

The Catholic Record.

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

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EXPECTATION

How poor the world would be if deprived of the pleasure of expectation? Looking forward is one of the fountains at which we drink life and vigor. Imagine if you can dropping into Christmas in the twinkling of an eye without the privilege of tasting in advance. Christmas becomes the great day of the year because it is preceded by such elaborate and long drawn and loving preparation. To cut off all that preceded Christmas would be like shearing the sun of its beams. The whole year becomes brighter to everybody who has Christmas to look forward to.

DO IT NOW

The tumult of war, the aftermath of battle are strong upon us, yet as we lift our eyes to the East there is the Star of Christmas showing steadfastly as the Star which once guided the wise man. Through the darkness of the present the light shines ahead, the light that means Peace and Goodwill to all men. This is the hope that cheers our hearts, that makes all our endeavors and all our sacrifices well worth while.

The Star led to the Christ Child Who brought gladness and comfort to an unhappy world. So let us turn to the little ones and seek our comfort at their tiny hands. Because the whole world is in distress is no reason why the children should be deprived of their Christmas happiness. There are many whose brave fathers have offered the supreme sacrifice; there are many little ones from that sorely tried and heroic little kingdom, Belgium. We must make all these forget their childish sorrow and anguish, and in doing so we shall forget our own. And this we can do in the name of the Christ Child Who came to bring freedom to a world weary of tribulation and bondage. The ideas of childhood, of giving and loving, are this day entwined together. The longer we retain some of the child's instinctive confidence that the love he feels is returned and the more we cultivate the pure faith of a child the more will we be capable and worthy of distributing quiet happiness and sweet sympathy at Christmas.

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS

Once more the "old old story" will ring out stirring even cold, sluggish natures and granite hearts to rise above their wonted love of kindness; for is not Christmas night with all its incentives to generous feeling and gracious behavior. It is true that we have fallen upon days when sceptics deny and cynics deride the exclusive claim of Christian tradition. Nevertheless the spiritual foundation stands firm; the chemist's laboratory, the reformer's rite, the historian's study, the lecture room of the pessimistic professor of Comparative Religions leave uninjured the deeper grounds of faith. Anticipations and echoes only vary the appeal of the sublime narrative. Ancient Hebrews embodied the everlasting Gospel in the name "Immanuel." It is the voice of humanity's heart speaking in many dialects and the annual festival only emphasizes its message. The modern Gospel concerns itself with living rather than with dying. Ruskin was fond of showing that the manger and the guest chamber and the various miracles together with the gifts of loaves and fishes and especially the Being known to the disciples in the breaking of bread implied that other worldliness but slightly occupied the master's mind; that religion was chiefly concerned with the life that now is; that Divine Charity sought to remould men and women in its own likeness. Enough by way of reminder: let us come to the paramount obligations reinterpreted now as the glorious privilege of all who name the name of Him whose life and work are the inspiration of Christ-mass. First we shall do well to renew our own strength at the springs of power, that we may be able to play our part worthily in the season of goodwill. Personality is the prime source of influence, and unless we are deepened and enriched by service we are not likely to gain

much morally or spiritually by our profession of Christian faith. It is not enough to read Dickens and to denounce the Gradgrinds and Scrooges for their meanness and neglect; an increasing number of people who are neither more nor less sympathetic need to be directed into wise channels of benevolence.

It is true that poverty may be largely due to class privilege and natural negligence and that indiscriminate almsgiving often weakens the already debilitated will instead of strengthening it to cope with the chances and changes of twentieth century civilization. But we cannot afford to cut ourselves off from the stream of moral inspiration which bears men and women away from their comfortable homes into close contact with their suffering fellows. There are and always will be calls upon those who have escaped the evils which are generated among the poor and these calls this year will be louder and more urgent than ever.

It is well to know that many are and will be rescued from the depths of abject misery by the funds and relief new in operation. Yet this provision should not lift from our hearts the shadow that is thrown by much remediable sorrow that cannot be alleviated by official effort. We cannot wholly discharge the duties of charity through this medium or consign to public bodies the obligations which spring from a deeper sense of neighborly fellowship. We cannot lose sight of the fact that the feast that so many of us will celebrate with comfort in our own happy homes is sure to awaken envy and regret among our less privileged brethren.

Wealth and waste display themselves on every side and those who have never known the pinch of want or even the withdrawal of customary comforts and modest luxuries seldom give a passing thought to the vast numbers of their impoverished neighbors who lack even the barest necessities of food and clothing.

Especially do the children of want and sorrow appeal to us for sympathy and help at this most auspicious of seasons. Here indeed the danger of misdirected benevolence is reduced to the narrowest proportions.

Always there will be the moan of distress, the cry of pain, the sight of patiently borne weakness. To the end of time innocent and guilty will share the burdens of error and vice. Faith, Hope and Love, inheritors of a sacred trust, will never wait for legal sanctions but will hasten to bind up the wounds and relieve the suffering even though they seem to be evil and unthankful. As for the children, they are the pitiful victims of social neglect in which we are all involved. The least we can do to better their lot is to minister to needs which lie on the surface, affording them glimpses of the brighter destiny we ourselves have in view, kindling a little wholesome ambition to escape from the evils they know and feel, making them, if but for a day, discontented with sordid surroundings and degrading conditions. The heights are many and various. Who know show near to Heaven a child's thoughts may reach by way of "the Stairway of Surprise?"

Wherefore let us take an indulgent view of even the humblest efforts to glorify the season of goodwill by giving joy and good cheer to the little ones who often pine for needful sympathy and help, keeping in mind that trivial attentions and thoughtful remembrances are often worth more than costly benefactions "where no kindness is." Bestow gifts where they will go farthest and count for most. It will enhance and refine your own happiness, gladden the hearts of the worn out, the world-weary, the wayward. Welcome into your heart and home the Divine Christ-Child Who identifies Himself with "the least of these." Then you may with modest confidence look for a Happy Christmas and a Glad New Year.

IN THE STABLE

Midway between the centuries is the crib of Bethlehem. On one side are years of desire and prayer; on the other side we see the Word made Flesh glorified in His Church by the heroism of her children—the Church

red with the blood of martyrs, radiant with the wisdom of her doctors and beautiful with the charity which has made her the altar of every sacrifice and the home of every misery.

We can go into the stable and see the Child wrestling with an unconscious happiness in the arms of His Mother—a Child Who felt as others before Him the rough contact of the elements and the pain and misery of poverty. He is like unto any child, but He was God—the Word set up from eternity by which all things were made Flesh.

But though He is God, He is also man as real and as true a man as was ever born of woman. His Body is real, formed of the blood and flesh and bone of Mary ever Virgin. He took that body not for a time but forever; for as long as God the Father reigns so long also shall, equal to Him in all things, the God-Man Christ Jesus sit at His right hand. Yet the person that was there that night at Bethlehem was God. The little hands stretched out to the Virgin Mother are the hands of God; the eyes dimmed with the tears of dawning human life are the eyes of God; the voice murmuring in infant sorrow is the voice that awoke creation into being. The soul, the body, the senses of that human nature belonged to God and although every act they did was the act of a human nature nevertheless every act was the act of God who owned them.

THE DIVINE RULER

Only a Little Infant has ever securely held the heart of our common humanity. From the lowly manger He rules the courses of the stars and the workings of the human heart. His will makes and keeps the harmony of the universe, shakes off right from wrong, robs death of its sting, gives to life an eternal worth; crowns our common humanity with a glory just less than angelic. Enthroned upon that pure and innocent altar of the crib His infant dignity compels forever the love and devotion of countless missions who see with the inner eye of faith His resplendent Divinity and know by the higher instinct of love that in Him are set all the hopes of humanity—Jesus Christ yesterday, to-day and the same forever.

A Little Boy of heavenly birth
But far from home to day
Comes down to find his ball the earth.

That sin has cast away
And comrades led us one and all
Join in to get him back his ball.

—FATHER TABA.

BELGIAN MARTYR

AGED PRIEST DIES TO SAVE INNOCENT MEN

One of the most striking stories of heroic abnegation in the present war has been related by a correspondent of The London Telegraph. The Germans had occupied, abandoned and reoccupied a village in the vicinity of Spa, Belgium. When night approached, the terrified inhabitants shut themselves up in their houses, seeking as far as possible to avoid giving any trouble to the soldiers of the enemy which could be used as a cause of retaliation. Despite their efforts, when the night had barely commenced, shots were heard. The German troops who occupied the place had seen figures stealthily approaching the sleeping village, and, taking these to be a Belgian patrol, at once opened fire upon them. As a matter of fact, they were their own people. In order to extricate themselves from the dilemma into which their foolishness had placed them, the German soldiers explained to their officers that the shots had been fired by the village inhabitants. A captain who was in command ordered a party of five of the villagers from their houses, choosing these at random and without further ado had them placed against a wall and shot. One would have thought that this would have, for the time, ended the troubles of this ill-fated community; but, unfortunately, the next night the same thing happened. This time it was impossible to verify whether the soldiers had again shifted the responsibility for the shooting of their comrades upon the shoulders of the luckless civilians, or whether some relation of those who had been so ruthlessly executed the night before, being goaded into fury, had sought revenge himself upon his persecutors. The result was the same. The captain made all the notabilities of the village assemble before him, and announced to them that as the first example he had given them had proved insufficient, he found himself obliged to take even more severe measures.

He selected from amongst them twenty men, who were immediately informed that their last hour had come, and that they must perish for the sake of the village. It is possible that this sentence might not have been carried out in its entirety, but in any case it was sufficient to terrorize the population. At this moment, however, some of the more courageous inhabitants approached the captain and suggested that he should spare the twenty men until he had held an inquiry into the events which had taken place in order to try and discover who it was that fired upon the soldiers. He saw his men only as Jewish child, both beautiful but only a woman and a child and nothing more? No, Mary was the Mother of God, and her Son was God Himself; Mary's maternity and Christ's nativity were most stupendous acts of God's bounty, acts of untold consequence to all mankind. And God has taken good care that they shall be remembered.

Christmas joy is the means God has employed to remind men that for us men and for our salvation His only Son came down from heaven, was conceived by the Holy Ghost, and born of the Virgin Mary, in all things like unto ourselves save sin. Christmas joy is man's tribute to the new born King, his homage to the Infant Saviour, his heart's silent protest against the forgetfulness of the mind and the blasphemy of the tongue, it is nature's thanksgiving for the Messias. Deeds speak louder than words; and so it is, that although some lips deny Him and some ears are closed to His message, all hearts proclaim Him. Christmas smiles are the reflection of the smiles of Christ, Christmas greetings are echoes of the good tidings spoken by the angels, Christmas happiness is the undying memorial written in the souls of men of Christ's birth according to the flesh. The nativity of the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity in human form has been inscribed on tablets more lasting than stone; and it has been done in a way that only the infinite kindness of the all-wise God could have devised. For just as the tidings of peace to men of good will range through the world on the first Christmas night, so their echoes ring through the world on each succeeding anniversary; and men's hearts, be they sinless or sinful, vibrate in answer to its message. Christmas joy is God's Christmas gift to the world, His reminder of the birthday of His Son.—J. Harding Fisher, S. J., in America.

CHRISTMAS

Over the whole world, with its sins and its sorrows, its treasuries and its infidelities, its self-seeking and its self-indulgence, there descends each succeeding Christmas a brooding sense of well-being that is not of the world's seeking nor of the world's making, but is the pure gift of God, His reminder of the ineffable condescension and the unutterable goodness of the Incarnate Son of God. Each December, as the old year lies dying, down from heaven to earth with the Christ Child there comes unseen and unappreciated, but all pervading, the peace, the blessed, priceless peace of Christ's nativity.

The world, it is true, is no longer in any true sense a Christian world, it is out of sympathy with the doctrines and aspirations of Christ. Christmas does not mean for the majority of men what it meant for their fathers and grandfathers. To their shame, be it said, the Babe of Bethlehem awakens but a feeble response in their sense-bound, self-centred lives. The world has paganized the whole celebration of Christ's birth, it has put a veil over its humanitarian character, it has not made ready for the coming of the Lord; and as far as it is concerned, the holy night will come and the holy day will go unheeded.

And yet even the cold heart of the world loses some of its chill on Christmas morning. The sunshine of the presence of Jesus thaws the world's icy rigor, and its soul comes forth from the prison of selfishness, and for a day, at least, is more like the heart of the Saviour. It has not, in deed, the fulness of the glories of God-given Christmas peace, only to men of good-will has this been promised, but it has, nevertheless, a taste of its sweetness. For the gift of peace is so bountiful that it overflows from the Church out into the four quarters of the earth. On Christmas morning Christ does not insist too literally on the meaning of good will; even in those who are not right with God, He finds something at least of what He demands. He seems to look less to men's hearts than to their frailty. And so in His great goodness He gives even to them some of the great joy that He gives to His friends. Even Christ's enemies are happier at Christmas than at any other time of the year. They are happy because all men are happy at Christmas, because Christmas is Christ's birthday and Christ is the brother of all men.

Everywhere there is joy on Christmas day. It is a time when the heart forgets its envy and kindles with kindness, when bitterness turns to ashes and the embers of charity flame forth afresh, when sympathy and gentleness and compassion soothe and chasten the spirit. The influence of Christianity is still too strong for those who would drive the Infant Jesus from the world. Even those who hate Him are better for His coming. In spite of sin and wickedness Bethlehem's cave still stirs the souls of men. And yet it is not only tidings of great joy that it tells, it has another message of great importance that it speaks to all mankind. "God so loved the world as to give His only begotten Son." Was He to allow the recollection of His gift to fade from the hearts of men? Christ's birth was one of the Father's greatest mercies. Was it to be permitted to slip from the memory except of a faithful few? Was the incarnation and nativity of the Word made Flesh so slight a thing that it might be lightly forgotten? Was Mary to be regarded merely as a Jewish woman and her Son only as a Jewish child, both beautiful but only a woman and a child and nothing more? No, Mary was the Mother of God, and her Son was God Himself; Mary's maternity and Christ's nativity were most stupendous acts of God's bounty, acts of untold consequence to all mankind. And God has taken good care that they shall be remembered.

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A LONG LINE OF BATTLE

In Europe, says Archbishop Glendon, there is a battle line which is 160 miles long, but in this country there is a battle line which extends all across the continent. On one side of it is the Catholic Church; on the other side are immorality, infidelity, bigotry and prejudice. In this war, weapons worse than any used in the conflict in Europe, are employed—fool lies, vile inventions, rotten imputations, unscrupulous actions, and unmentionable allegations that outrage common decency.

The Catholic Church expects to be misrepresented, calumniated, persecuted, oppressed and abused. Its Founder was libeled, mocked, scourged and crucified. It bears His sign of suffering. He predicted that His followers would be reviled and injured.

The Catholic Church cannot be destroyed. Christ foretold that it would last until the end of time. Its enemies may hurt some of its members, but they cannot exterminate it. They can hurt themselves worse than they can hurt it, and they can hurt grievously those persons, who, because of their charges, false stories, sermons and publications, are turned against the Church and die outside of its fold.—Catholic Columbian.

THE DIFFERENCE

Nothing, perhaps, shows the quality of the converts to the Church and the difference between them and the converts to the sects than the attitude of each toward the ecclesiastical organization which he has foreseen and his treatment to those who remain members of that organization. The whole world knows with what kindly charity the ex-priests and the ex-nuns treat the Church of their birth. There is nothing too vile to say of it or of its priesthood and Sisters. For a few paltry dollars, these miserable wretches will travel the country pouring forth a stream of filth and calumny and delighting those whose hearts are as foul as their own putrid imaginations.

But how different the attitude of a Newman, a Manning, a Faber a Bayley, a Mother Seton, a Doane, a Benson—of the thousands of earnest converts, holy men and women who through high and conscientious motives and convictions have entered the Church! Thinking men cannot fail to mark the fine quality of these sincere converts who retain only affection and respect for their old friends, though their conscience has led them to the altar of the living God.

A convert priest out in Henryetta, Oklahoma, looking out upon the

flood of nastiness and bigotry breaking over our people writes as follows:

"I despise bigotry of whatever nature. My time is too valuable to spend it in listening to purveyors of filth and falsehood. Though I attended the Baptist Church for twenty years, before becoming a Catholic, it has never since occurred to me to raise my voice against the purity of Baptist women in the hope of extracting a few paltry dollars from admirers of rottenness. It has never occurred to me to bring into question the morals of the Baptist clergy. I am big enough to retain my friendship with every Baptist who was ever my friend, but my change of belief was due to conviction. I entertain profound respect for clean men and women, but I have not the words with which to properly express my contempt for defamers of virtue."—Rev. Wm P. Cantwell, in The Monitor, Newark.

A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

By Cardinal Gonnelli

Swiftly fly the days, as nearer we approach the great Christmas festival—the Christ-Mass. At the very time that the days are darkest, the great light comes, "Lumen de Lumine."

In Christ, God gives us Himself. Perfect love can never stop short of that. It must give and give until the giver has exhausted His treasure, and finally gives Himself. And what shall we give back?

One thing only we have to offer—one thing alone He will accept. It is the best that is in us—Good Will. Through the frosty day in which we are so feebly fashioned, so weak of purpose, so filled with piteous flaws, runs this wonderful vein of gold, the only riches we possess—Good Will.

The Babe of Bethlehem stretches out His tiny hands for it, for it is His own. We need not hide our faces. He knows us all so well, His poor, weak brothers, troubled by so many cares, torn by so many conflicts.

We must not feel ashamed of the rage of poverty which cover us. He knows them all so well. The shepherds were as poor as we, but no false shame, no proud bashfulness held them aloof from Him.

Let us take their hands and go to Bethlehem, sorry for His sake that we have nothing to offer but our poor selves, poor clay with a little thread of golden will running through.

But to one another we have so much to give, all of us, the least of us.

Mutual forbearance, a kind, sincere word heartily spoken, silence when a word might only hurt, an injury forgotten and forgiven.

What trifles they seem! Yet they are the very finest things in all the world. Come, let us offer them to one another, on that day when God comes down to earth, to make all men brothers.—Philadelphia Standard and Times.

NUNS AS WAR NURSES

The following item headed a column of London correspondence contributed by Lady Mary to the Minneapolis Journal recently: "I was visiting at the convent in Carlisle Place the other afternoon when Lord Kitchener called and asked for the reverend mother. 'Reverend mother,' he said, 'can you let me have immediately 100 nuns as nurses for the front?' After a moment's thought she realized she could do as he desired, and forthwith it was arranged that they were to leave within a week.

"If he could, Kitchener of Khar-toum would have nuns only as war nurses, having the highest opinion of them in such capacity."

This must prove a delectable morsel for the blatant bigots who are denouncing the Catholic Sisterhoods. At any rate, it will help to counteract the effect of some of the poisonous vomit of the unfortunate individuals who are suffering from anti-Catholic convulsions.—St. Paul Bulletin.

REFUGEES IN ENGLAND

There are now 700,000 Belgian refugees in England and 25,000 more are expected in a few days. All have combined to give them welcome, and it is refreshing to find the charity displayed toward them by non-Catholics. Many Anglican and Dissenting churches are supporting a hotel entirely among their own congregation, and in most cases have invited the local priest to visit the Belgians. Some clergymen, too, with roomy rectories are giving hospitality to small families.

Both universities, Cambridge and Oxford, have issued an invitation to all Belgian students, not only from Louvain but from other universities, to come to them. They will provide not merely the mental hospitality required but also the physical needs of impoverished students. On Nov. 15th, there will be a great gathering of these people at Westminster Cathedral, for on that day Cardinal Bourne has conceived the happy thought of singing a High Mass for King Albert whose feast it is.—Church Progress.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Mr. W. D. Brady, of Little Rock, is the generous donor of a handsome statue of St. Benedict to the Benedictine Abbey at Subiaco, Ark. He is a non-Catholic, but his son is at Subiaco studying for the priesthood.

Monsieur Faisandier, S. J., Bishop of Trichinopoly, who has been one of the most active workers for the Marian Congress to be held in India early next year, has issued a circular announcing its postponement to a more auspicious time.

An English paper tells us that an application by Catholic authorities in Russia for permission for Catholic priests to go to the front to minister to the spiritual needs of Catholic soldiers has been granted by the government.

Among the many stained-glass windows in Antwerp Cathedral, one was given by Henry VII of England to commemorate his treaty with Philip I of Castile, in the sixteenth century the Lutheran "reformers" smashed many of its statues and images.

On November 9, in the chapel of the English College, Rome, Admiral Darcy Irvine of the British Navy was received into the Church. He was baptized by Bishop McIntyre, rector of the college, and received the sacrament of confirmation from Cardinal Merry del Val.

The Handelblad of Amsterdam has published a report from Christiania, saying that the managers of the Nobel institute have decided to give this year's peace prize, which amounts to about \$40,000 to the Netherlands government, to be applied to the support of Belgian refugees in Holland.

Professor Gibson of the University of Louvain, calls the ruined city a "new Pompeii"; everywhere an "oppressive silence; everybody has fled; at the windows of cellars I see frightened faces; at the street corners sordid, immovable, silent Prussian sentinels; in Louvain's center stand the walls of St. Peter's, now a grinning silhouette. Entering St. Peter's, I find the big bell among the ruins, the vaults caved in; the city exists no longer."

Associated Press dispatches from Copenhagen, Denmark, announce that postoffice officials there have carried out the idea of printing stamps for one, two and three cents, bearing the picture of St. Martin, Belgium's patron saint, and for eight cents, bearing the picture of the Belgian royal family, which are to be sold for the benefit of Belgian refugees. The press subscription throughout Denmark for the same purpose has been most successful.

Lady Holmes who was received into the Church on All Hallows' Eve by Canon Drake at St. Bernard's Convent, Slough, England, is the widow of Sir Richard Holmes, K. C., V. O., V. P. S. A., for thirty-five years librarian to Queen Victoria and King Edward VII. at Windsor Castle; she is also the eldest daughter of the late Rev. Canon Richard Gae, D. D., for many years the Protestant Vicar of Windsor and canon of St. George's.

His Eminence Cardinal Aristide Cavallari, Patriarch of Venice died on November 24, in the sixty-fifth year of his age. He was born at Chioggia, Italy on February 8, 1849. His theological course was completed at the Seminary of Venice where he was ordained on September 24, 1872. He served for many years in Venice under Cardinal Sarto, Patriarch of that See, and later Pope Pius X, whom he succeeded as Patriarch of Venice on February 15, 1904. He was created and proclaimed Cardinal in the Consistory of April 15, 1907, by the late Pope Pius X.

Cardinal Di Pietro, dean of the Sacred College of Cardinals, died in Rome, Dec. 5. Cardinal Di Pietro was born May 26, 1828, in the Sabine Hills of poor parents who, despite their poverty, fostered the holy vocation of their son, until he ultimately became a priest. He had held many offices of distinction in the Church. In 1879 he was Nuncio to Brazil, in 1882 to Munich, and in 1887 to Madrid, succeeding Rampolla, who was then created Cardinal. He was highly regarded in Spain by the court as well as the Government. In 1898 he was created and proclaimed Cardinal. At the time of his death he held the office of Datarius.

The Rev. Hugh F. Lilly, O. P., the oldest member of the Dominican Order in the United States in point of service, died Dec. 3, in his seventy-fifth year at Columbus, Ohio, of pneumonia, which followed an accident of a week ago. For many years Father Lilly was prominently identified with the missionary work of the Dominicans, making his headquarters in New York. He had much to do with building up the work of the Dominicans in this country. Born in Ireland, Father Lilly made his college studies at Memphis, Tenn. The Civil War was in progress when he started for the novitiate of his order, and he was arrested on his way to Springfield, Ky., the military authorities mistaking his ecclesiastical letters of introduction for important military documents. Father Lilly brought to this country the Rev. Tom Burke, the famous Irish preacher.

SO AS BY FIRE

BY JEAN CONROY

CHAPTER XVI

THE JUDGE'S SWEETHEART

Through the great picture hall, with its rows of portraits, past the stately stretch of drawing rooms and library, Leigh led his bewildered guest. Late as was the hour there was light and warmth everywhere at Roscrofte to-night, even down in the kitchen, where old Aunt Dill croaked and groaned over the wide hearth, and the servants, gathered in solemn expectancy, talked of the "old man" who was passing away. While up in her own room beautiful Miss Nellie was being warmed and cocooned into safety under Aunt Van's tender care.

The wide dining-room with its crimson hangings, its gleaming silver and glass, was a cherry shelter. A log fire leaped and crackled on the spacious hearth, and lit with ruddy glow the life-sized portrait above, that only to day had been snatched from its wrappings and lifted into place. Mr. Leigh's guest stood dumb before it. It was a girl in the full bloom of life and loveliness, her arms full of roses. The graceful figure in its exquisite gown was strange to Mr. Mills, but the turn of the head, the red-gold hair, the eyes, the wonderful sea-gray eyes, held him mute and breathless.

"Her picture!" And there was something in the judge's tone that struck like a death-pang through Duffy's heart. It took the prize at the Paris Salon last year and has just come home. It is a wonderful likeness.

A wonderful likeness, indeed! Through all the glamour of gown and jewels and flowers, Duffy could see the girl in the old gray sweater, the sharp-tongued starveling of the Road House, the little gray eyed girl seated on his soapbox. It was Weasel, Weasel, his Weasel!

One thought alone stood clear in the mad whirl of his brain, the surge of his blood, the leap of his heart. If she had reached this, this, no word or glance from him should drag her down. He caught up the silver-mounted decanter that Leigh had put on the table beside him, and, pouring out a drink that made his host start, swallowed it at a draught. It steadied him.

"Your, your sweetheart, I take it, Judge?" he found voice to say.
"My sweetheart; yes, Mills, my wife, I hope and trust in a not far future. As you've told me your heart story, I don't mind telling you mine. That little girl in the one woman in all that means."
"I know, I know!" repeated Duffy, huskily. "Judge, it don't seem as if I did know anything clear to-night. Your sweetheart, is it Judge? And how, how do you name her?"

"Elinor Randall," answered Leigh. "Her grandfather wished her to bear his name, though she is really Elinor Kent."
Elinor Kent! And then blinding light fell upon Duffy. Elinor Kent! The name he had himself carved pitifully on the wooden tablet over the grave under the old yew that any one who sought the dead girl might know. Elinor Kent! Elinor Kent!
The rich, full liquor that had been gaining life and spirit in the Randall cellars for fifty years was quickening Duffy's dull brain into keen life, Elinor Kent! The forgotten girl who had died in the Road House!

The fierce old catamount of a grandmother, who would have no questions asked, the sudden fight in the doomed train! It was Weasel, sharp, keen-witted, starting Weasel who had stolen here in the dead girl's name and place.
"Lord! The pluck of it, the grit of it, the mad daring of it! Though a pang fierce as that of the Spartan boy when his vitals were riddled tore at Duffy's faithful heart, he vowed to himself to stand by and give no sign. Again he took up the decanter and poured out a draught that seemed only water to his parched throat, his burning veins.

"Here's to her, Judge, then! Here's to your sweetheart, and to you." He lifted the glass with a shaking.
"Here's, here's, luck, and, and, love to you both. And though I'm off to my own hills in a day or two now, and ain't likely to ever bother you again, Judge, I'd sort of like it when everything is settled between to have you tell her my little girl's story, Weasel's story, Judge. Tell her how lonely she was and how pitiful, and how hard every thing went again her. You couldn't blame her for nothing, Judge, you couldn't blame poor little Weasel for doing nothing that would change her hard luck. She was up against it from the time she was born. Yes, Judge, I'd like that beautiful lady up there to know about my poor little girl that died, Judge, that was killed, in the wreck."

"I'll tell her, Mills," answered Leigh, wondering a little at the strange earnestness of the request, but concluding that the liquor Mills had quaffed recklessly had gone to his head and loosened his honest tongue.
"It's a story of simple, faithful love that will touch her heart as it has touched mine."

"I ain't looking for that, Judge," said Duffy, huskily. "Though the faithful love is there, as you say—nothing can kill it, nothing in life or death. If Weasel wasn't dead, Judge, if she was living, I'd stand by her through thick and thin, Judge, though I never got a look or a word for it. I'd stand by her, no matter what she did," and Duffy rounded out his explanation with a passionate oath that made his hearer start.

"Now, I'm going, Judge. No, I couldn't stay," as Leigh ventured a remonstrance. "I just couldn't stay to-night. I've got to get out again into the storm. Good night, Judge, and good luck to you and your sweetheart. You and you, and Duffy, who had reached the front door while he was speaking, wrung Leigh's hand in a mighty grip and strode out on the porch, sprang into his sleigh, and dashed off into the storm. How or where he went he never knew—the rest of that wild night was a hideous blur of snow and sleet and darkness, of sweeping drifts and shrieking wind, through which one picture named fire lit before his mental vision.

The Judge's sweetheart, the girl with the red-gold hair, the sea-gray eyes, who had been borne away from the little mountain under Duffy's own despairing gaze more than two years ago! He saw it all now—he saw it all. Weasel—Weasel, pale and pinched, hungry, starving Weasel, had reached out desperate hands for all that had been denied her—had aroiled the dead girl's name and home and place. And he would stand by her again and through the storm, if Weasel's lie though his own faithful heart was rent in twain.

As Leigh turned back into the hall after his parting with Mills, Madame Van came down the stairs. All the lines of age marked her fine old face to-night; her eyes were dim with tears.

"The Judge is sinking fast, Allston. Thank God the priest has come. Father Martin is ill with the grip, but happily Father Lane was down at St. Barnabas' for a short visit, and he came on horseback through the storm."
"And Nellie?" asked Allston eagerly.

"She has recovered completely, but is dreadfully nervous and shaken. Allston, that girl's heart is yours, I know. Your name was on her lips as she returned to consciousness. And oh, I wish—I wish that her grandfather could know that all was settled between you before he goes. He told me this evening, just before the death stroke fell, that he would rather give her to you than to any man on earth."

"Dear old man, would to God that he might leave us with his dying blessing," said Allston, with emotion. "Let me see her, let me plead with her, Aunt Van. Of late, I have had hope that—"
"Hope!" repeated Aunt Van. "I have surety that she loves you, Allston. I know how to read a girl's heart. Come. She is up in the sitting-room waiting for a summons to her grandfather's dying bed. He is sleeping fitfully now. Go to her, Allston; she will listen to you to-night, I know."

Leigh sprang up the stairs like a boy. He knew the sitting-room of Roscrofte well. It was in the old wing of the house—the original mansion, of colonial days, which had a simple, homely charm the later additions lacked. The low ceiling, the wainscoted walls, the small, deep-set windows belonged to a generation long gone by. Here were gathered pathetic relics of the wifehood and the motherhood of the past—sewing-table and work-basket, and writing-desk. A toy-house in the far corner, the tiny rocking chair which the baby Nellie had called her own. The brick chimney place where, in later years, Allston Leigh and Milly Randall had roasted chestnuts and popped corn, was rusty with cheerful blaze to night and in the chintz cushioned chair before it was a slender figure gowned in a soft white cashmere negligée, a Parisian fancy, that mimicked in its straight graceful lines, its silver traceries, the garb of the Greek goddess of old. The red gold hair had been knotted into a loose coil, the young head lay back on the flowered cushion, the gray eyes stared drazily into the open fire.

"What was coming to her? The girl didn't know. She sat there gilly, awaiting her fate. Even the river was frozen against her to-night—there could be no rest in its gleaming depths."

Duffy! What Nemesis had brought Duffy to her side—Duffy, keen-eyed, outspoken Duffy? What fiery witness had brought Duffy to bear witness to her living life? The end had come, as she felt it must. There was but one dull hope flickering in the blackness, that the old man dying in yonder room might never know—that in mercy he might never know. Then suddenly a quick footstep sounded behind her a tender voice called her name, and Allston Leigh, with all his soul shining in his eyes, was kneeling at her feet.

"Life, love, safety again! Life, love, safety! In the wild rapture of her relief all lesser doubts vanished. He was pleading with her, the one man she had loved all these glittering, mocking years, the man she had loved from the first."

"Sweetheart, you will listen, you will give that noble old man dying in there this last happiness? He knows me, he trusts me, I have been almost like a son to him—let him bless our love before he goes."

How the deep music stirred the chilled blood in her heart! And she had struggled against this strong, sweet call so long—she had striven to put land and seas, even the gilded fetters of a loveless betrothal between her and Allston Leigh, all in vain. To-night she was weak and shaken, bewildered by the horrors of death and darkness and danger. Heaven closed against her impetuous. Faith, hope, all things sweet,

RAT KELLY KICKS IN ON CHRISTMAS EVE

By The Rev. Thomas Scanlan

His Lordship the Chauffeur, dapper as an army officer and quite as well set up physically, left his seat of duty in the big steamline greyhound that had come to a stop before the church door, and came smilingly across the lawn to greet me (I was sitting at the time at an open window on the ground-floor of the rectory). The sunlight flashed on the visor of the smart cap which he lifted in salute as he appeared, and gleamed in pleasant high lights from his polished boots and puttees. And upon the breast of his grey-blue uniform there was black braid in quantity to excite the envy, I am sure, of any Hungarian Orchestra leader.

In his blue eyes there was sunlight too, or whatever that glow can be called which Celtic generosity casts kindles in the windows of its possessor's soul, and his cheeks were rosy despite the housing of plate glass wind shields which enclosed the migratory work-shop from which he had just emerged.

"Good morning, Father," said he, striding up to the window ledge and grasping my hand with one that had been calloused and strengthened by years, I knew, of "gear-strippin'" on many different kinds of motor-cars.

"It's a high morning; isn't it?" he continued cordially. "And verily to this statement, there could be no response save assent, for we were up then being blessed by almost June like weather in the very heart of the month of December. So—" It is that indeed, Michael," said I, "high and clear, and but little like the weather that a man would be needing for the work that I am at now." I flourished some pencilled pad-sheets before him.

"Think of the superhuman difficulty Michael," I said, "of writing a Christmas story on a day like this! Why that green lawn and this sun-warmed breeze are enough to drive a writer into a fine epic frenzy on Springfield, you think so yourself, Michael?" I asked with unsmiling solemnity.

"Well," he replied, scratching the top of his head dubiously, "I suppose you would be having trouble writing about snow and sleigh-bells and Santa Claus, now. But why don't your Reverence write about a Green Christmas?"

"Precisely because nobody wants to read about one," I replied. And, besides, I've got a story all thought out that needs snow and winter winds and bitter weather for its background. Would you like to hear its plot?" I asked.

"Well—yes," responded Michael in a tone that was a most humanly natural mixture of reluctance and resignation. "That is, if your Reverence please and if it is not too long?" He glanced across at the church door. "I am waiting for the little lady" (that was his employer's wife) "she has gone to say the beads, I think, and will be out again in a few minutes."

"Then I lightly explained the revealing of a story plot was not an excessively time-consuming operation and proceeded forthwith to prove my assertion. "My plot, I wish to confide to you, Michael," I said, "is an entirely new and original one. It is a striking idea that I have thought out myself. I believe it will make a wonderful story. . . . In the first place you must imagine an old homestead situated in the midst of a bleak English moor" (that bleak moor" got by Michael I am certain; but he did not blink an eyelid and so I went on without pause). "In this old home stand three dwellings a family consisting of a stern and aged father, a gentle mother, an attractive daughter and a high-spirited son who has just attained his majority." (Michael did wink a little here; but perhaps it was from eye-weariness.) "All goes well in the homestead until a bold young squire from a neighboring demesne begins to make advances to the daughter of the house. He meets with instant favour from the girl and with utter discouragement amounting on one occasion to a physical rebuff, from the old father." (Many a physical rebuff Michael had administered in his day, I warrant, but he had evidently not thus named them.) "The inevitable happens: the girl and the squire elope and the old man curses her and shouts out his hopes that her shadow will never darken his threshold again. And then—"

"He was a hard old case, wasn't he?" said Michael in almost an admiring tone.

"Yes," I answered, considerably cheered by his strained attention, "and in the midst of his trouble his high-spirited son disgraces him (forgets a cheque or something of that sort, you know) and after a stormy scene with the old gentleman and an affecting parting with his mother he leaves the homestead too."

"Well, what d'ye know about that?" exclaimed Michael, his eyes shining with interest.

"Now all this, you understand," I continued, "happens as a prelude to the real story. Several years roll by and the venerable couple fall thick and fast in the venerable couple in the old home. Nothing has been heard from either of their children; the wolf of poverty is howling at their door and a big mortgage which has been hanging over them for years is about to be foreclosed on them and the date of the foreclosure has been arranged by the hard-hearted landlord to fall on exactly the day after Christmas of that very year."

"Well, what d'ye know about that?" I continued, "I have been hearing of how he was heard of in this place and chased out for the doctor and to be in another—but they never told of getting him."

"Michael's eyes twinkled and a slight flush appeared beneath them. "This not I, Father," he said almost shyly, "that should be asking you to remember that we have *not* true Christmas story at any rate. Of course I mean the story of the first Christmas, Father."

I bowed my head. "But apart from that," I persisted (my vanity as a fictionist having been wounded) "apart from that, I'll warrant you have never heard a good Christmas tale with a real Christmas atmosphere to it that was the story of a true occurrence. Now be honest, have you? You have lived almost half a century now, tell me did you ever live through a single Christmas incident worthy of the name of a 'Christmas story'?"

He shook his head disconsolately and said, "Well, no, Father, not exactly, except—"
"Come out with it; what was the exception?" I demanded.

"Well it isn't a story and I don't think you could find one of them plots in it. Its only something that I know that did happen and it happened on Christmas, and your Reverence speaking about Christmas and about the evicting of them people in England made me think of it. You know, Father, that I was driving a taxicab in New York City two years ago, and a man at the wheel of one of them, sees and hears a good many things, I'm thinking that he wouldn't want ever to be talking about; but this—well it's a bit different from the rest."

"When I was driving for the Black Taxi Company, I lived at the time in the old gas house district at the foot of Seventeenth street. That's not just what you would call a high-class place, you know; and though I am quiet and peace-making, I ran up against a good many rough ones in the year that I was there. The worst of them all was a Jew guttler who was called, in that neighborhood, 'Rat Kelly.' I don't know where the Kelly part of the name came from: but 'Rat' suited him fine. He had a sharp yellow face and yellow fang teeth and eyes like shoe-buttons. When I first seen him poking pinocles with a couple of folks in a drink place, he already had three notches on his gun—all chips that had belonged, before he plugged them, to the River Gang; and them fellows you know are always scrapping with the Gas House crowd."

"That was Spring or Summer when I seen him first. Along towards Fall a kill was made down town on the East Side and Kelly was blamed for it by everyone, but the bulls didn't seem to want him just then and he never even took the trouble to hide. Take it from me, Father, he was the worst man that ever lived, that chap. He had a reputation for being treacherous that would make you shudder. He had a Judas look like a saint if you mean low. He was a gonoph and a sneak that nobody would trust; and nobody would have ever gone near him at all, except that when he had a shot of coke in him, which was most of the time, he was loose with his money, and a lot of his 'friends' used to gather around him then to help him count it."

"Well, it comes about this time of the year, and another poor devil was leaved, at the Brooklyn sugar wharves this time, and there was head-lines in an inch high in the papers next morning saying that the police knew that Rat Kelly was the guy that did it."

"Well, he made a get-away, just as quick and as complete as he was wanted to do by them higher up I guess and for a long time we had daily news of how he was heard of in this place and chased out for the doctor and to be in another—but they never told of getting him."

I was living then, as I say, near the foot of Seventeenth street and I stayed there most of all because I wanted to help out with a little board-money an old widow that had come as a lass from the same part of Cavan as my mother. But that is neither here nor there. What I wanted to say was that there is a row of tenements there and my lodgings was in one of them. The day before Christmas came around and I found myself by the lots that we cast, scheduled for the noon-to-midnight duty shift. I went up to the garage at noon for my car and was out from then until near eleven that night bringing the shoppers to the lobster-joints on Broadway. But along about eleven there came a lull and I took the chance to drive over on the jump to my room at the hotel. It was a bitter cold night and my feet were freezing to the pushes.

"I got the shoes and pulled them on in a hurry and was beating it out to my cab again when a kid about ten years old comes up to me on the run and shoves a folded paper in my hand and then scoots like a bucko up the street. I stood there foolish, looking first at the thing in my hand and then at him and finally I brought it over and looked at it by the light of one of the cab-lamps. It was a scrap of paper with a ten-dollar bill folded in it and across the paper there was writing which said 'A Catholic dying in the cellar of 590 E. Eighteenth street. Bring a priest in the taxi quick, hurry up, don't wait.'"

"I knew that that number and house was only around on the next block and at first I was going to take the risk of going around to investigate; then I thought, what's the use of that and I cranked her up and shot the gas into her at law-breaking limit until I pulled up at the Immaculate Conception Rectory in Fourteenth street. Believe me, it looked as silent and dark as a grave and I felt pretty bad about dragging the young priest out of bed who did answer the bell, but I tell you the smoke-eaters have nothing on him for getting dressed in a hurry. Why before I had the old boat turned around it seemed to me, he was out through a back door and was diving into the vestry-entrance of the Church. In a minute he came out again with his right hand held up into that awful cellar. It was terrible. I stunk of rotten rags and garbage and it was as if, first, to our eyes, all dark. Then over towards one corner behind a big pile of junk, of some sort, I saw a light. I told the priest to stand on the stairs and I went over slowly holding a beer bottle that I had picked up, as a club, and expecting, I tell you the truth, Father, to be brained any minute from behind or from the darkness on both sides of me."

"But nothing happened and as I got nearer the light I saw what looked at first to be a big crowd of people sitting around and talking in whispers. I went near them and a man jumped up before me and said in a loud way, 'Who're you?'"

"Now I didn't want to say that I had the priest with me until I found out whether it would be safe for him to be there. So I said, 'Who's sick here; what's the matter?'"

"At that the man before me began to get over his scare of me and he talked more easy. 'Oh, there's a woman in child-birth here,' he said. 'I'm a doctor and there is a neighbor-woman here. Who sent you here and what do you want?'"

"I ran back and called the little Father and brought him over to the people near the lantern. I heard a lot of voices say 'Priest!' as he came up and I heard very plain a man's voice crying and saying 'My God! How did he find us!'"

"Well, the doctor spoke a few words to him and then when the priest slipped his purple stole over his shoulders everybody stepped back. I then saw that there was another man there beside the doctor. I asked the doctor if the child was born yet and he said yes, but he told me that the mother was near death. 'That's the husband,' he said, pointing at the other man, 'who I could see bed between me and the light, crying into his own hands like a woman. And the mother is lying on a bale of rags there.' To tell you the truth, I could not see even the doctor, much less the woman for the lantern, hanging from the rafters was burning very low. Well the doctor gassed on a lot about the danger of her taking blood-poisoning, I think, but I was watching and listening all the time to know if the mother was coming home if I was wanted by him. But he didn't call me, though he did call the man who was crying in his hands. He went over under the light and for a few minutes I could see the young priest talking fast to him and him nodding his head like a Chinese doll. Then he must have knelt down beside the bed because all that I could see was the priest standing underneath the light reading something out loud from his book. The Father then turned to us and called out for the doctor and for the neighbor-woman to come

over, and I tell you I felt pretty cheap standing there alone, but I found out in a few minutes that the priest did not know I was in the cellar; he thought I had gone back to the cab to wait for him.

"Well after a bit I heard the queerest conglomeration of crying and laughing, and giggling you ever listened to. I did not know who was doing it all until I saw that poor fool of a husband coming out with the little priest and mauling him all over like a puppy dog. The priest was smiling too, and we three went to the sidewalk leaving the doctor and the woman with the new mother.

"When we got out in the air and under a street-lamp I had a good look at that husband and I saw then that he was only a boy about twenty with a little chin and round eyes like a girl's. He had had a awful lot to say to the priest and he said to me, 'I'll pay for it. They need it, the two of them, badly enough. God knows.'"

"Well, I took the Father to the rectory then and of course I managed to pull away from the curb just when he began handing over the payment for the rug. I yelled back at him that I could get a reduced rate on it charged to my pay envelope if I told the company it had been stolen—which it certainly was, wasn't it?"

"But after leaving the priest home I knew it was nearly midnight and that my working time would soon be up; so I beat it around fast to the tenement-cellar again, for there was a few things I wanted to know the reason for. One of them was why that poor, crying simp was keeping that woman in a cellar and not in a hospital."

"When I got there, there was quite an improvement in the place. Three lanterns instead of one, were hanging up, and the smell of the doctor's drugs gave the air in the cellar a clean and the first time I saw with a man for a woman. She was Irish, a slip of a girl, black haired and a beauty. I didn't need three lanterns, let me tell you Reverence, to see that. Her eyes were closed, and these hairs—what d'ye call them' (he pointed to his own yellow eye lashes) "were lying like big black half-circles on her cheeks. Her face was as white as the paper before you and at her bare breast was a little patch of black hair that I knew was the kid. And around the two of 'em I believe me that I didn't care whether I could get any reduced rate or when I saw get there—around the both of them was that big warm cab-rug, covering them as well, if I say it myself, as an Irish mother's shawl would do it."

"I looked at the whole thing for a few minutes (the neighbor woman was dozing against the rags and the doctor was gone) and d'ye know, Father, that I'm blessed if I didn't begin to blubber up, too. Just like that poor boob of a husband I was getting to be a murrin and I turned and came down the cellar stairs with a bottle of something the doctor had told him to get at the corner drug store. He gave it to the neighbor-woman and then I collared him and hauled him, shaking like a chicken over to a corner and jammed him down on a ledge and asked him in not polite language what he had his wife down in the cellar for under those conditions."

"Well, the poor kid, between sobbing and crying and shivering and laughing, got off the greatest tale you ever listened to. He said that he and his wife had been living in a small room on the top of that very tenement where we were then in the cellar of it. He had been a ribbon-maker or some such fool thing, and had been out of a job for a month. He was warned and warned to pay his rent and they were both put out of their room a week before by the brute that owns these houses. 'The girl was in no condition to walk downstairs, much less get out looking for a room on no more money, and the doctor said where a Dago used to keep junk shop.'

"Now the funny part of it is that as soon as they got into the cellar a horrible looking gink with a white face and a snarling mouth jumps up out of the rags and pulls a gun on them and begins squealing that he'd drop them if they come any nearer."

"Of course it was Rat Kelly, hiding; but they didn't know that or know him from Peter McGinn, and after a while he found this out, and he told them they could stay in the cellar if they kept on one side and didn't bother him (all he wanted was room to work a coke gun on himself, anyhow)."

"Well, the boy spoke of the hospital, but the girl had the Irish fear of it in her and wouldn't give in, and the two of them were about as fit for the duties of parents as ordinary ten-year olds would be."

"So that awful night came on them in a hurry, and if you will believe me, Father, they were both so unready that there wasn't even a little shirt or pants laid by for the poor kiddie if it did come! I could have choked him when he told me that, but his neck wasn't really the kind you like to choke. Well, all about 10:15 that night, things began to happen

POWER OF THE CONFESSIOAL

The Ave Maria, quoting from the New York Independent, attributes the following statement to the late Miss Frances Willard:

"I am a Protestant, but there is no blinking this fact: the Catholics are, in this country and in England and in Ireland, ahead of us in social purity. You can take a Protestant family into a London slum and put them into a room at the right hand top of the stairs, and then put a Catholic family on the other side of the stairs, and you will find after two, three or four years, half of the girls of the Protestant family have gone to the bad, and all the members of the Catholic family have retained their virtue."

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CHRISTMAS

As foretold ages ago by the Jewish Prophet, Malachi, in every place from the rising of the sun even to the going down, the clean oblation of the Mass is offered in the great name of the Most High God. Still there is a sweetness, a tenderness, a joyousness all its own about Christ's Mass—Christmas—the Mass offered to commemorate the day on which was born to us a Saviour who is Christ the Lord.

In spirit—and in a very real sense also—we hear again the good tidings of great joy; the marvellous angelic message—Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will.

"To men of good will"—this holy Christmas day when millions of men are interlocked in the deadly war-struggle the condition of peace on earth makes itself felt with a force peculiarly insistent. Peace on earth to men of good will.

Nations, as nations, have rejected God and usurped His prerogatives; the State with luciferian pride declares itself Supreme. Culture rejects religion and proclaims itself the all-sufficient basis of civilized life. The new leaders of men scorn as outworn the creeds of the faith once delivered to the saints. And the result is that nation with nation struggles as savage with savage for national ideals and national interests and national existence.

But while the nations are demonstrating the futility of the new national gospel Christmas brings us once again the supreme message that this day is born to us a Saviour who is Christ the Lord. The greatest battles are of ephemeral importance; the mightiest empires sink into insignificance compared with the worth, the dignity, the majesty of a single human soul redeemed by the blood of Christ.

With regard to nations God works on too large a scale for us creatures of a day to be competent critics. Still many have contended that, since nations have no existence beyond this earth, divine justice must exact here below due punishment for national crimes—unless indeed there is national repentance. We may not see—though in the perspective of a future generation it may be plain—the working of Divine Providence in this unprecedented war; but the message of Christmas retains all its tenderness and sweetness, all its tremendous significance for men of good will. This day is born to you a Saviour who is Christ the Lord. The good tidings of great joy are for all the people; but each by the exercise of that free will which God has implanted in the human soul, and which even He respects, must choose for himself whether or not he will accept in all humility the God-given Christmas message with its God-imposed condition.

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

THE RAPACITY OF PRIESTS

Harold Begbie is an author and journalist well known to the English reading public. He is intensely Protestant and intensely interested in Christian social work. Some time ago in reporting conditions in the slums of Glasgow he quoted a remark of a poor old Catholic woman whom he there visited. Standing by itself the incident recorded by Mr. Begbie seemed to indicate neglect of the poor by Catholic priests. For this he was courteously challenged by the Glasgow Observer, whereupon Mr. Begbie wrote as follows to the Daily Chronicle:

Sir,—I am taken to task by the Glasgow Observer for recording a statement made by a Roman Catholic

woman of the Glasgow slums that "the priest don't trouble about quarters like this." I am taken to task so politely, and such a mass of evidence is adduced to prove the devotion of the Roman priest in Glasgow, that I heartily desire to express not only my regrets for having printed the statement in question, but my earnest and reverent admiration for the quiet, constant, perfectly organized, and affectionate services rendered by the Roman priest in Glasgow to the wretched and most helpless of the Glasgow poor.

Whether this particular woman has been overlooked by the parish priest, or whether she lied in order to create a silver sympathy, I cannot say. I recorded the utterance only because it harmonized so completely with the poor old harrier's grumbling acquiescence in a condition of the most dreary and destructive misery, and because it helped one to understand the mental and moral torpor which overcomes the inhabitants of a vile neighborhood. It never occurred to me for one moment that I was attacking the Roman Catholic Church (who could attack that Church on the side of its services?) and I am grieved to say that it never occurred to me, as it ought to have done, that such a statement might give pain to people whose work for the poor I am not worthy even to praise.

I shall be grateful if you will allow me to make public this explanation and this sincere apology.

HAROLD BEGBIE.

February 23rd, 1914.

Elsewhere he tells us:

"But my aversion from Catholicism remains. I have gone once more patiently, and with the most honest effort to be just, into the question of Catholic dogma, and I find myself more puzzled than ever before in my life to account for the fact of any man, gifted with even a little knowledge, being able to accept, to accept so that they subdue his life, these amazing and humiliating superstitions of magic worship."

"Nevertheless, I should feel myself guilty of a crime if I wrote one single word with the object of weakening an Irishman's faith in his Church. So beautiful is the influence of that Church, so altogether sincere and attractive is the spiritual life of Catholic Ireland, that I for one, rather than lift a finger to disturb it, like the man in the parable would stand afar off, bow my head upon my breast, and utter the honest prayer, God be merciful to me a sinner."

"Let the Protestant reader ask himself this question, Whether his admiration goes to the Catholic priest living with the peasants of Ireland, sharing their poverty, and devoting himself to the beauty and chastity of Ireland's spiritual life or to the Irish clerical politician who secretly slanders in England their fellow-Christians, with no other object in mind than to preserve his own social ascendancy."

Again:

"The spiritual life! How odd that phrase would sound in the public-houses of our industrial slums. Would it be understood? Would it have any more significance than a sonnet of Shakespeare? In Catholic Ireland—even amongst the most ignorant of the peasants, the most demoralized of the urban population—spiritual life is the supreme Reality."

By their fruits you shall know them.

THE NATURE OF LIFE INSURANCE

II

In the earlier ages of Christian civilization the objects sought to be attained in the exercise of Christian charity. The guilds of the middle ages for example, provided for the maintenance of incapacitated members, for the education of their children, the portioning of their daughters and the assistance of their widows. The Church administered the patrimony of the poor. "Jas pau- perum," the right of the needy to relief was recognized. Whether in the orderly and uninterrupted course of the evolution of Christian society the development of organized Christian charity would have satisfactorily met new conditions as they arose, it is not here necessary to consider. As a matter of fact such development was violently interrupted by the Reformation. Another great factor in producing modern conditions was the introduction of machinery—the industrial revolution.

"During the latter half of the 19th century the practice of insurance extended with unprecedented rapidity, partly in novel forms. While its several branches, such as life insurance, casualty insurance and others, have each a characteristic development, all these together form an institution peculiar to the modern world, the origin and growth of

which attest a remarkable change in man's ideas and habits of thought." An institution that has reached such marvellous proportions, and while becoming stable and permanent continues to grow in public favor must answer to some fundamental need of modern human life.

What is this widely-felt need? It is the desire for compensation against loss, the wish to avoid needless pain and suffering arising from the accidental happenings of existence. It is the necessity felt by responsible beings of substituting certainty for uncertainty, of smoothing some of the grosser inequalities of life, of "assuring oneself" against the off-chance which may mean suffering, loss or ruin for ourselves or others.

"The simplest and most general conception of insurance is a provision made by a group of persons, each singly in danger of some loss, the incidence of which cannot be foreseen, that when such loss shall occur to any of them it shall be distributed over the whole group. Its essential elements, therefore, are foresight and co-operation."—The Britannica.

To narrow the field to our own subject, life insurance implies the compensating or indemnifying of some one for the material loss likely to ensue from the death of another.

The father owes it to his children to provide against their being left in untoward circumstances at his death; the husband owes it to his wife; the young man owes it to his aged parents or to others dependent upon him; the business man to his partners and so on. Life insurance would have no application to human beings who recognized no obligations. "Foresight and co-operation" are the essential elements of life insurance. Without co-operation the object sought could not be reached. In other words life insurance is essentially mutual. The word in connection with insurance has been sometimes misapplied and misunderstood; that will appear later on. But we not only admit, we insist, that life insurance—all life insurance—is mutual in its conception and working.

The head of family, desiring to insure his life for the benefit of his wife and children, agrees to make periodically a cash contribution (a premium) to a fund in order that at his death the fund may pay a fixed amount (the sum assured) to his family. Others do likewise. The result is a common fund made up of the premiums contributed by all, and from that fund the insurance money will be drawn as each person pays the debt of nature. Such a common fund is known as a life insurance institution; so essentially mutual is the business from start to finish that every life insurance company or society is and must be of this nature. The managers of the company are administrators. They fix the scale of premiums which each member should pay according to his age. They are there to collect the premiums, to invest and keep safely the fund thus formed, to see that no member is allowed improper advantages over his fellows, to disburse the common fund in accordance with the just claims of all, and generally to safeguard the interests of the membership as a whole. Nor is their honesty and financial capacity the only guarantee that such interests will be duly safeguarded; laws are enacted which rigidly protect the members, and impose limitations and obligations on the company which administers the trust, for such it is. It cannot be too much emphasized that the principle of mutuality, of "all for each and each-for-all" is constant and paramount.

Now that is a modest little illustration of our open-air evangelist's "real Persian accent." Then think of the sporting lady's gratitude and indignation when she finds "the book" she promised to read is the Gospel which rapacious priests withheld from her all this time.

Incidentally there is hope of bringing the English aristocracy to the light:

"Certainly, I never had such a grand opportunity for reaching the English aristocracy. Curiosity, and a desire to exploit their knowledge of French opened the door again and again for a word in season, and a gift of Gospel literature."

On the next page of the Digest is a summary of an article by the Editor of the Living Church from which we quote:

"The uncultured may read The Police Gazette; but then the cultured may read the Philistine. Mrs. Cassidy may hanker after the Holy Jumpers in the back street; but Mrs. de Puyser probably dallies with mahatmas at the Century Club. And, after all, it is no flatter to say in a bar-room, 'All these here priests are graters,' than to say over the tea-table, 'The religion of Calabrian peasants is wholly superstitious fear.' What is called culture does not prevent people from coquetting with phines, nor from making silly generalizations. Charlatanism seems to flourish quite as well among the cultured as among the vulgar, and clever and unscrupulous minds sway both classes, whether or not they are called demagogues. It is self-will and conceit that make men the prey of whatever and whoever catches them first, and these vices seem to grow healthily in cultivated and fallow soil alike."

The quotation has its bearing on the question. The sad fact that but

has come again with new power to bear the country back to her rightful place among the nations.

France is done with superficial unbelief, and is coming by degrees to recognize that without religion the State cannot exist. This may with some go no deeper than a policy, but the movement toward faith is unmistakable; men who, twenty years ago, would have thought their intelligence forbade them to believe are now practising Catholics. Comblin, the child of Dreyfusism, is to-day ineffective. From these pages, with their wealth of allusion, their admirable nutshell reviews of every department of national life, their acute deductions and startling epigrams, there rises a vision of historic France in her noblest mood, restored, after much tribulation and many mistakes, to a new sanity, a new purpose, a new steadfastness. 'France Herself Again' is a wonderful vision, and a vision which every day brings nearer complete fulfilment."

"The Gospel Among Belgian Refugees"

Our attention has been called to an article in the Literary Digest under this title. A Mr. Levermore depicts himself as a swashbuckling evangelist who is shedding light in a truly marvellous way on the benighted heathen refugees from France and Belgium.

"Then comes more speaking, with much help from the blessed Holy Spirit, as we explain, with text and with illustration, what it means to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ."

On the assumption that the God-fearing Belgian unfortunates are in heathen darkness this unctuous evangelist proceeds to spread the light. That his motive is proselytism naked and unashamed may be gathered from this extract from his veracious tale:

"One Belgian attracts a crowd by his vehemence, as he tells me the old story of priestly rapacity, concluding with, 'Let them come to England, and learn how these Protestants love us, and give their money and their time to do us good.' A short, earnest talk on the glorious Gospel of the grace of God naturally follows."

"Here is my penny," says a Flemish woman, as she receives a Gospel. I explain that the Gospel is without money and without price. 'How can that be?' she queries in amazement."

"Priestly rapacity" is good; but the Flemish woman who could understand Mr. Levermore's French is better. However Mr. Levermore's French is not left to conjecture; he tells us this himself:

"A sporting lady accosts me with: 'A thousand pardons, monsieur, but my sister and I have a bet on as to whether you are French or Belgian.' 'Well, mademoiselle, if you will promise me faithfully to read this Gospel throughout, I will tell you.' 'Agreed, monsieur.' 'Good; then I'm neither French nor Belgian; I'm English.' 'Then the bet is off' she cries, 'but I'll read the book all the same.'"

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8 per cent. of London's population attend church would also suggest that zealous British evangelists might find work to do without endeavoring to pervert the faith of Belgian refugees. We may be sure that British hospitality gratefully and generously extended to the Belgians in their hour of suffering is grossly libelled by this evangelistic mountebank. Nevertheless he points the moral that Catholics everywhere should cooperate to render possible adequate ministrations to the spiritual needs of our sorely stricken Belgian brethren forced to seek temporary refuge in a foreign land.

THE SCHOOL OF BETHLEHEM

As the bells ring out this Christmas, heralding the coming of the Prince of Peace, there are those who, looking forth upon a world rent with war's alarms, will be struck with what seems the sorry mockery of it all. And some who proclaim themselves "advanced thinkers" will tell us that Christianity has been tried and found wanting. And yet the truth is it has not been tried at all. Nations and individuals pretended to believe in Christ. They preached Peace with their lips while they fashioned bayonets with their hands. They prated of love and fellowship, and all the while they followed after power. The message of the angels' song had no meaning for the masses because they were ill disposed to hear it. They lacked the honest voluntarism, and though Christ indeed brought Peace, it was only to those of good will.

Ring out, then, ye Christmas bells. Never did a discordant world so need your soothing note. Ring clear and strong, so that your notes will pierce even the din of battle. Even in the midst of war's red havoc be not ashamed. Let them prate as they will of the mockery of the Peace of Christ. It is not the message of Bethlehem's night that has been discredited. It is the world that has refused to listen, preferring to sit at the feet of its own prophets. And the result is a civilization torn up by the roots; a falling back into a state of savagery from which Christianity would fain have rescued the human race.

Christianity and civilization are supposed to be synonymous. But, alas! civilization is not Christian. The popular idea of civilization is an arrangement of some kind that procures for us the greatest possible measure of material comforts. Now Christianity is another science altogether. It treats not of the material, but of the spiritual. It set out to teach the world that genuine culture was not measured by miles of well paved and electrically lighted streets, by a perfect system of sanitation, rapid means of communication, but in human souls taught the meaning of their destiny, and trained to follow after and attain it. It cried halt to a world busy solely about the multiplying of human enjoyments and the mitigating of human sufferings. It declared that a people might have but few of the luxuries of civilization and yet be really civilized; that poverty and suffering by no means excluded the knowledge of the true science of existence. And the world mocked it for its pains.

But Christianity was right. The present dreadful upheaval has given a bad jar to the world's philosophy. It has not discredited Christianity. Rather has it proved conclusively that it is the only system that can solve the problem of life, the one panacea for the ills of humanity. Germany had very many of the things that the world prized as evidence of "culture." Belgium not so many. But who would be rash enough to say to day that Germany is more civilized than Belgium? The world, busy about many things, forgot or ignored the one thing necessary. It built a mighty edifice, but upon the wrong foundations. And lo! the great structure has come crumbling about its ears. Nothing remains, then, but to begin all over again; to go back to the stable of Bethlehem and learn there that weakness is indeed strength; to hearken to the angels' message with a good will, as did the shepherds.

A world without Christ has proven itself to be an unstable world. This is the great lesson the nations must learn from civilization's dread agony. The prophets of materialism have been tried and found wanting. Then enter Christ. The "new philosophy" voted Him a fool because He disdained to be useful in the matter of our little comforts. He offered us living bread, and they gravely asked Him to butter the mere farinaceous bread, to butter it first on one side

and then on the other. Christ would have us love our enemies, bless them that curse us, be perfect as our Father in heaven is perfect. But the wise ones only shook their heads. They wanted something practical, something suited to the needs of the time. Whatever things are snug whatever things are comfortable these are the things they would hear about. They would acknowledge no light of the world that did not light their way to good things like these, and He helped not at all to solve the problem of their vulgar comforts. Yes, indeed, this Christ was very interesting, but what did He ever contribute to the sum of human comforts? Did He ever invent anything, improve anything? No. Then away with Him. Crucify Him. A practical generation had no time to waste on a dreamer who evidently knew nothing about the three-per-cent.

And Armageddon is the answer to it all. The Gethsemani of nations has revealed the lath painted to look like a man. The veneer of respectability has come off, and the skeleton lies revealed in all its horrid nakedness. No, it will not do, this play acting with Jesus Christ. The world must come round to His point of view. It must sit at His feet and learn from His lips the things that are for its peace. Civilization must be erected on a Christian basis. It is no use setting Materialism upon a pedestal, burning a few grains of incense before it, and labelling it religion and civilization. The idol must be dethroned, and men learn to worship at the shrine of Eternal Truth. Then only will we have peace and concord when the Christmas message is hearkened to by men of good will.

COLUMBA

NOTES AND COMMENTS

AMONG THE many Catholic chaplains serving with the British Expeditionary force in Flanders, is Mgr. Bickerstaffe-Drew, better known perhaps by his pen-name, "John Aycough." Before the War broke out he was Senior Chaplain to the Forces at Salisbury Plain. He has also seen service in the same capacity at Plymouth and at Malta. As a novelist his reputation is world-wide. Mgr. Drew is a convert, having been received into the Church in 1878.

THE PRESBYTERIAN has given another boost to "French Evangelization," and, as in example of the wonderful inroads being made upon Quebec Catholicism, cites one district where all denominations having joined together to form a congregation, they are now able to muster an attendance of forty men, women and children. If they persevere for another ten years they may be able to muster fifty. There are apt to be a few derelicts to work upon always. But if we may take Presbyterian statistics in other districts of Quebec as a criterion, the sum total in the next decade in the locality referred to, is more liable to be ten than fifty. It is the stock complaint when harping on "Romish aggression," that Protestants are being "crowded out" of Quebec counties, which is but another way of saying that in point of natural increase they fail to hold their own. The "Romish aggression" plea may be put down to mere breach of good manners.

THAT WAS rather severe handling which the ministerial novelist, "Ralph Connor," received from the Mail and Empire's reviewer in regard to his latest production, "The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail." In our judgment, however, it hit him off to a nicety. The selling success of "Ralph Connor" (and the reviewer places him at the head of Canadian writers in this respect) proves on what a shallow foundation such success may sometimes rest. A measure of facility in description, a fund of shallow sentimentality, a decided dexterity in palming off the artificial for the real, with the faculty of indulging in a nasty aside now and then against religious feelings and practices of which he is wholly ignorant, form the staple of his stock in trade, and these are the qualities that appeal to the shallow and unreflecting portion of the reading public. In the judgment of the Mail reviewer, there is no good red blood in any of this author's adventures. "The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail," he adds, "will probably be in demand as a Sunday School prize, but it will not be very encouraging for a boy to work hard for fifty-two Sundays if that is to be his reward."

IN THE Nineteenth Century and After, for December, appears a rather

remarkable article on "Religion and the War." The writer, Miss Mildred Tucker, thinks that the result of the war will be a set back to Protestantism in Germany, and an extension of Catholic influence, and, in lesser degree of what she terms the "simple religious influence" of the Slavonic nations, especially Russia. She traces to Luther the spirit paramount in Germany at the present time—that is, the practical deification of brute force and disregard of the sanctity of international treaties, as illustrated by the invasion and ruthless destruction of the kingdom of Belgium. In the distorted doctrine of Justification by Faith as formulated by Luther, she finds a theory which "however true in itself," became "mechanical and divorced from morality." Germany's action in precipitating the War is but the logical development of Luther's doctrine.

NOTWITHSTANDING THIS attitude towards the religion of the Reformation, Miss Tucker by no means leans to the Catholic side. She espies rather to that vague, misty revival of the inner religious spirit which appears to be the last recourse of those who, having lost their hold upon dogmatic truth, would still persuade themselves that they are religious. "The spirit of which she writes is of itself but a sorry substitute for the definite and assured truths of the Christian religion as promulgated and safeguarded by their only authorized custodian, the Catholic Church. But it is daily more and more becoming the religion of those outside the Church. Mere sentiment has surely no power to warm the heart, or to enlighten the soul, or to preserve intact the precious fabric of Christian society."

MISS TUCKER'S reference to Luther in this connection is very suggestive. That "Reformer" when once committed to his course threw both prudence and restraint to the winds. He became a law unto himself much as the Kaiser gets credit for assuming to be in this generation. And is not the German reference to the Belgian Treaty as a "scrap of paper" singularly reminiscent of Luther's rejection of the Epistle of St. James, and his ironical reference to the same as an "epistle of straw." The two incidents are one in kind.

WITH REFERENCE to the anticipated falling-off in Christmas giving this year because of the prevailing condition of business throughout the world a correspondent writes to the Toronto Mail making a plea for some revision of the expressed determination of many people to fall into line with that idea. The result, should this resolution be widely acted upon, is in the judgment of this correspondent, likely to be disastrous to the business world, particularly to the small trader, to whom the Christmas trade is all in all. Back of him, and directly affected, is the manufacturer of holiday goods, and the many thousands of employees dependent upon him. It is, he concludes, the failure of people to buy Christmas gifts that is throwing these thousands of people out of employment, and it will be but poor consolation even should, what he calls these short-sighted economists, dole out charity to them later.

THERE IS MUCH to be said for this view, which is endorsed editorially by the Mail. Its truth in one sense may be said scarcely to require demonstration. Yet it should not be confused with the traditional Christmas spirit with which both writers bracket it. Christmas giving as once understood and practised was truly a blessed thing, but has it not become vulgarized and commercialized in this generation? It is a wide subject, having, perhaps, many pros and cons, and for the present we forbear discussing it. But it would be a happy thing should the present war with its multitude of horrors and deprivations and their resultant widespread retrenchment in the comforts of life, recall to men's minds once more the old spiritual idea of Christmas, and in a corresponding degree relegating commercialism and the materialistic view to the background. Then assuredly would Christmas giving revert to its time-honored place in Christendom—that is as a vehicle for the sincere expression of the Christian virtues of affection and charity.

No man can be brave who considers pain to be the greatest evil of life; nor temperate who considers pleasure to be the highest good.—Cicero.

ORDINATION AT ST. PETER'S

In St. Peter's Cathedral on Saturday Dec. 19th His Lordship Bishop Fallon conferred on several students of St. Peter's Seminary the following orders: Deacons.—W. Langlois, Windsor, Ont.; J. Bell, Blyth, Ont.; F. Costello, London, Ont.; H. R. Dignan, London, Ont.; A. Finn, Windsor, Ont. Subdeacons.—F. McCarthy, Kinkora. Assisting the Bishop were the Rev. D. O'Connor, Rector of the Seminary, Arden; the Rev. P. J. McKeon, Assistant Priest; Rev. J. Harding and Mr. L. Forristal, Masters of Ceremonies.

ON THE BATTLE LINE GERMAN CRUISERS SHELL ENGLISH CITIES

Overshadowing all other war news of the week is the incredible daring of a German squadron which steamed up to the east coast of England and on Wednesday night, Dec. 22nd, bombarded three English towns—Scarborough, Hartlepool and Whitby. The casualties were about 500, of which over 100 were killed. The damage to property runs into millions.

London Dec. 17th.—The German raiders consisted of three battle cruisers and three armored cruisers. Six weeks ago their light flotilla of destroyers and light cruisers experimented at Yarmouth and found that a raid on the east coast was quite feasible. This time they came in sufficient force to do real damage and chose an overcast night with heavy fog hanging over the water. They slipped at full speed through their well-charted channels, through their mine fields, and when near the English coast divided into two squadrons. Two armored cruisers and one battle cruiser headed for Scarborough, while two battle cruisers and one armored cruiser struck for Hartlepool. They timed to arrive at the same hour and reached the coast strictly according to schedule.

The escape of the German warships yesterday is accounted as simply the hardest kind of luck. The British Admiralty was well informed of the pending raid, had made preparations for crushing the enemy's squadrons, but the fog interfered and the Germans dashed homeward. The British ships were ready to take to sea, having been forewarned that the raid was to be made, but when they got within sight of the hostile squadron, the Germans, seeing the British force turned and steamed off at full speed. The fog was so thick that the visitors were able to cover their movements and make a clean get-away. The navy is saying hard luck for itself and confidently waiting for another chance. The general feeling in London is one of hopefulness that the Germans will be encouraged by yesterday's success to try again.

A German official despatch says: "The retreating cruisers were attacked by four British destroyers, one of which was sunk. Another appeared badly damaged. At another point another English destroyer was sunk." This has since been denied by the British Admiralty.

STIMULATES RECRUITING Right Hon. Thomas J. MacNamara, Parliamentary secretary to the admiralty, in speaking of the effect of the German raid, said that it was worth two army corps to Kitchener's army.

THE GERMAN REPORT Canadian Press Despatch Berlin, Dec. 16.—An official announcement issued here says: "A part of our high seas fleet made an attack on the English east coast and bombarded, on the 16th, early in the morning, both fortified and coast places at Scarborough and Hartlepool. Regarding its further course of action no information can be given."

Berlin, Dec. 18.—The following official details concerning the German squadron's attack on the east coast of England are published here: "When approaching the English coast our cruisers were unsuccessfully attacked by four British torpedo boat destroyers in misty weather. The batteries at Hartlepool were silenced and the gas works destroyed. There were several detonations and three big fires in the town could be observed from our ships. The coast guard station and water works at Scarborough and the coast guard station and signal station at Whitby were destroyed. Our ships received some shots from the coast batteries, but suffered only slight damage. (Signed) VON BEHNKEE.

RUSSIANS DEFEATED In the Eastern theatre of the War things look bad for the Russians.—The Globe Summary, Dec. 18 says: "The news from Galicia is distinctly unfavorable to the Russians. The Austrian armies which emerged from the Carpathians, and which it is believed were strongly reinforced by several German army corps, are forcing the Russians back from Cracow, and are fast enacting the Russian left flank as far east as Pzemyal, the siege of which the Austrians hope to raise by their advance. There is

talk in London as well as in Vienna of the Russians retiring again to the Vistula and the San to "straighten their lines." The Grand Duke Nicholas has plenty of men. He has shown conclusively that he is a good strategist. But he has been unable after three months of very hard fighting to drive the Germans out of Poland or make much of an inroad into East Prussia. The superior rapidity of German concentration trips him up every time. The power of rapid concentration possessed by the foe is due to the strategic railways all along the German and Austrian frontier, which enable Von Hindenburg to pick up an army corps with all its impediments and land it two hundred miles away ready to go into action twenty-four hours later. London experts have been advising Russia to build a number of railways in Poland as a first step toward making her superior numbers tell, and if the Russians have to fall back to the Vistula again they may decide that it is good advice.

VIENNA'S STATEMENT

The following official communication was issued at Vienna: "The latest news permits of no further doubt that the resistance of the Russian main force has been shattered. After the defeat of the southern wing in the battle of Limanovo, which lasted several days, our allies also gained a victory near Lodz. The Russians are now completely routed on the River Bzura. Threatened by our advance across the Carpathians from the south, the enemy began a general retreat, which they are trying to cover by stubborn fighting in the regions before the Carpathians. Our troops are attacking on the line of Grodno Zakliczyn. "Along the other parts of the front the pursuit has begun."

WHAT BERLIN PAPERS SAY

Berlin, Dec. 18.—The Local Anzeiger, commenting on the news of a German victory in Poland, says: "Never since this old earth has had a history has such a gigantic battle been fought. Seldom in centuries has there been an event of such decisive importance. The battle of Poland will be classed in history among the victories of the first rank. It will be mentioned in the same breath with the battle of Salamis and Lepidus. "We have to thank Von Hindenburg and the desperate courage of his troops who fought under the glorious banners of Germany and Austria. The Tageblatt eulogizes the bravery and tenacity of the troops, particularly the West Prussians and Hessians, and proceeds: "This victory, with the defeat of the Russians is particularly significant because the Russians threw all their force into the scale in order to win a victory. "Politically the victory will have widespread importance, especially with the Balkan States. "With this victory in the West Polish theatre the campaign in the eastern theatre of the war is for the greater part decided."

THE RUSSIAN SIDE

Petrograd, Dec. 18.—(C. P. Despatch.)—The following is from the General Staff to-night: "On the left bank of the Vistula an almost complete lull on nearly all of the front has replaced the attacks made by the enemy in the course of the past few days. All those attacks were repulsed. "In connection with the advance of part of our troops towards the Bzura River (Russian Poland), and in view of the fact that the Austrians are continually receiving reinforcements in the Carpathians, we have thought fit to rearrange the positions of some of our armies. "We checked the offensive of the enemy yesterday in western Galicia. On the front between Sanok and Liskow we have succeeded in our offensive and have captured 3,000 prisoners. Several guns and mitrailleuses.

EGYPT ANNEXED

(Canadian Press Despatch) London, Dec. 17.—Egypt has been declared a British protectorate. This announcement was made officially to-night. OFFENSIVE MOVEMENT IN THE WEST The German press, commenting on the situation in the west, has expressed the opinion that operations of importance are impending in Alsace, where, it is said, French reinforcements are being brought up. A new French attack from the direction of Toul also is expected in Berlin. The German and French official communications disclose little of what is going on in the west. The French claim to have organized the ground which they gained during the preceding days. From the number of wounded reaching the hospitals of both the Germans and the allies it is evident that the fighting in Flanders was of a more severe character than shown in the official statements. The correspondents report that the hospitals are again filling up, while along the Dutch border continuous firing can be heard.

FRENCH STATEMENT

Paris, Dec. 17, 250 p. m.—The French war office gave out an official statement this afternoon as follows: "Between the sea and the Lys we have occupied several German trenches at the point of the bayonet and organized, the territory taken from the enemy to the west of Gheluvelt. "We have made progress at some points in the region of Vermelles. "There has been no infantry action along the remainder of the front, but we report very effective shooting on the part of our heavy artillery in the environs of Traque Le Val, on the Aisne and in Champagne, as well as in the Argonne and in the region of Verdun. "In Lorraine and in Alsace there is nothing to report. "Warsaw, Russian Poland, via London, Dec. 17 (4.30 p. m.)—A great battle was in progress at Sochaczew, 80 miles west of Warsaw. The German wedge, which is proceeding in a southeasterly direction from Ilow, has managed, after heavy fighting in which serious losses are reported to have been inflicted, to establish itself a quarter of a mile west of Sochaczew. The Polish campaign now centers at that point.

CONDUCTED ON LARGE SCALE

London, Dec. 17.—The Times' correspondent in Petrograd understands that three additional corps from the west have reached the German armies on the Russian front, making altogether nine corps which have reached Field Marshal Von Hindenburg within a month. The Germans were thereby able, he says, to send two corps to Hungary while retaining 20 corps on the Polish front. The Times correspondent adds that it appears that 170,000 Austro-Germans have already crossed the Dukla and neighboring passes in the Carpathian Mountains. The Austrian contingent, he says, includes three active corps, the withdrawal of which from the Serbian front led to disaster there. "The Austro-Germany's economical operations in the Carpathians and on the Vistula River both are being conducted on a large scale, says a dispatch to the Times from Petrograd. The message continues: "Each is strategically important because the enemy would be enabled thereby to occupy flanking positions on the Russian lines of communication. This must be the reason why the Germans disregard the risk of an invasion of Silesia and weaken the troops on the Czesotochowa Cracow front."

DIMITRIEFF DESPONDENT

"Sofia reports that General Radko Dimitrieff, commander of the Russian army in the region of Przemysl, formal Bulgarian minister to St. Petersburg, and during the Balkan War commander of the Bulgarian forces against the Turks, has written to a friend in Sofia, stating that the Russian army is showing signs of dislocation and that the men are refusing to obey.

GERMAN RESOURCES

"The Swedish Lieut.-Col. Evet, after a long stay on the German front, says Germany's economical resources are sufficient, that her military reserves are inexhaustible, and that her forces are steadily increasing.

FIRST ENCYCLICAL EMPHASIZES LACK OF BROTHERHOOD

Rome, Nov. 17, 1914. "Ad Beatissimi Apostolorum Principis" is the title of the long expected Encyclical Letter which appeared in the Latin text late last night. The Holy Father, Pope Benedict XV, addressing for the first time the "Patriarchs, Primates, Archbishops, Bishops and other Ordinaries of places, in Peace and Communion with the Apostolic See," says that, raised to the Chair of the Prince of the Apostles, his eyes turned to the immense flock entrusted to his care, and he looked, not only on those in communion but also on all the others destined by God to come into the fold. His immediate feeling was two fold—gratiable feeling was into which human society had fallen, and joy, great joy, at the conditions of the Church bequeathed to him by his predecessor. The awful spectacle of the present war impelled him immediately to repeat, as the first words of the new Pontificate, the prayer which Pius X. had launched from his death-bed—for peace. Might God so will, he prayed, that with the coming of the new Vicar of Christ to the Throne of Peter, as at the coming voice of peace might be heard on the earth. But there is another war, the cause indeed of that which afflicts mankind to-day, the war among men's souls, and of this Pope Benedict XV. traces four principal causes: the lack of mutual and sincere love among men; lack of respect for authority; the injustice of the relations between different classes of citizens; the putting up of material well-being as the one object of the activity of mankind.

NO BROTHERLY LOVE TO-DAY

"These enemies must be beaten; then true peace will return on the earth. Our Lord, bringing peace to the earth, established it on the basis of brotherly love. The whole teaching of His life, of His Passion and death accentuates this. But this is not the spirit which reigns now in the world, where, while brotherhood is talked of as never, perhaps, it was before, it is in reality not seen: nations, races, cities, individuals are divided by hatred and egoism even more effectually than by barriers and walls. AUTHORITY DISRESPECTED "The lack of respect for authority arises from this lack of brotherly love. When an attempt is made to emancipate human and social authority from God, to assign to the power existing on earth no other origin than the free will of men, then the bonds between superiors and subjects become more and more loose. "Non est potestas nisi a Deo." From which St. Paul drew the obligation of conscience to obey the commands of the earthly ruler save when they went contrary to the Law of God. Let the rulers and princes of the people remember that, and ask themselves if divorce from the religion of Christ is wise, if it is good politics to banish the teaching of the Gospel from education. When thus the two fold element of social cohesion is taken away—the union of the members, that is, in brotherly love, and the union with their leaders through obedience to authority, what wonder if strife follows: those who have been blessed by fortune against who believe fortune has been unfair to them? Starting from this principle, that as men are equal in the same nature so they must be equal in social conditions, envy, hatred and strife follow inevitably. Against this must be brought the Gospel teaching of brotherly love: it will not make conditions equal but it will bring about that those on high bend to those below them with Christian virtues and above all with justice, while those below will have perfect trust in the help in time of need of their more favored brothers. ROOT OF EVIL "For this and the great thing is to destroy the secret root of the evil—of all evil, for 'radix omnium malorum cupiditas'—that is, material well-being as the one object of life. Men's minds are imbued with the idea, that the things of this world, with the enjoyment of earthly goods; they seek these latter with all the strength with which they seek happiness; they rebel against anyone who thwarts their desires. But Our Lord taught that man can be and indeed is happy in tears, in poverty, in persecution. Happiness, then, does not lie in things of this world but of the next. So faith in the supernatural, desire and hope for the eternal good, must be restored. With the restoration of this faith will vanish the mad desire for the goods of this world. Benedict XV, then, passes to the joy he felt on ascending to the Chair of Peter; he speaks of what he saw in the development of the hierarchy, the improvement of the education of the young clergy, the defence of Catholic doctrine, the greater decorum of religious worship, the spread of missions, for all of which he pays due and great tribute of praise to his predecessor. GREAT FIELD FOR ACTION But, he says, there still remains a great field for action; and he points out that the Bishops of the Catholic world may help him in the work. First of all is needed concord of souls, and his holiness expresses his firm intention that any discord that may have arisen may cease and that no more shall arise. Let there be no more personal ideas, personal and unauthorized teachings, either through books, newspapers or public discourses, no more arbitrary introduction of new titles, denominations, epithets, in the profession of Catholicity; for, lacking truth and justice, these things serve only to sow disunion. Instead of indulging in useless questions let Catholics do everything to keep the faith pure; let them root out for ever the evil plant of Modernism and the modern spirit, which seeks for novelty in everything. Let them join to the profession of faith that excellent in fluence for good, mutual example. It may well take shape in Catholic associations, and the Holy Father would like to see these multiply, with the one proviso that they always hold firmly to the instructions given and to be given by the Apostolic See. SUBMISSION TO AUTHORITY Then, as the work of the clergy is above all things necessary for the attestation of the things he has outlined, his holiness exhorts the bishops to supervise with all care the training of the young priests, reminding them of all that his two predecessors have said on this great subject. He especially exhorts the clergy to be over in complete union with and submission to their bishops and deplors that the spirit of insubordination is even found sometimes not far from the sanctuary. Let all remember that the authority of the bishops is not human but Divine; he, then, who is not with his bishop is not with the Church. His holiness closes with another prayer for peace—peace for the nations, which will find in it inestimable good; peace for the Church which will find in it the liberty which is its right; an end to the abnormal conditions in which the Vicar of Jesus Christ is now placed, and against which, fulfilling his sacred duty he renews the protest of his predecessors. For all these things, inasmuch as the heart of man is in the hands of God, he exhorts all to pray to God and to ask the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, to whose care he entrusts his person, his ministry, and the souls redeemed by Christ.—Chicago New World.

CHRISTMAS 1914

The air is hideous with the crash of guns; The screaming sharpnel and the hurling shells; Make night a Hades where the nations' sons, In demon frenzy that hell's hate compels, War fiercer than the Visigoths and Huns. The mangled corpses fill the village street; The peaceful plains are littered with the dead; The roads are heavy with the hurrying feet; Of homeless outcasts, seeking daily bread— And nought but new found horrors do they meet. The old are spared not, nor the young and fair; Alike they tribute pay to ruinous war, The ages' heritage, the House of Prayer— (Be these, then, Christian men, or sons of God?) Are razed to earth, so wantonly they dare. The nations, heedless of the still small voice Of Beth'lem's Babe, have trampled into dust The glad evangel, and have made the children of the sword, impelled by empire lust, And mothers weep while Satan doth rejoice. O what a spectacle for Him Who comes, With blessings on His lips, the Prince of Peace! No star of hope the Christmas sky illumines, His beacon blest, herald of War's surcease; O world gone mad! O place of many tombs! O mockery of that first Christmas night, When shepherds heard the angel choir sing, While Jude's hills were robbed in dazzling light! O doth not e'en an echo of it cling In these sad days when brutal power is right? Is this the answer of two thousand years Of Christian teaching? God in heaven look down, And pitying dry the mothers' blinding tears, For sake of her who once in Beth'lem town, Could find no place, but now a place appears. The little children call Thee. There is room In our poor hearts where fain we'd have you bide, Then come to us, blest fruit of Mary's womb, For some are faithful still, some doors are wide, Dear Jesus, do not tarry, quickly come. (Rev. D. A. CASEY, (Columba)

OUR NON-CATHOLIC CONTEMPORARIES

From The Sacred Heart Review It is remarkable how history repeats itself. The pretense was made in Elizabethan England that Catholics were not persecuted and put to death because of their Catholicity, but because of their danger to the State, and to day in America the attempted political, social and commercial proscription of Catholics sets up the same defense for itself. The patriotism of Catholics in England, who fought side by side with the Protestant neighbors against the common enemy, gave the lie to the charges of their slanders, just as the patriotism of Catholics to-day in America renders the charge of the "guardians" a thing for scornful laughter. Nevertheless, so deeply ingrained is this suspicion of Catholics, so easily is it aroused that the meanest and most contemptible creature that walks the earth when he emits an anti Catholic cry will be believed as against the evidence of a whole phalanx of reputable historians and statesmen. This year has seen a recrudescence of anti-Catholic bigotry of the most malignant kind. It has attempted to make itself felt all over the country. We have seen it at work here among ourselves in Massachusetts, and in the State of New York it has been particularly malicious. To their credit be it said the leading daily newspapers have rebuked it in no uncertain terms. We regret exceedingly that our Protestant contemporaries of the better class are not taking the stand they should against this ignorant fanaticism, for, after all, it is not Catholics that are hurt by it in the long run, but Protestants. The A. P. A. boom is a boomerang. Catholics are in this country to stay. They are for the most part faithful to the old fashioned morality, and they are bound to increase and multiply. It is arrant folly and nonsense, to put it no stronger, to attempt to circumscribe their legitimate activity as citizens or to limit their power as part and parcel of the commonwealth. They can afford to retain their equanimity under the attacks of their short sighted enemies. Of course, no discrimination; no matter how unfair, practiced against Catholics, would justify them in acting unfairly towards others. But it would be expecting too much of poor

CARDINAL ON MEXICO

Opposition to the recognition by President Wilson of any government in Mexico until religious freedom was guaranteed was urged by Cardinal O'Connell in an address to the Federation of Catholic Societies in Boston recently. "The administration," said the Cardinal, "has at last done something to insure the safety of our nuns and priests in Mexico from the brutal rapacity and barbarism of those savages who for more than year past have conclusively proven their absolute unfitness to govern. But the good work is far from finished. "We are hearing much these days about peace and freedom. Let us first of all see to it that at our very doors the peace, the conscience and freedom of religion, the source and foundation of all real peace and freedom are not violated by men who might well be brought before the tribunal of the common law of humanity instead of aspiring to the presidency of a sister republic and our nearest neighbor. But Catholic men will not rest until the truth is made known as it is, and not as it is reported by those who have proven themselves publicly and privately incapable of being considered trustworthy agents of this government. "And when the truth is known, then all the world will realize that for the sake of our public honor as a nation we must put an end to the Masonic conspiracy which last for two years deluged Mexico with blood, drained the material resources of that country, and spread atheism and anarchy over a land once happy and industrious. "Let us tolerate no further even a suspicion of what has been more than once openly asserted, that the leaders of this anarchy are receiving underhand support from this country but let our Catholic men continue to investigate the truth of conditions and then stand for the truth in all their might, until every word and sentence of its revelation is heard in Washington. "This is the work which faces every Catholic man in this country to-day. Let the federation lead the way and America and Mexico will one day owe it a great debt of gratitude."

A SOCIALIST CORNERED

While sitting in the office of a Cincinnati hotel some time ago, writes Fred Noyes, a well-dressed mechanic addressed me thusly: "Pretty hard chance for a man out of work to get anything to do nowadays, ain't it?" I said I didn't know about that. Said he: "Well, if they do get work they will have to produce from \$6 to \$10 in order to get one. That's the kind of robber system we have." Said I, "You're a socialist." "Yes, and every man ought to be. Why, under Socialism every man would receive from \$4,000 or \$5,000 a year," he replied. Said I, "Why, friend, where did you get your statistics that cause you to say to me that the workers produce from \$6 to \$10 in order to get one?" He hesitated a bit and then broadly declared that he got them from the United States census reports.

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THERE WAS WHERE I HAD SOME FUN

I asked him what volume, page, etc., and finally I said: "My friend, I don't mind making \$5 out of you or letting you make it out of me. I'll bet you \$5 that the census reports say nothing of the kind. Let us make this wager, then go to the public library and prove who is wrong." Did he bet? You bet he didn't; but he felt had. I pitied him. I told him he had read that kind of rot in 'The Appeal to Reason' or 'The Social Democrat Herald'; that like most of the Socialist propaganda, it was untrue. Well, anyhow, he was going to look it up and see whether I was lying or not; he even hinted that I was. I then expressed a willingness to go to the library and pay his expenses (car fare) in order to show that the Socialists were fooling the working class. Being a Socialist, he didn't propose to get into any such hole. I saw him the next day in the hotel and made it my business to respectfully inquire if he had visited the library. No, he didn't have time; but he would. Still he was sore; didn't want to talk about it; in fact, didn't want to talk with me at all.—Buffalo Union and Times.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, China, June 7, 1914. Dear Mr. Coffey.—When I came here two years ago I only had five catechists, now I have twenty-one. I owe this rapid progress principally to my dear friends of the CATHOLIC RECORD. God bless them and your worthy paper! It takes about \$50 a year to support a catechist and for every such sum I receive I will place a man in one new district to open it up to the Faith. During the past few months I have opened up quite a number of new places and the neophytes are very pious and eager for baptism. You will appreciate the value of my catechists when I tell that I baptized eighty-five adults since the beginning of the year as a result of their work. I have even brighter hopes for the future if only my friends abroad will continue to back me up financially. J. M. FRASER.

PREVIOUSLY ACKNOWLEDGED

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

THE BIRTHDAY OF THE SAVIOUR

"For this day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David." Luke II, 11.

My dear friends, these words of joy were spoken by the angel of the shepherds near Bethlehem one thousand nine hundred years ago. As they heard the hearts of the Jewish shepherds with joy long ago, so today they fill the hearts of all with gladness, love, thanksgiving and reverence.

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

To day we celebrate the anniversary of the birth of Him who was the Saviour, not of one particular portion of the earth, but of the whole world. What joy, then, should fill the hearts of all "For this day is born to you a Saviour."

If we cast a glance back, and consider that the world was one thousand nine hundred years ago, before the coming of Christ, and then consider what it has been since among peoples guided by Christian principles, then we will have some idea of our motives for rejoicing to day. When Christ came, the majority of mankind was in slavery, without honor, without freedom, without hope. They were sunk into the lowest depths of immorality and crime. He taught them new doctrines concerning the duties of man to man, of the strong to the weak, of the rich to the poor, of man to woman. He inculcated the mutual duty of love and charity. He sent those who loved Him to feed the hungry, to give drink to the thirsty, to clothe the naked, to ransom the captive and to visit the sick. He laid special stress upon the virtues of purity, meekness, humility, patience, faith and love. These doctrines of Christ were instrumental in securing the abolition of slavery, bringing knowledge within the reach of all and in spreading over the whole world the message of charity. Is it any wonder then that we rejoice to day and feel that heaven is brought nearer to us? Angels are, no doubt, singing around us at this moment and assisting us to be more fervent in our acts of thanksgiving and praise. For it is a day of universal joy and the angel's message has not been received in vain.

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

When we cast our eyes on that Divine Infant wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying on a little bunch of straw in a stable on that cold December night, can we complain any more of our poor and wretched lot? When we see that God-man suffering from cold and privation, can we refuse to suffer and bear our trials and tribulations patiently for His sake? When we reflect on the humble and abject birth of the Son of God, shall we any longer have those proud thoughts because of our wealth, our clothing, or our beauty? No. Let us practise those virtues especially taught by the infant Jesus in the manger at Bethlehem. Let us practise the Godlike virtues of humility, poverty and mortification, and try as much as possible to imitate Him who came on earth to show us the way to heaven.

He humbled Himself by becoming man. By humility He began and completed His victory over hell. He chose as His friends and apostles the humble. And He says to His followers, "Learn of Me because I am meek and humble of heart." He was rich, but for our sake became poor that by His poverty we might become rich. His whole life, from the crib of Bethlehem to the cross on Calvary's heights, was one continued series of suffering and mortification endured for sinful man. Without these virtues, and especially without humility, no progress can be made on the road to heaven. For as pride is the source of almost all sin, so humility is the foundation of all virtue. There is not much, then, to cause us to rejoice on this day? And should it not be a day of happiness and joy to all the world?

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

His poor. Do this and you will have what I most earnestly wish you, A merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

TEMPERANCE

THOUGHTS FOR CHRISTMAS

The custom of celebrating Christmas by excessive drinking is not perhaps as prevalent now as in days gone by. Temperance sentiment has had its effect upon the people at large and a sense of shame, if nothing else, keeps within bounds that tendency to over-celebration which some of us can well remember as being characteristic of other days.

Nevertheless, the danger incident to Christmas time is not altogether gone. In many places, and among many people who ought to know better the custom of drinking intoxicants and of giving intoxicants to guests, at Christmas and New Year, still subsists, and much harm is done particularly to the young and inexperienced at festivities, which purport to be a celebration of the coming to earth of the Saviour of mankind, but which are really bacchanalian revelries reminiscent of pagan times. We regret to say that there has been a departure from the home celebration of Christmas. It is considered smart to day for people to take their Christmas dinner at hotels, and the tendency in those places is toward an excess of gayety which accords ill with the real Christmas spirit. Christmas is indeed a time of joy, a time of good will; but those who make of it a time of dissipation and luxury, a time of over-indulgence in liquor, wrench it from its real purpose. Such celebration of Christmas is an abuse; and among Catholic people it should not be tolerated.

The time was when Christmas was not celebrated in this part of country at all. Pagan gloom enshrouded New England in those days, and it was an offense to observe the Day which for centuries the Catholic Church had celebrated in such a joyous manner. At present, however, we have swung away so far from that straight-laced period that we are fast nearing the time, if we have not already reached it, when it may be necessary to restrain our Christmas celebration as being altogether too boisterous, too flippant, and entirely unworthy of the sweet Feast of the Nativity of Our Blessed Lord.

We hope during the coming season that Catholics who know the true meaning of Christmas will not be found among those who disgrace the themselves, or by tempting others to such over-indulgence. As there is a custom among us of taking the temperance pledge during Lent in honor of our Blessed Lord's thirst on the cross, so also during the Christmas season a similar pledge should be taken in honor of the Divine Babe in the crib.—Sacred Heart Review.

THE WAR

SOME CATHOLIC SIDELIGHTS

THE REV. PRINCE MAX GETS THE IRON CROSS

Amongst the Catholic chaplains with the German armies in Prince Max of Saxony, brother of the present King and a priest who has an intimate knowledge of both London and Paris, is the former of which he worked for some years as a curate and in the latter as a professor. This royal priest has just been decorated by the Kaiser with the Iron Cross for valor on the field. He goes everywhere with his men and in the few intervals of rest he never rests, for he is preparing the soldiers for death, hearing their confessions and administering the sacrament. The King of Saxony and his son, both Catholics, are now with the armies. There is a possibility that if both are killed in a sacerdotal sovereign. Another Catholic commander of the German host is Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria. Many members of the Centrum are also with the army serving, some as privates, while the workmen's clubs of Cologne and its neighborhood have scarcely a member left. The Volkverein and the Bonifaciusverein are turning all their attention to succoring the wounded and assisting those dependents of the soldiers who are heavily struck by the general trade depression and the absence of the breadwinner.

THE INFLUENCE OF FRANCE'S SOLDIER PRIESTS

It would be impossible to exaggerate the beneficial influence exercised by the priests in the French army. Proof of it is furnished every day. What, for instance, can be more eloquent than the following extract from a letter addressed by a soldier to Abbe Louis Ballu, parish priest of Parney, in the department of the Chen? "This morning we left the trenches, carrying our shovels, pickaxes and rifles, to attend Mass (I could not help thinking of Parney's pretty little church and its priest in the sweet, tranquil country). That Mass was celebrated by our captain (an officer in the reserves), who had donned the sacerdotal ornaments over his blue and red uniform, with the gold lace of his galons mixing with the sacred gold ornaments. He made to us an impressive but short address, and the words he spoke moved all our hearts, coming as they did from that doubly authorized mouth. At

the elevation of the Host we all felt that above men and armies He is, 'He Who reigns in heaven and Who raises all Empires—He Who permits 'That spirit of imprudence and error' The fatal harbinger of the fall of Kings' ('cet esprit d'imprudence et d'erreur, De la chute des rois funeste avant-coureur').

The spectacle was unforgettable when all heads bowed, the priest's chapeau left the spurs visible while the sturdy youth of La Comte were there, stalwart men, pensive and brave, the sons of those who had in former times furnished such valiant soldiers to France."

AN ABBE LIEUTENANT'S ADDRESS

The "Semaine Religieuse" of Tours relates another incident. Abbe Mauduit is in the front fighting line as lieutenant. Recently his commanding officer ordered him to lead his company to a very dangerous position, telling him he feared he was sending him to his death. The Abbe did not hesitate, but his mind was disturbed for his men. To make them accept willingly the dangerous mission he addressed them as follows, "My friends, you are all determined to do your duty. We are about to find ourselves in great danger. If sometimes in giving your orders I may have appeared harsh and irritable, forgive me. You all know me well. I have always sought to show myself, courageous and I demand of you to be also courageous. You call me more often Monsieur l'Abbe or Monsieur le Curé than Mon Lieutenant. Well, as priest would you like me to give you my blessing and absolve you before we start?" Having received a unanimous affirmative reply, all the brave men bowed and made the sign of the cross religiously, while the Abbe soldier traced the sign of pardon and salvation. The company then advanced intrepidly under fire from the enemy. In a few minutes its lieutenant, Abbe Mauduit, fell wounded in the head by a bursting shell. His wound necessitated a most dangerous operation, but it is hoped his life will be saved.

GENERAL VON KLUCK A CATHOLIC

The Catholic Messenger, of Davenport, Ia., has the following interesting item: "It is said that General Von Kluck, of the German army, who has been in command of the army operating in Belgium and who made the advance upon Paris is a Catholic. It is not so well known that we have in the tri-city a first cousin of the general in the person of Father Kluck, pastor of St. Mary's (German) Church in Rock Island. Father Kluck has dropped the 'Von,' but we are informed that his father and the general's father were brothers."

VALOR OF FRANCE'S SOLDIER PRIESTS

Official homage to the valor of the soldier priests of France is the fact that on September 15, after six weeks war, eighty-two secular priests and a hundred and twenty-seven religious had been proposed to the Government by the military chiefs as deserving the Legion of Honor for their attitude under fire. These figures, says the London Catholic Times, are more eloquent than any panegyric.—Philadelphia Standard and Times.

THE MALIGNED SISTERS

Not long ago Miss Ella Fort James, member of a prominent Protestant family of Richland, Wis., sent to the Richland Democrat, a noble letter, in which she paid a high tribute to the maligned Sisters. We quote:

"The writer was educated in a convent, and for six years lived with Catholics. Not once in all that time was any effort made to induce her to enter the Catholic faith. No influence of that kind was brought to bear upon any of the Protestant pupils. The beautiful lives of the nuns had, however, lasting influence in other channels. One of the sweetest memories in that distant past are the hours spent in the quiet halls of that convent school. "The writer had a Protestant friend, who, at the age of sixteen, desired to become a nun. She applied to the Mother Superior of the Ursuline Convent in Galveston, Texas, and was told that her admission would not be granted without the consent of her family and without thorough premeditation on her own part. This girl afterwards decided to remain a Protestant and not one word was ever offered by the Mother Superior against this decision. "In the great tidal waves of Galveston in 1900 the Sisters of the Ursuline Convent saved hundreds of lives.

WHOLE FAMILY USES THEM

"Fruit-a-lives" Keeps Young And Old In Splendid Health



J. W. HAMMOND Esq., SCOTLAND, ONT., Aug. 25th, 1913 "Fruit-a-lives" are the only pill manufactured, to my way of thinking. They work completely, no gripping whatever, and are plenty for any ordinary person at a dose. My wife was a martyr to Constipation. We tried everything on the calendar without satisfaction, and spent large sums of money until we happened on "Fruit-a-lives". I cannot say too much in their favor. We have used them in the family for about two years and we would not use anything else as long as we can get "Fruit-a-lives". Their action is mild, and no distress at all. I have recommended them to many other people, and our whole family uses them."

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HEMMED IN BY RING OF STEEL

London, Dec. 4.—Herbert Clark Hoover, chairman of the American commission for relief in Belgium, returned to London, to-day after a week's trip of inspection in Belgium. Mr. Hoover reported that the distribution of foodstuffs in cases of the American commission is well under way, but stated that the threat of famine which threatened the population of Belgium is still desperate and that on account of the attitude of the belligerents, the Belgians must still appeal to the people of the United States for relief. "It is difficult to state the position of the civil population of Belgium without appearing hysterical," said Mr. Hoover in his statement. "I do not know that history presents any parallel of a population of 7,000,000 men and utterly unaided, by any conceivable effort of their own, to save themselves. "From the nature of things, it is impossible for the commission even to possess any opinion on the rights and wrongs which have created this situation. The Germans state flatly that the people of Belgium are normally dependent on the importation of foodstuffs for five-sixths of their subsistence, that the Germans have not the slightest objection to the Belgians, or any one else, importing foodstuffs into Belgium, that it is not the obligation upon them to feed the civil population which could, through the normal course of trade obtain subsistence. The allies, on the other hand, contend that a free port for the importation of foodstuffs into Belgium would practically amount to an entry port for food supplies for the Germans. It is enough for us that there are 7,000,000 people ground between two gigantic millstones. "We are meeting with no obstruction from the military authorities of Belgium in the prosecution of our work. Not one loaf of bread or a spoonful of salt that we have introduced has been taken by the military. The most stringent orders have been given that we shall have no interference and our members meet with respect and assistance in all quarters. "There are considerable quantities of vegetables available in certain districts. In some localities there is still a supply of cereals for two or three weeks, but in certain other localities there has been no bread available for over a fortnight.

Every soul will be dependent upon us for bread within thirty days. "So far, our efforts have necessarily been devoted to provisioning the larger centers. It requires organization and patience to be able to penetrate the outlying towns and villages. It will be difficult for the people of the United States to comprehend the difficulties which we meet with, in purely executive matters, in the elaboration of this work. "The clock has absolutely stopped in Belgium. An industrial country which was dependent on the overseas before, is now walled up with 70 per cent. of the people idle. There are no telegraphs, telephones, railways or post offices except for military purposes. The Belgians, of a military necessity, are not allowed to pass from their own towns, and consequently there is no communication throughout the country except by personal visits of our own members. CANALS BLOCKED "Transportation by rail is possible in only a few directions and then must await military necessity. The wonderful canal system is blocked in many places by the destruction of bridges and some canals have been allowed to run dry. Therefore it becomes part of our business to get these cleared and to stimulate the subsidiary transport services of the country, not only for the transportation of our food, but to permit the transportation of coal from the Belgian mines—a sore necessity this winter. "There are no courts and the prisons have been emptied, but the gendarmes have remained at their posts and are themselves both policemen and judges. The people are most law-abiding. The central and provincial governments have disappeared. The city and communal governments, however, still exist and through them the distribution of food is being arranged. The Belgians are applying themselves with the most extraordinary devotion to the perfection of this organization and if we lacked any other inspiration for exertion in the way of the rich and the poor, a veritable democracy of famine which is working night and day to reform their part. FOOD TICKETS "The detail of the method is that after investigation by the communal authorities, food tickets are issued indicating the number and amount of rations the holder is entitled to, and twice daily this ticket, is presented by the holder to the food canteens for its quota and is duly punched. The ration consists of bread, soup containing potatoes, together with a little coffee and salt. "All those who can afford to pay are compelled to pay the communal authorities at the rate of 4 cents per ration. The communal authorities contribute to the relief committee 1 cent per diem per capita on the total tickets issued in their commune. They obtaining this revenue from the tickets sold, or by public subscription in the communes through the national committee under our supervision. These funds ultimately become available to us for the purchase of food. Furthermore, the same ration of bread and salt per diem is sold through the well-to-do population, and as this bread is disposed of at a positive profit, our income has some further increase. Taking it all together, about one-half of the foods which we send to Belgium are paid for, so when the American people contribute two shiploads of food, they enable us to buy one more cargo. "As a type of organization, that of Brussels is simply a large example of those in each locality. In that city at present there are 137 communal kitchens and 137 canteens for children and 34 canteens for adults, and there are 16 kitchens and 34 canteens for children under three years of age. For adults' service, food is prepared in the communal kitchens and is distributed to the canteens twice daily. The kitchens and canteens are maintained as a separate organization in each commune. "In order to guarantee that children are properly fed and that they are not subjected to the rigorous rations issued to adults, parents are compelled to produce all children to communal doctors, who are on constant duty in charge of the canteens. Five different kinds of tickets gradually evolve into the introduction of more solid foods until children three years old and over fall on the general canteen. In order to provide milk, the communes have taken over dairies. "The amount and character of the destitution may perhaps be appreciated from the present conditions in Brussels. Of the population of about 650,000 remaining in the city, an average of 218,000 were on the adult canteens and 31,000 babies were on the baby canteens last week or more than one-third of the total population. There is probably no more pitiable sight ever presented than the long lines of mothers with children in arms waiting their turn at these canteens. In the industrial districts, where the people naturally would have less stores on hand than in the capital, a much larger population is now on the communal canteens, in some instances over 60 per cent. of the whole number. "Brussels consumed 3,000 of flour per diem. There were just 92 sacks of flour in the city when our first shipment of foodstuffs arrived. When I left Brussels yesterday morning, there were 15,000 sacks in the city,

or about five days' supply. We have about two or three days' supplies in Liege and similar supplies in other centers such as Louvain, Charleroi, Namur and Luxemburg."

DISTINGUISHED CONVERTS

English Catholic exchanges chronicle the conversion to the true faith of Lady Holmes, widow of Sir Richard Holmes, K. C. V. O., V. P. S. A., who was for thirty-five years librarian to Queen Victoria and King Edward VII. at Windsor Castle. Lady Holmes is the eldest daughter of the late Rev. Canon Richard Gee, D. D., for many years Vicar of Windsor and Canon of St. George's. She was received in the Church on All Hallows' eve by the Very Rev. Canon Drake at St. Bernard's Convent, Slough. Admiral Sir St. George Caulfield D'Arcy Irvine, retired, of the British navy, who, as already announced, received the sacrament of baptism in the chapel of the English College, Rome, on November 9, is now eighty years old, but is hale and hearty. He joined the service at fourteen years of age and worked his way up to the important and honorable post of Admiral. He served at the Crimea, 1854-55, and got the Crimean and Turkish medals, the Sebastopol clasp and the Baltic medal. He also served in the Russo-Turkish war of 1878, and at the bombardment of Alexandria in 1882 and received the Egyptian medal and the Khedive's bronze star. In 1902 he was created a K. C. B.

IRISHMEN SHOW DARING HEROISM

Dublin, Nov. 12.—By Mail.—This story of Irish heroism is told by a trooper of the Dragoons, writing home: "There was a man of ours who carried a chum to a farmhouse under fire, and when the retreat came got left behind. A German patrol called and found them. There were only two, one wounded, against a dozen Uhlans. Behind a barrier of furniture they kept Germans at bay, wounding or killing half of them. "The surviving Germans made off, and brought a machine gun to the house and threatened to destroy it. The two soldiers were not unmindful of the kindness shown them by the owners of the farm, and rather than bring loss on them or the village they rushed out, probably with some mad idea of taking the gun. Just over the threshold of the door they fell dead, their blood bespattering the walls of the house."

IN MEXICO

The great conflict in Europe has overshadowed everything else to such an extent that happenings which at other times would receive the widest and closest attention are passed by or overlooked as too trivial for anything but local consideration. This is especially the case with Mexico, where the situation has rapidly been growing worse, and approaching the stage where some kind of intervention by the United States seems inevitable. The "fighting for freedom" of the armies of Villa, Carranza and Zapata has degenerated to the level of the bestial. In all parts of Mexico convents are being sacked and burned, the children beaten and tortured. Pillage, butchered and lust are abroad in Mexico, with the abandon customary to the most savage hordes of Asia and Africa. A little more of this and Mexico will be erased from the roll of Christian nations. It is going to take something bigger than an ignorant bandit chief to restore Mexico. President Wilson has managed to keep out of the European struggle but paganism triumphant to the south of him may force him to take a hand at the war game nearer home.—London Advertiser.

Art that suggests passion is like a fallen angel.—Archbishop Keane.

'Tis well to remember that those who seek advice generally want it the least.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

TWIN ALTARS

As I see it, "through a glass, darkly," the bond of human fellowship, "Good Will Toward Men," is the condition of peace. If so, it is possible to keep the Christmas spirit alive all the year round by such occasional or frequent reunions where self and care and selfishness are left outside the portals and "good will toward men" shines through the eye-windows of every soul, quickens every pulse, and flashes from heart to heart in each handclasp.

It is the day upon which, standing amid the sanctities of our homes, we learn anew the lesson that "God is Love" in the union of affections which perfects individuality and makes each nobler in the sphere allotted him. It keeps alive the beautiful and truthful simplicity of early feeling, and perpetuates and deepens the delicate glow of romance that then overpervades the scenes of existence. For the heart of our country lives in its homes, and the final test of our institutions lies in the domestic character of the people.

Side by side stand the Altar of Liberty and the Altar of Home; and if Christianity feeds their sacred fires, it is from their flames, burning with steady strength of warmth and lustre, that Providence brings the fiery words which arm us for our highest achievements and our grandest victories.

It is the day for affection's love-bearing gifts as well as affection's love-laden wishes, and it is the time when all the arts of ornament and amusement assert their importance in every heart, and the dullest eyes can discern a use in poetry and in painting, in music, in merry games and genial companionship, in the cunning of the toy-maker and the delicate devices of the "worker in fine gold and stones of price."

It is the time when pleasure and charity may twine in the splendid trivialities in which the world delights, at times, to mask its best deeds. Balls and parties will grow out of the continual social attrition of the season, and the enjoyment of these will not be less because pleasure ministers to pity, or because many a heart will near its burden more lightly and many a troubled spirit grow more calm than the joys, the hopes, the charity and love that live in the heart of Christ-mas.

SYMPATHY

We may be swift to see and respond to the need of love and cheer and help in the lives of those about us, but unless we are equally thick to catch the gleam of gladness that may come to the eyes and give out the same measure of loving sympathy, we have failed in living up to the broadest and best that may be expressed by the term "sympathy."

The command to "rejoice with them that do rejoice" was given in close connection with and even in advance of the command to "weep with those who weep." Too often we feel that all real need for this blessed quality of sympathy is at an end when someone whom we have perhaps helped in loving interest over rough places in life, at last meets with success and is placed beyond the need of our material assistance.

In many cases the need for sympathy is even greater in prosperity and success than in want and failure, but do we respond to it as readily? Are we not likely to feel, rather, that those with whom we sympathized in adversity do not need us in the new prosperity, forgetting that the joy naturally attending the improved conditions may be dimmed, perhaps wiped out altogether, by the absence of the dear love and understanding which went much farther than financial aid in making the old, hard life smoother? True, we would not willfully detract from any one's happiness—we who have done our best, perhaps, to make some shadowy path a little fairer—yet we unconsciously dim the brightness when it comes, by withholding the "fellow feeling"—the feeling of real sympathy, that is necessary to the completion of happiness, especially from one who has been an understanding comrade in darker days.—True Voice.

PEANUT SELLER A TEACHER

Among a hostload of immigrants from Germany to the United States there once was a poor young man who, after sundry adventures in quest of a livelihood, settled in Kansas City, where, near the public library, he established a small stand for the sale of fruit and peanuts. This was his vocation; his avocation, or hobby was the study of languages, at which he worked with admirable diligence in the public library, sometimes closing his peanut stand for hours when absorbed in the solution of a specially fascinating linguistic problem. A day came when the University of Missouri, needing an additional instructor in languages sent an emissary to the Kansas City librarian with the request that the latter name

a good man for the post. "The only man I can honestly recommend at this moment," said the librarian, "is that foreigner yonder," and he pointed to the young immigrant tilling eagerly over a huge tome. A few minutes' conversation satisfied the university's representative that the librarian's judgment was excellent and a little later the peanut vendor closed his stand for all time and began teaching. To day he is one of the really shining lights of Harvard University.—Catholic Union and Times.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A CHILD'S CHRISTMAS SONG

Lord, I'm just a little boy, Born on a day like You, And I've got a mother dear And a birthday, too. But my birthday comes in spring, When the days are long, And the robin in the tree Wakens me with song. Since the birds are all away, Lord, when You are born, Let Your angels waken me On your birthday morn.

Lord, I'm just a little boy Hidden in the night, Let Your angels spy me out Long before it's light. I would be the first to wake And the first to raise In this quiet house of ours Songs of love and praise. You shall hear me first, dear Lord, Blow my Christmas horn; Let Your angels waken me On Your birthday morn.

SANTA CLAUS' ASSISTANT

It was not long after midnight. The wee small hours of Christmas day were just beginning to arrive, and down in the library, where the tree was sheltering a profuse array of boys, stood an unexpected guest. He was ill clad, unshaven, and his hair looked as though it had never known a comb. In his right hand he carried a dark lantern, and slung over his left arm was a sack, a common jute bag and he had entered a window that looked out upon the street. The family had all retired, and for the most part were asleep. That is why the unexpected guest chose this time to arrive.

"Hullo!" he said, as he observed the broad doorway that opened into the hall. He slid back the front of his lantern and lighted a match in the flame. He turned on the gas and lit it, so that he might better see the exact character of his surroundings. "Humph!" he said, as he observed the tree. "Quite a fine layout. I don't know but what, after all, it's a good thing that parents give their children expensive things these days. It's a great help to our profession. You can't raise much on candy, balls and two penny dolls, but these silver plated engines and purses with ten-dollar bills in 'em come in handy. Gold sleeve buttons, too," he added, as his eyes took in a few further details of the scene before him, "an' a gold watch as well. This is luck."

And then, as he bent over the group of toys and presents of a more expensive nature intended for Bobbie, his eyes glittering with joy at the prospective value of his haul, the heart of the unexpected guest stopped beating for an instant. There was a rustling behind him. With a quick movement he slid the cover of the dark lantern to by mere force of habit, and at the same moment the curtains were parted and there stood Bobbie, clad in his night gown. "Is that you, Santa Claus?" he added, peering curiously at the unexpected guest.

The man gave a short laugh. "That's the first time I've been taken for any one that's half decent," he said to himself, and then he answered in a whisper loud enough for Bobbie to hear: "Well, not exactly, sonny. I'm only his assistant."

"Sh! Not so loud, my boy—you'll wake the family; and if you did that I'd vanish like the mist," said the man. "I said I was only Santa Claus' assistant. You see, my lad, there are so many more children nowadays than there used to be that the boss has to get outside help—Christmas eve, or he'd never be able to finish up his work in time. So he sends for me an' a few others like me—heaven help us!—and we do his distributing for him. I'd just laid these things out here when you surprised me."

"Oh, isn't it beautiful!" he cried. "All these things for me! A watch too, just the very thing I wanted." "Are you tired?" asked Bobbie, leaving the tree and crossing to Santa Claus' assistant. "Yes," said the man. "Very." "I'm sorry," said Bobbie, affectionately, as he took the other's hand in his and kissed it. "Don't—don't do that," said the man, huskily. "It's not—not clean." "I shouldn't think it would be," laughed Bobbie; "climbing in by sooty chimneys can't be very clean work. Do you know, I always wonder why there's never any soot left on the toys."

"Oh we take care of that," said the assistant. "You see, this bag keeps the soot off. But I didn't come in by the chimney this time," he added hastily, observing that there was no soot on the bag either. "I thought the window was easier." "You're all through, aren't you?" said Bobbie, looking at the bag. "How do you know that?" asked the man. "Your bag is empty. Isn't there any one else for you to take a toy to?"

The unexpected guest buried his face in his grimy hands, and a great lump arose in his throat. "There was one other," said the assistant, "but there's nothing for him—and it's all my fault. I neglected to look after him."

"And won't he get anything?" asked Bobbie. "No," said the assistant, roughly, rising and taking a step toward the tree. "He can have one of mine," cried Bobbie. "Here, take him this. I've got plenty, thanks to you." He handed him one of the treasures beneath the tree.

The unexpected guest looked at the boy for a minute, and then he slowly reached out his hand and took the proffered toy. "I'll see that he gets it," he said, "and God bless you for it! Good-bye, little one. I must be off or he'll wake up and be disappointed." He moved toward the door when Bobbie ran after him, and holding up his little face said: "Won't you take a kiss for Santa Claus from me?" "That I will," said the other, and he bent over, and kissing the child, flew precipitately out the window and disappeared in the darkness of the street.

"Well," said the unexpected guest the following morning, as he watched his own pallid faced little youngster playing with the first Christmas present he'd ever known, "that was the rummiest thing. I went out to steal, and the only thing I bagged that wasn't really given to me was a kiss. It was a rich haul, but I think I'll get a more decent job at New Year's."—Catholic News.

THERE WAS NO ROOM

By P. J. Coleman

"There was no room!" Their hearts were hard, their eyes were blind. But winter's gloom, with glory starred, to him was kind. No room for Him! No place to bide in khal or inn! Ah, eyes grown dim with selfish pride, with lust and sin! He came unto His own. His own received Him not; 'Mid ox and ewe He makes His throne within a cot.

An outcast 'mid the outcast poor, despised and spurned, Their Lord the shepherds of the moor alone discerned, And, meteor led, sin undefiled, while seraphs sing, At Mary's bed in Mary's Child they hail their King. Ah, still, as then at Bethlehem the cold and blind, He comes to men and still of them would welcome find, But still the proud and great of earth, discerning not, Their Saviour drive from shelter forth, condemned, forgot, And still, on lust intent and pride, the Christ with scorn From door they thrust, the Babe de God at Bethlehem born. But well for all who, seeing not yet who he believes, In hut or hall, in court or cot their Lord receive!

For lo! at man's creative word, 'tho' hid from sight, Descends from Heaven creation's Lord in mystic rite. Not now in guise of fish divine He taketh birth, But wondrous-wise 'neath bread and wine He comes to earth. Wherever stands an unctored priest at altar stone, Lo! in his hands He spreads the Feast shall feed His own. The bread He gives, the wine of love He offereth— Who tasteth lives, who drinks thereof shall know not death.

And still the meek, the pure of heart, the foolish wise Their Saviour seek where, veiled apart, He humbly lies. Their flocks they leave, like them of old whom angels led; Their hearts believe, their eyes behold, their tears are shed. Their gifts they bring, to Bethlehem led by love's star, To Christ the King—not gold or gem but richer far.

More prized of Him than frankincense or nard or spice— Clean lives, eyes dim with penitence, heart's sacrifice; Yes, faith and love and childlike trust, that, prized of Him, In Heaven above shall know not rust nor e'er grow dim. But rich increase shall take and earn, them, by Christ's choice, To crown with peace of days stern where saints rejoice.

ON THE BATTLEFIELD In the trenches in Europe death and devastation are working out their unholy purpose; but amid it all the life of grace flourishes. It was Friday, October 2, the feast of the Holy Angels and also the first Friday. In the trenches of the French army were many soldier priests, and at one point of action a Holy Communion in honor of the angels and to celebrate the devotion of the first Friday. The battle was raging, and there was no question of the soldier priests leaving the firing line, even for the sake of their immortal souls. But the military chaplain attached to the regiment heard of their wish, and taking his life in his hands, he set out for the thick of the fighting, carrying with him the Most Blessed Sacrament. All around him the bullets shrieked and whistled, and at times the firing was so

heavy that the priest had to crawl along the ground on his knees. But the heavenly guardians strove with the angels of death and prevailed, and the priest with his Burden at last reached the trenches. In the stronghold of death he gave the Bread of Life to his brother priests and then departed, while the soldiers of Christ again took up the arms of France. It is still possible to be a Catholic and a priest, as well as a brave man and a patriot!

ADVICE OF A BELGIAN AMERICAN PRIEST

THE IDEA OF PROVIDING PARENTS BY ADOPTION IN AMERICA FOR BELGIAN ORPHANS IS BEAUTIFUL BUT COSTLY SAYS PRIEST

The movement started in Chicago to provide homes in the United States for the war orphans of Belgium does not meet with the approval of Rev. Alphonse A. Notebaert, rector of Our Lady of Victory's church and chairman of the Belgian relief committee in Rochester, says the Rochester Post-Express. Neither does it receive the approval of other members of the committee who have the best interests of the war shattered country at heart. Father Notebaert admires the spirit which prompts the movement but fears it would be fatal to Belgium. "My views are endorsed by those of the government. I have received information from the Belgian government authorities at Havre that every effort must be made to prevent Belgians from emigrating. I have also received letters from others in this country who have the best interests of the stricken nation at heart to do everything possible to keep the Belgian children at home. The government authorities recognize the danger if the country should be depopulated. It would mean the end of Belgium, one of the greatest countries in the world. Two thirds of the country is reported devastated by war; 8,000,000 out of 7,000,000 of the people are dependent upon charity. Nevertheless Belgium will survive, if the children of to day are kept at home, for they will be the up-builders of to-morrow."

ALWAYS A WORKER

The Belgian is by nature a worker; he is not a beggar. Give him a spade and he will work. He has built some of the finest public buildings, elegant picture galleries and impressive churches in the world. Belgium is known as the "Cradle of Art" everywhere in the country painting, art, science and industry are enthroned. Her people for ages have been renowned for their indomitable energy and thrift. Such is the blood that flows in the veins of these war orphans and children. They are the very pillars of the country and must not be taken away or Belgium will disappear forever.

Let nobody fear that Belgium cannot take care of her children. They will be brought up and will develop into strong men and beautiful women. There are a great many orphanages and convents in Belgium. I have just received a letter from one of the Sisters in a convent there and she tells about conditions. I know that the children will be well taken care of by the Sisters, if their parents are dead.

The charity of the American women cannot be surpassed. I cannot praise it high enough. Their offer to take care of the war orphans of Belgium is a beautiful charity. But it must be refused for the reasons that I have given above. Women who have fled from Belgium with their babies and children are anxious to return in spite of the fact that they know their homes have been destroyed. The homing instinct is a strong one and they want to build another home for their offspring. The convents and orphan asylums will be thrown open to the orphans and the sisters will take care of them, if they are given a little help and encouragement.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

LONG AND NOBLE HISTORY

In his sermon at the Mass for the Catholic delegates to the recent Convention of the American Federation of Labor in Philadelphia, Rev. Dr. Charles P. Bruhl made some interesting and eloquent remarks on the Church as a power in the world. "It is," he said, "proper that you seek the approbation of your Church. For your Church is a great power in this world. A cause is the stronger for having her support. Men, though they be not of her fold, are inclined to regard a movement as right and just when she has placed her seal on it. She has a long and noble history, and we know that she has never made common cause with injustice and wrong. Thus men have great trust in her judgment, and will perhaps unwittingly, perhaps reluctantly pattern their opinions after her utterances."

And Father Bruhl further remarked saying:

"When I speak of the Church I mean the great historical Church of Christ, which also bears the surname Catholic, which alone presents to the world a united front, alone possesses an inalienable capital of truth, alone speaks with a voice of authority."

In that great Church no such inquiry is ever heard as: "Have we lost faith?" which is now being discussed in a New York daily paper.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

CULTURE AND KULTUR

Montreal Journal of Commerce—These two words are not translations of each other. They mean two different things. It is doubtful if either one of them can be translated into the language of the other by a single word. The nearest word in German for what we mean by culture is Bildung. Perhaps the nearest English word for Kultur is civilization. The vital difference between the two lies in this, that culture is of the individual and Kultur is of the nation.

THEIR GRATITUDE TO THE SISTERS

The anti-religious forces of France pretend to find "proselytizing" in the efforts which the good nuns of that country, now in charge of the wounded soldiers, are making to soothe with religious ministrations the dark hours of the suffering and the dying. Instead of thanking those patriotic Frenchwomen for returning, in France's hour of need, from the exile into which atheistic French officialdom forced them, the anti-Catholics of France (who are not, be it noticed, on the firing line) are seeking to arouse a feeling of antipathy against what they call "clericalism" but what the decent portion of mankind calls religion undefiled. It is hardly believable that such ingratitude could find lodgement in the breast of even the basest specimen of humanity. But the French anti-Catholic is even more mean and malicious than the anti-Catholic as we know him here in America, and that is saying a great deal. The New York Sun editorially excoriates, as follows, the contemptible campaign now begun in France against the Catholic Sisters:

"The worst spirit of French anticlericalism is exhibited in the attacks of the Socialist press upon the nuns who are nursing the wounded along the battle lines in northern France. These devoted women are enduring all the sufferings and horrors of war for the sake of their country and of humanity. More than one has given her life in the work. Their crime is that they offer the consolations of religion to men dying and in pain. The hostile newspapers call this an unfair advantage taken by the Church of the opportunity the war has given it. Of course religion is always at the height of its influence in times of woe. It is a natural advantage founded in human nature, and it is the very substance of faith and piety to press the advantage, thus awakening hope in the sufferers' breasts in the future, hope here and hope here hereafter. The unimaginative type of mind that fails to see beauty and good in this when hardly any other beauty or good survives is a baleful and destructive influence. Its true description is not anti-clerical but inhuman. The narrow bigotry which it propagates is far more terrible than that which it imputes to those who disagree with its teachings. Its ultimate triumph in national life would mean complete servitude of the soul."—Sacred Heart Review.

THE COUNT DE MUN'S CAREER

"France cast out from the number of Catholic States!" exclaimed the late Count de Mun, when France threw off the bond that bound her to Rome, "that is a sorrow unspeakable for those who tremble at the thought of the expiations by which nations that are faithless to their destiny pay for their apostasy." Ever loyal himself to his Church and to the traditions of his country, he worked for both to the end. An editorial tribute in the London Tablet (Oct. 17) says of the Count's patriotism: "He saw the danger that menaced France, and though no longer able to mount the tribune, like the good soldier he was he changed his weapon, and wielded the pen with a power that was as surprising as it was effective. In the daily press he sounded the tocsin of alarm, and had no small share in the restoration of the three years' service. And then, two months ago, when the storm burst which he had foreseen, he began a series of daily articles in the Echo de Paris to hearten France to weather it successfully. These he continued to the day of his death. He gave his life for his country in the only way left to him. . . . And he died, in spite of a long career of combat, with no enemies but those of truth and his country, mourned by all as the great patriot and Christian that he was."

With such a career as the Count de Mun's before its eyes, with the object lesson of his wonderful fidelity to France plain to be seen, and with the spectacle, now presented to the world of thousands of priests and nuns on French battlefields, is it not pitiful that the French Government still remains hostile to the Catholic Church? The Church is in every country the mother of patri-



UNSPOKEN WORDS

The kindly words that rise within the heart, And thrill it with their sympathetic tone, But die ere spoken, fail to play their part, And claim a merit that is not their own. The kindly word unspoken is a sin— A sin that warps itself in purest guise, And tells the heart that, doubting, looks within. That not in speech but in thought the virtues lies.

Unspoken words, like treasures in the mine, Are valueless until we give them birth, Like unbound gold, their hidden beauty shine. Which God has made to bless and glid the earth. How sad 'twould be to see a master's hand Strike glorious notes upon a voiceless lute!

But O, what pain when, at God's own command, A heartstring fills with kindness, but is mute! Then hide it not, the music of the soul, Dear sympathy expressed with kindly voice, But let it like a singing river roll To desert gray—to hearts that would rejoice.

O, let the sympathy of kindly words Sound for the poor, the friendless and the weak; And He will bless you; He Who struck these chords Will strike another when in turn you seek.

—JOHN B. O'REILLY

PROTESTANT TRIBUTE OF PRAISE

Lecky's History of Rationalism in Europe was one of the important publications of the last century, and has not yet lost its vogue among non-Catholic readers. The author's antagonistic attitude to the faith, may render of value his tributes of impartial praise concerning events in England and on the Continent during the early years of the so-called Reformation. In an edition of his works published in 1870 there is a paragraph of singular weight which treats of the reign of Mary Tudor: Catholicism was an ancient Church. She had gained a great part of her influence by vast services to mankind. She rested avowedly on the principle of authority. She was defending herself against aggression and innovation. * * * She might point to the priceless blessings she had bestowed upon humanity, to the slavery she had destroyed, to the civilization she had founded, to the many generations she had led with honor to the grave. She might show how completely her doctrines were interwoven with the whole social system, how fearful would be the convulsion if they were destroyed and how absolutely incompatible they were with the acknowledged

These considerations would not make her blameless, but they would at least palliate her guilt. But what shall we say of a Church that was but a thing of yesterday, a Church that had as yet no services to show, no claims upon the gratitude of mankind, a Church that was by profession the creature of private judgment and was in reality generated by the intrigues of a corrupt court, which nevertheless suppressed by force a worship that multitudes deemed necessary to salvation; and by all her organs and with all her energies persecuted those who clung to the religion of their fathers? What shall we say of a religion which comprised at most but a fourth part of the Christian world, and which the first explosion of private judgment had shivered into countless sects, which was nevertheless so pervaded by the spirit of dogmatism that each of these sects asserted its distinctive doctrines with the same confidence and persecuted the same unsubstantiated violence, as a Church which was venerable with the homage of twelve centuries?

So strong and so general was its intolerance that for some time it may I believe, be truly said that there were more instances of partial toleration being advocated by Roman Catholics than by Orthodox Protestants.—(Rationalism in Europe, Vol. 1, p. 51.)

This is a splendid passage, and all the more useful because from the pen of one who may be called anti-Catholic. We do not believe in raking up the past, or laying the blame upon the good, genial non-Catholics of to day—the blame which belongs to an ancestry for which they are in no sense responsible. However, let us not be unjust in foolishly admitting to administer justice. "Dwell as much as you like upon Mary's three hundred virgins; she honestly thought (and she had a great deal to make her think) that she was saving England from a horde of licentious infidels."

Such are the words of the exceedingly anti-Catholic, Dr. Littledale, in Innovations, (p. 19, ed. 1868).—The Missionary."

"KNOW THE TRUTH"

"We hear that the Church teaches this or that, when the fact is that the Church teaches nothing of the kind," says the Catholic Herald. "We are told that the Church takes this or that position, when as a matter of fact it takes none. And so we go on through life, hearing the Church charged with doing many things that it never does and with holding views that it never held. But if we have never studied Church history, or doctrine, how can we know that the charges are false, how answer them even if they have no foundation in fact? It is, therefore, a very serious and grievous matter when parents or guardians allow their children to grow up in ignorance of Catholic doctrine and history, when they never see that they go to church, never take them there themselves, and never insist that they shall be well acquainted with Catholic truths and history. It is true that persons well instructed sometimes are allowed by God to fall from faith, but their number is small, is insignificant compared to the number who sink into apostasy because they have not been properly instructed when they were children, because they never read anything Catholic and are as ignorant of Catholicity practically as they are of the religious tenets of the Lama. Catholics who know their religion will learn to love it, and loving it they will not lose it. They will cling to the faith as they should, and God will bless them in this world and the next."

FOR ROUGH SKIN, SORE LIPS, OR CHAPPED HANDS

Campana's Italian Balm is soothing, healing and pleasant. Seals 4 cents for sample—27 cents on the market. E. G. WEST & CO., 80 GEORGE ST., TORONTO.

CATHOLIC Home Annual 1915

Should be in Every Catholic Home

Contains a calendar of the Feasts and Fasts, a splendid picture of His Holiness Pope Benedict XV, and the following excellent articles and Short Stories by the best writers: Pope Benedict XV. Our Lady of August. Lourdes, with illustrations. Brother Jocelyn. Pope Pius X. A sketch of his life. A Mother's Wooing. How the Pope is Elected. A complete list of the Popes. Marcella Blake's European Trip. Manresa, the Cradle of the Society of Jesus. The Beggar in the Corner. Le Moyne d'Iberville. Terry's Vocation. St. Rita of Cascia. Notable Events of Year 1914-15.

PRICE 25c. POSTPAID

The Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA

A CHINESE GIRL'S LETTER

This year our country is again very much afflicted. A terrible disease, the Bubonic plague, broke out in Canton which caused a large number of deaths. It seems to have ceased now, but another horrible disaster has come. The spring rains have been excessive and continuing to the present time have flooded the country along the rivers. Many have lost their lives.

In a place near us, Kom chok, many Christians lived and were cared for by Father Wong, the oldest of our Chinese priests, more than seventy years. When the flood came he was forced to move upstairs; but the water mounted within three steps of the upstairs floor. He had nothing to eat, and could only wait for help. He saw some sampans pass, called to and asked them for food. Happily he was rescued without other harm.

More horrible still, the people in some places climb up to the roofs or high up in trees, but the water rose over them. Some of them tied themselves to the trees in rows with long cords, so that if their strength gave out they might not be drowned. People found a woman's corpse floating, a child was tied on her back as is the Chinese custom and she held a second by the hand even in death.

The drowned corpses float everywhere as on a sea. Some people saw they could not escape yet they hoped their children might be rescued, therefore they found tubs or large earthen urns, placed the children in and put them floating on the water. One of them was a baby wrapped carefully, with him a paper which told what family he belonged to and the day he was born. It begged those who found the child to take care of him with the money that his parents enclosed, more than \$200. But the man who found the child found no money. Some one had taken it and led the child to die.

How hard-hearted poverty and suffering sometimes makes even sympathizing nature.

MARY CHAN.

BISHOP DOWLING HONORED

BENEDIKT XV, POPE To Our Venerable Brother, Thomas Joseph Dowling, D. D., Bishop of Hamilton:

Venerable Brother.—Health and Apostolic Benediction. It has always been a fundamental custom of the Roman Pontiffs to bestow special honors and privileges on Bishops who have been distinguished by sterling faith and exemplary reverence for this See of Blessed Peter.

Venerable Brother, you have now, during twenty-eight years, been adorned with the sacred miter; you are the Dean of the Canadian Hierarchy, and in the discharge of your pastoral office you have constantly exhibited distinguished testimony of loyal obedience to the Roman Chair, and, moreover, your zeal in promoting religion and piety has been most conspicuous. For these reasons, we deem you worthy to be honored by us with a new and higher dignity, and this dignity we bestow on you more willingly since it is in conformity with the ardent desire of our clergy and people, and, as an additional proof of our special benevolence we join in the congratulations you have received from all sides on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of your priesthood, as well as on the occasion of the twenty-fifth year of your episcopate. Therefore, by these presents, we, in virtue of our Apostolic authority, enroll you among the Assistant Bishops at the Pontifical Throne; We appoint you our Domestic Prelate, and We likewise declare and create you a Noble, and We attach you to the numbers of those who are truly noble in every respect. We decorate you with the titles and insignia of these, and We also grant to you most fully the right to enjoy all the privileges and honors they use or may use in the future. And all these We bestow, notwithstanding constitutions and Apostolic sanctions and all other things, even those worthy of special and individual mention and derogation to the contrary.

Given at Rome, under the ring of the Fisherman, the 7th day of October, 1914, in the first year of Our Pontificate.

P. CARDINAL GASPARI, Secretary of State to His Holiness.

CONGRATULATIONS FROM THE APOSTOLICAL DELEGATE

Delegatio Apostolica, Ottawa, Nov. 26, 1914. Right Rev. T. J. Dowling, D. D., Bishop of Hamilton:

My Dear Lord Bishop,—I am very much delighted indeed to learn from your letter of the well-merited distinction which the Holy Father has been pleased to confer on you, by appointing you one of the Bishops Assistant at the Pontifical Throne. The beautiful words of the Brief will rightly be a gratification to Your Lordship and a source of joy to your good clergy and people. Among the motives which moved the Holy Father to show you this mark of paternal esteem and benevolence, not the least I am sure, has been your tireless devotion to provide for the spiritual care of the foreigners settled in your diocese.

In spirit and in prayer I shall very willingly join with your clergy and people on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception to beseech the

Throne of Grace to bestow on Your Lordship the abundance of heavenly blessings.

With kindest regards, I remain, My dear Lord Bishop, Very sincerely yours in Christ, P. F. STAGNI, O. S. M., Abp. of Aquila, Del. Ap.

CONGRATULATIONS FROM CARDINAL BISHOP

Quebec, Nov. 8, 1914. My Dear Lord Bishop—I most cordially thank you for your kind greetings on my return from the coronation of His Holiness Benedict XV. It gives me great pleasure to show that my old friend, the senior Bishop of the Canadian Hierarchy, has become the worthy recipient of one of the first marks of the munificence of our newly elected Sovereign Pontiff. Such a dignity is the fitting complement of half a century of devotedness to the instruction and salvation of souls in the government of a goodly portion of the Vineyard of the Church.

I most cheerfully unite with the clergy and faithful of your flourishing diocese in praise to the Divine Master for having blessed your endeavors and allowed you to behold the glorious ripening of the harvest you have sown in labors et fatigationibus.

On the lovely Feast of the Immaculate Conception, titular of the venerable Basilica of Quebec, as well as of your own cathedral, and twofold anniversary of your sacerdotal ordination and of your consecration into the fullness of the priesthood of Christ, I shall send up to the Almighty an earnest prayer for your happiness here and hereafter, for the fulfillment of all your most cherished desires, and for an overflowing measure of that peace which the Divine Infant, on the day of His birth into the world, brought to men of good-will.

May the Lord spare you many years more to the veneration and affection of your flock and of your brethren in the episcopacy. Such is the sincere wish of your devoted brother in Christ,

L. N. CARD. BISHOP, Arch. of Quebec.

The Right Rev. T. J. Dowling, Bishop of Hamilton, Assistant to the Apostolic Throne.

The Hamilton Herald of Dec. 9 says editorially:

"Far more honorable than even the most coveted of the military decorations and titles that are being so lavishly distributed in recognition of distinguished service in the field, is the honor just bestowed on Bishop Dowling by Pope Benedict XV. For half a century spent in promoting religion and piety. Like the apostle, the Bishop of Hamilton has 'fought a good fight' and 'kept the faith' but it is to be hoped that years will elapse before it must be said that he has 'finished his course.'"

THE BABE IN BETHLEHEM

When Mary bids Thee sleep Thou sleepest, Thou wakest when she calls; Thou art content upon her lap, Or in the rugged stalls.

When Joseph takes Thee in his arms, And smooths Thy little cheek; Thou lookest up into his face, So helpless and so meek.

Yes, dearest Babe! Those tiny hands That play with Mary's hair, The weight of all this mighty world This very moment bear.

While thou art clasping Mary's neck, In timid tight embrace; The boldest seraph veils themselves Before Thine infant face.

When Mary hath appeased Thy thirst, And hushed Thy feeble cry; The hearts of men lie open still, Before Thy slumbering eye.

O dear, O wakeful hearted Child! Sleep on, dear Jesus, sleep! For thou must one day wake for me, To suffer and to weep. —FATHER FABER

CHRISTMAS GIFTS AND THE HOLY SOULS

Numerous are the highly indulgent prayers and ejaculations which our Mother the Church puts into our hands for the comfort and relief of the souls of our beloved dead; and great are the advantages according to our own souls from the frequent use of these same aspirations. We have already earnestly recommended our readers to become familiar with many of these brief prayers, and to use them often through the day, making a general intention that the indulgences gained thereby shall be given, whenever so applicable, for the comfort and release of the suffering souls. Let us see how this practice may become not only helpful to them, but to ourselves. For instance, suppose that we make frequently through the day the following ejaculations, in the midst of our daily avocations, in church, or on our walks and rides:

Jesus meek and humble of Heart, make my heart like unto Thine! Eucharistic Heart of Jesus, have mercy on us!

Sweet Heart of my Jesus, make me love Thee ever more and more! Do we not readily perceive that we are asking great graces for ourselves while we are, at the same time, offering the indulgences, obtained by the frequent repetition of

these little prayers, that they may drop, like healing dew, on thirsty souls? Each one of these aspirations, devoutly repeated by a Catholic in the state of grace, is enriched with an indulgence of 800 days each time the words are said.

Especially at Christmas time, when we are making so many Christmas gifts to our living friends, let us not forget our dead who used to share with us our Christmas joys. Let us have a Mass offered for them, let us offer a Communion for them, at some time during the Advent and Christmas seasons. Let us use often the indulgent prayers, the rosary, the aspirations mentioned above. The Raccolta contains some beautiful indulgent prayers that are particularly suited to this season. Suppose we take, as a novena in preparation for the devout celebration of Christmas, the following prayer, reflecting carefully on its meaning and endeavoring to get its spirit and intention into our very hearts and lives:

Most dear Infant Jesus, Who, being made an infant for us, wast willing to be born in a cave, to free us from the darkness of sin, to draw us to Thyself, and to inflame us with Thy holy love; we adore Thee as our Creator and Redeemer, we accept and choose Thee for our King and Lord, and for tribute we offer Thee all the affections of our poor hearts. Dear Jesus our Lord and God, deign to accept this offering; and that it may be worthy of Thy acceptance, pardon us our faults, enlighten us, and inflame us with that holy fire which Thou camest to bring into the world and enkindle in men's hearts. May our souls thus become a perpetual sacrifice in Thy honor. Grant that we may ever seek Thy greater glory here on earth, so that we may one day come to rejoice in Thy infinite loveliness in heaven. Amen.

For this prayer there is granted an indulgence of 100 days once a day; and if used daily for nine days as a little novena for Christmas, for which novena "any form of prayer may be used," then we can gain 800 days more, each day, and a plenary indulgence under the usual conditions on Christmas Day or during the octave; and we may offer these indulgences for the dead, while we prepare for Christmas.—Sacred Heart Review.

BEST CHRISTMAS GREETING EVER WRITTEN

"There are many things from which I have derived good, by which I have not profited I dare say, Christmas among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time when it came around—apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it can be separated from that—as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem to one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely and to think of people below them as if they were really fellow-passengers to the grave and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys."—Charles Dickens.

It is worth remembering that Christmas is the birthday of Jesus, the Man who never gave the world a dollar. He bestowed upon mankind not a solitary material gift. He carved no statue, painted no picture, wrote no poem, composed no song, fashioned no piece of jewelry, built no edifice, founded no city, erected no triumphal arch; but He stands in history as the great Giver. Silver and gold He had none, but such as He had He gave to men.—Dr. C. E. Jefferson.

THE POPE AND THE HOLY GOSPELS

It is well known—if to no one else, to a certain kind of Protestant at least—that the Catholic Church with the Pope at its head is bitterly opposed to the Bible; and, as a Protestant minister recently declared, would rather see the Bible burned than read. Proof positive of this dislike for the Word of God, such persons will doubtless find in a letter, written the other day, by Pope Benedict XV. to Cardinal Casati, president of the Society of St. Jerome, founded in Rome about twelve years ago for the spreading of the sacred book of the Gospels. In this letter, Pope Benedict says:

Experience shows so clearly that it hardly needs pointing out that the errors of society-to-day arise from the fact that the life, works, and teaching of our Lord Jesus Christ, have fallen into the profoundest oblivion, and that men no longer think of gaining inspiration from them for their daily actions. There can not be the slightest doubt, then, that a work in the highest degree advantageous for the leading of souls toward Christian perfection is being done by those who strive, as you are striving, for the spreading of the Divine Gospels; and we have every reason to congratulate all the members of the Society, and especially you, venerable brother, not only for the undertaking, excellent in itself and most pleasing to us, but also for the zeal with which, as we ourselves have seen, you have striven during these years, to spread the Holy Books in greater numbers and more accurate form.

So that the faithful may accustom themselves to read the Holy Gospels and commentaries thereon every day, learning thus to lead holy lives in every way comfortable to the divine will.

The well-informed Protestant, of course, no matter how he may be opposed to the Catholic Church, is careful not to make the foolish assertion that the Catholic Church would rather see the Bible burned than read; but there are all too many of our separated brethren, who, thinking themselves well informed, undertake to use their pens for the instruction of the world. These are the men who will be found reiterating the statement that the Catholic Church is opposed to the Bible.—Sacred Heart Review.

THE CRIB

Form the Crib there kneels a little child, Behind him in her ragged shawl his mother. For all the ages that have passed, one child Still finds God in another.

Now look how he wonders when he sees The shepherds with their lambs beside the manger. The cattle, poor dumb creatures looking down Upon the little Stranger.

An' there's our Saviour lying in the hay, Behind Him in her shawl His watchful mother. Two mothers with their sons, each knows the joys And sorrows of the other.

The hands he clasps in prayer are rough with labor. The likes of him that hunger and thirst for.

Once called Saint Joseph neighbor. Outside the church the people travel by; The sick and sad, the needy, the neglected. But just across the threshold Bethlehem lies Where none will be rejected. —W. M. LITTLE

CUTTING TO PIECES THE WORD OF GOD

The cutting up of the Word of God which follows the private interpretation of the Holy Scriptures began long ago before Martin Luther rejected the Epistle of St. James because it contained the doctrine of Extreme Unction. We find in the Book of Jeremiah (Chap. xxiii) that Joakim, King of Jude, not satisfied with the Scriptures read in the temple by Baruch, the servant of the Prophet Jeremiah, ordered the sacred roll to be brought into his presence. On examination it was found that the prophecies of God's priests were not quite reconcilable with the king's mode of life and Government. He took his penknife, cut the roll to pieces, and threw the fragments into the fire. The process has been repeated so often that, had not the Catholic Church held with firm grasp that which was committed to her keeping centuries ago, hardly a line of the Bible would be left. One is sometimes amazed at the extent to which the arrogance born of the boasted privilege of private interpretation of the Bible can go. We find a good illustration in far-away India. An educated Hindoo, Mr. Venkataratnam, late Vice Principal of a Training College at Rajanandry, has taken it upon himself to publish an "expurgated" edition of the Bible. There is not much left of the word of God after Mr. Venkataratnam and

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A Detroit musician has invented a wonderful new system which enables any person or little child to learn to play the piano or organ in one evening. Even though you know absolutely nothing about music or have never touched a piano or organ, you can now learn to play in an hour or two. People who do not know one note from another are able to play their favorite music with this method without any assistance whatever from anyone. This new system which is called the Numerical Method, is sold in Canada by the Numerical Method Music Co. of Canada, and as they are desirous of at once making it known in every locality, they are making the following special free trial and half-price offer to our readers.

You are not asked to send any money until you have tried and are satisfied with the new method. The Numerical Company is willing to send it to you on one week's free trial, and you will not have to pay them one cent unless you desire to keep it. There are no express charges to be paid, as everything will be sent by mail. Simply write a letter or postcard to the Numerical Method Music Co. of Canada, 118A Curry Hall, Windsor, Ontario, saying "Please send me the Numerical Method on seven days' free trial." If you are satisfied after trying it, the Method and fifty different pieces of sheet music will cost you only \$5, although the regular price of these is \$10. You should not delay writing, as the Numerical Company will not continue this special half-price offer indefinitely. Labor on the Method and fifty pieces of music will be sold at the regular price.

his printers are done with it. The Old Testament is contained in seventy small pages, and the New Testament in eighty-eight. The book published by the Professor with the long name can be read in about two hours. His own "Introduction" contains twenty-seven pages, and at the end of it he says:

In this Expurgated Edition is preserved all in the Bible that is best and universally applicable to mankind for enabling them to become good men and women, and when the wheat is thus separated from the chaff, it is easier to see what its true worth is and wherein its excellence really exists. It is believed that it is the only form in which the Bible should be circulated in the world for the benefit of the masses, the entire original being reserved for study by the learned few alone. Will the Bible Societies take a hint from this?

We do not believe the Bible Societies will take a hint from Mr. Venkataratnam's question, for the Bible Societies have a way of doing things according to their own interpretation. But Mr. Venkataratnam has more than mutilated the Holy Scriptures—he has torn them to pieces; he has made way with nearly the whole of them; he has left only a few mangled remains; and who cares to pay any attention to the behests of a corpse?

Concerning this latest mutilation of the Holy Scriptures, our distant contemporary, the Catholic Watchman of Madras, comments as follows:

To a Christian mind it will seem a sacrilege to treat like this a book that has come down entire through the ages as a sacred volume, a volume in which many millions of people have found comfort and consolation. If he had declared it as his intention to produce a summary of the Bible for Hindu readers, his work might have been without reproach; but it is a piece of impertinence to treat the sacred volume of Christians like this, and to say that, in accordance with his materialistic convictions, "this Edition is offered to the notice of the more educated and liberal section among the missionaries and other teachers and preachers of the Gospel of Jesus in this land." We imagine that if a copy came into the hands of any of the most educated missionaries the only notice that would be taken of it would be to tear it up and commit it to the wastepaper basket.—The Missionary.

EX ORE INFANTUM

Little Jesus wast Thou shy Once, and so small as I? And what did it feel like to be Out of Heaven, and just like me? Didst Thou sometimes think of there And ask where all the angels were? I should think that I would cry For my house, all made of sky; I would look about the air And wonder where my angels were, And at waking, thy own distress me, Not an angel there to dress me. Hadst Thou ever any toys, Like us little girls and boys? And didst Thou play in Heaven with all The angels, that were not too tall, With stars for marbles? Did the things Play, "Can you see me" through their wings? Didst Thou kneel at night to pray, And didst Thou join Thy hands, this way?

And did they tire sometimes, being young, And make the prayer seem very long? And didst thou like it best that we Should join our hands to pray to Thee?

I used to think, before I knew, The prayer not said unless we do. And did Thy mother at the night Kiss Thee, and fold the clothes in tight?

And didst Thou feel quite good in bed Kissed, and sweet, and Thy prayers said?

Thou canst not have forgotten all That it feels like to be small; And Thou know'st I cannot pray To Thee in my father's way. When Thou wast so little, say Couldst Thou talk Thy Father's way? So, a Little Child, come down And hear a child's tongue like Thine own.

Take me by the hand and walk, And listen to my baby talk. To the Father, show my prayer (He will look, Thou art so fair) And say, "O Father, I, Thy Son, Bring this prayer of a little one. And He will smile that children's tongue"

Has not changed since Thou was young. —FRANCIS THOMPSON

DEPLORES ENMITY OF CREEDS

"The Catholic and the Protestant should be friends." Thus spoke Rev. Washington Glendon, pastor emeritus of the First Congregational church of Columbus, O., writer of a dozen books on religion, in addressing a large gathering in the community forum of Epworth Memorial church, recently.

"It is time the lies being told by Protestants about Catholicism ceased. There are many differences only time can bridge, but a friendly feeling must be promoted and a friendship cultivated which will make for good will and peace. "Protestants who are antagonistic toward Catholics simply because they are Catholics work great harm on themselves. Of course, the converse of the proposition is just as

true. The moral injury suffered by both these classes through their chronic unfriendliness is something very appalling.

"I have a dear friend who was defeated in the last election simply because he would not make a promise that if elected to office he would not appoint or recommend the appointment of any Catholic to office.

"A Protestant minister wrote me a letter stating what a splendid thing it was for the country that Glynn, Catholic, in New York State, and Hogan, Catholic, in Ohio, and other Catholics were defeated for office in the last election.

"Such feeling as this is anti-Christian and to be deplored."—Intermountain Catholic.

DIED

GRIMM.—In Preston, Ont., Dec. 12th 1914, Martin Grimm, May his soul rest in peace!

O'MALLEY.—At Stayner, Ont., on Thursday, December 10, 1914, Miss Marcella O'Malley, May her soul rest in peace!

There is no real love without suffering.

TEACHERS WANTED

A QUALIFIED NORMAL TRAINED CATHOLIC teacher for separate school. Duties beginning after Christmas holidays. Apply stating salary, to W. Ryan, Box 23, Charlton, Ont. 1887-4

A QUALIFIED TEACHER FOR SEPARATE school, Stanleyville. Salary \$500. Duties to commence after New Year. E. I. Byrne, Sec. Treas., Stanleyville. 1887-3

TEACHER WANTED FOR THE PEMBROKE Separate school, an assistant teacher, holding professional normal school certificate, to enter on duty January 1st, 1915, applicants to state salary and experience. Apply to A. J. Fortier, Sec., Pembroke, Ont. 1887-3

WANTED TEACHER FOR CATHOLIC Separate school, section No. 1, McGillivray. Holding first or second professional certificate. Duties to commence January 4th, 1915. Salary \$500. Apply stating experience to Denis Farmer, Sec., Crediton, R. R. 1, Ont. 1887-3

FEMALE TEACHER FOR C. S. S. No. 3 AND No. 4, Ardenburg. Salary \$450 per annum. Apply to Sec. Treas., Timothy Kelly, Amherstburg, P. O., Ont. 1888-2

TEACHER WANTED FOR ROLE SEPARATE school No. 6, for senior class room, Township Sherwood. Apply to William Adams, Sec. Treas., Barry Bay, Ont. 1888-2

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