LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1915

The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1915

THOUGHTS ON CHRISTMAS

When our first parents, endowed with wondrous gifts of nature and of grace, flung them away at the suggestion of the tempterand so bereft themselves and their posterity of all grace and hope of glory, the darkness of death overshadowed the world. The shadow of the first sin enveloped mankind, obscuring the intellect, perverting the will and proving, if proof be needed, what must be the condition of men who live without the kingdom of God. They knew that they had immortal souls and that there was a God Who would reward or punish them, but passion had so dimmed the remembrance of these teachings and blended them with so many errors and superstitions, that the fair form of truth could scarce be recognized in the monstrous systems of idolatry that infested the world.

The world of the senses was around about them, and to extract from it every pleasure, however vile and debasing, became the chief object of their existence. We see them crouching in abject fear before senseless idols of gold and silver ; we behold woman shorn of her dignity and purity, and myriads of human beings with reason and will and strength dragged into slavery and sold like cattle in the marts of com-

Still amidst the gloom of sin there were some who, convinced that the aspirations for immortality could not be silenced by an eternal death, strove with all the energy of their nature to discover the truth. What ? Whence have I come? Whither am I going? These are the questions that ring out in a hundred tones from their minds and hearts. We see them grappling with these problems, and there is nothing mora interesting and more unutterably sad than their varying answers. The best and brightest grasp but half the truth. Acute and subtle, earnest and energetic they were, and yet, despite these advantages, we hear them confessing their doubts and declaring that there is no hope for man but from a Redeemer.

And the Redeemer was to come. Adown the centuries was handed the blessed promise that that was the only gleam of light during the centuries of darkness.

peace, the city at peace, the cave on at the vanishing point. Louvain the hillside most peaceful of all"- | was only eighty two feet above sea thus were things disposed when the level. Bruges scarcely thirty. Belwayfarers of Christmas eve sought for gium was topographically impeded Scripture : "When all things kept silence, when the night was in its middle course Thy Almighty Word. O Lord, came down from the throne of His Royalty." The Light of the world shone upon man, dissipating his ignorance, strengthening his will, directing him to eternity; it shone upon the home that had been desecrated, bathing it in a splendour of purity by sanctifying the marriage tie and the relations between parents and children; it fell upon society, purifying it from corruption, banishing tyranny, solving all doubts and healing all sorrow.

During the ages that preceded the advent of the Redeemer men never relinquished the hope of finding the God who seemed to be alienated from them. In their hearts was sounding the music of the past when God walked with man and spoke to him as friend to friend. What lured them on was the determination to obtain intercourse with the invisible world-to satisfy the yearning, tenderness and awful strength of the human heart by union with God. And in our day there are many who, sick at heart with fads and nostrums, depressed because self - constituted lead them into the desert of nowhere, aghast at the state of spiritual anarchy, long to have the way made clear, their doubts dispelled, and long, also, for the peace of which the angels sang that holy night. They have turned away from that unthinkable thing called creedless Christianity. They have turned away because common sense has reasserted its sway. And hence we rarely meet it except in articles written by scribes whose superheated imagination

Men cannot stay the restless longing of their hearts for God with meaningless jargon. They are willing to admit that they cannot accept Christ and deny His teaching. They know that to proclaim Him the world's benefactor, a wondrous phil. has no doubt been strengthened by osopher, a personality of all-compellinginfluence and yet to deny Him the fitted to impose its will and way title of the Beloved Son of the upon other peoples : that courage Almighty Father is but gilded blasphemy. We believe, and this is the source of the joy of Christmas, that the little Child, nestling with unconscious happiness of its mother, is the eternal God, our Master and our Judge and our everlasting hope. The man who realizes that the Word was made Flesh must become as a faith into fact. He will live his the custodians of truth : we are its come manly, intelligent Catholics, proud of our faith because it is the truth; Catholics who know their faith and are ready to defend it not more effectual weapons of obedience and good works; men who are prepared to whittle down moral obliga. tions to mere shadows; men who recognize that faith is not ours but God's and that they have right but to accept and protect it.

BELGIAN SUNSHINE

As a land of sunshine Belgium has long been a favorite resort of holiday seekers, especially Americans. An author, whose book, "In a Moment of Time," was recently published, writes of Belgium in the time of peace : "There are children born with the muscles of their brows so formed that they cannot frown. Belgium was one of these children. Here and there comes a bit of gently rolling country: behind Namur lies the forest of Ardennes, whence Sir Walter's "Wild Boar" took his soubriquet : but the billows of that rolling country were as smiles passing over the earth's face, and whereever the Ardennes threatened a grim wildness, dead and gone. Belgians had planted a pretty sixteenth century chateau to laugh the threat away. All the rest of the land is flat : it is a chessboard on which the squares were green fields or immaculate villages, and the dividing lines hedges of canals or long straight white roads bordered by twin rows "The world at peace, the land at of Lombardy poplars that converged from frowning and she loved the inhibition. The people themselves were sunshine folk. Not fair weather friends in the sense of the proverbial expression-loval friends for all weathers, the Belgians I knew -- but folk that had sunshine coursing through their veins, and could not get rid of it without bleeding to death. They have bled enough now : but then-you were warmed by it the moment you landed in Belgium. The donaniers winked at a few extra cigars: the state railway took you over a system innocent of that melancholy contrivance elsewhere known as a first-class carriage : the country folk smiled at you as you passed among their smiling fields : the cities beamed on you from Gothic spire and Flemish steeple."

THE WORLD CONFLICT

It is far easier for the ordinary observer to grasp the main lines of the Eastern situation as it unfolds itself out of the smoke of conflict day by day and week by week. Only one thing is clear and unwelcome to the hastily judging popular mind-the war is going to be a much longer affair than many supposed. The Powers engaged have unexampled resources, and none of them can afford to stint their expenditure—the issues are too solemn, the interests too momentous. It is a world-conflict and the decision is one that will elevate or depress the moral standard for all the oncoming generations. The great ruling consideration for those who credit the existence and supremacy of the Almighty is that brute force, though backed by vast and terrible engines of destruction,

affects disastrously their reasoning cannot give final victory to the legions of darkness. History, in a long view, sustains the conviction that Right must triumph. The facts in this instance confirm that high assurance. The courage with which the Germans have wielded the dread forces that have long been preparing the belief that their country was fails them as they realize that they have been deceived. Presumption cannot maintain its morale when the light breaks in upon it.

Money and munitions are important as means: but the quality of manhood, inspired by faith and charity, hating injustice and ensuing brotherhood, imparts a strange and little child. He will transform his super human invincibility to its possessors. Hence the allegiance of truth in his life. We are not merely Italy to the Allies has a deep significance. Teutons, Austrians, and sowers and planters. We must be. Turks may rage together and imagine vain things : they will be broken all the same. On the fields of France and Flanders, in Galicia and Gallipoli, among the Alps and on the seas, so much by controversy as by the judgment will be recorded. At awful cost, but for an end that posterity will approve, this cataclysm will renew the life of the world.

AN UNFOUNDED SLANDER

Canada bappily is freer to-day from the cruder forms of sectarian bigotry than it was a generation ago. But that religious intolerance has not wholly died out is evidenced by a report in The Renfrew Mercury of an investigation by four leading Pro-testant citizens into an alleged oath of the Knights of Columbus, which

Spanish prisoner's oft-told tale. Within the past three years relations between the Protestant and Catholics of Renfrew became strained that thoughtful men on both sides in the community decided to get to the bottom of the friction and estrangement. Four prominent Protestant citizens-Mr. W. E. Small. field, editor of The Mercury, Mayor of the city, and President of the Canadian Press Association; Dr. Mann, Dean of the medical fraternity of Ottawa Valley; Mr. David Barr, and Mr. G. G. McNab-traced the trouble to a malicious and cowardly slander, circulated in leaflet form and copied into certain newspapers, attributing to the Knights of Columbus the taking of an oath asserting that the Pope has power to depose Protestant and Masonic Kings or Princes of Commonwealths or States; denouncing these heretical once as damnable and not to be obeyed, and binding the Knights of Columbus to extirpate the holders of heretical doctrines from off the face of the earth. The four Protestant investi gators—two of them prominent Masons—had no difficulty in arriving at the decision that "the Roman Catholic men of Renfrew were never asked to take any such oath, and that they would not have done so." They further add, after an inquiry into the organization in other countries, that it has been amply demonstrated that the alleged oath is a libel on our Roman Catholic neighbors." Fair-minded men will agree with the editorial comment of The Renfrew Mercury that "the man who could frame the phraseology of such an oath and falsely fasten it upon other temptible individual than the mar

who could take the oath.' The cause of national unity de mands that Canadians emphasize their points of agreement rather than their points of disagreement. Bigotry and intolerance are disruptive elements in our national life which are slowly dissipating before a wider diffusion of education and culture. The blinded partisans who attempt to stir the dying embers of sectarian suspicion and hate for political or other ends are out of harmony with the spirit of the times .- Toronto

PAUL FULLER DEAD

MEXICAN DIPLOMAT AND PROMINENT CATHOLIC

New York, Nov. 80, 1915 -Paul Fuller, attorney and authority on international law, died suddenly rom heart disease in his apartment n the Van Rensselaer hotel early

this morning.
Mr. Fuller was sixty seven years old, but an unusually vigorous and

He had a strong grasp of American relations with Mexico, and he went the agents of the State Department. clined to do, under press of private

THE POPE AND THE

Again, at the Consistory held recently in Rome, has the Holy Father raised his voice in a plea for peace among the warring nations. Allud-ing to the difficulties which the war placed in the way of calling together the Cardinals in Consistory, the Holy Father said : "Is, at last, I have been granted to day to see you again in goodly numbers, it is not because those difficulties have become less, out because we feared that by longer delay the procedure of the Roman curia might seriously suffer, since during this year and the one just passed not a few are the vacancies which death has caused in the Sacred College. If at all times," (continued the Pope) "the loss of enlightened councillors and trusted assistants causes sorrow to the Roman Pontiff, it is much more so now, in the midst which still continues to devastate and convulse the world, and which gives no indications of abating, but which grows in fury by land and sea, notwithstanding the ruin accumulating during the last sixteen months; notwithstanding that the desire for peace grows daily in many hearts, and that numberless families in their sorrow long for it; notwith standing that we have tried every means that might hasten peace standing that or allay discord."

THE BASIS OF PEACE

"Prepare for that peace," continued the Holy Father, "which the whole of humanity ardently wishes for ; that is, a peace that is just and lasting— not advantageous to one alone of the belligerent parties. The way which can surely lead to this happy result is that which has already been tried and found satisfactory in similar circumstances and of which we made mention in our last letter. That is, an exchange of ideas, be it direct or indirect, based upon good will and calm deliberation and set forth with clearness, duly recognizing the aspirand impossible and taking into with equal measure what is just and possible. Naturally, as in be settled through the efforts of the contending parties themselves, it is absolutely necessary that concessions e made upon some point by both parties; that some of the hoped for advantages must be renounced, and that each must make with good grace such concessions, even at the cost of some sacrifice, so as not to assume before God and man the enormous responsibility for the continuation of his shedding of blood, of which history records no counterpart and which, is prolonged farther, might Europe the beginning of decadence from the degree of pros-perous civilization to which the Christian religion has raised her

REFERS TO HIS LETTER OF LAST

AUGUST "The letter which, on the anniversary of the beginning of the war, we addressed to the belligerent peoples and their rulers though it received a reverent hearing, by no means produced the bene-ficent effects that we expected. As Vicar of Him Who is the Peaceful King and Prince of Peace, we can not be but moved by the misfortunes of so many of our children; we can not but continually raise our hands in supplication to the God of Mercies, entreating Him with our whole heart that He may deign in His power to put an end to this sanguinary conlict. Waile we seek with our re sources to alleviate the doleful con sequences, we feel obliged by our postolic office to inculcate anew the only means which can quickly put an end to the tremendous conflagra--Sacred Heart Raview.

THE NEW CARDINALS

At the Consistory, held on Dec. the following prelates were raised to the rank of Cardinal: Nonsignor Giulio Tonti, Titular Archbishop of Ancira, Apostolic Nuncio in Portugal; Monsignor Alfonso Maria Mistrangelo Archbishop of Florence; Monsignor Giovanni Cagliero, Titular Arch bishop of Sebaste, Apostolic Dalegate and Envoy Extraordinary in the re publics of Costa Rica, Nicaragua and Honduras: Monsignor Andrea Früh wirth, Titular Archbishop of Heraclea, Apostolic Nuncio in Bavaria Monsignor Raffaele Scapinelli di Leguigno, Titular Archbishop Laodicea, Apostolic Nuncio in Austria-Hungary; Monsignor Giorgio Gusmini, Archbishop of Bologna. With one exception all the new Car-dinals are Italian by birth. Car-dinal Frühwirth is an Austriau, and a member of the Dominican Order; Cardinal Cagliero is a Salesian. Carrelations with mexico, and he went to Vera Cruz in September, 1914, to study conditions there. He had more to do with the quelling of the various Mexican uprisings than had where he lived in retirement though President Wilson recognized his still officially holding his diplomatic ability and asked him to return to appointment. Cardinal Gusmini was appointment. Cardinal Gusmini was appointed to the See of Bologna five days after Monsignor della Chiesa who had been head of that See be-

came Pope Benedict XV. Cardinal Cagliero, aged seventy seven, is the eldest of the six, and Cardinal Scapinelli, fifty-seven, is the youngest.— Sacred Heart Review.

PEACE AT THE CRIR

The Divine Child He Who is the splendor of heaven, lay in a crib. A little straw formed His bed to Whom long. And she who is Queen of Heaven and earth is near that Crib. There she watches and is attentive There she watches and is attentive to all the wants of her divine Son. With what respectful care she touches Him, and holds Him, know-ing Him to be her Lord and her God! With what joy and confidence she embraces Him and presses Him to her bosom! She was the most humble of creatures, she was also the most prudent and watchful. She was never wanting in the most tender care for Him, and during His whole life upon earth she never failed in the least in the fulfilment

of any duty toward Him.

Our heavenly Queen has her station near the Crib; let us place ourselves there with her; and let it be our joy to be often near the Infant Jesus, for virtue doth go of any duty toward Him. forth from Him. From the feast of the Nativity to the feast of the Presentation each faithful Christian soul should visit at least once a day Mary at the Crib, to adore the Infant Jesus and meditate upon their poverty, their humility, their charity. There will be found Jesus, Mary, Joseph, to comfort, instruct and bless all those who visit them.—

UNFINISHED WORDS

When Gerald Griffin, the celsbrated Irish author, entered the Christian Brothers' Institute, be became one of the most faithful of the fraternity to every rule. When one visits the North Monastery, Cork, where Griffia lies buried, the Brothers in charge take pleasure in showing several relics of their illusjust and possible. Naturally, as in all human controversies which must page of MS. containing the last words he wrote. He was engaged in writing a story when the bell rang ful to the rule, he stopped even beactually writing. He never finished that word. His sickness came upon him before he got an opportunity to return to his work, and the ctory, even to the last word that was traced by his pen, stands unfinished Strangely enough the thought that he was expressing when called away was the thought of death or rathe the life that death leads to. It runs

" Alas," said Usna, " they can not communicate that of which them-selves are ignorant. On other subjects connected with the business of this life they are learned enough but of the abyss that lies beyond."

The writing stops abruptly there on the very word "beyond" which does not even contain the final "d." One can hardly describe one's emotions at seeing this record of the last words written by Garald Griffin That they should deal with the life beyond makes one feel that they have a significance more than merely accidental.

We are reminded of this by a little scrap of paper soiled and crumpled that came into our hands the other day. It was picked up in one of the rooms of the Catholic school in Peabody where so many children fell a victim to fire, by a Catholic gentleman of Peabody, and he was so touched by the pathos of it, and its significance, that he sent it to us. The little piece of paper contains

Hope is a divine virtue by which we firmly believe that God will give us eternal life and the"

That is all. When the hand that traced these lines had arrived at that point it is to be presumed that it was arrested by the alarm of fire, and the sentence remains unfinished. In its way it is just as pathetic, and just as significant, as, and perhaps more tragic than, the unfinished sentence of Gerald Griffin that is shown to visitors at the North Monastery, Cork .- Sacred Heart Review.

KAISER GRANTS PETITION OF HOLY FATHER

Rome, Nov. 18, 1915. - Cardinal Gasparri, Secretary of State, has received the following letter from the

Prussian Minister to the Holy See : His Majesty the Emperor has acceded to the request of His Holiness and has been pleased to com-mute into penal servitude for life the sentence of death passed for war treason on Louise Thuliez, Countesse Jeanne de Belleville, and Louis Severin. My august sovereign has ordered me to make this known to His Holiness and I pray your eminence kindly to do this for me.
"F. von Muehlberg, Minister of

Prussia to the Holy See.

It will be remembered how the

Cardinal Secretary of State an urgent telegram received from Belgium to the effect that the above and other persons were to be executed for trea-son, and how Cardinal Gasparri at once telegraphed to Cardinal von Hartman, Archbishop of Cologne, who replied that the Emperor had given orders for the postponement of the sentence pending inquiry by him self after a detailed report had been furnished. This is the happy result of the Holy Father's prompt and merciful action, as regards the names given above.

FRANCE

given above.

Under the presidency of Cardinal Amette, the solemn services marking the reopening of the famous Catholic Institute of Paris was held a fer weeks since. When in Ostober, 1914, the indefatigable rector, Mgr. Baudril lart, decided to reopen the Institute, many feared that this would be quite impossible, since nearly one-half of the professional staff and more than half the students were with the army. Nevertheless, al-though hampered by many difficulties, the work of the year was most satisfactory. Thirty-two diplomas were awarded in the sacred sciences, and two doctorates and eighty-six and two doctorates and eighty-six licentiates in law were conferred. In his address at the opening of schools, Mgr. Baudrillart said:
"Many lessons are taught us by the present war; one is the necessity of ong and careful preparation. prepare one's self it is, first of all, necessary to understand the aim to be pursued, to have an ideal; to carry in one's self. as Pasteur said, a God." On the first day of school, a Requiem Mass was celebrated for the repose of the souls of one hundred and twelve pupils and former pupils battle. During the first year of the war, the Institute paid a heavy toil to death. Thirteen Crosses Medals have been awarded the pupils and the names of fitty four have found place in "the order of the

CLERICS IN THE ARMY

In the Universe of recent date the Rev. G. Ryan writes of the practical results of the Conscription Law in France as it affects clerics; results quite contrary to those contemplated by the anti clerical conspirators.
Clerical conscription was designed to deprive the men of France of what it is now actually providing for them." Anti clericalism, writes Father Ryan, is a reptile that cannot live in the trenches. The presence of priests in the army has dispelled the anticlerical sentiments sedulously fos-tered in many parts of France by interested politicians. Slander can-not prevail against the noble example daily given by these clergymen.

This change is owing to the daily post bringing letters from the front praising now the bravery of the Reverend Sergeant Vicaire, now the abnegation of a Reverend Corporal Curé, of the self sacrifice of som deacon stretcher bearer; and such letters are carried around the village and the glory of any fallen priest. hero is at once communicated to the priest (if indeed there hap pen to be one, which is now not always the case, the majority having been called to the front) and the glory" of that death offered, so to say, to the priest as being "one of the cloth" whom the people are now learning to love.

One will agree with the writer that t is a pity that so many ministers of God have been called upon to sacrifice their lives upon fields of blood. and heartily share his hope that their blood may make France worthy of the sacrifice which has been offered .- America.

NUN LEPER VICTIM

STRICKEN AFTER TWENTY YEARS OF SERVICE IN GILBERT ISLANDS AMONG PLAGUE SMITTEN

Monsignor Leray, Vicar Apostolic of the Gilbert Islands, sends sad news regarding one of his faithful nuns. He says :

"Recently the government doctor officially declared one of our Sisters to be affected with leprosy. This nun has been twenty years in the islands and has fallen a victim to her devotion in caring for the spiritual and physical needs of the Gilbertins. She spent every Sunday afternoon in the leper hospital, seeming to prefer the patients in the last stage of decay.

A little hut has been constructed for the sufferer and a native woman has consented to remain with her out of love for her former teacher and and says Mass in a little chapel constructed near the enclosure where she lives. As there are no asylumi for white lepers on the islands, she is obliged to exist in this complete is obliged to exist in this complete isolation, awaiting the slow ravages of the disease. Such a life is a real martyrdom for this active woman, but her sufferings cannot fail to bring a precious blessing from British and Belgium ministers to the Heaven upon our poor missions."—
Holy See brought to the notice of the Chicago New World.

CATHOLIC NOTES

So far. 6 Franciscan convents have been destroyed in the war, 30 are used as barracks and 39 as hospitals. The largest painting in the world

-84 feet wide and 334 feet high

-is "Paradise." by Tlutoretto, in
the Doge's palace, Venice.

Among those reported to have been lost in the Lucitania was the well known Irish composer, O'Brien Butier. He was popularly known in Ireland as the "Father of Irish

Mrs. Abbott Low Dow, doughter et a one time Minister to Belgium and cousin of Seth Low, ex mayor of New York city, has embraced the Cat lic Faith. She was a very pro

In Bengal the Jesuits from Bel-gium have converted at least 100,-000 natives in the last twenty five years. In China and Africa there are fully 1,100 000 persons under in-struction for Casholic bastism.

Theodore Leschetizky, a piano teacher, once of Vienna and later of St Petersburg con-ervatory died recently near Dreeden, ageighty five. He was a Catholic, a the teacher of Paderewski, and off

From Pekin comes the news of the conversion of a Chinese prince, Paul Cgai, of the imperial family, to the Catholic Faith. The Rev. Father Planchet, procurator of the Catholic mission in Pekin, informs us that the young prince was baptized with a solemn ceremony in the Catholic cathedral.

Two young Irish apostles, who left their native land to become mission-aries in China, passed through New York city recently. Father O Reilly and Father O'Leary are both secular priests, and are destined for Bishop Faveau's Vicariate of W.Che Kiang, where they will meet the missionary from Brooklyn, the Rev. Edward S

The Irieh citizens of Chicago, represented by the United Irish societies, have made plans for a \$500, 000 Irish temple of music, arts and liserature. The receipts of the Manchester Martyrs demonstration and John Mitchell centenary at Orchestra hall will form the nucleus of this

Mrs. Guy Darrell Berry, daughter of the late Edward Sanderson and sister of Rev. Henry B. Sanderson sister of Rev. Henry B. Sanderson (also a convert), has become a Catholic. Her brother was lately an Episcopal clergyman of the diocese of Fond du Lac, and is now studying for the priesthood in Maryland. Mr. Sanderson's daughter, Mrs. Alice Kane Sanderson Holden, became a Catholic two years ago. Catholic two years ago.

The Rev. A. Lippens, a Belgian, is largely responsible for the opening of a mission chapel in the little English village where he sought refuge. There were about 120 Catholics in the village and vicinity, and a parish has been organized and a resident priest appointed. Father Lippens left for the Congo, after seeing his work placed on a permanent basis.

Antonio Lucero, Secretary of State for New Mexico, who recently returned to Santa Fé after a visit to El Paso, declares that the population of the Texan city is half made up of refugees from Mexico. Mr. Lucero estimated the number of Mexican refugees now north of the border at 400 000. From personal talks with many of the refugees of the better class he drew the conclusion that large numbers will never

A rather unusual incident occurred in the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, Paterson, N. J., when that ediment, Paterson, N. J., when that edifice was known and used as St. Luke's Lutheran Evangelical Church, Miss Katherine Hertner was a member. Since then, however, Miss Hertner has been converted and she had the bappiness of being baptized in the true faith in the church she formerly attended as a Lutheran.

A descendant of St. Jane Frances de Chantal, foundress of the Visita-tion Nuns, recently joined the Order of St. Francis as a Capuchin friar in the convent at Pantasaph, Wales. This is the young Marquis de Som-mery, head of the old Norman house of de Mesnial, and descended not only from St. Jane on the female side, but also from the family of St. Jean Baptist de la Salle, founder of the Brothers of the Christian Schools. Immediately after taking his simple vows, he was recalled to France to take his place in the French Army.

English Catholic papers are de scribing with enthusiasm the visit recently paid to Aldershot by Carlinal Bourne when he inspected the Irish troops quartered there. No parade ground could properly accommodate the great mass of khaki-clad Catholic soldiers, hence the large garrison recreation ground at Blackdown was utilized for the occasion. His Eminence, attired in his scallet obes and hat, made a close inspection of the men from his motor-car, ccompanied by the General Officer commanding the division. At the close of the inspection the Cardinal took up a suitable position in the lines and addressed the men.

A FAIR EMIGRANT

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND AUTHOR OF "MARCELLA GRACE: A NOVEL" CHAPTER I

ALONE IN THE BUSH

rthur Desmond, an Irish gentle unhappy circumstances, in the year 18—, and found his way to Minnesota, where, following as far as white settlers had then ventured, he took land, built himself a wooden house and began life in solitude. Though quite a young man, a grey look of blight on his countenance and a de-jected droop in his walk told plainly that whatever might be the mainspring of the energy that kept him labouring from morning till night, and from night almost till morning again, with little sleep and no recrea-tion, hewing down the woods and turning up the virgin soil for future harvests of gold, there was at least no hope in his toil. Young though he was, he was a broken man, who, with a canker in his heart that could not be cured, had isolated himself voluntarily from the society of his

Hope put out of the question, the motive for his persistent labour was not far to seek. A man of keenly sitive organisation, of fine rather than strong brain, he was well aware hat for one like him a load of unsurpassed mental agony is not to be borne except face to face with nature lone in some of her magnificen les, and under the yoke of such bodily toil as leaves little leisure for itive thought. Obeying the instinct for self preservation, he had taken hold of the only means that could save him from the doom of

He had brought nothing with him the backwoods but his workman's clothes and tools, the miniature likeness of a woman, and a packet of letters which he wore sewn round his neck till they began to crack in the folds and fray at the edges, and, later, deposited in a small box of pine-wood@carved rather skillfully by maelf. He never looked at the miniature and he never read the letters, but when he came in from work his first glance was towards the casket, and at night it was placed with his revolver by the side of his

His beard grew long and untrimmed, and white hairs began to creep in among his dark locks. He held little intercourse with men, yet whenever a human being passed his way, whether white traveller going to or from St. Paul, or Indian strag gler from far out on the prairie that stretched from his door to the hori zon, the wayfarer was sure to receive kindly hospitality from the lonely squatter in his log built home. cries of animals, the songs and calls of birds, and the ring of his own axe were often the only sounds he heard for weeks. Sometimes the concert of the woods and the murmured, exquisite music which Nature makes for herself in her great solitudes charmed the grey look of blight from his face, or the sumptuous colouring of the primeval scenes around would tescinate his eve and smooth away the furrow that agony had already dug deep between his brows. And it was these momentary relaxings of loo taunt a string, these almost unnoticed yieldings to the great nother's power to soothe, that saved continuity of purpose to his work.

Whatever may be the motive of long and determined devotion to labour, it is generally rewarded by a saw his work begin to prosper and its profit to teem upon him before he had realised that any other result was to be expected from his toil than the dulled state of memory which had enabled him to keep sane. All that he had touched seemed to turn to ld, and, as he saw it pour into his "Of what use is this to me? What am I going to do with it?" He flung Again he buried it in his wider and wider-spreading meadows and fields. and again it found its way back to him with an increase that made i

re burdensome than ever. Master of a vast and fertile territory, he still lived in his log house, content with that rude harbour for his own person, while his granaries and farm-buildings multiplied and extended. No comfort came to him with his success, no joy in his riches, nor hope for happiness in his future To his farm servants he was a liberal and kindly employer, to those with whom he dealt in business, upright and fair, but no man grew intimate with him or called him

At last an event occurred which made a change in Desmond's forlorn life. Returning one evening after a solitary day with his gun in the woods, he found two travellers at his door waiting to ask his hospitality for the night. They were father and daughter, had come from St. Paul, were on their way far out into the Indian country. The man was a travelling merchant, who had dealings with the Indians, and the girl his only child. Both had evidentis seen better days, were refu-gees from more civilised lands, be-longing to the large class whom folly, wrong, or misfortune reduce to beg-gary every day. The girl was beauti-ful, with that peculiar, delicate beauty which speaks elequently of blood. Arthur Desmond, seeing her standing at his door, with the

hair and lighting up her pale face, was struck by her loveliness, but only as he was struck daily by the grace of the flowers that sprang up through the graces on the prairies. Had the heart within him not been dead her might have fallen in love with her. As it was, he looked at her with in terest, and his melancholy brow un-bent as he led her into his home.

She was ill with weariness, quite unfit for the journey she had under-taken rather than remain behind her father in the city of St. Paul. Next morning she declared herself able to proceed; but the two men, looking at her, saw that if she did so it would probably be at the cost of her life. The father was deeply distressed and uncertain what course to pursue, but his host came to the rescue.

"Leave her here," he said, "and she will have time to rest and recruit her strength while you are away. Your journey accomplished, you can call for her as you return. The wife of one of my most trusty servants shall wait upon her, and she shall have every care so rude an establishment as mine can afford."

This seemed the only reasonable solution of the difficulty, and though the girl wept and clung to him, her father insisted on her accepting Desmond's hospitality. Promising to return soon, he mounted and trav elled away across the prairie, looking back and waving his hand to her till he was out of sight. And then the girl crept trembling to her seat at Desmond's fireside.

The delicate courtesy with which her host treated his young guest proved that he had been born for other scenes than that of the wild prairie and the backwoods-man's hut and as the girl gathered strength and was able to walk a mile, hoping to meet her father returning from his journey out West, and as week fol lowed week and the father did no appear, Desmond forgot his own sorrows in devising means to occupy her mind and keep her from observ ing the unexpected and unaccount able length of his absence. It was long before the terrible likelihood dawned upon her that he had me among the Indians, and that she should see him no more At last passing travellers from the Indian country brought certain news the savages, whom he had been im prudent enough to offend.

After the first agony had exhausted itself, the desolate creature raised her head and proposed to set out with her broken heart for St. Paul, there to seek a livelihood for herself but as little as a dove is fit to fight among hawks, so little able was she to carry out her gallant intention. So thought Arthur Desmond, looking on her stricken face and transparent hands; and yet he knew not what to She could not stay with him and there was no woman to whose care he could think of confiding her.

On the night before her propose departure for St Paul, as she sat oppo site to him at his fireside for the las time, with her slight hands folded in her lap and a look of patient de termination on her child-like face, a strange trouble for her came down upon Desmond and a sense of remorse, as if he alone were driving her out into the dangers and miseries of a hard world from the safe shelter of his home. Violently agitated, he rose up and went into the woods, where he wandered all night, a prey to the most unhappy thoughts, beset by intolerable memories, torn with struggle to cast off the claims of a cruel past, to free himself from the power of its dead hand, which, after so many years, still clutched murder ously at any pale hope that might venture to spring up in his heart. Flinging himself on the earth, he sobbed in the solitude and darkness. not even a star to witness or a bird to overhear, nothing to intrude on the sacredness of a strong man's secretagony. Atdawn he rose up with the marks of the conflict on his face, gold, and, as he saw it pour into his hands, he asked himself bitterly: where at the door stood already the conveyance which was to take his visitor back to St. Paul.

but when another year had passed it returned to him doubled and trebled.

"My dear," he said, taking her by the hend, "I cannot bear to see you go. There is one way by which you can stay with me, if you will. I am a careworn, broken man, and you are ayoung, fresh, and lovely girl, but we are both lonely and unfortunate. Can you make up your mind to marry

> The young wife bloomed across wind flower in the flesure of a rock and though she could not bring hir actual happiness, yet the sweetness of her nature and her tender adora-tion of him comforted his starved and frozen heart, and his gratitude for her love and faith in him amounted to passion. She knew little of his early life, and understanding that the subject was painful, did not press to further information. With a woman's instinct she had divined that some other woman had broken the heart of which the noble wreck was her own; but that any darker cloud than that cast by a cruelly disappointed love had ever rested on him, she did not live long enough to find out. After one happy year she bade good-bye to the forest shades, the sunny prairies, and her idolised husband—leaving an infant daughter in her place.

When Bawn, the child, was ten years old, Fate made another raid on Desmond's small store of hard-earned happiness. For his girl's sake he fell into one of those sad blunders which men in his position so often stumble upon. At a distance of some miles from his own possessions a family of French settlers had established themselves, ing her standing at his door, with the and of the group was a middle aged setting sun burnishing her golden spinster of bustling and active turn,

who soon showed a lively interest in who soon showed a livery interest.

Desmond and his motherless daughter. Looking on his far spreading fields and teeming granaries, the thrifty Jeanne quickly resolved to share that extraordinary prosperity which seemed so little appreciated by the melancholy Arthur. How she managed it is needless to relate, but in a very short time after she had made up her mind, she became

Desmond soon discovered that in his solicitude for his child he had been led into an irretrievable mistake sanne was a masterful woman, an rather than fight with her, the man of hapless fortune was fain to let her have things her own way. The wooden home which had satisfied him and his girl was deserted, and a fine new dwelling house was built. All the ways of life were changed for father and daughter. Servants were scolded and well looked after, abuses corrected, waste was put an end to, and peace for ever banished from the Desmond fireside. A governess was engaged for Bawn—not a day too soon, certainly—all the prairie maiden's pretty wild ways were con-demned, and a good education was

energetically administered to her.
In submitting to the new state of things Bawn was influenced by her all absorbing love for the father, whose sole consolation she knew herself to be. She was now a woman, emancipated from her stepmother's control, yet living on the most friendly terms with her father's wife. Within the big house Jeanne wife. Within the big house Jeanne reigned paramount, and every one bowed to her will; but deep in the wild woods, lost in the lonely wilder ness of the forest, father and daugh ter held their meetings and their councils, and were as happy as Desmond's recurrent fits of melancholy casionally permitted them to be.

CHAPTER II

THE SECRET OF A LIFE

"Bawn! Bawn!" Mrs. Desmond was calling loudly her deep contralto tones to her stepdaughter from the front door, from the strong sunlight that flooded the land-light that intensified the beauty of everything, suggesting corn, wine and oil, overspreading flowers, teeming fruits.

Where can that girl have got to, and her father out of the way as well? I don't know what would have become of Arthur Desmond's goods if I had not taken them in hand! Shouldn't wonder if she was over in the log-house encouraging him as usual, in his whime."

Jeanne crossed the flower laden sward towards the old wooden house smothered in bloom, which still stood at an opening of the woods some distance from the new house with its gardens. Jeanne, though quick and energetic, was plump and portly, with a swarthy skin, keen black eyes, and intensely black hair. She was dressed in a calico wrapper of red and white stripes and a large Holland morning apron with pockets, in which she jingled her keys, and looked nest, thrifty, active and

aggressive. Coming, Mother Jeanne !" cried Bawn from within the log house, where she was busy arranging her father's books, weapons, and various belongings, and beautifying the place in a way of her own. Des-mond had forbidden the old wooden home to be swept away, disputing on this one point the will of his wife;

only substitute for a club. A pretty state of things !" panted Jeanne. "Here is a man from St. Paul about wheat, and nobody to speak to him but myself. I'm sure if I did not work myself to death I don't know what would become of us

"Is not the stewart to be had ?" "Oh! of course, if you leave it to servants. Give me the man who looks after his own business."

"Father labored long years, and now his hair is white," said Bawn, with a pathetic vibration in her voice. "I think we may sometimes manage without troubling him."

Well, I'm sure it's not my own benification I trouble!" snapped Jeanne, who having all her life been accustomed to French on one side and English on the other, often unintentionally coined words of her own to suit her momentary convenience. "And pray, is it by your father's ordeal that you spend so much time in this old hutch?"

Bawn laughed. Come. now Mother Jeanne, look at these exquisite roses. Smell !"

"It's no kind of use talking to you, Bawn. Here is a question of so much for wheat, and—and there you are offering me roses to smell, as if nothing was needed in this world but a rose! but you are too old now for my tuition.

"The business is done by this time, I warrant," said Bawn, placing the despised roses in a glass on her father's reading-table, where amid a litter of his favourite books, stood the old wooden casket which he had fashioned and carved so many years ago. "And you know, Jeanne, even if sixpence a bushel less than pos-sible is had for the wheat, we can well afford the loss-better, perhaps, than

the dealer who buys it.' Mrs. Desmond drew back a ster from her stepdaughter and eyed her with contempt.

"I do believe," she said, "that you are at heart a Communist, or a Vincent de Paul, or something of that kind. You don't know how to grass your own and hold it tight when you have got it. You would let anyone be as rich as yourself. You seem to think whatever you have got more

than you actually need must have been taken from somebody else, and that you are bound to restitute it." "Jeanne, Jeanne! I can't helm

laughing. Fancy what you would do to me if you caught me at it! But seriously, dear, you know we are actually rolling in money."

"And if we are, how much of it is owing to my care? Not, I'm sure, that I want it for myself. I've no children to thick of, and it is only for your father and you I need toil. From morning till night I wear the flesh off my bones -

Bawn bit her lip to hide a smile. good deal of the said flesh still adhered to the framework of Mrs. Desmond's abundant person, but Jeanne could not have been happy without her chronic grisvance of perpetual overwork.

After her stepmother had bounced way Bawn went on smilingly with her occupation, and, when it was fluished, set out to meet her father he had been wandering alone since morning. This had been one of Desmond's bad days, when the ghost of his past—a ghost that would not be laid-dogged his steps, voices none but himself could hear tormented his ears, and faces long un-seen pursued him, gazing on him with eyes of hate or turning away from him in losthing. On such days all the old agony grew young again within him, a cruel mist rose all round him and cut him off from his actual world, blotsing out even Bawn's comfortable countenance His gun and dog were the only com panions he tolerates at these moments, and, ranging the woods from morning till evening, he did battle in solitude with his foss.

Now, tolling homeward through the forest, he carried the marks of the conflict on his face and in his gait, in the dull pallor of his skin. the sunken dark eye, the fine drawn lines of pain hardening a mouth naturally sweet, the pinched look of his features. Yet even with this blight upon him he had a peculiar air of nobility all his own. The snow white hair waving over a forehead which was that of an idealist. and the dense darkness of his eyes and brows, would alone have given him distinction in a crowd.

Coming slowly through a long aisle of shade, he looked up and say Bawn waiting for him in the full sunset light at the nearest opening. "Thank heaven!" he sighed to ing toiled all night through stormy

breakers, finds that he is suddenly in

sight of shore. My darling, I almost took you for a goddess of the woods, what with that white gown, your May blossom face, and all this shining hair !"

"That comes of reading poetry and romanticising in the forest, Daddy dear," said the girl, giving him a lov-ing hug. "I wonder is there a god-dess of Matter of fact among their deityships? Lcok here!' And. linking her arm through his, she drew him forward.

A fire had been kindled on the ground, and a steaming gipsy kettle was slung above it. On a little stand near were cups and saucers and a dish of newly-baked cakes.

"Your favourite cakes, sir, and the tea is just made. Now sit down and give an account of yourself, you unsociable, rambling, unaccountable darling of an old Daddy!"

"Give me your tea first. Thank beaven for tea! No, I cannot tell you where I have been. So many miles away, my girl, that you never could follow

"Ah!" said Bawn quickly. "if you would only try me."

Desmond looked at her in surprise, and the hues of life that had stolen back to his face paled away again. hinted at a desire to intrude on his

secret. "No, no, do not mind me," she cried seeing the effect of her words. "I would rather break my heart than give you one extra pang."

"My little girl! my poor little girl!" said Desmond, startled at her passionate tones. "You break your heart! That would be the worst thing that Arthur Desmond, with all his ill-luck, was ever guilty of."

"My heart is pretty strong," said Bawn stoutly. "It could bear a good deal, if a good deal were laid on it. Emptiness is the one thing that could hurt it—like Mamsey's boiler, that cracked with heat because it was not kept properly filled.'

Desmond rose and paced up and down for a few moments, a flush on his thin cheek and a strange excite ment burning in his eyes. Bawn went up to him presently and put

her arms round his neck. "You shall not tell me anything if it distresses you," she whispered. Desmond clasped her in his arms and looked fondly in her eyes.

"My only joy and comfort! there is much I would willingly confide to you, if I thought my confessions would not damp and blight the young glory of your life. "You are still so young-'I am twenty." she said quickly

and I feel so old that I cannot believe I shall ever grow any older. Trust my ripe age, father—at least if it will help you, as I often think it might, to share your painful memories with another. As for damping me-why, I am not easily crushed. Jeanne says I am like an india-rubber ball: the harder you try to put me down the higher I spring up

"I have always intended you should know my whole story, Bawn—after my death. You know the wooden box that stands on my table?"

yours when I am gone; letters be-longing tomy youth, a portrait which you will cherish, and a statement

written out in my own hand-my history, jotted down from time to time on elespless nights. It you strongly desire it you shall have that statement to morrow, and after you have read it we will talk the matter

"It contains papers that will be

over, if so be you do not shrink from or suspect your old dad."
"Father!" flinging herself into his arms. "Shrink from you! Suspect you of anything but what is noblest and best!

Ah ! Bawn, there were others who loved me, and yet cast me out."
"Fiends!" muttered Bawn, tighten. ing her soft arms round his stooping

'No, not flends, dear. Staunch, true men, and a sweet, soft woman like yourself."

"Are they still alive?"
"I think so. I hope so; yet for my own sake I ought not to wish it, seeing that released spirits may, per-haps, know all truth." "Is there no way of making it known to them before their release?"

"None. And if there were I would

not seek it now."
"But I would."

"You ? " "Do you think," said Bawn, unlasping her arms from his neck and linking her hands behind her back, while she leaned forward and looke into his face—"do you think I could live in the world for the fifty years or so I may possibly stay in it, with-out finding out those people and making them ashamed of their con-duct? If there be a lie against you living in the world, I will take it in my own hands and strangle it." She laid her white, firm palms to

gether as she spoke, and knotted her fingers as if she were in reality wringing the life out of a viper. Desmond smiled his sweet, melan-choly smile.

Now, who could think there was so much passion in my smiling Bawn? My dear, you speak of an impossibility. The error went too deep; has strengthened its roots in the soil of time. There are lies. Bawn, that will walk up to the judgment sest clothed like trutb. only at the crack of doom shall their

faces be unveiled." Bawn looked away into the depths of the twilight forest with an obstinate light of determination in her

deep grey eyes. "Daddy," she said presently, putting her hands on his tall shoulders and bringing her face closs to his-Daddy, kissing him, "what do they call the thing that you were accused of? Don't"—kissing him again— "be afraid to tell me. I can't wait

"It was murder," said Desmond, with a blanching face.
"Oh the fools!" cried Bawn, hold-

ing her warm cheek firmly against his. "The fantastic idiots! To think of a man like this in connection with such a crime! "No. Bawn, none of them were

fools. "Then there was a villain among them." insisted Bawn. "May be so, my dearest - may so. But all that lies among mysteries that will never now

Why?" "Because death is always sealing up the lips of truth." Are all the actors in your story

"I told you just now, my daughter, that I do not know. For long years I have not had the heart to make an effort to inquire. Very long ago I used to receive, from time to time, letters from one who promised to favour came to light. As his letters seased, I believe him to be dead. In the course of thirty years death will arvest from eyery have reaped a big h inhabited land of the earth. He will could get to Mass, because it froze, not have spared the spot where the tragedy of your father's life was en-

They walked up and down together, Bawn with her cheek against his shoulder and her hands clasped over his arm. The round, yellow moon rose above the darkening tips of the trees and cast a misty radiance over the distant prairie. Odours of cultured flowers mingled with the sweats of hay, the breath of cattle stole towards them at times, and the low, burnt out fires of the sun smouldered and died in the forest

thickets. "I know all this happened in Ireland, of course," said Bawn. not in your own south, where you were born? Was it in those beautiful northern glens you have sometimes told me of ?"

"It was there. On an evening as lovely as this, in the midst of scenery far more beautiful, more picturesque, in the flush of my youthyouth full to the brim of happiness and hope—my bitter doom came down upon me. But ask me no more to night, my darling. To-morrow everything shall be told."

TO BE CONTINUED

To get a wrong thought out of the mind, put in a noble one. To dispel darkness let in sunshine. To drive out bad temper, teach self-control. These are good old rules that many people never seem to reach or under-stand.

God planted us just where we grow, and blossom and fruit must be drawn, not from the meadow on the other side of the road, or from the moun-tain beyond the valley, but from the oil now about our roots, and the air and rain and sun above us playing on our leaves and branches.—Edward Berdoe.

CHRISTMAS ROSES

By the Author of " Paradyse Terr

"I have been hearing the most wonderful stories about this house, and about Father Forester—and about you, too, Mary Florence," I remarked to the faithful servant on the occasion of my second visit to the little presbytery on the Yorkshire wolds which had once been called the Chal-ice Farm. Father Langdale was out for the day—I had ridden over from my friends' house some ten miles away ithout warning; but Mary Florence good housekeeper and typical North ountry servant as she was, had made me welcome, and had insisted on my sitting down to a big Yorkshire "tes; of which the principal features were new-laid eggs, the sweet cured ham for which the country is famous, home made bread and hot tea cakes of her own baking, country cream, and a big dish of fragrant late raspberries. Protest was useless. "I shall have to dine in less than three hours!' I cried, as Mary Florence of tea and some Yorkshire cake But you've got to get back first, miss and it's a long way, and this is hun-gry air," replied Mary Florence as she filled up my cup. Nowwewere sitting out in the porch

at my request : the old servant knitthe peaceful beauty of the blue and breath of autumn, though it was mid-September, and the white roses were nearly over. Beneath the railing of he terrace which ran in front of the old house the thick trees which clothed the precipitous slope and jut ting grey rocks of the crags were here and there lightly touched with orange and russet, rolling out of sight, a leafy avalanche, down to the hidden valley below A bracken fringed rock blocked out all but the topmost curves of the winding path; one yellowing frond uplifted clear against the pale blue haze between the slender tree-trunke. Miles away to the south rose the smoke and lotty chimneys of a little factory-town, perched on the shoulder of the opposite wold. Far down below, in a hidden farm in the valley, a cock crew clear and shrill. It was a perfect afternoon in early autumn. Here and there on the distant moors the heather—a royal carpet-caught the westering rays of the sun, and blushed rosy. purple. Beyond the grey wall of the garden a long stretch of stony field flamed with the gorgeous yellow of ragwort-a sure sign of poor soil and d farming, but too beautiful for me,

at least, to criticise. What is this like in winter ?" I

asked suddenly.

Mary Florence lifted her pleasant brown eyes to mine, but the needles still clicked in her busy fingers. Well. I'm not much of a one to judge," she said, smiling. "You see, I've lived here all my life, summer and winter. I can't see myself anywhere else. But I expect a Londons would find it very dull." Mary Florence spoke pityingly, as of a race wanting in resource and apprecia-

"It depends a good deal on the Londoner, doesn't it?" I asked, laughing. But Mary Florence was following out her own train of thought.

"You see," she said presently, "townsfolks would be 'fast' here for things they were used to. There are no shops; and if there were the roads are so bad you couldn't get to them half the time. Then we are often snowed up for days together Not so much now," she went on reflectively. "as when I was young. I remember when I was a girl of fifteen the snow drifted six feet deep between this house and the church. It took four men to dig a pathway through it-Father Forester was one of them. For three Sundays nobody and the drifts didn't melt. the well froze, and hundreds of sheep died in the snow on the moors; and when the thaw came they found two of the shepherds, as well, who had been buried in the snow. It was the worst winter we ever had. We don't eem to get such deep snow now; but ten years ago—the year Father For-ester died—it was very bad agein." "Tell me," I said; for that was the very subject on which I wanted to

hear Mary Fiorence talk.
I had heard, as I had told her, more than one strange story of wha had happened on that winter night of mystery on which the holy old priest had died; when the snow was so deep that it was impossible to bring him the last sacraments. And yet again another friend had shaken her head gently when I asked the truth of the matter, telling her what I had heard. "It seems so sad," I had said, "that after he had founded the mission on the moors, and built up the Church in this district altogether, that he should have died without the sacraments, at the end of that beautiful life. It must have been hard for him!" And my friend had smiled and shaken her head, but would say

nothing except: Ask Mary Florence. She can tell you—if she will." Therefore I had not been altogether disappointed when on arriving that afternoon I found Father Langdale out, and Mary Florence of necessity my hostess for an hour or two. She was too typical a Yorkshire woman to be expansive on the subject of her self-already I had learned that much -nor indeed was she a great talker at any time, but still Here was the time, and the place, and the very person I wanted. "Please tell me, Mary Florence," I coaxed.

She laid the gray sock she was knitting down on the folds of her stiffly starched snowy white apron, and looked up at me with keen, dark,

eyes. There was not a thread of silver in the nest bands of black hair which lay so smoothly beneath her picturesque trilled cap. I thought of the strange story of the "white witch" who was her great grand-mother, to whom the farm had once mother, to whom the farm had once belonged, and of the day that father Forester, when a very young semin-ary priest, had found her crooning "Hail Mary" over a tiny sick beby— this very Mery Florence who sat be-side me, in whom Father Forester used to say he had founded his mis-sion. "I have heard so much about him—every one in the dales seems him-every one in the dales seems to know at least his name," I urged, that I am longing to hear more from you, because you have lived here all your life, haven't you?' F fty five years next Christmas."

said Mary Florence gravely. "You know my father and mother sold this very place to Father Forester? It used to belong to my family in times gone by. Father Langdale told you that, I expect? Yes, well, after five years my father died, and my mother was left a widow, with me. They had both become Catholics-they bad gone to live in Lancashire you know-and of course I had been baptized by Father Forester. My father bad left a little money, and my mother waen't poor, for there was the purchased money the priest had paid for this place—Chalice Farm—still untouched in the bank. But she wanted to come home. You know we moor people, we think there's no place like We love the country we were born in. and my mother longed for the hills and the crags and the smell of the heather, and the sandy paths through the bog—she has told me so a hundred times—and she hated the town to which they had moved. So she bundle one day, took me in her arms -she was a big strong woman, not like me—and with a lift she got in a carrier's cart she made shift to walk the twenty miles across the hills, and she came and asked the priest if there was no work, house or field, she could do about the old place; and if there wasn't a cottage empty she would lodge somewhere ar till there was.

As it happened, the priest was in

trouble about his housekeeper. He wanted a Catholic woman, and in the neighborhood there was no one suit ab e to be had. He had a good many converts already, but all the women were married, with houses and children of their own, and he had had to get one or two housekeepers from the But they said it was so dull and lonely they were afraid to stop, so he was 'fast.'" ("Fast" was a so he was 'fast.'" ("Fast" was a favorite expression of Mary Florence's. and as I soon learned, it is a provin cialism for "in a difficult position"-only much more expressive!) when my mother came he was right down glad to see her ; for she knew all the ways of the house, and how to milk and bake bread and cook. You know even now the baker's cart doesn't call within two miles of this place. We still have to make our own bread. The priest had been all alone for a week, and not liking to trouble any one, he had tried to shift for himself. Often have I heard my mother say there wasn't a crust of bread fit to eat in the house when we came, and she believed he had lived for the best part of a week on tea and boiled eggs."

Then he had been 'fast.'" I re-

"Yes, indeed, the poor Father," said Mary Florence. "Well, my mother, she soon changed all that. She got his permission to send for her young sister, who had opened the door to Father Forester the first time he came-my Aunt Elizabeth, was; and she looked after me, and helped my mother, and my mother looked after the house, and the cow and cleaned the church—she was a hard working woman, and she would have cut off her right hand for the priest. And she trained me up to be the same. After a bit Father Forester started the school. There were only five or six children at first, and he did all the teaching himself. It was before the days of school boards. and all that rubbish" she continued with deep scorn. "Now the children learn what they call botany, and drawing, and some of them, mathematics—and what good does that do a man when he goes to work in a mill, or a woman who has to scrub floors and bake bread? What he taught was very different, and there was no teaching like his. I went to school as soon as he started it, and in a few years a Catholic mistress came from Blackbarn, for the parish was growing and so was the school, and it took all of one person's time. But he always taught catechism himself : and I know there isn't one of Father Forester's children who will ever forget his lessons."

"There was a long pause. "Then you never left the place?" I asked gently.

"Never. I've not slept a night out of this house since I was five years old, and I shall be sixty one next July. My mother died when I was thirty. My Aunt Elizabeth had married long before — she lives down there in the valley still, but she is an old woman now—older than I by twelve years. And when mother died I took her place as well as I could. I had a girl to help me, and there was always a man ready to come in and do any heavy work, like sawing wood, or carrying water in from the spring. I waen't so strong as my mother, and Father Forester never allowed me to do that.

' People talk about saints very easily," said Mary Florence. "I mean by that, I've heard say—yes, and seen it in printed books, too—'so and so is a real saint.' Or 'it is like living with a saint. I don't hold with such talk, myself. But though saints

aren't so plentiful as some would have us think, I believe hewas more like one than any one would have guessed, even from knowing the good he did, which could not be hid, and listening to his sermons, and seeing him with the sick, and with children, but above all, hearing him say Mass."

She broke off, deeply moved. A robin began his evening carol in the wych elm just beyond the terrace, sweet and clear and indescribably sad. "There have been days," went on the old servant, "when he would come in from Mass, and it seemed as if his face was shining with light; as if he had been looking straight into heaven. Talk about saints! Did you ever hear he knew one—a real you ever hear he knew one—a real one? He knew the Curé d'Ars—I've often heard him speak of him. Twice he went to see him when he was quite a boy—once before he was or-dained priest, and once just after dained priest, and once just after. He gave me his life to read once, and as I read it, I thought that some of the thirty I could tell of Father Forester were not unlike what was said of the Curé. But it is not right of me to be telling any one such things
—unless indeed his Lordship were to ask me, as he did once when he came down for a confirmation.

She took up her knitting again and I saw two tears fall on the rough grey wool. "Mary Florence," I said, laying my hand on her arm, "I don't want you to tell me anything that you think is too sacred to tell. Of course I'm almost a stranger here ; I and so much about him since I've been in the neighborhood that I can't help wanting to know more. And Ill tell you the truth: I did specially come here to day hoping you would tell me—if it doesn't hurt you too much—about what happened just at the end. I know he died on Christmas Eve, and several people have told me he died without being able to receive the last sacraments, because the snow was so deep no priest could get here. And it seemed to me so hard for him. But just one friend—the lady I'm staying with—told me to ask you about it. She wouldn't say more, but I thought parof course I don't know

haps. . . . of course I don't know that there was some story about it. Somehow I can't believe that after such a life Our Lord would let him suffer that loss just at the end. But don't try to tell me it you would rather not.'

Mary Fiorence rolled up her knitting and laid it on the wooden banch ide her. Then she clasped her work worn hands beneath the white apron, as it it were a scapular, and began to speak, her dark eyes fixed the distant hills. And this is what she said I do not pretend to explain it; nor do I think it can be explained certainly not as one person wh heard the story did, by the theory of second sight "-whatever that may But I know the old North. country women described what she believed she saw; and I, who heard her, believe she saw it.

" He hadn't been ill so very long," she said. "He suffered from heart disease—there is a Latin name for it. It was terrible pain. But for a few weeks before the end—all through November and December—he had been better, and had said Mass every day. Then, three days before Christmas came a great fall of snow-the heaviest for years. The roads were blocked, but the doctor had been here the week before, and had left medicine, and I knew all that was neces sary to do for him when the attacks came on. I had nursed him through He would not give up the idea of midnight Mass, though the snow was too deep for any one to affected him, and I tried to persuade him not to attempt it. But it was no good. He had a way with him—a way of looking up and smiling— which meant he had made up his it. And then, at 6 o'clock on Christmas Eve, he was suddenly taken illworse than I had ever seen him

Tears were streaming down her face. I felt unspeakably cruel and selfish for having pressed her for the story, but it was too late now, and I dared not interrupt. Presently she went

on quietly:
"Two of the women from the nearest cottages came and sat in the kit-chen. They thought I should be afraid to be alone. Their husbands were good men. They carried him upstairs to his bed and laid him there, and then they took a lantern and long poles, in case they came on a drift, and they set off to walk six miles to ——, where the nearest priest lived, and the doctor, too. But I told them to go to the priest firstif ever they got there—and to get a horse at the inn and ask him to it back. But by the time they reached his house it was past midnight and all was over here.

It had stopped snowing, and there was a beautiful moon. It was freez ing, too, and you could see across the hills for miles. Being so white, it was all as light as day almost. My master lay quite still and did not speak. I had given him all the remedies, and the pain was less, I could see; but I knew that it was the end, the very end. I had a great fire of logs blazing on the hearth in his bedroom, and I had drawn the window purtains close, for the night was The door was wide open, for air, and there was a screen round the bed on that side. Now and then one of the women would creep up the stairs to the door, and ask in a whis-per it she could do anything. But there was nothing to do except to pray. I asked them to say the rosary

for him, the joyful mysteries, and they said they were doing so. He had taught them you see. He seemed to be unconscious. He had not spoken since they had carried him up-stairs, but he had his beads in his hand, and as I looked at him they seemed to be slipping through his fingers. It may have been the fire-light There were candles on the mantle-shelf, but I had not lit them. The room was quits light from the burning legs. I sat by the fire, when I was not kneeling by the soot of the bed, and prayed and prayed that the priest might come in time. Once he opened his eyes, and looked at me. There was a question in them, and I told him the men had gone for the priest long ago, and I hoped he would be here soon now. He smiled very sweetly, and shut his eyes, and I did not speak to him again " It was close on midnight when I

went to the window and looked out, wondering if possibly the priest might be coming by the lower road All the leaves being off the trees. I could see right down the crags into the valley. The moon was high. It was a lovely night. And then I saw through the leafless trees, right down at the foot of the crags, a light that ween't mounlight. It was a lantern, I thought at first, and I stood watching at the window before running down to unbolt the front door. I saw the light coming higher and higher up the path toward the house. Bright and golden it seemed, but as it came nearer I saw it wasn't a lantern. It was just a light, shining round a Figure that was coming up the crags through the snow, and I was so astonished that any one could find and keep that dan gerous, narrow path, hidden under deep snow, that I forgot to wonder about the lantern. Then as He came out at the top, just down there, close to the lawn, He stood still for a moment, and looked up at the

The silence that followed was so long that I was afraid she would be The father kneels away there by the unable to finish. I knew that I was trembling, and I felt that she was. But presently she went on: "He looked up, and His Face was shining, I cannot say more of that. I dare not You would not believe me. Even then I could not believe my own eyes, until I saw what He wors, it was a priest, vested for Mass, stood down there with bare feet in the snow, and His vestments shone like light. . . I thought I was asleep, dreaming, I dared not believe what I saw. And then I heard a sound from the bed, and when I turned there was my dear master, his eyes wide open, and a smile like an angel's on his face. And he said no word, but pointed to the door, nd waited as if he was listening. . do not know how I got down stairs but I found mysels in the dark hall, there was just a ray of light through the kitchen door, and I could hear those two women still saying the

was open. . . I flung it wide and knelt down almost behind it, for I was frightened, and covered my face. I saw nothing more. . . dared not look, but I know that. that He passed through, and went to my master, and He tock him away

rosary while I was fambling with the bolts and the lock, and then the door

"I think I must have fainted, for the next thing I knew was that the two women, who had felt the air from the open door and had come to see what was the matter, were lifting me up, and carrying me to the kitchen. But I stood up, and told them to wait, and I crept up the stairs to my master's door-oh! I don't know how I dared go in! But I did. I slipped round, snow was too deep for any one of the green. The room was stands. Sacrifice! Verily, this is a it a gift at all?

account of the drifts. I was afraid just as I had left it 10 minutes before. hard saying. It seems so galling to No sacrifice beyond our strength for him, for the bitter cold always The clock was ticking and the fire our tender flesh, so out of harmony is asked of us. True; but have we blazing, and the priest lay dead, with the same smile on his lips I had seen when I left him-but there was no one there. The doctor, when he came, said he had probably died in mind, and that was all there was to
it. And then, at 6 o'clock on Christits. And then, at 6 o'clock on Christmas Eve, he was suddenly taken ill—
it. Then I told Father Langdale and I think he must have given some idea of it to one or two people who were friends of my old master, and who felt, as you did, that it was hard that he should not have had the

> IMPERIAL CARBIDE Gives More Gas It costs less to use acety-lene when you buy Imperial Carbide. A new and better Carbide made in the larg-est and most modern car-bide factory in Canada. Stocked in all sizes by dealers everywhere. Write for free booklet and the name of your nearest deal-er—do it now, so you will know where to get Imperial when you need more UNION CARBIDE Co. of Canada Limited Dept. D Dominion Bank Building ONTARIO

last sacraments—on Christmas Eve. We kneel beside the marger of Bethlehem, and the thought of sacri-

last sacraments—on Christmas Eve.
. Sometimes I wonder if I dreamt it all—but I know I did not. Indeed, I have always known that I saw. For the very next morning, Christmas morning, on my wayto Mass (for the priest did get here about 9 in the morning, and said Mass for us early before he left.) I saw all the Christmas roses in flower—in full bloom, where the day before you could hardly see the buds. My master had been so sorry they would not be out to decorate the they would not be out to decorate the altar for the midnight Mass. They

were in big clumps, like white stars pushing through the snow. . . . Every one saw them, and wondered at them—for they had not seen what I had seen, and I said nothing, but I laid them in his hands, in his coffin. And ever since then, you'll not think I'm a fanciful old woman, we've always had Christmas roses for the midnight Mass."

THE CRIB IN THE CARMELITE CHURCH, DUBLIN

(W. M. Letts, in the Westminster Gazette) Foreninst the crib there kneels

little child, Behind him in her ragged shawl his mother,
For all the ages that have passed one

child Still finds God in another.

Now, look a how he wonders when he sees The shepherds with their lambs be-

side the manger. cattle, poor dumb creatures, looking down Upon the little Stranger.

An' there's our Saviour lying in the hay, Behind Him in her shawl His watchful Mother :

Two mothers with their sons—each knows the joys

door,
The hands he clasps in prayer are rough with lacor;
The likes of him that hunger and

that toil
Once called Saint Joseph's neighbor. Outside the church the people travel

The sick and sad, the needy, the neglected, But just across the threshold Bathle-

Where none will be rejected.

A LESSON FROM THE MANGER

Brother Leo, F. S. C., in The Missionary The blessed Christmastide is with us once more. This most beautiful, most appealing festival of the Christian year comes to us, in the midst of our workeday lives, with its myster. ies, its glories and its lessons. With bowed heads and softened hearts we kneel beside the manger, of Bethlehem. We pay the tribute of our devotion to the Virgin Mother, we offer the homage of our adoration to

the Infant God. We pray, earnestly and sincerely, that grace may be vouchesfed us to learn aright the lessons which the humble crib in the one of those lessons is the lesson of Sacrifice! Few of us, indeed, who Is strikes harebly upon our ears. The

do not wince at mention of the word. with the spirit of the age in which we live. Beside the manger, where unswerving loyalty. But why must there be mention of sacrifice

And yet is not the story of Bethlehem a story of sacrifice? Did not the beginning of Our Blessed Saviour's life mark the beginning of that loody culmination on Calvary's hill, and which continues even to day in the bloodless oblation of the holy Mass? What, if not sacrifice, mean the stable and the straw and the cold and the swaddling clothes and the Divine Intant's wailings? And is not the notion of sacrifice the light in which we read aright those pa thetic words of the Gospel narrative, "There was no room for them in the

We kneel beside the manger of Bethlehem, and we shudder at the thought of sacrifice. On that first Holy Night others knelt there, and and there learned the lesson of sacrifice. Mary thus learned it, Joseph thus learned it. And the shepherds from the neighboring bille, roused from their watchings over their flocks, learned it, too. Naught else but the spirit of sacrifice brought them to the Saviour's feet. Though the angel of the Lord stood by them, though the glory of God shone round about them, though the heavenly chorus rang cut its message of peace and good will, they might have remained in the relative comfort of their hillside camp. They might have persuaded themselves that the celestial voices were but dream voices, that the angelic message signified nothing. They might have pleaded their duty to their sheep, and refused to move from the vicinity

and as completely as in them lay, in the spirit of sacrifice. And they re-ceived their surpassing reward.

fice makes our hearts grow faint. But stout hearted and strong of soul were the Wiss Men from the East. Had they been otherwise they should have ignored the silent beckoning of the mysterious star. They, too, might have pleaded uncertainty, the discomforts of travel, the duties that lay nearer home. But, bravely and prayerfully, they set forth; and as, after so many weary days, they knelt beside the manger of Bethlehem, their hearts were glad, for they, offering their gifts, had learned the

lesson of sacrifice.
We kneel beside the manger of Bethlehem, and at the thought of sacrifice we grow of a sudden sad. Through more than nineteeu centuries earth's grandest men and women have knelt where we kneel to night, and in the thought of sacrifice they found a source of strength and holi ness and peace. The canonized saints, those heroes and heroines of Catholic history whose words and whose works thrill us and inspire even across the abysses of the years, won their greatness and their glory because they learned the lesson of sacrifice. That lesson is the explana tion of St. Paul's toilsome mission ary journeys, of St. Augustine's con version, of St. Jerome's sacred scholar ship, of St. Teresa's mysticism, of St Francis' unflinching devotion to the Lady Poverty, of St. Vincent de Paul's tireless ministrations to the needy and the oppressed. The saints loved

spirit of sacrifice was great.

We kneel beside the manger of
Bethlehem, and at the mention of sacrifice we reflect on the frailty of our bodies, the impotence of our wills, the baffling complexity of the world in which we live. We recall with a glow of warm, human feeling, the ties of friendship and affection that bind us to our fellowmen; must those ties be ruthlessly severed? We dwell on the thought of the little things—the books, the pictures, the souvenirs, the bric a brac—that we have gathered about us in the jour ney of life, little things rendered significant by reason of ballowed associations; must we give them up? We remember how pleasant we have found it to keep in touch with the lives of men, with the march of events; to rub shoulders with the crowd in the streets of the city; to share in the give and take of conversation in the club room and parlor er; must these things be for us no

much and did much because their

Let us, on this Christmas night kneeling beside the manger of Bethle hem, cast away all vain and idle fears. The little dimpled hands of the God Man are outstretched to us, almost touching our faces. They are promise of blessing, and of sacri Yes, of sacrifice; for in a fer short years those gentle hands will be torn by the cruel nails, and for us But now they are stretched forth be seechingly, as they were stretched out to the Magi. We know the gifts the Magi gave; what gifts have we

Of one thing let us be sure. The Infant Jesus does not ask us to do the impossible. Sacrifice He demands, sweetly but insistently, yet no sacrifice beyond our strength to make. There is consolation in this thought. And yet, must we on that account content ourselves with offering Him some ill-considered trifle. something that we can give readily and with no effort, something that having given, we shall never miss? ignore its interferences, to deny the The gift that involves no sacrifice on the part of the giver, may we call

measured our strength ? Do we not we live. Beside the manger, where judge ourselves more by what we we kneel, we are ready enough to have done, than by what we protest our love, our devotion, our might do, for God? Have we pondered those pregnant words Paul, that generous servant of God who gave himself "to spend and be spent" in the serving of the Divine Master, and who rapturously measured his strength thus : "I can supreme Sacrifice which reached its do all things in Him Who strengthen.

eth me? There is the solution of all our difficulties, the easing of all our burdens, the dissipation of all our fears. We are kneeling beside the manger let us lay our perplexities at the little Saviour's feet. If we are cowardly, let us ask Him for courage; if we are weak, let us ask Him for strength. If we are in doubt as to what gifts we should offer, let us ake counsel with the Babs of Bethlehem, who offered Himself for the Redemption of the world.

THE GENUFLEXION

When you bend the knee as you enter the church, do you realize what he act means? Not all Casholics do it we may judge by the quick little jerk that they give by way of genu-flexion. We are instructed to bow the head with repect to the house of God, even if the Blessed Sacrament is not there, but in the Presence we must give a greater mark of reverence. This is why we are told to bend the knee to the ground. The lighted lamp, glowing on the altar proclaims that the Blessed Sacrament is in the tabernacle. Surely no other warning should be needed to draw from us every outward wark of love and reverence. "When you see this lighted lamp on entering the church," have drawn their cloaks more closely about their shoulders, and decided to postpone their visit to the stable until the morrow. But they did none of these things. They acted, as well present in the Sacrament. It is an infallible and with all her infallib

should make it with all reverence that you are in the presence of Our Lord Himself, you will not feel hum-bled as you ought or show the reverare in His house.'

When the Wise Men came to Beth lehem, what was their first act? The Scripture tells us, 'Falling down

they adored Him."
We do the same thing before the Blessed Sacrament. Therefore, when you come into the church, never for get this act of reverence, never forget the homage due to the great God, Who roposes there in the takernacle wait ing for you and for me to come to Him. He watches with a Father's love for the little signs of true Cath olic devotion that prove how close He is held in the hearts of His children. If we truly love God, we can never be heedless of His Presence. - Sacred Heart Review.

DAILY MASS

"Every day, sweet son, hear Holy So spake the father to his son in the days of chivalry. It was the usual custom in those days, Leon work on that period.

Good Christians are eager to hear Holy Mass every morning. Like the mother of Saint Augustine, who says himself that she never falled to assist order thus to sanctify the beginning of their day. Had they numerous of cupations, they rose earlier, thus ren dering their action more meritorious

Daring his stay at Laghouat Gen eral Sonis, of whom Gallifet says "No one knew better than he both how to command and how to obey," never failed to assist at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. "At six and a half, or seven," wrote one of attaches, "he went to church in sil ence. I used to accompany him.

"This habit never interfered with the discharge of the important duties of his position. On the contrary, he found himself better disposed to fill them, as is always the case when one has peace of conscience and joy of heart.

"The best way to economize time, wrote Ozanam," is to lose about half an hour every morning at Holy Mass. How much dissipation does not this half hour conscientiously trench during the rest of the day!"

La Roche Jacquelein, expressing the same thought in his military language, said: "When I have lost my morning Mass, I live on a lower level all the rest of the day.'

The illustrous Daniel O'Connell, in spite of his basy life, was constantly faithful to this pious habit; and the Dominican, Father Burke, declares that what greatly contributed to his entering the priesthood was the de-vout attitude of the great Irish orator during Mass. - True Voice.

THE BIBLE WAS GIVEN US BY THE CHURCH

FATHER DRUM IN LECTURE SHOWED CHURCH WAS BE. GUN CENTURY BEFORE SCRIPTURES

Rev. Walter Drum, S. J., professor of Scripture in Woodstock College Woodstock, Md., delivered the first of a series of five lectures on "The Church and the Bible" in the hall of St Cecilia's Guild, Belvidere Street Back Bay, under the auspices of the League of Catholic Women. A large audience was present.

Father Drum took for his topic "No Book Without a Keeper," and demonstrated that there could be no Bible without the Church to preserve it. He said that the Protestant extreme view is the Bible, the whole Bible and nothing but the Bible. The Catholic extreme view is the Church, the whole Church and nothing but the Church. Between these two extremes is a true mean that leaves out neither the Bible nor the Church; but rightly rates each This via media puts the Bible in its place in regard to the Church and the Church in its place in regard to

First comes the Church. It is be fore the Bible in point of time, in apologetic worth and in dogmatic

In point of time the matter is per fectly clear. The Church was estab-lished before the death of Christ, let us say 29 A. D; and was com pletely founded on the first Pentecost Day. Her doctrines were fully evolved before the death of Johnthat is between 100 and 110 A. D. Since the death of John there has been nothing added to the deposit of faith; nor can there be aught added

thereto. But how about the Bible ? When was it brought into being? Not un il about 220 A. D More than s hundred years of perfect organization in doctrine went by, after the death of John; and then, and then only, so far as the evidence allows us to form a judgment,—was the Bible as

it now is.

Apologetically the Church is before the Bible because we may establish the Church without the Bible; whereas we have no Bible unless the Church gives it to us. Dogmatically the Church is before the Bible for like reason. Unless the Church be infallible and with all her infallibil ity tell us that the Bible is the Word of God, we have no more right to take the Bible as divine than the Moham-

Record Juvenile Library

By the Best Authors - Each Volume with Illustrated Jacket Neat Cloth Bindings Copyright Books

Free by mail, 35 cents per volume
LIBERAL DISCOUNT TO THE REV. CLERGY AND RELIGIOUS
The Best Series of Catholic Story-Books Published

Little Lady of the Hall. Nora Rye-Miralda. Mary Johnston.

The Mad Knight. From the German of O. v. Schaching.

The Children of Cupa. Mary E. Mannix. The Violin Maker. Adapted by Sara The Great Captain. Katharine Tynan The Young Color Guard. Mary G. The Haldeman Children. Mary E. Two Little Girls. Lillian Mack.

The Berkleys. Emma Howard Wight. Bob O'Link. Mary T. Waggaman. Bunt and Bill. Clara Mulholland. The Little Apostle on Crutche Henriette E. Delamare.

Little Missy. Mary T. Waggaman.

Seven Little Marshalls. Mary F
Nixon-Roulet. As True as Gold. Mary E. Mannix.
The Golden Lily. Katharine Tyne
Hipkan For the White Rose. Katharine Tynan The Dollar Hunt. From the French by Recruit Tommy Collins, Mary G. Bonesteel A Summer at Woodville. Anna T.

The Captain of the Club. Valentine Wil-The Countess of Glosswood. Translated.
Drops of Honey. Rev. A. M. Grussi.
Father de Lisle. Cecilia M. Caddell.

The Feast of Flowers and Other Stories. The Lamp of the Sanctuary and Other The Little Lace-Maker and Other Stories. Lost Genoveffa. Cecilia M. Caddell. The Little Follower of Jesus. Rev. A. M. Grussi. The Miner's Daughter. Cecilia M. Caddell.

One Hundred Tales for Children. Canon Christopher Von Schmid. Oramaika, An Indian Story Translated. AUGHTER AND TEARS by Marion J. Brunowe.

THE TUFKISH CAMP and Other Stories By Konrad Kuemmel. From the German, by Mary Richards Gray. THE BLUE LADY'S KNIGHT. by Mary F. Nixon. WHAT THE FIGHT WAS ABOUT and Othe Stories. A Book about Real Live American Boys By L. W. Reilly.

PRINCE ARUMUGAM, the Steadfast Indian Convert. By A. v B. A beautiful little story describing the abstacles which a Brahman Prince was forced to surmount in order to become a Christian.

CHILDREN OF MARY. A Tale of the Caucasus. By Rev. Joseph Spillmann, S. J MARON. The Christian Youth of the Lebanon. By A. v B.

MAV B.

THE QUEEN'S NEPHEW. An Historical Narration from the Early Japanese Mission. By Rev. Joseph Spillmann, S. J. Translated by Mary Richards Gray. THE TRIP TO NICARAGUA. A Tale of the Days of the Conquistadores, By Rev. Jos. Spillmann, S. J. Translated by Mary Richards Gray. The Cablin Boys. A Story for the Young. By mann, of our boys and girls.

THE CABIN BOYS. A Story for the Young. By Mary Richards Gray. THE CABIN BOYS. A Story for the Young. By Mary Richards Gray. UNEXECED AND SAVED. A story for boys, by Mrs. Parsons.

The Ups and Downs of Marjorie.

Mary T. Waggaman.

In Quest of Adventure. Mary E. Mary E. Trainer Smith.

Trainer Smith. Three Girls, and Especially One

Tom's Luck-Pot. Mary T. Waggaman An Every-Day Girl. Mary C. Crowley By Branscome River. Marion The Madcap Set at St. Anne's. The Blissylvania Post Office. Marios A. Taggart,
An Heir of Dreams, S. M. O'Malley.
The Peril of Dionysio. Mary E.
Mannix.

Daddy Dan. Mary T. Waggaman. Tooralladdy. Julia C. Walsh.

The Little Girl From Back East.
Isabel J. Roberts.

The Bell Foundry. Otto von Schach.

The Queen's Page. Katharine Tynas The Sea-Gulls' Rock. J. Sandeau. Jack-O'-Lantern. Mary T. Waggaman Pauline Archer. Anna T. Sadlier.

Bistouri. A. Melandri. A Hostage of War. Mary G. Bone Fred's Little Daughter. Sara Traines Dimpling's Success. Clara Mulhol-

An Adventure With the Apachee Gabriel Ferry. Pancho and Panchita. Mary E Mannix. Cupa Revisited. Mary E. Mannix. The Mysterious Doorway. Anna T. A Pilgrim From Ireland. Rev. M. Carnot. Translated by M. E. Manniz. Our Dumb Pets — Tales of Birds and Animals. Selected.

The Orohan of Moscow. Mrs. James Sadlier. The Prairie Boy. Rev. John Talbot Smith. The Pearl in Dark Waters. Cecilia M. Caddell.

Caddell.

The Queen's Confession. Raoul de Navery.

Rosare. Translated by Sister of Mercy.

The Rose of Venice. S. Christopher.

Seven of Us. Marion J. Brunowe. Sophie's Troubles. Countess de Segur. Stories for Catholic Children. Rev. A. M. Grussi. Grussi.
Tales of Adventure. Selected.
The Two Cottages. Lady Georgiana

The Two Stowaways. Mary G. Bonesteel. Virtues and Defects of a Young Girl at Home and at School. Ella M. McMahon.

THREE INOIAN TALES. Namameha and Watmilka, by Alex. Baumgartner, S. J. -Takko, st Young ladian Mesionary. By A. v. B. -Tath Rene's Last Journey, by Anton Hounder, S. Translated by Miss Helena Long. THE SHIPW ECK. A story for the Young. By Rev. Joseph Spillmann, S. J. Translated from the German by Mary Richards Gray.

THE CHIQUITAN FESTIVAL OF CORPUS CH-1ST1 DAY. A Tale of the Old Missions of South America. By Fev Joseph Spillmann, S. J. Translated from the German by Mary Richards Gray. CROSSES AND CROWNS. By Rev. Joseph

BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL. A Tale of the Neg o Uprising in Haiti. By Nev. Joseph Spill-mann, S J. Translated by Mary Richards Gray.

The Catholic Record, London, Ont.

Assumption College, SANDWICH

Conducted by the Fathers of St. Basil

Boarding School for Young Men and Boys Offering College or Arts Course, High School Course, Business

Course, and Preparatory Course for Younger Boys A new Gymnasium will be opened this fall. Swinming Pool, Running Track, Handball Courts. Acres of Campus extending to the banks of the Detroit River. New Dormitory Building to be opened in September. Private Room accommodation for 100 students.

FALL TERM OPENS MONDAY, SEPT. 6, 1916 For Catalogue and particulars address Rev. F. Forster, C. S. B., President

Westervel School Y.M.C.A. BLDG., LONDON, ONT. Students assisted to positions. College opens Sept 1st. Catalogue free. Enter any time.

J. W. WESTERVELT J. W. WESTERVELT, Jr. C.A. St. Jerome's College

Founded 1864 BERLIN, ONTARIO Excellent Business College Department. Excellent High School or Academic Department. Excellent College and Philosophical Department.

REV. A. L. ZINGER, C.R., Ph. D., PRES Loretto Ladies' Business College 385 Brunswick Ave., Toronto

MUSIC STUDIO ATTACHED AUTOMOBILES, LIVERY, GARAGE

R. HUESTON & SONS Livery and Garage. Open Day and Night.
479 to 483 Richmond St.
Phone 443
Phone 441

FINANCIAL THE ONTARIO LOAN & DEBENTURE CO Capital Paid Up. \$1,750,000. Reserve \$1,450,000 Deposits received, Debentu es issued, Real Estat Loans made. John McClary, Pres: A. M. Smart, Mgr Offices: Dundas St., Cor. Market Lane, London.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS FOY, KNOX & MONAHAN Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, &c.

Hon. J. J. Fov. K. C. A. E. Knox, T. Louis Monahan E. L. Middleton George Keough Cable Address: "Foy" Telephones { Main 794 Main 794 Offices: Continental Life Building CORNER BAY AND RICHMOND STREETS TORONTO



H. L. O'ROURKE, B. A. (Also of Ontario Bar)
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY Money to Loan
Suite 5, Board of Trade Building,
231 Eighth Avenue Wes CALGARY, ALBERTA

OHN T. LOFTUS, 712 TEMPLE BUILDING Telephone Main 632

> P. J. O'GORMAN Plans, Specifications, Estimate SUDBURY, ON r. FRANK J. FOLEY, LL. B.

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR The Kent Building Corner Yonge and Fichmond Streets TORONTO, ONT. D. BUCKLES. secutor.

Solicitors for
Bank of Montreal
Quebec Bank
Union Bank
Nor. Crown Bank R. DONALD A. MACPHERSON, LL. B. BUCKLES, DONALD & MacPHERSON Barristers, Solicitors, Etc.

Suite 206 Healy-Booker Block Swift Current, Sask.

Funeral Directors

John Ferguson & Sons 180 King Street The Leading Undertakers and Embalmer Open Night and Day Telephone-House 373 Factory-543

E. C. Killingsworth Funeral Director Open Day and Night

491 Richmond St. Phone 8971

The Catholic Record

Rev. James T. Foley, B. A. Thomas Coffey, LL. D.

Rev. D. A. Casey. H. F. Mackinton and Sparetti, late Apostolic Delegate, the Archbishops of Toronto, King, and St. Boniface, the Bishops of Lon. Peterborcugh, and Ogdensburg, N. Clergy throughout the Dominion. following agents are authorized to retions and carvas for the CATHOLIC RECC. al agents: Mesers. P. J. Neven, B. J. Bro. Hagarty, and Miss Sara Hanley, Resi. D. J. Murray, Montreal; Ceorge B. Hewel Mrs. W. S. Smith. Halley.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1915

CHRISTMAS GREETING "Peace on earth to men of good

While the insatiable carnage of

the War has claimed as victims, husbands, fathers, brothers, and sweethearts, bringing desolation to millions of Christian homes, while millions more are swept like chaff before the tremendous sweep of contending armies, the Christmas message of peace and good-will may seem to many a cruel mockery of their grief. And yet at no time since the first Christmas morning when the angels sang the glorious anthem did the world stand in so great need of the consoling message. And, perhaps, just because of the horrors of war its significance will be more deeply felt. To many millions the war has brought the realization of the great truth that the hopeless inequalities of this life are made right by Infinite Justice in the greater and more complete life to come.

In the light of this great Christian truth we wish our readers, old and young, all the graces and blessings of this holy Christmas season.

OUR FRENCH-CANADIAN

Perhaps Mr. Bourassa is the negligeable quantity that he seems to be, or, perhaps, as we think likely, he represents a body of sentiment in the Province of Quebec much larger than the dwindling influence of Le Devoir might indicate.

At any rate he is quoted in our newspapers as having said that the position of French-Canadians in Ontario is worse than that of the inhabitants of Alsace-Lorraine : and that the problem of the two-hundred thousand French-Canadians in Ontario is more important than all the issues that underlie the present war. Well, the present war is incomparably the biggest thing that has happened in our life time, One of the most significant things in the present war is the alleged failure of Onebec to supply her due proportion of men to help win the victory. The Honorable Pierre Blondin, who represents that province in the Dominion Cabinet, says that it is not a lack of Patriotism but a lack of Organization that is the matter. He the burden of proof should lie with is so emphatic as to say that if his native province is indifferent in this great world war he would wipe it off the man of the Dominion. He would have "the name of Quebec buried in oblivion for the sake of our own children." It is worth while record. ing his speech along with Mr.

We care nothing about past utterances of this accredited representative of French - Canadians when he takes a stand so decided and unequivocal in the present crisis.

But Mr. Bourassa and others are taking a stand that is quite different.

Let us for a moment consider the grounds on which our French. Canadian friends base their school claims and their charges of Ontario Prussianism. Perhaps if such claims were voiced only the eccentric and erratic Mr. Bourassa they would not be worth while noticing. But the leading article in L'Action Catholicque (formerly l'Action Sociale) the other day was entitled "Justice pour nos Freres." And its views represent Quebec's demands in the matter of education in Ontario. It states that the Meredith judgment " constitutes au event seriously disquisting for the future of Canada."

The sooner our friends in Lower Canada get rid of such ideas the better it will be for Quebec and its

viction, of Ontario is that she has an absolute right to form her own school system.

The British North America Act permitted the Catholics of Ontario to have their own schools. which were a department of the Common School system. The development of the Catholic school system has been retarded by the exorbitant claims of the French-Canadians, who would make, if they were allowed, the Separate school system of Ontario merely the counterpart of the dissentient school system of Quebec. And they would have language as well as religion the basis of separa-

In the pre-Confederation debates any rights of the French language in Ontario schools were simply unthought of. There was a discussion as to whether or not the use of the French language was to be obligatory in the Parliament of Canada. Whether "shall" should be substituted for "may." And the substitution was not made. But it never seemed to have occurred to the French Canadian representatives of that day to ask that the French language should be recognised in either the schools or the courts of Ontario.

When Mr. Bourassa talks of twohundred thousand French-Canadians in Ontario he conveniently forgets that one hundred thousand, and perhaps one hundred and fifty thousand or more are thoroughly anglicized, and would resist as ardently as les Orang. istes or the hardly less objectionable Irlandais, any attempt to bilingualize their schools.

Just leave the French-Canadians of Ontario alone and they will settle all their difficulties satisfactorily. But when Quebec agitators, whose totally different educational ideals are formed elsewhere, get in their work there is trouble. If our able to take care of themselves they action. would hardly be worth troubling about.

Therefore we should advise our Quebec brethren to mind their own business. There are language diffi culties in many countries but in no country in the wide world has a conquered race been treated so generously as in the province of Quebec. When the exceptional privileges with regard to the French language enjoyed in that province are made the basis for arrogant demands in other parts of Canada it is at once a tribute to and an abuse of the generosity which granted them. Beyond the federal parliament and the federal courts, we repeat, French Canadian representatives at the time of Confederation had no thought of asking that French should be recognized as an official language outside of the Province of Quebec.

THE STURGEON FALLS CASE

The Railway Board has decided that the Spanish River Pulp and Paper Company cannot divert part of unless it can show that just that pro portion of its stock is held by Catholic shareholders. This decision is probably in accordance with the law as it stands, though it does seem that the plaintiffs in the case. Yet "in the opinion of the Board such proof is upon the actor, in this case the corporation and its directors."

Though, some years ago, the Sturgeon Falls case occupied considerable space in the newspapers it may not be out of place to give a history of the problem which has so recently found its way into the courts.

The Separate school at Sturgeon Falls is a bilingual school; but the tax question is in no sense bound up with the claims of bilingual extremists.

Some years ago when it was a question whether or not the Sturgeon Falls Paper Mill would locate in Sturgeon Falls the Public and Separate school boards agreed to share in a fixed proportion the school taxes on said mills.

Whether or not this agreement was intended to influence the vote on the exemption of the Sturgeon Falls Paper Mill from all taxes other than school taxes it may be left to the perspicacity of our readers to deter-

The by-law exempting this company passed after the agreement between the Public and Separate school boards had been entered into The ink was hardly dry on the agreement, which Catholics are pervers enough to believe was concluded to influence their votes, when the Pubinfluence in the affairs of the Domin- lie school board under the influence of the Reverend Mr. Piercey re-

ion was sought and passed in 1904 validating the agreement between the Public and Separate School Boards. On account of the shame less manner in which the Public School Board had been induced to act this legislation had the unique distinction of being passed without a dissenting voice on either side of the House.

The mill changed hands and was subsequently enlarged to ten times its original capacity. The old agreement - validated by act of Parlia ment-had no longer any force; but the Board of Directors of their own free will by resolution under the Act directed that one-third of their fixed assessment should be set apart to the support of the Separate school Something that is worthy of note is that this action increased the company's taxes by about \$1,500; the Public school rate being about 51 mills on the dollar while the Separate school rate is 12 mills, and the total fixed assessment of the company's property being about \$800,-

The action was taken on behalf of the Public School Board by C. W. Parliament and our old liberty-loving and fair-dealing friend, the Rev. Mr. C. Piercey. Without knowing anything about the Sturgeon Falls Public School Board we feel quite sure that only for the Rev. Mr. Piercey-and C. W. Parliament whoever he may be-no such action would have ever been entered before the Ontario Railway Board. The sense of fair-play and decency sets a limit to shameless bigotry in most places in Ontario.

It should be noted that neither the Separate School Board of Sturgeon Falls nor any other Catholics had any hand, act, or part in the case inst decided. It was not the Sturgeon Falls Public School Board, but the Rev. C. Piercey and C. W. Parliament French-Canadian friends were not on their behalf that instituted the

There are a lot of Protestants in Ontario who feel keenly the disgrace of counting the Rev. Mr. Piercey on world work out its destiny. their side.

Before the Railway Board the Spanish River Pulp and Paper Company swore that 87 per cent of their employees' children were receiving their education in the Separate school. These employees must bear their full share of the exemption granted to the company.

If the law is properly interpreted by the Ontario Railway Board-and we have no reason to doubt it-then the law should be changed.

PROVINCIAL BOUNDARY LINES "Rome, Dec. 9th .- At the Consistory Pope Benedict to day appointed Mgr. Matthieu Archbishop of Regins, Mgr. Belliveau Archbishop of St. Boniface and Mgr. Sinnott Archbishop of Winnipag. Mgr. Sinnott is Secretary of

of the Papal Ablegate at Ottawa."

The Northwest Review in giving this despatch adds "we have been unable to verify the report." of Rome respecting state and provincial boundaries. By raising Regina to an archiepiscopal see the civil limits of | holidays. Saskatchewan are recognized in creating a new ecclesiastical province. Alberta and British Columbia had already received like consideration. Everywhere throughout the world it is the policy of Rome to recognize national, state and provincial bound-

aries. The one civil boundary in Canada where such considerations imperatively demand to be taken into account is that between Ontario and Quebec. In these provinces there are not only different school systems but different languages. There is quite as much reason for respecting civil boundaries in this case as in the case of Italy and Austria or of France and Germany. Yet this is the one place where the delimitation of dicceses utterly disregard the civil boundaries.

It is hardly necessary to point out that the consequences are undesirable and that here, also, Rome's wise and prudent policy should go Order's institution by Empress into effect.

With regard to Mgr. Sinnott the Catholics of Canada will hardly need timony to the efficiency of the Adany information. He has been miral's services to his adopted Secretary to the Delegation at Ottawa country. "Your hearty and zealous for fifteen years. There is probably service," the letter reads, "shown to not a man in Canada, with the possible exception of Bishop Fallon who gave missions all over the country. who is so thoroughly conversant with | wi hing to demonstrate it to the ecclesiastical affairs and conditions whole world are graciously pleased as Mgr. Sinnott. Whether as bishop to name you a Knight of the First We doubt if the great body of

bring to his responsible office a fund with our own hands invested you of knowledge and experience that will be invaluable.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE PARTICIPATION of Canada in the great War has renewed interest in the many trophies of former wars scattered up and down the country, whether in private hands, or, as pub lie property, in the parks and squares of our cities and larger towns. For the most part these consist of cannon taken by the armies of Great Britain in the many wars which the maintenance of her world wide posses sions and the protection of her commerce have from time to time forced

IN FRONT of the Parliament Buildings at Toronto there are two of these pieces which, as their inscription informs us, were taken from the Russians at Sevastopol, and presented to the Government of Canada as memorials of what, in the light of subsequent events, many statesmen have come to regard as that great blunder, the Crimean War. Be this as it may, the guns and many others like them throughout the country remain as dumb tributes to the valor and patient endurance of British Irish and French soldiers under un usually trying circumstances.

THESE TROPHIES of the past may also be regarded as memorials of the alliance which then existed between Great Britain and France, and which, maintained uninterruptedly through the intervening sixty years, has been deepened and strengthened by their common championship of justice and civilization in the present titanic struggle. And it may be allowable to regard as a happy omen for the future peace of the world that Russia, against whom the Western Powers were combined in the affair of the Crimea, now stands shoulder to shoulder with them against the Teutonic aggressor. So does the

REFERRING TO war trophies we are reminded of two interesting pieces which attracted our attention some years ago. Visitors to the quaint little town of Perth, Ontario, will have perhaps remarked two brass field-pieces (three pounders) which stand in the open space in front of the court house there. These have an unusually interesting history. They were originally taken from the French in Flanders by the Duke of York. They were afterwards used by the British in the American Revolutionary War, and were taken from General Burgoyne at the battle of by the Americans in the War of 1812-15. they were re-taken by the British and Canadians at Chrystler's Farm November 11th, 1818. The two guns have still (or had twenty five years ago) the original trails and axles, and bear the inscription on the breech: "J & R Verbruggan, fecerits taxes to the Separate school So far as we are able to ascertain the unt 1775 and 1776,"-which would inicate them to be of Flemish manu authoritative confirmation. It has facture. They were taken to Perth the appearance of truth. It is en. at the close of the war where they tirely in accord with the wise policy have ever since remained. They used to be used-perhaps are stillfor saluting purposes on national

> ANOTHER INTERESTING fact which has been recalled by the War is that the "Father of the Russian Navv was a Scotsman, Sir Samuel Greig. who flourished in the time of the great Empress, Catherine II. On occasion of the investiture last year of the Cross of St. Valdimir upon member of the British Legation at Petrograd, it was stated that this was the first instance of the bestowal of this honor upon a foreigner. This statement was very wide of the mark for it soon transpired that the same decoration had been conferred upon Sir Samuel Greig, considerably over a hundred years ago (in 1782, to be exact), and that another Scotsman, Captain Hew Stewart of the Royal Navy was similarly honored in

SIR SAMUEL Greig, Admiral of all the Russians, was one of the first recipients of the Cross after the Catherine. The letter conferring the decoration is an interesting tesus in the execution of affairs entrusted to your charge has entitled you to our Imperial regard, and

The opinion, we might say the con- pudiated the agreement. Legisla- or archbishop of Winnipeg he will Class of St. Valdimir, and having Anglican churchmen will be prewith the Insignia of the Order desire you to wear it in the established manner, firmly persuaded that having received this mark of distinction you, in course of your future service will merit further proofs of our good will."

> SIR SAMUEL DIED in 1788, shortly after the naval engagement off Hoghland. For his services at that battle he received the order of St. Andrew in an autograph letter from the Empress. His valor as a seaman has remained one of the best traditions of the Russian Navy. One of the new Russian battleships launched last year was named after him, "The Admiral Greig." His family had become naturalized in Russia, and the Admiral's grandson became Minister of Finance and Chancellor of the Empire under Tear Alexander II. The last Russian Greig was aide to the Grand Duke Cyril and lost his life at Port Arthur in the war with Japan. The family is still represented in the female line by Prince Oukhtemsky, Countess Stenbech and Countess Vera Tolstoi. Five great grandsons hold commissions in the British Army.

RELATING THE story of the conver sion to the Catholic Faith of a Methodist Episcopal missionary in China -aconversion brought about through reading Cardinal Newman's "Apologia," a contemporary asks : "Did the Cardinal ever imagine that his book would reach a Protestant missionary in inland China, and lead him to renounce all to gain the pearl of great price ? What, then, it may be added, about Catholic books under a weight of dust in many lib raries? It you will not read them yourselves, put them into the hands of others. In the language of Scripture, cast them as bread upon the waters, and learn of the rich return in souls in the next world if not in this.

BISHOPS OF THE Church of Eng land in England have a long-estabdecorum. As teachers of truth or leaders of men they can scarcely, in the light of history, be taken seriously, but their character for the most part, as gentlemen and scholars has been pretty well maintained for at least a hundred years. It remained reputation. Under the title "Monopoly in Religion," he has contributed to the November Nineteenth Century and After, sixteen pages of diatribe and loose thinking which Saratoga. Pressed into service again would discredit even the Kensit school, and which, if taken by itself, would stigmatize the Bishop as little better than an ecclesiastical rowdy. THE ESSAY-if such it may be

called-is not specifically directed against the Catholic Church, but it requires the merest glance to see that that is its one motif and aim. he Bighen must be one of those Anglican dignitaries who, interjecting themselves into the War zone in France, and essaying to make use of Catholic churches for the holding of Protestant services were courteously but firmly reminded that a Catholic church was a consecrated temple, set apart for a sacred rite, and not, for one moment to be diverted to other uses. This was the experience of several, and they seem not to have relished it. Consequently, on the raturn of the like to England they relieved themselves in print of their stored-up resentment. THE RISHOP of Carlisle, we repeat

must have been one of these. At least, his Nineteenth Century article breathes pique and wounded vanity in every line. Its coarseness may be seen in its references to the Holy Eucharist; its ignorance in the worn-out calumny about absolution being a matter of price ; and its loose reasoning in that its author has failed to perceive that the same arguments which he directs against the Church may with equal or greater force be directed against Christianity itself or against its Divine Founder. If the Bishop's theory were to hold, Islam. ism, or Buddhism, or Confucianism, or any esoteric cult would have equal claim with Christianity to man's allegiance ; Christ's injunction to preach the Gospel to every creature would resolve itself into an insolent monopoly," and all the sufferings of the Confessors, the blood of the Martyrs, and the tribulations of missionaries to heathen nations would have been in vain.

pared to follow the Bishop of Carlisle in so sweeping an hypothesis.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

Perhaps while our newspapers are giving us vain glorious twaddle about the War is may be useful to read what a pro-British Military Ex pert in a pro-British paper has to say about our military achievements. The following is from the New York Times:

In justice to England it must be said that the British fleet has cleared the seas and has thereby made it possible for the Allies to control the world's markets of food and shell. England has also supplied troops in numbers at least five times as great as what her Allies and herself considered her quota at the outset. But at the same time England has fallen far below the standard set by the French and has either through disaffection at home, incompatence, or some other cause, almost totally failed to measure up to the demand that German efficiency and prepared-ness put upon her. France, with a population but little if any greater than that of the British Isles, has kept in the field an army of nearly 3,000 000 men, England not more than 1,000 000 French inefficients have been weeded out by the rubless hand of Joffre, who sees only the good of France. England's inefficients are still in command, if we may

Neuve Chapelle saw the beginning of what should have been a great victory, truly important in its re-salts. But its end saw the infantry disrupted and disorganized by an adartillery pumping shrappel and shell artillerymen could work the guns, and utter lack of co-operation between the arms.

Somewhat later the German counterstroke came and the French back around the Ypres salient, saw their first line of trenches occupied by the Germans, and the entire posi-tion at Ypres threatened, and this after numerous thrusts against the French line in the Argonne and elsewhere had been thrown back. Then came the operations against

the Dardanelles. If history com-ments on this move at all it will be only to point out its impossibility. No nation but an England led by a popular superstition to believe in a lished reputation for dignity and navy to which anything was possible pin pricks against all our military would have for a moment even con sidered an operation against land for without a thoroughly tifications worked outco operative plan between the military and naval branches of the service. England's realization Gallipoli has disposed of over three British army corps with absolutely in this generation for the Bishop of nothing to show for it but another Carlisle to seriously compromise that inglorious defeat. And now there is absolutely no chance of doing much more by way of Gallipoli than has vet been done. There remain out of his venture two considerationsfirst, how to get off the peninsula, and, second, what will be the effect on British prestige in the Far East if the troops do leave ?

The next blunder made its appearance in the latter part of September in the drive in Artois against Lens. Here the mistakes of Neuve Chapelle were repeated. The British went forward at Loos and advanced some distance east of Hill No. 60. The British commander at this part of actually. The result was that when the advance troops had penetrated deeply into the German lines and were exhausted by their efforts, British reserves were nowhere to be found, and a movement which should have and could have shaken, if not broken, the German hold on Lille was almost entirely fruitless. How the Black Watch was left unsupported to bear the brunt of the German counterattack which fol-lowed immediately was told in detail shortly after the battle. The discouraging feature was its effect on the French plans. For months the French has been preparing for this advance at a not inconsiderable sacrifice of men and shell. All the fighting in the Labyrinth, in front of Souchez, and at Notre Dame de Lorette that marked the late Spring and Summer had for its object an advance against Lens and the German communications at Lille. But the ncompetence of British leadership

nullified it.

The final blow was the military and diplomatic failure in the Balkans Not only was Bulgaria allowed to go against the Entente, but Engla utterly failed to send her quota of

troops to Serbia's aid.

Lastly—and this affects England alone rather than her allies—there is the British defeat by the German. led Turkish troops in the region of Bagdad. Late in September the British forces under General Townshend won a decisive victory over the Turks in Mesopotamia between towns of Kut and Nakhailat on the Tigris. But in the week past the tables were turned and it was the British Army that was in retreat.

All this coupled with domestic disturbances, Cabinet upheavals, and disloyalty of native citizens, was well calculated to shake the faith of Britain's allies in British military prowess, and it is not to be wondered at that the French seem to have taken matters into their own hands and assumed the dominant position

in the Allies' war council. Rumors Allies' camp, and it is entirely con-ceivable that such exists. France and Russia have done their part and have suffered grievously. England boasts that she has not yet been wounded. Harden, the great German writer, has made the same statement. That British statesmen can write with writer and the same statement. point with pride to such a condition when France is bleeding at every pore, Serbia has experienced a cata-clysm, and Russia holds a line of defense several hundred miles inside of her boundaries, indicates a rather peculiar condition of the British mind. Britain will be wounded, and sorely so, before a treaty of peace is made, and the sooner she can put wounds while inflicting still more serious wounds on her enemies, the sooner the day of peace will come.

T. P. O'CONNOR

DOUBT AND UNCERTAINTY GIVE PLACE TO OPTIMISM

A VISIT TO BYRON'S BOME

London, Dec. 18.—Last west ended in anxious uncertainty; this week, on the contrary, ends not only with a feeling of decided relief but actually with feelings of high hope for the Allies.

Bulgarian forces hurled against them in Serbia, and even greater up them the Saloniki excertainty whether the Saloniki expedition should be continued or
abandoned. Military opinion in England foresaw difficulties from the
beginning and foretold the impossibility of rescuing the Serbian army.

enceau insisted with equal vehe-mence that the place to beat the Germans was in France. Both prophecies on the whole beat Great French journalists like Cle prophecies on the whole have been tol sified by the unfolding of events The English and French troops not only are now safe but can entrench themselves safely in Saloniki and await confidently the new advance.

postponed now until Spring.

In the meantime several serious political consequences have come from the successful retreat and the determination to hold Saloniki. Greece only waited the word of determine demands to make their task possible by withdrawing some troops at Saloniki and abandoning the policy of

movements.

Russia in the meantime is slowly gathering and perhaps more slowly equipping her new army. While Roumania is biding her time she will doubtless join the Allies when Res-

sia's backing makes her secure.

This transformation of the whole military situation in the Balkans since last week has produced a greater feeling of optimism in the greater feeling of optim

Allied countries.
All Irishmen are proud of the tremendous part played by the Tenth Trish division in the Balkan retreat.

Though the feat they accomplished cost many lives the magnificent and far reaching achievement shows that

their blood was not shed in vain.

Partly owing to John Redmond's remonstrances, backed by the opinion of all English parties, these deeds he Irish regiments have receive full notice in all papers. All parties abound in recognition of the incomabound in recognition of the incom-parable bravery of the Irish soldier. The chief regiments were the Muns the line selected the time when the ters, Leinsters, Connaught Rangers British advance line was over a mile and Inniskillings. The first three to the east of the present position are almost entirely Catholic and Nationalists and Catholice. The latter here, as elsewhere, have forgotten the old Irish foud in the common defence of Englan Ireland's fight for European liberty. At home there has been an impor

tant and anxious debate on the bill to prolong the life of Parliament, in which a small group, partly Liberal and partly Tory critics, hoped to utilize the occasion to deal a heavy blow, perhaps even precipitate another change in the Ministry. But Bonar Law's splendid loyalty and convincing speech destroyed the combination and the Ministry stands strongly against all opponents.
week may have a decisive debt Next the question of conscription. The extraordinary returns Derby's recruiting campaign prove that all the men wanted are to be had by voluntary instead of compul-sory methods. Ireland certainly does not want conscription for Lord Lientenant Wimbourne, in the last 100,000 Irishmen already recruited. Spending a week end at Notting-ham, I suddenly realised that I was

not far away from Newstead Abbey, the home of Lord Byron, nor from the little church in which he was buried. I found also that Newstead Abbey had passed into the hands of a friend of mine : so when I announced that I wanted to pay a visit to the shrine of the most compelling figure in British literature, I received an invitation to lunch, and had my own time to inspect the place. The present owner is Sir Arthur Markham. He is a Nottinghamshire man; was born within twelve miles of Newstead; has amassed a great fortune in coal. and is a striking figure in the House of Commons, outspoken, andacious, almost an Ishmael, because he criticises so freely all men even in the highest positions. Whatever his eccentricity, however, in the House, he has the genius for business; no mine almost he has ever touched has failed to turn to gold.

tral home, he described himself as living in a palace. In some respects the description is true. To-day it looks splendid; hoary with age and memories; an epitome in some respects of the History of England. As its name implies, it was once an Abbey, and was one of the monatic institutions which Henry VII. diverted from the church to his nobles; the foundation of most of the fortunes of the ancient aristocracy of England, including the Cavendishes, the Fitz maurices, of whom Lord Lansdowne maurices, of whom Lord Lansdowne is the head, and the Russells, with the Duke of Bedford as the present leader of that illustrious line. There is scarcely a part of the building, even with modern improve-ments, that does not look like a monastery. Everywhere you pass through cloister, some of them reminiscent of the cloisters in the House

of Commons, now used as a cloak room, but relies of the days when an Abbey began to make Westminster one of the notable spots in the growing village of London. It was a cold day, and a walk through these long and bare cloisters made one shiver; as a matter of fact, there are hot water pipes all over the place, but the restless spirit of the great business man who is now the pos-sessor has resolved on radical im-provements, and for the moment the hot water pipes were up, and the hot water pipes were up, and the

Around there are remnants of the ings; they are more ordess in ruin, and this adds to the air of ancient and brooding history which is characteristic of the whole place. It is extremely irregular; there are big and almost palatial rooms, and then there are tiny rooms where you could scarcely swing a cat. The stairs in some places are steep and narrow. The room in which Baron himself used to live is at the top of the house; might as well indeed be called an attic; but it has a beauti-ful view out on the grounds and the remnants of the old abbey. You have to approach it by one of those winding little staircases; nowadays it would be objected to by a domestic servant of a lordly footman, as too remote and too troublesome to

Each of the big bedrooms has a history. The Royal family preserved the right to use these bedrooms when themselves in that part of the coun try. One room is called the King Edward II. room, and another the room of Charles II. : a third is called the Duke of Sussex room. Poor Byron did not make much use of these spacious and palatial chambers: he was too poor when he was transserred to Newstead and had to content with a few of the smaller rooms including that attic in which he lived and dreamed; and started the poem that in a day made him famous and immortal instead of poor and

There are a few Byron relics in the Abbey, a sword and some other relics of the ancestors—those strange and eccentric soldiers and sailors who gave to Byron the hot blood and the abnormal nerves that at once made him a post and an outcast. Curiously enough, there are more reminiscences of David Livingstone, the great explorer whom Henry M. Stanley found in Africa. The ex-planation is that Newstead abbey was for many years the home of a Colonel Webb. Webb was a globe. trotting Englishman; one of his friends was the great African mis-sionary, and Livingstone was his honoured guest for some time, wrote some of his work there, and a medallion of the strong typically Scotch face is on the wall. The great diningroom—quite a royal chamber—was too cold for lunch; so we took our meal in asmall comfortable room at its side. One of the curiosities of the place is a tablet in one of the cloisters where are set forth the names of the Augustinian friars who for-merly were the owners of the Abbey, put up by I know not whom-probably some devotes of the ancient

I was even more anxious to see Byron's tomb. Every Byron scholar will remember that long and dreary procession of Byron's remains from the Missolonghi to his home: with the refusal of the authorities of Westminster Abbey to allow the re-mains of one of England's greatest Agures to lie in the goodly company of the poets and the writers. That tragic procession took nearly two months before it reached its goal—from May 26 to July 16. Hucknall Torkard in the slight and short glimpse I got of working class village. One of the incidents, it will be remembered, was that Lady Melbourne, the Lady Caroline Lamb of an earlier date wife of a man who was Prime Minis ter of England and Queen Victoria's first Premier, tutor and friend-accidentally met the funeral procession outside London. She had been one of Byron's first, most passionate and most tempestuous loves; and their passion had ended in a flerce quarrel, with the most venomous and unre-strained and vituperative letter Byron ever wrote; it is preserved in his published letters. The coffin of the dead lover brought back all the complicated past, and she never re-covered; died soon after; the always unbalanced mind had received its

is a fair size, and has been beautified

a good deal by one of its rectors. The tomb of Byron is a disappointment. There is nothing to show that one so illustrious lies below, except a short also with the name. Parent was the contraction of the slab with the name Byron upon it. The remains lie in a sealed vault below, to which there is no access, except by opening up a big stone, which has never been done since the remains of his mother and his daugh-ter were placed in the row of the un-

ter were placed in the row of the unhappy Byrons of former generations, by the side of whom the greatest of the name sleeps.

There are other memorials, however, of Byron—a medallion placed there by Augusta Leigh, the half sister with whose name his is inextricably associated whether in guilt or in pure affection the world hasn't yet decided. Apart from this and a little away from it, there is another memorial of Byron which struck me memorial of Byron which struck me as an outrage. I remember seeing in the House of Commons in the far back eighties and afterwards walking through Pall Mall an eccentric and very rich Scotch baronet named Sir Tollemache Sinclair—with the red beard of the Highlander and the rather mystic look. He was an ec centric, always apparently in a passion about something and unable to restrain the desire for communicating these outbursts of rage in spluttering letters to the papers. He took it into his head that he also would commemorate Byron; so he put up a tablet in which there are a number of quotations from Victor Hugo, Chateaubriand, even Disraeli bearing testimony to the genius of Byron; as if Byron required testi monials. A companion wittily de-scribed that this tablet is a series of

one more little incident. There is in the graveyard outside the tomb of Ben Caunt. Ben Caunt was a famous prize fighter. "They say," said the old sexton with a smile, "that as many people come to see the tomb of Ben Caunt as of Byron; but," he

POETS

By Rev. D. A. Casey

Christmas is the one day in all the ares and finds time to worship the hem it is difficult to think of stock and shares, and so for once the world

keeps holiday.

But is the Christmas spirit holds all of us captive, there is one to whom it makes especial appeal, and that is the poet. For every poet is an idealist. He hears voices, and sees visions, and dreams dreams that ordinary mortals are not conscious of. He is a visitor from some other planet that has somehow strayed into this world of ours. The exile's bitter pain is ever eating at his heart, and, whether he wills it or not, he cannot out voice his longing for that dear land of music and song from whence he has wandered. Small wonder, then, that he should make Christmas peculiarly his own. It is the one ime when he feels most at home with his neighbors, for on that day they, too, hear voices that are forever ringing in his ears, and dreams dreams that are his daily compan-

It would be a delightful task to "go over to Bethlehem" in the wake of all the Catholic poets who have ever knelt before the lowly manger ; fully comprehend the spirit and meaning of Christmas, so it is only the Catholic poet who can re echo in his lines the song the shepherds heard hibit us from so doing, and so we must be content with something very much more modest, namely, a cursory glance at the Christmas songs of our own Catholic Canadian writers.

In the first place there is Dr. O'Hagan. We cannot claim a very full acquaintance with his work, but upon our desk there lies at this moment a delightful little volume of verse, " In the Heart of the Meadow." From it we quote this beautiful

" THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM "

The Christ Child in the manger lay—
The inns were full that night: And o'er Judea's distant plains There streamed a wondrous light; The shepherd 'mid his white fleece

flock Gazed wistfully from afar, And voices strange, angelic, sweet, Smote hearth and hill and star.

The Christ-Child in the manger lay-A Royal Throne of grace; And Mary, Lily Maid of God, Found glory in His face;

For a King was born in Bethlehem— In Bethlehem of Judea, Whose sceptr'd power of love and

grace Should reach from sea to sea.

Next we turn to Father Dollard. It would be hard to say anything in praise of his verse that has not already been beautifully said by abler critics. He is easily the first of our singers, with a fame that extends far beyond the confines of this continent. Years ago, when Canada was but a name to us, the ballads and lyrics of "Slieve na mon" were more familiar than the work of the poets who lived His is the generosity that is char acteristic of true greatness. If we have achieved anything worthy of even passing notice it is in great measure due to the kindly encourage-

his volume of published poems we of Dr. Fischer's touching lines. It is find many beautiful Christmas songs, only those of us who know that such as "Christmas Morn in Ireland," never again, save in the dreams that "Bethlehem Town," "Christmas Hymn," "Christ is born in Bethlehem," and "The Early Christmas Mass." We quote the last mentioned:

Slipping down the Curlew mountains to the early Christmas Mass,

When the shadow's on the heather and the rime is on the grasstroubles bide with us alway. But the Saviour makes us happy on His holy Christmas Day

I must wake my dear ones early on this morn of peace and joy, pet lamb, pretty Nora, sturdy Neil, my comely boy, the hearth is cleaned and cosy

and the dancing flames are the kettle croons a welcome to

the coming Christmas Day. Darkness lingers on the valley and the fairy-haunted glen, Eastward now the break of morning brings the peace of God to

the mountain-rim—first jewel of the Christ Child's diadem, Burns a star of radiant beauty like tue Star of Bethlehem.

Wake ve now, my sleeping treasures wake ye now, your mother's

joy, Nora, drowsy lambkin, blueeyed Neil my laughing boy— For the shadow's on the heather and the rime is on the grass, the angels hurry earthward to the early Christmas Mass.

above you ivied abbey, where God's servants prayed of old Fiery pillars in the heavens—bars of silver, shafts of gold-

ing souls unnumbered pass, the early Christmas Mass. Down the mountain, up the valley,

from the riverside and klen, Throng the cheery chatting people stately women, stalwart men Guard, oh, guard them, God of Erin bitter sorrow theirs, alas? Many a heart shall bleed in exile ere another Christmas Mass.

Lift thy drooping face, my Erin, God has heard thy bitter moan, Tho' His hand rest heavy on thee, 'tis to make thee more His

Faith has died where nations flourished-earthly gain His gifts surpass, When He greets His gathered people

at the early Christmas Mass. We have, more than once, in these pages, referred to Dr. William Joseph Fischer's splendid contribution to Canadian Catholic verse. "The Toiler and Other Poems" is a book worth while that should be on the shelves of all who like the cultivated and refined. Although it has reached a second edition we are afraid that many Catholics have yet to make its acquaintance. We have not so many afford to buy their books, but apart altogether from the bond of the Faith, the poems of Dr. O'Hagan, Dr. the patronage of the public because of their intrinsic worth. From Dr.

Fischer's volume we abstract: A CHRISTMAS IDYL

The starlight bright steals into my Ah! would that it might still this heart, so cold-This heart, that knows and feels the

biting cold noon Might sunshine forth the fairest bud

Of hope, that I might see his precious

Before mine eyes grow dim? The years have rolled Too slowly on, since that black night

laughing child, I held him to my And saw him flower there before mine

eyes. But O! too brief was this bright Para With all a mother's love, his hands I

The night he left my heart, my house forlorn, The flower sweet gave way—I felt the

thorn.

most dear, now the sexton rings forth Christmas cheer
From out the belfry of you church of

For me no gladsome music will My heart still threnodies its tones of My poor, poor child? Alas o'er snowy

mere, The wind, like some sad mother. maketh moan.

Mary, most kind, who on this peace fal night Watched by a crib of straw an only Child.

Take my poor boy to thy heart, un-defiled? He needs thee now. Let the winged angels, bright. Unbar the prison door—that he may

The lights of Christmas burning fresh and free ?

It is only those to whom Christmas ment of this master of the postic art.
The church at Hucknall Torkard a fair size, and has been beautified spare the good Father's blushes. In

From my own little volume of verse, "At the Gate of the Temple," I select this.

Pile high the turf upon the fire, And make the cabin bright, And put no bolt upon the door This blessed Christmas night; For it so be they pass this way, And she in trouble sore, And she in trouble sore, They'll know an Irish welcome waits Beyond the open door.

Now place the Christmas candles Pat one for every pane That they may see the blessed light A shining through the rain; The winds are keening low.

awhile. As on the way they go. One Christmas Eve, long, long ago,

The doors were bolted fast, And in the dawn's grey light they Their footsteps as they passed; For this the Christmas lights are set, The doors are open wide,

A place she may abide. The inns were full, but there is room This blessed Christmas night, For Mary and her Holy Child, Where shines the Christmas light. Then set a candle in each pane, That passing, they may know

welcome waits the Holy Child

Where Christmas lights bright glow Miss Rose Ferguson of Toronto has given us in "Maple Leaves and Snowflakes" a very promising little volume of verse. But I looked in vain for a poem about Christmas. If there are other Catholic singers in Canada, they have either so far not have succeeded admirably in keeping the names of their publishers secret This latter is a fault that must be laid at the feet of most of our Catholic writers. They are too prone to hide their light under a bushel. If they would but court a little more publicity their work would be more appreciated because better known. The quotations I have made from the authors mentioned above prove, I think, that we have posts of our very It is hardly necessary to remind the no means the best examples of the

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST

poets' work. They have been select-

ed simply because they treated of

(By Orestes A. Brownson, formerly a Protestant Minister.)

Even Protestants themselves very generally admit that the Catholic Church was once truly the Church of Christ. It is then, for them to show when she ceased to be the Church of Christ, or to admit that she is still His Church. They cannot deny her to be still His, unless they convict her of having changed. But she has never changed; no historical re-search can convict her of having ever fallen into schism, or of having taught at one time a doctrine which she does not teach now, or of teach-ing now a dectrine she has not uniformly taught from the beginthat night of nights above storied Of Loneliness? Would that its bitter ning. She stands ever the same, the immovable but living unchangeability of that God whose Spouse and representative she is; and so long as we behold her standing before us resplendent in her robes of light and love, as young, as beautiful, as giorious as when she struggled for her very existence with Jew or Pagan, or concealed herself in caves and cemetries, we ask no other refutation of liberal Christian ity, or its offspring, infidelity. We see her standing by the grave of the old world, and at the cradle of the new, unmoved, as the torrents of wild barbarians pour down from the North, and hear her voice sounding out over the weltering chaos they introduced, and commanding order to arise out of confusion; we find her moulding a new social world, sending out her martyr-missionaries And, in my old chair, here I sit alone,
This happy night of nights, to all

Christian name; we trace her unchanged and unchangeable through all the vicissitudes of sighteen cen-turies, the rise and fall of empires and dynasties, the loss of one world and the gain of another, as the one grand central fact around which revolves the history of the world, and in which it finds its unity and its significance, and we bow down our rebellious head and worship. You may tell us she is a masterpiece of buman wisdom and skill, the chef d'acuvre of human contrivance; but in vain. We have heard of human contrivances and are not ignorant of human hisor human philosophy, and can but smile in your face when you craft and passion. Tell that idle beards on their faces. Behold her. where she stands, exposed to all the

storms of human passion and all the

rage of hell, for nineteen centuries,

as young as beautiful, as vigorous, as when her chief disciple returned

of Dr. Fischer's touching lines. It is Reformation is but a human con-only those of us who know that never again, save in the dreams that years you have had free scope of memories awake, shall we hear the human contrivance, you have revioving greeting from lips now stilled in human contrivance; you in death, that can realize the full have contrived and contrived, you in death, that can realize the full pathos of the heart cry that he would have rejected one plan and then an other, adopted now this one, now that, altered it now here, and now tested this.

IRISH CHRISTMAS LEGEND
Pile high the tart upon the fire. construct to compare in exquisite proportion, in the beauty and sym metry of the whole and co-herence of the parts, in strength, durability, and admirable adaptation to the end for which it was designed, with this glorious old Catholic Church, which nor time, nor men, nor devils can affect, and which you would fain per-suade us was the handiwork of be-sotted monks and effeminate priests in an age of darkness? You are o yesterday, and yet your works crumble around you; they fall, and bury the very workmen in their ruins. O my brother! for God's sake, nay, for the sake of our common humanity, say no more. Put that idle dream out of thy head, return to thy allegiance, and find the covert from the storm you in vain shall seek from your own handi-work.—Sunday Visitor.

AN UNPREJUDICED TRIBUTE

The "Booklover's Magazine," avery readable periodical of the secular kind, pays this unprejudiced and sterling tribute to the Catholic Church. It is a common sense view often expressed by Americans. It remains that these sentiments shall be expressed in terms of the heart

conscience:
The growth of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States is one of the most striking facts of hispopular good will, or at least a favor-able possession, and she has con-quered respect. At present those who look upon her most favorably are that large and influential class of men whose antecedents were Protestants, but whose actual connection with a Protestant Church is little more than nominal. They know enough of Protestantism to them alive to its faults, and they know just enough of Catholicism to make them admire its excellence. These men care little for the theological ecclesiastical questions which separate Rome and Protestantism. They are legislators, city officials railroad men. editors, managers of large business interests. Whenever their dealings bring them in contact with a Roman Catholic institu tion, they find an organization which wants, has some one who can speak for it officially and finally. They can see that it maintains discipline among its own members, and seems at the same time to retain their affec-They are attracted, in a word by its practical, business like efficiency, and are repelled by the oppos ite qualities in Protestantism."-

MANGER AND ALTAR

The shepherds watch upon the windswept hills, Where, huddled close, the sheep sleep

in the fold, When suddenly strange mystic music The midnight skies, now bright with barnished gold.

And sore afraid, in fear and awe they

As so to hide this marvel from on high-And trembling ask themselves what doth portend This noon-day brightness in the mid-

night eky. Then spake a voice, "Fear not, O sons of men, For tidings glad to you and all we

bring, Emmanuel is flesh to conquer sin, In Bethlehem go seek your new-born King.

With beating hearts, no longer sore They straightway sought this Mystery foretold;

They worshipped Him in lowly manger laid, While angel shepherds watched above the fold.

O favored three! had we but watched that night, We, too, would seek Him in the dawn

ing grey—
But, joy of joys, where gleams the altar light, Babs of Bethlehem waits us to day.

-REV. D. A. CASEY ANGLICANS' ROSARY GUILD

From the London Catholic Times

Anglicans who have borrowed so much from the Catholic Church, still continue the practice. They now have a Rosary Guild, the object of which is announced as the furtherance of devotion to our Blessed Lady The guild devotes itself to this work because it believes that "there is no devotion which teaches the Incarnation so profoundly as does the Rosary, or which nurtures so per-fectly a Catholic tone of mind, besides enabling us to give our Mother that regular and constant devetion which is due to her as our Queen and

Your Savings

The War has already brought great changes. National leaders in all countries are urging the practice of Thrift. The Prime Minister of Great Britain said recently: "There remains only one course to diminish our expenditure and increase our savings."

What are you going to do with YOUR SAVINGS? You cannot keep your cash in a stocking. You must either put it in a Bank; invest in a Bond or Stock; or purchase Life Insurance with it. Some men will do all three.

By Putting YOUR SAVINGS INTO LIFE INSURANCE

You will be practising Thrift in its best form. You will be making definite provision for your family. In the event of your early death, they will receive many times more than you have paid in. If you live, you will be adding each year to the value of your security.

be you will be adding each year to the Capital Life Assurance Company.

Let us sell you a Policy in the Capital Life Assurance Company. We have all kinds, at all prices, with valuable privileges and

Write us, giving the date of your birth

The Capital Life Assurance of Canada

Head Office

Evangelist, recommends the recitation of the Rosary as a remedy for the indifference of the Anglican laity, of which, as we recently stated, a writer has been making complaint in the columns of the Church Times. "We shall never," says Mr. Conran.
"make any real and lasting headway till we bring the laity to ponder upon the life of Our Lord and to turn each event of that life into prayer, which they will never cutgrow; and for this purpose I know than the sacred mysteries of the Rosary, which have been used in the Church for this purpose for hundreds

of years." We fear that it would be very difficult to get the average member of the Church of England to adopt Mr. Conran's suggestions, and that it will provoke anathemas from his Protest. ant co religionists. But we are sure that the Anglicans who do recite the Rosary will thereby be brought nearer to the Catholic Church.

WITH THE PEOPLE

In late years in Anglo-Protestant circles on both sides of the Atlantic there has been much talk about "re-union of the Churches," and many plans and suggestions have been of fered towards the bringing about of that object. A writer in the Guardian (London) discusses the question in connection with the war and in reference to the three Churches mainly represented among the bel-ligerents—the Catholic, the Church of England and the Russian, as to which he says that they have worked own particular sphere, but all work

same end, and he enquires :
"Is it not possible at any rate that this may point to the mode of attain-ing ultimately the unity of the Church, not by the subordination of one part to another, but by a frank and independent alliance in the com mon cause of the faith?

Commenting on this the Catholic Times answers the question : 'The question is easily answered.

There can be no alliance such as the writer suggests. The doctrine of Papal Supremacy is not a thing which can be taken up or laid down at pleasure either by the Catholic sian Churches. It is not a pious opinion, an administrative arrange ment : it is a dogma of faith. Only by recognition of the supremacy of the Holy See can there be any hope for the Anglican and Russian for the Anglican and Russian Churches to return to Catholic unity. And only by such recognition will 11 King St. W.

those Churches free themselves from State control and, putting aside wealth, take their stand with the people, to whom belongs the future in every civilized land."—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE

Taichowfu, March 22, 1915. Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD :

Yesterday (Passion Sunday) I laid the corner-stone of the church in Taichowfu. The former church was too small for the crowds who are being converted in the city and neigh boring towns. Even with the had a addition of forty-eight food and a gallery it will be too small on the big Feasts. May God be praised Who deigns to open mouths to His praises in the Far East to replace those in the Far East to replace those in the Far East to replace these stilled in death in Europe. And may He shower down His choicest bless-ings on my benefactors of the CATH. to hire catechists, open up new places to the Faith, and to build and enlarge churches and schools. Rese assured, dear Readers, that every cent that comes my way will be im-mediately put into circulation for the Glory of God.

Your gratefully in Jesus and Mary,

Previously acknowledged... 96,445 37 Mr. P. Hogan, Charlotte-

P. J McGuire, Quebec M. P. Ryan, Lingan Road .. One praying for favor" Subscriber, Vancouver..... M. McC, Souris....

Angue

Dobberthien family...... Readers of the RECORD Sheen..... Mrs. James Owens, Egan-

ville.....

TUOLUIOU-2**milu re**. Mural Painting

Church Decorating

Merchants' Bank of Canada

ESTABLISHED 1864 Paid-up Capital Paid-up Capital - - - 87,000,000 Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits 7,245,140 GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS

206 Branches and Agencies in Canada Savings Department at All Branches Deposits Received and Interest Allowed at best current rates

Bankers to the Grey Nuns, Montreal; St. Augustine's Seminary, St. Joseph's Academy, and St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto.

Capital Trust Corporation, Limited

Authorized Oapital \$2,000,000.00 BOARD OF DIRECTORS: President: M. J. O'Brien, Renfrew.
Vice-Presidents: Hon. S. N. Parent, Ottawa; Denis Murphy, Ottawa
R. P. Gough, Toronto: A. E. Corrisan, Ottawa.

A. E. Provost, Ottaws.
Hon. R. G. Beazley, Halifax.
W. P. O'Brien, Montreal.
E. Fabre Surveyor, K. C., Montreal.
Hugh Dobeny, Montreal.
E. W. Tobin. M. P., Bromptonville.
Hon. Wm. McDonald, Cape Breton.
Edward Cass, Winnipeg.

Offices: 29 Sparks St., Ottawa, Ont.

Make Your Will The importance of providing for those depending on you is obvious. Do not deprive them of the protection a Will adepending on you is obvious. Do not deprive them of the protection a Will affords. Above all, select an Executor, such as the Capital Trust Corporation, competent to carry out the provisions of your Will. We invite correspondents and will send on request our special bookist on Wills.

ABSORBINE

Reduces Strained, Péffy Anklea, Lymphangitis, Poll Evil, Fistula, Boils, Swellings; Stops Lameness and allays pain, Heals Sores, Cuta, Bruises, Boot Chafes. It is an ANTISEPTIC AND GERMICIDE [NON-POISONOUS]

PIANO OR ORGAN

A Detroit musician has invented a

wonderful new system which enables any

person or little child to learn to play the piano or organ in an hour or two

Send us your name and address on a

postal card or in a letter, and we shall

end you our guide and three sheets of

Address: Numeral Method Music Co.

934B Trussed Concrete Building, Detroit,

Ma

The House

And the Owner E are told of a house

music, absolutely free of charge.

IN A FEW HOURS

TRADE MARK REG.U.S PAT. OFF

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY RMV. P. PRPPERT

THE BIRTHDAY OF THE SAVIOUR "For this day is born to you a Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David." (Luke ii, 11.)

My dear friends, these words of joy were spoken by the angel of the shepherds near Betblehem nineteen hundred 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 anni-

versary of the most important events in its history. The 22 ad of February and the 4th of July will never be forgotten by the American people ; for they are kept alive each succeed ing year by a proud and grateful nation in honour of the birth of the Saviour of our country and also in honour of the birth of independence

To-day we celebrate the auniver-

To day we celebrate the anniversary of the birth of Him Who was
the Saviour, not in 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 glauce back, and consider what the world was nineteen
hundred years ago, before the
coming of Christ, and then conrider what it has been since
among papples guided by Christian
guideler, then we will have some
files of our motives for rejoicing today. When Christ came, the
majority of menkind was in slavery,
without hope. They were sunk into
the lowest depthe of immorality and
crime. He taught them now doc
trines concerning the cuttes of men
to man, of the strong to the weak, of
the rich to the poor, of man to
women. He inculeded the mutual
day of love and charity. He sent
these who loved Him to the thirsty,
the clothe the naked, to remeon the
imagey, to give drink to the thirsty,
the clothe the naked, to remeon the
integer, in give drink to the thirsty,
the clothe the naked, to remeon the
integer, in give drink to the thirsty,
the clothe the naked, to remeon the
integer, in the and love. These doctrines of Christ were instrumental in
counting the abolition of slavery,
papular rights, tree government, protoction of children and the poor, in
bunging knowledge within the
rench of all and in spreading over
the whele world institutions of charity.

Is it any wonder then that we re-

Is it any wonder then that we re joice 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 thank-sgiving and praise. For it is a day of uni versal joy and the angel's message

has not been received in vain.

But if it is a day of rejoicing for all, it seems to me to be in a special manner a day of rejoicing for the poor and afflicted. The poor seem to be the especial favorites of Christ. He was born in poverty. He, to Whom the whole world belonged, was born in a stable, destitute of the comforts of life. He parents were were poor, nardworking, 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 today, 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 When we see that God man sufferin from cold and privation, can we re-fuse to suffer and bear our trials tribulations patiently for His? 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

imitate Him Who came on earth to show us the way to heaven.

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

He year rich but for own sate her

He was rich, but for our sake be-came poor that by His poverty we might become rich. His whole life, from the crib of Betblehem to the cross on Calvary's heights, was one continual series of suffering and mortification endured for sinful man. Without these virtues, and especially without humility, no pro-gress can be made on the read to

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

Is there not much, then, to cause us to rejoice on this day? And should it not be a day of happiness and joy to all the world?

But, although it is a day of rejoicing for all, and especially for the poor, there are some so weighed down with poverty and misery as to be unhappy. If you know of any such, try to make him happy, at least at this joyful season by relieving his wants. Those who do so may be assured that their own Christmas time will be all the more happy and blessed: for He, who promised that a cup of cold water given in His name should not go un-

SHARP ATTACK

Dangerous Condition Relieved Just In



MR. F. J. CAVEEN 632 Gerrard St. East, Toronto.

For two years, I was a victim of Acute Indigestion and Gas In The Stomach. It afterwards attacked my Heart, and I had pains all over the body, so I could hardly move around. I tried all kinds of medicines but none of them did me any good. At last, acting on the advice of a friend, I decided to try 'Fruit-a-tives'. I bought the first box last June, and now I am well, after using only three boxes. I recommend 'Fruit-a-tives' to anyone suffering from Indigestion, no matter how acute". FRED J. CAVEEN. Simple Indigestion often leads to Heart Attacks, Catarrh of the Stomach and constant distress of mind and body. If you are bothered with any Stomacl Trouble, and especially if Constipation troubles you, take 'Fruit-a-tives'.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa

rewarded, will not fail to repay those who remember His poor. Do this and you will have what I most earn cetly wish you, A merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

TEMPERANCE

A humble cottage, a wife and four children, supper is waiting, frugal as it is. The hour is almost 8 o'clock; the father, where is he? It is Christmas eve. No Santa Claus in

that cottage.
The streets are filled with marry laughter and salutations:—Merry Christmas. Every one has presents to give to the loved ones at home, but there are none for the waiting wife and children in that humble

Cottage.

Bossterous laughter, maudlin songs, sounds of glasses from drunken men, come from a nearby gilded saloan. The men are having, as they call it, a glorious Christmas eve; dirty stories are told, games of chance to lure the money from the poor unfortunate men, nothing for the Christmas dinner but the grog. The hour is getting late; some are going home to homes such as they are, where the poor loving wife is watch

ing and waiting, her heart heavy.

The proprietor of this gilded hell—large, pompous, magnificently clothed in the fluest of raiment a four karet dismond stud in his shirt bosom-is talking to one poor man, God help him. We will call him Joe; prietor, we will call George. The following conversation takes place: "Well, George," said Joe, "this is Christmas eve and it has been ten long years since I have been coming here and took my first drink ; on have always taken my money, also drank with me from your private bottle and always charged 15 cents straight. It must be awful good liquor for the price." especially taught by the Infant Jesus in the manger at Be hlehem. 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.

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

"Yes Joe," said George, "that is a fact, and as it is Christmas Eve, I shall show you what I have bought for my wife. See this beautiful diamond necklace? It cost me \$1.500 and a nice four trarat ring for myself, which cost \$1.800.

"Yes they are certainly fine," said Joe, "and all my money has gone to help pay for it."

"Yes, Joe," said George, "that is a fact, and as it is Christmas Eve, I shall show you what I have bought for my wife. See this beautiful diamond necklace? It cost me \$1.500 and a nice four trarat ring for myself, which cost \$1.800.

"Yes they are certainly fine," said Joe, "and all my money has gone to help pay for it."

"Yes, Joe," said George, "that is a fact, and as it is Christmas Eve, I shall show you what I have bought for my wife. See this beautiful diamond necklace? It cost me \$1.500 and a nice four trarat ring for myself, which cost \$1.800.

"Yes they are certainly fine," said. "Yes they are certainly fine," said. "Yes they are certainly fine."

the rest.
"Now, George," said Joe, "en the strength of that, let's have a drink and let me tesse that precious liquor

from your private bottle."
"All right, Jos. if you ineist." The drink is poured out and Joe lays down his last 30 cents, testes the liquor,

Little Workers

Do Big Work with

in a Jiffy



poor wife and children.
"I've been paying 15 cents for every drink I've bought of him all these years. What can I bring home ache; worse than that, an immoral mind, wrecked nerves. No thought of God; my poor neglected wife and children scarcely clothed."

Joe makes up his mind. "I will do it George, you have a very fine home, wife well clothed, your chil-dren living in luxury, presents for all of them while I have nothing to bring to my poor neglected wife and children. You taught me to take my first drink and for ten long years l first drink and for ten long years I have been spending my money with you and neglected my home and ruining my health, forgetting my church and my God all these years and you have always had a clear head drinking your Tes. I can do the same thing and by the help of God I shall go home to night, for I know that my dear wife is waiting for me and I will take the pledge and keep it."

One year later. It is Christmas
Eve. Joe has made good and sees
the folly of the past tading away before him. His wife and children are
well clothed; be ber presents for all
of his children; the cottage is well
furnished and he has a bank account
and all for that glass of Tea.
Joe has his Tea at home now and
for every drink of Tea he takes he
puts away 15 cents and by the time
ton years roll by, has a nice team
saved up.—Catholic Bulletin.

SAVE A SMILE FOR THE OLD FOLK

There are many parents in the world to day betrayed by their chil-dren. Boys and girls, men and women are the offenders. And, alas! chat it should have to be ead,—they are among our Catholic people—10 is hard to thene that the little children. once the darlings of parental eyes, should become callous to the love of the father and mother and treat them with contempt or neglect them unterly in their old age. There is a terrible awakening for people of this class, if not in this world—in the next. The boy or girl grown to manhood

or womanhood earning even a moderate salary is bound by every law both human and divine to at least help to support parents if they need such help.
If they are blessed with this world's goods and do not need this help then the children are bound by another law - the law of love -- to show them every tenderness and respect for what they have done and suffered for them in the years when they as children were helpless and could not do with-

out father or mother.

It seems a terrible thing that Cath olic children should have to be arraigned on such a score. And yet not a day passes but that complaints are ?made publicly or in private of the inhuman conduct of some children towards their parents. Particularly is this so when the parents are grow ing old and helpless. Then they are looked upon as a burden by these selves mighty good for doing even

this much. Tais solicitude of parents with regard to their children's welfare has always been recognized as one of the most beaut ful of the virtues. Mother love and father love: what would the world be without it? Our dear Lord explains this in the Gospel of the twentieth Sunday after Pentecost, (St. John iv: 46 58) when the son of the ruler of Capharnaum was sick unto death and he in agony of spirit, because it was his son who was sick, because it was his son who was sick, after vainly seeking every means of curing him and having heard that Jesus was come from Judea to Galilee, went to Him and prayed Him to come down and heal his son. He was an unbeliever, but his anxiety and love for his son were so great that he neglected no means that might cure him. We are assured that Our Lord

tive, then we have nothing to fear.

But what is there too severe to say But what is there too severe to say about a heartless son or daughter? Can any punishment be too great for them? In the first place they are beneath contempt. They have lost all self respect or they would not err so. Some of these offenders are hypocrites. Outwardly they pretend to be kind to the old people lest they

looks at George and says: "This is should be blamed and lose the respec of people in whom they are interested.

"Yes Joe," says George, "that is all
I ever drink."

of people in whom they are interested.
Otherwise they neglect and ignore them. This class, generally speaking, I ever drink."

Poor Joe began to muse. The hour is midnight; his poor wife is still watching and waiting and Joe thinks of the beautiful presents which his money has helped to purchase for George's wife and none for his own

people in humbler classes in life-people who have little or no means to help the old people. It is a re-markable fact that this class contrives to my little family? Nothing but a to have money to spend in drink—hellish temper, a foul breath, head-perhaps by depriving themselves o perhaps by depriving themselves of some of the necessities of life — but, no matter how it is done, the old people suffer, suffer horribly. That is one good thing that is to England's credit — the old peoples pension bill.
No one need fear old age in England - the State provides a modest competency for the aged The poor haven't to go to the workhouse when age and sickness overtake them

haven't to go to the workbouse when age and sickness overtake them. Here is an example which shows up both types—the good and the reverse. Not long since a dear, delightful old lady, the mother of a friend of mine, whom the daughter cherished like a hot house plent and who taught her children to love and respect her, took ill and died. There was great lamentation in that house. Something had gone from it—cometing precious. The tears of the daughter and the little grandaughters fell unrestrainedly. The latter could not keep from speaking of the old lady's goodness, her virtues and her kindly ways. Before the funeral procession left the house a neighbor called to express his condolence.

"You thought so much of your mother," he said, "I know you will feel her lose. She was a grand woman."

feel her lose. She was a grand woman."

"Yes, we feel it terribly, said my friend. The visitor was one who had the reputation of treating his own mother very harshly, teaching his children to be disrespectful to her because the happened not to be educated in her youth and didn't speak good English. She had given him a good education, having totled and worked hard to do it. He had married and prospered in a worldly cense, but, instead of being proud of his old mother, he was ashamed of her and begrudged her a home and supports.

support.

My friend knew the circumstances She had met the mother and had secognized her good qualities. So, when this man sy npa hized with her, see said, "You can feel for me for you have a mother."

"If my mother were like yours," said the man brutally, "I might feel it. Your mother was an educated

My friend was so disgusted that she couldn't say another word. But expressing herself afterwards, she said: "I was very near telling him what I thought of him and asking him to whom he was indebted for the school education he had got, who had worn herself out ministering to him. But I refrained, the time and the place not being propitious. I'll let him know some day what I think of him," she added indignantly. "Some people don't deserve to have

She hit the nail on the head. Some people do not deserve to have had this blessing. There are many lonely men and women in the world to-day who would give all possess for the love of a good father and mother, but God's ways, are not our ways and those people have been deprived of this blessing. "Honor thy father and thy mother" is the divine command, and wos by to not even the excuse of limited means | them who heed it not! Give the old as a cloak for their ingratitude. The people a smile and a kindly word, will compel him to observe and pract latter class seek every means to rid it costs nothing, but what a glow of tice the doctrines and forms of that themselves of this so-called burden supshine it brings to the tirad hearts particular worship. Hence, the and look for "homes" to put them of the aged. — Shiela Mahon in the need (?) of so many varied and con intimate into at a small cost and think them. Tablet.

THE CHURCH AND THE PEOPLE

The Catholic Courch has ever been in sympathy with the poor, up-holding their rights, alleviating their wrongs, supplying their bodily wants wronge, supplying their bodily wants and ministering to their necessities. The fact, however, is sometimes denied, and is often forgotten in these days. It may be well if some persons are confirmed, and some are reminded of the fact by a Protestant author. The Rev. E. Cutts, D. D., in a work published some years ago by the Christian Knowledge Society, wrote as follows: "In the Middle Ages the Church was a great popular institution. . One reason, no doubt, of the popularity of the Medieval Church was that it had always been the champion of the people and doubt, of the popularity of the Mediaval Church was that it had always been the ruler and his house believed in our Lord.

With such an example before us of parental solicitude, should it not be the duty of every son and daughter to repay the love lavished on them by parents in times of sickness or service. In the eye of the law, and the friend of the popularity of the Mediaval Church was that it had always been the champion of the people of the Church was always on the side of the liberties of the people, against the tyranny of the feudal lords. In the eye of the nobles, the labouring population were beings of an inferior caste. In the eye of the law, by parents in times of sickness or sorrow? Do we Catholics live up to the commandment of "Honor thy Father and thy Mother?" If we can answer this question in the affirm and the commandment of the commandment of "Honor thy Father and thy Mother?" If we can answer this question in the affirm and fitted for Heaven. In social life, and fitted for Heaven. tive, then we have nothing to fear.

There are plenty of good sons and daughters who are the shining nights of the home, whose coming and going are looked for by aged eyes glowing with the affection and love that fills their hearts, as they gaze on the good their hearts, as they gaze on the good art, and it did its best to educate the people. It had vast political in-fluence, and used it on the side of

A beautiful complexion

-how to Insure It-The regular use of Lifebuoy Soap insures a healthy, clean glow-ing skin. And because it is healthy, your com-plexion will be clear and velvet like.

The mild carbolic odor van-ishes after use, leaving a sense of utter cleanliness.

LIFEBUOY HEALTHY SOAP

and more vividly realized than among the masses of our present population."—Truth.

PERSECUTION OF THE CHURCH NINETEEN CENTURIES OLD

From the time that the early Chris-tians were fed to the lions for the amusement of the pagens of Rome, the Catholic Church has had to suffer cution at the hands of pagans and barbariane, and although we may beast of our great civilization of the present time, when we speak and act against the mother Caurch of Caristianity, we but revert to pagan-ism and barbarity, is the opinion of W. H. Van Doran, a non Catholic, which he voices in the Ladora

before you can give proper credit to cone to bring man from heathenish to civilization, we must go back to the history of the time when Christ name of a great femily of a good gave the command to His apostle to gave the command to His apostle to never polluted in its whole history to and read, you will then appreciate what the Catholic Church has had to ndere in the past twenty centuries It is not my purpose to recount the horrors of the martyrdom of the early Christians, the tale is too terrible to

teil. But soffice to say that in that time the privileged few of the pages leaders reveled in wealth, luxury and v ce, and when the gospel of Christ was preached and taught it bid fair to separate them from their carnal and sensual pleasures, and as a consequence, they bitterly fought the ture on those who preached and fol-lowed the teachings of the Humble Shepherd of Bethlehem.
Comparing the history of the early

Chris ian faith, is can be likened t the present age, when man is prone s mblance of authority, and one that

can throw it away and have another

as one begins to study out the real from the false, just that soon is he compelled to turn to the Catholic Church for authority of what he must prove to his own satisfaction. Your delver after facts will find

ings of Jesus Christ.

For this she has carrificed millions

ASSUMPTION OF IRISH NAMES BY CRIMINALS

One of the greatest wrongs possible is for a criminal to lay his guilt at the door of an innocent man. Greater still is it to asperse a community and worst of all to impugn the charter of a country. The devil, who ever hates what, to his liking he can not pervert, has been, lately, quite busy giving fine old Catholic names to notorious criminals, and so we have on the dockets of our courts aliases of criminals who were never ex bracted from natives of a land, where purity is woman's brightest jewel, and where felony for man is not a

Ire and is the flower garden of faith and chivalry and honor and not a hot bed of vice and lawlessness. The crimes of Irishmen generally spring from anger or haste and are not cold and calculating resulting from a cal-lous conscience. Hence we do not wonder that, with all the assumed names that bemean them, the Irish are in the great city of New York with its teeming thousands of Brin's sons, the fifth on the list of percriminal branch of the Supreme Court during the years from 1904 to the present date. God speed the sensible and patriotic work of the United Irish Societies of New York, who are to be commended for the grand movement of stopp ng this use of Irish names by the scum of Continental Europe. - Catholic Columbian.

Friendship should never be over-

Air-O-Lantern

Gives 300 Candle Power Light

AIR-O-LITE

Al! the advantages of the Air-O-Lantern, and beauty besides. A handsome lamp for any room. Absolutely no danger of fire or explosion. Clean—no wicks to trim.

Write for FREE catalogue and full details of special "direct to you" offer. Address:

The Rochester Lamp Co.

Dept. C, Church St.

Toronto

We make a specialty of Catholic church windows

Safest, Brightest, Cheapest Light

EONARD EST

QUEBEC : P. Q 1869

As bright as a big City street
Carry it anywhere, in any weather.
Set it down in hay. Knock it over; quite safe,
can't explode, CAN'T start a fire. Burns 90% air
and 10% gasoline. One filling burns 12 hours. The
best of all lights for outdoors. Cheapest in the end.

FOR INDOORS, USE

troversial beliefs and teachings-in fact the average American likes to have a religion like a suit of clothes, when he gets tired of the pattern, he made to his liking. This is probably one of the great reasons why our seventy millions of American people take up with and believe (tor the time being) with every new fetish that is propagated in and under the guise of religion.

But on the other hand, just as soon

ANTISEPTIC AND GERMICIDE (NON-POISONOUS)

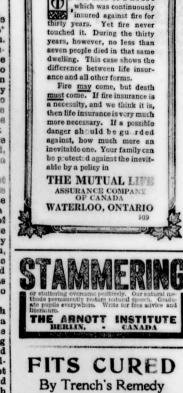
Does not blist it or remove the hair and horse can be worked. Pleasant to use.

\$2.00 a bottle, delivered. Describe your case for special instructions and Book 5 K free. ABSORBINE, JR., ants ptle liniment for mankind reduces Strains. Painful. Knotted. Swollen Veins. Milk Les. Gout. Concentio—only a few drops required at an application. Price \$1 ct. Application. Price \$1 ct. Application. Price \$1 ct. Application. The \$1 ct. Application and Application. At a straight for the price \$1 ct. Application. At a straight for the price \$1 ct. Application. At a straight for the price \$1 ct. Application and Application. At a straight for the price \$1 ct. Application and Application. At a straight for the price \$1 ct. Application and Application. At a straight for the price \$1 ct. Application and Application. LEARN TO PLAY

that the Catholic Church was the first Christian organization to conwomen to the mission of raclaiming humanity from savagery and was the tion and wage a war that has been fought for nearly two thousand years, in an effort to bring mankind to understand and accept the teach

of lives, and the Church stands today, the one institution that has with stood the storms and hatred of centuries, and if the Catholic Church is not of divine origin, I would be pleased to have you tell me what particular religious faith it is that was intended by Christ, Himself, when He bade His followers to go forth and teach the world?

Here then is calumny of the m dering kind, which transcends in 128 enormity the prejudice against the Irish race inspired by theatrical tra ducers, for these generally make of the Celta clown, whereas those make him a criminal. To rob a man by stand as a word for guilt.



Recommended by Clergymen of all Denominations. Thirty Years' Success. Over 1000 Unsolicited Testimonials

in one year Convincing Testimony been given by people in every walk of life se interested should write at once.

Pamphlet containing proof positive TRENCH'S REMEDIES Limited

415 St. James' Chambers, TORONTO Sole Proprietors, Trench's temedice Limite

Send for the 1915-16 Edition of our

FUR STYLE BOOK

IT IS FREE. JOHN HALLAM, LIMITED om 167, Hallam Building

Send Them To PARKER

Anything in the nature of the cleaning and dyeing of fabrics can be entrusted to Parker's Dye Works with the full assurance of prompt, efficient, and economical service.

Make a parcel of goods you wish renovated, attach written instructions to each piece, and send to us by parcels post, or express. We post, or express. We pay carriage one way. Or, if you prefer, send for the booklet first. Be sure to address your parcel clearly to receiving dept. G.

PARKER'S DYE WORKS
LIMITED
791 YONGE STREET **TORONTO**

Do you want to earn \$10 a week or more

in your own home?



AUTO-KNITTER HOSIERY CO. Dept. 215 257 College St. - Toront (Also at Leicester, England)

CHATS WITH YOUNG

To young men the coming of Christ is a call to self-control.

The Catholic young men should have certain principles, or established rules of conduct, by which his be-havior should be regulated. In time of temptation he will recall them and brace himself to observe them. Without such accepted regulations. se will be at the mercy of every flash of passion and every passing excitement. Among these principles for self control are these:

1. The life giving power is a sacred trust, given by God, for the sole purpose of continuing the human race. It should be exercised by Catholics only within the restraints

strength. Continence can be pro-moted by abstemiousness in food, mitation of St Paul who chaetised brother four years old.

imitation of St Paul who chastised his flesh to subdue it.

3. All women should be respected for the sake of our own mother. They should be safeguarded by Christian gentlemen with respect akin to that which they would give to the Virgin Mother of Christ. The weak, the erring, the poorly trained, the silly, and the firting kind, among them should be avoided as much as is reasonably proper, and when they may not be so shunned with propriety, may not be so shunned with propriety, they should be treated as children who are not competent to take care of themselves, and who, like all little deserve great reverence.

Let us help them to be good.

4. The occasions of sin should be avoided. The persons, the places, the thoughts, the acts, the books, the pictures, etc., that lead to impurity, should be taboo. The mind should be filled with clean memories, verses, jokes, proverbs, anecdores, and facts with bright, noble, brave and happy ideas. Some maxime, or poems, or sentences from the Bible, should be

In time of temptation turn the mind off at once to some other subject—the weather, the picture on the wall, the horse in the street, the sun-shine, the cloud, the boy across the way, anything that will divert the thought and fill up the attention.

With these principles, a young man can guard his innosence, supplemented, of course with prayer, attendance at Mass, visits to the Blessed Sacrament and the frequent recep-

Sacrament and the frequent reception of the sacraments.

Let him, too, sanely consider the subject of merriage—that it is probably his vocation and then prepare for it. It is God's ordinance and therefore to be respected. It is God's way for procreation, and therefore it is good, proper, right, and worthy of reverence. He should keep the integrity of his body, as he wants his future wife to guard herself for him. He should treasure his strength as a gift from God. He should hasten to earn and to save so as to be able to support a wife and to establish a home. Then as soon as he, fit and home. Then as scon as he, fit and a sled, sure."

free to marry, and has found a suitable mate, let him marry in the fear
and went to his own room and knelt

gion of human beings who are marked with the sign of suffering, as St. John saw in the Apocalypse, and who are those who are to be saved. -Catholic Columbian.

BOYS, READ THIS

Have you ever noticed that the fellows that run most of the big concerns of the country are the ones who always return courteous answers If you address the president of a railroad he will listen attentively and make a decent reply. But you ask a civil question of the cub at a depot in a country town and you will get a smart and flippant reply. Go into a big city store and ask for the man-ager. He will talk pleasantly and give you the desired information. But happen to get in the way of the bright young fellow who is washing a window and he will hand you is package that will make your boil. But drop around twenty years later and the cub at the depot may have advanced to the local freight and the window washer will likely be driving one of the delivery wagons for the store. The presidents of railroads and the managers of big con-cerns are the fellows who in flowers days of their youth acquired the ous answers. That is one of the reasons they became railroad presidents and managers of big concerns The cub who knows more will always

Don't invest your 5 cents in a glass of beer and then criticize the other who invested his in the sav-

Don't extend the money of your tailor or laundress in dollar operaseats and theatre tickets. The tailor and the laundress may prefer to spend their earnings in some other

Don't be a stranger at the church. Your father's old pew looks lone some without you.

Don't speak of an old gentleman or an old woman, when referring to father or mother. They have spoken respectfully of you when outsiders could not see anything on which they could hang a compliment. they could hang a compliment.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

JOE'S REWARD-A CHRISTMAS STORY

By Milton F. Smith

Joe was a strong, rugged boy, well equipped for the struggles of life, but his few companions did not think that his path was lined with of Christian marriage.

2. Continence is not only possible but obligatory. God often punishes with sudden death those who have been notorious for wasting their beat much of their brightness, and he walked as if he were carrying a heavy burden. Those who knew the property of the propert heavy burden. Those who knew him best said he carried his burden abstemiousness in food, like a man, though he was but four-trom alcohol, exercise like teen years old. His father had been long brisk walks, cold baths, a relation in the hours of sleep, and the avoidance of the occasions of sin. If necessary, to there may be added the use of the discipline, in and ten years respectively, and a

away the snow, but was panic stricken to find the hole empty, for someone had seen him bury the box and had stolen it while he was at work. For a few moments the disappointment of the poor boy was overpowering, and he sat down in the snow almost broken hearted until he remembered what his good mother had said to him the morning she kissed him good bye for the last

"My dear boy," she said, "I must leave to you the care of the little ones; they are all I have to give you. Never abandon them; and don't give up it matters not how dark life may seem, for the sun will shine for you again."

"No. I won't give up," said Joe aloud, as he sprang up, "but I don't see how the kids are to have any Christmas this year. We'll go to the 5 c'clock Mess and when we come home they will run to see what old Santa brought them, and they will find nothing. I can't stand that. Something has got to be done now. I don't know just which way to turn for I can't make up what I lost. I for I can't make up what I lost. I wasgoing to buy a turkey and two dolls and a sled, for Kate and Sue love dolls, and Frank would go wild over

able mate, let him marry in the fear of the Lord.
With such sentiments, and such conduct, and such principles, the Infant Jesus, born in a stable and destined to die nailed to when in trouble. You have helped a cross, will welcome him into the me many times when I was down said he was comfortable. As soon as and I am pretty l you help me out and I won't forget it? That is all, amen."

Joe felt stronger after he had sup-plicated the aid of his patron, and although the snow was piling up in great drifts in the streets of the little Pennsylvania town he did not think he could afford to be idle if it were a boliday at the mines. He knew he could not get a job in the town, so he decided to go to Mr. Gilbert's, a farmer who conducted a large farm a few miles distant, and try to get employment husking corn, for he knew that the farmer had his large barn filled with corn taken from the stalks without being stripped of the husks. Bidding the little ones good bye,

and cautioning them to be careful road singing a hymn the Sunday school had been practicing for a

"O blessed St. Joseph how great was thy worth, The one chosen shadow of God upon

earth The father of Jesus—ah then wilt thou ba, Sweet spouse of our Lady, a father

Mr. Gilbert was a wealthy farmer and had much work to be done, so cheerfully gave Joe a job for the day. The cub who knows more will always be a cub, and the smart alecky window washer will be polishing glass in the autumn time of his days.

—St. Paul Bulletin.

—St. Paul Bulletin.

—St. Paul Bulletin.

—St. Paul Bulletin.

—St. Paul Bulletin. At noon he kindly took the lad to he modestly termed a competency.

Joe feeling more cheerful went back to work and was calculating what he could purchase with the dol-lar promised him when he heard the fearful cry of fire. He rushed out in the snow and saw a large tenement a short distance from the barn wrapped in flames. There were but few men on the place, the majority having gone to town to prepare for May note try to "get rich quick." Smarter men than you have tried it little hope of saving the frame and lost all they had.

Having gone to two to break but any more, for I will never be able to little hope of saving the frame and lost all they had.



Bread is the cheapest food known. Home bread baking reduces the high cost of living by lessening the amount of expensive meats required to the necessary supply the necessary nourishment to the body. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES. W.GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED

t was abandoned to the flames. I The men were standing idly by listening to the cracking timber when they heard a fearful cry and saw a woman running down the hill begging them to save two children who had been locked in a back room to prevent them from playing in the snow while she went to the neighboring house. It was discovered later that one of them was the child of Mr. Gilbert and had been intrusted to the care of the woman while its mother went to town. The men were stupified by the hopelessness of trying to rescue the poor little Mr. Gilbert was the only one cap

EW.GILLETT COMPANY LIP

able of making an effort to reach the room in which the children were locked. His only hope was in secur-ing a ladder from the barn but he feared that it would be too late to the wives of the miners gave the children the clothing their own little ones had outgrown.

During the long summer days, Joe had secured jobs after his work at the mine was finished. His extra earnings he had saved for Christmas, for he knew how unhappy his sisters and brother would be on Christmas, for he knew how unhappy his sisters and brother would be on Christmas, morning to find their stockings empty when the other children of the beautiful presents Santa Claus had brought them.

It was Christmas Eve, and Joe went to the woods near by to get the box containing his carnings, which he had buried beneath a large oak tree. With a light heart he cleaved away the snow, but was panic stricken to find the hole empty, for someone had seen him bury the box and for a minute he thought his effects would prove to be someone had seen him bury the box and form in which the containing his carnings, which he had buried beneath a large oak tree. With a light heart he cleaved away the snow, but was panic stricken to find the hole empty, for someone had seen him bury the box and for a minute he thought his effects would prove to be in vain. The finmes were rapidly and the provention of the part of the save them. The front and back stairway had fallen and Joe who alone remained by the burning building when the men went for the ladder, hastily surveyed the situation and found that the limb of a large tree reached within a few feet of one of the windows, which had not yet been reached that it would be too late to save them. The front and back stairway had fallen and Joe who alone remained by the burning building when the men went for the ladder, hastily surveyed the situation and found that the limb of a large tree reached within a few feet of one of the windows, which had not yet been reached within a few feet of one of the windows, which had brought them.

It was Christmas Eve, and Joe went to the wonds and found that the limb of a large tree reached within a few feet of one of the windows, which had not yet one of the window in vain. The flames were rapidly approaching the room in which the children were lying, and the floors of the front rooms were falling. He prayed as he had never done in his life, for he thought be would soon be burned to death for he was not will-ing to abandon the helpless little ones even in the face of death. He looked hastily around the room and discovered that the bedstead was a very old one and that the mattres was supported, not by board slate but by ropes wound around wooden pegs, fastened to the nails. To cut the rope and unwind it was the work of a few seconds and he quickly tied one end of it around the two children, for he knew there was not children, for he knew there was not time to lower them separately. Reaching the window he proceeded to lower the children by letting the rope pass through his hands. It ran so rapidly that his hands were torn to the bones and bled freely. The children landed in a snow bank and revived in consequence. Mr. Cilbert soon arrived and they were taken at once to the house where they were once to the house where they were nursed back to life.

With his hands raw and bleeding Joe's nerve gave way for a moment but he rallied and leaped into the tree, but fell; and striking a stump, he fractured his leg and was picked up and carried to the house. He was unconscious, but as the doctor had arrived he received attention and when his leg had been set he was able to talk, he said :

"Mr. Gilbert, I only worked a half of the day; please give me a half dollar and let me go home."

"Alright Joe," said Mr. Gilbert pleasantly, "you earned a half dollar, but the snow is quite deep, so how will you get home?

"O Mr. Gilbert, I am used to the snow and I won't mind it much. "But my dear boy, your leg is broken."

"I know it is, sir, but I will get a stick and manage to get back, then I am sure to meet a cart or wagen and get a lift. If you will give me my money I will go now, I thank you for

being so good to me."
"Well, Joe, what am I to say Mrs. Gilbert, for I think she will feel like saying a word to you when she comes, and I am expecting her every minute?"

"I hope she won't think I was too rough in getting the kide out of the house. I did the best I could and had to let them down in the snow." "No, my boy, Mrs. Gilbert won't find fault with you. She will want to thank you for risking your life for us. Now you don't want to deprive her

that pleasure. Why, sir, I never thought that l did anything worth talking about. I only did what any other boy would have done. Now I am a little bothered about my own kids. You see, sir, they may hear that my leg is broken, and then they will be scared almost to death. Just tell Mrs. Gilbert that I don't deserve any

It was with difficulty that Mr. Gilbert kept back a tear as he said "But, Joe, I can't let you go be-cause I have another to deal with, that is Dr. Jones. He told me not to let you be moved from this bed for at least a week. He will be back to-night to see you, so you can't

start for home."

"I don't want the doctor to come

"Joe, tell me something about your self. Is your father living?"
"No, sir, my father and my mother are both dead. The kids and me live

at home; that's all."
"Tell me about the kids, Joe?"
"O, there is Kate and Sue and
Frank. I take care of them and I Frank. I take care of them and I want to go by the store and get them some caudy that they may not feel bad Christmas. You see, sir, I have had a little bad luck. I had saved \$5 for Christmas and buried it. Well, I guess they needed it as much as we did and I wouldn't care if it was some other time; but it's all right. I'll get the candy and the kids won't mind. Can I go now, sir?"

Before Mr. Gilbert could answer his wife came into the room and kneit by the bed and kiesed Joe a

half dozen times.

'Joe, you don't know what you have done for us and how much we thank you and how we want to do

something for you. You must tell us what we can do."
"I have settled that, mother." interrupted Mr. Gilbert, "Joe wants to go home, and I was about to tell him that I would not let a dog with a broken leg go out in this storm, and that I would deserve to be punished the balance of my life did I permit him to go. Now I will send for his little sisters and brother and we will have a joyful Christmas, and we owe it all to Joe. I have a nice little bungalow down in the hollow which they shall live in and I'll find work for Joe and see that he goes to for Joe and see that he goes to sehool in the winter. This would indeed be a sad Christmas for us had he not risked his life for our dear

The doctor came and administered a gentle opiate to the poor boy and he sank into a refreshing sleep. When he awoke the Christmas sun had driven away the clouds and he heard the well known voices of the 'kide' dancing happily around a large Christmas tree. A little later they rushed into his room with May Gilbert who handed him a box containing a hundred gold dollars.

Joe could not control his feelings, but he managed to say : "Kids, never fear, when you have St. Joseph to ask to help you. I was down yesterday, but to day I am all

THE CHRIST

"Much worship comes out of a few thoughts, where God is concerned. His magnificence in our conception is not in the richness of detail, but in the vastness of solitary grandeurs set in immense spaces like the constella-tions of the Southern Seas." This observation of Father Faber is true not only of the Divine Life of the Godhead, of His attributes, His wisdom, power, goodness, justice and mercy which shine like so many heavenly constellations in the empyrean of Faith, but it has its application also to the wonderful life of the God-man as revealed to His creatures in the book of the Gospels.

So little, apparently, is said; so much is left to be gathered. The long account at Navaragh is called the control of the Christ, the long account at Navaragh is called the control of the Christ, the

long sojourn at Nazareth is set only in the golden light shed by the text: "He was subject to them." True, there are more details of the Passion, but after all the lover of the Cruci-fied feels that he has but the bare outline of the mighty events which marked the consummation of the greatest tragedy of all time. In like manner the inspired writer sage little of the great event which consti-tutes the central fact of the world's history, the Incarnation and birth of the Son of God. That little, how-

ever, is fraught with meaning.

After the Bieseed Mother of God no one knew better than the angels, the "Glory to God in the highest" that was bound up with the birth of the Infant Jesus. The Glery of God which shone resplendent about the throne of the Most High shed its brilliancy on the crib at Bethlebem so that Heaven and earth were filled therewith. No theme ever presented to angelic choirs was capable of such to angelic choirs was capable of such development by celestial harmonies. The Wonderful, the Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Father of the World to come, the Prince of Peace was to be introduced unto His own in the presence of the simple shepherds of the hillside.

Yet the glad tidings could scarcely be announced in fewer, though at the same time more expressive words.
"For this day is born to you a Saviour,
who is Christ the Lord." Otsaviours in Israel there had been many. The name was given to Gedeon, Josue, Samson, David and others, for they had saved their people from their enemies. But this child was the Saviour par excellence, the Saviour whose surname is The Christ, that is The Audinted or the Consecrated. Next to that of Mary and Joseph, the doration of the shepherds was the first external worship earth offered to the new-born Babe of Bethlehem We doubt not that the sudden light which enveloped them was accompanied by a supernatural illumina-tion of mind and an attraction of heart which sided them in recogniz.

ing and adoring in the Infant before them the Saviour so long expected of

The announcement that He "the Anothted" conveyed more to the minds of the shepherds than the superficial reading of the words con-veys to us. In the Old Testament, reys to us. In the Old Testament, prophet, priest and king were anoint ed, and the King was spoken of as "the anointed of the Lord." It is not surprising, then, that for centuries the Jews had referred to their expected Deliverer as "the Anointed."

The ceremony of anointing was symbolic. Oil gives light, the proph et was to enlighten those who sit in darkness. Oil soothes and strengthens; the king was to comine in his administration of affairs strength with sweetness-fortiter, sua viter. Oil while shedding its light consumes; the priest was to sacrifice aimself for the glory of God and the

consumes; the priest was to sacrifice himself for the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

Jesus is, in effect and in the fullest sense of the words, Prophet. King and Priest. A prophet in the literal meaning of the word foretells the future. Under this aspect Jesus is the prophet preeminently. The shepherds believed He was the prophet. We too believe, but, more fortunate than they, we have additional proof that He was a prophet. We see Him foretell His death and Resurrection, and we have the testimony of the Gospels for the accomplishment of the prediction. "The Son of man," says Jesus, speaking of Himself, "shall be delivered to the Gentiles: He shall be mocked and scourged, and spit upon. And after they have scourged Him, they shall put Him to death, and the third day He shall rise again." With the same directness, the same confidence, the same exactness Jesus foretells to His Apostles the persecutions which Apostles the persecutions which await them, and the success of their preaching, in spite of all the opposi-tion of men. Now, Jesus died and rose again. His Gospel has been preached in the whole world. There is no nation in which His disciples are not to be found. The Church is set up everywhere, everywhere per-

secuted, everywhere victorious. The function of the prophet is also to teach men what they should know and what they should do in order to glorify God and save their souls. And this mission Christ fulfilled, especially in His whole public life. and Jesus went about all Galilee, teaching . . . and preaching the Gospel of the Kingdom." The Messias, as announced to the

Shepherds is, moreover, the King, not a king, but the suprems King, the King without whom all kingship is naught, and all superiority, in which He is not supreme, henceforth a mockery. He is the King whom we should recognize in all authority, whether vested in the family, or in the State, or in the Church ; the King whom we should obey, and whom alone we should obey, as children, as servents, as subjects, as St. Paul, who wishes us to obey mas-ters and kings, even though they be pagane, as we would obey Christ Himself.

Finally, our Saviour is the great High Priest, the priest whom David recognized and proclaimed as the "priest forever according to the order of Melohisedech." It was not suffi-cient that Jesus should be the prophet of the law — He was by the sacri-fice of Himself to reconcile God and man. Nor was the function of His priesthood to be limited by His sacri-

ancinted to the full extent of His glorious title. He is the Saviour of all because He is the Prophet, the Priest, and the King: the Prophet by delivering the mind from the dark ness of error, and enlightening it through the manifestation of the supreme truth ; the King by unsupreme true; the king by the shackling the will from the slavery of vice, and directing it to the Supreme Good; the Priest by recon-ciling God and man, as St. Paul tells the Corinthians, "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Him-self."

Since that far-off December night, when the shepherds were invited, the first outside the family circle, so to speak, to pay homage to the Lord's anointed, the work of the Saviour has been marked by an ever increasing manifestation throughout the world. But how like to the condi tions prevailing then are the social and religious and political conditions and religious and political conditions to day! Whole peoples still buried in idolatry, great nations in ignorance of Christ and His mission, or open persecutors of His religion, a compersecutors of his religion, a com-paratively few faithful worshippers, now as then, hurrying to the orib to pay their humble adoration to the Prince of Peace. The world was never more in need of a Saviour than the king who shall rule, of the Prophet who shall instruct, and of the High Priest who shall mediate between God and man.—Edward Spillane, S. J. in America.

A BLESSED CHANGE

The wondrous and blessed change in the attitude of our fellow citizens toward the Church since the election of Pius IX., in 1846 is strikingly illustrated by the tributes which leading newspapers all over the country have paid to Pius X. They have the glow of eulogies, and show how deeply his personality impressed all right-minded men. — Ave Maria.

To live content with small meansto seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion, wealthy, not rich—to study hard, think quietly, talk gently, actfrankly, to listen to stars and birds, babes

and sages, with open heart; to bear all cheerfully—do all bravely, await occasions - never hurry; in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious grow up through the com-William Ellery Channing.

Books For Xmas Gifts Each. Postpaid

Best Catholic Authors

Good Reading is an Inspiration to Right Living These Books make Good Reading

NOVELS

A DOUBLE KNOT and Other Stories, by Mary T Waggaman and others. The stories are excellent and have much pathos and humer scattered through them.

THE FRIENDLY LITTLE HOUSE and Other Stories, by Marion Ames Taggart and Others. A library of short stories of thrilling interest by a group of Catholic authors that take rank with the best writers of contemporary fiction.

group of Catholic authors that take rank with this best writers of contemporary fletion.

THE LADY OF THE TOWER and Other Stories by George Barton and others. This is a collection of short stories which will please the most fastled out tasts. The volume comprises fifteen stories which are all worthy to live in short-story literature. Most of them are delicate little love take the others, stories of adventure or mystery.

THE TRAIL OF THE DRAGON and Other Stories, by Marion F. Nixon-Roulet and other leading Catholic authors. A volume of stories which make very interesting and profitable reading for young and old MARCELLA GRACE. By Rosa Mulholland. The plot of this story is laid with a skill and grasp of details not always found in novels of the day while its development bears witness at every page to a complete mastery of the subject, joined to grace and force of diction.

THE LIGHT OF HIS COUNTENANCE. By Jer.

grace and force of diction.
THE LIGHT OF HIS COUNTENANCE. By Jerome Harte. A highly successful story. The plois flawless, the characters are natural, their oversation is sprightly and unhampered, and there are bursts of genuine councy to lighten the tragil darker shades. darker shades.

HER JOURNEY'S END. By Francis Cocke. A story of mystery, of strife and struggle, of petricalousy, and of sublime devotion.

AGATHA'S HARD SAYING. By Rosa Mulker land. Rosa Mulker best rovel.

AGATHA'S HARD SAT best rovel.

Iand. Rosa Mulholland's best rovel.

BOND AND FREE. By Jean Consor. A new story by an author who knows how to write a splendidly strong book.

THE CIRCUS-RIDER'S DAUGHTER. By F. von Brackel. A high-class novel—a love story that overy reader will feel botter for having road.

CONNOR D'ARCY'S STRUGGLES. By W. M. Bertholds. A novel that depicts to us in vivid colors the battles of life which a nuble family had to encounter, being reduced to peaury through improvident speculations on the part of the father FABIOLA'S SISTERS. Adapted by A. C. Clarke. This is a companion volume and a sequel to "Pablola".

FORGIVE AND FORGET. By Ernst Lingen.
sweet and wholesame love story, showing th
power of nebility of soul and unfaltering devotion

power of monitory of sout an anatomic property of the HERRESS OF CRONENSTEIN. By Counter Hahn-Hahn. An exquisite story of life and low told in touchingly simple words.

By Raoul de Navery. The story is a remarkably clever one; it is well constructed and evinous a master hand.

master hand.

IN GOD'S GOOD TIME. By H. M. Ross. This is a story that grips the heart, stirring in it the live liest sympathy for what is human and good.

THE MONE'S PARDON. By Raoul de Navery. An historical romance of the time of King Philip IV. of Spain. AY LADY BEATRICE. By France Cooke. The story of a society girl's development through the love of a strong man. It is vivid in characteriza-tion, and intense in interest.

tion, and intense in interest.
THE OTHER MTSS LISLE. By M. C. Martin. In powerful story of South Arrican life. It is singularly strong and full of action, and contains great deal of masterly characterization.
THE OUTLAW OF CAMARGUE. By A. d. Lamothe. This is a capital novel with pienty of the contains of the contains

Lamothe. This is a capital Lamothe. This is a capital Review of the World, By M. C. Martin. A very sweet and tender story, and will appeal to the reader through these qualities.

THE SHADOW OF EVERSLEIGH. By Jans Lansdowne, It is a world tale, blending not a little of the supernatural with various stirring and little of the supernatural with various stirring and

exciting incidents.

THE TEMPEST OF THE HEART. By Mary Agatha Gray. A story of deep feeling that center around a young monk musician.

THE SECRET OF THE GREEN VASE. By Frances Cooke. The story is one of high ideal and strong characters. The "secret" is a very close one, and the reader will not solve it until near the end of the book.

end of the book.

O AS BY FIRE. By Jean Connor. After living a life that was a lie, the heroine of this story renounces it all that the might atone for the great wrong she has done. A really absorbing and profitable story.

wrong she has cone-profitable story.

THE TEST OF COURAGE By H. M. Ross. A story that grips the heart. The well constructed plot, the breezy dialogue, the clear, rapid style carry the reader away.

THE TURN OF THE TIDE. By Mary Agains Gray. There is a complexity in the weaving this story that will keep the reader in suspense to

THE UNBIDDEN GUEST. By Frances Cooke, tale of hearts that love, suffer, and win. It is uniquely conceived tale, full of unexpected complications, and with a heroine who is so tru Catholic as to be an inspiration. DION AND THE SIBYLS. By Miles Keon. classic novel, far richer in sontiment and sound in thought than "Ben Hur."

in thought than "Ben RUD".

MISS RIN. By M. E. Francis. A captivating tale of Irish life redolent of genuine Celtic wit, love, and pathos, and charming in the true Cathelite spirit that permeates every page.

THEIR CHOICE. By Henriette Dana Skinner. Its characters are cleverly drawn, and its pages are full of shrewd wit and delicate humor. BETWEEN FRIENDS. By Richard Aumerie. BROWNIE AND I. By Richard Aumerie.
IN QUEST OF THE GOLDEN CHEST. By George Barton.

THE MYSTERY OF CLEVERLY. By George Barton. HOW THEY WORKED THBIR WAY and other stories. By M. F. Egan. stories. By M. F. Egan.

FREDDY CARR'S ADVENTURES. By Rev. R. P. Garrold, S. J.

FREDDY CARR AND HIS FRIENDS. By Rev. R. P. Garrold, S. J. THE JUNIORS OF ST. BEDE'S. By Rev. The

Bryson.
NED RIEDER. By Rev. John Weha.
JACK HILDRETH ON THE NILE. By Mario:
A. Taggart.
WINNETOU, THE APACHE KNIGHT. By
Marion A. Taggart.
THE TREASURE OF NUGGET MOUNTAIN
By Marion A. Taggart.
THE PLAYWATER PLOT. By Mary T. Waggaman. CLARE LORAINE. By "Lee."
HARMONY FLATS. By C. S. Whi

KLONDIKE PICNIC. By Eleanor C. De A KLONDIKE PICNIC. By Bleanor C. Donnelly
THE LITTLE MARSHALLS AT THE LAKE
By Mary F. Nizon Roulet.
MILLY AVELING. By Sara T.ainor Smith.
THE NEW SCHOLAR AT ST. ANNE S. By
Marion J. Brunowe.
PETRONILLA, and Other Stories. By Eleanor C.

Donnelly.
POVERINA. By Evelyn Buckenham.
THE MYSTERY OF HORNBY HALL. By Anna TOLD IN THE TWILIGHT. By Mother M.

Salome.

¶ CALLISTA, by Cardinal Newman. A tale of the Third Cantury; attempting to imagine ane express the feelings and relations between Christians and heathens of that time.

THE SISTER OF CHARITY, by Mrs. Anna. H. Dorsey. The story of a Sister of Charity who, as a nurse, attends a non-Cathelic family, and after a hipwreck and rescur from almost a hopeless situation, brings the family into the Church of God it is especially interesting in its descriptions. BIOLA. By Cardinal Wiseman. This edition of Cardinal Wiseman's tale of early Christian times is much more modern and decidedly more attractive than the old editions.

TGRANES, by Rev. John Joseph Franco, S. J. An absorbing story of the persecutions of Catholics in the fourth century, and the attempt of Julian the Appearate to restore the gods of Homer and Virgit.

or Dickens.

THE ALCHEMIST'S SECRET, by Izabei Coolina
Williams. This collection of short stories is nat of
the sort written simply for amusement: they have
their simple, direct teaching, and they lead us to
think of and to pity sorrows and tricks of others
rather than our own.

is there than our own.

In the CRUCIPLE, by Isabel Cocilis Williams.
These stories of high endeavor, of the patient bearing of pain, the sacrifice of self for offices good, are keyed on the divine true story of Him. Who gave up all for us and died on Calvary's Cross (Sacred Heart Review).

Irresistible.

CUISA KIRKBRIDGE, by Rev. A. J. Thebaud, S. J. A dramatic tale of New York City after the Civil War, full of exciting narratives infected with a strong religious moral tone.

THE MERCHANT OF ANTWERP, by Hendrick Conscience. A novel of impelling interest from beginning to end concerning the romance of the daughter of a diamond merchant, and Raphael Banks, who, through the uncertainties of fortune, came the parental approval of their marriage, which had been withheld on account of difference in social position.

In social position.

MARIAN ELWOOD, by Sarah M Brownson. This story of a haughty society girl, seldeh and arrogant, who awakes to the shallowness of her existence through the appreciation of the noble character and religious example of a young man whom she afterwards marries.

ONSCIENCE'S TALES, by Henrick Conscience.
Thoroughly interesting and well written teles of
Plannish life, including "The Recruit," "Mise Host
Genesadonck," "Blind Rosa," and "The Poor AITH, HOPE AND CHARITY, by Anonymous.
An exceedingly interesting tale of love, was said adventure during the exciting tisses of the French Revolution.

THE COMMANDER, by Charles D'Herinault. An BEECH BLUFF, by Fanny Warner. A tale of the South before the Civil War. Two other stories are contained in this volume: "Agmas," and "Fer Many Days."

Many Deys.

CAPTAIN ROBCOFF, by Racol de Navery. A thrilling story of fearlessness and advanture.

CATHOLIC CRUSOE, by Rev. W. H. Anderdon, M.A. The advantures of Owen Evans, Ecq., Surgeous Mate, set ashore with companions on a desolate island in the Caribbana Sec.

MAPPY-GO-LUCKY, by Mary C. Crowley. A cul-lection of Catholic stories for boys including. "A Little Heroing." "Nefe's Baschall Club," "Torry and His Friends," "The Boys at Baiton," and "A Christmas Stocking."

Christmas Stocking."

MERRY HEARTS AND TRUE, by Mary C. Crowley. A collection of stories for Catholic children,
including "Little Beginnings," "Blind Appla
Woman," "Polly's Five Dollars," "Marie's Trumpet," and "A Family's Frolic."

Det. and "A PRICAN FABIOLA, traunlated by Rt. Rev. Mgr. Joseph O'Connell, D.D. The story of the Life of St. Perpetus, who suffered martyrdom together with her slave, Felicities, at Carthage in the year 202. One of the most moving in the annalz of the Church.

year 203. One of the most moving in the annalto of the Church.

HAWTHORNDEAN, by Clara M. Thompson. A story of American life founded on fact.

KATHLEEN'S MOTTO, by Generieve Walsh. Assi interesting and inspiring story of a young lady who, by her simplicity and honesty, succeeds in spite of discouraging difficulties.

ALIAS KITTY CASEY, by Marie Gertrude Williams. Kitty Casey is in reality Catherine Carew, a girl threatened with misfortune, who in an endeavor to seclude herself, and at the same time enjoy the advantages of the country in summer time, accepts a menial position in a hotel, taking the position of waitness resused by her maid, Kitty Casey. The story is well written, and a romance cleverly told.

ATE MISS HOLLINGFORD, by Rosa Mulhol-land. A simple and delightful novel by Miss Mul-holland, who has written a number of books for young ladies which have met with popular favor. FRNCLIFFE. Femcliffe is the name of a large estate in Devonshire, England, the home of Agnes Falkland, who with her family and adopted sister, Francis Macdonald, furnish the interesting events and the secret inducence of which Agnes Falkland is the innocent sufferer.

THE ORPHAN SISTERS, by Mary I. Hofman.
This is an exceedingly interesting story, in which
some of the doctrines of the Catholic Church are
clearly defined. ROSE LE BLANC, by Lady Georgianna Fullerton. A thoroughly entertaining story for young people

A thoroughly entertaining story for young people by one of the best known Catholic authors.

THE STRAWCUTTER'S DAUGETER, by Lady Georgianna Fullerton. An interesting Catholic story for young people.

LADY AMABEL AND THE SHEPHERD BOY by Elizabeth M. Stewart. A Catholic tale of England, in which the love of an humble shephend boy for the daughter of a noble English family is ridiculed. In the course of time various opportunities present themselves which bring him before her parents in a more favorable light, and finally results in her marriadely should be supported to the cousins who are left in the case of their very wealthy but eccentric uncle, who professes no religion and is at odds with all the world. It follows them through their many trials and expensions and contrasts the effect on the two distinct characters.

AUNT HONG'S KEEPSAKE. A chapter from life. By Mrs. James Sadier.

BORROWED FROM THE NIGHT. A tale of

BORROWED FROM THE NIGHT. A tale of Early Kentucky, by Anna C. Minogue. LAKES AND FLANAGAN'S, by Mrs. James Sadlier. This book is the author's masterpiece. CARDOME. A spirited tale of romance and adve-ture in Kentucky, by Anna C. Minogue. CINEAS, or Rome Under Nero. A strong novel of early Christianity, by J. M. Villefranche. FOUR GREAT EVILS OF THE DAY, by Car-

OLD HOUSE BY THE BOYNE, by Mrs. J. Sadlier Picturing scenes and incidents true to life in an PEARL OF ANTIOCH, by Abbe Bayle. A charm FHALIA, by Abbe A. Bayle. An interesting and instructive tale of the Fourth Century.

instructive tale of the Fourth Century.

THE WATERS OF CONTRADICTION, by
Anna C. Minogue. A delightful romance of the
south and southern people.

ALVIRA, by Rev. A. J. O'Reilly.

AILEY MOORE. A tale of the times, by Richard
Baptist O'Brien, D. D. Showing how eviction,
murder and such pastimes are managed and instice administered in Ireland, together with many
stirring incidents in other lands. The story tells of
the heroic lives of our Irish grandfathers and
grandmothers. There is no lack of incident and
accident. For those interested in Irish history of
these later days Ailey Moore in a new dress will
serve a good purpose.

tasse later days Alley wooden in a new does win serve a good purpose THE TWO VICTORIES, by Rev. T. J. Potter. A story of the conflict of faith in a non-Catholic family, and their entrance into the Catholic Church. ROSEMARY, by J. Vincent Huntington. One of the best Catholic novels ever written. HEIRESS OF KILORGAN, by Mrs. J. Sadlies History and fiction combined; very interesting. History and fiction combined; very interesting.

ALTHEA, or the Children of Rosemont Plantation,
by D. Ella Nirdlinger. It can not fail to charm the
little ones by its brightness and sweet simplicity. BLIND AGNES, by Cecilia M. Caddell. Few tales in our language can compare with this sweet and in our language can compare with this sweet and delightful dream.

TANGLED PATHS, by Mrs. Anna H. Dorsey. As a novel Tangled Paths is admirable; as a Catholic novel it is most admirable. novel it is most admirable.

TEARS ON THE DIADEM, by Anna H. Dorsey,
A novel of the inner life of Queen Elizabeth. So
interesting that the reader will be loathe to lay it
down before finishing the entire story,

The Catholic Record, London, Ont.

PREPAREDNESS

The cry of preparedness is in the air. It is preparedness consisting in unlimited supplies of guns and men, of aeroplanes and submarines and of aeroplanes and submarines and superdreadnaughts, of bombs and shells and rounds of ammunition. Meanwhile the Church is recalling to our minds, during the Advent season, the preacher of another and very different preparedness. The world is embroiled in wars, there is rumor of social upheavals and company realisticing and all the while rumor of social upheavals and coming revolutions, and all the while our gay "society" is dancing its way for min like the daughter of Herodias, and all because that message of preparedness has not been heeded. Yet amid the wilderness of the warring world we still hear a voice calling: "Prepare ye the way of the Lord."

world we still hear a voice calling:
"Prepare ye the way of the Lord,
make straight His paths."
Here alone, therefore, is the preparedness that can save civilization
and re-Christianize it. "Do penance,
for the kingdom of heaven is at
hand," is the warning of the great
Pracursor to our age as to the Jews
of His generation. More necessary of His generation. More necessary than all mertial preparations is that spiritual preparedness. The world is in a fever of passion, unable to judge calmiy. Nothing is seemingly brother from its thought than the re pertance and penance which it meeds most of all. It has cast forth the Prince of Peace as of old He was rejected at Bethlehem. It cannot hear Him now for the din it is mak-But there is no salvation for it save in Him alone. Whatever we may think of the need of material preparedness or the limits to be set to it, we cannot be indifferent to the necessity of uniting all our forces for leveling the mountains of preju dice and filling up the valleys of ignorance, for making straight the devious ways of error and sin, and emoothing the roughness of social discord that the Prince of Peace may enter in. "And all flesh shall see the salvation of God."

There is no hope of lasting peace, whether social or international, in the world without, until the charity of Christ first comes again into th souls of men, bringing with it the true Christmas peace which the Angels announced to the shepherds on the Judean hills. Whatever we can do to prepare men's hearts for the acceptance of Christ and His the acceptance of Christ and Lite Church is a forward step toward true prepareduces, not for the war of ns, but for the fullness of the of universal brotherhood

PARCELS FOR THE FRONT

Post Office Department, Ottawa, Can. Newspapers are constantly urging the Department, and applications are still being received here to have all parcels addressed to our soldiers in France sent free or at reduced rates

france sent free or at reduced rates of postage, there evidently being the impression that the Post Office Department of Canada has control of this, and can do as it vishes.

This is not correct, inasmuch as the transference of parcels depends on a special convention, under the terms of which all parcels are transmitted, and under the terms of which only can parcels be transmitted to England and France. As Canada is only one party to this agreement, it is not possible for her to take indent action and lower the rate It Canada did this, the parcels would simply not be received, or, if de livered in England, would not be transmitted to France nor distributed

by the Canadian Post Office Depart-ment for a reduction of the rates of ment for a reduction of the rates of postage on parcels posted in Canada and destined for France and this has been refused by England and France on the ground that the amount of parcels and mail matter presented at the present time is such as to strain almost to the breaking point the transport service, and the War Office has stated publicly that it cannot and will not transport more parcels than will not transport more parcels than it has been doing.

It has been doing.

This statement was made in the British House of Commons, and the reasons above were given as to why they would not make a reduction in regard to parcels being sent from England. What France and England could not do for their own people, they could not do for Canada, and moreover they have refused the applications of the Department to have this done.

have this done.

The number of parcels is so many and the strain on the transport sys-tem is so great at the present time that the British Government has notified the Post Office Department of Canada that temporarily all par-cels all reduced to 7 pounds, that

Canada that it is necessary to limit the amount of parcel traffic for the troops during the Christmas and New Year's Season, in the interest of military efficiency. The War Office points out that the great bulk of mail matter dealt with in normal times is already times is already a severe tax on the transport service; that the amount which the roads will carry without breaking up, is limited; that ammun-ition, food and stores for the army must necessarily have preference over the mails; that any increase in the volume of mail traffic must cause delay in the forwarding of these necessary equipments for

The public are, therefore, appealed to in their own interest, as well as

The Choir

No Choir can do themselves justice with a poor Church

KARN Church Organ

will help your Choir im-mensely and will also please the congregation and man-agers. You get lasting sat-itiaction in a Karn.

The Karn-Morris Plano & Organ Co., Limited

in the interest of military efficiency, to limit the use of parcel post to articles of real utility.
Fruit, prishable articles of all descriptions, bottles and earthenware jars and like articles are prohibited, and will not be accepted for transmission; and, until further notice, no parcel exceeding 7 pounds can or will be accepted for transmission to the forces in France or Flanders.
All parcels must be strongly and securely packed in covers of canvas, linen, or other strong material. Parcels which do not comply with those requirements are unlikely to reach their

cels which do not comply with these requirements are unlikely to reach their destination safely, and if observed in course of post will be returned to the senders. The name and address of the sender must be written on the outside; and parcels which do not comply with this condition will be refused.

The Honourable T. Chase Casgrain, Postmaster General of Canada, has been successful, as a result of nego tiations entered into with the Imperial Postal Authorities, in effecting an arrangement with the British Government whereby parcels from Canada for Canadian soldiers in France and Flanders will be carried at the same rate of postage as applies to parcels from the United Kingdom for the Expeditionary Forces on the Continent ; that is.

For parcels weighing up to three

pounds, 24 cents.

For parcels weighing over three pounds and not more than seven pounds, 32 cents.
For parcels weighing over seven

pounds and not more than eleven pounds, 38 cents.

The means a material reduction it will be a source of satisfaction to the Canadian public. This reduc-tion has been brought about by Canada foregoing all postal charges for the conveyance of these parcels in Canada and on the Atlantic.

The public are reminded, however, in accordance with the circular issued by the Dapartment recently, that until further notice, no parcel can be sent weighing over seven

THE INFANT JESUS

O Mother, chaste and fair How happy seem they both, so fa

beyond compare. She in her Infant blest, And He in conscious rest, Nestling within the soft warm cradle

of her breast. What joy that sight might bear To him who sees them there If, with a pure and guilt untroubled

He looked upon the twain, like
Joseph standing by.

—GOETHE

MR. TUMULTY ANSWERED

When Mr. Tumulty, President Wilson's private secretary, undertook to defend the Administration against charges in connection with abominable outrages committed upon Mexican Catholic Sisters, he stated in the most positive manner that there was not a single affidavit on file in the State Department that would substantiate these charges. Relying on this negative evidence he maintained that the Catholics had not made out a case against Carranza and his followers. It turns out that Mr. Tumulty's statement is not based on facts. An affilavit enumerating a series of diabolical acts committed by the Carranzists has been on file in the State Department since Oct. 8, cals all reduced to 7 pounds, that is, no parcel weighing more than 7 pounds will be carried for the present.

The British War Office has notified for the Post Office Department of ranziets we think it well to give the call of the post Office Department of ranziets we think it well to give the call of the post Office Department of ranziets we think it well to give the call of the post Office Department of ranziets we think it well to give the call of the post Office Department of the post Office Department of the post Office Department of the pounds will be carried for the pounds wi

"Martin Stecker, being first duly sworn, desposes and says that the foregoing is a true copy of a letter sent by him to the Hon. Wm. J. Bryan, and that the same is in all substantial particulars a true statement of

MARTIN STECKER.

"Subscribed and sworn to before

soldiers. He tells of a Catholic bishop, seventy years old, deported to the panal colony on the Pacific Coast, of several priests confined in the Monterey penitentiary, of a parish priest, eighly years old, so tortured that he lost his reason, of priests and Sisters tortured by hanging and strangling, of a priest in hiding who was enticed out of his place of refuge under the present of headers. under the pretence of hearing the confession of a pentient and then thrown into a dungeon, of forty Sisters of Charity who were violated Mr Stecker, in speaking of these ab-horrent crimes, says: "Four of these Sisters are known to me and one of them has become demented. one of them has become demented. I have been instrumental in saving six Sisters and seven girl pupils from the same fate." We are told of valuable paintings stolen from churches and supposedly brought to the United States by fithusters. Mention is made of Governors of Mexican States issuing decrees prohibiting the practice of religion and closing the churches, convents and schools. The record of the atracious acts was laid before the State Department a year ago. Mr. Stecker who compiled it, is not a Catholic. He may not, therefore, be charged with having been influenced by religious bias. He tells a plain story of what came to his knowledge while residing in Mexico.

In indereing Carrenza our Government cannot escape a measure of responsibility for the infamous acts of the man who listed not a floger to prevent his followers from indulging in an orgy of crime against the Catholic Church, Catholic bishops, Catholic priests and Catholic Sisters. Such is the person President Wilson hes installed as ruler of Mexico.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

THE NATIVITY

Balthazar said "I see afar The splendor of His wondrous star."

Then Gaspar sighed "The end is loss; Beyond his star I see the cross."

But Melchior cried 'God's grace comes down ; Beyond his cross I see a crown !" - DAN C. RULE, Jr., in the Independent

NEVER TRIED

In a discourse recently at Newsastle-on-Tyne, England, Father Bernard Vaughan, talking on the war,

observed that:
"It had been said that this war was a condemnation of Christianity. Was not this war, it was asked, proof of the complete failure of the Gospel of Christ? What was it that had failed? The Hague Convention had been set up to secure everlasting had been set up to secure everlasting peace upon this planet. The Hegue Convention had failed because it was without Christianity. Arma ments, modern diplomacs, mechanics, science, Socialism: all these had failed, because they were without Christianity. They could not say that Christianity had failed, because it had never been tried. Three hundred years ago this country shook off the Christianity that made England.

... We were calling ourselves a

. . We were calling ourselves a Christian nation without making up our minds to take the whole Chris-tianity of Christ, but put in its place

a fragmentary Christianity."

It was "fragmentary Christianity"
that failed. The "whole Christianity of Christ would have prevented
the war had it been tried, but it

WHERE THE POPE STANDS

Here and there a voice is raised criticizing the Pope because he does not take sides in this great conflict. Considerable irritation has been manifested in England at the Pope's manifested in England at the Pope's neutrality, in quarters, strangely enough, where but a short time ago any intermeddling of the Pope in secular affairs would have been flouted and condemned. But English Catholics remain unaffected in lish Catholice remain unaffected in their loyalty to the Pope by the criti-cism which he is receiving in non-Catholic circles. Here is an illustra-tion of how sanely English Catholics view the situation, as compared with the narrow, psevish and onesided view which we see expressed in non-Catholica in the contract of the contract Catholic publications. The following is from a pastoral by Bishop Chisholm:
"Our Holy Father Benedict XV.

gives us a moving example how each
Pope in his own day strikes a responsive chord in Catholic feeling
and Catholic sentiment. He has
already shown us how his paternal
heart beats with intense love for the human race in his approachments to the various belligerent endeavors to the various belligerent endeavors to bring about, or at least to prepare the ways for peace. He has succeeded in bringing about an exchange of wounded prisoners. In his position of Universal Pastor he manifests his love for all. But that very position prevents him from taking sides and showing preference for one more than

the other.
"He has indeed expressed in no "He has indeed expressed in no uncertain words his condemnation of barbarous and his praise for fair and honest modes of warfare, but farther than that he can not go. It would be different, indeed, if he were called upon by both sides to ajudicate between them, it full and complete evidence from both sides were brought before him, upon which

alone he could form a judgment, and if both sides were prepared to stand by his judgment.

"And he is the only Power in existence from whom a fair and impartial judgment could be expected.

"His English and French and Italian children are just as dear to him as his German and Austrian and Russian children are. But the time for such action, if it will ever come,

has not come as yet.

It is the hope and prayer of all fervent lovers of humanity that the time when the Holy Father may act, may soon arrive. We are sure no matter where individual sympathies may lie in this present war, that everybody really desires peace.— Sacred Heart Review.

McIntosh.— At Harrison's Corners, on Nov. 13, 1915, Ambrons McIntosh, youngest son of Donald J. McIntosh, aged twenty years. May bis soul rest in peace.

McQuillan.—At Dickinson's Landing, on Dec. 6th, 1915, Charles McQuillan, aged sixty four years and ten months. May his soul rest in

DALY.—At his late residence 392
McLaren St., Ottawa, on November 23,
1915, Patrick Daly, formerly of Al
monte, aged seventy one years.
Foneral took place on November 25,
1915, Requiem Mass being celebrated
in St. Mary's Church, Almonte, by
Rev. W. E. Cavenegh, P.P. Inter
ment was made in St. Mary's Catholic cemetery, Almonte. May his soul
rest in peace. DALY.-At his late residence 392

CAMPBELL -- On Nov. 18th., after a brief illness, at St. Joseph's Convent Hamilton, Ont., Sister Mary St. Paul of the Cross, formerly Miss Agnes Campbell, third daughter of Mr. John C. Campbell of Burlington, Ont. The funeral took place from St. Joseph's Convent Chapel to Holy Sepulchre cemetery on Saturday, Nov. 20, 1915. "Eternal rest give to her, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon her."

THE TABLET FUND

Toronto, Dec. 15, 1915. Editor CATHOLIC RECORD: I thank you for giving space to the Append for the Tablet Fund for the Relief of the Belgians. So far I have received because of this appeal:

Previously acknowledged.....\$924 81 Rev. P. Duffy, Red Bank, 2 00 Mr. J. F. Copeland, Tor 5 00 onto... Whiteside, Britain

Athol Murray, Torento..... Mary and Albert Melenius, Grante I 100. Oregon... L. E. C , Halifax, N. S..... Misses Scott, Ostawa...... Miss McGregor, Appleton...

Miss O'Donohue Terento

If you would be good enough to acknowledge publicly these amounts in the columns of the RECORD I would be very grateful.

Respectfully yours,

W. E. BLAKE.

RESOLUTION RE LIQUOR ADVERTISEMENTS

At a meeting of the Executive of the Grand Council of the League of the Grana Ceducit of the League of the Gross held at Part Mulgrave on the 14h October, A.D., 1915, the fol-lowing Resolution was adopted: "Whereas the tendency in the majority of Municipalities of the Province is to practically prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors ex-

cepting for medicinal and mechanica purposes;
"And whereas it is desirable that advertisements advertizing the sale of intoxicating liquors by newspapers in the different Municipalities in which licenses for the sale of intoxicating liquors are refused be prohibited:

hibited ; "Therefore resolved that in so far "Therefore resolved that in so far as the Legislature of the Province can forbid by law the publication of such advertisements that legislation to that effect be passed by the Legislature of our Province."

It was moved, seconded and passed that a copy of above Resolution be forwarded to The Casket and CATHOLIC RECORD FOR Publication.

OLIC RECORD for publication.

J. ALBERT MACDONNELL. Grand Sec'y., L. O. C.

" GOD BLESS HER!"

Bishop Thirkild, of New Orleans, pre-cipitated trouble when he warned the closing session of the Methodist con ference of the board of home and Church members that the Catholics are making inroads among New Orleans Negreese.
Speaking of Mother Katharine
Drexel's Negro work for the Catholics, he commented: "God bless her;

she is doing a noble work."
"Bleshop" Burt, the bigot of Buffalo, retorted that these were
"strange words from the mouth of a
Methodist Bishop."

The chairman interceded. Finally \$1,500 of a request for \$5,000 was appropriated to build a Negro Methodist church in New Orleans.

Even though you do not like it at first, stick to a definite teak until you master it. By that time you will like it for itself. We cannot give care and thought to any occupation without acquiring gradually a personal regard

It is the prepared man, and he alone, who can enter a prepared op-portunity. The man who has to spend the care, time and strength of his manhood rooting up the wild cats sowed in his youth — this is not the man to accomplish and achieve much in life.

TEACHERS WANTED

WANTED FOR C. S. S. S. NO. I STANLEY
Wascond or Third Professional teacher. Salary
\$450 per annum. Duties to commence Sept. 1st
Small attendance Apply B. J. Gelinas, Sec. Tress.
R. R. 2. Zurich. 1009-tf

A QUALIFIED TEACHER ABLE TO TEACH
and speak English and French, Will pay \$50
a month. Apply to L. Lafrance, Sec., Pinewood,
Ont.

TEACHER WANTED FOR C. S. S. NO. 1, Oggoode, holding a 2nd class certificate. Salary \$500. Duties to commence Jan. 240, 1916. Apply to James O'Leary, Osgoode Station, R. K. No. 3.

A BILINGUAL TEACHER WANTED FOR Separate School of Massey. Please enclose you certificate. Apply to Ed. Proulx, Sec., Massey, 1939-3

TEACHER HOLDING SECOND CLASS professional certificate for Union schools, section, 6 and 8, North Crosby. Apply stating salary to Bernard Grant, Westport, Ant. 1939 3 WANTED A BACHER H LDING FIRST OR second class professional certificate for C. S. S. No. 1. McKillop, nutries of commence Jan. 2, 1916. Salary \$30 to the commence Jan. 2, 1916. Salary \$10 to Edward Horan, Sec. Treas., R. No. 5, Salaroth, Oat. 1939-2

PEMALE TEACHER WANTED FOR S. S. No. 2, Baldwin and Merritt. Lacond class certificate. alary 8300 Duties begin January 4, 1916. School located in the village of Espanola station. Apply to Geo. A. Miron, Espanola Sta., Ont.

A NORMAL TEACHER WANTED FOR SEP-arate S. S. No 5, Normanby Tp., Grey Co. Duties to commence after Christmas holidays. Salary \$500. Address W. F. E. McMurray, Nec. Neustadt, Ont.

TEACHER WANTED FOR PUBLIC SCHOOL Sec, No. 7, North Crosby, qualified teacher. Salary \$450 per annum. Duties to commence Jan-uary 3, 1916. Apply to M. J. Norwood, Sec Treas, School Sec, No. 7, North Crosby. 1939-3

WANTED A NORMAL TRAINED TEACHER for S. S. No r. Ops. Duties beginning Jan 4 1916, School is 5 miles from Ludsay and a few rods from a statuo- on the r. P. R. Apply stating salary and experience to Patrick J. Greenan, Soc. Treas. R. No. 4, Lindsay, Om. QUALIFIED TEACHER WANTED FOR S. S. No. 9 and 14 in Rochester, who is able to teach French and English, Salary \$600. Duties to begin 2 do fanuary. Apply to Victor Gagnos. Treas., Ruscomb. Ont. 1939-1

TEACHER WANTED FOR SEPARATE second class certificate. Duties to commence Januar grd, 1916. Salary \$500. Address stating experience stc., to J. S. Black, Sec. Treas. Priceville, R. R.

WANTED CATHOLIC PRIMARY TEACHER



O. M. B. A. Branch No. 4. London Meets on the 2nd and 4th Thursday of every month at eight o clock at their Rooms, St. Peter's Parish Hall, Richmond Street Frank Smith, President,

ONCE MORE WE WISH YOU

"A Merry Christmas 'A Happy New Year'

4 years wished several million satisfied users of EDDY'S Matches, Washboards, Paper Bags, Indurated Fibreware, &c., and for ourselves we hope for a closer hold (if this is possible) on the esteem and goodwill of a discerning Public.

The E. B. EDDY COMPANY

HULL, CANADA

ORDO CHRISTMAS CRIBS

MISSION SUPPLIES A SPECIALTY

J. J. M. LANDY 405 YONGE ST. TORONTO

1916

The Ordo's will be ready early in The Catholic Record

LONDON, ONT. BELLS REALS CHARTS

Supplied the supplied by the property of the p **Pianos and Player Pianos** Record readers can save from \$00 to \$150 by dealing direct with us, and thereby patronizing their own. Sole agent for many celebrated makes Twenty years tuning enables us to select the best Planos shipped to all parts of the Dominion. Write for catalogue and quotations. MULHOLLIN PIANC PARLORS, 786 St. Catherine West, Montreal, P.Q.

We pay highest Prices For FREE More Trappers and Fur Collectors
send their Raw Furs to us than to
any other five houses in Canada.

[Ballam's Trapper
English o
[O pages,
O pages, any other five houses in Canada.
Because they know we pay highest prices, pay mail and express
charges, charge no commissions,
and treat our shippers right.
Result, we are the largest in our
line in Canada. Ship to us today and
deal with a Reliable House.
No Shipment too small er too large to
receive our membratheation. Result, we are the largest in our line in Canada. Balp to us today and deal with a Reliable Boace. As the state of the sta

And Remit Con fallam 812 Hallam Building TORONTO

Your Trip to Toronto

WHEN you are preparing to visit the Queen Gity of Canada you do so knowing that there is much of great importance to you connected with your visit. It is a matter of business or social importance, and you will get more real value out of your trip if you have no worry about your accommodation. The management of the Walker House, Toronto, anticipate your needs and are prepared to receive you and any others of the family that may accompany you. Every home comfort, service that takes care of the most minute detail and meals at rates so reasonable that you will really be surprised. Give your baggage checks to the Walker House porters that meet all trains at the Depot. Register at ortance, and you will get more real value out "Toronto's Famous Hotel"

Walker House Cor. Front & York Sts. Toronto

Geo. Wright & Co., Proprietors

\$2.50 per Day up American Plan \$1.00 per Day up European Plan Special attention to the com-fort of ladies and children traveling unescorted. "The House of Plenty"



BRANCHES AND CONNECTIONS THROUGHOUT CANADA JAMES MASON, General Manage Some argue that if everybody economized, and brought their money to the Banks, many workers would be thrown out of employment and great hardships follow. Such a result is not possible. Savings deposits are re-invested by the Banks in Canada to promote the most advisable Canadian industries and enterprises.

LONDON 394 RICHMOND ST. W.J. HILL Manager

Melbourne

BRANCHES IN MIDDLESEX COUNTY

Thorndale

Lawrence Station

STAINED GLASS

Xmas Booklets and Postcards AGENTS WANTED—First is your chance to win some spendid Xmas Prints or Cash. Gur Xmas Cash and the spendid Xmas Prints or Cash. Gur Xmas Cash and fire coupon all first polytons of the spendid American Cash and fire coupon all first polytons of the spendid American Cash and the spendid American Cash (anners, watches, ing these and older size prints. Writis was at once.

COLONIAL ART CO., Deak R TORONTO, ONT.

599 Adelaide St. FINNEY & SHANNON'S COAL

The Coal of Quality Domestic Soft—Cannel, Pochahontus, Lump, Steam Coal—Lump, Run of Mine, Sinck Best Grades of Hard Woori

The Catholic Record's SPECIAL **Combination Offer**



FATHER LASANCE'S 'My Prayer Book

With Rolled Gold Chain Rosary AND

Rolled Gold Scapular Medal All for \$3

Prayer Bo-k in leather binding (American Seal) gold edges. Rosary-solid rolled gold chain, with imitation stones—Garnet, Amethwst, Tonac Crystal, Bmerald, Sapphire, Opal, Turquots, Jet.

USE THIS FORM IN ORDERING THE CATHOLIC RECORD:

London Canada
I wish to take advantage of your Special
Combination Offer, and enclose \$3, for which
lease send me, prepaid, Father Lasance's "M
rayer Book", the Rolled Gold Rosary with tate waether you wish Garnet Amethyst, etc.)
And the Rolled Gold Scapular @olal.

XMASCARDS

"At the Gate of the Temple"

Poems by Rev. D. A. Casey, "Columba"

Praised by the reviewers. Welcomed by the public. An ideal Xmas Gift. From POST FREE, \$1.00 THE CATHOLIC RECORD W. E. BLAKE & SON

OR THE AUTHOR
Bracebridge, Opt.

NOW READY

Catholic Home Annual, 1916 CONTENTS

A list of Holy Days, Fast Days, Days of Abstinence, Calendar, and other useful information. The Lack of Honor, by Marior. Ames Taggart.

Journeys of the Blessed Virgin, by Rev. Patrick J. Sloan.

The Waking of Audrey Marr, by Mary T. Waggaman. California-Old and New, by Mary E. Mannix. Grandmother's Silver Farrings, by Anna T. Sadlier.

The Road Beyond the Town, by Rev. Michael Earls, S. J. The St. Vincent De Paul Society, by Rev. John E. Mullett. Hope, by Father Faber.

From Topmost Mountain, by Francis X. Doyle, S. J. St. Teresa of Jesus. The Lesson, by Jerome Harte Bosman.

The Bravest Roman of Ther. P.il. PRICE 25c. POSTPAID

Catholic Record London, Canada