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The True Witness



MONTREAL, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19 1907

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Gardien de la Salle
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The Written and Unwritten Law of God.

The recent encyclical of Pope Pius emphasizes the peril which must inevitably arise from the perusal by Catholics of works of Modernists, most of which pretend to show that the Church has in many instances, and in all ages, changed her teaching to suit the circumstances in which she lived, a fact which, of necessity, brought her to consider anew her reading of the teachings of Christ. Apropos of this, we think that Doctor Gildea's article on the "Apostolicity of the Church," is worthy of a digest.

The Church, writes the right gentleman, is Apostolic as to her doctrine. There is not a single doctrine taught by the Apostles which the Catholic Church has not constantly advocated and insisted upon; there is not a single doctrine taught by the Catholic Church, which is not contained in the original deposit of faith which was entrusted by the Holy Spirit to the Apostles. In other words, the Catholic Church teaches all that is contained in the Word of God, and nothing that is not contained therein. This does not mean that all doctrines of the Catholic Church are to be found formally enunciated, in the Scriptures. What is meant is that they are all contained in the Scriptures, the written Word of God, or in Divine Tradition, the unwritten Word of God. Writing over 1500 years ago, St. Basil said: "There are many doctrines preserved and preached in the Church, derived partly from written documents, partly from Apostolical Tradition, which have equally the same force in religion, and which no one contradicts who has the least knowledge of the Christian laws. (Lib. de Spirito Sancto, c. 27.) The Protestant admits no Word of God saving the Scriptures or Written Word.

But this position of theirs is non-Scriptural. There is absolutely no warrant for it in the Scriptures. It is (b) anti-Scriptural, for we learn from the Scriptures that just as Our Lord Himself taught, not by writing, but by word of mouth, so when commissioning His Apostles to carry on, propagate and perpetuate His work, the means that He selected was preaching. The Apostles obeyed this divine command to "preach the Gospel to every creature," not by writing, but by preaching. Indeed, several of the Apostles wrote nothing at all, when they did write, their works were called forth by special circumstances and were usually addressed to private individuals.

St. Paul wrote to the Thessalonians: "Therefore, Brethren, stand fast, and hold the traditions which you have learned, whether by word or by our epistle"; and again to Timothy: "And the things which thou hast heard of me by many witnesses, the same do you command to faithful men who shall be fit to teach others also." The Protestant position is (c) inconsistent with Protestant practice, for Protestants use and are forced to use Tradition to determine the number of the Canonical Books, and to fix the sense of the principal mysteries of the faith. It is only by Tradition, again, that they can prove the obligation of sanctifying the Sunday, the lawfulness of infant baptism, the validity of baptism when conferred by heretics. "Without Tradition," wrote Henry VIII. in his reply to Luther, "you would not know that there are Gospels. Had not the Church taught us the authenticity of St. John's Gospel, how could we have discovered it? Why, then, will you not believe the Church when she declares to hold her authority from her divine Founder?"

Then, to exclude Divine Tradition is (d) unreasonable, for this exclusion makes unity of faith impossible. How shall we know the true sense of the Scripture, if there be no Divine Tradition, no infallible living voice? All the doctrines of the Catholic Church are contained either in the Scriptures, or in Divine Tradition, the unwritten Word of God. The Church from the time of the first General Council till the present day, has from time to time, and as occasion required, solemnly proclaimed and explicitly defined some doctrine which was contained only implicitly in the original deposit of faith. But to that deposit she has never made an addition. On the contrary, she obliged all to believe, under pain of anathema, that the Revelation of God was given whole and entire on the day of Pentecost. -N.Y. Freeman's Journal.

BIRTH.

TRAINOR - In this city, on December 19th, a son to Mr. and Mrs. Simon Trainor.

Is the World Growing Anti-Religious.

(N.Y. Freeman's Journal.) That accomplished Dominican, Doctor Weiss, O.P., has recently published in Germany a work entitled "The Religious Peril," the conclusions he draws from a long study of his momentous theme being that humanity is, on the whole, gradually drifting through the shoals of materialism and worldliness, on the barren rocks of infidelity and atheism. The result, not only for the Church, but for Christianity, is that humanity is destroying the only principle that has ever moved it to seek for loftier things than those of the world, and if the leaders of Catholic thought and action are not facing the worst of the crisis as yet, there is little doubt of the extreme peril in which the souls of men find themselves at this juncture in civilization.

Worst of all Doctor Weiss characterizes such movements which have been foisted upon intelligent Catholics as being orthodox and acceptable to the Holy See simply because they bore titles that carried a semblance of truth. Such, for instance, is the so-called "reform" movement which we are assured by non-Catholic papers is taking place all along the line of Catholicity and which is labeled "Liberal."



THERE WAS NO PLACE IN THE INN.

The object of that movement is an attempt to co-ordinate the principles of modern ethical thinkers and those of the Church, "to bring Catholicism into the universal march of progress," as the stock phrase has it. An example of the tendency is again shown in the arrival of a new band of Italian publicists whose avowed object is to force the Catholic Church to throw off her conservatism and bow her head to the advances of unopposable Liberalism.

The notion that the Church is in need of reform is by no means a new one, however. As Dr. Weiss tells us, opposing forces have always criticized each other's

methods and results, and in all probability the Catholic Church has had her critics since the time of Caligula. Have we not had our Lutherans, our Wycliffs, our Jansenists and our Galileans? Criticism and attempts at destroying her influence under the pretext of introduction must always be the position of an institution which works according to methods opposed to those of mere material purport, and it is a moot point whether the Church does not emerge stronger for all the criticism that is leveled against her.

In a masterly manner Doctor Weiss treats of the causes of religious decay, pointing out at the same time, the nature of those subversive theories or notions upon which all tendencies towards disruption and schism are founded. Evolution, he holds, has denaturalized all spirituality in the minds of reading men. It has de-poetized the romance of the world and thrown doubt upon those legends and ideals which men hold most sacred in their hearts.

It has uprooted the most fixed beliefs in the goodness of humanity and referred all manifestations of good or evil in the energies of mankind to a dynamic force which is to take the place of God and reign upon the new age of Reason under the name of universal causality. It has rent the spirit of the family and dethroned the power of love. It has turned the current of men's thoughts from humanity, charity and brotherhood and given them as an alternative the principle of the survival of the fittest. Evolution and the so-called philosophy of religion are, incontrovertibly, the curses of the modern age, the sources of our discontents and miseries, the reasons of the weakening of religious ideas

ever, he attributes the decay of the religious spirit to the growing tendency to criticize, to question authority, to the too easy acquiescence in modes of Christianity as distinct from its rules; to a too passive liberalism in view which far too easily accepts the notion that God is merciful before He is just; to a spiriting away with our settled nationalities, as it is destroying or leveling our fixed tenets; in fine, to a sixth sense, a product of modern civilization, a sense of being able of ourselves and without reference to any authority, to make those laws which shall guide us on our way through life and arbitrarily define the limits of our actions and the circumscription of our will.

The simple faith and reasoning trust of our fathers are passing from the world like the last sun-gleams of a sad summer evening. Men are too intent on gain, too prone to seek the new, too heedless of the real gold that lies in their pathway as they rush to catch the glittering bubbles that lure them from afar. Religion is the only remedy that can stay this onward rush of spiritual and moral bankruptcy.

The Christmas Bells.

The joy bells are ringing, their glad message bringing. Out, out, through the wide world, in many a clime From tower and steeple, proclaim to the people, Rejoice and be glad, 'tis the great Christmas time. Like voices of angels, their psalmody singing, Like children that tuneful, their



A man will appreciate the gift you buy here.

Bath Robes, Dressing Gowns, Smoking Jackets, Neckties, Silk Mufflers, Silk and Linen Handkerchiefs, Fancy Suspenders, Furlined Gloves, Fancy Vests. A large selection of pretty holiday gifts. You will admire our variety. Clergymen—Roman Collars in all sizes.

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The True Witness,

316 LAGAUCHETIERE ST. W.
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Like heralds acclaiming, from hour to hour,
The glad feast of Christmas, that comes once again.
To the monk in his cell and the king in his palace,
The peasant in cot and the lord in his hall,
Their voices forever this message repeating,
They cry, "Merry Christmas," to one and to all.
J. A. S.

THE ANGELS' MESSAGE.

We are reminded that though this life must ever be a life of toil and effort, yet that, properly speaking, we have not to seek our highest good. It is found, it is brought near us, in the descent of the Son of God from His Father's bosom to this world. It is stored up among us on earth. No longer need men of ardent minds wear themselves in the pursuit of what they fancy may be chief goods; no longer have they to wander about and encounter peril in quest of that unknown blessedness to which their hearts naturally aspire, as they did in heathen times. The text speaks to them and to all. "Unto you," it says, "is born this day in the city of David a Savior which is Christ the Lord." So that we have on the Feast of the Nativity two lessons—instead of anxiety within and despondence without, instead of a weary search after great things—to be cheerful and joyful; and, again, to be so in the midst of those obscure and ordinary circumstances of life which the world passes over and thinks scorn of.—Cardinal Newman.

NOTICE is hereby given that the estate of the late William Kerr will apply to the Quebec Legislature, at its next Session, to obtain an act to ratify a deed of sale by the testamentary executors and fiduciary legatees of the late Honorable Sir George Etienne Cartier et al. to M. M. Browne & Perley, executed before J. L. Couture, notary, the 5th May, 1874.
For the interested parties,
L. LYMAN,
Attorney.
Montreal, December 17th, 1907.

A Purse for Cardinal Richard.

At the height of the trouble between the French Government and the Church last winter, a number of the old French aristocracy of St. Louis, desiring to give tangible expression to their sympathy for the venerable Cardinal Richard of Paris, decided to make up a purse to assist him in the real hardships which had come to him and to his clergy. The movers in the plan were Mrs. Robert Bakewell and Mme. Armand Peugnet, the latter of whom was entrusted with the purse on her trip to Europe in the Spring. Mme. Peugnet and her party just recently reached Paris in the course of their journey, and she had the pleasure of personally presenting to the venerable Cardinal the gift of the St. Louis well-wishers, amounting to \$800.

The Cardinal, who is in his 89th year, was deeply touched at the evidence of such substantial sympathy. He gave Mme. Peugnet a large portrait of himself, to which he added in his own hand, beneath his own motto, "In all things let God be most loved," a sentiment adopted by a great queen of Brittany, whose autobiography His Eminence, who is a native of Brittany, has written. His Eminence also sent to each of the signers of the petition as a souvenir a card representing the statue of the Blessed Virgin given by the sainted King Louis of France, for whom St. Louis is named, to the city of Paris.

PELLETAN IN THE CATACOMBS.

A story of the Catacombs, which if not true is certainly ben trovato, has just seen the light in the columns of the Gaulois. One day recently the Trappist monk who guides French visitors through those impressive subterranean galleries of St. Gallixus, still so fragrant with the memories of the struggles and triumphs of the primitive Church, was asked to accompany a French tourist. Imagine his surprise on recognizing in the visitor no other than the famous Pelletan, ex-Minister of Marine, ex-colleague of Combes, and steeped to the lips in the anti-clericalism which has brought ruin on the Christian religion in France. But the Trappist hid his astonishment and led the way down into the bowels of the earth, holding up the taper so that the anticlerical might see where he was going. After a little while they came to one of those parts where the bones show through the dust in the tiers and rows of niches. Pelletan was very interested, and as the whole-robed Trappist held the taper over one of the niches, he asked an explanation of the meaning of it all. "These," said the monk, "are the remains of the first Christians who perished victims of the persecutions. They refused to accept the law that was imposed upon them—just as the Catholics of France have refused to accept another irreligious law, and you see what they had to suffer." "Oh!" replied Pelletan, "we shall not go so far as that; you may be sure." -N.Y. Freeman's Journal.

HOUSE AND HOME

Conducted by Helene.

AN ICE STORM FOR THE CHRISTMAS DINNER TABLE.

By wires suspend a round wire netting from the chandelier to hang just below it. This should be wound with Southern moss. From every section of the wire hangs the graceful "Christmas silver rain," which may be thought for fifteen cents a box. Every now and then a glass icicle gives body to the "ice scene."

CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS.

Everybody is busy now with Christmas work, and a few suggestions picked up in various places may be found acceptable.

A few of the smaller ones are: Book marks made of satin ribbon, with sprays of flowers hand-painted at the top; pin cushions of sheer Indian linen done in shadow embroidery; match holders, devised by crocheting a cup to hold a plain medicine glass; dusters with hemstitched ends; iron holders, dusting caps, handkerchiefs, collar-and-cuff sets, etc.

All kinds of bags are greatly in demand, and never come amiss to the lover of dainty accessories. None is more appreciated by the average woman than the corset bag. One of these daintily embroidered bags of silk or linen, with a little sachet tucked away in one corner of it, will make a charming present for a woman who loves to have dainty belongings.

The Racks for Men.—A present that will be greatly appreciated by a man is a tie rack. This may be mounted on card-board instead of tiny penny calendars neatly tacked on. They may be secured stamped at any of the fancy-work stores or departments. A pretty idea is to have a sofa pillow and tie rack made to match.

Calendars.—Calendars always make acceptable gifts. Embroidered calendars in the Dutch boy and girl designs are extremely popular and effective. Or, if desired, they may be painted on card-board and tiny penny calendars neatly tacked on.

Large Shopping Bags.—Large shopping bags made of some serviceable material, built for practical service rather than beauty, are always welcome gifts to the business woman or the woman who shops.

They are shown this season made of heavy linen decorated in conventional designs or with braid stitching. If desired, they may be fashioned of black canvas.

Household Lists.—Laundry lists, grocery lists and telephone lists may be attractively worked out in embroidery. They should hang in some convenient place near the desk or in the kitchen, and for that reason should be worked out in a more practical way, strong blues or browns being used in preference to the reds.

Laundry Bags.—Laundry bags are unusually attractive this year in their numerous humorous and artistic designs. They are all made so that they may be sent to the tub frequently, and if decorated with embroidery the design is so simple that it will easily launder.

Opera and Work Bags.—Opera and work bags are easily made, and are acceptable gifts to nearly every one. They are made of silk and linen, and usually decorated in the pastel shades of embroidery cottons or silks. They come ready for work in scores of styles. They are very reasonable as to price.

A Coat Hanger.—Buy a wire coat hanger, cover it with cotton on which has been sprinkled some sachet powder, and wind thread or string around it, so as to keep it in place. Cut one and one half yards of wide ribbon into two even pieces. Fold one half so that the ends meet, and shirr it on both edges, and slip one end of the hanger through it. Do the same with the other half of the ribbon, and cover the other half of the hanger in the same way. Wind an inch-wide ribbon around the hanger and finish with little bows or tassels.

A Skirt Hanger.—A skirt hanger, which may be bought for a quarter, is wound with satin ribbon, with a little cluster of sachet bags hanging from the center hook.

NEGRO GIRL A SCULPTOR. The Literary Digest tells the story of a negro girl whose sculpture

winning her a place among the geniuses of our time. At the Jamestown Exposition her work was a feature. Miss Meta Vaux Warrick is a descendant of slaves. She is especially pleased with the knowledge that royal African blood runs in her veins. Her great-great-grandmother was an African princess. Her father was a barber and her mother a hairdresser. Miss Warrick obtained her preliminary education in the public schools of Philadelphia. Showing some talent for drawing, she did not discover her genius for sculpture until her public school work was about completed. She devoted this talent three years later in Paris. Mr. William Francis O'Donnell writes an attractive paper on Miss Warrick in the November number of The World To-day. He tells of her first struggles in Paris and of her initial visit to Vodin. As the writer tells it:

A bright summer afternoon six years ago, a little negro girl who had spent two discouraging years as an art student in Paris, walked out toward one of the pretty residences suburbs, Meudon, carrying a bundle which contained photographs of some of her finished pieces of sculpture and one clay sketch of an old man eating his heart out. "Silent Sorrow" she called this rather lugubrious production. She reached a fine villa with big shade trees all about it and the most fascinating brass knocker on the street door. She stood demurely contemplating this for a space, then pulled it, and asked of the kind lady who opened the door: "Is Mr. Rodin at home?" It was the residence of the great master whom the critics of Europe were then proclaiming, as they are more persistently now, the Michael Angelo of his age.

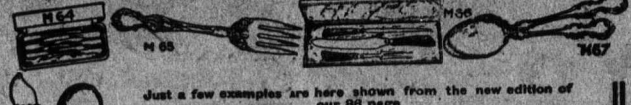
"Yes," she was told by Madame Rodin, "he is expecting you; go right out to the garden." There she found the sculptor sitting on a bench under his favorite tree, smoking. Tremblingly the girl watched him as he passed photograph after photograph over in his hands—for she had come to hear judgment on her artistic hopes—and noted with a sinking heart that his manner spelled disapproval. Without speaking he handed the pictures back. She prepared to go. But she had forgotten to show him the clay sketch, and now held it forth, timorously, almost certain that it would prove the last straw on the master's patience. Mechanically he turned the bit of clay this way and that, to view it at different angles. Gradually his squinting eyes parted wider. He ran his fingers along the muscles of the old man's back. Something in it had claimed his attention. Then—was it a dream or reality?—he walked over to where she stood, laid a fatherly hand on her shoulder, and, with bearded face beaming, said:

"My child, you are a sculptor; you have the sense of form!" Six years have passed, and to-day that negro girl, Meta Vaux Warrick, descendant of slaves, is unquestionably one of the leading women sculptors of the United States. More than this, with a record of two strong pieces in the Salon in a single year, she has had the honor of seeing some of her work compared in the French press to that of Rodin himself. But this she terms scribble.

Be There a Will, Wisdom Points the Way.—The sick man pines for relief, but he dislikes sending for the doctor, which means bottles of drugs never consumed. He has not the resolution to load his stomach with compounds which smell villainously and taste worse. But if he have the will to deal himself with his ailment, wisdom will direct his attention to Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which, as a specific for indigestion and disorders of the digestive organs, have no equal.

THREE MASSES AT CHRISTMAS. The practice of celebrating three masses had its origin in Rome. It was so old at the beginning of the sixth century that the "Liber Pontificalis" compiled at the time, referred to Pope Telesphorus of the second century. The very old Mass books, called the Gelasian and Gregorian, "Sacramentaries," contain each three Masses for the day. Anciently they were said at the time and in the order in which they are prescribed in the Missal—i.e., at midnight, before the aurora, and after sunrise.

We know that in the sixth century, and probably earlier, the Pope was wont to say these three Masses at St. Mary's Major, St. Anastasia's (whose feast occurred that day, and which is still commemorated in the second Mass), and at St. Peter's. Curiously enough, the preface of the Nativity, several collects, and many parts of the Masses remain identical by what they were fourteen hundred years ago, so jealous is the Church of her liturgy and so capable of preserving it from substantial alteration.



JEWELRY CATALOG. Just a few examples are here shown from the new edition of our 98 page. It being a necessity to some, a convenience to all, in their holiday gift giving. Our Catalog is free for the asking, and contains exact reproductions with descriptions and prices of Diamonds, Jewelry, Rings, Watches, Silverware, Cut Glass, Novelties, etc. Note these prices:

THE HOLY INNOCENTS IN LITERATURE.

Of the English writers of modern times there is none who has paid such homage to the infant martyrs as the gentle Keble. In his "Miscellaneous Poems," there is a charming poem called "The Innocents' Day." Keble also translated the Salvator Flores Martyrum of the Roman Breviary, but his translation has not the charm of Caswall's. In the "Christian Year" it is to be expected that such a feast should not be passed over by his muse. One of his longest poems is written on that subject.

Cardinal Newman has a beautiful sermon for the feast on "The Mind of Little Children"; and Father Faber in several of his books, especially in "Bethlehem" pays homage to the child martyrs in prose that is kin to poetry. He tells us that the great St. Francis de Sales died reiterating the invocation of the Holy Innocents. It is a surprise, however, to look through Faber's poems and hymns and not find a verse on the little heroes he loved so devotedly.

How the subject must appeal to the heart of the mother who understands the grief of that first martyrdom; yet the women poets have passed it by without a line. Mrs. Browning, Mrs. Hemans, Miss Proctor—how beautifully could they have voiced the lamentations of Rachel who would not be comforted, but they are silent.—Rev. Hugh F. Blunt, in December Donahoe's.

Blue Ribbon Tea. This coupon cut out and mailed in to us, entitles the sender to a free package of our Blue Ribbon Tea. Fill in blank space whether you wish Black, Mixed or Green Tea. To MRS. TOWN.

AN IRISH SISTER POET.

Was there ever a poet who could not write excellent prose if he condescended to employ that humbler medium for the expressions of his thoughts? Denis Florence MacCarthy's prose style was delightful, and so was his holy daughter's. The longest sample of it is "A Saint Among Saints." Like the rest of her work, especially in prose, the theme was not of her own choosing. A kind friend of the convent, whose name was Emily, thought that St. Emmelia was her namesake, though her name would rather come from the Latin Aemilia; and Sister Mary Stanislaus was ordered to become the biographer of the Greek saint. Her close connection with such interesting saints as Basil and Gregory helped Sister Stanislaus to make a very interesting book out of very scanty materials. Newman's "Church of the Fathers" was her chief inspiration, and this suggested the ambitious idea of begging a few lines of preface from the great Cardinal. With this object I submitted the work to him, with no result but a very kind No, ending with "The Life" is beautifully written and full of interest. The preceding year (June 21, 1881) he had written to the same intermediary: "I thank you as well as the authoress for the touching and beautiful sonnets which you assign to myself what she so lovingly says of me; but it is a great thing to have the sympathy and the prayers of such a one, and it assures me that, as the inevitable terminus comes nearer and nearer, I shall have her good thoughts and warm interest more and more."

THE GIFT UNSPEAKABLE.

Summer brings roses and the gift of song, Glimpses of loveliness beyond compare. While vision exquisite, With summer's smile is lit, A dream of happiness complete and rare. And hopes sterns that to the heart belong. And yet the flower must fade—the song shall die, Sweet dream to stern reality give place, And winter's gloom aright, With fear of death's dark night, Then fairer far than summer's gifts

WITH THE POETS

"BETHLEHEM." Near Bethlehem, long years ago, The Scripture doth unfold, Shepherds watched their flocks at night To guard them as of old.

"Behold an Angel of the Lord" Stood by them, dazzling bright; Fear seized upon the shepherds at This wonder of the night.

Rapturous notes were faintly heard, Resounding through the air, And gladsome words of happy song Are voiced by angels fair.

Then shepherds marvel'd at these words, Their wonder knew no bounds, As the heavens above re-echoed The glad celestial sounds.

And now the shepherds speed their way To find the Infant dear, Hastening through the star-lit night No longer doubt or fear.

They reach the City of David, And find the lowly place Where God the Son is resting—With His Mother—full of grace.

They offer Him their reverence, And from His Mother's breast He looks upon them lovingly, As if to ask their quest.

Into their souls He poured His grace, A priceless, loving gift, That ever good from out the world They may have grace to sift.

The shepherds hastened to their flocks, Proclaiming as they went The sights and wonders they had seen The blissful night they'd spent. —P. G. Dwight.

WHEREIN CONSISTETH PERFECT JOY.

From the Italian of Enrico Panzocchi, by Viola Vernon Sutter. One day Francis, with a friar his brother, Deep in discourse journeyed to Perugia.

"Leo, my brother, O thou sheep of God, Listen attentive: Though the humble friar, Should understand the motion of the stars, Should all the subtle, secret virtues know

Of stones, and flowing waters, and of trees; Though he interpret well the hidden tongues Of animals, creation's lower horde, And of all birds inhabiting the air, Know, in all this is not fullness of joy."

Then, when they walked a space in silence, he said: "Leo, my brother, of the sheep of God, Listen and heed me: Though the humble friar Should understand and know all hidden tongues Of all the ancient people and the new, And though he gain all wisdom that is found In holy books, and though he master quite The Father's treasured words, and clearly read The holy thoughts of angels and of saints,— Know that in this is not fullness of joy."

Again they walked in silence, then he said: "My brother Leo, of the sheep of God, Heed though my saying: Though the

humble friar Have power of God to heal the leprous, And trace the lame from their ignoble chains, And give the blessed light to darkened eyes,— It through the power of preaching he should break The stony hearts of men and infernals.

Into the faith of Christ should meekly lead,— Know that in this is not fullness of joy."

Silent they walked a space, then Francis said: "My brother, when the journey's end is come, If in Perugia's streets a hostile throng Should spurn us, mock us, tear our hoods away, And our poor garments soil and desecrate, Then, ripe for violence, with staves and stones, Should wound and leave us on the ground for dead, Then, brother, we shall know the fullness of joy."

After these words upon the steepening road The saint stood silent; brilliant from the heights Of Catania, before him, burned the sun, Silent the torrent in his rocky bed, The swallows silent in the forest near— Leo, the friar, through that deep silence heard

A mighty question. Lifting quiet eyes To Francis' face, he answered: "Let us go."

A CHRISTMAS SONNET. The day is nearly dead, the wind is still, And ere the world takes shelter for the night I come to seek Thee, Jesus, 'neath the light

That beckons me to Thee where'er I will. Here as I kneel, Thy love and presence fill My grateful heart with peace, within Thy light

My petty cares and fears are put to flight, And naught remains to tempt my thoughts to ill. Ah! treasured moments! when the world apart, I proffer Thee what Thou dost ask—my heart!

Three hundred millions bless Thy Birth to-day, And here to-day Thou cam'st to visit me; Whenever I receive Thee, Lord, I pray, Renew Thy Birth to me, and mine to Thee! —Peter Blackwell.

THE SHEPHERDS AT THE CRIB.

Out of the woods at the midnight hour, Down by the hillside steep, Cometh the eager shepherd folk, Leaving their lambs asleep:

Wondering still why the angel brought Tidings to them so bleak. Should not the first adorer be Chosen from mankind's best? Come to the cave, O shepherds meek, Come, and the Savior see! Humble and poor, and lowly like you,

Helpless and weak is He. Keep, then, O shepherd host your watch, Long, by the Infant King! Blessed are they who on Christmas morn Such shepherd-love can bring.—C. A. C., in St. Anthony's Messenger.

Don't Condemn Yourself to Bright's Disease. TAKE GIN PILLS NOW. Bright's Disease claims its thousands yearly solely because people won't heed nature's warnings.

Surp. if you wish to ret... Surp. has peculiar quality... with perfect...

Wild

CHAPTER. In the mountains Sevaste, and lost back Monsieur H heard all the par highly appropr taken by Madame The Bible is throughout that try as the worst and thieves. Th to work, and what they would It would indeed to the world in this poor boy from try and turn his member of society His parents won claim him, because ed at that very for several times sitted in the nest therefore they've to keep out of it night, however, b moment and put would be the best and for their neig In any case it w keep the boy at or was a happy thing he was caught. Th so good Marianne the very next was mother were found farmyard and they tried, and round years' imprisonment When this occur already safely taken by his kind protecto They arranged w they should place b board and lodge, o her well for this, a day school, where morning, returning evening. There he took great pains to Marianne agreed of the lad, at first those kind friends w good to her, but she to repent her charit Jacques, surround fluences, attached his cellent woman, and all the bad habits o hood.

As soon as he return Marianne would con thousand ways, and only too glad to be would carry wood fire, gather the veg water from the mill, things. Marianne h idleness; she said th to make children t them out of all misel them plenty to de was good and obedie he could do please i found, indeed, th change had come ov were no more shah blows bestowed upon consequence was he n be told twice to do a

CHAPTER. Robert had now b school for about a had gone to a highe he could learn a usef Ninette and Bonie di with a governess wh alternately to Madam Mademoiselle Huguev little girls always sp together.

As soon as lessons v ran into the garden, a was a wet day, they three or four times rou At the bottom of the pretty fountain that p into a rocky basin over ferns, and all kinds of and goldfish were th These goldfish were N delight. Each may she them with pieces of br eagerly ate up, much to dren's joy. When the tired of watching the g used to play with the had been given to Madedine in the course of T The first time that Nin creatures carrying their of armor on their back thought looked like thei was so frightened that i the latter reassured h her near the poor igh showed her how handl The child then soon le them. Ninette would ev up and strokes their de delighted the poor crea their little black eyes a again, shining as bright

BOYS AND GIRLS

a Pause in the Day's Occupation.

Wildflower.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

In the meantime Jean had reached Sevaste, and lost no time in bringing back Monsieur Huguein. He having heard all the particulars of the case, highly approved of the measures taken by Madame Huguein.

The Bidolet family were known throughout that part of the country as the worst possible vagabonds and thieves. They never attempted to work, and lived entirely upon what they could steal.

It would indeed be doing a service to the world in general to separate this poor boy from his family, and try and turn him into an honest member of society.

His parents would never dare to claim him, because they were wanted at that very time by the police for several thefts that they had committed in the neighborhood, and therefore they were only too anxious to keep out of the way.

When this occurred, Jacques was already safely taken care of, adopted by his kind protectors.

As soon as he returned from school Marianne would employ him in a thousand ways, and Jacques was only too glad to be employed.

Robert had now been back to school for about a month. Jean had gone to a higher school, where he could learn a useful trade, while Ninette and Renée did their lessons with a governess who came each day alternately to Madame Médine and Mademoiselle Huguein, for the two little girls always spent the day together.

As soon as lessons were over they ran into the garden, and unless it was a wet day, they would run three or four times round it at least. At the bottom of the garden was a pretty fountain that played merrily into a rocky basin over mossy stones ferns, and all kinds of water-plants, and goldfish into the bargain.

As soon as the two little girls had become familiar with the tortoises, they baptized them, giving them curious names, which, however, the creatures soon learnt to know, and to which they would answer when they were called as fast as their poor slow limbs would carry them.

The largest tortoise, that had great black and grey squares on its shell, they called Lola; the other, whose shell was much lighter, and more transparent, they named Périnette.

But what was the surprise of the children when one day in the beginning of winter they could not find Lola. They called her and looked for her everywhere they could think of, but they were not to be found.

Anna was in despair. She ran to tell Mademoiselle Brigette. "Aunt," cried she, "Lola is lost. She is not in the garden."

"No, darling," said her aunt, "Lola is not lost, but tortoises are dreadfully afraid of cold; it is their nature to hide themselves in a hole which they dig in the ground as soon as winter approaches. There they hide themselves until the warm weather returns, when they come to the surface, and take their place again amongst other animated creatures."

"Wait a little," said Mademoiselle Médine, "she will not be long in disappearing too, but she does not seem to have found a spot to her fancy."

"Oh," cried the child, "how sorry I am that I shall not see either of my dear tortoises for so long! Fancy they will hide themselves until next year!"

"If they had not hidden themselves, even you would not have seen much of them in the winter," said Ninette's aunt, "for you do not run about in the garden when there is snow and ice."

"And what is to become of the goldfish?" asked Ninette. "Oh," said her aunt, "you may be easy about them. If the weather is very cold, and the water in the fountain is frozen, we put them in one of these large glass cases that you know are called aquariums, and we place them near the window, where they can have light, and are warm at the same time."

"All the same," said Ninette, "I wish the spring had come and I could see the tortoises come out of their prison."

"It is not likely that you will assist at the resurrection of the tortoises, but one fine day you will probably find them near a tuft of grass, and then you must take them out plenty to eat, for they will be starving, after being so long underground without food."

The account of the curious ways of these tortoises interested the little girls very much. They thought of them all the evening, and early the next morning they ran out into the garden to know if Périnette was still to be seen. They did not find her; what Aunt Brigette said had come to pass.

The children made the best of the loss of their friends, above all as the wintry weather came on that very day, and snow began to fall.

"There is not bread enough for us both, you shall have my supper."

"And I will let you sleep in my bed," said Valentine. "There is not room enough for two. I will sleep on the floor."

The family sang their evening hymn: The woods are all silent, and the little stranger fell asleep in Valentine's bed.

At midnight the family were awakened by the sound of music without the door. The storm had abated and the stars shone clear in the cold sky. Very sweet music it was.

"Hark!" said Marie. "It is the song of children. What do they sing?" "Listen!" said Valentine. The family was still and the voices sang:

Oh, happy home, to Heaven highest, Wherein Thou, Little Stranger, liest. Like the softly attuned musical glasses scented the music out of which rose the carol. The family heard it with delight.

The song was repeated: Oh happy home, to Heaven highest, Wherein Thou, Little Stranger, liest. The music drifted away as in a cloud of light, higher and higher, and was lost in the air. In the morning the Little Stranger woke, and said that he must go.

"You will be blessed," he said, simply, "because you took me in. Take this sprig of evergreen," he added, breaking a twig from the tree that the cutter had brought home, "and plant it, and you shall one day know who I am."

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"Oh, aunt, how curious that is! What funny things they are. How is it that there are such strange creatures?" cried Ninette. "Ah, little one," replied her aunt, "the older you grow the more you find to astonish you."

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS TREE. There is a popular household story that is repeated year after year to German children at the beginning of the Christmas holidays, to kindle the spirit of charity, which illustrates to the child's mind the words of Our Lord: "I was a stranger, and ye took Me in."

It was the first Christmas tree, SANTA CLAUS. In all the wide world there is only one, apparently, who understands the geography of this planet. And the one is the personage known as Santa Claus.

Hang on to a pure hard soap. Always use Surprise. Surprise has peculiar qualities of washing clothes, without injury and with perfect cleanliness. Remember the name Surprise. Pure Hard Soap.

One snowy evening when the wood-chopper came home he brought with him some green boughs, and after the evening meal began to hang them over the mantelpiece. "Christmas is here," said he, "and I have no presents for you; but we will offer to the Lord the beautiful stars of grateful hearts. God will bless us."

side of the bag he filled with pretty toys. It is a lesson to the greedy. How Is Your Cold? Every place you go you hear the same question asked. Do you know that there is nothing so dangerous as a neglected cold? Do you know that a neglected cold will turn into Chronic Bronchitis, Pneumonia, disgusting Catarrh and the most deadly of all, the "White Plague," Consumption. Many a life history would read different if, on the first appearance of a cough, it had been remedied with Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. This wonderful cough and cold medicine contains all those very pine principles which make the pine woods so valuable in the treatment of lung affections. Combined with this are Wild Cherry Bark and the soothing, healing and expectorant properties of other pectoral herbs and barks. For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Pain in the Chest, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness or any affection of the Throat or Lungs. You will find a sure cure in Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Mrs. G. M. Loomis, Berwick, N.S., writes: "I have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup for coughs and colds, and have always found it to give instant relief. I also recommended it to one of my neighbors and she was more than pleased with the results." Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup 95 cts. per bottle as all dealers. Put up in yellow wrapper, and three pins trace the trade mark. Refuse substitutes. There is only one Norway Pine Syrup and that one is Dr. Wood's.

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1907.

Episcopal Approbation.

If the English Speaking Catholics of Montreal and of this Province consulted their best interests, they would see more of the TRUE WITNESS one of the most prosperous and powerful Catholic papers in this country. I heartily bless those who encourage this excellent work.

PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.

CHRISTMAS.

The social custom of extending best wishes for all blessings and joys at this holy tide is too serious to be lightly passed over. Wherever two or three are gathered together in the name of Christ there He is in their midst. How much more inspiring is His presence when on the anniversary of His birth we gather at His manger to praise and thank Him, and welcome Him to earth. So much of even temporal joy starts from the crib of Bethlehem that of all the year it is best suited to renew good wishes to one another. We therefore most cordially express our best wishes for a joyful Christmas to our readers far and near. May it be joyful with both heavenly and earthly joys. If sorrow marks with the cross any home which we may be addressing, may the Babe of Bethlehem give courage and consolation, for He came with balm for our wounds. No mere passing word can this wish be. The divine pledge through which it is given and from which it derives its force and value is the author of love, the finisher of our faith, and the bond of peace. There is also the increasing contest between the children of the Church and those outside. It behooves us to draw more closely together. It behooves to offer our faith, our hope and our love to the new-born Christ, for many will pass Him by in silent forgetfulness or open contempt. It is more fashionable and more popular to despise our Lord and throw away His gifts as detesting and unsuited to the needs of the soul and of society. Yet the Incarnation is God's mighty plan for the sanctification of the soul and the betterment of the race. It was the loving condescension of the Most High, the stooping down of the Second Person of the adorable Trinity to human nature and at the same time the clasping of that human soul and body in the embrace of the Son of God. What elevation, what union! Man needs the gifts of God. He needed some one who would make atonement for sin, who would pay the debt due to God's offended majesty; he needed a gift that he might offer it to God, and man needed to love God. Atonement for sin and worship of God and love of God: these were the wants which man's desolate heart felt more and more as the centuries rolled on. So when the plenitude of time was come the Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us. He came as the lowliest came: the government of the world was upon His shoulders and the discipline of all was in His life, His merits and example. Men saw Him upon His wisp of straw and turned their knee to Him; for the fulness of the Godhead was in Him. Worship became easy, and so also did love of God. As the shepherds watched the Babe clinging to His Mother there was the touch of helpless infancy giving help to the Child who had come from the high heaven with the lesson of suffering. Love became less hard, for who would not have love for Him whose

heart has shown the love of Bethlehem, and Nazareth and Calvary. How easy at Christmas to seek out the stable, and adore—add in that adoration worship and love God who lies before us wrapped in swaddling clothes. Clouds and darkness are round about Him: the earth saw and was moved; the heavens declared His justice; and all peoples saw His glory. Christmas has for us hopes which spring from the invisible height of God's mercy flow down upon our fields of earthly welfare. May the graces of the new born Saviour sanctify us and unite us more closely to Him; and may they be our support and comfort in time and our joy in the eternal Christmas-tide.

FREE RELIGION.

Our Holy Father's encyclical on Modernism continues to rouse attention from various quarters. Striking a severe blow at some of the prevalent systems of philosophy, it receives criticism from English evolutionists and German scientists. Forbidding higher criticism in questions of the Bible it has received not the praise which it deserves but the condemnation from which its depth of learning and love of God's Word should have protected it. Intellectual pride, ingrained prejudice and heretical independence contribute much to the misunderstanding of this in common with other Papal acts. As the Papacy is the centre of the Church, so is the turning point around which the battle is always fiercest. No matter what the policy of the Sovereign Pontiff may be the world finds in it nothing but folly: it is reactionary in its results and a threat to free thought and progressive civilization. If the Holy Father sends a message to his bishops he is interfering with nationalism; if he insists upon religion in education he is trespassing upon the rights of the State; or if he complains of his own unsatisfactory incarceration he is soon made to feel its greater inconvenience. But the last encyclical, because it treats of philosophy and because it is a well deserved condemnation of all Protestants who have allowed the Bible to be torn to pieces, calls for more unkindly criticism. For three centuries the Bible and nothing but the Bible was held up as the source of the Christian religion and the standard of Christian truth. Rome was condemned because it admitted any other font of doctrine, ridiculed because it chained the Bible, and hated and despised because it claimed the right of judging the Bible. Now what do we see? Protestantism is weak, the only strength it ever had was that given it by national power and pride. Its weakness is nowhere more apparent than in the very stronghold it had built for itself. The Protestant reformers (?) were bent on protecting the Bible, especially from Rome. An enemy has come in by the side door—critic and philosopher—taken it out of the hands of their divines, denied its divine authorship, stripped it of its supernatural revelation, and trampled it under foot as false and dispensable. The very Rome which had ever been the guardian of the Scriptures in earlier ages has come forth in these latter days the champion against all foes of the Bible. The encyclical on Modernism is a call to attention all along the line. Evolution as a theory had been applying its study first to one thing and then another. Not content with the problems of species it was used to investigate the problem of ideas. In its vanity evolution having explained the origin of man undertook to explain the origin of man's religion and the Church of God. It was a gigantic task, for it meant war for the supernatural and death to revelation. Instead of Christianity being a mission of the Holy Spirit, a sending of God's Eternal Son in the Incarnation and the diffusion of His gifts to the children of men; instead of the Church being the special work of our Blessed Lord, it is a growth, an evolution of an instinct within us which is no more a supernatural gift than is the growth of muscular tissue. So far from truth, dogmatic truth, we mean, being fixed and immutable it is ever evolving and expanding, not by the decisions of an authority established for the purpose of teaching and governing, but by interior evolution. It is the outcome of subjective, scientific thought which in its criticisms and explanation of events must be applied to all alike without fear or favor. It regards history as a science which records phenomena. All phenomena, therefore, must be examined scientifically, and if they do not stand the test, which is the test of reason, they must be rejected as legendary or superstitious. Reason, it must be noted, is the judge. Applying this standard to our Blessed Lord, it sweeps away His Divinity and substantial Sonship. His supernatural birth is not admitted, his

transcendent miracles are explained away, and His resurrection absolutely denied. That there was such a man who was looked up to by a few enthusiastic followers who attributed to Him qualities of which He was never Himself conscious and which He never claimed for Himself, that He was a man like other men, that He lived and died a violent death—all this, but no more is admitted. This is the Corner-Stone rejected by these evolutionary builders—and an imaginary stone substituted. The enthusiastic followers believed in their own mind, and preached to others that Christ was God. There was no reality in their speech. They believed Him to be God: that was sufficient and they could do no more. From all this we see the evil, with which Modernism threatened the Church. It was the denial of the reality of the supernatural, the annihilation of dogma, an effort at the establishment of a free religion in which all could believe as they wished. All difference between Catholic and Protestant was done away with: dogma was but a formula of expression, not a truth to be believed under penalty. It was false philosophy attempting to explain and decide what is not within its jurisdiction. But it was a philosophy maintained by a large number of men who had been and who are regarded as leaders outside the Church. There were also a few within the fold. The evil was spreading. However, the watchman on the Tower was not asleep. His Holiness exposed the danger and required the bishops to be vigilant, to watch the teaching through Seminaries, colleges, and the press. A large number were therefore called upon to hear the voice of Christ's Vicar. It is seldom an encyclical attacks an intellectual theory. Propositions enunciated by witnesses are sometimes condemned. The book in which they appeared is withdrawn or suppressed. This time men had been allowed to go in and out, some with a warning, others outside going from bad to worse—until a halt was called at least so far as the obedient children of the Church were concerned. The voice of the Papacy broke the cedars. And through the world a howl was raised. Tyranny, reaction, no freedom of thought, no room for science, ignorance—the Church which was expected to lead or let these new scientists lead fell back: these are the ebullitions of offended pride heard and read here and there. God bless our Holy Father for exposing the errors lurking in the armory of scientific rationalism and for saving the deposit of supernatural truth from the plunder of these free religionists.

THE SYNTHESIS OF HERESIES

This is the description given by the Holy Father of Modernism. "It is not," he said in his last consistory, "one heresy, but the synthesis and poison of all heresies, and which tends to shake the very foundations of the faith and to annihilate Christianity." The truth and meaning of this epigrammatic statement becomes more evident the more we study the Encyclical and observe the tactics of the exponents of Modernism. It is really a case of all the heresies lining up to give battle and take the Church by stealth or storm. Heresies have for the most part centred either around Christ Himself or the dispensation of grace or the authority of the Church. From the Gnostics in the first century to the Agnostics in the twentieth wherever it is a question of the Christ the answer is varied—the humanity is denied or the reality of His flesh— or His divine Sonship, or again the two natures are confused, until the Modernists sweep all away by denying Sonship altogether and maintaining only one nature, the human to which believers have attached belief of the divine. Nor is this act of faith made because St. Peter said so, nor because our heavenly Father hath revealed it—for they deny the very possibility of revelation. It is made by the soul's instinctive impulse. Again heresies centre largely upon the question of grace—its nature, its economy and its dispensation. It was about grace that the heresiarchs of the sixteenth century quarrelled with the Church. Grace as a gift distinct from nature was admitted as a fact—so that they admitted the supernatural. Their error started immediately, when it came to define what sanctifying grace was. In their wanderings they strayed farther when it came to the sacraments and the application of grace to individual souls. A system of theology which errs about grace could hardly keep right about sin and atonement and penance. So have the errors of Luther, Calvin and others developed. The Modernists have gone the whole length—stopping at no half way house. Denying the supernatural they deny grace,

denying the giver they undervalue the gift, and in attempting to give thought its full autonomy they have weakened it and robbed it of its brighter light. Thus does Modernism synthesize all errors and make them serve the selfish purpose of intellectual pride. But furthermore, the desire for autonomy of thought not only undermines the truth and reality of the lessons taught by the magistracy of the Church, it takes from this authority the power of Government. It does not say, "I will not serve"; it says, "Your authority is null and void; my thought, and including in that, my will, is the only power which can dictate to me." Thought can think all things for itself, thought alone can do all things and thought alone can govern. And as the field of thought stretches beyond that horizon where sky and earth seem to meet, so must it enter into what religion and superstition has called the supernatural as well as the nearer field of the natural. It was time to emphasize the truth, to rouse the watchmen and call attention that old errors had risen to life—Pelagianism and Manicheism and Socinianism and many others long dead, now in new form devastating the flock. Scarcely any system of philosophy stands alone, disconnected from any other. This is especially true when examining Kantian, Hegelian or Evolutionist philosophy. Kant borrowed from Hume, and Hegel was but a disciple of Kant, more brilliant than his master yet more dangerous. Hume's doubts are to be seen in Kant, and Hegel carried their doubt to denial. Evolution is a form of Materialism. The two—Hegel and Evolution—are closely connected; for Hegel is but a spiritualized materialist, and his whole system is a panoramic attempt at the evolution of God, the universe, man—in all as well as in Modernism is atheism, unreality, continuous change, autonomy of thought, denial or doubt of religion and immortality. This is the synthesis of theological and philosophical heresy.

PENDING SHANGES IN ST. PATRICK'S.

No official announcement having come from His Grace a pending change at St. Patrick's, we can say absolutely nothing in the matter. Everyone may rest assured, however, that at the opportune time the Archbishop will in the proper manner make known what definite action will be taken upon the question at issue. The daily newspapers, whose conflicting reports were entirely unauthorized, are on inspiration, and as His Grace regulates his own affairs, not the newspapers, it is the part of wisdom, not to mention courtesy, to wait until he does so. Our people should know by now that the Archbishop, when diocesan or parish affairs require adjusting, issues his mandate in an official manner from the pulpit, not taking the daily press into his confidence first.

Christmas in Rome.

Occasionally the sun on Christmas morning in Rome rises in golden splendor in a sky of the tenderest azure—a Roman blue. But this is only on occasions. As a rule, the heavens are of a greyish hue as you would find anywhere in the British Isles and, moreover, weeping copiously. This season in Italy is not so essentially a family festival as is the case in more northern countries; still of later years the interest has decidedly increased. Three or four days before the 25th of December the scarlet liveries of Queen Margherita were formerly frequently to be seen in the Corso, waiting while the "Pearl of Savoy" selected suitable presents for her relations and her entire suite. And Victor Emanuel and his dark-eyed consort are by no means behindhand in this respect, while at the Vatican the Holy Father annually distributes thousands of francs for the benefit of the starving poor in the Eternal City. Amongst the Romans of the upper and middle classes, however, and especially the latter, the gifts exchanged are mostly of an edible nature, consisting of special delicacies appropriate to the season; presents of a more ornamental nature being reserved for New Year's Day, or the Epiphany, which is celebrated as a special "festa" for the juvenile portion of the population. "Panettone" are in great request at this time. These are large cakes, made of eggs and flour, containing at somewhat lengthy intervals a few isolated currants, or else the sugar is omitted and they are flavored with cheese. In either case they are somewhat insipid, and yet for a week before Christmas postmen may be seen staggering under their combined weight, and uncles and mothers-in-law, aunts and cousins having dispatched them to various relations in different parts of sunny Italy feel that they have then accomplished all that duty requires them to do. Another so-called delicacy much in vogue at Christmas-time is "perfette." A hard, brown substance which, although forming an important feature in its composition, a very little of it will be found, at any

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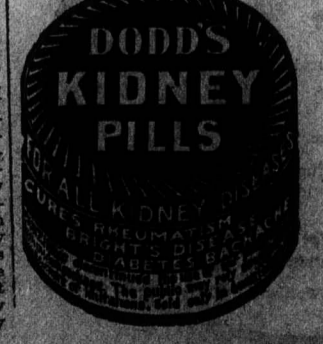
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rate by an unenterprising forger, to go a long way, and the school-boy term "stickjaw" is one which can be applied to it with singular appropriateness. Plum pudding is an unknown quantity in an Italian menage, but its place is somewhat satisfactorily supplied by a hard and decidedly undigestible preparation composed principally of flour and unseasoned raisins, these latter "chick as leaves in Val lambrosa." The following is a fairly typical menu of a Roman dinner on Christmas Day. Soup, in which float small hat-shaped pieces of home-made macaroni filled with minced meat, first makes its appearance, and is replaced by the boiled meat of which it has been made, surrounded by vegetables. This in its turn is usually followed either by a dish of "frito misto," or brains, artichokes, liver, etc., friend to that golden hue which seems only attainable in an Italian frying pan, or also a large Bologna sausage flavored with garlic. These are a specialty of the season, and, decorated with paper frills, their ends tied up with gaily-colored ribbons, are to be seen adorning every grocer's shop. After the "frito" course either a turkey stuffed with chestnuts, or a fat capon surrounded by fried sippets of bread and pounded anchovies, usurps public attention, and the repast is brought to a conclusion by the favorite Italian sweet, "panna montata," composed of whipped and delicately-flavored cream piled high in a glass dish over chestnuts which have been previously boiled and rubbed through a sieve. The shops put on their most sensitive aspects as the "vesta" approaches, the confectioners being especially fascinating with their array of dairy cakes and bonbons in artistically tinted satin bags or gaily ornamented boxes. And the requirements of the English colony are extensively catered for, Christmas and New Year cards, at about double the price at which these souvenirs can be procured in England, are obtainable at several shops. Glistening holly berries are on sale in the "Piazza di Spagna," and the proprietress of the English tea rooms in the same locality supplies most excellent plum puddings and mince pies for the benefit of her compatriots in a foreign land. Time was when, nine days before the festival of Christmas, "Pifferi" or shepherds from the purple Abruzzi mountains, made their appearance in the streets of Rome, evoking strange sounds from bagpipes and chanting quaintly worded carols. These, however, with many other ancient customs, have entirely disappeared from modern Rome. She has improved as regards sanitation, progress and civilization in general, but a good deal of her picturesqueness and a little of her charm, have passed with the fleeting years. The religious ceremonies are naturally a good deal shorn of their former grandeur, but even to-day the procession of the "Manger" which takes place on the afternoon of the 25th in St. Mary Major's, is an imposing spectacle. It is borne aloft by a red-robed Cardinal, preceded by crine-caped and purple-casocked "Monsignori" and other ecclesiastical dignitaries. The vast Basilica, where exquisitely-hued Byzantine mosaics gleam amidst the incense-laden dusk is crowded with various nationalities, and the voices of the Sistine Choir, Rome's sweetest singers, rise and fall in waves of harmony. In every church and chapel throughout the city Mass is celebrated at midnight on Christmas eve, and in every place of worship is arranged a more or less artistic representation of the Stable at Bethlehem. On the Eve, kept by the Catholic Church as a fast day, it is the custom to indulge in a fish dinner, of which eels form a conspicuous feature, and it may be asserted that, perhaps with the exception of very young children, no Roman seeks his couch until it is very nearly time for the sun either to rise in glory or to smile at him through tears on Christmas morning.



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PARISH NEWS

OF THE WEEK.

ST. GABRIEL.

Last Sunday evening St. Gabriel's presented a grand sight in being the anniversary of the foundation of the T. A. and B. Society. The beautiful edifice was filled to repletion with the members of the various temperance societies and their friends. The Rev. Father Ethelbert preached a powerful and eloquent sermon, in which he traced a vivid picture of the terrible effects of drunkenness upon the family and upon domestic relations in general. Then followed solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, presided over by Rev. Father Holland, assisted by deacon and sub-deacon. After the Benediction the society held a reception, at which all the delegates of the sister societies assisted, thus bringing to a fitting climax one of the grandest evenings yet spent in St. Gabriel.

A Clear, Healthy Skin—Eruptions of the skin and the blotches which blemish beauty are the result of impure blood caused by unhealthy action of the liver and kidneys. In correcting this unhealthy action and restoring the organs to their normal condition, Parmer's Vegetable Pills will at the same time cleanse the blood, and the blotches and eruptions will disappear without leaving any trace.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIAL.

The large doll on which guesses were taken as to its name, was drawn for Tuesday afternoon: the name being "Martina." There were seven who guessed the right name as follows: The Misses A. Lynch, Katie Egan, Tessie Breslow, Eileen Poynt, Margaret Cullinan, Rev. J. P. Kiloran, Mr. Frank Lukeman.
The doll was contested for in presence of Rev. Dr. Callaghan, Mr. Frank Lukeman and Rev. Jas. P. Kiloran were tie on second drawing, Rev. Jas. P. Kiloran eventually winning.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

The annual election of officers of Division No. 1, A.O.E., held on the 6th instant, resulted in the following officers being elected for the ensuing term: John Dods, President; M. Toner, Vice-President; J. J. McKernan, Recording Secretary; J. McIvor, Financial Secretary; Hugh Ward, Treasurer; P. McHugh, Chairman Standing Committee; P.

Sweeney, Chairman Finance Committee; J. Shelly, Chairman Sick Committee; P. Keane, P. Scullion, H. Ward, Employment Committee; J. T. Tracey, chairman Literary Committee.

ST. BRIDGET'S NIGHT REFUGE. Report for week ending Sunday, 15th December, 1907: Irish, 126; French, 100; English 7; other nationalities, 11. Total, 244. All had a night's lodgings and breakfast.

Sudden transition from a hot to a cold temperature, exposure to rain, sitting in a draught, unseasonable substitution of light for heavy clothing, are fruitful causes of colds and the resultant coughs so perilous to persons of weak lungs. Among the many medicines for bronchial disorders arising, there is none better than Bickie's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. Try it and become convinced. Price 25 cents.

St Joseph's Home.

Owing to the moving of this struggling little institution from its cradle to more comfortable quarters at No. 26 Overdale Avenue, the True Witness has been without news of any importance from the home. The present Home was built by the late Mr. Michael Scanlan, and occupied by him until his death, which occurred last month. Mr. J. C. Walsh, M.P., at the head of a quiet little corporation, has taken upon himself the purchase of the new home for six thousand three hundred dollars. Eight hundred dollars saved above expenses during the three years of its existence, together with one hundred from Mr. J. Tucker and a like amount from Mr. J. P. Kavanagh, formed the first payment, but the bill of sale is withheld until another thousand will have been paid. Our readers must not forget to put St. Joseph's Home for Catholic Boys on the list of charities to be considered during this Christmas time. No special appeal will be made for some time yet, as the new Home will require some arranging before a pound party can be held. All donations will be most thankfully received or sent for, and acknowledged most heartily. Since last account Mr. McKeegan, Ormstown, P.Q., sent six bags of potatoes, at least he is suspected. Mrs. Penfold sent blankets; Mrs. J. Coffey, books; Mr. John Gallary, thirty dollars; Mrs. Wolf-rath, of New York, thirty-five; Mr. Walter Bala, W. A. D. Baby, John

Walter Ryan, three dollars; Rev. Father Wulstan, for St. Anthony's bread, three dollars; Mrs. O'Loughlin, three dollars; Gregory Mantell, Pakenham, Ont., two dollars; Mr. Costello and Mrs. Mooney, one dollar each. Miss Rose Ward collected five dollars from the ladies under her charge, and Mr. W. Furlong of Young street, with his usual generosity, moved the effects from the old home to the new gratuitously.
But there are five thousand dollars to pay and interest at six per cent. Maybe some of our readers could think of a plan to get it inside of a year. One at a time!

OBITUARY

THE LATE MR. THOMAS LEWIS.

In the passing away of Thomas Lewis, or as he was better known to many, "Honest Old Tom Lewis," the curtain goes down on the life of one of Nature's noblemen. To know him was to love him. He was ever a friend, indeed, no one ever went to him in distress and was turned away empty-handed. He was held in the highest esteem by both Church and people. He was one of the first to introduce the St. Vincent de Paul Society into Hamilton some 40 years ago, and was an active member up to the time of his death.

He was born in Nana, County of Tipperary, Ireland, in the year 1819, and came to this country about 1854, and has lived continuously in Hamilton, except one year, which was spent in Chicago. Back in the '60's he entered the employ of the late B. E. Charlton, and has continued with his successor, Mr. Wm. Marshall, the Royal Distillery Co., up to the time of his death. Mr. Lewis was a staunch Catholic, and the Church has lost a good friend. He was always ready to defend the faith, and earned from his comrades the title of "Bishop Tom Lewis," and thus were his letters addressed by those corresponding with him after leaving the city. He wanted no flowers, but the spiritual bouquets were many. He leaves to mourn their loss one son, Thomas, of Chicago, and one daughter, Miss M. A. Lewis, who devoted her life to caring for her father.

The funeral took place from his late residence, 163 West Ave. N., Monday morning, December 9th, for St. Patrick's Church, where Rev. Father Coty celebrated the Mass for the dead. His Lordship Bishop Dowling read the funeral service. The cortege then proceeded to Holy Sepulchre Cemetery, where the last rites of the burial service were administered by Fathers Coty and Mahoney. The ball-bearers were Messrs. Walter Bala, W. A. D. Baby, John

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Ronan, J. H. Brown, Wm. Carroll, James O'Day. The honorary pallbearers were Mr. P. Ronan and Mr. M. White. May his soul rest in peace.
W. A. D. B.

The Christmas Midnight Mass May be a "Missa Privata"

As, according to a general decision of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, the privileged midnight Mass at Christmas should be a missa cantata, a doubt arose whether the recent decree (1 August, 1907; see Ecclesiastical Review, December, 1907, 639-38, also p. 654) in which the Holy Father grants the privilege of the celebration of the three Masses during Christmas night to religious communities, seminaries, and pious institutions which have a chapel in

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which the Blessed Sacrament is habitually reserved, is to be interpreted so as to allow all three Masses to be low Masses. The Ecclesiastical Review submitted this question to the Prothotary of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, whose prompt re-

Synopsis of Canada North-West HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.
Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situate.
Entry by proxy may, however, be made on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.
The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:
(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.
(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.
(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon said land.
Six months' notice in writing should be given the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.
W. W. CORY,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.
N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

ply we have just received by cable, to the effect that the decree extends the privilege of the midnight Mass to low and solemn masses alike.

Begin the New Year well by bringing your printing to The True Witness Office, 316 LaSalle Street, West, where you are sure of satisfaction.

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Note and Comment.

The public library in the Province of Ontario is a great institution. Good literature is undoubtedly a great benefit to the young and were the proper care taken in the supervision of these libraries, particularly in the selection of good authors, great benefit would result to the rising generation. But what are we to think of these institutions when, instead of moral literature—literature that portrays the highest virtues and the noblest traits of the human family—that tells of heroic men and heroic women and deeds that inspire the young to imitate these noble examples—they find shelves covered with the soul-destroying, sordid and contorted views of Marie Corelli, Madame Muhlbach, Eugene Sue and such defamers of historic truth and every noble aspiration of the human heart. An old gentleman who had been a zealous advocate of the Public Library recently told the writer: "that the bar-room and the gambling den could not have caused more pain to him than the Public Library in its destructive influence on his promising boy."

Let us turn to Marie Corelli, an English lady of fiction fame, for a few moments, and see for ourselves what some of her strongest tendencies are. She is a lady with a wonderful imagination, and she paints a life-like picture with living words. In fact her influence on the minds of the young might well be compared to the influence of a large bottle of rum on the physical make-up of the ordinary individual. She writes on various subjects and she is very fond of bringing in social and religious topics and social affairs; but it must be admitted that there is little love in all her works. Love is too tender a passion for Marie, except in cases where she feels like holding it up to derision, as she does religion and those who practice it. She poses as quite a theologian in some of her works, but although not altogether of the school of Ingersoll, she has, however, passages that compare favorably with the views of Herman, the famous French atheist. In her work, "The Romance of Two Worlds," she seriously takes it upon herself to inform the reader that she has discovered all the potent influences of electricity; and blasphemously speaks of the resurrection of Christ as a thing that is as commonplace and natural as the moving of a trolley car or the lighting of an electric street lamp. In her "Sorrow of Satan," she makes of Satan a hero and not a bad fellow after all. The old founder of the great heresies of the sixteenth century claimed to have considerable intimacy with his Satanistic majesty. He quarreled with his Satanistic majesty for devils will quarrel—but admitted there was much in the old fellow that he admired, and why should we wonder at Miss Corelli's admiration for him. In her "Vendetta" she wallows in the mire of divorce, marital infidelity, murder, duelling, and many others of the basest kind of human depravity. Her women in this book are false-hearted and faithless in the extreme, and her hero is a monster that loves to root through the dung hills of society for human vermin.

Marie has dared to turn to the history of the world's greatest tragedy as she herself styles it, the "death of Christ," for material for one of her novels. The name of the story is "Barabas." Judas, naturally enough, is one of the characters she most admires, and she heaps all the venom she can upon the Prince of the Apostles, Saint Peter. In fact this story distorts and corrupts the whole gospel narrative of the Saviour's death and every noble tradition that the past has enshrined in the hearts of Christians. Her chief aim in this book seems to be to misrepresent St. Peter and the Church founded upon him. Rightly enough she declaims against the Jewish priests of the time, but in doing this she goes out of her way to run into fierce tirades against the terrible phantom "priestcraft." In these tirades she aims all her poisoned shafts at the priesthood of Jesus Christ. In fact all her vile slanders against St. Peter have their explanation in the fact that he was by Christ made head of the Priesthood and Church of Christ. Like all of her kind she finds a hero in the fallen and traitorous apostle Judas, just as the lesser lights of her kind around us glory in the fallen priest. The work is a stand-out on her own sex, on Christ, the Saints, the Apostles and priesthood. The Blessed Virgin Mary, let us say to Miss Corelli's credit, is about the only one of the historic characters she does not seriously misrepresent. And Marie Corelli is one of the popular authors of the Public Library. Such is one of the institutions of promise to a rising generation.

Some few months ago when our government imposed restrictions on all publications coming from the

United States by raising the postage rates, one of the loudest in complaint was the "Literary Digest" of New York City. As the name implies, its weekly output is a digest of various publications from different parts of the world. Many of the articles therein reproduced makes interesting reading and at the same time we often find clippings from the most irreligious sources—in fact, quotations quite indigestible to the ordinary Christian. Even the advertising pages of this publication frequently teem with the most pernicious moral poison. For some few weeks past it has been giving a very prominent part of its advertising space to "The only complete works of Voltaire." Here is a specimen of the stuff quoted about this infamous old infidel who spoke of Christianity as the "infamous thing," "Voltaire was the best Christian of his age." Ed. de Pompery. Another quotation from the other great infidel, Hugo, blasphemously compares this vile monster with the saviour of the world. Here is a brief passage from the learned German professor in Metz Seminary, Dr. Henrich Brueck, on Voltaire: "At the head of those who were entered on a systematic warfare against Christianity in the middle of the eighteenth century, stood the talented and versatile but coarse and immoral Francis Arouet de Voltaire, whose watchword was, 'Ecrasez l'infame' (crush the infamous thing!)" there-by meaning Christianity. His glowing and fervid hate speaks out in his witty and caustic, obscene pages. He calls the narratives of Holy Writ imitations of the mythological fables, and revives the calumnies of Calvus against the Apostles and the first Christians. He overwhelms the ceremonies of the Church, the bishops and priests, with a stream of insults and vile suspicions." And this is the sort of man that the "Literary Digest," on the authority of Edward de Pompery, would have us believe "was the most virtuous man of his age." Either virtue had flown from the world or Pompery has told a very big lie.

MARTYR.

The Holy Christ-Child.

(A German Legend.)

It was Christmas Eve. The night was very dark, and the snow was falling fast, as Hermann, charcoal-burner, drew his cloak tighter around him, and the wind whistled fiercely through the trees of the Black Forest. He had been to carry a load to a castle near by and was now hastening home to his little hut. Although he worked very hard he was poor, gaining barely enough for the wants of his wife and his four little children. He was thinking of them when he heard a faint wailing. Guided by the sound, he groped about and found a little child, scantily clothed, shivering and sobbing by itself on the snow.

"Why, little one, have you left thee here all alone to face this cruel blast?"

The child answered nothing, but looked piteously up in the charcoal-burner's face.

"Well, I cannot leave thee here. Thou wouldst be dead before the morning."

So saying, Hermann raised it in his arms, wrapping it in his cloak and warming its cold hands in his bosom. When he arrived at his hut he put down the child and wrapped it at the door, which was immediately thrown open and the children rushed to meet him.

"Here, wife, is a guest to our Christmas Eve supper," said he, leading in the little one, who held timidly to his little finger with its tiny hand.

"And welcome he is," said the wife.

"Now let him come and warm himself by the fire."

The children all pressed around to welcome and gaze at the little stranger. They showed him their pretty fire-trees, decorated with bright-colored lamps, in honor of Christmas Eve, which the good mother had endeavored to make a fête for the children.

Then they sat down to supper, each child contributing of its portion for the guest, looking with admiration at its clear, blue eyes and golden hair, which shone so as to shed a brighter light in the little room; and as they gazed it grew into a sort of halo round his head, and his eyes beamed with a heavenly lustre. Soon he seemed to grow larger and larger and then the beautiful vision vanished, spreading out his hands as in benediction over them.

Hermann and his wife fell on their knees, exclaiming, in awe-struck voices: "The Holy Christ-Child!" and then embraced their wondering children in joy and thankfulness that they had entertained the heavenly Guest.

The next morning, as Hermann passed by the place where he had found the fair Child, he saw a cluster of lovely white flowers, with dark-

green leaves, looking as though the snow itself had blossomed. Hermann plucked some and reverently carried them home to his wife and children, who treasured this fair blossoms and tended them carefully in remembrance of that wonderful Christmas Eve, calling them chrysanthemums, and every year as the time came round, they put aside a portion of their feast, and gave it to some poor child according to the words of Christ: "Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these, My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

The Oldest Bishop.

A recent issue of "Rome" publishes an autograph letter from the oldest Bishop in the world. The editor says: "Archbishop Murphy of Hobart, Tasmania, has furnished a number of interesting paragraphs for the newspapers recently, and not without reason.

"Since the death of Leo XIII. he has become the Dean of the whole Catholic hierarchy, and he is the only living bishop who dates his elevation to the episcopate from the remote antiquity of Gregory XVI. He was not yet consecrated when that Pontiff died, and he lost no time in approaching Gregory's successor, Pius IX., to be let off.

"Among other reasons he alleged his extreme youth, for he was born in the County Cork, in Ireland, on the day on which the battle of Waterloo was fought, June, 1815, and he was therefore only thirty years of age when Pope Gregory decided to send him as a Bishop to India.

"But Pius IX. had his retort ready—it was the age of young men, he said; he was only forty-four himself, and yet the Cardinals had just elected him Pope; so Bishop Murphy must shoulder the cross and take it to India with him.

"He remained there working hard for a score of years or so, and then his health broke down so utterly that he was obliged to leave that country—not to die, however, but to be Bishop in Hobart, Tasmania. After another score or so of years, or to be more precise, in August, 1888, he became Archbishop of the same See.

"Either shortly after or shortly before that event his health failed again, and he was threatened with blindness. But the Archbishop did not become blind, a devout client of Our Lady of Knock, urged him to appeal to her miraculous intercession, and sent him some mortar from the walls of her shrine. The Archbishop used the mortar on his eyes, and now he reads and writes even without glasses, and still devotes some of his spare hours to his favorite science of astronomy—for, some thirty or forty years ago, he equipped his residence with an excellent observatory.

"But, of course, the venerable Archbishop is still on the right side of ninety-three, and away in Hobart his spiritual children cheerfully look forward to the celebration of his hundredth birthday.

"All of which is more than enough to explain the delight and gratitude of the editor of 'Rome' on receiving a few days ago an autograph letter from his Grace, enclosing his subscription to 'Rome'."

Only those who have had experience can tell the torture comes cause. Pain with your boots on—pain with them off—pain night and day; but relief is sure to those who use Holy Communion.

It is an Officer of the Law of Health.—When called in to attend a disturbance it searches out the hiding-place of pain, and like a guardian of the peace, lays hands upon it and says, "I arrest you." Resistance is useless, as the law of health imposes a sentence of perpetual banishment on pain, and Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil was originated to enforce that sentence.

IT RESTS WITH YOU

to say whether I am to succeed or fail. All my hopes of success are in your co-operation. Will you not then extend a co-operating hand? Surely you will not refuse? You may not be able to help much, indeed But you can help a little, and a multitude of "littles" means a great deal.

Don't Turn a Deaf Ear to My Urgent Appeal

"May God bless and prosper your endeavors in establishing a Mission at Fakenham."

ARTHUR, Bishop of Northampton.

FATHER H. W. GRAY, Catholic Mission, Fakenham, Norfolk, Eng.

P.S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation, and send with myacknowledgment a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart and St. Anthony.

THE NEW MISSION IS DEDICATED TO ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA.

Constant prayers and every assistance for Benefactors.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Ring out, O Christmas Bells, In sweetest cadence, ring— Thy voice a story tells Of our Redeemer—King, Who came on earth to save The world from hell and woe, And to the nations gave A Source whence graces flow.

Glory to God the Father; Glory to Christ, His Son, And to the Holy Spirit, While endless ages run.

Ring out, O Christmas Bells, Our lives of Him have need, And, as thy music swells, Our prayers with thee shall plead, That Christy come to each heart,— That earthly strife shall cease, That sin and wrong depart, And we have love and peace!

Glory to God the Father; Glory to Christ, His Son, And to the Holy Spirit, While endless ages run.

THE STATUS OF THE Church in France.

That bright and able organ of the High Church party in the Episcopal Church, in commenting on Napier Broadhead's book, "Religious Persecution in France," says: "The writer is a profound student of races and governments, and though, evidently, a Catholic, does not allow his sympathies to run away with him but gives us hard, cold facts, which his philosophical mind elucidates and enlightens. We strike the keynote of the volume in the first chapter in which he defines the actual status of the Church in France.

"The French clergy, he tells us, 'receive their stipends not as a salary, but as the payment of a debt due them by the State.' The 'C. n. vention' of the Revolution, which confiscated all Church property and lands, threw these lands on the market, but the people in the main refused to traffic in the pious gifts of their ancestors and ten years of massacre did not improve matters. Consequently two standards of valuation, were created, and Napoleon wanted a clear title to the Church lands. Only the Pope could give it, and as Pius VII. could not relinquish all claims to the confiscated property without compensation, an engagement was entered into by the French government to pay in perpetuity adequate subsidies for the maintenance of the bishops and clergy.

"The payment of these subsidies is, therefore, a portion of the national debt, just like the payment of interest on State bonds, and so on through the book. It is always these facts 'qui vous content aux yeux.' The laws of 1901 suppressing all teaching religious orders meant the closing of some twenty-seven thousand Christian schools—alcoholism has increased so in France that Paris

with two and a half millions has 30,000 saloons, and 2,000,000 bottles of alcohol are consumed in France yearly—in Paris 50,000 children of the poor have been thrown into the streets—respectable Frenchmen refrain from voting—the elections are conducted fraudulently—nine-tenths of the people are still Catholic—Freemasonry, in a form unknown in America, is at the bottom of all atheistic measures and plots the destruction of Christianity—the 'Associations Catholiques' struck at the Church's hierarchy which is the basis of her constitution. Finally—France is governed by an utterly unscrupulous and atheistic minority, and the result—Revolution, and the birth of a new regime."

A Christmas Message to a Friend.

"I am thinking of you to-day because it is Christmas, and I wish you happiness. And to-morrow because it will be the day after Christmas, I still wish you happiness, and so on, clear through the year. I may not be able to tell you about it every day, because I may be far away, or because both of us may be very busy, or perhaps because I cannot even afford to pay postage on so many letters or find the time to write them. But that makes no difference. The thought and the wish will be here just the same. In my work and in the business life I mean to try not to be unfair to you in any way. In my pleasure if we can be together, I would like to share the fun with you. Whatever joy or success comes to you will make me glad, without pretense, and in plain words, good will to you is what I mean."—Henry Van Dyke.

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The Church is sadly needed, for at present I am obliged to SAY MASSES and give Benediction in a Garret. My average weekly collection is only except HOPE.

What can I do alone? Very little. But with your co-operation and that of the other well-disposed readers of this paper, I can do all that needs to be done.

In these days, when the faith of many is becoming weak, when the teaching is full extent of its development, and is about to treat Our Divine Lord Himself as it treats His Holy Church, the Catholic Faith is renewing its youth in England and bidding fair to obtain possession of the hearts of the English people again. I have a very up-hill struggle here on behalf of that Faith. I must succeed or else this vast district must be abandoned.

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Great SE Greater to all good F

A Marriage St. Lawrence, Longworthy.

CHAPTER XV "Dear Mrs. Sher... to offer Miss O... and the conor s... broke yesterday... they have some a... sociations for h... would object if I... gift—I merely ask... restored by her, if... original use.

"It's lucky you... him," said Mrs... Katharine the not... this thing very del... though you did no... those lovely carved... will suit the little... ably!"

And, mollified, st... room, Katharine c... The sinking of th... of abatement with... listened to her au... gone.

"The tea-room,"... she called the serv... "Was there a l... note?"

"It has just com... haven't taken it o... yet."

"Tell them to t... Clare's Church at... the address."

She remembered... that she had not e... own her name had... ten on Mrs. Sherwo... a leaf out of a me... and wrote to the... Clare's:

"Dear Father:—Pl... the church. They l... merely restore the... to-morrow mornin... Looking out from... had the satisfaction... wagon go off, laden

DYSPEPSIA AND STOMACH D... MAY BE QUI... PERMANENTLY BURD BLO BITTE

Mr. F. A. Lobbis, Main... as follows: "I desire to th... derful cure, Burdock Blood... Three years ago I had a... Dyspepsia. I tried five o... could find but they coul... I was advised by a fri... Blood Bitters and to my... taking two bottles, I wa... that I have not had a sign... I cannot praise it too high... my experience it is the best... for me like B.B.B.

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A Marriage of Reason

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CHAPTER XVII.—Continued. "Dear Mrs. Sherwood: Permit me to offer Miss O'Conor the screens and the censor she saw at Bolingbroke yesterday. I understand that they have some special religious associations for her. I know you would object if I offered them as a gift—I merely ask that they shall be restored by her, if possible, to their original use.

"Yours sincerely, "W. Wirt Percival." "It's lucky you did not offend him," said Mrs. Sherwood, giving Katharine the note. "He has done this thing very delicately. I must say though you did not deserve it. And those lovely carved frames! They will suit the little tea room admirably!"

And, mollified, she swept from the room, Katharine closed the piano. The sinking of the heart, the feeling of abasement with which she had listened to her aunt's tirade, were gone.

"The tea-room," she repeated. Then she called the servant. "Was there a box with this note?" "It has just come, Miss,—the men haven't taken it out of the wagon yet."

"Tell them to take it to St. Clare's Church at once—I'll write the address."

She remembered with irritation that she had not even a card of her own name had so far been written on Mrs. Sherwood's. She tore a leaf out of a memorandum book, and wrote to the priest at St. Clare's:

"Dear Father:—Please use these in the church. They belong to it; I merely restore them; I will explain to-morrow morning after Mass."

Looking out of the window, she had the satisfaction of seeing the wagon go off, laden with the screens.

They would never adorn Mrs. Sherwood's Japanese tea-room. If Katharine ever longed for the wings of a dove it was at that moment. Oh, to be free!—to be free! Of what use was all this luxury, all this wealth, if sordidness and hardness loved her except the nuns, and they were far away. Perhaps, after all, her best escape was to marry Wirt Percival, since her aunt said she could if she wanted to; better than a thousand times than Lord Marchmont; these were her thoughts.

CHAPTER XIX. — Ferdinand Carey To be alone, when one is young, is hard. Older folks get used to it. To be unloved, scorned, rejected, to have hard words hurled at one, is even harder in youth than in age. Katharine, for a few brief days, had been petted, made much of, deferred to. She did not know that she was to be the favorite of the season, but everybody around her did, for Mrs. Sherwood had artlessly "worked" the newspapers, and Mrs. Percival had praised Katharine everywhere; she was, in fact, a "new flavor," and even the musical people, who are proverbially caustic, approved of her, since Herr Teufelisch concluded that society had not had a new sensation for some time, and it was quite willing to take up Katharine.

After her interview with her aunt, Katharine was as near despair as any Christian girl could be. But the feeling of utter abasement lasted only for a half hour. Here was her salary; there was her statue of our Lady holding out the Child Jesus to her. After all, what were Mrs. Sherwood's insults compared with the consolations she had. She was surrounded by unalterable love, she was held in the hollow of God's hands, and the storms might rage. She was a dependent, she knew—she had just been reminded of it; but now was her time to remember that she was likewise a dependent on God. Mrs. Sherwood might insult, but with faith and a clear conscience, Katharine felt that no insults could really touch her.

Mrs. Sherwood believed that Katharine would suffer anything rather than give up the luxuries which surrounded her. She judged the girl by herself. Wealth, luxury, social distinction supplied with Mrs. Sherwood the place of religion; she had stifled all its inspirations long ago; she was of the world worldly, and she imagined that inside the vane of religion and simplicity, there was in Katharine's character an inordinate desire for the things she herself loved. She told herself with satisfaction that there need be no more concealments between her and her niece. She had been frank; she had shown Katharine that if she owed her present situation to her, Katharine was as a mere beggar in her house. She knew, well that Mr. Sherwood would have been disgraced with her assumption; but he was out of the way, and by the time he should return Katharine and she would understand each other and be able to work together toward that

glittering point, a foreign marriage, at the same time keeping Wirt Percival well in hand in case there should be a "slip between the cup and the lip."

Unhappily for her plans, she did not know Katharine. Even Biddy, who had known her only a little while, and then mostly through correspondence, could have undeceived her.

Katharine, lonely, crushed, despondent, said her beads, and then packed up all her cotillon favors to send to her little Cuban friend at school. Her heart went back in a great burst of love to the convent. She had not remembered all the kind ones there, and she was punished. She wrote Mother Ursula a letter which made the kind nun shake her head and say: "The thorns are beginning to pierce her."

Having finished her letter, she thought awhile. She would leave her uncle's house at once. Her aunt had left her no resource. Her uncle—she could not think of him without affection—no doubt expected her to follow her aunt's advice, since showing and hypocrisy seemed to be the way in this world. But where would she go? She had two hundred dollars of her own, and a few dresses—she could not take any of those fashionable gowns the price of which her aunt had thrown in her face. She would leave all the recent gifts behind her and go out as she had come. After all, in the working world people made their

own clothes, and frocks done by the favorite tailors of society would be of little use, since nobody would care especially for them.

Her heart rose and sank at the prospect. She would make her own way; she would be independent. She was not afraid of poverty, she had seen how the Sisters practised it at the convent, she laughed when she thought how little she feared it, it needed so little to make her content. A few books, a little room, a warm cloak, a few coals in winter, and she could live. Katharine looked at her hands. If they could not earn these things for her in the wide world, she would remain a "dependent." She laughed at the thought of failure. But her heart ached at the prospect of living among strangers, new people, with peculiar notions, old hearts, and suspicious eyes. Katharine shuddered as she saw the suspicious eyes of strangers in her imagination. Katharine felt that she could endure hard work and frugal living, but that she wanted the sunshine of love and appreciation. She shrank from the thought of unkindness and suspicion. She thought of Wirt Percival. She might end it all by marrying him; then she would be no longer dependent on her uncle and aunt. She did not dislike him; she might convert him, and she knew that he could be led to propose again by a smile or a word from her. She knew just as well as if she had been a belle of many seasons that her uncle's money had great weight with the people about her, and that even to Wirt Percival it had certain charms. Yes, she would leave the house. If he thought it worth while to follow her to find out, to love her as a penniless and friendless girl, she might accept him as her husband.

"I will never," she resolved, "marry to avoid poverty. If I cannot earn my own living in some way, I would make a very poor wife," she added.

People would "cut" any woman who earned wages, she had learned that from Mrs. Sherwood. The Percivals would pass her in the street without a look; Biddy might pity her, but she, too, would be obliged by her caste to look down on the

woman who worked for wages, she could never hope to meet any of the people she had met in society on terms of equality again. This conviction stung Katharine, for she was very proud.

She went to the little church with a sad heart. The priest was at home. She did not know him well, but she knew that he was a priest,—that was enough. She poured out her whole story to him. He was gentle and grave. He advised her to stay with her uncle and aunt for the present.

"Wait, at least," he said, "until your uncle returns; you owe it to him. But, my child, suffer any hardship rather than marry a man not of your own faith."

Katharine went to confession after this. She would follow God's will, no matter how hard it was. She went down to dinner and sat opposite to her aunt, trying to speak as if nothing had happened. Ferdinand and Carey dropped in after dinner. He soon grew tired of Mrs. Sherwood's chatter about social trifles, and asked Katharine to sing. She assented of course. Father John's "Eternal Years" lay on the piano. She sang it well, wishing that she could escape to her room. Carey brightened up, and asked for "Lead, Kindly Light."

"The charm of that lovely hymn is wonderful. But you Catholics—pardon me,—never sing it with as much feeling as non-Catholics."

"There! I told you," murmured Mrs. Sherwood to herself, "I knew the girl couldn't sing."

Katharine read the last lines over again before she answered. "And yet Cardinal Newman was a Catholic when he wrote it," added Carey.

"Not quite," said Katharine, "he wanted to be in communion with the saints gone before, those 'angel faces' which he had loved so long and lost awhile. I have often wondered why this hymn is not sung more in our own churches. But I understand it now. It is the song of one who waits and longs, not of one who is in the full light of the tabernacle."

"The girl can talk," said Carey to himself. He looked at the glowing wood-fire, at Katharine in her white gown, just tinted with the color of the fire, at the books on the table, the music-sheets on the piano, and sighed.

Katharine raised her eyes to his. Why should he sigh? Her heart was heavy enough, and she did not believe that the heart of any living creature could be as heavy. The expression on Ferdinand Carey's face told her that he had his sorrows, too. His face changed instantly, as he caught her glance, into the usually suave expression he wore as a mask. Ah, there were many griefs in the world, no doubt? But what could this strong man have to bear? He was not a dependent; he had not the problems that puzzled her to solve.

"If I were a man," said Katharine, half aloud, "I would let nothing grieve me."

Carey heard what she intended only for the piano-rack. "If you were a man," he repeated, smiling.

Katharine colored and hesitated.

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"There! I told you," murmured Mrs. Sherwood to herself, "I knew the girl couldn't sing."

Katharine read the last lines over again before she answered. "And yet Cardinal Newman was a Catholic when he wrote it," added Carey.

"Not quite," said Katharine, "he wanted to be in communion with the saints gone before, those 'angel faces' which he had loved so long and lost awhile. I have often wondered why this hymn is not sung more in our own churches. But I understand it now. It is the song of one who waits and longs, not of one who is in the full light of the tabernacle."

"The girl can talk," said Carey to himself. He looked at the glowing wood-fire, at Katharine in her white gown, just tinted with the color of the fire, at the books on the table, the music-sheets on the piano, and sighed.

Katharine raised her eyes to his. Why should he sigh? Her heart was heavy enough, and she did not believe that the heart of any living creature could be as heavy. The expression on Ferdinand Carey's face told her that he had his sorrows, too. His face changed instantly, as he caught her glance, into the usually suave expression he wore as a mask. Ah, there were many griefs in the world, no doubt? But what could this strong man have to bear? He was not a dependent; he had not the problems that puzzled her to solve.

"If I were a man," said Katharine, half aloud, "I would let nothing grieve me."

Carey heard what she intended only for the piano-rack. "If you were a man," he repeated, smiling.

Katharine colored and hesitated.



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History of the Church.

(Continued.)

And God said: Let the earth bring forth the living creature in its kind, cattle and creeping things, and beasts of the earth, according to their kinds. And it was so done. And according to their kinds, and cattle, and everything that creepeth on the earth made the beasts of the earth, earth after its kind. And God saw that it was good. And He said: Let us make man to Our image and likeness; and let him have dominion over the fishes of the sea, and the fowls of the air, and the beasts and the whole earth, and every creeping creature that moveth upon the earth. And God created man to His own image; to the image of God He created him: male and female He created them. And God blessed them, saying: Increase and multiply, and fill the earth, and subdue it, and rule over the fishes of the sea, and the fowls of the air, and all living creatures that move upon the earth. And God said: Behold I have given you every herb bearing seed upon the earth, and all trees that have in themselves seed of their own kind, to be your meat. And to all the beasts of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, and to every creeping thing upon the earth, wherein there is life, that they may have to feed upon. And so it was done. And God saw all the things that He had made and they were very good. And the evening and morning were the sixth day.

So the heavens and the earth were finished and all the furniture of them. And on the seventh day God ended His work which He had made: and He rested on the seventh day from all His work which He had done. And He blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it: because in it He had rested from all His work which God created and made. These are the generations of the heaven and the earth. When they were created, in the day that the Lord God made the heaven and the earth.

Thus Moses resumes both the divine and human revelation concerning the creation of the world. We will now listen to the interpretation in order to understand it. The first word, "In the beginning," has three meanings, all equally true. In the commencement of time, in the commencement of things; in the Divine Word, God created the heavens and the earth. The last of these three interpretations is the most sublime, without being less true than the others. The greatest Doctor of the Church, St. Augustin, said to his people: When Christ was asked by the Jews who He was, He answered, "I am the beginning." These words in Genesis, "In the beginning, God made heaven and earth," signify then in the Son Who is the commencement, the principle, that is to say, in Christ, that God made heaven and earth because all things were made by Him, and that nothing was made without Him as we see in the last Gospel of the Mass. You see by this that the Trinity is one God, even by the first verse of the Bible. God the Father, and the Son, the principle as He Himself says, and if you look for the Holy Ghost you will find him in another phrase. "The Spirit of God moved over the waters." And when we see later that God said: "Let there be light, and God formed the earth," this shows that the works of the Trinity are inseparable. There are some, says St. Ambrose, who understand by the spirit that moved over the waters the air we breathe, but we understand the Holy Ghost, so that the operation of the Holy Trinity is shown in the creation of the world. After having said that God made heaven and earth in the principle, that is, in Christ, the fulness of the operation in the Spirit remained, according to what is written. "The heavens were confirmed by the Word of the Lord and their army by the spirit of His mouth." The Spirit of God moved over the waters because they were to produce the seed of new creatures. In Hebrew the movement of the Spirit on the waters is described as a bird hovering close to the water without touching it, or like a hen sitting lightly on a nest.

There are many other explanations given by Jewish and Christian authors; all saw in the very first verse of the Bible that the Trinity was there spoken of. The name of God in Hebrew, "Elohim," is in the plural number, signifying more than one; while the word "bara," which means created, is in the singular, showing only one God. Again, in the sixth century before Christ, we see a Chinese philosopher attributing the production of all things to a Supreme Being, one that shone at the same time, and whom he calls the "Heaven." This notion of the Trinity in God is also to be found, although less exact, in India, Egypt and Greece. But, out of what did God make or create heaven and earth?

The Holy Scriptures in one place tells us that the powerful hand of God created the world out of a shapeless matter, and in another place that He made heaven and earth out of nothing. Both of those statements are true. We have seen that the earth was in the first place useless, without shape, void, invisible, and that darkness covered the face of the deep. Behold then this confused matter, without order or arrangement, without a distinct form; see that chaos, that confusion, the tradition of which is preserved and was seen by the ancient poets, for that is what is meant by the darkness, that immense abyss which covered the earth; this confused mixture of all things, that shapelessness of the empty and unfruitful earth. Now it was from this formless matter that God instituted the order, the arrangement, that harmony, that we see in the world. But this formless matter itself was made by God in the commencement, for it never existed before. Thus we can say with the Greek philosopher Thales, and with Peter, the first of the Apostles, that God produced from water, or from chaos all our world; and we must say at the same time with the holy mother of the Machabees, that God made heaven and earth out of nothing. He made them out of nothing which they were beforehand: "For He spoke and they were made; He commanded and they were created."

But who is God Who made everything? He Himself tells us: "I am Jehova or He who is." When Moses asked Him His name, he answered: "I AM WHO AM. Thus shalt thou say to the people of Israel. He who is has sent me to you." Doctors of the Church, teachers of the synagogue, pagan philosophers, all have admitted those words, taken to heart and developed that thought. At the same time all concluded that all else is not, properly speaking, since God alone IS.

"Behold Thou hast made my days measurable: and my substance is as nothing before Thee," said David to God in the 88th psalm. "When we compare created things to God," says a holy and learned Bishop, St. Anselm of Canterbury, "we must say that they are not. God alone is, because He is by Himself; He does not change; He is always entirely all that He has been and all that He shall be. Man, on the contrary, and with him every creature, is not by himself, but by loan; he is not in a solid manner, but is always variable; he is not now what he was, nor is he yet what he shall be; hardly is he what he is before he ceases to be. Now, what hardly is, we may say is not. We have no share in the real being because all human nature is between birth and death. But God Who alone is, is not alone.

He, existence itself, power itself, life itself, fecundity itself. He produces eternally from His bosom another self, who is His Son, His Word, His Wisdom, the character of His substance, the imprint of His person; and eternally the Father and the Son produce the Holy Ghost, their mutual love, and who proceeds from one and the other as from a single principle. Three persons in one God, one only God in three persons, in whom being, intelligence and love hold communication eternally and infinitely, so that there is perfect equality between the producing power and the product, and that God himself cannot desire to manifest more perfectly His being, His intelligence, and His love. The grand thought that God alone is, and that, compared with Him, creatures are not, may also conceive an answer to the question: When did God create the world? In God there is no when, no stated time. In God there is neither past nor future, but an eternal now. We may say, then, that God is eternally creating all that it pleases Him to create. (To be Continued.)

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