of a common aim, aspiration and faith transmuting our efforts into success as solid as the eternal walls.

POLITICS

In some places the plague is "talking 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 insane. 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 embodies them."

JESUITS AND DAY SCHOOLS

A good deal has been written of late implying that the boarding-school 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 otherwise, had no such schools at all, but day schools only. We wish we had none other now. To-day the English Jesuit Province has three "boarding" schools and six day schools, of which day schools the college at Leeds is the one most recently founded. I was brought up in a 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 expressions of regret that all our schools are not home-going at sundown.

Far from desiring to isolate our pupils from home influences, there is not a Jesuit who would not sacrifice much in order to tighten and strengthen those sacred bonds which conventional 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 imbibed lessons which endure with life. However, as our Father General says, "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 indismissibly to any one system.

But it is objected that the Jesuit system is without women teachers, it admits no girls, and refuses all female influence. This is true, not of Jesuit schools only, but also of every public secondary school in England. So far Protestants in their Public schools as well as Jesuits have confined lady teachers to preparatory classes, where, for the most part, they are unrivalled as careful trainers and guides. For years past small boys have come under 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 co-education 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 as the boys gain. Besides, is it not desirable that the training of girls between the ages of twelve and eighteen 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, the trader, or the soldier, or any other career that befits 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 that." To my thinking, neither the schoolroom nor the playground, nor the public street is a 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 be 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 co-education might possibly have strained to snapping point.

In the United States mixed schools have not been the success that was looked for, and I meet, 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 co-education 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 canonized. The suggestion that he himself wrote a book 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 aware of him in the capacity of a convert to the Catholic Church. But there will be some among our own readers who will make a picture of him in their minds quite different from that loosely sketched by the devout and constant attendant at the Oratory when he was in town; in the neighbourhood, at Stratton-on-the-Fosse, of Downside monastery and college, where he placed his own son; of the heroic fighter against the charge of infidelity, and the sufferer of suffering in the close of it, whose sigh somehow got transmuted into a smile."

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 anecdotes, a writer, actor and censor of plays—a combination of three functions in one man which might be deemed for a long time officialism from the charge of immaturity. He was a Saturday Reviewer, a member of the Salvile Club, where the present writer can remember him as one who was gay indeed, but with rather a disgust of his gaiety—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 their 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 Guilds—an 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 characteristic allusion to Old Brook, 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 was not 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 have 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-on-the-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 prayers.—London Tablet.

AGNOSTICISM

REVEALED RELIGION MUST REST PRIMARILY ON AN INFALLIBLE VOICE

Dealing with the cult of Agnosticism in a sermon on "Some More Substitutes for the Christian Religion," the Very Rev. Mr. R. H. Benson, M.A., at the Carmelite Church, Kensington, London, said that Catholics knew that revealed religion must rest primarily upon an infallible living voice. They also knew that the only 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 incoherence in religious belief; or when people said so frequently that they could never bring themselves to accept this or that belief, 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 forms 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 true. The first he described as a belief more illogical, more narrow-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 to know." That was not the position of the true Agnosticism, whose arguments must be treated with tenderness. 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 a fog. When it was pointed out to them that they were wrong in their belief, they were most humble in their protestations, avowing 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 you do not know." It was extraordinarily difficult to meet such an attitude which appeared so Christian in its humility. Whether it was 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 Agnosticism 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-

finned and cramped as in a box. A Presbyterian minister, writing in this connection some time ago, said Mr. Benson, described the Catholic Church as "a little creed." Having demonstrated at length the unsoundness of the Agnostic position in this respect, Monsignor Benson dwelt upon the fulness of the Catholic knowledge that was not conceivable to those outside the 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 intellectual 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 other people, not less; they were more weak and feeble than others 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.

CARDINAL RAMPOLLA

DEATH OF A DISTINGUISHED CHURCHMAN

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 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 successor but Austria's veto was asserted and Cardinal Sarta was chosen instead. Rampolla at once resigned as secretary of state and for several years lived in retirement. Of late he had been more prominent but age was creeping upon him and his death comes at the age of seventy years.

CARDINAL MANNING

HOW HE BECAME A CATHOLIC

In a private conversation this great prince of the Church himself related the following: "I was in Rome, visited the museums, the churches, and viewed the city from all points. I had never the shadow of a doubt as to the truth of Protestantism, 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 departure 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 converted. 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 a life spent in thinking of nothing but self—Farrar.

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, formerly Archdeacon of the Protestant Episcopal 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 Sorrows. 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 a few weeks ago a curb market broker, 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 morals, bishops and confessors can act of their own initiative, 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 refused 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 Clynnog, Carnarvonshire, England. This church tradition says was the original oratory of St. Benno in the early part of the seventh century. Rows of skulls which probably remained undisturbed for nine centuries were found in it.

No fewer than seven Catholic mayors 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, Wallasey, Blackpool, and Dewsbury are the municipalities over which they preside. In one instance the mayor was re-elected from the previous year.

Mrs. Joyce Kilmer, step daughter of Henry M. Alden, of Metuchen, a 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 poems entitled "A Summer of Love," is a convert. Both were Episcopalians. They live at Suffern, N. Y.

About ten years ago Rev. Ernest Rich Grimes, member of the (Anglican) Cowley Father's and preceptor of their church at Cowley St. John, Oxford, became a Catholic. Shortly after 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 a half 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), assistant 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 Castellon de St. Victor, one of the best known arconauts in France and a prominent member of the French Aero 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 washing dishes as a novice in a Jesuit establishment.

PRETTY MISS NEVILLE

BY E. M. COOPER

CHAPTER XXXIX

OUT OF THE FRYING-PAN INTO THE FIRE

"To be, or not to be, that is the question: Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, 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.

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 think 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 I applied to Major Percival, feeling my way with a few vague little generalities and distant allusions, then broad hints; but all were alike ineffectual.

"Your aunt and uncle are not aware that you wish to jilt me? You have not their sanction?" I shook my head; my tongue refused 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 I was in a state of confusion; I was scattered by 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.

"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. You will think me a sentimentalist, but just listen to me, Nora. 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 never repented it—never; I still possess my own self-respect and my independence. I am still Nellie Fox, spinster, aged twenty-four, and bidding fair to be an old maid. Nevertheless, I would rather go out washing or charring than marry a man I did not love, and I would have thought that you would have shared my sentiments. Confide in me, Nora; tell me what is the trouble you have in your mind. Two heads are better than one."

"Nothing, nothing," I answered, 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 down on the floor, I buried my face in her lap, and wept as if my heart would break. After a while I made a heroic effort and composed myself, drying my eyes and endeavoring to smile my long drawn sob. "You are my friend, Nellie," I said, taking her hands in mine; "never, never speak of this folly of mine—never, never 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.

"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 inducement?"

"That is easy answered," he replied, possessing himself of both my 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. "I see what it is," he proceeded, dropping his hands, and surveying me dispassionately with his assistance; "you are not yourself. You are—ah—nervous. 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, nodding impressively towards the house.

"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 malleo, who, most propitiously for me, at that moment made a third in the plant-house, watering-pot in hand. "However, you will give it to me another time." He continued, putting his hand "bell," he continued, putting his hand "leaving on me with unwonted familiarity. "Come, my destroying angel; my Neigherry 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 too far. As Major Percival had said, circumstances were too strong for me. I could not run away for a second time in my life. The idea was preposterous. My trousseau and wedding cake were already ordered, we had received presents and congratulations from numerous mutual friends, our engagement and imminent wedding was 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. No! it was not to be thought of, and yet I halted between two opinions. I dared not put an end to my engagement, and yet I dreaded unacceptably the other alternative. What was I to do? Sometimes swayed one way and sometimes another, my brain was in a perfect agony. 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 cheeks and sunken eyes. Major Percival noted the change in my looks with considerable irritation, and was grievously anxious about my sharp, dried features and lost roses, and, thanks to his suggestion, my brain was miserably soothed by a hand administered to me by auntie's own hands no less than twice a day. Nellie Fox, too, remarked my altered appearance 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 thoughtfully. "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." At a glance she saw too that the man replied, with assumed cheerfulness. "You are not the same girl that you were six months ago," she remarked with an air of resolute conviction. Then suddenly taking my hand in hers, she added, in a lower voice: "I believe this marriage is preying on your mind—I am sure it

"Thank you very much," he said, and as she lingered he rose with difficulty 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 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 Hinn to the Nativity. "I see that you are fond of the very best. This is 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. "The 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 Craslow's too—I love it. But how few people care for these things now-a-days. Christ mas has come to be such a busy day here in America that we have almost lost sight of the meaning of the festival."

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, "but 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 echoed. "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 now. I wonder if she ever thinks of—"

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 brought up here because the cross sick people didn't like to hear me running up and down the hall. 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 him to tell his. "My mother died, and my father and I came to New York the following year and have been here ever since. My only brother had emigrated some time before."

"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 home." His head sank forward until 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 lost 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 how he under fifty years of age. 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. Apparently 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 disheartened.

A torrent of seemingly unconnected thoughts and recollections poured into her mind, and like a flash she headed 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 earnestness and sympathy and tender, yearning love. "Pat," she said, softly. For an instant the man stared in amazement, then the light which shone in her face was reflected in his.

"It is little Eileen!" he cried. "Oh Eileen!" He kissed her in an ecstasy of joy, but suddenly she sank 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 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 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 have gone to bed disappointed. We have been so unhappy about you, dear, dear Pat—Eileen, speak to your uncle."

He took her little hand in his and he eyed her 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 Grandpa carries in his watch. He told me it was Uncle Pat but its much prettier." All at once she smiled radiantly. "Mamma, I won't have to say that long prayer about finding Uncle Pat any more mornings, will it?" Mrs. Wilkinson interrupted her prattle. "Oh Pat, why didn't you come to us? You could have found us so easily."

He muttered something about being a failure and ashamed and afraid of not being welcome. "But, Pat, you know that it was to be with you that we came to America—and then we couldn't find you. What difference could it have 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 always hoped to get a start at last. I would have gone to see you if I had."

"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 somewhere—perhaps 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 race—and I had 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 if she 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 watching for you!"—Florence Gilmore.

TO BE CONTINUED

ONE CHRISTMAS EVE

"Don't come with me, Sister. You would only embarrass me," Mrs. Wilton exclaimed playfully, but more than half in earnest. "But do tell me what to say to them. I haven't an idea."

The Sister shrugged her shoulders, laughing. "Oh, it is your heart must tell you that, Mrs. Wilton, I cannot." She laughed again and passing on, disappeared into one of the many rooms that opened off the long corridor, leaving Mrs. Wilton 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 shyly, at a loss how or where to begin. She had never before 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 weary eyes, she would probably have done so had she not looked for relief at the one man who was paying no heed to her. His beads had been slipping slowly through his stiff, horny fingers and as she glanced at him he reverently kissed the Crucifix and laid them aside. Then he, too, looked at her but without much show of interest.

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

"Thank you, ma'am," he answered and opening one of the sacks of tobacco with feverish haste he proceeded to fill his old pipe—a strange uninviting looking one which, to judge by appearances, might have been an heirloom in Noah's family. He paid no further heed to Mrs. Wilkinson.

After an instant's hesitation she passed on to the next bed, beside which a man, so old and feeble that he was bent almost double, sat mumbling to himself. To 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. "I 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 companions though a few of them were more broken or looked more despondent. The truth was that he was deeply humiliated at being in a charitable institution and did not wish to be seen. As soon as she spoke to him Mrs. Wilkinson read 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.

A LEGEND OF CHRISTMAS EVE

ST. BRIGID'S WELL

I never pass Crugane Castle and its holy well but I think of its legends and its glories yet, though I've gone by late and early, I have never seen the quiet 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 numerous cattle and sheep.

Old Squire Gerald had a great dowry with his wife—one of the Tatfs, 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, and neither would she 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 always bright and contented, though the squire would not allow her to go unattended beyond the castle grounds. But almost daily she and her child went to look their midday meal at the seashore; and from there she would send the servants back, and bid them not return until a certain hour. And each day a saintly priest who lived like many another in those wild times—concealed in a neighboring cave, and gave to their mother the consolations of her faith. The viands they brought with them sufficed not for their own meal, but for the necessities of the holy hermit. And before each dawn many of the neighboring peasants put off in their coracles, and came to the sea-girth room where the poor, devoted 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 them.

Christmas was approaching and Lady Gerald was filled with anxiety to hear the midnight Mass, and see

her children receive their first Holy Communion. There was one of the servants in the household who was 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 guest—a 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 minstrels should play. Great was the excitement prevailing 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 appointed hour, but for a different reason. And yet their joy was somewhat 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 groning with the pure and white flower, fringed with a delicate pink, known as Hellebore; and plucking it she entered the stable and gave it to the Christ Child. This is the only flower that blows through the snow of Christmas-tide. It is called the Christmas rose. It is said that it blooms only for the twelve days.

So the children gathered sea anemones 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 tarried. The squire, impatient for supper, asked from one of the servants the cause of the delay, and having 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 searched, high and low, and the seekers had all but given up the quest when the lady and her children entered. 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 received Holy Communion. "Error was on all the guests' faces when her husband all but roared. "We are not papists, madame, and yet you are liable to severe punishment if any of my servants choose to speak of your superstitious practices." 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 I'll give a welcome to your guest at daybreak." After supper he called his steward, and gave orders that all the sweepings of the stables were to be thrown into the well at dawn—that weird hour when all Nature is as if executed; but a few hours afterwards, when the pale winter sun had risen over the snow clad land, lo! the fields were changed to marshes and swamps, and his cattle all lay dead in their byres. And the Holy Well, 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 faith 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. Even the solace of sleep was denied him, and he was utterly wretched. In the gray dawn of a chill November morning, 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-kaob, but dreaded to enter. Conscience held him fast. 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 corridor. Suddenly he saw his daughters move no lessly down the stairs at the farther end, and at once the sense of human companionship 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 beach. 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 opportunity occurred they would attend midnight Mass on Christmas Eve. So when that night came he slipped unobserved from the castle, and made his way to the beach. The moon 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 coldness 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 gliding 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 floor and join in adoration with his fellow worshippers—a vast, silent crowd, 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 his early piety and faith came back to him. The "domine non sum dignus" he struck his breast with the earnestness of the publican of old, and cried, "O, 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 something warm and soft, that moved. He hastily struck a light, and there before him was Lady Gerald's friend, the priest. "God save my man; and what brings you here?" said the holy hermit. "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 cave." "Then, Father," he said, "I have been guided here by the holy spirits." 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 Eucharist. 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 was complete. The peasants' wish: "A Christmas without sorrow to ye," which would greet them on all sides in a little while would now be realized indeed. 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 unnecessary. He became most devout and was often seen making the rounds on his bare 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 became one of repentance, piety and charity. One morning he was found kneeling at the foot of the cross with his beads in his hands, and his head bent low, as if kneeling 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 devotion 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 bee, the chirping of the cricket, the musical monotone of the little brown frog that sounds like the D string on a violin; 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 peasant far and near declare that Squire Gerald's spirit is seen still praying and still "doing his purgatory" at St. Brigid's Holy Well. —Sydney Catholic Press.

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One morning he was found kneeling at the foot of the cross with his beads in his hands, and his head bent low, as if kneeling 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 devotion 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 bee, the chirping of the cricket, the musical monotone of the little brown frog that sounds like the D string on a violin; 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 peasant far and near declare that Squire Gerald's spirit is seen still praying and still "doing his purgatory" at St. Brigid's Holy Well. —Sydney Catholic Press.

Come what may, succeed or fail what will, I need be no failure. My field may be stony or swampy, my plough may be poor, my strength small, the weather bad, but if heartily as unto the Lord I do the best I can and look not back, but keep right on, I am no failure.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND

SERMON ON THE GREAT ANNIVERSARY

Jesus Christ yesterday, and to-day: and the same tomorrow. (Heb. xiii, 8.)

To my old time friends of the Cathedral parish, to all the children of the diocese of St. Paul, I say from my heart—A blessed and happy Christmas!

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 a Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord, in the City of David."

"This day is born to you a Saviour." The full meaning of the message I faintly would tell the world of men. By many it is not understood, and, as around us years go by, less and less it is understood.

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 a Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord, in the City of David."

Jesus the Saviour, the Redeemer. "To-day is born to you a Saviour." So 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 gates of eternal felicity—this is the mission of Jesus, this the purpose of the Incarnation—this the divine truth which we must apprehend in all its bearings, if Christmas is 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 commendeth 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, 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 offered, upon what conditions, and through what agencies it was to be acquired. For three years He was the teacher; and His teaching 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 them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded unto you."

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 Christmas Day to the crib of Bethlehem, who, however, bid the Christian religion come to them in the form they themselves 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 itself, 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, without its dogmas, its doctrines? Man is not a mere sentient being, ruled merely by impulse and emotion.

and sustain itself: the creature cannot be allowed to be indifferent towards the Creator: else the 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, Jesus 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 the sacrament of the Last Supper. To men to submit to those ordinances, or to 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 independence of the divine plan. Else, again, man should be the Master, and God the servant.

CHRIST, THE FOUNDER OF THE CHURCH

Finally, to perpetuate through ages His teachings, to provide for the ministrations 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 chiefs His own power, giving to them the promises of abiding guidance: "All 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 sanctifying: 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. We are His immediate teacher and Master.

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

THE ATTITUDE OF MANY TOWARDS CHRIST—AN INDEPENDENT MORALITY

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 never been. 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 commandment: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, with thy whole soul, and with thy whole mind"; thy God thou shalt love. Whatever the value of this so-called independent morality, from which God is excluded, it is vitally lacking in that chief element of human morality, which demands above and before all else the solemn recognition of the Creator and Sovereign Master, which exacts obedience 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 despised and set aside as useless to Him, 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 forgotten; and God is the judge to vindicate the eternal law of gratitude and justice, 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 Christmas Day to the crib of Bethlehem, who, however, bid the Christian religion come to them in the form they themselves 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 itself, 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, without its dogmas, its doctrines? Man is not a mere sentient being, ruled merely by impulse and emotion.

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 Him: 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. And Jesus spoke, "as one having authority." By what right shall we, in rebellion to His teachings, hold ourselves 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 careless as to who listened to them or bade them pass by? No—the God man does not cast His pearls to the swine; He does not insult His eternal 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 be condemned."

A PHILANTHROPIC RELIGION

Well, yes—we hear it said—we shall have a Christian Church; but one more fit to appeal to present humanity—a church less religious, more 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 does 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 by himself 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: "To-day is a Saviour born to you in the 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 Calvary. 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. He 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. The 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. But thrown back upon its own resources of thought and motive, it should quickly wither and decay, utterly incapable of battling with the chilling words of human pride and human selfishness.

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 vestiture; a recast of substance even, so far as this is no longer expressive of present-day aspirations and conditions. What humanity has to-day seen, 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 satiate them! The time has come, men dare to assert, when the world has grown 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 by 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 same forever."

THOSE WHO RECEIVE JESUS OF BETHLEHEM

Brethren, children of the Church of Christ, my words are for you, to guard you from the vagaries of an unbelieving world, to make you fast upon the rock of the divine faith,

"once for all delivered to the saints." The world around you does not know the "Word Incarnate." "He was in the world, 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? "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 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 harmony 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 if in sincerity, I 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 received Him, He gave them power to be made the Sons of God, to them that believe in His name."

PROTESTANT CONFSSIONAL

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 remission of sins there would be an almost universal wreckage of souls. Christ knew the weakness of human nature, its proneness to sin, and hence He gave men a means to rise from sin's degradation again to the level of divine grace and favor. The most important condition of forgiveness of sin is genuine contrition—a real, 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 additional help, comfort, and feeling of assurance and safety in the sacrament of penance, of which oral confession to the priest of God is an integral and essential part. How any man of average intelligence can doubt the institution of this sacrament 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 forgiven them, and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained." How could words be plainer? It would be impossible for the apostles, and their successors, the Bishops and priests of the Church, to forgive or retain sins unless they were first confessed. By commission Christ delegated His power to them. Christ as God could forgive sins, and as God He could delegate to them His power and authority. They received a plenipotentiary mission, with full equipment to act, not as though they, being human beings could forgive sin (God alone can do that), but that vicariously they might carry out and sit in judgment on those conditions which Christ has established for the forgiveness of sins.

With His divine heart full of kindness, compassion and mercy for the sinner, our divine Lord knew full well the comfort and peace of mind a confession of his sins would bring to him. It is natural, by every arrangement to act, not as though they, being human beings could forgive sin (God alone can do that), but that vicariously they might carry out and sit in judgment on those conditions which Christ has established for the forgiveness of sins. With His divine heart full of kindness, compassion and mercy for the sinner, our divine Lord knew full well the comfort and peace of mind a confession of his sins would bring to him. It is natural, by every arrangement to act, not as though they, being human beings could forgive sin (God alone can do that), but that vicariously they might carry out and sit in judgment on those conditions which Christ has established for the forgiveness of sins.

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 "Woman 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 Christianity and of the Church are thought to contribute to the modern emancipation of womankind. 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 infallibility 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"

But Dr. Sheldon is best judged in his own language, which is: "In the first place, I do not believe that because the Roman Catholic Church has a confessional which stands for certain things no Protest-

ant can accept, therefore, the Protestants cannot make use of a fundamental need in human nature which craves help and a sharing of its burdens.

"In the second place, I do believe in the right and privilege of the Protestant 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 counsellor of their problems. "There is nothing," Roman Catholic "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 'Protestant 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 possible. "2. If such relations are established, 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 practice for many years. "3. There are many problems in the lives of men and women that they cannot and will not discuss with their own relatives or friends. If it is an established custom to take such problems to the minister, it will be accepted with a great feeling of relief and gratitude. "4. The number of such troubles and the kind are limited only by the 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 'indulgence.' Of course it goes without saying that the practise of such a 'confessional' as outlined here means heroic qualities in the ministry and an enlargement of the definition of 'parish work'."

In this statement, Dr. Sheldon gives one of the reasons, why Christ established confession as an integral part of the sacrament of penance, when he says that it is "a fundamental 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 quality in one of the Protestant churches! We are glad to note that the doctor believes himself possessed of this quality. How could Christ, as the Son of God, have made so sorry a provision, depending upon an exceptional personality, for the Church universal? The efficacy of Christ's sacraments lies in the sacraments themselves, properly conferred, and is not curtailed or enhanced by the personality of the minister in their administration. Dr. Sheldon need not worry about copying after the Catholic institution. The Catholic institution is the sacrament of penance established by Christ as he may read in the twentieth chapter of St. John.—Intermountain Catholic.

of Gregory of Tours (VIII, 20): "In this Council," writes Gregory, "there was one of the bishops who declared that a woman could not be called 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 'male 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 man 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 misinterpreted quotations and clever sophisms, that the faith of Catholics is attacked on every hand by the Socialist method of propaganda. Naturally the average workman cannot be prepared to give an answer to such countless 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 him with distrust and even hatred of the priesthood. He has refused 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 degeneracy, is advertised in every Socialist paper, and has even been sold directly by the "Christian Socialist." It is freely recommended as a *vide mecum* for every Socialist girl and woman. Its apparent apparatus of vast learning, without any of the reality, renders it sufficiently formidable. Bebel undoubtedly recognized the untenability of many of his statements, bolstered up, as they are, by an array of credulously 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, while it has apotheosized its author.

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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.

LIBERTY AND ITS EXERCISE

A noted Frenchwoman once remarked 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.

And there was practically a state of war. And the fortunes of war went against the reactionaries. Twenty-two years ago the great Pope Leo XIII., of undying memory, called a halt to French Catholic anti-republicanism.

"As a citizen of a republic, I recognize this evening a special obligation to the country through which the 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 Leo XIII. the occasion to canonize the republic." Heretofore when I came to Europe, I heard it whispered about that I was a dangerous man, that I believed in democracy, that I loved republics. Indeed, it was darkly hinted that I was almost a heretic.

The bearing of these observations lies in their application; and their application is obvious and multiple. This article is not suggested by the snap vote of the small section of the York County Board of the Ancient Order of Hibernians for whom we entertain the kindest 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 other 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 strikingly parallel case.

The Protestant Bishop of Tuam, addressing his clergy and laity, said: "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 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 little sympathy there has been in the past between our Church and the aspirations of the nation. And remember, in a very real sense Ireland is a nation—and there is nothing in the least inconsistent in being a Nationalist and patriot in the truest sense of the word and being at the same time 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 quote them again before giving the following extract from an Ulster Unionist organ, the Belfast News Letter:

"Over a quarter of a century we have been sleeping while the enemy sowed the seeds 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-countrymen, 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 somewhat 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 into history."

The Belfast News Letter represents 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 comparison.

But inverted Orangism 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 Bishop of Tuam, nationalist and patriot, yet none the less a loyalist in every true sense of that much abused word, yearning that the Church which he loves should enter more fully into the life and hopes and aspirations of the nation which he loves, that nation which treasures in her heart of hearts the memory of so many of his Irish fellow Protestant patriots.

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 future and forgetting all but the useful lessons 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 religious 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 the Gibbonesses 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! Starting 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 become the past. Our work is in the present and not in the past. It will not do to understand the thirteenth century better than the nineteenth. . . . 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 letters from some readers whom we highly esteem. "We shall not follow Bishop Fallon in his Imperialism," writes one. Follow him? We venture to assert that

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 Federationist; 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 authority; on the wide field of liberty, within the broad lines of Catholic truth, he claims equal right with any other man living or dead. If he is ever converted to 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 therefor 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 be consistently porcine to the end of time.

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 intelligently the 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.

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 that? Can the same not be said 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 holds in our day?

CREDELITY OR WHAT?

The following item from London Truth, Dec. 3, 1918, 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 'Kilwilling Martyr,' and he poses as an expert 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 wife and three children were left to 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 back with interest from the simple Protestants of Scotland."

And Scotland is not so bad; it harbors no doubt some rare survivals of the covenanting spirit, but the "Ulster Covenant" does not appear to it very effectively. Witness Windermer's cable:

London, Dec. 10.—Eloquent Ulster divines did their best in the Wick (Scotland) bye-election. Their reformers 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, even in an aggressive Protestant division.

"Ulster divines" whose clerical authority, such as it is, was unquestioned, failed to rouse Scotsmen with the "No Popery" cry. Would accredited Ulster divines fall so signally 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-priest, Canada will certainly have an opportunity of hearing and seeing the "Kilwilling Martyr." For such artists this is a great country in which to turn an honest penny. If the martyr's wife would consent to pose as an ex-nun, and is not too squeamish about lascivious conversation, the martyr-ex-priest would surely be relieved of the distasteful duty of maintaining her, by pious Canadian readers of Maria Monk. The children could be used by the Rev. Mr. Fish as exhibi-

member, by right of service as much as yours—(cheers)—where the genius 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 vicissitudes and the dangers of an unknown future. (Cheers.)"

Yes, John Redmond, Irishman, Catholic, Imperialist and Home Ruler, you are right. The Empire is ours by right of the ancient miseries we are willing to forget, as well as by right of service and achievement 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 speltic pottage. We are at home in any part of it. It is not only the right of an Irish Catholic to "think imperially;" if education has 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 lost our language is the petty and short sighted reproach cast up to us; yes, but we acquired another that we 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 church-builders of the English speaking world. In the British Empire we are at home; for the very reason of its material progress and prosperity it needs Irish spirituality and Irish Catholicity; every consideration, natural and supernatural, impels us to loyal 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 intolerance of honest conviction.

Cardinal Newman's researches in philosophy anticipated many modern philosophical tendencies. Mr. Ward, called the intellectual heir of Cardinal Newman, will induce many to read again the works of the great oratorian 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, intellectually 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 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 preternaturally 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.

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OURSELVES

We have no sympathy with lists of grievances. Our pen is ever ready to denounce any violation of our rights and any attempt that would fain prevent us from enjoying the fruits of national prosperity. But we are not inclined to listen to tales of woe, however artistically they may be recounted. If, perchance, we have little influence in some sections of 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 sentimentalism 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 determination. 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 politician.

THE CATHOLIC 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 more rare in the country. People are amused, informed and interested, but not educated. Reflection, principle, character—you have to search very closely to find them; but what you do find is superficial smartness, the exchange of phrases, a mob like unanimity in taking a thing up and dropping it again, fits of excitement, insular prejudice and an almost complete ignorance of the venerable past. Here we have our chance. For a piece of strong and unchangeable truth will always go through this flabby modern growth like the thrust

CARDINAL NEWMAN

Mr. Wilfred Ward, known throughout 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 Newman 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 consider every subject he touched in connection with the search for support for what he considered religious truth.

Cardinal Newman's researches in philosophy anticipated many modern philosophical tendencies. Mr. Ward, called the intellectual heir of Cardinal Newman, will induce many to read again the works of the great oratorian 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, intellectually 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 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 preternaturally 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.

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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 indebted by its Creator to know and to believe. 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, breadth 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 something 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 admitted 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 Himself 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 themselves in His service? We imagine we 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 to make him a true disciple. But this sacrifice was too great for him. The love of his "great possessions" had wrapt itself round his heart. He hesitates, wavers, then turns sadly away with the invitation of Jesus ringing in his ears, "Come, follow Me." He refused to empty himself. He wanted to hold something back.

Let us find out, each for himself, 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 bitterness 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 Lord is sweet." COLUMBA.

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 development 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, Germany and Great Britain are pouring into Brazil at the rate of 300,000 every year, and the New York liners are crowded to excess on every voyage.

ALL THIS is of course not news. The world has not been kept in the dark as to the wonderful development in all the South American republics, particularly in those on the Atlantic seaboard, and the enlightened and comprehensive way in which their citizens have grappled with latter-day problems is well known to publicists every-

where. The magnificence of some of the latest volumes published was such that art and literature have kept pace with material developments, has elicited the admiration of many who had been accustomed to regard these Latin Americas as decidedly their inferiors.

"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.

THAT WITH their unexampled prosperity has come a danger to the people of South America is but to restate 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 administration, education in Brazil was secularized, and every religious emblem, including the crucifix, removed from the schools and courts of the land.

WE HAVE recalled this incident as showing how, in spite of the alluring power of wealth, the faith and integrity of South America may be preserved and go hand-in-hand with the extraordinary material development which lies before her several commonwealths.

FROM TIME to time, in the great quarterlies or other channels of learning and criticism, we see appreciative notices of the work still being carried on in Belgium by the Bollandists. The Bollandists, it may be explained, are an association of Flemish Jesuits, deriving their name from John Van Bolland, who, about 1680, began the colossal work with which their name has ever since been associated, and which has made them familiar to scholars all over the world.

mortalized in the Church's calendar. The latest volume published was in the Spring of this year, and this treatise 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 it.

THE TOTAL NUMBER of volumes 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 upheavals, 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 fact which could scarcely have been 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 also have paid tribute to the thoroughly scientific manner and devotion to truth which has characterized it throughout.

THE JESUIT Fathers who carry on the enterprise are chosen from among their brethren for their learning and 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 twenty-eight of which he had been its chief. The best known of the present staff is unquestionably Father Hippolyte Delehay, a savant of European reputation, who, according to the Church Times (Anglican) "knows how to combine strictest scientific probity with a devout Catholic piety."

CONTINUING 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 are second to none in Christendom. The Acta Sanctorum will remain as one of the lasting glories of Catholic and Flemish scholarship. Jean Bolland laid his foundations well, and if in the hours of night the spirit of that brave old scholar ever haunts the silent library of the College St. Michel, it will have the happiness and the satisfaction to know that his 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 30,000 members and exercises an educational influence over nearly 400,000 subjects in parochial schools, high schools, academies, orphanages and industrial schools, agricultural and technical schools, normal institutes and colleges.

The Institute is governed by a Superior General and twelve assistants, who together form the administrative 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 Visitor, subject to the orders of the Superior General. Each house is directed by a Brother Director, subject to the orders of the Brother Visitor. Each District possesses, for the formation of its subjects, establishments termed the Junior novitiate, the Senior novitiate, and the Scholasticate. The Junior novitiate is for boys from thirteen to sixteen years of age. They follow the course of studies 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 probation of several weeks they receive the religious habit and then spend an entire year in learning the principles and practices of the religious life. Some time is spent daily in the study of purely secular branches.

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

The qualities required in those who apply for admission to the Institute 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, and several of the Catholic laity of Toronto, contrived the necessary 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 Archbishops 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 novitiate at Montreal, but in future the Junior novitiate will be limited to those under sixteen years of age. 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 which a suitable building will be 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 consecrate his life to God, but is waiting for the encouraging word of parent, priest or teacher. To such noble-hearted youth is extended an invitation to join the ranks of the Christian Brothers by entering the Junior novitiate.

Never before was the demand for Christian teachers so urgent. To-day the schoolroom is the battleground between religion and infidelity. 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 Brothers extend a cordial 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 the honor high. To enroll themselves under the glorious banner of the Religious Christian 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 Catholic boy in the province of Ontario were under the care of the Christian Brothers."

The Christian home has ever been the nursery of religious vocations. How many zealous priests and religious owe the call to their sublime station to the saintly example of a loving and devoted mother? Was it not at her knee that all of us learned our first lesson in the spiritual life? Yes, the influence exercised by Christian parents, in encouraging and fostering vocations, is incalculable.

To them is now afforded an opportunity of consecrating their sons to 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 apostle 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 son she has thus dedicated to the Divine Heart, will one day be the brightest gem in her crown of glory! "They that instruct 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 dearest members!

ST. ANGELA'S COLLEGE

This is the name of a new educational institution which has been established in London. It is conducted by the Ursuline Ladies who have another very large and most successful institution in Chatham. It is scarcely necessary to draw the attention of 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 necessary for a successful career in the business world. Besides this their pupils are thoroughly grounded in that grace and refinement which renders them a charm in the social circle, carrying with them, too, a thorough equipment in the doctrines and practices of our holy faith which is proof against all the snares of this cynical age.

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 Gertrude, principal of the college, Mrs. Hon. Thomas Coffey, Mrs. Philip Poole, 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 expressions 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 admirable equipment. On the second floor, too, is found the chapel, simply but 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 various class-rooms and in the reading-room on the second floor, a good selection of books is found.

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

ORANGEISM AND LIKE SOCIETIES

BIGOTRY'S BLOODY RECORD—A SHAMEFUL STORY

"Bigotry the Foe of Liberty," a pamphlet of thirty pages issued by the Catholic Truth Society of Pittsburgh, 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 accordance with the dictates of his own conscience; the land of promise, whither 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 homes of Protestant Americans; for in the sense in which Sir Horace Plunket said that the story of English government in Ireland was one for Englishmen to learn and for Irishmen to forget, "Brief History," which is the subtitle and the subject of these thirty pages is one for American Protestants 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.

the extremes to which anti-Catholic agitation went in this country, or of the fact that they were recurrent, breaking out periodically like a disease—which, indeed they were—from Colonial times down to the present day. We all know of the Puritan persecution of the Catholics, among others, and of the anti-Catholic laws in almost all of the colonies—notwithstanding the heroic example of Catholic Maryland in proclaiming religious liberty for all; we have heard of the "Know-Nothing" movement, and we have laughed at 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 houses 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., apparently 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 violence 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 great holocaust had not the Catholics, under Bishop Hughes and upon the appeal of the Freeman's Journal, 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 property throughout the country from Maine to Louisville, Ky., where the infamous and savage movement culminated 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 Protestant piety and devotion to religious freedom in a direct and graphic way which rivets interest in the appalling story—or points out their origin rather than their causes, for cause they have none, except an innate, 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 impostors, which of course is soon gutted.

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 Catholic pogroms were almost invariably laborers in the iron and steel industry 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 agitators 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 showing the thousands of Christian, fair-minded Protestants the genesis of these movements and their inevitable result, if they are not shamed out of existence. It is particularly pertinent to the situation in Pittsburgh 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 any infamy.

SUPERIOR SEX, INFERIOR SERVICE

"We believe firmly that the majority of the saved will be of the female persuasion," says the Brooklyn Tablet. "They are with the Church at every move. The Holy Name movement is an effort to bring God into the lives of men. They need Him even more than the women. The 'superior sex' is giving inferior service to the Lord that made them."

LIFE THREATENED BY KIDNEY DISEASE

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 action after I had taken upwards of a dozen boxes and I regained my old-time vitality. Today, I am as well as ever, the best health I have ever had."

"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 Launcester Spalding, 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 Wordsworthian calm exists no more. A terrible invasion has destroyed the tranquillizing 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 arousing the country. It is an instructive document. 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 unsound," and as "this convent school is ultimately intended for the influencing of Protestant children towards 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 loud and somewhat loud. He does not deny "the cheapness and worth of the secular education given by the Nuns" nor the merit of "those who are exiles for conscience sake," nor "the outward charm, culture, quietness and gentleness of those devout ladies," nor that "their promises 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 unconvicted mercies of God" they cannot keep their promises; and besides, "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 restrained 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 will 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-

plaintain tells us, are plentiful in Ulverston. Then why should Protestant 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 teachings. As to whether their daughters in later life will adopt the creed and practice from which the unique excellences of their teachers flow, they can plead the religious liberty which ministers preach 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 had the minister such an argument to advance for his own schools and his own church, he would have no occasion for his note of warning. Such incidents may well excite Catholics to further appreciation of their schools.—America.

PRIEST-RIDDEN OR PARSON-PESTERED

An article in The Independent (Protestant), embodies this instructive passage regarding the answer to the above query:

"From the elaborate statistics of the diverse Christian denominations published, 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 smallest; that the Methodists have 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 of bad 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, And thought made pact with vain Desire.

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, Before the lowly manger bare.

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.

—REV. D. A. CASEY.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT

By Father Faber

At last Thou art come, little Saviour! And thus 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 last? Oh bless Thee dear joy of Thy Mother!

This is worth all the wearisome past! 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!

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

THE BIRTHDAY OF THE SAVIOUR

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 reverence.

Every nation celebrates the anniversary of the most important events in its history. The 22nd of February and 4th of July will never be forgotten by the American people; for they are kept alive each succeeding year by a proud and grateful nation in honor 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 anniversary of the birth of Him Who was the Saviour, not of one particular portion 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 years 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-day. When Christ came, the majority 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 woman. 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, to clothe the naked, to ransom the 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 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 special 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 adherers 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 of rejoicing for the poor? When we cast our eyes on that Divine Infant wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying on a little bunch of straw in a stable on that cold December night, can we complain any more of our poor? Can we wretched lot? When we see that God-man suffering 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 taught by the Infant Jesus in the manger at 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 heaven.

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 further 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 prevails. 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 widespread as formerly, and many young men still are tempted to drink at Christmas by those who should be the last to offer them the intoxicating cup.

And although the custom of Christmas drinking has measurably declined 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 eating-house, 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 Family 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 drinking feature of the holy day. In the drinking, particularly, which so many people over do, the Catholic family should be a model of Christian restraint.

CHRISTMAS EVE—WAITING FOR PAPA

We have read many Christmas 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 emaciated, miserably-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 pathetic, 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, accentuates the destitution and privation of the group, and the intensity of the storm that is raging about them. It is "Christmas Eve," and the little ones are waiting for Papa. "Wouldn't it be jolly if Dad was in the toy-store," says the one neglected child to the other. Can you imagine the picture? Do you sense the lesson?

We despair of telling in words all that the artist has shown and conveyed with his brush, but we trust our description of the picture has been clear enough to make the moral that we would add from it intelligible and effective.

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 irresponsible 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 grocery-store or butchershop; if he was spending his hard-earned money for fuel and clothing; wouldn't it be jolly if he was at home on Christmas Eve; wouldn't it be jolly if he was the man that he had once promised—and a wife in her early fondness 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.

THE PROTESTANT RULE OF FAITH

IS THE BIBLE ALONE SUFFICIENT?

By a Pious Father

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 acquainting the world with His Gospel may be briefly stated thus: Christ provided a straight, safe, sure way of arriving at knowledge of His gospel. 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 to every where, 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 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 instructions 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 accounting for his mishap. Either he 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, who makes 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. In the course of their study, all take to what the Lord meant when He said after blessing and breaking bread: "This is My Body." That the words contain an important and vital truth, there can be no doubt. The solemnity of the hour and the constant seriousness of speech, make this absolutely certain. What then, is the truth that He wishes to convey in those four words?

The subject is studied thoroughly. Every other point of Holy Writ which bears upon the text in question 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 men 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 details; they are fundamentally diverse. 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 appearance, 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 His word. This 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 blessed bread and wine as a symbol of the Body and Blood of the Redeemer. The fifth considers the blessing, breaking and eating, a mere memorial 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-

SCRUBBING is well begun and half done when you start it with — Old Dutch Cleanser

enact that He has made with His followers.

We are not here and now concerned 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 stranded far away from it in every direction. It is not in regard to this one question alone that we find this disagreement; no matter what religious question attracts our attention—the Divinity of Jesus Christ, His Virgin-birth, sacrificial worship, sacramental 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 PROTESTANTISM?

How are we to account for this state of affairs—for all this uncertainty and error that meets us at all times and everywhere in Protestant 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 differences of opinion that have been rife in the Christian world during the last four hundred years is to charge Protestant Christendom with forgetfulness of its own principles, or with downright lack of effort to find out the truth, or with an insincere, unparaleled in human history. Let those who will, make such grave and sweeping charges against the Protestant 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 given them; they might learn the truth were it hidden in the clouds of heaven. They have not misunderstood those instructions; 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.

READING OF BIBLE FOR ONE'S SELF NOT RIGHT ROAD TO TRUE KNOWLEDGE

Protestants have failed to get at the meaning of Christ's gospel; failed to reach the goal of knowledge, not because they have neglected to read their Bibles in a prayerful spirit, but because the reading of the Bible for one's self is not the right road to true knowledge. It leads, as the history of Protestant Christendom testifies eloquently, to uncertainty, to manifold, 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 follows 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; it is not the means that He provided for our final instruction. His way, as all Christians must admit, is a straight way; one so plain that not even a fool can err therein; one that leads to that unity of faith for which He prayed and died.

PROTESTANT THEORY DEFECTIVE AND FALSE

These, my dear readers, are some 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 false.

LIQUOR AND TOBACCO HABITS

A. McTAGGART, M.D., C.M., 155 King St. E., Toronto, Canada. Reference as to Dr. McTaggart's professional standing and personal integrity permitted by: Sir W. R. Meredith, Chief Justice. Sir Geo. W. Ross, ex-Premier of Ontario. Rev. N. J. Sweeney, D.D., Pres. Victoria College. Rev. J. G. Shearer, B.A., D.D., Secretary Board Moral Reform, Toronto. Right Rev. F. Sweeney, D.D., Bishop of Toronto. Hon. Thomas Coffey, Senator, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ontario. Dr. McTaggart's vegetable remedies for the liquor and tobacco habits are healthful, safe, inexpensive home treatments. No hypodermic injections, no publicity loss of time from business, and a certain cure. Consultation or correspondence invited.

false. 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 mankind; and because it does not lead those who use it in that way, to the appointed 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 doctrine: to the facts that multitudes have neither the leisure nor the ability to read and meditate with sufficient care the difficult passages of Holy Writ; that other multitudes have been unable to read at all; that others again had no Bibles to read, and could not have had them, since the art of printing had not yet been invented; 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 profanation? 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 Christendom.

BIBLE MUST HAVE AUTHORITY 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 authorized interpreter of God's book. Experience 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 their own destruction" (1st Peter, iii, 16). We are at one, therefore, in saying that Holy Writ does not state the doctrines of Christ with sufficient clearness. What we attack is not the Bible, but the self-reliance of men who think that they can fathom its deep meaning by their 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 not set the doctrines of Christ before all classes of men. We are not 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 sufficient for the blind, for those unable to read, for those who lived when Bibles were rare because of the cost and difficulty of multiplying them, as well as for the leaured, 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, nor in circumscription of its authority 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 history and experience, and on the Written Word itself, declares unsound, and such as would in the long run bring the Word of God into discredit.—The Missionary.

Your Wife's Christmas Present. You are wondering what to give her. Let us suggest. A North American Life Continuous Instalment Policy will delight her more than anything. Think of the feeling of security which it will afford you both. The cost is moderate, no more than you would spend on some article of passing value. It will provide Christmas presents when you are gone. North American Life Assurance Company. "SOLID AS THE CONTINENT". HEAD OFFICE, - TORONTO, CANADA

God's words are always words of love no matter whether they be words of promise or of warning. ABSORBINE will reduce inflamed, swollen Joints, Sprains, Bruises, Soft Blisters, Heals Boils, Pock, Evil, Quittor, Fistula, or any unhealthy sore quickly as it is a positive antiseptic and caustic. Pleasant to use, does not blister under bandage or remove the hair, and you can work the horse, \$2.00 per bottle, delivered. Book 75c free. ABSORBINE, JR., antiseptic liniment for mankind. Reduces Painful, Swollen Veins, Cuts, Wounds, Strains, Bruises, stops pain and inflammation. Price \$1.00 per bottle at dealers or delivered. Will tell you more if you write. Manufactured only by W.F. YOUNG, P.O. 239 Lyman's Bldg., Montreal, Can.

Wise Old Santa! In view of the increased cost of living, we understand that Santa Claus has planned to distribute Fewer Luxuries and More Necessaries as Christmas Presents this year. There will therefore be a larger number of Mutual Life Policies in his sack than he has carried in any previous year. Write him, care of THE Mutual Life Assurance Co. of Canada Waterloo, Ontario

SEEDS SURE GROWERS GOVERNMENT TESTED WRITE FOR CATALOGUE WM. RENNIE CO., Limited Cor. Adelaide & Jarvis Sts. TORONTO, ONT. Your Money and That Piano There is no question about the sterling value of your money: Nor should there be any question about the lasting value of the piano you are going to get for it. There will not be if you buy a Sherlock-Manning 20th Century Piano Here are the plain facts. There are only a few really great pianos made. The hidden parts of these are identical, and—the Sherlock-Manning is one of them. So lasting and brilliant is the tone of this superb instrument that competent unbiased judges call it "Canada's Biggest Piano Value" Allow us to mail the proofs of this to you. That will place you under no obligation to buy. SHERLOCK-MANNING PIANO CO., London (No street address necessary) Canada

The Door Will Get Dirty! Especially where there are children in the house, but Panshine makes doors, floors, tables, and cupboards, wondrous clean—a joy to look on. It shines everything—does PANSHINE the magic cleanser Panshine absorbs dirt and grease and grime as nothing else does. It makes the disagreeable part of kitchen work and cleaning, scouring and scrubbing simple and easy. Positively will not harm the hands. Large Sifter 10c. At All Grocers

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

CHRISTMAS
Christmas brings to young men, year after year, the same lesson from the Divine Babe of the manger...

Unless a Christian has the habit of self-denial against the wanderings of the heart and the inclinations of the flesh, 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...

Young men, don't shrink from the steadfast practice of self-denial. Don't avoid the fasts of Advent and Lent.

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...

That was a clear recognition, not often so clearly made, of the real end of a life of learning. Kindness is often said to be always its broadest sense, another word for love...

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.

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...

On the other hand, Galton shows that among English inventors James Watt alone may be rated as a heritor of his talents from his father, while George Stephenson was the son of a minor, and the father of Thomas Telford was a shepherd.

OPPORTUNITY

A stranger knocked at a man's door and told him of a fortune to be made. "Um," said the man, "it appears that considerable effort will be involved."

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...

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?

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 infant, his God and our God...

Well, we have seen the story of the first Christmas, portrayed year after year, in the "Christmas Crib," as we call them, in our churches...

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 with her hand over her eyes to the choir to practice singing for Christmas.

Presently the little soprano started to sing. It was only a Christmas hymn but it seemed to carry a message of cheer to the front of the church, and somehow he knew as he looked at the singer that this was the John Smith who had written for him.

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.

How many years was it since he had last addressed to a long, long time to forget God. Some 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 Communion for the first time in twenty years.

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.

one then, and it was said that he had proved by the historical value of the New Testament; but the historical value of the New Testament is not proved by the Church, but by more critical arguments.

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

PASSING OF MODESTY

NO DISCOVERIES MADE—MAGSHIFTS DEvised—CHILDHOOD HELPLESS WHERE THE WARRIOR QUAILED—TOO WISE IN THEIR GENERATION

Manhood is not long in finding out how the moral world hangs together. Indeed, more than one deep moralist has observed that there are no discoveries to be made in morality.

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MAGIC BAKING POWDER advertisement featuring an image of the product and text: "We unhesitatingly recommend Magic Baking Powder as being the best, purest and most healthful baking powder that it is possible to produce. CONTAINS NO ALUM. All ingredients are plainly printed on the label."

The work of our vice commissions and other sources of information have torn the veil from the condition of affairs which gives the lie to a certain set of cheerful prophecies, fills the atmosphere with an unendurable effluvia, causes the more 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.

But there is an old remedy, simple and inexpensive, for our maladies which, since it prevented them from coming into existence, is better than the proverbial pound of cure, and so has ancient wisdom and modern prophylaxis in its favor.

This is no Puritanical jeremiad against the natural gaiety of youth; crabbed, ill-natured, dyspeptic whine. Even the most enthusiastic optimist cannot shut his eyes to our danger, the most barefaced apologist cannot explain our shame away.

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 practices without first giving the manuscript to some competent person to look over.

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footing it feely on the greenward of a fashionable boarding school. "Cynicism! Passivism! Pay no attention, gentle reader." But the gentle reader knows better. If one were to reply, that such an account is highly overdrawn, because there are fathers and mothers, sons and daughters whom the description does not fit, his reason would state no more than the truth.

In the survey for November there is a story by Margaret E. Rich, entitled "Holy Water," which the Catholic 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."

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contained in the other. Otherwise, too, lovers of accuracy will laugh immoderately at the editor who 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 HUMBUGGERS"

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.

That is Father Vaughan's opinion and to use a perhaps vulgar phrase, it seems to "fill the bill." If the people want stage morality they can have it, if they take the right way of getting it.—Freeman's Journal.

AFTER SHAVING

Use Campana's Italian Balm. Soothing—healing—pleasant. Twenty-seven years on the market. Send 4 cents in stamps for sample.

GILSON advertisement with an image of a car and text: "I thrive on hard work—just 'beat it up'—and I keep out a little to keep my H.P. 'shut' going on gasoline. I will give you perfect service because I am one of the famous GILSON 'Good Auto Boys'."

Send your Raw FURS to John Hallam advertisement with text: "They thousand suggest you send us about Raw Furs. Why not you? We pay highest prices and express charges, charge no commission and we will make you a profit. Millions of dollars are paid for furs every year. Deal with a reliable one. We are the largest in our line in Canada."

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