

The Catholic Record.

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

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LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1915

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THOUGHTS ON CHRISTMAS

When our first parents, endowed with wondrous gifts of nature and of grace, flung them away at the suggestion of the tempter and 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 commerce.

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 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 more 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. Down the centuries was handed the blessed promise that that was the only gleam of light during the centuries of darkness.

"The world at peace, the land at peace, the city at peace, the cave on the hillside most peaceful of all—thus were things disposed when the wayfarers of Christmas eve sought for a lodging. And in the words of Holy 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, agnost 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

affects disastrously their reasoning faculties.

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 philosopher, a personality of all-compelling influence and yet to deny Him the title of the Beloved Son of the 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 little child. He will transform his faith into fact. He will live his truth in his life. We are not merely the custodians of truth: we are its sowers and planters. We must become manly, intelligent Catholics, proud of our faith because it is the truth; Catholics who know their faith and are ready to defend it not so much by controversy as by the more effectual weapons of obedience and good works; men who are prepared to whittle down moral obligations 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 wherever 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 of Lombardy poplars that converged at the vanishing point. Louvain was only eighty-two feet above sea level. Bruges scarcely thirty. Belgium was topographically impeded from frowning and she loved the inhibition. The people themselves were sunshine folk. Not fair weather friends in the sense of the proverbial expression—loyal 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 donnairs 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 expenditures—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,

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 has no doubt been strengthened by the belief that their country was fitted to impose its will and way upon other peoples: that courage falls them as they realize that they have been deceived. Presumption cannot maintain its morals 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 ensuring brotherhood, imparts a strange and superhuman invincibility to its possessors. Hence the allegiance of Italy to the Allies has a deep significance. Teutons, Austrians, and 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 sea, 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 happily 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 Protestant citizens into an alleged oath of the Knights of Columbus, which proved to be as mythical as the Spanish prisoners' oft-told tale. Within the past three years relations between the Protestant and Catholics of Renfrew became so 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. Smallfield, 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 ones 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 investigators—two of them prominent Catholics—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 form the phraseology of such an oath and falsely fasten it upon other people is a meaner and more contemptible individual than the man who could take the oath."

The cause of national unity demands 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 Globe.

PAUL FULLER DEAD

MEXICAN DIPLOMAT AND PROMINENT CATHOLIC
New York, Nov. 30, 1915—Paul Fuller, attorney and authority on international law, died suddenly from heart disease in his apartment in the Van Rensselaer hotel early this morning.
Mr. Fuller was sixty-seven years old, but an unusually vigorous and active man for his years.
He had a strong grasp of American relations 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 the agents of the State Department. President Wilson recognized his ability and asked him to return to Mexico in March last, but this he declined to do, under pressure of private affairs. He was a Catholic.

THE POPE AND THE WAR

Again, at the Consistory held recently in Rome, has the Holy Father raised his voice in a plea for peace among the warring nations. Alluding to the difficulties which the war placed in the way of calling together the Cardinals in Consistory, the Holy Father said: "If, at last, I have been granted to day to see you again in godly numbers, it is not because those difficulties have become less, but 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 now, in the midst of the great international conflict 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; notwithstanding that we have tried every means that might hasten peace 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 aspirations of all, eliminating the unjust and impossible and taking into account with equal measure what is just and possible. Naturally, as in all human controversies which must be settled through the efforts of the contending parties themselves, it is absolutely necessary that concessions be 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 this shedding of blood, of which history records no counterpart and which, if prolonged further, might mean for Europe the beginning of decadence from the degree of prosperous civilization to which the Christian religion has raised her from nothing.

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 beneficial effects that we expected. As Vicar of Him Who is the Peaceful King and Prince of Peace, we can not be 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 conflict. While we seek with our resources to alleviate the dolorful consequences, we feel obliged by our apostolic office to inclemently advise the only means which can quickly put an end to the tremendous conflagration."—Sacred Heart Review.

THE NEW CARDINALS

At the Consistory, held on Dec. 6, the following prelates were raised to the rank of Cardinal: Monsignor Giulio Toni, Titular Archbishop of Ancona, Apostolic Nuncio in Portugal; Monsignor Alfonso Maria Mistrangelo, Archbishop of Florence; Monsignor Giovanni Cagliero, Titular Archbishop of Sebaste, Apostolic Delegate and Envoy Extraordinary in the republics of Costa Rica, Nicaragua and Honduras; Monsignor Andrea Fruhwirth, Titular Archbishop of Heraclea, Apostolic Nuncio in Bavaria; Monsignor Raffaele Scarpellini di Legnago, Titular Archbishop of Lodi, Apostolic Nuncio in Austria-Hungary; Monsignor Giorgio Gusmini, Archbishop of Bologna. With one exception all the new Cardinals are Italian by birth. Cardinal Fruhwirth is an Austrian, and a member of the Dominican Order; Cardinal Cagliero is a Salesian. Cardinal Toni, who was Nuncio to Portugal, left Lisbon when the anti-Catholic revolutionaries took possession of Portugal, and returned to Rome where he lived in retirement though still officially holding his diplomatic 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 Scarpellini, fifty-seven, is the youngest.—Sacred Heart Review.

PEACE AT THE CRIB

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

UNFINISHED WORDS

When Gerald Griffin, the celebrated Irish author, entered the Christian Brothers' Institute, he became one of the most faithful of the fraternity to every rule. When one visits the North Monastery, Cork, where Griffin lies buried, the Brothers in charge take pleasure in showing several relics of their illustrious confrere. Among these is a page of MS. containing the last words he wrote. He was engaged in writing a story when the bell rang for some community exercise. Faithful to the rule, he stopped even before he had finished the word he was actually writing. He never finished that word. His sickness came upon him before he got an opportunity to return to his work, and the story, 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 rather the life that death leads to. It runs thus: "Alas," said Una, "they can not communicate that of which themselves 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 Gerald 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 Fenagh where so many children fall 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 these words: "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 Gaspardi, 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 commute into penal servitude for life the sentence of death passed for war treason on Louise Thuliez, Countess 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 British and Belgium ministers to the Holy See brought to the notice of 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 treason, and how Cardinal Gaspardi 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

Under the presidency of Cardinal Amette, the solemn services marking the reopening of the famous Catholic Institute of Paris was held a few weeks since. When in October, 1914, the indefatigable rector, Mgr. Baurillat, decided to reopen the Institute, many feared that this would be found quite impossible, since nearly one-half of the professional staff and more than half the students were with the army. Nevertheless, although 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 licentiate in law were conferred. In his address at the opening of schools, Mgr. Baurillat said: "Many lessons are taught us by the present war; one is the necessity of long and careful preparation. To 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 of the Institute who have fallen in battle. During the first year of the war, the Institute paid a heavy toll to death. Thirteen Crosses of the Legion of Honor and six Military Medals have been awarded the pupils and the names of fifty-four have found place in "the order of the day."

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 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 anti-clerical sentiments sedulously fostered by interested politicians. Slander cannot 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 Vicare, now the abnegation of a Reverend Corporal Curé, of the self sacrifice of some sub-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 resident priest (if indeed there happen to be one, which is now not always the case, the majority having been called to the front) and so, 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 it 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 LEPPER 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 Gilbertines. She spent every Sunday afternoon in the leper hospital, seeking 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 friend. A priest comes once a week and says Mass in a little chapel constructed near the enclosure where she lives. As there are no asylums for white lepers on the islands, she 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 Heaven upon our poor missions."—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 394 feet high—is "Paradise," by Tintoretto, in the Doge's palace, Venice.

Among those reported to have been lost in the Lusitania was the well known Irish composer, O'Brian Butler. He was popularly known in Ireland as the "Father of Irish Opera."

Mrs. Abbott Low Dow, daughter of a one time Minister to Belgium and cousin of Seth Low, ex mayor of New York city, has embraced the Catholic Faith. She was a very prominent Episcopalian.

In Bengal the Jesuits from Belgium 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 instruction for Catholic baptism.

Theodore Leschitzky, famous as a piano teacher, once of Vienna and later of St. Petersburg conservatory, died recently near Dresden, aged eighty five. He was a Catholic, and the teacher of Paderewski, and other great artists.

From Pekin comes the news of the conversion of a Chinese prince, Paul Cgal, 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 missionaries in China, passed through New York city recently. Father O'Reilly and Father O'Leary are both secular priests, and are destined for Bishop Favens' Vicariate of W. Che Kiang, where they will meet the missionary from Brooklyn, the Rev. Edward S. Galvin.

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

Mrs. Guy Darrell Berry, daughter of the late Edward Sanderson and 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.

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 go back to Mexico.

A rather unusual incident occurred in the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, 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 happiness 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 Visitation Nuns, recently joined the Order of St. Francis as a Capuchin friar in the convent at Pantesaph, Wales. This is the young Marquis de Somery, 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. Joan 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 describing with enthusiasm the visit recently paid to Aldershot by Cardinal 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 sea-level robes and hat, made a close inspection of the men from his motor-car, accompanied 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.

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LAUGHTER AND TEARS by Marion J. Brunow. It should be added to all our libraries for the young.
IN THE TURKISH CAMP and Other Stories. By Konrad Kormel. From the German by Mary Richards Gray.
THE BLUE LADY'S KNIGHT by Mary F. Nixon.
WHAT THE FIGHT WAS ABOUT and Other Stories. A Book about Real Life. American Boys. By L. W. Reilly.
PRINCE ARUMUNG. The Steadfast Indian Convert. By A. V. B. A beautiful little story depicting the obstacles which a Bahaman 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.
MARION. The Christian Youth of the Lebanon. By A. B.
THE QUEEN'S NEPHEW. An Historical Narrative from the Early Japanese Mission. By Rev. Joseph Spillmann, S. J.
HELEN. This good little work has an historical narrative from the early Japanese missions; another contribution to juvenile literature that deserves a welcome. We hope it will be read by many of our boys and girls.
WRECKED AND SAVED. A story for boys, by Mrs. Faxon.
Nan Nobody. Mary T. Waggaman.
Old Charlton's Seed-Red. Sara Trainer Smith.
Three Girls, and Especially One. Marion A. Taggart.
Tom's Luck-Pot. Mary T. Waggaman.
An Every-Day Girl. Mary C. Crowley.
By Branscome River. Marion A. Taggart.
The Madcap Set at St. Anne's. Marion J. Brunow.
The Pennsylvania Post Office. Marion A. Taggart.
An Heir of Dreams. S. M. O'Malley.
The Peril of Dionysio. Mary E. Mannix.
Daddy Dan. Mary T. Waggaman.
Jack, Religious of the Society of the Holy Child.
Tooraladdy. Julia C. Walsh.
The Little Girl From Back East. Isabel J. Roberts.
The Bell Foundry. Otto von Schack.
The Queen's Page. Katharine Tynan.
The Sea-Gulls' Rock. J. Sandeau.
Jack-O'-Lantern. Mary Waggaman.
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Bistouri. A. Melandri.
A Hostage of War. Mary G. Bonesteel.
Fred's Little Daughter. Sara Trainer Smith.
Dimpling's Success. Clara Mulholland.
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Puncho and Panchita. Mary E. Mannix.
Cupa Revisited. Mary E. Mannix.
A Pilgrim From Ireland. Rev. M. Carnot. Translated by M. E. Mannix.
Our Dumb Pets — Tales of Birds and Animals. Selected.
The Orphan of Goswood. Mrs. James Sadler.
The Prairie Boy. Rev. John Talbot Smith.
The Pearl in Dark Waters. Cecilia M. Caddell.
The Queen's Confession. Raoul de Navery.
Rosaire. Translated by Sister of Mercy.
The Rose of Venice. S. Christopher.
Seven of Us. Mission J. Brunow.
Sophie's Troubles. Countess de Segur.
Stories for Catholic Children. Rev. A. M. Gruss.
Tales of Adventure. Selected.
The Cottages. Lady Georgiana Fullerton.
The Two Snowdrifts. Mary G. Bonesteel.
Uriel. Sister M. Haglund.
Virtues and Defects of a Young Girl at Home and at School. Ella M. McMahon.
THREE INDIAN TALES. Nannamook and Watonika. By Alex. Baumgartner. S. J. Talbo. The Young Indian Missionary. By A. V. B. — Father Rene's Last Journey. By Annie Housler. S. J. Translated by Miss Helena Long.
THE SHIPWRECK. A story for the young. By Rev. Joseph Spillmann, S. J. Translated from the German by Mary Richards Gray.
THE CHOQUITAN FESTIVAL OF CORPUS CHRISTI DAY. A Tale of the Old Missions of South America. By Rev. Joseph Spillmann, S. J. Translated from the German by Mary Richards Gray.
CROSSES AND CROWNS. By Rev. Joseph Spillmann, S. J. Translated by Mary Richards Gray.
BLESSÉD ARE THE MERCFUL. A Tale of the Nearo Oupias. By Rev. Joseph Spillmann, S. J. Translated by Mary Richards Gray.
THE TRIP TO NICARAGUA. A Tale of the Days of the Conquistadors. By Rev. Joseph Spillmann, S. J. Translated by Mary Richards Gray.
THE CABIN BOYS. A Story for the young. By Rev. Joseph Spillmann, S. J. Translated by Mary Richards Gray.
LOVE YOUR ENEMIES. A Tale of the Maori Insurrection in New Zealand. By Rev. Joseph Spillmann, S. J.

aren't so plentiful as some would have a think, I believe he was 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 one? He knew the Curé d'Arcs—I've often heard him speak of him. Twice he went to see him when he was quite a boy—once before he was ordained priest, and once just after. He gave me his life to read once, and as I read it, I thought that some of the things 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 never knew Father Forester, but I've heard so much about him since I've been in the neighborhood. I don't help wanting to know more. And I'll tell you the truth: I did specially come here to-day hoping you would tell me—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—she told me to say you told that I couldn't say more, but I thought perhaps . . . of course I don't know 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 if you would rather not."

Mary Florence rolled up her knitting and laid it on the wooden bench beside her. Then she clasped her work worn hands beneath the white apron, as if it were a scapular, and began to speak, her dark eyes fixed on 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 who heard the story did, by the theory of 'second sight'—whatever that may mean. 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. 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 necessary to do for him when the attacks came on. I had nursed him through so many. He would not give up the idea of midnight Mass, though the snow was too deep for any one to come across the moors at night, on account of the drifts. I was afraid for him, for the bitter cold always 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 mind, and that was all there was to it. And then, at 6 o'clock on Christmas Eve, he was suddenly taken ill—worse than I had ever seen him before. "Tears were streaming down her face, I felt unaccountably 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 kitchen. 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 first—if ever they got there—and to get a horse at the inn and ask him to ride 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 freezing, 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 curtains close, for the night was bitter. 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 whisper if 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 hands in his hands, and as I looked at him they seemed to be slipping through his fingers. There were candles on the mantel-shelf, but I had not lit them. The room was quite light from the burning logs. I sat by the fire, when I was not kneeling by the foot 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. "I 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 wasn't moonlight. It was a lantern, I thought at first, and I stood watching at the window before running down to enquire the light. 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 dangerous, 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 house."

The silence that followed was so long that I was afraid she would be unable to finish. I knew that she 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 my own eyes, until I saw what he wore. It was a priest, vested for Mass, who stood down there with bare feet in the snow, and his vestments shone like light. I thought I could hear him 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, and waited as if he was listening. I do not know how I got down stairs, but I found myself 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 rosary while I was fumbling with the bolts and the lock, and then the door was open. . . I flung it wide and knelt down almost behind it, for I was frightened, and covered my face. . . I saw nothing more. . . I dared not look, but I know that . . . that he passed through, and went to my master, and He took him away with Him. "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, inside the screen. The room was just as I had left it 10 minutes before. The clock was ticking and the fire 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 his sleep. But I knew better than that. 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

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 . . . what I saw. For the very next morning, Christmas morning, on my way to 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 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) Foreinset the crib there kneels a 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 beside the manger. The 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 And sorrows of the other. The father kneels away there by the door, The hands he clasps in prayer are rough with labor; The likes of him that hunger and that toil Once called Saint Joseph's neighbor. Outside the church the people travel by, The sick and sad, the needy, the neglected, But just across the threshold Bethlehem lies, Where none will be rejected.

A LESSON FROM THE MANGER

Brother Leo, F. S. C., in The Missionary The blessed Christmas is with us once more. This most beautiful, most appealing festival of the Christian year comes to us, in the midst of our working lives, with its mysterious 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 vouchsafed us to learn aright the lessons which the humble crib in the rock hewn stable has to teach. And one of those lessons is the lesson of sacrifice! Few of us, indeed, who do not winces at mention of the word. It strikes harshly upon our ears. The weaker part of us would prefer to ignore its interferences, to deny the validity of the idea for which it stands. Sacrifice! Verily, this is a hard saying. It seems so galling to our tender flesh, so out of harmony with the spirit of the age in which we live. Beside the manger, where we kneel, we are ready enough to protest our love, our devotion, our unwavering 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 supreme Sacrifice which reached its bloody culmination on Calvary's hill, and which continues even to day in the bloodless oblation of the holy Mass? What, if not sacrifice, made the stable and the straw and the cold and the swaddling clothes and the Divine Infants? And is not the notion of sacrifice the light in which we read right those pathetic words of the Gospel narrative, "There was no room for them in the inn?" We kneel beside the manger of Bethlehem, and we shudder at the thought of sacrifice. On that first Holy Night others knelt there, and there learned the lesson of sacrifice. Mary thus learned it, Joseph thus learned it. And the shepherds 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 out 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 of the sleeping flocks. They might 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

and as completely as in them lay, in the spirit of sacrifice. And they received their surprising reward. We kneel beside the manger of Bethlehem, and the thought of sacrifice makes our hearts grow faint. But stout hearted and strong of soul were the Wise 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 after so many weary days, they knelt beside the manger of Bethlehem, 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. 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London, Saturday, December 25, 1915

CHRISTMAS GREETING

"Peace on earth to men of good will." 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.

OUR FRENCH-CANADIAN FRIENDS

Perhaps Mr. Bourassa is the negligible 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 Quebec to supply her due proportion of men to help win the victory.

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 by the eccentric and erratic Mr. Bourassa they would not be worth while noticing.

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

The opinion, we might say the conviction, 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.

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.

When Mr. Bourassa talks of two-hundred thousand French-Canadians in Ontario conveniently forgets that one hundred thousand, and perhaps one hundred and fifty thousand or more are thoroughly anglicized, and would resist as ardently as the Orangemen or the hardly less objectionable Irishmen, 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 French-Canadian friends were not able to take care of themselves they would hardly be worth troubling about.

Therefore we should advise our Quebec brethren to mind their own business. There are language difficulties 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.

THE STURGEON FALLS CASE

The Railway Board has decided that the Spanish River Pulp and Paper Company cannot divert part of its taxes to the Separate school unless it can show that just that proportion of its stock is held by Catholic shareholders.

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 determine.

Legislation was sought and passed in 1904 validating the agreement between the Public and Separate School Boards. On account of the shameful manner in which the Public School Board had been induced to not 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 Parliament—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 for 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 5 1/2 mills on the dollar while the Separate school rate is 12 mills, and the total fixed assessment of the company's property being about \$900,000.

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. Piercy. Without knowing anything about the Sturgeon Falls Public School Board we feel quite sure that only for the Rev. Mr. Piercy—and C. W. Parliament whoever he may be—no such action would have ever been entered before the Ontario Railway Board.

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 just decided. It was not the Sturgeon Falls Public School Board, but the Rev. C. Piercy and C. W. Parliament on their behalf that instituted the action.

There are a lot of Protestants in Ontario who feel keenly the disgrace of counting the Rev. Mr. Piercy on 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. Mathieu Archbishop of Regina, Mgr. Bellevue Archbishop of St. Boniface and Mgr. Sinnott Archbishop of Winnipeg. Mgr. Sinnott is Secretary of the Papal Legation at Ottawa."

The Northwest Review in giving this despatch adds "we have been unable to verify the report." So far as we are able to ascertain the report at the present writing still lacks authoritative confirmation. It is the appearance of truth. It is entirely in accord with the wise policy of Rome respecting state and provincial 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 into effect.

or archbishop of Winnipeg he will bring to his responsible office a fund of knowledge and experience that will be invaluable.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE PARTICIPATION OF Canada in the many trophies of former wars scattered up and down the country, whether in private hands, or, as public property, in the parks and squares of our cities and larger towns.

IN FRONT OF THE Parliament Building 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 the greatest blunder, the Crimean War.

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.

REFERRING TO two 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.

THE ESSAY—If such it may be called—is not specifically directed against the Catholic Church, but it requires the mere glance to see that that is its one motif and aim. The Bishop 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.

ANOTHER INTERESTING fact which has been recalled by the War is that the "Father of the Russian Navy" 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. Vladimir upon a 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.

SIR SAMUEL Greig, Admiral of all the Russians, was one of the first recipients of the Cross after the Order's institution by Empress Catherine. The letter conferring the decoration is an interesting testimony to the efficiency of the Admiral's services to his adopted country.

With regard to Mgr. Sinnott the Catholics of Canada will hardly need any information. He has been Secretary to the Delegation at Ottawa for fifteen years. There is probably 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 ecclesiastical affairs and conditions as Mgr. Sinnott. Whether as bishop

Class of St. Valdimir, and having with our own hands invested you with 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 Hogland. 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.

RELATING THE story of the conversion to the Catholic Faith of a Methodist Episcopal missionary in China—a conversion 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 libraries? If you will not read them yourselves, put them into the hands of others.

BISHOPS OF THE Church of England in England have a long-established reputation for dignity and decorum. 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.

THE BISHOP of Carlisle, we repeat, must have been one of these. At least, his Nineteenth Century article breathes piety 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 absolutism 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.

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Anglican churchmen will be prepared 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 it may be useful to read what a pro-British Military Expert in a pro-British paper has to say about our military achievements.

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.

Neuve Chapelle saw the beginning of what should have been a great victory, truly important in its results. But its end saw the infantry disrupted and disorganized by an advance of only two miles, the British artillery pumping shrapnel and shell into their own infantry as fast as the artillerymen could work the guns, and utter lack of co-operation between the arms.

Somewhat later the German counterstroke came and the French saw the lines of the British thrust back around the Ypres salient, saw their first line of trenches occupied by the Germans, and the entire position by Ypres threatened, and this after numerous thrusts against the French line in the Argonne and elsewhere had been thrown back.

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 the line selected the time when the British advance line was over a mile to the east of the present position on British prestige in the Far East if the troops do leave?

THE FINAL blow was the military and diplomatic failure in the Balkans. Not only was Bulgaria allowed to go against the Entente, but England 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 the towns of Kut and Nakhallat on the Tigris. But in the week past the tables were turned and it was the British Army that was in retreat.

in the Allies' war council. Rumors have reached us of dissension in the Allies' camp, and it is entirely conceivable that such exists. France and Russia have done their part and have suffered grievously. England boasts that she has not yet been wounded. Hardly, the great German writer, has made the same statement. That British statesman can point with pride to such a condition when France is bleeding at every pore, Serbia has experienced a catastrophe, and Russia holds a line of defense several hundred miles inside of her boundaries, indicates a rather peculiar condition of the British mind.

T. P. O'CONNOR

DOUBT AND UNCERTAINTY GIVE PLACE TO OPTIMISM

A VISIT TO BYRON'S HOME

London, Dec. 18.—Last week 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.

There was uncertainty whether the French and British troops could save themselves from encirclement and destruction by the German and Bulgarian forces hurled against them in Serbia, and even greater uncertainty whether the Saloniki expedition should be continued or abandoned. Military opinion in England foresaw difficulties from the beginning and forecast the impossibility of rescuing the Serbian army.

Then came the operations against the Dardanelles. If history comments 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 navy to which anything was possible would have for a moment even considered an operation against land fortifications without a thoroughly worked-out operative plan between the military and naval branches of the service.

Partly owing to John Redmond's remonstrances, backed by the opinion of all English parties, these deeds of the Irish regiments have received full notice in all papers. All parties abound in recognition of the incomparable bravery of the Irish soldier. The chief regiments were the Munsters, Leinsters, Connaught Rangers and Innishilling. The first three are almost entirely Catholic and Nationalist, the last mixed Ulster Nationalists and Catholics.

At home there has been an important 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.

Spending a week end at Nottingham, 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, unobscured, 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.

Everybody familiar with Byron knows how deeply he loved Newstead. When he found himself in his childhood transferred from cheap lodgings in Aberdeen to this ancestral 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 monastic 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 Fitzmaurices, 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 improvements, 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 relics 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 possessor has resolved on radical improvements, and for the moment the hot water pipes were up, and the cold was left to work its will through the bleak cloisters.

Around there are remnants of the chapel and the other monastic buildings; they are more or less 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 Byron himself used to live is at the top of the house; right as well indeed be called an attic; but it has a beautiful 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 reach.

Each of the big bedrooms has a history. The Royal family preserved the right to use these bedrooms when it suited them and when they found themselves in that part of the country. 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 transferred 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 neglected.

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 poet and an outcast. Curiously enough, there are more reminiscences of David Livingstone, the great explorer whom Henry M. Stanley found in Africa. The explanation 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 missionary, and Livingstone was his honoured guest for some time, wrote some of his work there, and a medalion of the strong typically Scotch face is on the wall. The great dining-room—quite a royal chamber—was too cold for lunch; so we took our meal in small comfortable rooms 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 formerly were the owners of the Abbey, put up by I know not whom—probably some devotee of the ancient faith.

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 Misolonghi to his home; with the refusal of the authorities of Westminster Abbey to allow the remains of one of England's greatest figures to lie in the godly company of the poets and the writers. That tragic procession took nearly two months before it reached its goal—on May 26 to July 16. Hucknall Torkard in the slight and short glimpse I got of it seemed just an ordinary English 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 Minister 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 flock, most passionate and most tempestuous lover; and their passion had ended in a fierce quarrel, with the most venomous and unstrained 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 recovered; died soon after; the always unbalanced mind had received its final shock.

The church at Hucknall Torkard is a fair size, and has been beautified

a good deal by one of its restors. The tomb of Byron is a disappointment. There is nothing to show that one so illustrious lies below, except a short 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 daughter 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 Augustus 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 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 eccentric, always apparently in a passion about something and unable to restrain the desire for communicating these outbreaks 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 testimonials. A companion wittily described that tablet as a series of press cuttings.

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 added, "it isn't true." I hope not.

IN THE WAKE OF THE POETS

By Rev. D. A. CASEY

Christmas is the one day in all the year when the busy world forgets its cares and finds time to worship the ideal. Before the stable of Bethlehem it is difficult to think of stock and shares, and so for once the world keeps holiday. But if 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 but 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 time 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 dream dreams that are his daily companions.

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; for it is only Catholics who can 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 that night of nights above storied Bethlehem. But time and space prohibit 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 Christmas poem:

"THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM"
The Christ Child in the manger lay

The inn were full that night;
And o'er Judaea's distant plains
There streamed a wondrous light;
The shepherd 'mid his white-fleeced 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 Judaea,
Whose scepter'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 "Sieve na mon" were more familiar than the work of the poets who lived and wrote in our own loved Ireland. His is the generosity that is characteristic of true greatness. If we have achieved anything worthy of even passing notice it is in great measure due to the kindly encouragement of this master of the poetic art. More we will not say for we would spare the good Father's blushes. In

his volume of published poems we find many beautiful Christmas songs, such as "Christmas Morn in Ireland," "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 grass—
Want may chill our highland cottage;
Troubles hide with us away,
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,
Little pet lamb, pretty Nora, sturdy
Nell, my comely boy,
When the hearth is clean and cosy
And the dancing flames are gay,
And 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 men.
Near the mountain-rim—first jewel of
The Christ Child's diadem,
Burns a star of radiant beauty like
The Star of Bethlehem.

Wake ye now, my sleeping treasures,
Wake ye now, your mother's joy,
Pretty Nora, drowsy lambkin, blue-
eyed Nell, my laughing boy—
For the shadow's on the heather
And the rime is on the grass,
And the angels hurry earthward to
The early Christmas Mass.

See above you ivied abbey, where
God's servants prayed of old,
Fiery pillars in the heavens—bars
Of silver, shafts of gold—
Swing the gates of glory open,
Shining souls unnumbered pass,
Let us hurry down to meet them at
The early Christmas Mass.

Down the mountain, up the valley,
From the riverside and glen,
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,
Thy hand rest heavy on these,
'Tis to make these more His
own.

Faith has died where nations flourish—
Ardently 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 Toller 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 writers of our own that we cannot afford to buy their books, but apart altogether from the bond of the Faith, the poems of Dr. O'Hagan, Dr. Fischer and Father Dollard deserve the patronage of the public because of their intrinsic worth. From Dr. Fischer's volume we abstract:

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST

(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 research 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 teaching now a doctrine she has not uniformly taught from the beginning. She stands ever the same, the immutable and living type of the 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 glorious as when she struggled for her very existence with Jew or Pagan, or concealed herself in caves and cemeteries, we ask no other retention of liberal Christianity, or its clinging, 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 to all lands, and converting all the nations hitherto converted to the Christian name; we trace her unchanged and unchangeable through all the vicissitudes of eighteen centuries, 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 human wisdom and skill, the chief d'oeuvre of human contrivance; but in vain. We have heard of human contrivances and are not ignorant of human history, or of human philosophy, and can but smile in your face when you tell us she is the creation of human craft and passion. Tell that idle tale in the nursery, not to men with 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 to Rome to seal his apostleship with his blood. Human contrivances! You have had them. The glorious

Reformation is but a human contrivance. For these three hundred years you have had free scope of human contrivance; you have revealed in human contrivance; you have contrived and contrived, you have rejected one plan and then another, adopted now this one, now that, altered it now here, and now there, but with all your wisdom, genius, craft, passion, aided by all your boasted progress of modern times, what have you been able to construct to compare in exquisite proportion, in the beauty and symmetry of the whole and co-harmony 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 persuade us was the handiwork of bearded monks and effeminate priests in an age of darkness? You are of 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 vainly seek from your own handiwork.—Sunday Visitor.

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

IRISH CHRISTMAS LEGEND
Pile high the turf upon the fire,
And make the cabin bright,
And put no bolt upon the door,
This blessed Christmas night;
For if so be they pass this way,
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 curlew calls across the sky,
The wind are keening low,
Who knows but here they'll rest
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
found

Their footsteps as they passed;
For this the Christmas lights are set,
The doors are open wide,
That in her travail she may know
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
A 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 dared to brave the critics, or they 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 poetry of our very own who can sing sweetly and well. It is hardly necessary to remind the reader that the above poems are by no means the best examples of the poets' work. They have been selected simply because they treated of Christmas themes.

AN UNPREJUDICED TRIBUTE

The "Booklover's Magazine," a very 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 and conscience:

"The growth of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States is one of the most striking facts of history—and she has also gained the popular good will, or at least a favorable opinion, and she has conquered 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 make 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 institution, they find an organization which knows its own mind, knows what it 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 affection. They are attracted, in a word, by its practical, business like efficiency, and are repelled by the opposite qualities in Protestantism."—The Missionary.

MANGER AND ALTAR

The shepherd watch upon the wind-swept hills,
Where, huddled close, the sheep sleep in the fold,
When suddenly strange mystic music fills
The midnight skies, now bright with
barnished gold.

And sore afraid, in fear and awe they bend—
As so to hide this marvel from on high—
And trembling ask themselves what doth portend
This noon-day brightness in the mid-
night sky.

Then spake a voice, "Fear not, O sons of men,
Emmanuel is flesh to conquer sin,
In Bethlehem go seek your new-born King."

With beating hearts, no longer sore afraid,
They straightaway 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,
The Babe of Bethlehem waits us to day.

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 perfectly a Catholic tone of mind, besides enabling us to give our Mother that regular and constant devotion which is due to her as our Queen and Mother."
On this ground Mr. M. W. T. Conran, of the Society of St. John the

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."

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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 for this purpose I know of no better seminary to teach them 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 Protestant 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 "reunion of the Churches," and many plans and suggestions have been offered 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 beligerents—the Catholic, the Church of England, and the Russian, as to which he says that they have worked together freely as individuals in their own particular spheres, but all working together at the same time for the same end, and he enquires:

"Is it not possible at any rate that this may point to the mode of attaining ultimately the unity of the Church, not by the subordination of one part to another, but by a frank and independent alliance in the common 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 Church or by the Anglican and Russian Churches. It is not a pious opinion, an administrative arrangement; 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 Churches to return to Catholic unity. And only by such recognition will

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. F. PAPPEN

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 Bethlehem nineteen hundred years ago. As they filled the hearts of the Jews shepherds with joy long ago, so to day they fill the hearts of all with gladness, love, thanksgiving and reverence.

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

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

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

But if it is a day of rejoicing for all, it seems to me to be in a special manner a day of rejoicing for the poor and afflicted. The poor seem to be the special favorites of Christ. He was born in poverty. He, to whom the whole world belonged, was born in a stable, destitute of the comforts of life. His parents were poor, and His first adherents on earth were poor, hardworking, mountain shepherds. And afterwards He pointed out as one of the signs that He was the Messiah that "The poor have the Gospel preached to them."

And one of the characteristic marks of His Church seems to be that it is the Church of the poor. Is not to-day, then, in a special manner a day of rejoicing for the poor?

When we cast our eyes on that Divine Infant wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying on a little bunch of straw in a stable on that cold December night, can we complain any more of our poor and wretched lot? When we see that God man suffering from cold and privation, can we refuse to suffer and bear our trials and tribulations patiently for His sake? When we reflect on the humble and abject birth of the Son of God, shall we any longer have those proud thoughts because of our wealth, our clothing or our beauty? No. Let us practice those virtues especially taught by the Infant Jesus in the manger at Bethlehem. Let us practice 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 "Learn of Me because I am meek and humble of heart."

He was rich, but for our sake became poor that by His poverty we might become rich. His whole life, from the crib of Bethlehem to the 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 progress can be made on the road to heaven.

For as pride is the source of almost all sin, so humility is the foundation of all virtue. Is there not much, then, to cause us to rejoice on this day? And should it not be a day of happiness and joy to all the world?

But, although 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 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-

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

TEMPERANCE

A GLASS OF TEA

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 merry 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. Boisterous laughter, maudlin songs, sounds of glasses from drunken men, come from a nearby glided saloon. 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 frog. The hour is getting late, some are going home to homes such as they are, where the poor loving wife is watching and waiting, her heart heavy.

The proprietor of this glided hall—large, pompous, magnificently clothed in the finest of raiment a four-karat diamond eared in his shirt bosom—is talking to one poor man, God help him. We will call him Joe; the other man, the proprietor, 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; so I 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." "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 karat 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, "like all the rest."

"Now, George," said Joe, "on the strength of that, let's have a drink and let me taste that precious liquor from your private bottle." "All right, Joe if you insist." The drink is poured out and Joe lays down his last 30 cents, tastes the liquor,

looks at George and says: "This is only Tea." "Yes Joe," says George, "that is all 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 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 to my little family? Nothing but a hellish temper, a foul breath, headache; 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 nice home, wife well clothed, your children 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 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 Tea. 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 fading away before him. His wife and children are well clothed; he has presents for all of his children; the cottage is all 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 ten years roll by, has a nice team saved up.—Catholic Bulletin.

LOOKS AT GEORGE AND SAYS: "THIS IS ONLY TEA."

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SAVE A SMILE FOR THE OLD FOLK

There are many parents in the world to-day betrayed by their children. Boys and girls, men and women are the offenders. And, alas! that it should have to be said,—they are among our Catholic people. It is hard to think that the little children, once the darling of parental eyes, should become callous to the love of the father and mother and treat them with contempt or neglect them uncharitably 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 without father or mother.

It seems a terrible thing that Catholic 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 in this so-called age of progress, when the parents are growing old and helpless. Then they are looked upon as a burden by these heartless ones, some of whom have not even the excuse of limited means as a cloak for their ingratitude. The latter class seek every means to rid themselves of this so-called burden and look for "homes" to put them into at a small cost and think themselves mighty good for doing even this much.

This solicitude of parents with regard to their children's welfare has always been recognized as one of the most beautiful 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 Capernaum was sick unto death and he in agony of spirit, 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 took pity on him and cured his son, saying, "Thy son liveth." Thereafter 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 sorrow? Do we Catholics live up to the commandment of "Honor thy Father and thy Mother"? If we can answer this question in the affirmative, then we have nothing to fear. There are plenty of good sons and daughters who are the shining lights of the home, whose coming and going are looked for by aged eyes glowing with the affection and love that fill their hearts as they gaze on the good son or daughter. 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 act so. Some of these offenders are hypocrites. Outwardly they pretend to be kind to the old people lest they

should be blamed and lose the respect of people in whom they are interested. Otherwise they neglect and ignore them. This class, generally speaking, has money enough to support their parents without draining their purses, but then they lack the one essential thing that makes any life worth living: love.

Real neglect is shown openly by people in humbler classes in life—people who have little or no means to help the old people. It is a remarkable fact that this class contrives to have money to spend in drink—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.

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 plant 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—something precious. The tears of the daughter and the little granddaughters fell unceasingly. 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 loss. 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 she happened not to be educated in her youth and didn't speak good English. She had given him a good education, having toiled and worked hard to do it. He had married and prospered in a worldly sense, but, instead of being proud of his old mother, he was ashamed of her and begrudged her a home and support.

My friend knew the circumstances. She had met the mother and had recognized her good qualities. So, when this man sympathized with her, she 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 woman."

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 fathers and mothers."

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 they possess for the love of a good father and mother, but God's ways are not our ways and these people have been deprived of this blessing. "Honor thy father and thy mother" is the divine command and was to be them who heed it not? Give the old people a smile and a kindly word. It costs nothing, but what a host of sunshine it brings to the tired hearts of the aged.—Suzela Mahon in the Tablet.

THE CHURCH AND THE PEOPLE

The Catholic Church has ever been in sympathy with the poor, upholding their rights, alleviating their wrongs, 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. Curtis, 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 the friend of the poor. In politics, the Church was always on the side of the liberties of the people, against the tyranny of the feudal lords. In the eyes of the nobles, the labouring population were beings of an inferior order. In the eyes of the law, they were chattels. In the eyes of the Church, they were brethren in Christ, souls to be won and trained, and fitted for Heaven. In social life, the Church was an easy landlord and kind master. . . . On the whole, with many drawbacks, the Medieval Church did its duty—according to its own light to the people. It was the great cultivator of learning and art, and it did its best to educate the people. It had vast political influence, and used it on the side of the liberties of the people. . . . By means of its painting and sculpture in the churches, its mystery plays, its religious festivals, its catechizing, and its preaching, it is probable that the chief points of the Gospel history and the doctrines of the creeds were more universally known



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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 Christians were led to the lions for the announcement of the gospel of Rome, the Catholic Church has had to suffer persecution at the hands of pagans and barbarians, and although we may boast of our great civilization of the present time when we speak and act against the mother Church of Christianity, we but revert to paganism and barbarity, in the opinion of W. H. Van Duran, a non-Catholic, which he voices in the Ladies Ledger.

The keen observer will find that before you can give proper credit to the Catholic Church, for what it has done to bring man from heathenism to civilization, we must go back to the history of the time when Christ gave the command to His apostles to teach the world, and if you will but take the time and trouble to study and read, you will then appreciate what the Catholic Church has had to endure 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 tell. But suffice to say that in that time the privileged few of the pagan leaders revelled in wealth, luxury and vice, 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 new faith, and inflicted horrible torture on those who preached and followed the teachings of the Humble Shepherd of Bethlehem.

Comparing the history of the early Christian faith, it can be likened to the present age, when man is prone to repeat a religion belief that is a substance of authority, and one that will compel him to observe and practice the doctrines and forms of that period at wor-ship. Hence, the need (?) of so many varied and con-

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 can throw it away and have another made to his liking. This is probably one of the great reasons why our seventy millions of American people take up with and believe (for 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 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 profess to his own satisfaction. Your deliver after facts will find that the Catholic Church was the first Christian organization to consecrate the lives of its men and women to the mission of reclaiming humanity from savagery and was the first to unfurl the banner of civilization and wage a war that has been fought for nearly two thousand years, in an effort to bring mankind to understand and accept the teachings of Jesus Christ.

For this she has sacrificed millions of lives, and the Church stands today, the one institution that has withstood 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?

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 character 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 extracted from natives of a land, where purity is woman's brightest jewel, and where felony for man is not a trade.

Here then is calumny of the most daring kind, which transcends in its enormity the prejudice against the Irish race inspired by theatrical tra-ge-comics, for these generally make him a criminal. To rob a man by forgery of his fortune is bad enough, but more villainous is it to forge the name of a great family of a good race, and permit that which never polluted in its whole history to stand as a word for guilt.

Ireland 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 hate and are not cold and calculating resulting from a callous conscience. Hence we do not wonder that, with all the assumed names that besmen them, the Irish are in the great city of New York with its teeming thousands of Brit's sons, the fifth on the list of persons convicted of felonies in the Court of General Sessions and the criminal 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 stopping this use of Irish names by the scum of Continental Europe.—Catholic Columbian.

Friendship should never be over-intimate.

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The House And the Owner. We are told of a house which was continuously insured against fire for thirty years. Yet fire never touched it. During the thirty years, however, no less than seven people died in that same dwelling. This case shows the difference between life insurance and all other forms. Fire may come, but death must come. If fire insurance is a necessity, and we think it is, then life insurance is very much more necessary. If a possible danger should be guarded against, how much more an inevitable one. Your family can be protected against the inevitable by a policy in THE MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA. WATERLOO, ONTARIO.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

To young men the coming of Christ is a call to self-control. The Catholic young man should have certain principles, or established rules of conduct, by which his behavior should be regulated.

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.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

JOE'S REWARD—A CHRISTMAS STORY

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 roses.

2. Contention is not only possible but obligatory. God often punishes with sudden death those who have been notorious for wasting their strength.

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.

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.

5. In time of temptation turn the mind off to some other subject—the weather, the picture on the wall, the clouds, the birds, the sun, anything that will divert the thought and fill up the attention.

With these principles, a young man can guard his innocence, supplemented, of course with prayer, attendance at Mass, visits to the Blessed Sacrament and the frequent reception of the sacraments.

Let him, too, sanely consider the subject of marriage—that it is probably his vocation and then prepare for it. It is God's ordinance and therefore to be respected.

With such sentiments, and such conduct, and such principles, the infant Jesus, born in a stable and destined to die nailed to a cross, will welcome him into the legion of human beings who are marked with the sign of suffering.

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?

Mr. Gilbert was a wealthy farmer and had much work to be done, so cheerfully gave Joe a job for the day. At noon he kindly took the lad to dinner and encouraged him by relating his own experience, having come to that locality twenty years previous.

Don't invest your 6 cents in a glass of beer and then criticize the other fellow who invested his in the savings bank. Don't extend the money of your tailor or laundress in dollar opera-seats and theatre tickets.

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ing and adoring in the infant before them the Saviour so long expected of the nations. The announcement that He was 'the Anointed' conveyed more to the minds of the shepherds than the superficial reading of the words conveyed to us.

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To live content with small means—to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion, to be worthy, not respectable, and wealthy, not rich.

NOVELS

A DOUBLE KNOT and Other Stories, by Mary T. Waggoner and others. The stories are excellent and have much pathos and interest throughout them.

THE FRIENDLY LITTLE HOUSE and Other Stories, by Marion F. 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.

THE TRAIL OF THE DRAGON and Other Stories, by Marion F. Taggart and others. 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 detail 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.

HER JOURNEY'S END, by Francis Cooke. A story of a woman's struggle, of pain, of jealousy, and of sublime devotion.

AGATHA'S HARD SAYING, by Rosa Mulholland. A story of a woman's struggle, of pain, of jealousy, and of sublime devotion.

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

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THE SOLITARY ISLAND, by Rev. John Talbot. As mysterious and as thrilling as any plot as either of the sensational productions of Ashby Clavering Gantlett, and it contains pearls which would not be shared by a Franklyn or Dickens.

THE ALCHEMIST'S SECRET, by Isabel Cecilia Williams. This collection of short stories is not of the sort written simply for amusement; they have their simple, direct teaching, and they lead to the truth and to the life of the soul rather than to our own.

IN THE CRUCIBLE, by Isabel Cecilia Williams. These stories of high education, of the patient bearing of pain, the sacrifice of self for others, are kept on the divine level of the story of the man who gave up all for us and died on Calvary's Cross (Second Heart Review).

DEER JANE, by Isabel Cecilia Williams. A sweet, simple tale of a self-sacrificing old woman whose ambition to keep the little household together is held with a grace and interest that are irresistible.

LOUISA KIRKBRIDGE, by Rev. A. J. Thibault, S. J. A dramatic tale of New York City after the Civil War, full of exciting narratives infused with a strong religious moral.

THE MERCHANT OF ANTWERP, by Hendrikh Conscience. A novel of impelling interest from beginning to end concerning the romance of the daughter of a disreputable merchant, Raphael Banks, who, through the uncertainties of fortune, acquires the approval of her father's friends, which had been withdrawn on account of his social position.

MARION WOOD, by Sarah H. Brown. The story of a beautiful girl, who, in the excitement, who awakes to the shallowness of her existence through the appreciation of the noble character and the heroic example of a young man whom she afterwards marries.

CONSCIENCE TALKS, by Hendrikh Conscience. Thoroughly interesting, well written tales of Finnish life, including "The Rebirth," "Miss Rose's Good-bye," "Blind Soul," "The Post-Box," "The Old Man."

Mr. Gilbert was the only one capable of making an effort to reach the room in which the children were locked. His only hope was in securing a ladder from the barn but he feared that it would be too late to save them.

Joe was very active and with little difficulty reached the window which with several blows he smashed, and was soon in the room where the children were confined. He found them unconscious, lying in each other's arms on the floor.

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 'kids' dancing happily around a large Christmas tree.

With his hands raw and bleeding, Joe's nerve gave way for a moment but he rallied and leaped into the tree, but fell, 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 said he was comfortable. As soon as 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?"

"I know it is, sir, but I will get a stick and manage to get back, then am sure to meet a car or wagon 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 to Mrs. Gilbert, for I think she will feel like saying a word to you when she comes, and I am exposing her every minute?"

"I don't want the doctor to come any more, for I will never be able to pay him, and I'll get on at home all right."

"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?" "Oh, there is Kate and Sue and Frank. I take care of them and I want to go by the store and get them some candy 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 her wife came into the room and knelt by the bed and kissed 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 school in the winter. This would indeed be a good Christmas for us had he not risked his life for our dear little ones."

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THE CHRIST

"Much worship comes out of a few thoughts, where God is concerned. His magnificence in our conception is not the richness of detail, but in the vastness of solitary grandeur set in immense spaces like the constellations of the Southern Seas."

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

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To live content with small means—to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion, to be worthy, not respectable, and wealthy, not rich.

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THE SOLITARY ISLAND, by Rev. John Talbot. As mysterious and as thrilling as any plot as either of the sensational productions of Ashby Clavering Gantlett, and it contains pearls which would not be shared by a Franklyn or Dickens.

THE ALCHEMIST'S SECRET, by Isabel Cecilia Williams. This collection of short stories is not of the sort written simply for amusement; they have their simple, direct teaching, and they lead to the truth and to the life of the soul rather than to our own.

IN THE CRUCIBLE, by Isabel Cecilia Williams. These stories of high education, of the patient bearing of pain, the sacrifice of self for others, are kept on the divine level of the story of the man who gave up all for us and died on Calvary's Cross (Second Heart Review).

DEER JANE, by Isabel Cecilia Williams. A sweet, simple tale of a self-sacrificing old woman whose ambition to keep the little household together is held with a grace and interest that are irresistible.

LOUISA KIRKBRIDGE, by Rev. A. J. Thibault, S. J. A dramatic tale of New York City after the Civil War, full of exciting narratives infused with a strong religious moral.

THE MERCHANT OF ANTWERP, by Hendrikh Conscience. A novel of impelling interest from beginning to end concerning the romance of the daughter of a disreputable merchant, Raphael Banks, who, through the uncertainties of fortune, acquires the approval of her father's friends, which had been withdrawn on account of his social position.

MARION WOOD, by Sarah H. Brown. The story of a beautiful girl, who, in the excitement, who awakes to the shallowness of her existence through the appreciation of the noble character and the heroic example of a young man whom she afterwards marries.

CONSCIENCE TALKS, by Hendrikh Conscience. Thoroughly interesting, well written tales of Finnish life, including "The Rebirth," "Miss Rose's Good-bye," "Blind Soul," "The Post-Box," "The Old Man."

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 apparatuses, of bombs and shells and rounds of ammunition.

Here alone, therefore, is the preparedness that can save civilization and re-Christianize it. Do penance for the kingdom of heaven is at hand. It is the warning of the great Precursor to our age as to the Jews of His generation.

There is no hope of lasting peace, whether social or international, in the world without, until the charity of Christ first comes again into the souls of men, bringing with it the true Christmas peace which the Angels announced to the shepherds on the Judean hills.

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 of postage, there evidently being the impression that the Post Office Department of Canada has control of this, and can do as it wishes.

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 the only one party to this agreement, it is not possible for her to take independent action and lower the rates.

Application has already been made by the Canadian Post Office Department 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 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.

The number of parcels is so many and the strain on the transport system is so great at the present time that the British Government has notified the Post Office Department of Canada that temporarily all parcels 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 the Post Office Department of 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 a severe tax on the transport service; that the amount which the roads will carry without breaking up, is limited; that ammunition, 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 War.

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

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in the interest of military efficiency, to limit the use of parcel post to articles of real utility. Fruit, perishable articles of all descriptions, bottles and earthenware 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 these requirements are unlikely to reach their destination safely, and if observed in course of post will be returned to the sender. 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. Chace Casgrain, Postmaster General of Canada, has been successful, as a result of negotiations 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.

There means a material reduction on the cost of parcels, and it is hoped it will be a source of satisfaction to the Canadian public. This reduction 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 Department recently, that until further notice, no parcel can be sent weighing over seven pounds.

THE INFANT JESUS

O Child of beauty rare— O Mother, chaste and fair How happy seem they both, so far beyond compare. She in her infant nest, And He in conscious rest, Nestling within the soft warm cradle of her breast.

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.

"Martin Stecker, being first duly sworn, deposes, 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 facts."

"Subscribed and sworn to before me the 28th day of October, 1914. CHARLES M. BIRCKHEAD, Notary Public, D. C."

Mr. Stecker, in his affidavit, tells of Catholic clergymen who within his own knowledge were forced to sweep the streets of the city and to do manual work for common illiterate

soldiers. He tells of a Catholic bishop, seventy years old, deported to the penal colony on the Pacific Coast, of several priests confined in the Monterey penitentiary, of a parish priest, eighty 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 pretence of hearing the confession of a penitent and then thrown into a dungeon, of forty Sisters of Charity who were violated. Mr. Stecker, in speaking of these abhorrent crimes, says: "Four of these Sisters are known to me and one of them has become demented. I have been instrumental in saving six Sisters and seven girl pupils from the same fate."

In endorsing Carranza our Government cannot escape a measure of responsibility for the infamous acts of the man who lifted not a finger 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 has 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 lost; Beyond his star I see the cross."

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

NEVER TRIED

In a discourse recently at Newcastle-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 peace upon this planet. The Hague Convention had failed because it was without Christianity. Armaments, modern diplomacy, 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 Christian nation without making up our minds to take the whole Christianity 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 never had been.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

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 and 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 frowned and condemned. But English Catholics remain unaffected in their loyalty to the Pope by the criticism which he is receiving in non-Catholic circles. Here is an illustration of how fanatically English Catholics view the situation, as compared with the narrow, peevish and one-sided view which we see expressed in non-Catholic publications. The following is from a pastoral by Bishop O'Hisholm:

"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 approaches 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 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 adjudicate between them, if 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.

DIED

McINTOSH.—At Harrison's Care, on Nov. 13, 1915, Ambrose McIntosh, youngest son of Donald J. McIntosh, aged twenty years. May his soul rest in peace.

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

Daly.—At his late residence 893 McLaren St. Ottawa, on November 23, 1915, Patrick Daly, formerly of Almonte, aged seventy one years. Funeral took place on November 25, 1915. Requiem Mass being celebrated in St. Mary's Church, Almonte, by Rev. W. E. Cavanagh, P.P. Interment was made in St. Mary's Catholic cemetery, Almonte. May his soul rest in peace.

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 Appeal 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, N. B. 2 00 Mr. J. F. Copeland, Toronto..... 5 00 F. Whitehead, Britain..... 25 Mrs. O'Donohue Toronto..... 1 00 Athol Murray, Toronto..... 25 Mary and Albert Melanias, Grants 1888, Oregon... 1 00 L. E. C. Halifax, N. S..... 5 00 A. R. D. Kentville, N. S..... 5 00 Miss Scott, Ottawa..... 2 00 Miss McGregor, Appleton... 5 00

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, 98 Pembroke St.

RESOLUTION RE LIQUOR ADVERTISEMENTS

At a meeting of the Executive of the Grand Council of the League of the Cross held at West Melgrave on the 14th October, A.D., 1915, the following Resolution was adopted:

"Whereas the tendency in the majority of Municipalities of the Province is to practically prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors excepting for medicinal and mechanical purposes;

"And whereas it is desirable that advertisements advertising the sale of intoxicating liquors by newspapers in the different Municipalities in which licenses for the sale of intoxicating liquors are refused be prohibited;

"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.

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

"GOD BLESS HER!"

Bishop Thibault, of New Orleans, pre-empting a trouble when he warned the closing session of the Methodist conference of the board of home and Church members that the Catholics are making inroads among New Orleans Negroes.

Speaking of Mother Katharine Drexel's Negro work for the Catholics, he commented: "God bless her; she is doing a noble work."

"Bishop" 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 task 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 for it.

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

TEACHERS WANTED

WANTED FOR C. S. S. & N. O. 1 STANLEY Second & Third Professional teacher. Salary \$450 per annum. Duties to commence Sept. 1st Small attendance Apply E. J. Galina, Sec. Treas. R. A. Zurich, 1915 6

A QUALIFIED TEACHER ABLE TO TEACH and speak English and French. Will pay \$50 a month. Apply to L. Lafrance, Sec. Pinewood, Ont. 1915 6

TEACHER WANTED FOR C. S. S. No. 1, Osgoode, holding a 2nd class certificate. Salary \$500. Duties to commence Jan. 3rd, 1916. Apply to James O'Leary, Osgoode Station, R. C. No. 3, 1915 3

A BILINGUAL TEACHER WANTED FOR Separate School of Massey. Please enclose your certificate. Apply to Ed. Froil, Sec., Massey, Ont. 1915 3

TEACHER HOLDING SECOND CLASS professional certificate for Union schools, section 6 and 8, North Crosby. Apply stating salary to Bernard Grant, Westport, Ont. 1915 1

WANTED A TEACHER HAVING FIRST ON second class professional certificate for C. S. S. No. 1, McKillop. Duties to commence Jan. 3, 1916. Salary \$525 up, according to experience, and certificate. Apply to Edward Horan, Sec. Treas., R. R. No. 5, Bealton, Ont. 1915 1

FEMALE TEACHER WANTED FOR S. S. No. 2, Baldwin and Merrick. Second class certificate. Duties to commence January 4, 1916. School located in the village of Espinosa station. Apply to Geo. A. Miron, Espinosa, Ont. 1915 11

A NORMAL TEACHER WANTED FOR S. S. No. 5, Normansby Tp., Grey Co. Duties to commence after Christmas holidays. Salary \$525. Address W. F. E. McMurray, sec., Newcastle, Ont. 1915 3

TEACHER WANTED FOR PUBLIC SCHOOL Sec. No. 7, North Crosby, qualified teacher. Salary \$450 per annum. Duties to commence January 3, 1916. Apply to M. J. Kelly, Sec. Treas., Scotford Sec., No. 7, North Crosby. 1915 3

WANTED A NORMAL TRAINED TEACHER for S. S. No. 4, Opa. Duties beginning Jan. 4, 1916. School is 5 miles from Lindsay, and a few rods from a station on the C. P. R. Apply stating salary to J. J. Black, Sec. Treas. Pricville, R. R. No. 4, Lindsay, Ont. 1915 3

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 1st of January. Apply to Victor Gagnon, Sec. Treas., Ruscomb, Ont. 1915 3

TEACHER WANTED FOR SEPARATE school, No. 7, Township of Glenelg, holding a second class certificate. Duties to commence January 3rd, 1916. Salary \$500. Address stating experience, etc., to J. S. Black, Sec. Treas. Pricville, R. R. No. 2, 1915 3

WANTED CATHOLIC PRIMARY TEACHER, holding a second professional certificate for S. S. No. 13, New Germany, Ont. Must be able to teach and speak German. Salary \$400 per annum. Apply to Fernando Bitchy, sec., New Germany, Ont. 1915 1

An Ideal Xmas Gift BEAUTIFUL JEWELLED ROSARY Gold Plated \$1 Rosary 19 inches long, and set in solid lined case. Can be supplied in Amethyst, Emerald, opaz or Rose Amethyst. Mailed against receipt upon receipt of price stated on card. W. E. BLAKE & SON, LIMITED 123 Church St., Toronto, Canada

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