# The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, DEC. 22, 1917

EXPECTATION

How poor the world would be if deprived of the pleasure of expecta- little hands stretched out to the tion? Looking forward is one of the and vigor. Imagine if you can dropof an eye without the privilege of tasting it in advance. Christmas be- tion into being. The soul, the body, comes 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

PEACE AND GOOD WILL

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 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 beroic 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 whose coming meant freedom have happened were the nations of prophets to be borne to the outer to a world weary of tribulation and bondage. The ideas of childhood, of another without some great unselfish crushed to 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 | these alone, will triumph in the end. | tially, the refusal to acknowledge the sympathy at Christmas.

## THE DIVINE RULER

Only a Little Infant has ever securely held the heart of our comcom humanity. From the lowly manger He rules the courses of 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 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.

IN THE STABLE

Midway between the centuries is olic Church of God, firm in your dethe 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

We can go into the stable and see the Child nestling 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 is written in every act of your lives. clothes that bind Orinipotence, the was ever born of woman. His Body is real, formed of the blood and flesh

reigns so long also shall, equal to Yet the person that was there that night at Bethlehem was God. The

Virgin Mother are the hands of God: fountains at which we drink life the eyes dimmed with the tears of dawning human life are the eyes of ping into Christmas in the twinkling God; the voice murmuring in infant sorrow is the voice that awoke creathe 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.

CARDINAL O'CONNELL

DELIVERS TWO PATRIOTIC ADDRESSES

Cardinal O'Connell on Thanksgiving Day delivered two patriotic addresses in the Cathedral, Boston. His Eminence, said in the course of his first address: "In this custom of Thanksgiving Day all over America we see the working out of a great Catholic ideal—the union of the family. And to the Catholic, the living members of the family are not the only ones who come to mind today, but also of that precious circle are those now dead and gone. It is no material feast day. It is the gathering of the whole family in the Communion of Saints, for in the presence of our beloved dead we gather the true lesson of human life, that that only is worth living for, worth dying for, which is eternal.

And now on this Thanksgiving the whole world is in distress is no Day let us raise our hearts in gratitude to God that America is in this War. Whatever ideas one may have of the cause of the War among European nations, or whatever the purpose of each individual nation in going into the War, let history de-

> But this we know to-day, and for this we ought to be filled with right. ness and bitterness eous pride that America is in this slavery. For as God, the Father War, not for greed or selfishness, but of all, had left none made War, not for greed or selfishness, but righteousness and justice.

ideal arbiter. And that arbiter is for greater power or more territory will triumph, but that the great, the

"No other nation has ever taken up the sword with nobler sentiments or more glorious inspirations. Before this, America like every other nation, was bound to fight either for its independence against others or for unity

But this time it is not for itself in any sense, neither is it for greater wealth, nor greater power, nor stars and the workings of the human greater glory, but simply and solely heart. His will makes and keeps the that right and not might shall prerespected in its own sovereignty. the world's destiny.

God above all things that you are true Americans, believing in her altar of the crib His Infant dignity highest ideals, taking a stand under her highest inspirations."

The Cardinal's discourse to the Polish people was in part as follows: You are here this morning, beloved children of Poland and of the Church a stable, among the poor, a little and of America, to recall in memory the wonderful deeds of one of your great heroes who came to this country to assist in her battle for the right, for that wonderful freedom which for so long has been denied the great nation of Poland.

To-day you are here in this Cathtermination to keep the highest ideals of your race alive forever; and remember there is only one thing that can do this. Not greed, not momentary power, nor material triumph. The present War will prove that such things are all in the end in vain.

It is the noble aspirations of the soul of a nation, a thousand times defeated, yet never conquered. It is the soul of a nation which can never die so long as it sees above the world, above the mere triumph of material things of might and greed—the right,

which is eternal. "That is why in the midst of all your woes and sufferings, and the sufferings of your great nation, you are still virile with the holy Faith of centuries, of the knowledge of your right; and God grant, we feel, that the day is fast coming, when right will triumph over might, or America has entered this tremendous world struggle for no other reason.

know your love for Poland. It know your love for the Church. You have sacrificed everything, but never have denied your Faith. and bone of Mary ever Virgin. He have proved and tested your loyalty came among us a Child, with all the

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forever; for as long as God the Father | these centuries. "Now America is to feel in your love and in your strength new power Him in all things, the God-Man Christ Jesus sit at His right hand. gain by the surpassing genius of your God and America to-day are your best and truest friends. America is fighting for your highest aspira-tions and ideals." — Sacred Heart

#### THE LESSON OF BETHLEHEM

John Wiltbye in America

When Our Blessed Saviour ap peared amongst the children of men, He came into a world that had been waiting and sighing for Him. Trial and tribulation had been the lot of His chosen people for centuries. They had known the fire and sword of merciless conquerors. They had seen the Holy City in the hands of a victorious enemy that adored not the true God. The yoke of foreigners had been laid upon their shoulders, and far from the hills of their native land, they had experienced the hard lot of the captive under an alien sky. But God had not left them without the solace of hope. Raising up saints and seers, He had placed them as watchmen on the walls and towers of Israel, to guard His people through out the long night, until the rising of the true Day Star on high. Through the darkness of captivity, through the cloud and the mist of a present filled with sorrow, they were to look into a future, filled with cheer because of the promised Messias, the Saviour of His people. Thus was their message the coun-

sel of hopeful waiting for the Lord. "I will stand upon my watch," announced the prophet, "I will fix my feet upon the tower, and I will watch to see what will be said to me. For as yet the vision is afar off, and it shall appear at the end and will not lie; if it make any delay, wait for it for it shall surely come, and it shall not be slack." And the message of the prophet went home, not only to the people of Israel, but, as history bears witness, to many of the peoples of the old era, who sat in the darksin's only to maintain the principles of in His image, without some testimony of Himself, so too, it would seem, He God only knows what might allowed the hallowed words of the crushed utterly under the burden of their misery. The natural course of America, who will see to it that no human events gave outward sign of mere force or might, no mere greed the deep pit of iniquity into which mankind, groping without God, had stumbled. Pestilence devastated sublime, the holy ideal, justice for whole communities, wars had laid all, of the rights of small nations, of waste the fairest and richest prov the independent sovereignties of distinct peoples, that these ideals and fallen low. Slavery, which is, essenequality of all as children of God, flourished in the world's most civilized centers. Woman had long since sunk to a degradation in which her most unwomanly traits were accounted her chiefest charm and value. With this degradation, home, even among the most refined communities. came to be little more than a name. The wisest men of the ancient pagan world realized, in some sense, that all flesh had worked iniquity, and in vail, that each individual people shall | the realization that human means of cleansing were ineffective, dimly that not the power of arms, but the conceived, and hoped for, the coming power of truth shall be the arbiter in of the needed help from on high And so He came, the Expected of On this Thanksgiving Day, thank nations, in the fullness of time. Not what might have been counseled by human wisdom, were stances of His entry. He Who made His dwelling place with men to save the world, did not invoke the pomp and pageant of majesty, but chose to born in the least of cities in

> Child in subjection. What the birth of the Blessed Babe of Bethlehem, Jesus Christ, the Incarnate God, has meant to the whole world, is written in the hearts of men, and made manifest by the re-creation of the world He came to save. He restored man to the sonship of God, making him an heir of Heaven. He preached a religion of the heart, of dependence upon Almighty God, in faith, in hope, and in charity. He taught us all without distinction, to call God Our Father, thereby impressing the great lesson, that before God there is no distinction of Jew

or Gentile, of pauper or prince, of rich or poor, but that all are brethren, since all are children of the one Father in Heaven. In these lessons, unknown to the practice of the wisest paganism, has the history of the world since His coming written. Without Jesus Christ, that

history is without meaning. The Christian world kneels in doration at the crib of the Infant Saviour. At the crib, as it seems to found the lesson that has a special significance to us who are citizens of this great country. the lesson of subjection, not the subection that weighed so heavily before His coming, but the subjection made sweet and noble by the example of Christ. Wrapped in the swaddling clothes that bind Orinjotence, the feeling for suffering is a human Child of Bethlehem teaches us subsentiment, for we all share in it jection to all lawful authority. He teaches it by His whole life. He

subjection to the will of His Father, than man.

He took upon Himself the burden of "A great Englishman has said, our mortal frame. He went down to Nazareth, in subjection to Mary, His May I also affirm, with equal truth, Immaculate Mother, and Joseph, His that the needle is mightier than the own creatures, yet placed over Him in a position of arthority. He taught by word and example, in the course of His public life, subjection to all is made to wound and slay the officials of the State, who had power given them from on high. To heal broken bodies, to win souls for God, He subjected Himself to toil and weariness as in His journeys, His blessed feet pressed the rough highdeed, the three-fold subjection of the Christian: first, subjection to God and His law; next, subjection to all who are our rightful temporal rulers, and finally, the loving subjection of ourselves to our brethren, in giving them the willing, Christlike service of charity.

By the providence of God, we are citizens of a republic, dedicated to true liberty. By that same good providence, we have never doubted that liberty, in its most precious form, cannot long endure unless it is based on the three-fold subjection preached with divine eloquence from the Crib at Bethlehem. More blessed than other nations, we have learned that liberty is not license, but the freedom those things that are good. We know that rights connote duties, and that the most firm bond of society is that charity which does not merely safeguard the rights of our neighbor. but induces us unselfishly to hold his interests as sacred as our own. May God, the loving Father of all, grant that this our knowledge and our persuasion, may never fall away in this and of liberty, where on Christmas Day millions of Americans fall down in adoration before their God and Saviour, a little Child in subjection, in the Crib at Bethlehem.

#### CATHOLICS THIRD OF NATIONAL ARMY

Washington, D. C., Dec. 1, 1917 .-In the presence of one of the most distinguished gatherings ever assembled in the national capital, the annual Pan-American Mass was celebrated in St. Patrick's Church, Thanksgiving Day at 10 o'clock when Rt. Rev. Wm. T. Russell, D. D., Bishop of Charleston, S. C., declared that if the present War results in the binding together of the nations of the world to safeguard peace in future this might well be the in-auguration of an international Thanksgiving Day.

After telling of the bond of friendship which has grown so strong between the United States and South America, in observance of which the Mass is celebrated, Bishop Russell turned to the one question before this country.

On this, our national feast of Thanksgiving, we have cause to be grateful to God for the spirit of loyalty to the best interests of our country which is manifest through-

'It is gratifying to see at this crisis in our history that Catholics have recognized their duty. One-third, at least, of the American Army and Navy is made up of Catholics. Yet we are only one sixth of the demption. All things work to the whole population. Why is it that best for him who knows and loves we have furnished twice as many as | Him." our proportion to the whole populawould demand? We cannot attribute this great disproportion to any choice in the drafting, still less to any partiality on the part of the government.

stood the physical tests. They were found in greater proportion free from those diseases which destroy virility and make men unfit to serve their country in their country's need. They are first in war because by clean lives they were first in peace They are not first in the hearts of their countrymen, neither do they ask or expect it, but it will redound to the honor and credit of our coun try, if now in the conduct of this War in future enjoyment of per their rights to life and liberty in the exercise of their religion shall be recognized without stint and safe guarded by their country.'

Monsignor C. F. Thomas, rector of St. Patrick's recited the "Prayer for Authorities." while His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons gave the blessing at the close of the Mass. — New

THE NEEDLE MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD

SWORD IS TO SLAY, NEEDLE IS TO PRESERVE AND COMFORT, SAYS CARDINAL GIBBONS

The needle is mightier than the sword," Cardinal Gibbons told two thousand women of the Catholic War Relief Association in the Maryland Theatre, Baltimore, recently.

'Compassion, sympathy, tender more or less, but compassion is characteristic of the female sex," Cardinal Gibbons said.

took that body not for a time but to Christ and the Church through subjection implied in childhood. In more easily aroused by suffering of duty. By prayer we can daily draw near to the bed of pain of the 'The pen is mightier than the sword.'

sword? The sword is a weapon of human body but the needle to serve, cherish and comfort the body by protecting it from the clemency of the weather.

While you are seated over your work and your busy hands are plyways of Judea. His inspiring life ing the needle, let your hearts ex-brings before us in precept and in pand in sympathy for the loved ones who are so far away and let your lips read a prayer that they may return safe and sound to their loved ones at home.

If the prodigal son who spent his life in sin and rioting was so kindly received by his cherished father and mother, with what joy and exultation will you welcome back your husband, father, sons, and sweetheart ?"

#### NOTED WAR-TIME PASTORAL

TELLS LESSONS FOR OUR DAY

In these days of national stress and trial it is well for us to keep fresh in mind the fundamental principles which, as in all things, so now especially in war time, should determine our outlook on life and its varying vicissitudes. We are so apt in the midst of conflicting passion and emotion to be led astray by false emotionalism and unreasoning passion that it cannot but be of interest and value to recall words so truly Christian and noble as those written by the great Social Reform Emanuel von Ketteler, at the outoreak of the Austro-Prussian war in 1866. Though written so long since have a timely meeting for us today.

Four points to be especially consid ered are touched upon in this exhortation of the great Bishop to his

First of all he tells us: "We must look upon these events with the eyes of faith and not merely from the earthly angle; we must see in them not merely the acts of men, but the disposition and acquiescence of God. In times of stress is shown forth in full measure the happiness and con-solation of faith. As Christ conquered death, so, too, in a certain sense He has taken suffering from us, even in this life. In this belief we recognize that the providence of God watches over all the strife of men What though men do and conspire evil, what though they harm one another and fight one against the other, we know that a loving Father of all men rules over all; He who can at any moment set a term to evil; Who can from suffering derive good; Who punishes us but to better us; Who by punishment leads the wicked to a bettering of life, and so also tries the good, Who, in one word. dispenses blessings through the cross and by it redeems the world. To Him we shall therefore look with greater and more childlike confidence. These painful world-stirring events must lead us to Christ Who always and in all things is our only help, our only solace, our only re

Our second duty is, to summarize what the saintly Bishop says at has been related by a chaplain, to greater length: "To help, help where the Bishop of Arras in a letter from and when we can; we must help the front. Two soldiers of Lievin. with all the means at our command help the more, the more pressing the engineer, decided to visit their native The only explanation is that need. I admonish you in these times Catholics in greater proportion have of trial with very particular emphasis to the performance of all acts of charity towards all who suffer in this vain amongst the ruins the other combat.

Thirdly, we are told to bear with resignation and courage our share of suffering and pain and trial as it visit the parish church, also a ruin. comes to us, to each of us in some form. "Many of you," he writes, form. have sons and brothers and relatives in the field and look with a fragment of wall. The sergeant of anxiety after them. The sorrow for the dead or wounded has already entered into many a home, and if the | who applauded. will be afflicted. Finally, many of while struggle goes on many more families will be afflicted. Finally, many of God and with resignation in the Hersin." spirit of faith. All these sorrows are along which we shall go to a reunion

turn to prayer and a more intense interior life of the spirit. For: "by our sins we have all of us contributed to the punishments which God sends to us either directly or in-We shall, therefore, look upon this time as a period of penance and covered with mud and presented imposed upon us by God, shall turn contritely to God and in this penitential spirit persevere in prayer. above the high altar until such time We shall pray for our wounded and as it can return triumphantly to suffering brothers, as also for the departed soldiers. Pray for their bodies; pray for their souls. Pray for them that God may reckon to the salvation of their souls the pains they must endure in the performance for weeds choke up the unused path.

wounded and sick and bring them spiritual comfort and strength."— New World.

#### DIVORCE AND THE ESTABLISHMENT

In a recent letter to the Living Church, Mr. J. G. Hall indignantly repudiates the "aggressive campaign" led by Sir A. Conan Doyle and others for the grant of larger facilities for divorce. Mr. Hall's words are a plea for the suppression of an evil tolerated in high places, yet an avowed enemy of the Anglican Church could scarcely have framed a shazper in-dictment of that department of the English Government, known as the Church by law established. Mr. Hall rightly criticizes the campaign as an attempt to substitute immorality for 'God's ordinance of marriage,' quotes with approval the strong words of the Bishop of Chelmsford. Not only is divorce anti-social, thinks the Bishop, but it is something essentially evil. It practically destroys marriage and glorifies license. It is contrary to the law of God, and is a candal to all right-thinking men. Far better disestablishment, is the pinion of the prelate, than that the Anglican Church "should forever be covered with shame for having sold her birthright for a mess of pottage." The good Bishop is needlessly alarmed. The Church of England

has no birthright to sell.

seems her birthright is in reality the

property of the State. Furthermore, considering the characteristically vacillating policy of the Anglican Church on matters of such imporance in the Christian economy Baptism and Matrimony, to cover her with any "shame" with which has not long been familiar, would be a task of supreme difficulty. If divorce be the summation of evil which the Bishop and Mr. Hall, with many other Anglicans, think it is, why does not the Church which claims God's commission to lead the people, anathematize divorce? forbid," writes Mr. Hall, "that our natural leaders, the Bishops, should now act as did their predecessors at the time of the first Divorce act in 1857!" There is the answer. The Anglican Bishops, made and unmade at the pleasure of the secular power, nors, 400 priests of the will move along the precise lines ceses, many members of the religious laid down by the State, and along no others, because they are merely the gation that completely filled the spaofficial administrators of the State's State wishes to extend divorce, it will extend divorce, and that will be the end of the matter. Grumbling Bishop of Monterey and Los Angeles there will be for a time, but no serion Dec. 5 at 10 o'clock. The preachous opposition on the part of the Bishops. What at first they denounced as disaster, will at last be approved by a safe majority of these loyal servants of the State first and God next, the Bishops. History has few new pages. St. Thomas a Becket has never been a favorite in the Establishment, nor have Anglican Bishops been wont to reckon the shedding of their blood in defense faith and morals, a possibility of the episcopal career.—America.

#### SAVES CHURCH CROSS

FRENCH SOLDIER CARRIES IT MILES

ON HIS SHOULDERS A remarkable incident of the War on leave, an infantryman and an place to try to find their homes and their little fortune hidden before found unhappily the debris of his home, but his money intact.

When they reached it, however, they found amongst the desolation the before a group of Canadian soldiers

you by the paralysis of business have and said to his comrade, "Here is domestic care and worry to endure. my treasure, we will save the cross Bear these trials with confidence in of our church and transport it to

The strange sight, one soldier means for the Christian to become carrying various household treasures, like to the crucified Saviour and to the other stooping under the weight follow Him on the way of the cross, of a cross, attracted a British sentry brought them both before his with Him in eternal glory." chief. The English officer, a non-Lastly, we are admonished to a rescolded them for their temerity but in taking leave of them, he pre both their hands and could not hide

> At last they arrived at the presby tery of Hersin, streaming with sweat the cure with the great crucifix which is now temporarily placed Lievin to take its rightful place in a new church.—Catholic Sun.

Go often to the house of thy friend,

#### CATHOLIC NOTES

Rev. John D. Whitney, former president of Georgetown University at Washington, and prominent in the Jesuit order, died recently at the faculty house of Boston College.

In accordance with the civil laws of the Republic, there are at present serving in the French army about 26,000 priests, approximately 6,000 more than the number laboring in the United States.

Among recent converts received into the Church in England are Colonel Rankin, head of the military hospitals in the Oxford districts, who was received by the Rev. Charles Plater, S. J., and Mr. Morcom, the superintendent of the London and North-Western Railway Co. in the Midlands, received by the Rev. F. J. Sandy, Oscott College.

In the Netherlands a great movement is growing in favor of syndi-cates of Catholic workmen and the enrollment increases daily said that more than one-half of the Catholic workers to-day are mem bers of organizations, sanctioned by the Church. A fine spirit of Catho lic charity is shown in the working classes who have taken in many of the refugee children from the countries engaged in war.

John R. Mott, one of the leading protest had been sent because the Menace is to be found in most of the Y. M. C. A., recreation centers in army cantonents, has declared that he is in accord with the K. of C. desire that The Menace be eliminated from the association reading rooms and says he will appreciate it if he is notified concerning any center where The Menace can be found hereafter.

An association has been established in Rome under the title of the Committee of St. Peter, the first Pope, which has for its object the promotion of devotion to the Papacy, one of the signs of predestination, as Father Faber tells us. It proposes among other means, that every year on the feast day of the Pope and on the anniversary of his birth the faithful throughout the world will unite in prayer by assisting at Holy Mass and receiving Holy Communion for the intention of the Sovereign Pontiff.

In the presence of Archbishop Hanna, 4 visiting bishops, 4 monsigcious St. Mary's cathedral, the Right Department of Religion." If the Reverend John J. Cantwell, D. D., was raised to the dignity of the supreme priesthood and consecrated er of the occasion was the Rev. Wil liam O'Ryan of Denver.

In the Church of "Our Lady of Mount Carmel." at La Passe, one of the vestibule pamphlet racks of the Catholic Truth Society of Canada is being installed. Another one is being placed in the Church of "Our Lady of Grace," at Westmeath. These two vestibule racks are being erected in these two churches in commemoration of the silver jubilee of the loved pastor, Rev. Henri Martel, which will be celebrated on the 20th and 21st of December, 1917.

The Morning Post states that six of the monks at Mount St. Bernard's astery, Whitwick, Le England, are being called to the colors, three having been posted for foreign service, while one was mede cally rejected. Hitherto they been exempt from military service but it is understood that the conditions in this regard have been somewhat modified by the War Office recently. It is seventy-three years since the monastery was opened, when the first Mass was said there by the late Cardinal Wiseman.

The arrest and expulsion of sever-Before leaving they decided to al foreign clergymen was announced last week in a statement issued by the governor of the federal district of Mexico. The statement says the beautiful cross intact, leaning against | clergymen already have been sent on their way out of the country with infantry saw it and embraced it, other persons classed as undesir The expulsion of the clergy ables. men is said to have resulted from permits only Mexican-born which priests to exercise religious functions. The clergmen probably will be taken out of the country by way of Vers

The Rev. Maurice Reynaud, S.P. M., at one time connected with the Church of Notre Dame, New York, was killed at the front in France on Oct 23. As an officer in the French he was leading his in battle when he was Army men in Father Reynaud was a of Pujaut, France. He shot. native studied at the Petit and Grand Sem inaries of Avignon, where he was or-dained and labored until he entered the Fathers of Mercy in 1900. In 1906 he was sent to America and was pro rector of Notre Dame Church until the outbreak of the War. Hav ing served as an officer in the French Army previous to his ordination, he asked and obtained permission from his superiors to return to France, leaving on the first transport that brought soldiers back to France Aug. 4, 1914.

#### GERALD DE LACEY'S DAUGHTER

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF COLONIAL DAYS

> BY ANNA T. SADLIER CHAPTER IX

THE DRAWING OF LOVE Evelyn de Lacey and Polly Van Cortlandt were waiting together in that solemn, tapestried room upstairs where Madam Van Cortlandt received her guests. They were waiting impatiently for that solemn function to be over, when they might go down to join in the dance that would presently be inaugurated to the sound of black Cæsar's fiddle.

The sunset light was still beautify. ing the air of Manhattan. The atmosphere was all burnished gold, with here and there light flecks of pink, or green or violet, falling over the two rivers and the harbor, whence great ships sailed forth to distant trading ports. Glinting as they fell guns at the Fort, the rays formed a glory about Nutten Island, whither the thick clusters of nuts had tempted some school-boys and had all but precipitated, through their presence there, an Indian mas-Falling over Staten Island and the heights of Sewanaka and the Excellency's staff, it was clear that cliffs of the Brooklyn shore; falling the town of Manhattan, with its solid and substantial houses, flanked by gardens; on its interlying clusters | impervious to feminine charms. woodland and its graft or stream, flowing serenely where later a populous thoroughfare was to carry on the Dutch church, within the confines of the Port, on that of the Huguenots, and on Trinity, the place of

villages of Chelsea and Greenwich. windows of that mansion where the with those of a dozen other flowers among the flowers. Here the paes bloemen, as the Dutch called them,

for the flower-beds. which always impressed the observer. walls, rich in storied interest, offered was really the beautiful picture of the two girls. In the foreground was the impressive figure of Madam Van effort, beyond the Cortlandt, richly clad in a gown of mulberry silk with trimmings of lace to match the cap upon her head. In her ears were those jewels that had come down as an heirloom through

generations. This was the picture that caught walked thither from the Fort, coming together not for any love of each other's company, but because their destination chanced to be the same. These men were Captain Egbert The eyes of both involuntarily turned tanced all competitors. In another hostesses, extended.

Such an introduction had been eagerly sought by both men ever since their arrival in the country, and, it having seemed difficult to secure, Captain Prosser Williams had endeavored to forestall it, as has been seen, in a way which he now bitterly regretted. He knew that his cause already prejudiced in the eyes of that girl, whom, here in these stately surroundings, it appeared more than ever worth while to please. It is true that she gave no sign of having had any previous knowledge of him, slightest trace of embarrassment or that, in her eyes, he was merely a guest of Madam Van Cortlandt, whom she received with courtesy, as in duty bound. But in some fashion or another she conveyed to him by every word that she spoke, and by every gesture of her slender hand, that he had placed himself as far off as the poles from her, and that there she meant to keep him. Her attitude only incited him to a firm resolve to her better, and only gave additional value to herself and her attrac-He felt the indiscretion of which he had been guilty the more keenly, when he had time to observe the elegance, even courtliness, of these surroundings, where the whole atmosphere was such as to make condescension, much less insolence, an

Evelyn talked with the two men indifferently. But, when the strains of old Cæsar's fiddle came invitingly up the broad stairs, she promise first country dance to Captain Egbert Ferrers, who was prompt to seize the opportunity, and found all her dances engaged for Captain Williams until so late an hour in the evening that it amounted to a refusal he followed the other guests down stairs where the dancing was to take place, he vowed that he would take no other partner for their infernal list of the decision, made with his bow and requested the honor of a dance with Mistress Polly Van place, he vowed that he would take no other partner for their infernal list of the decision, made with eless their leader and their queen. She felt curiously piqued, and her good temper was ever so slightly no other partner for their infernal list of the well. She felt curiously piqued, and her good temper was ever so slightly no other partner for their infernal list of the well. She felt curiously piqued, and her good temper was ever so slightly no other partner for their infernal list of the well. Which a course of Lygia Binkham's sanctum be filled with the blue haze of tobacco smoke at all hours. I would not be harsh with my Lady

gainst the wall, wearing his most supercilious expression. There was a soft glow of excite

ment on Evelyn's cheeks, a light of interest in her eyes, which made her face more charming; and the smile that she bestowed upon her partner as she passed close to where Williams was standing, made him once more curse his own stupidity. For he now clearly perceived that he had irretrievably lowered himself in the eyes of this glorious girl, who he was the daughter and not the wife of Mr. de Lacey, and, as he told himself regretfully, the only one worth a second glance in all this mudhole. But, even as he paid her that tribute, he began to feel something like malignant hatred against her, which his admiration only increased. That she, a mere provincial, should deliberately attempt to snub a man connected with some of the most influential families of Britain and occupying his present position—a man, too, nad been regarded as an arbiter of fashion and of besuty, who had with a distinction sufficient to satisfy even his own overweening egotism through that gay and brilliant society of which my Lady Bellomont had been a leader—was galling in the extreme. As for the other member of His

he was frankly and entirely fascin-He had never been a lady's ated. man, and was held in fact to be quite But this young girl of the colonies appealed to him in such a variety of ways that he found her simply irrethousands of daily wayfarers; falling sistible. In the first place were on the Dutch church, within the conthose personal attractions of hers, which were justly celebrated in the most exclusive circles of Manhattan, the Euglish colonists; falling over but which he did not seek to an the country houses that dotted the alyse, for they satisfied him entirely alyse, for they satisfied him entirely He liked, too, her simplicity and dir The smell of the "laylocks" was ectness of speech and manner, the in the air, and floated in through the absence of conscious effort to attract. He liked the touch of the unusual festivities were on foot; it mingled about her, and the subtle charm arising from the poetry of her nature or flowering shrubs, which adorned as well as from an uncommon power that prim and formal garden — a of sympathy. All the women he had look of interest on the face of his garden which, despite its size, compared ill with that other wherein this girl, artificial and insipid. It girl fully responded. This fact was garden which, despite its size, com- known seemed, in comparison to Evelyn de Lacey reigned as a queen | was not often, he thought, that mind and matter were so happily combined, and he freely acknowledged were but secondary to the rows of that it was to his undoing. He had trees, standing sentinel, and the seen the girl scarcely a dozen times standing sentinel, and the seen the girl scarcely a dozen times boxwood hedges and borders in all; he had never spoken to her before that evening, and yet they Near the window, looking out upon were already in sympathy, on excel its orderly neatness, stood Polly and lent understanding. As any shrewd Evelyn, making that striking contrast observer might have perceived, this soldier, who had distinguished him-The tapestried room with its dark self in more than one campaign, was more than half in love. He would an excellent background for what not have believed it possible, had he been told so a month or even a fort-With scarcely effort, beyond the mere desire of her sex to be agreeable, Evelyn de Lacey had conquered a heart that had withstood many a stubborn onslaught. So absorbed was Captain Ferrers that he scarcely noticed the massive, oaken staircase by which they descended, nor the rich furnishthe eye of the two men who had ings of the rooms below, where even now the negro servants were busy lighting wax tapers in sconces all

around the walls. Evelyn, on her part, was decidedly pleased with her partner, of whom Ferrers and Captain Prosser Williams. she had retained a favorable impression from that day upon the Bowl-Madam Van Cortlandt, who ing Green. His manner, in its abgave them ceremonious greeting, sence of affectation, won her approvpassed over Polly, brilliant and at- al; bright and sympathetic, he was tractive as was her appearance, and quick to catch the point of a jest, or fastened themselves upon that other, to be moved when the topic was who, in the opinion of both, outdis- grave. Moreover, she was woman as though he were pondering some enough to feel that it was a feather in her cap to have been claimed for "How far and how long do they instant they had been introduced in her cap to have been claimed for ne first dance by this which the girls, in their character of Household, who was already gaining popularity in the town. She was by no means averse to heighten the excellent impression which she was quick to perceive she had made. Polly had often taxed her with being fond of admiration, and she had to confess to herself that she was Only she knew how to discriminate, and did not care for all sorts of admiration; it must be something

worth while. So the two, being mutually satisfied and therefore in the best of spirits, set out to dance with a number of other couples and extended her hand without the Katherine," that favorite of country slightest trace of embarrassment or dances, and they at least enjoyed it resentment. At that moment he saw to the uttermost. When the dance that, in her eyes, he was merely a was finished, Captain Ferrers, with a certain diffidence that Evelyn found to her taste, made a request which was not as modest as his demeanor. 'If I might hope," he said, " to be favored with another and again another dance?"

> agreeable man all evening, if only because he was a change from her ordinary partners. But, apart from the fact that she had already promised most of her dances, she knew what the rigid etiquette of the town lemanded, and was never over-lav-Ferrers had to be content with the last dance before supper, which took brother-officer in standing at the wall and looking sulky, but promptly dozen others, he had none the less

country dances, and stood sulkily number of those whom he already remark of Polly's, and hear her pleasant laugh sounding musically through the room. Surely, he decided, such a partner was not to be those perticulars he wanted to know about her friend. Of course, Mistress Polly's dances were always likeable, even if he mitted himself to become in her fascinating friend.

Polly was not some of the mitted himself to become in her fascinating friend. tress Polly's dances were already promised, but, unlike Evelyn, she managed to find one for this member of the Governor's staff, who had the glamor of overseas about him. She was naturally the more anxious to other officer.

In the course of conversation, Capsecure from Polly a good many bits of information about the elusive Evelyn, in whom, however, he tact-fully avoided showing any special interest. Though he was quick to perceive that the honest-hearted girl was enthusiastically devoted to her friend, he cynically wondered how such a friendship would endure the strain of some bitter rivalry or some adverse interest. He determined in any case to stand well with Polly, for he clearly perceived that this house of the Van Cortlandts was likely to play a considerable part in such social activities as the colony might afford. And, whatever might be his supercilious attitude towards of the Dutch metropolis in particular, he was by this time aware that the society of some of them might be eminently well worth cultivating. So much had he learned since he had been willing to agree with my Lady Bellomont that death would be preferable to an enforced exile in these overseas possessions.

When supper was served, Captain Williams and his partner were in such a position that they could observe both Captain Ferrers and Evelyn, and even exchange scraps of conversation with them. Captain Williams was quick to perceive the immediately noted by the quickwitted Polly, who cried out:

"What can be the absorbing topic that interests you two so much? Both seemed slightly disconcerted at the question, which Captain Ferrers lightly parried, indulging in a fine play of words with the lively and vivacious Polly. But it was evident that he had aroused himself from something much more absorb ing, for with Evelyn he had been discussing some of those personal topics which are sure to arise when two people are fully in sympathy.

At that moment Madame Van Cort landt entered the dining-room, fol lowed by negro servants carrying huge silver salvers on which were dishes of roasted oysters, bread, butter and celery. When justice was done to these viands amid a lively fire of talk from the four, who had now moved their places together, the oysters were followed by jellies, custards and whipped creams, served in tall glasses, and that variety of kuchen (or small cakes) for which the Dutch housewives were famous. There was much jesting upon some kuchen, thickly studded with nuts, which Polly herself had made and shaped into the devices of

hearts and "true lovers' knots." 'True lovers' knots," said Captain Ferrers, absently taking one of the cakes in his hand and gazing at it

hind those of vour inconstant sex Williams asked of Polly, Captain though his eyes were really fixed upon Evelyn. If our sex be inconstant," said

Evelyn, lightly taking up the challenge, "why should it not be so, since all things in life change?" Then Williams distinctly heard Captain Ferrers say, though he had

drawn back a little from the others and spoke in a whisper: you would never be incon-With you, believe me, love

stant. would be till death. 'And why not after," responded Evelyn, half laughing and yet with a shadow of seriousness in her lovely

After death ?" said Ferrers.

I cannot follow you so far."

Then was felt that sudden gravity which falls at times on the lightest conversation, as if from a passing realization of the inherent gravity of life. Prosser Williams felt a slight shiver run through him, as though Now Evelyn would have felt very he were being present at a tragedy well inclined to dance with that of some sort. He hated all such sensations, and he also hated Evelyn because she refused to discuss any question seriously with

Polly Van Cortlandt's quick wit soon brought it home to her that she was being overlooked in this ish of her favors. So that Captain conversation, and that the serious ness of the other three had left her. as a child might be left, laughing on place about half-past nine, after a shore. She began to think that, which the dancing ceased. And though he did not imitate his own Company were preferable—the his own Company were preferable—the boys and girls with whom in childhood she had picked nuts or berries engaged Mistress Polly and half a on the Catiemuts or other hills, in baskets bought from the Wilden and lost interest in the festivity, and of the Company's chosen color of waited with an impatience, which green. For Polly had always de-happily he did not show, for his sired that her Company should folnext dance with Evelyn.

Meanwhile, Captain Williams, read girls were now young men and

accuse her-for indeed, as her sense Nicotine, I would not banish her forknew to be the most eligible young of justice told her, Evelyn was not men of the colony. He could catch now and again some bright or witty cavaliers from overseas, and especially and the colony. cially her own partner, Captain Williams. For she could not deny that, if he were supercilious and edly likeable, even if he had per-Polly was not sorry when, the supper having disappeared, they

returned to the drawing room where

tables were set for cards. Nor was she sorry to rid herself of the society of Prosser Williams, and to reign with her usual undisputed sway at a do so, since she perceived that table of basset. The older people Evelyn had already appropriated the were presently ranged at other tables, where negroes had placed silver candlesticks with wax candles tain Prosser Williams managed to to aid their failing sight, and goldlacquered boxes of ivory fishes for counters, besides little piles of Louis d'ors, doubloons, or other foreign coins. At these tables might seen engaged in the more serious game of lansquenet some of the chief men of the colony. There men of were two of Madame Van Cortlandt's sons, who already had stolid sons of their own. There were Nicholas Bayard, and Philip Livingston, and Mynheer de Vries; there Phillipses, Van Rensselaers, were rences and de Peysters, though these latter were on the other side of politics. There were Delanceys, Van Brughs, de Mills, Van Schaicks and de Riemers, both men and women, Colonials in general and denizens all of whom were soon mutely engrossed in thetr favorite pastime. They dealt their cards, their kings and their cavaliers, their knechts or

knaves, their atouts, with as much

seriousness as though they were playing that game of life which,

tan was just then becoming compli-

that quiet town of Manhat-

Evelyn, like Polly, took her place at a table of basset, which was played by most of the younger people, and had beside her Pieter Schuyler, one of the best known young men in town and her devoted admirer. He was short and broadshouldered and had brown eyes that laughed a great deal in fellowship with a set of white teeth. He was foremost in all sports, and enjoyed a wide popularity. Madam Van Cort landt had it very much at heart to make a match between these two people. She would be glad to have aim for Polly, save that he was related to her within the forbidden degrees, and that there was the other and still more unsurmountable obstacle-he showed no special preference for Polly's society. father was a man of wealth and influence in the colony, and, since Polly was out of the question, Madam Van Cortlandt would fain have secured him for Evelyn, whom she regarded almost as another granddaughter. She beamed approv-, therefore, when she saw side by side at the table and evidently upon the best of terms. For Evelyn sincerely liked Pieter, though she had never thought of him in the light of a possible husband.

It had not been, either, without design that the sharp-sighted old lady who had observed the trend of affairs that evening, had placed both Captain Ferrers and his brother officer at table with the older people where, as she said, they were sure of a good game. Now it must be owned that, while Captain Ferrers courteously did his best to enter into the play, his thoughts were often wandering, and he would readily have exchanged the better game for the worse to have been at the table with Mistress de Lacey. Captain Williams, on the other hand, with the instinct of a born gambler, was soon absorbed in the cards with success betokened by the increasing

pile of coins in front of him. Ferrers noticed that Evelyn entered with the greatest enjoyment into the game that she was playing. though it was not for coins, being deemed unsuitable for the young folk. Also he saw that she appeared to be on terms of the friendliest intimacy with the good. looking youth at her side.

TO BE CONTINUED

#### MIDNIGHT VISITOR

It was about midnight and I was tired. I heard the bells of Boston College solemnly boom out 11 o'clock and then the chimes tinkled the first quarter, the half, and the third quarer. I should have been in bed, but I was wondering what resolutions I would write, if any, for the coming year-for it was the last night of the year of Our Lord, nineteen hundred and fifteen.

In front of me was a diary, begun on January 1st of the same eventful year, and I had just been reading the old half-forgotten resolutions I had made, reading them with a smile the least bit cynical, I'm afraid for resolutions are easily made but more

easily broken. Some of them were undoubtedly excellent. There was the resolution to make out a daily program of time portioning out the valuable minutes in such a way that at the close of the day all could be accounted for. There was a resolution to do a little good reading every day, something really serious and deep, out of the ordinary. Then I resolved I would confine my smoking to a pipe or cigar after meals only. The long hours daily spent at the desk would not be considering his first decision, made his bow and requested the honor of the less their leader and their queen. worn pipe. No more would the

And exercise—oh yes, a daily walk was on the reform program. Rainor shine, business or no business, I re-solved to see that I got my daily exercise. Then worry, foolish worr -that, above all, was to be chased away out of my life forever. "It is not work but worry that kills"—s favorite remark of an old professor of mine; I duly resolved at the end of this resolution that I was too busy and had too much serious work on hand to allow dull care a place in my life, I could not allow myself to be worn out by the petty annoyance which even well - meaning people place in the way. I would disre them, dismiss them as temptations. They would not harass me as of vore

While I was thus looking over the half forgotten resolutions taken a short year ago, and wondering whether I would write any new ones for the coming year, suddenly there came a tap at the door.

I started in surprise—who in the

world could it be that tapped at my door at midnight. Instead of my accustomed yell, I modulated my voice to suit the unseemly hour and said: "Come in." The midnight visitor heard me, the door opened, and in walked a very old gentleman I rose in my chair in amazement, rubbed my eyes to see if I awake, and finally managed to gasp

out: 'Here, you, what do you want?' The old gentleman looked me over very coolly across a pair of steel rimmed specs well down on his nose, and waving his hand for silence calmnly helped himself to one of my Christmas cigars and sat down on the one good easy chair in my room which serve for guests and enjoy my

self when particularly lazy. Then he pulled over the ash tray and the matches, and putting his feet on my foot stool he placidly cigar. The coolness of it all, the col lossal nerve exhibited made me sit and stare at him in admiration. do admire a person with plenty of nerve, and my midnight visitor seemed to have plenty, and then

I tried to think where I saw him before. But I couldn't place him and he gave me no clue. After one or two puffs at the cigar he looked at it critically. "Christma suppose," he grunted. "Christmas present, I grunted. "Thought so. They always put an inferior quality in a Christmas box."

Well, of all the cool-" I began indignantly, and again came that imperious gesture for silence. I sat looking at him. He was old and haggard, a veritable old man of the mountains and ancient mariner all rolled up in one. His face was seamed and furrowed with wrinkles. As the match lit up his cigar, I could see the net work of fine lines which covered his forehead and the deep crows-feet which marked his sunken eves. Still there was an air of ancient respectability about him, as of one who had happened on evil but had known good His clothes were of good quality but somewhat faded and worn, and his snow-white hair made him almost venerable.

He must have read my thoughts as sat there steadily regarding him, for he began rather bitterly:

You stare at me as if I were stray dog, but I was once a respectable looking man, yes, and considered even good looking."

He paused and glared at the

of incredulity on my face, and I not knowing what else to say, murmured, 'Yes, indeed," he answered ironi-

cally. "And now look at me, a mere battered hulk of a man, a wreck, one foot in the grave-indeed, I might say two feet.

The last words he uttered in a tone so shrill and weird that he quite frightened me. My hair rose on end and chills ran up and down my spine. I looked at his feet involuntarily to see the yawning grave, but beheld only my poor footstool over shad-

owed by his number tens. Don't bealarmed," he said, seeing my fright. I guess not," I retorted.

don't see why I should be afraid of No," he answered bitterly

There's no reason why you should be. You never were in the past." 'I never met you before," I ob

served in self-defense.
"Yes, indeed you did," he answered quickly, "but you passed me by. You ignored me—at least very 'My dear old man," I answered soothingly, (I was convinced I was dealing with an escaped lunatic,) "it's

growing late, and wherever you came from you'd better be off." "It's growing late, yes," he mut-tered, "very late and the grave yawns

for me. It awaits me."
"My dear friend," I answered yawning myself, for I was tired, "there's more than the grave yawning around here, and plainly, I wish you would

begone. You bother me."
"Ha!" he said sardonically, gritting his teeth. "I've heard you say

that before. 'Yes," I answered, "your appearance is not exactly prepossessing. have an artistic sense, you know, and you-well, I don't like to be hard on an old man - but you don't improve the landscape very much. I would recommend the immediate applica tion of some of Madame Harvard's magic wrinkle eradicator, combined with a course of Lygia Binkham's

said, warming up in the subject, "I've seen mummies in Egypt five thousand years old that looked younger, fresher, fairer."

The old man appeared to be de pressed by this information. He put his hand to his heart, shook his head sorrowfully, but then he grew angry again after a moment, and leveling a long forefinger at me he cried :

You, you are responsible for my decrepit appearance. You and you

alone "I?" I cried, indignantly. "Why my good fellow, I never saw you.
What do you mean? Who are you

"Never mind," he answered, and thereupon from his pocket he pulled a handful of glittering objects and threw them on the table beside him They were precious stones. I gasped with surprise-there were rubies and diamonds and emeralds, and they shone and sparkled with a thousand irridescent rays under the electric lamp.
"A treasure," he said laughing, "s

treasure, and you threw it away I threw it away?" I asked puz-

Yes." he answered solemnly. have followed you around now for a year and all these precious stones lay in your path. You passed them by and I picked them up. You lost them -forever," and with this he carefully gathered up the glittering collection and transferred them back to the great pocket from which he had taken

'Old man," I said solemnly, "It is not good that a man of your years and seeming reverence should show such slight regard for truth. Those jewels came from Kimberly, the streets which I never walked, or else some wholesale jewelers, a place which with my slender salary I never visit. So that when you tell me I passed them by on my daily round I almost feel inclined to apply to you that short but ugly epithet which doughty colonel preserves for those who disagree with him."

He laughed again sarcastically. Nevertheless," he insisted, "I repeat in spite of your unbelief that you passed them by. These jewels were the kind words, the charitable deeds, the good offices which in one short year you passed by. They were the jewels in your daily round of duty you with your eyes shut did not observe them, or if you did, did not stoop to gather them in—and so you lost them irretrievably. They would have formed part of your treasure where moths do not consume nor thieves break in at night, and now they are lost. My friend, you're young, and you're bright, but don't know as much as you think you After watching you for a year, think you're a conceited fool," he began to sing in a high cracked

voice. I felt humiliated and angry. was this crazy old man with his pockets full of jewels who came in to lecture me. "It seems to me, old man," I answered, "that, although I admit the beauty of your allegory, you would be in considerable danger in the fall of the year if there were any squirrels about. At any rate, I think your jewels are only paste.' You know they're not,"

rupted. Well, you're a bit of a pessimist, and I don't like the way you criticise me. Haven't I done any good. Admitting that I have missed opportunity now and then when it

ocked at my door, haven't you missed a few yourself? "No sir," he answered firmly, "have not. I have done my best. have put myself before you regular-

"I never saw you," I interrupted. though you have often disregarded me. I have helped you and the fact that you are not a total failure in life

is my work.' Oh, then," I observed, "you're not such a pessimist after all. I thank you since I am not a total failure.

No," he answered wisely. men are, and you have fortunately at times attended my warning. accounts, as I observed before, for the fact that I can admit that you are not

a hopeless failure."
"And I repeat," I said exasperated "that I never saw you before. I think you're a lunatic. Who are

Just then the strong bell at Boston College began to boom out the stroke He started up, a look of of twelve. fear on his face.

The grave opens," he said in sep ulchral tones. He had grown deadly pale, and I feared the cigar was too much for him. It was indeed one of a Christmas box, as the old man had said.

Who are you?" I cried again. "Your much abused good resolu tions of the past," he answered, tottering out the door.

I hesitated a moment and then ran to the door and looked up and down the long black corridor. He had disappeared. I rubbed my eyes. Had I been dreaming? And then I saw that the stub of the cigar he had placed in the ash tray was still smoking. As I could not sleep after my

strange experience with my mid-night visitor, I sat down and wrote my good resolutions for Nineteen Sixteen. - Joseph Carey in The Pilot.

No words have ever given greater comfort to sorrowing humanity than these two, "Our Father."

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#### FATHER LADDEN'S XMAS DINNER

Father Ladden had been two months at St. Bernardine of Sienna. The first week had been one perpetual nightmare to him. And sudden-ly some light came to him. His good fortune was unfolded to him, and he remembered what he had learned long since, but forgotten for a while that the poor are the cream of any nd this parish being co posed of poor, the very poor and nothing but the poor, God was showing special favor to him.

had prayed for this parish. He had wanted, but God gave it to him not in his, but in God's time, and his soul was not prepared for its crudities. For, after Our Lady of the Snows, where Father Ladden knew he was accomplishing much in infus ing a new spiritual life into the parish, it was a shock indeed to embrace the sordidness that St. Bernardine of Sienna held out to

The dingy little light in the dingy little room threw its quota of glad-ness over Father Ladden's breviary. He was not reading but thinking. was hardly safe to go to bed down here in the district. No sooner was he tangled up in the ragged blanket Father Ewing had used than a call came for him. And now he waited. The memories of the few years he had spent in the priesthood came back to him. Above all the remem brance of his first acquaintance with

"the district" and Father Ewing.
"Pray for me, Father," he had urged the older priest, "pray for me, that I may be appointed your assist-

And Father Ewing's answer came back to him: "Let us pray, instead, that the will of God be done."

Father Ladden put the breviary on the table, and he buried his face in his hands. "Insufferable snob that I he murmured. "Why, I be lieve I looked down on everyone who owned a nickel, while now -Father Ladden started.

Now?" he repeated questioningly. No, it could not be that he liked money nor preferred people who had Earnestly he questioned himself. But money gave opportunities for culture, he told himself, and then answered that the most cultured ong the sons of men despised it; He Whom in his soul he had alweys loved had placed it as a burrier

toward union with Himself. The young priest sat bolt upright in his chair in tense consideration. Then, yielding to babit, he rose and walked into the church. As usual at that hour, the church was dark save

and knelt down on the steps. few moments he spoke no word, even his soul was still. Then he went up money. Father Ladden drew out a his soul was still. Then he went up until his hand touched the bas relief of the Cross. It reminded him of that night in St. John Baptist's when he had asked for suffering. Now he felt that his prayer was being answered, and still it was answered, for the soul of Robert Ladden had accepted the cross of sacrifice, and with the acceptance the suffering had gone. And he

Lord," he cried, "I am here! And You know well I rebelled against memento at being sent here. Your poor were not the dinner. good enough for me. But Your grace has changed all now. Jesus, I have a promise to make You and it is this: dinner." From now on, I shall not direct You where to send me. Do as You will with me. Keep me here or send me the end of the world. Do as You see best. But this one thing I promise You, that in every man, in every woman and in every child. I will look You I will work for, You I will comfort-You, Jesus, You alone will do my best to feed the flock You have entrusted to my care. In return I ask that You bless me, in whatever way You please—in poverty, in failure, in success or in happiness. As You please, Jesus-Your Will be done."

It was three weeks before Christmas, and Father Ladden, who had just come in from a sick call, was paving the way for chilblains by toasting his feet over the register. Michael, whom Pather Ewing had bequeathed to him as a housekeeper, was chasing the cat out of doors. Properly speaking, "bequeathed" not the word to use in regard to

'You've wished him on me. Father Ladden laughingly protested, when Father Ewing had brought him with the suggestion that he be used in the capacity of a housekeeper. Michael had a hard luck story to tell him, which, strange though it may seem, had a solid foundation of truth.

Father Ewing had protested. "You need a housekeeper. Of course I never had one—couldn't get one reckless enough to stay-but

with you it is different. Father Ladden smiled Peculiarities were not part of the spiritual program he had written out for himself, and so he said nothing

about things being different with And if he doesn't please me? What then?" he insisted. But

Father Ewing waved aside such a possibility. "Housekeepers are not supposed to

please them. And if he doesn't- ing look, as he went to the door. well, offer it up."

Father Ladden had small chance for "offering it up" with Michael, for as a housekeeper he proved a jewel.
In the matter of religion he was hardly a masculine "beata." His favorite devotion seemed to be open-

ing and closing windows during Mass. But Father Ladden suffered it in silence, concluding to wait until a protest against too much fresh air came in from the congregation at

Michael had chased out the cat and pulled down the shades, and yet he stood, half questioningly, in the doorway that separated the dingy living room that might serve as dining room if it were ever furnished

for that purpose.

Father Ladden looked up at him. "Why so pensive. Michael? You look as if the weight of a country

was on your shoulders."
"Well, Fayther, it's this. Ye know those Prodestants are doing a fine turn for ye?"

Yes?" questioned Father Ladden "Sure," grunted Michael. "They're going to have a Christmas dinner for your parishioners. They hain't anny of their own kind down here, and so they feel called on to do some mis sionary work among your own people. And, Fayther, what I was ondering was this. Couldn't you and I get up a dinner fer-well-fer. the District at large ?"

Father Ladden gasped: "Say, do' I remind you of Rothschild?"

'You don't that, but-'twas only last Sunday ye told us that where there's a will there's a way—and I'm willin'. Are ye?" Father Ladden put down his

breviary. "I'm willing, Michael, but, truth to tell, if the whole district would consume no more dinner than what would go on my own table Christmas Day, I don't see how we could manage it, for I'm not looking forward to turkey, myself."

Well, I am then," said Michael. Fayther Ewing told me that before ye came here ye belonged to a swell parish, and I was thinking that per haps some of the ladies or the other priests or something like that could help ye, if ye asked.' A smile passed over Father Ladden's

That's a suggestion, Michael, and I'll see Father Henderson-yes, I'll see what can be done."

And he meant to keep his word, but the next morning after his Mass was said and his meditation made, and after he had come back from pacifying the agent about the rent of old Mrs. Flynn with a promise to see that he got every cent of it, the door bell rang.

A messenger boy was there. "Father Ladden?' asked the boy, "the Reverend Robert Ladden?" Father Ladden stepped into the

"Yes. I am he." he answered. for the ruby light that does not fail.

Father Ladden went to the altar to deliver it to you. "Here's a letter for you sir. I am signed for it, and tore it open. In

> note and two fifty dollar bills. Dear Father Ladden," he read. "Flease accept this donation that a friend desires to make. It is for the Christmas dinner. Go ahead and make arrangements. More will

Father Ladden went out into the living room. It seemed like a chapter from the life of the Curé of Ars. knelt there, silent, listening. At last It was like a miraculous answer to prayer-and then Father Ladden remembered that he had made a memento at Mass for the success of

> "Thank God," he murmured heart-"Michael gets the District

formal acceptance, Father Ladden with pride that not one man, woman dow for any travel worn mother and minds increasingly upon the interests like every other parish, St. Bernardine's boasted souls who are living proofs that cooking is victorious where eloquence fails: Father Henderson and Father Ewing were there. each with a corps of willing workers to wait on the table. After it was all over, Benediction followed, and the clergy went to Father Ladden's little sitting room, where they blew some of their host's Christmas pres-

ents up in smoke.
"Who it was who sent the money, what gets me," said Father Ladden.

"How do you know it wasn't the Curé of Ars?" questioned Father

"How do I know but it wasn't the rector of Our Lady of the Snow?' Father Ladden flung back at him. 'I've known of stranger things he did.

But Father Henderson protested, and Father Ewing smiled.
"I do believe he'd a finger in it," he said.

"Well, it's a happier Christmas than I expected to spend," he went on. "For there's little pleasure-real soul pleasure-outside of the District." They stayed until rather late, and

when they were gone Michael came "The cat's out," he announced

briefly, "and I got your present Fayther. It's just what I'm after needing this long time. Thanks!"

St. Brendan was Christ's brother, and that Brigid was His mother. He was rather summarily treated for his Father Ladden smiled benignly. 'Don't mention it, Michael, it's a

great day it's been—a great day, a happy day and a holy Christmas. I wonder who gave the money. That's the only thing that's |worrying me." Michael looked at him with a know 'Sure Fayther, ye don't mean to say

ye can't guess.' 'Yes, indeed I can," the young priest answered him, "I lay the blame on good Father Henderson. I've lived with him long enough to know he's generosity itself.'

Father Henderson's all right, and Father This and Father That's all right, but sure there ain't wan of them that can hold a candle to Father Ewing. Twas his doings through and through. He thought of the dinner, and of sending the money. Sure he wanted to be down in the District on Christmas Day. And sure wasn't he here?"

Father Ladden half gasped. "And I never thought of him! That plot was too plain for me to see through, but never mind, I'll get even with

him yet, Michael."

But Michael had retired for the night. His mission was finished.— Louise M. Whelan in the Magnificat.

#### CHRISTMAS IN GAELIC LORE

Shane Leslie in America Christmas is such a familiar word that we forget, and Irishmen most of all, that Ireland had her own name for the Feast of the Nativity, as indeed she had for almost every event in the "Holy Year." Nodlaig is the Irish for Christmas and Nodlaig mait agat is the Irish way of wishing a Merry Christmas. It is only of ecent years that the Irish terms have crept onto the Christmas cards Between Nodlaig and the French Noel there seems to be affinity. of the numerous links between Celtic

Ireland and Celtic France.

Brittany, by the way, though the nly part of France which speaks a Celtic dialect, is not nearer Gaelic Ireland than many parts of Gallo-Roman France. Brittany was colonized by the British, not by the Gaelic Celts, fleeing from the Saxon. A great many modern French words nodern Irish parallels. For instance the Irish word for Dublin means "the town of the ford of the hurdle" cliath) which suggests the French word for hedge (claie.) The French old tree, is like the French (tree-trunk) But best of all we have the same word for Christmas. that the whole world had the same word and the same service for Christmas! Universal peace and under-standing are far more likely to issue from a Roman Congregation of Rites these reflections form a digression

quite unwarranted. kept? What makes the Gaelic Nodlaig? Well, to tell the truth, Christmas is not the supreme feste it is with Teutonic peoples. To the even the Assumption are more popular feasts. But the Teutonic peoples have concentrated their The English sacraments are self-esteem?" three, the Bible, Sunday and Christmas. These follow the Flag. Anglo-Saxons without the vaguest idea of the eating of plum pudding as a is beginning to fail us, vague phrases sacred duty. Teutonic peoples have and conventional platitudes are preserved more of the old pagan cus- wholly and utterly out of place. oms than of the Christian interpretation. The red holly is the bush of

symbol of the Druids. And the dinner was a wonderful with the expectation of some material They have, in many respects, made event. The district accepted en present arriving in the night, while masse. Although none wrote a the Gaelic child lights a candle which and comfortable place to live in, even invades the household, degrades or child was missing. Even the child that may be out on the roads; most careless souls were there, for, for the Holy Mother herself may be ly temporal and therefore scarcely passing through the country. At one time the door of each Irish house was always left open a little, on the eve of Christmas, for the same reason. But these customs are passing away or are being forgotten in rather vulgar joviality popular. ized by the press. Another custom was that all fish caught on Christmas day was reserved for the widows and orphans of the parish under the name of Peter's alms." The Feast of Stephen following Christmas, known as "Boxing Day" in England, used to be celebrated in Ireland by the "wrenboys" who hunted the unhappy wren from morn to night on the supposition that it was the bird of the

> the Gaelic peasants to decorate their cottages. The eve of St. Brigid's day is still a universal time for twisting and putting up the curious triangular crosses, called "St. Brigid's crosses," of straw or rushes, over the beds, windows and doors of houses. well known, St. Brigid and Our Lady are often confused in Gaelic legend. That Christ was born in the Isles and that Brigid was His fostermother was a rumor in the medieval age. Even in late medieval times we find a delightful story of an Irish monk in Germany, who insisted that was rather summarily treated for his naïveté. But most Irish children will tell you today that St. Brigid was beside the Crib at Bethlehem and that "Brigid of the Candles" carried the light before the Virgin going to her Purification. Is not St. Brigid's feast the day before the

Christmas was not the season for

Purification in the Calendar today? name of an old Irish goddess who presided over youth and poetic wis- and sailors. Think of the millions passed naturally enough to the Saint. or sunk into the deep—for the sole by union with God, the other abnor-Pagan terms passed into the charmed circle of Christianity. For instance, in the shape of the works of human

Michael smiled half contemptuthe Gaelic litany took up the allusion in calling the Blessed Virgin "Jesse's tree of Knowledge in the beauteous

Likewise the salmon was regarded the old Irish as the symbol of fairy or supernatural wisdom. not meaningless in the ears of the Gael was a fifteenth century allusion to the Blessed Virgin as "the Salmon of Knowledge," Our Lady and St. Brigid coincided, until, in the famous phrase, St. Brigid is described as "the Virgin Mary of the Gael." At any rate this accounts for the esence of Brigid at the Crib in all Gaelic thought.

Indeed there is evidence to show that, in legend, she was with Our Lord from the Crib to the Cross. The dandelion was said to be one of the healing herbs laid on the Body of the healing herbs laid on the body of the healing herbs laid on the body of the laid of th begins to sing. In Ireland, as the story goes, all the birds begin to nest

on St. Brigid's day.

It was this instinctive feeling of Brigid's relation to bird and youth that led Gaelic tradition to place her beside the holiest nest of straw The Irish Christmas is not Christmas without Brigid.

#### CHRISTIANITY VS. PAGANISM

By Sir J. Godfrey Raupert, K. C. S. Observant readers of the better class of the current literature on the War must be struck by the frequency with which thoughtful and promindescended from French Celtic have ent writers are speaking of the European War as an altogether abnormal real conflict between Christ and the powers of Satan.

Granted that in view of the pecuword broder recalls the Irish for a needle (brot) and bile the Irish for ment of the respective European ment of the respective European nations, conflicting interests of even a grave and far reaching character could not fail to assert themselves from time to time, creating feelings of deep distrust and even pronounced animosity, how came it to pass that an age of advanced culture and civilization the rulers and statesmen than from a Hague Convention. But of those nations found it quite impossible to settle those except by letting loose upon the How is the modern Irish Christmas world the wholly irrational and ept? What makes the Gaelic barbaric forces of destruction and

War? To what end," writes Professor of jollification among the Celts that L. P. Jacks of Oxford, Atlantic Monthly, "has mind been marching Celts, as to the Latins, Easter and if at this advanced stage of its progress it has nothing better to show for itself than this? Could anything be conceived better calculated to let powers of religious revelry on Christ- civilization down in its intellectual

It seems to me that, in view of the appalling catastrophe which is sweeping over Europe and for the adequate the meaning of Communion regard description of which human language

On the intellectual side it is, of out the following: course, true that marvellous things Thor and the mistletoe is the sacred have in recent years been achieved the intellect of modern Europe. The Irish Christmas is not the And it is equally true that a great English Christmas, except so far as many of these achievements have the country has been Anglicized. I been applied for the good of man and have always thought it typical that for the betterment of the conditions of lawlessness, while they talk of the Saxon child hangs up a stocking of his individual and social life. of the life that now is and upon pure-

satisfying ideals. But in how infinitely greater a degree have they been utterly misused in that they have been applied dulges in an orgy of formless uglifor vile and destructive and therefore wholly unworthy purposes! In how infinitely greater a degree have they proved a curse rather than a

Who can fail to realize this when he considers that it is the sciences chemistry and mechanics which are ultimately responsible for the fashioning of those infamous weapons of destruction which are being employed in the present War? With absolutely fiendish ingenuity have these weapons been conceived in order to destroy human life, maim human bodies, and reduce to dust-heaps what the skill and industry and art of man has, throughout many long years, laboriously built

Scarcely has man's ingenuity succeeded in mastering the problems of aeronautics when that mastery is already-and indeed exclusively-employed for the vilest and most sayof all purposes, and is made an additional factor in the working of misery and ruin and destruction in human life.

On the material side human calculation is manifestly wholly un-equal to the task of forming any approximately accurate estimate of the waste which, in the very nature of things, can never by any possible chance be made good.
Think of the untold millions of money which are being expended upon the construction of the fearful engines of destruction for use on sea and on land and in the air; upon their efficient maintenance and up-There is no doubt Brigid was the keep; upon the equipment of thousands upon thousands of soldiers om, and many of her attributes which are daily blown into the air



industry and art and science. Think created nature.' of the precious cargoes of foodstuffs wantonly destroyed while helpless women and children are clamoring for bread, of the permanent injury

When we view these things in the sight of the actual facts of life, of the circumstance that all this material waste represents the industry and laber and conquest of the toiling and struggling masses of mankind, must beside the holiest nest of straw and leaves, that was ever gathered to the world has gone utterly mad, and gether, the Manger of Bethlehem. that the devil has, in the truest sense of the word, become the master of the situation

Well may the human mind stand appalled and horror stricken before the ruin and desolation thus wrought and seek for a solution of the fearful problem which they present. Significant beyond words is the descrip tion of the havoc wrought at Termonde, which is given us in the book recently published by a British surgean (H. S. Souttar, F. R. C. S. Surgeon in Belgium "), who spent three months in supervising the English Field Hospital at Antwerp and Furnes. "One felt," he writes, one was in the presence of wickedness such as the world has rarely seen, that the powers of darkness were very near, and that behind those blackened walls there lurked evil forms. . One could almost hear the devil laughing at the handiwork

of his children.' With minds distracted and appalled we read of the fearful scenes of slaughter and devastation which the fairest lands of Europe are witnessing day by day; but it may well be questioned whether even this scientific slaughter is, in the end. the worst element in the terrible conflict-whether a more diabolical thing still is not the sentiment of bitter hate which is being sown amongst the nations, and the fruits of which will have to be reaped by our children and our children's children. This bitter hatred most assuredly will, as a writer in one of our weekly journals said the other day, "carry the horrors of warfare far ahead into generations as yet unborn, and long after the paper peace is signed will it retard the progress of

the world. From a weekly English publication which appeared some time in June 1914-two months therefore before the cutbreak of war, but upon which I cannot now lay my hands, I copied

We seem to see the disordered elements of human life being blindly driven by the powers of darkness into the vortex of a mighty on com ing story. . . Nations and sects and people are seized with a frenzy union and liberty and order. Law lessness takes up many names and letters, outrages art, violates liberty, subverts the fabric of society, and attacks religion in its most sacred aspects. It makes pretence of seek ing the larger liberty of creative in dependence in art and letters, in rebellion against conventions, ness which shakes even its votaries

with maniacal laughter. . . It is most certainly a truism from which none can dissent that all that is good and true and enduring in our modern civilization is due to those life-forces which were infused into the world by the coming of Christto the belief and conviction that they were divine in their nature and origin, since He Who brought them

was divine. Our entire modern civilization will be in danger of breaking down if it continues to lose touch with the lifeforces which gave it birth. There is in all modern nations a growing relapse into paganism.

But there is a further truth which the modern world has so far failed adequately to recognize, but which is nevertheless increasingly forcing it self upon observant minds, and that is the fact that this progressive re lapse into paganism is resulting in and is attended by, the revival of distinctly pagan beliefs and practices.

This, and this alone, is the true explanation of that increasing dabbling in the occult which is beyond doubt one of the most striking charac teristics of our age. And the circum-stances that this dabbling is engineer ed by scientific men, and is paraded before the world under scientific terms, does not alter the fact in the very least. For "since man exists the tree of knowledge has never borne wholesome fruit except when it has been planted in divine soil. and been watched and pruned by

select gardeners." the ordinary desires and needs of "Man," as a deep student of the people about him is shocked occult (Brownson) has said "has a two fold development, the one normal in which he rises to spiritual freedom

It is an admitted and undeniable fact that behind many of these Pagan cults are real and intelligent forces. Materialistic science itself has been compelled to make this admission

2. Many of the modern occult practices, moreover, are the opening of doors by means of which these spirit-forces gain perilous access to the minds and souls of men.

I am personally persuaded that the greatest possible danger threatens the moral life of the modern world from this quarter, and I have not the least hesitation in saying that these unseen activities will have to be taken into account in any serious examination of the ultimate causes of the present disastrous war. -Providence Visitor.

#### CHRISTMAS

We have wandered through Advent shadows Up to the golden dawn And we wait at the gates of gladness The coming of Christmas morn.

We wait 'till a touch shall tremble And a tiny hand shall lay Its spell on the portals of darkness That prison the eager day

'Till the Infant's hand shall open The gates of gladness wide And our souls drink in the glories Of the holy Christmastide.

And list, His footsteps falleth On the fading of the night And unto death, the spirit Of darkness shall He smite.

All the graces and the grandeurs That guardian Christmas Day; And the herald, Peace, who cometh And waiteth on His way;

All the blessings ever prayed for, The sweetest, grandest, best, Fill our hearts, and lives, wide open To the welcome Christmas Guest. And He layeth a crown of gladness

On the earth's broad brow to-day; And His sceptre of Peace uplifted Hath the whole world 'neath its All the joys of years long perished,

All the joys of years to be, All the joys of the timeless season Of God's eternity, Meet in the holy midnight By Bethlehem's star-lit way Blend in one paen, rushing into The rapture of Christmas Day.

THE DEAD ON CHRISTMAS EVE

-M. E. HENRY-RUFFIN, L. H. D.

You think of the dead on Christmas Wherever the dead are sleeping:

And we, from a land where we may not grieve. Look tenderly down on your weeping.

You think us far-we are very near To you and the earth, though parted. We sing tonight to console and cheer

The souls of the broken-hearted. The calm earth watches the lifeless

Of each of its countless sleepers And sleepers, whose spirits have passed away, Watch over the sad earth's weepers.

We shall meet again in a brighter Where farewell never is spoken; We shall clasp each other, hand in

hand, And the clasp shall not be broken. We shall meet again in a calm, bright

clime, Where never we'll know a sadness; Our lives shall be filled, like a Christmas chime, With rapture and peace and glad-

ness. The snows shall pass from our graves away, And the sun from the earth, remem-

And the snows of a bright eternal May Shall follow the earth's December. When you think of us-O, think not

of the tomb, Where you laid us down in sorrow But look up, look aloft, beyond earth's

And wait for the great tomorrow. And the pontiff, Night, with his star-

stole on, Whispereth soft and low—" Requies-

cat! Requiescat!"

He who is thoughtless concerning

when he learns, if he ever does, that

- FATHER RYAN

it is selfihness that makes him so. If you do not feel like singing along the path of life, at least you need not growl and spoil the song of the man behind.

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#### CHRISTMAS

Before next week's RECORD can reach its readers the great feast of Christmas will have come and gone. The wisdom of the Catholic Church in commemorating great events and knowledge of the ages seem to which are vitally interwoven with be despised. The harbors of safety religion is evidenced in a degree truly remarkable in the happy and be tragically ignored. The sheet holy feast of Christmas. Not alone the ends of the earth, but without The tendency of this freedom from ingsand discourses. These, although is of the earth, earthy. the fold, to minds and hearts everywhere in the civilized world Christmas comes bringing with it the holiest and happiest influences. In some position with regard to education has display the Cardinal Archbishop of sense, in a very real sense, Christ is in recent years been brought home in Malines as the great man of Belgium, born again in countless hearts and a most convincing manner to all un in turn protesting energetically, the other Provinces just now, we if the weather permits, will undoubtminds. Overshadowed again as it is prejudiced minds by the vagaries of tenderly encouraging and wisely are not aware that any of them have by the awful tragedy of Christendom individualist teachers. Indeed it is enlightening. The book before us at war Christmas brings its joys, its even yet claimed that in the higher contains seven of these historic blessings and its graces, and breathes institutions of learning that there deliverances, and contains also a over all the spirit of peace to men of good-will. Never was the need of intellectual restraint. Of late years | Cardinal, and an attractive portrait. Christmas so great. Its message with all its deep significance is the schools. In some of the great Amer. Sons, New York, and, as already one gleam of hope in a darkened world.

To all our readers and friends the CATHOLIC RECORD wishes a happy, holy and—in a true sense of the time honored expression-a merry Christ-

#### FREEDOM AND ANARCHY

Anarchism as cult or creed seems too silly, too impossible of serious acceptance so far at least as civil government is concerned to merit serious discussion. And yet, writing on War's Intellectual Anarchism, Philip Marshal Brown, Professor of International Law in Princeton University, indicates very plainly that the very principles of anarchy are interwoven with modern ideas of freedom.

"Anarchism of the orthodox kind means opposition to organized government. Its essential features are the abolition of all constituted that may not be easily controverted authority and the complete emanci- by argument." pation of the individual from every form of control, political, social, or international law is not, as we said religious.' It is the demand for the before, pleading the cause of the utmost freedom from restraint. It Catholic Church. It may be that he is the extreme expression of the does not himself see the bearing in spirit of individualism."

The very individualism which is at once the boast of Protestantism and vations point inexorably to the truth its product instead of being the that social as well as individual salfoundation of democracy is really in- vation is to be found only in the compatible with it.

"The spirit of individualism," says

"Judged by this standard, many exrestraints of traditions, precedents, the wisdom of experience, and the opinions of their fellow-men, are in great danger of becoming anarchists, if not in the political sense, certainly in the intellectual sense. They have not learned the first lesson of good citizenship-the willingness to subordinate their personal opinions to the judgment of the majority. They have but little faith in Whitman's 'Divine Average.' Their ex-

treme spirit of individualism unfits them for life in a democracy."

This is not a plea for the Catholic save democracy from the vagaries of Protestant individualism. The writer is not a Catholic nor is he considering religious claims or controversies. His is the trained mind examining conditions as they are. But it is remarkable how inevitably it leads him to Catholic principles. "The prevalence of the spirit of

ndividualism throughout this country, however, has had its unpleasant his nation's rights, and the clarity of & Sons, New York, are the publishers, manifestations in recent times. The unwillingness of men to accept restraints is nowhere more evident than in the field of religion. This has been the most hospitable country in the world to religious cults. Freedom of worship, 'the free church in the free State,' has resulted in the creation of hundreds of sects. The desire to get away from the restraints of organized religion, to think freely for one's self, has led to personality have gathered disciples and founded sects which have waxed and waned, as, for example, the Campbellites,' the 'Millerites,' and the 'Dowieites.' Respect for the religion of our forefathers has diminished in a most discouraging manner. The religious experience for souls in torment often seem to anchors of religious faith, if used at within the Church whose limits are all, often drag in depths of despair. religious restraint would seem to be toward chaos."

should be absolute freedom from all short biographical sketch of the this condition is invading the primary It is published by P. J. Kennedy & ican cities socialistic doctrines are stated, is sold for the benefit of the openly inculcated in the schools.

naturally observes special manifesta- at the same time to participate in tions of this intellectual anarchism. this most praiseworthy undertaking. Our vaunted freedom of thought, our sacred 'academic freedom,' has led away from the tested truths to the wildest realms of experiment. The demand for independence and originality of thought has not infrequently resulted in an intellectual orgy. The past has little to offer to such individualists except unpleasant restraints. The cleverest thinkers are those who can demonstrate that two equals one, that black is white. and that right and wrong are indistinguishable. For those who indulge in this sort of mental gymnastics the result is quite likely to be a blurring tion will convince, with a considerof all sense of values. Nothing is sure ; one is free to believe anything

This clear headed professor of this connection of his analysis of existing conditions. But his obser-Catholic Church.

"Whether it be in religion, educa-Professor Brown, "is essentially and tion, philosophy, ethics, or law, this tagonistic to the spirit of democracy. attitude of mind is really nothing in Democracy obviously requires that its essence but sheer gymnosophistry. men should have a strong sense of It is usually the exhibition of mental their mutual needs and interests, legerdemain. A clever intellect can Father Donnelly's earlier writings. It demands that men should have often annihilate by argument the 'a decent respect' for the opinions most profound beliefs. It can dem- things he has been called "a skilled of mankind. It insists on the sub- onstrate 'that there is no external stormer of the fortressed soul." He ordination of the individual to the world.' A brilliant lawyer can save feels as we feel, talks as we would good of the whole, the willingness of a murderer from the gallows. A like to talk, and through it all bears the citizen to submit to restraints. brilliant teacher can lead many a before us the lamp of hope and en-Democracy shows to the best advan. student utterly astray. Unless a couragement. There is no other tage when it imposes restraints on man has already attained absolute book within our ken, in English, itself. It holds to the best it has re. convictions on the most sacred, vital where you can find such accurate ceived from the past. It does not matters, under such intellectual con- definitions of the indispensable virdespise wise traditions, sound pre- ditions he is liable to go on the tues of every-day life, set forth in cedents, accumulated wisdom, or rocks. He has lost his compass, his such simple and graceful language, treme individualists who chafe at the wrong. Such a state of affairs is tion, as exemplified in the life of condition of intellectual anaemia, or of Christ's heart. anarchism, where one breaks with the past or separates from his fellowmen."

> The whole end of our meditation should be to have it followed by good actions, for in it the soul considers how and what she must do to please God and how she must show by her works the love she bears Him. Teresa.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

Church as the sole power that can pretty generally conceded that the are all presented under clear, orderly messages and instructions to his their Christian teaching, but for the revelation which they afford of his own strong, resolute character.

> the Pastorals, Letters and Allocutions which have come from Carpossessed and read will not willingly humanity.

they may not have made the same impression upon the world at large, The soundness of the Catholic are equally energetic and noble, and tion against the French speaking afflicted people of Belgium. The Professor Brown thus sums up the modest price, \$1.25, places it within situation with regard to education: the reach of all who prize the good "In the field of education one things in literature, and may desire

> THE LITERATURE of devotion has received two notable accessions lately in "The Heart of the Gospel," and "The Heart of Revelation," by Rev. F. P. Donnelly, S. J. Both of these books constitute in reality a profound series of reflections and meditations on the Sacred Heart, a devotion widely spread on this Continent, but supported by few books in English suited to our times and requirements. Father Donnelly has sought to supply this deficiency, and, as perusal of the two books in quesable degree of success.

ONE OF Father Donnelly's many excellent qualities as a writer lies in his thorough, frank analysis of the human heart. His profound knowledge of character enables him to mirror the frailties of our nature with startling keenness, but with the skill of a physician he applies the remedy and with kindly admonition directs us to higher plains of life. The "Heart of the Gospel" is re plete with these qualities, and comes very seasonably in the critical times in which our lot is now cast.

THE "HEART OF REVELATION" carries out the splendid promise of Because of his direct way of putting standard of values. He can no longer and driven home with such power. distinguish clearly between right and His theme centres in Divine revelalikely to result either in a miserable | Christ, and permeated with the love

> Some of the virtues thus defined are devotion, prayer, meekness, humility, penance, sorrow, holiness, merit, faith, love, consolation, peace, sincerity, (a virtue sadly lacking in our day), unselfishness, sympathy, forgiveness, detachment, truth, simjustice, generosity, patience, grati- within walls, but he must be of the not there he would seek another and

tude, repentance, content, hope, zeal, NOTWITHSTANDING THE bigotry promptness, directness, goodness, rampant in some quarters, it is purity, kindness, earnestness. These one great outstanding figure of the and balanced divisions. Commun-War up to the present time is the ion and Benediction, Mission and saintly and heroic Primate of Bel- Retreat, Reading and Prayer, Visits gium, Cardinal Mercier. His cele- and Thanksgivings, First Friday brated pastoral on the German occu- and Holy Hour-as many and as pation of his country, and his other varied as are modern devotions, so many and so varied are the ways in people have been read and admired which "The Heart of Revelation" throughout the civilized world, not and "The Heart of the Gospel" may only for their dauntless assertion of be employed. Messrs P. J. Kennedy

EDWIN MARKHAM, the much ex ploited author of "The Man with the Hoe," has been lecturing in Montreal IT WAS a happy thought then to on the Swedish mystic, Emanuel collect into one volume and publish Swedenborg, whom he styled a "great for the benefit of the Belgian people, liberator of humanity," and "one of the half dozen greatest minds of the world." However considerable Swedinal Mercier's pen since the Hun denborg's intellectual endowments invasion precipitated the first great (and there has ever been great tragedy of the War. This laudable divergence of opinion on that score) strange consequences. Menof strong duty was undertaken by Rev. Joseph it at least cannot be said that he has F. Stillemans, President of the Bel- succeeded in winning any great secgian Relief Fund in America, and the tion of humanity to his peculiar result is a little book that once views. The Swedenborgian sect ganda of the pacifists and the remains to this day one of the petbe parted by anyone who reveres | tiest and most obscure. That he was Christian fortitude and admires able to some extent to pierce the the man who thinks there is a half manly assertion of the rights of sable gloom of his Lutheran antecedents is no doubt true, but like all blind leaders of the blind he never IT IS, remarks the editor, safe to got beyond the groping stage. All say that the majority of those in that is true in his philosophy, which America who read at all have read Markham haited as "discoveries," he the first Pastoral of the Cardinal, borrowed from the great Catholic but few have read his further writ- mystics of the Middle Ages; the rest

IN ALL THE wild whirl of declamapeople of the Province of Quebec the Western front. Having strongly given space to the proceedings of the Quebec Legislature on Dec. 6th, when the Hon. Walter Mitchell called the attention of the House to a despatch which had been sent ter's campaign the effect that in certain contingencies the English speaking people of Quebec would be driven out of the

MR. MITCHELL, who is Provincial Treasurer, in drawing attention to this article said that as a representative of the English Protestant minority in Quebec, he felt it his duty to say that such language as this was responsible for the disturbed state of public feeling at the present time "I am sure," he went on, "that every Protestant member of the Legislature will agree with me that appeals of this kind are regrettable not only from the point of view of the Province, but from the point of view of the Dominion, and from the point of view of the Empire itself."

THIS STATEMENT was, as the Provincial Treasurer anticipated, en. Petrograd correspondent of dorsed by every English-speaking member of the House. Dr. J. T. Finnie of Montreal, Mr. Andrew Philips of Huntingdon, Mr. John Hay of Argenteuil, Mr. William Hodgins of Pontiac, and Mr. W. G. Oliver of Brome all spoke to the motion. The sentiments of the latter may be accepted as typical of all. He said that granted. so far as Brome was concerned he regarded the article under discussion | ian front, after a long bombardment, as vicious and unjustifiable. They were living, he said, in peace and harmony among French Canadians, whom they regarded as fellow-Canadians, anxious as themselves for the well-being of the Dominion.

MR. HAY, member for Argenteuil, paid tribute to the co-operation he had always received from his French-Canadian fellow-citizens in matters concerning the general welfare of the country. He assured the House that so far as political meetings were concerned, both sides were heard equally in his country, and the meetings were being conducted as quietly and as gentlemanly as in any part of the Dominion. It is a pity that in other parts of Canada the issues before the country cannot be discussed without such miserable innuendo and appeals to race and creed hatred as characterized the despatch in question.

#### THE PRIEST OF TO DAY

It is said that Pope Leo XIII. once priests must not confine themselves to the sanctuary alone as if it were a hat box-but get out into the world and move about among the people ready even at the risk of some dust falling would

people, and for the people.

He is a leader by his office and the people look to him for guidance in every walk of life; his throne is the altar, it is true, but no law compels him to remain always on the throne; but his influence from the throne can be carried into the daily lives of

his people in every avenue of activity and have its influence on not only flock but on all the other sheep of his vicinity.—The Tablet.

#### ON THE BATTLE LINE

LLOYD GEORGE is to the fore, as usual, in the hour of trial for the Allies. In a magnificent fighting delivered in London on Friday the British Premier, declaring that this was a fateful hour for mankind, appealed to the people for great sacrifices and more fighting nen until the American forces on the battlefront are strong enough to offset the burden cast on the Allies by the defection of Russia and the reverses of Italy. In striking sentences Lloyd George surveyed situation as the Allies face it to-day minimizing none of its dangers, but declaring that steady progress toward the desired goal is being made by the Allies despite the apparent reverses He dealt effectively with the propa pacifists, and summed up his opinion of them in this illuminating sentence: "I warn the nation to watch way house between victory and de-GERMAN FORCES made a sharp

local attack in the Ypres area ves terday, gaining about three hundred yards of trenches in the sector southeast of Polygon Wood, in the neighborhood of olderhoek Chateau. Elsewhere the attack was repulsed with heavy losses. On the Cambrai front German artillery was tremendously active east of Bullecourt. All the signs indicate new and powerful attempts on the part of the enemy forces to break the British lines on which is fashionable in the press of reinforced his army here, the enemy, edly risk a great deal in the hope of securing a victory of some magnitude. Reports from German territory indicate that in spite of the Italian victories there is great unrest among the people, who are facing the prospect of another winwith trepidation. broadcast through the Dominion to They are beginning to realize that the armistice with Russia will not end the War as they had hoped, and that a new offensive on the Western front means very heavy losses among their kith and kin.

THE FIGHTING on the Italian front continues, and on the Northern end of the line the enemy has gained a little ground. During this fighting it would appear that the Austrians made advances of some importance on the northern front, which at one time threatened to widen in a manner endangering a considerable portion of the Italian line. The Italians, however, had recovered a large part of this ground, suffering heavy losses in the operation. The loss of Italian guns in the great retreat is severely felt, despite the reinforcements of artillery-Italian, French and British-which were sent forward. But the Italian lines have not been broken, and with every day that they are held intact the enemy is faced with new problems

of transportation, supplyand fighting. A CURIOUS story comes from the the Morning Post to the effect Bolsheviki intends to re-establish the throne in Russia. circumstantial account of the manner in which this is to be brought about. In the meantime the Bolsheviki continues to claim victories against Kaledines, Korniloff and their Cossacks. It is also stated that complete freedom for Finland has been

IN THE Cerna bend on the Macedona number of attacks were made by the Bulgarians. At some points hand to hand fighting resulted. The enemy was beaten off.-Globe Dec. 15.

#### A CHRISTIAN HERO

WOODEN CROSS DEARER TO HIM THAN LEGION OF HONOR

Guynemer, the glorious and intrepid aviator who lost his life on September 11, was a very devout Catholic. The cure of St. Pierre Caillot, Montmartre, gives some recollections of the young hero.

A young officer, delicate, elegant and discreet, used to come often to the church. At first no one noticed him, then the vicaires, the employees and little by little the parishioners began to remark among all the other many officers who frequented the church, this young man with the strange eyes, who at each appearance had one or two more decorations on his aviator's dolman.

The wife of a general was the first to recognize him and the whisper went round, "It is Guynemer." anxious not to disturb him at his prayers, no one appeared to notice remarked to a group of priests of him, and he did not know he was France that in this age and time, observed. He came simply and regularly to confession as an old pupil of St Stanislaus and a good Christian, for he wished always to be for his Master's call. He would arrive sometimes in a gale of upon their garments. The priest of wind, hurried, with his watch in his plicity, recollection, happiness, the day can not be a monk and live hand, and if his spiritual father was

me father, can you hear me please, I must be at Rheims in half an hour. Often he would slip a note into the priest's hand and say, "It is for your refugees," or "your wounded soldiers, ask them to pray for me." One day he gave thus 200 francs.

He returned to the church the day after his famous exploit-two enemy aviators brought down in a minute This time the clergy could not resist, they wished to press his hand and tell him of their enthusiastic admirawish to hear, he soon took leave.

He had more than a presentiment,

he had a certainty of approaching death and he accepted it. "Hodie mihi, cras tibi," he said with gentle melancholy on August 28, his young heroic face full of manly swe And it was on September 11 that he

disappeared in the sea.

He was once asked what more he could win than the legion of honor, the military medal, and the cross of He replied, "The wooden cross.

#### ELOQUENT ADDRESS

BISHOP SHAHAN AT BANQUET IN DENVER TELLS DUTIES OF CITIZENS

Breathing the spirit of true patriotism in every word, one of the most eloquent addresses heard in the west since war was declared was the toast "Our Country," by the Rt. Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, D. D., rector of the Catholic university, at the banquet tendered by the Denver Knights of Columbus to Bishop J. Henry Tihen of Denver at his en- fields, and amid every kind of peril,

The speaker poured forth an epitome of the Catholic spirit of devotion to the United States. minded his hearers of the debt which the theories and ideals, the hopes. they as Catholics owe to the government which has given them their freedom and he called on every citizen. Catholic or non-Catholic, to tolerable, but it also rouses and spurs do his full duty toward the nation in the best to great heights of virtue her hour of need. Bishop Shahan steels character, as in a furnace, and said in part:

You will pardon me, surely, if, on this noble site which may be called the very roof of the United States, in this glorious gateway of the Rockies, amid the purest and freest air the world knows, I dismiss briefly the commonplaces of patriotism-great and noble thoughts as they are—the vastness, resources, charm and variety of our national life; its providential growth, the ease harmony of its functions; and harmony of its functions; the magical force of its unity, the high creative optimism of its citizens: its fair equality of law, opportunity and

progress. DRAWN INTO WAR

Born under the sign of liberty, cradled and nourished in its pure and holy spirit, our country has ever | Catholic Church in the United States stood among the nations and peoples of the world as the model, the hope, the guarantee of liberty, political, economic, social and religious. Its the children of our Catholic schools. founder, George Washington, has been held by universal consent as the father of all modern liberty, the most humane and beneficent of man- Catholic home in the United States kind. Its constitution has been the model of all peoples and races who have freed themselves, or tried to free themselves from the shackles of tyranny, old and new. For this glorious ideal of human liberty our nation went through four years of destructive war known to history until the outbreak of this world-

Gradually, almost unconsciously we have been drawn into this universal war, which modern science has clothed with unspeakable horror and shame, and which modern materialism and modern selfishness may rightfully claim as their last word, their definite response of ruin and death, where for a century they have been promising the highest levels of life and happiness and progress. Of them are true the words of the Book of Daniel: "Weighed in the balance and found wanting.' In this mightiest of human con-

flicts, whose end none can foretell and whose age-long consequences none can forecast, the duty of every Catholic man and woman is laid down by our holy religion. It is to rally to the support and defense of our country with every ounce of strength we possess and with all the ardor of our souls. Already our young Catholic manhood has flung itself without reserve or calculation into the conflict and stands embattled about the Stars and Stripes in the blood soaked trenches of France, or on the decks of a hundred transports, every hour in deadliest peril. In the home cantonments which have arisen as by magic from ocean to ocean their numbers are at least in due proportion to our population. Ungrudging tribute has already been paid to their physical and moral worth, to their mental alertness, and to their broad grasp of the reasons and conditions of this war.

#### CALLS ON CITIZENRY

It is an eminently just war for reasons that have been so fully and solemnly stated by our highest national authority that I forbear to dwell further upon the conscientious obligation of every American citizen to throw himself without hesitation into the defense of these rights, which are inseparable from the permanent welfare of this country. At this juncture all minor differences of opinion or judgment, all local or aside, that the nation may present an tion to the cause of our country

would say apologetically, "Excuse unbroken front in the approval and support of its government, may exhibit that unity, courage, and endurance, without which we cannot hope to make headway against the enemy.

Our glorious American youth, the flower of humanity, has not counted the cost, but has accepted the supreme sacrifice by millions, an awe inspiring spectacle, a re-dedication of the nation to the eternal principles of freedom and justice, of truth and right, on which the tion. But Guynemer was modest in original compact of these states was the extreme, and praise he did not based. It is now our duty to sustain and protect, to encourage and comfort them by every sacrifice in our power. After all, our sacrifice of public and private wealth, our material help, our efforts for their physical, social and moral welfare. are not worth mentioning in comparison with the sacrifices which the soldier and the sailor make daily for the common welfare.

Incredible sums have been, and must yet be raised, for the welfare of our army and navy, but who will hesitate one moment when he reflects that unless these brave young menbring home victory, all else counts but little in the balance. We should then have all remaining time to measure the difference between the lot of freemen and that of a people doomed in all things to obey an all powerful conqueror, the nature of hose rule is bleeding and exhausted lands of Bel gium, France, Poland and Serbia.

TO CONQUER WAR EVILS These young soldiers and sailors are the American nation of the future its natural spokesmen and leaders. Already these future heads of the nation are earning on far foreign that appreciation of American liberty which is indispensable to its survival It is they who will pass judgment on the reorganization of the future, on plans and opportunities which crowd the days of peace. War, indeed, breeds evils unspeakable, in reveals in many men elements of goodness and greatness, which would otherwise have lain dormant forever.

Since modern war reveals itself everywhere, as a mobilization of the entire nation, we men and women who perforce stay behind are in duty we may. hearts learn thus to free themselves from material comfort and security. from selfish enjoyment and the nar row round of our little interests. We rise daily to a higher level when we accustom ourselves to think first of the nation, its perils and its hopes its needs and its ideals.

As Catholic citizens, our hopes and our prayers are devoted with solemn intensity to the success of our American arms, since the flower of the is with the colors. For good or for ill, her fortune is inseparably linked with theirs. They were yesterday the students of our colleges, the sons of our merchants and our professional men. It may be truly said that no is today without hearts anxious for the welfare of some representative at the front, or about to go.

#### INCENTIVE TO CATHOLICS

But it is not only because of their personal interests that our Catholic fratricidal strife, and waged the most citizens pick up the gauntlet of war so defiantly hurled at us. American democracy of ours, in its respects for individua of freedom, its temper of equity, its principle of representation, its con cern for the plain citizen, has much in common with our Catholic political and social teachings, and more than one writer has found Catholic sources for the great principles on which our constitution is based. Apart from this kinship, there is the fact of the close solidarity of the American Cath-olic Church with the American nation, ever since the day when George Washington attended the Mass in Philadelphia said for our French allies, and later wrote his memorable 'Letter to the Roman Catholics of the United States, confirming solemnly their valuable services to

the young nation. Gratitude alone commits us to the warmest loyalty and to every sacri fice for our beloved country, since in the whole world the Catholic Church had no freedom of thought or action when the United States opened wide its doors to her persecuted children from Europe, and with unexampled generosity made them free of every advantage, public and private, which the new republic afforded. Amid the flames of the French revolution and the insane destruction of the ancient order of life she began again her beneficent career on this earth, with a new world and all time before her and the folds of the Stars and Stripes about her.

TRIBUTE TO KNIGHTS

It is enough to say that while Pius the Seventh sat at Fontainebleau beneath the menacing arm of the Nietzschean superman of that day, Archbishop John Carroll was planning at Baltimore the restoration of Catholicism to its immemorial service and uses among the new and ardent people who then walked at the head of mankind bearing aloft that banner of freedom, truth and justice, which has never since then bitten the dust nor ever will while God is good and loves His children of earth

Dear brother Knights of Columjudgment, all local or bus, if any evidence were lacking of interests, must be set Catholic loyalty, sacrifice and devothe generation in which it has spread from the Atlantic to the best hopes are founded. that you have been one of the most helpful influences during this period toward binding our scattered populations in civic unity, in broader and larger harmony of thought and action, and in asserting the common ties of American citizenship which bind us so closely together over this ments." They are not many, hap-vast expanse of territory, otherwise pily, and for this the country may be separated by many facts of nature. ctional interests and local peculiar You have crowned your honorable history by the unprecedented generosity with which you took up social and religious welfare of our American youth in the new cantonments, and for your first and dearest reward you have the gratitude of countless parents and relatives.

The Catholic clergy are deeply in debted to you for your anxiety to aid them in ministering to the religious needs of our boys and the whole army and navy are indebted to you for your kindly co-operation in every good work carried on for the commo Our beloved country itself is your debtor eternally for your splendid example, which operated at once in all directions as a slogan of loyalty and a bugle call to the whole nation. Few acts could better reveal the profound unity of our national mind, or bring out more clearly the resolution of all true American citizens to see their beloved country successfully through the mighty war on which she has entered, a unique act of national chivalry, for no material or selfish purpose, but for the highest interests of mankind as they now stand revealed to the whole world. Intermountain Catholic.

#### SOME IRISH, OLD AND NEW

Like all Irish priests, the late Canon Sheehan was deeply interested in the Church in the United Fully appreciating strong vitality, manifested particuin works of education and charity, the Canon was by no means blind to the fact that, because of worldly prosperity, some were fall-ing away from the Faith of their Irish ancestors, and losing their attachment to the Church which they had helped to build up." In his exceedingly interesting volume, Canon Sheehan of Doneraile," just

published by Longmans, Father H. J. Heuser records how in conversa tion, the Canon expressed his fear that many "children of the Saints were setting up new gods: The wealthy Irish American is

raising a generation that learns not merely to forget the old land of their fathers, but to become ashamed of it; to imitate the man become ners and fashions, and last of all, the vices and infidelity of a great body of Americans who recognize no definite faith, and who make civic virtue their sole religion, secular training their sole education, and worldly success the standard of all their attainments."

The words sting, but they are true. which they have not been verified, to the scandal of all decent non-Catholics and the eternal ruin emigrants, are probably the only stock from which they have sprung. The descendants of English, German, French, Italian, Polish, and Hungarian settlers, all confess to a certain love for the home of their ancestors. Only the "prominent" Irish are sound comes from the outside. ashamed of martyred Iroland, a worldisveryfaraway. Only the martyred Ireland, a nation that has nobly suffered far beyond all others in the high and holy cause of love of country and

When men fall to that depth of degradation, they have fallen be. longer. neath all contempt. The grandson of the hardy peasant, type of a faith undaunted after centuries of persecution, dances attendance upon an unclean crew of sneering moneyunclean crew of sneering money-grubbers, who despise him for his craven spirit, while they use him as Irish grandmother, one of a congreday in Ireland the price of an education was denial of the Faith. Grand. shine. dead kind that knows nothing of good works. Her brother, graduate of non-Catholic schools and mephitic drawing-rooms, might be a heretic. if he had enough religion left in him

What changes has time wrought! Seventy-five years ago, the Irish in this country built the roads, dug the church of St. Pudentiana in Rome; trenches, filled the churches, blessed God when the little girl went off to was so good to them when the boy was called to the altar. Today an uncomfortable percentage of their things. The Irish of those times while their sins were great and their

since its foundation, your organiza- wealthy, ignorant, too, but not Cath- followed its poverty and its age. widest extension of the Church's chre there is a chapel dedicated to merciful teaching on invincible the Crowning of Thorns, and in it is ignorance. And the reason! These a piece of rock on which, according degenerate descendants from noble to tradition, Our Lord was seated degenerate descendants from noble sires have made "civic virtue their sole religion, secular training their sole education, and worldly success thankful. Few perils are so pernicious as Irishmen warped out of their Faith, ashamed of the loyal fighting that for centuries has done battle for all the things that are true and good in every clime of the earth.—America.

#### JERUSALEM AND ITS SURROUNDINGS

WHERE EASTERN CAMPAIGN IS PROGRESSING

Outside the walls of Jerusalem the ground falls steeply away into the narrow ravine through which, in time, the Brook of Cedron flows. Beyond the river-bed, which for the greater part of the year, the Mount of Olives rises up. Even today there are parts of it that do not belie its name,—parts where, grey, snarled, low-growing, the olivetrees stand. A great block of build ings belonging to the Russians, and a tract given to the burying of pil-grims of that nation, take up a wide stretch of the lower slones but between these there is a strip of land that belongs to the Franciscans,—an olive garden, beginning at the place where our Blessed Saviour wept over the city, and ending near the brook in the Garden of Gethsemane.

The Garden is walled in; and for its better protection the only en-trance is made so small and low, with masonry as thick above as at its sides, that one must bend down to enter. Only a toddling child could pass upright through that little gate. There is barely a quar ter of an acre inside. It slopes slightly down toward Cedron. gravel path encircles the enclosure. and against the walls there are Stations of the Cross in bas-relief of To the right of marble trance there is a Pieta, protected by a roofed case with a front of glass. The centre of the Garden, shut in again by high iron railings, is filled with flowers,-marigolds and pansies, wallflowers, anemones, and under the great old olive tree the ground is carpeted with violets of sweetest scent. It is too bright, too full of peace, too lovingly tended, to bring before the mind the Agony that was suffered there. It is only by leaving the Garden and crossing the rough path which climbs Mount Olivet that one comes to a fit setting

for the first mystery of the Rosary. PLACE OF SCOURGING

narrow street passing between two high walls separates the court of Pilate, where Jesus was condemned, from the place of scourging. court is high above the level of the street: and a steep, stony slope leading from it has replaced the stairs down which Our Lord was led,-the every one of them, and there is down which Our Lord was led,—the scarcely a large city in the United Holy Stairs that are now venerated in Rome

The Grotto of Agony is low and a-Catholics and the eternal ruin dark and gloomy. Some shallow many souls. What some call steps lead down to it. Its rocky "the Irish," by which they mean the second and third generation of Irish through all these centuries. What light there is comes down the steps people in this mixed United States or through a fissure in the mountain-among whom are found, in notable side. The walls and roof are outnumbers, individuals ashamed of the lined roughly in the gloom. The floor, worn to hollows by the passing of hundreds of thousands of feet, is bare and uncovered now as it ever was. Two altars stand in the Grotto. where Mass is said at break of day. No world is very far away. Only the tinkle of the server's bell tells through the dimness of the grey dawn that Jesus Christ has come again on the altar, to the place where once on earth

the Flagellation. A double doorway in the wall opens onto a courtyard, where flowers struggle through again is the last small chapel—that of a fallen balustrade; and a strip of a pliant tool. His sister, separated flagging lies between the crumbling in time by a brief span of years, has flight of steps at the gate, and the nothing in common with the old cloister arches of the Franciscan Irish grandmother, one of a congregation, as Dooley writes, that heard ging extends to the door of the little Mass devoutly with their prayer-books upside down, because in her or little more in length—and wide, with open doors that let in the sun-There is matting on the floor. daughter has what some consider an prie-dieux here and there; statues, "education;" her Faith is of the rather tawdry it may be; and pictures with artificial flowers in vases set before them. It strikes one

altogether as being full, yet poor.
Under the high altar is a small piece of porphyry pillar, grey, blackto make a respectable heresy. As it ened and shining places. This is is, he is only an uninteresting apos what remains of the pillar at which Jesus was scourged. Smaller portions of it are venerated in the Basil and away across the little court, vet another fragment of the same pillar the convent, and wondered why God is shown. It also lies under an altar: for a new, more empty yet richer and more costly church has been erected in recent years on old foundations descendants are doing none of these that were discovered to the left of the gate of entrance. were poor and ignorant and Catho. new church, but it is the old Francis. lic, and when the last moment came, can chapel that draws one back. they went to God confident that Poor, tawdry, it has seen many holy souls kneeling before its shrine; and

CROWNED WITH THORNS

In the Basilica of the Holy Sepulwhen they circled His brow with a crown of thorns, and placed the mock ery of a reed sceptre in His hands. It is well to have this chapel, bare and underground as it is, in which to venerate these sacred memories; for the place itself where Our Lord was thus crowned with thorns is nowadays no place of prayer. It is not open to Christian pilgrims. It forms a part of that Turkish barrack occu pying the spot where once stood the tribunal of Pilate, through whose courtyard one must pass to visit the site of the temple and to which one is admitted without a special permit only on Friday afternoons, when a procession is formed there to make the first Station of the Cross in the place where Jesus was condemned by Pilate, and whence He was led forth

carrying His cross to Calvary.
Inside the guarded doorway of the barrack square there is an archway leading to a smaller court, where a little fountain plays. The ground is paved with yellowish flags, and the walls of the high houses that surround it are dazzling white. pilgrim is not allowed to cross the threshold, but so much can be seen from the outer square. In early ages the Christians built a shrine on the place of the Crowning, and the walls that still surround it are the work of Christian hands. A cupola distinguishes it externally from the houses that press round it; it is used as a draper's shop; and, as he can not pray there, the pilgrim does not regret the order which forbids him to witness the pagan secularization of a place that calls for so deep a veneration.

THE VIA DOLOROSA

In the Fourth Sorrowful Mystery is included the whole of the Via Dolorosa, from the time that Jesus, bearing the cross, descended the He mounted the last step of Calvary. For a few hundred yards that way is straight, but rough underfoot, and sloping down unevenly reaches the place of the first fall.

On one side is the convent of One Lady of Sion, and between this and the Austrian pilgrim hospice is a block of Russian buildings. A high wall edges the other side of the street, broken only by a few shop fronts little more than stalls, where beans and other eatables are set. The church of the First Fall and of the meeting of Our Lady and her Son stands at the corner of a street wider and more sunny than the first and narrow part. To the right of the doorway of this church two slabs of stone let into the wall indicate the third and fourth Stations.

Turning again to the right and beginning at once to mount another narrow roadway begins with the Cyrene. A life-sized representation of the scene stands in this low little room. There is space only for the priest and two or three of his follow ing to enter. A Russian peasant woman had taken advantage of the open door and was standing close against the statue, motionless, her hands upraised. This seemed to be a gesture of prayer; but, drawing nearer, we saw the hands were strained against the cross that bowed the Figure down. It was as though with physical force she would have lifted the load that sin had made; but then the hands fell with a movement of despair, and their owner turned to join her waiting compan-Something sparkled on the sculptured shoulder of Our Lord—a diamond her love had left behind—a single tear.

Beyond this chapel the street is broken by low, shallow steps, that help the passerby to mount the incline which now becomes much steeper. There are dwelling houses on either side, and here and there "being in an agony, He prayed the they meet above the passage and form a darkened tunnel. The chapel But lower again is the Chapel of of St. Veronica, small and lying lower than the level of the street, possess also its life-sized figure; and higher of the Second Fall of our Saviour, It stands, at the juncture of four ways, three of them being busy com mercial thoroughfares, but very narrow. Two are covered with awning one emerges from a tunnel; and the fourth has a little more light than the others, shut in as it is between the high walls of houses. The tiny chapel is merely a shrine for the modern realistic picture that sends one shuddering on one's way.

The place where Jesus met the through a maze of narrow passages like streets, rough, steep, evil-smelling; and the third and last fall under the cross is commemorated on Mount Calvary itself, against a part of the basilica wall. It is close to the place where Jesus was stripped of His allowed to cross the threshold, and the procession must go back on its way, traversing again the dirty street beside the chapel of the Seventh Station. Passing thence through a short piece of modern street along the buttressed walls of the German church, one enters the court of the Basilica of the Holy Sepulchre. Going through its great, irongirt doors, one has reached what is left of Calvary; and mounting in the darkness, the summit is quickly reached. The cross was carried no farther—the journey of pain was ended. Here, on this most hallowed

expiation for mankind were endured. Here Jesus died. CALVARY

The first impression of Calvary is surprise that one roof can cover the mountain of one's mental picturings, and the tomb that was hewn in the rock in the garden of Joseph of Arimathea. Close inside the doorway of the Basilica of the Holy Sepulchre are the steep, twisting steps that lead up to all that has been left of the place of Our Lord's consumma

For devotion, for security, to meet the demands of a growing town— numberless are the reasons that have caused the cutting away of Mount Calvary. In the time of St. Helena a great deal of the Mount was levelled in order to allow the holy Empress to build a church over that part of the mountain that nature itself proclaimed to be that on which the Cross of Our Lord was set. The rent, deep, deep into the rock, is bound at its upper edges with brass plates; but below these the fissure is rough and black, untouched by the hand of man since God Himself rent the rock in twain. . The light is very dim at the top of the stone steps. There are pillars supporting the roof, from which numbers of lamps are hung. Walls and roof together produce a subdued effect of gilding and ornamentation. At the farther end the altars stand side by side. The first commemorates the and eleventh stations. He Here the Cross was taken from Jesus, and His garments were roughly torn from His bruised and bleeding Body. Here He was stretched upon the Cross, nailed to it, raised up, and here He died.

The high Greek altar that stands over the place which a round disc marks as that whereon the Cross was planted, commemorates not the most grievous but the most comforting of these scenes. At the first altar all is sadness and horror. Even at the second, the altar of Our Lady's Dolors, her sorrow when the dead Body of her Son as laid in her arms is upon us; but the Crucifixion did not consist of agony alone; Calvary was the door through which Jesus passed to His Father, leaving suffering behind Him. His death was indeed His supreme victory. And Calvary, approached with thoughts of dread and sorrow, left with peace and thanksgiving, and a wondrous feeling of the nearness and the glory of God.—The Ave Maria.

#### CHRISTMAS

If there is one thing that stands out boldly on Christmas morning it is the fact that the Prince of Peace has come to us. Before His coming the world was ravaged with ceaseless wars. Men lived but to fight. When however, He appeared in our midst. men learned another art of warfare, which was the warfare of the spirit. This brings with it, not bodily wounds and scars, but spiritual joy and peace. He taught them to love every one but themselves. Against self everyone was to wage a ceaseless battle in order to put down the evil passions of the heart. He came in poverty, so as to teach men detachment; He came unheralded by men, so as to teach the world to be satisfied with the praise of God alone; He came to a foreign country, in order to remind He is perfectly willing that any of us that this world is but a passing stage in our pilgrimage to eternity He was wrapped in swaddling clothes umbus) shall make known the fact to show us that the luxuries of the that he contributed to them. He world are the least desirable goods believes that the soldier needs spiritthat men may strive after; He was ual nourishment no less than food Blessed Lady and St. Joseph, although He was the Son of God, in order to make it clear to us that the company of the lowly ought to be sufficient for us; He was looked upon by the dumb oxen of the field, and was laid upon the coarse straw of the manger, so that we might realize once for all that everything in this world can be made to minister to our soul's good; He was adored by the simple herd folk of the field, so as to stamp it indelibly on our minds that not the proud and haughty of this world, not the sought-after and the acclaimed, but the holy and the undefiled are the true friends of God.

But in the heavens above, where it was not necessary to teach such lessons, there was great rejoicing and a wild riot of singing. The angels, seeing the lowliness of the King's coming, from sheer admiration surprise broke out in joyous singing: "Glory be to God in the highest!" Surely a God Who so humbled Himself must be glorified; only a God could in His love stoop so far to win men's hearts.

And the angels, in order to impress on men's minds the full significance of the Babe's birth, sang : on earth to men of good will." By His coming in the guise of man Christ bound the whole human family together. And just because human all men are brothers, there should reign amongst them good will, which is the foundation of all peace. At the present juncture of the world's history let us pray that this goodwill may soon be established among men, so that the long-desired peace for which the world is hungry may be restored, never to be broken. Christmas morning let us ask the Prince of Peace to give us a true, the world to Christ, and Him alone. -Rosary Magazine.

Be active in many ways; be a sower of good seed, a distributor of good things, but look within thy "We Americans are in t

USES OF ADVERSITY

know the pat phrase that lauded adversity. It was of a part with so many fixed consolations that fall into lifeless categories. It was e nice thing to say. The amenities of life soon steal the worth of a repeated formula. It becomes a bit of politeness. It is no use of disparaging social usages. But in the presence of realities we can readily lispense with them. Now the greatest reality that has come on this earth is this War. It is so real that we do not quite believe it Little by little we are reminded that it is coming home to us. First it was three killed, then five, then fifteen taken captive. news will soon burst from the paper that hundreds, even thousands, have died. Then the patent condolence will fail those whose own fallen. It will need more than human consolation to reach broken hearts. If ever there was a time in all creation when the need of God and His holy faith was urgent, it will be then. The blackness of death, the resting in a foreign land, the tortures of uncertainty, these will be the crowding companions of grief. To the Catholic there will be the consolation, over and above the human, the abiding love that death cannot sunder. The chasm is easily bridged through the golden chain of prayer. To us death be the most frightful of evils were we not able to reach our own through the channel of prayer. More than ever before will ize that ours is a faith for life, but equally well a faith for death. orce of this has so impressed itself on Anglicans that it is all but versal among them to pray for their dead. So adversity will help us to live our faith, not merely to believe in it. It will be our guide and our support. It will enable us to have a better measure of values. It will bring home more clearly the fact that we have not here an abiding city. It will teach us that life in itself, apart from its gooodness, is of slight value. In the best of meanings we will come to understand that he who loses his life will find it. Adversity will wipe out a cowardly dread of death, and will mpress on us the great discovery that some things are really worth dying for, and death alone can purchase them .- New World.

#### SILENCES BIGOTS

GLAD THAT HE CONTRIBUTED TO K OF C. FUND DEVOTED TO A NOBLE PURPOSE

The Christian Science Monitor of Boston, which has been very bitterly opposed to the privilege granted the Knights of Columbus by the Government to erect recreation halls in the army camps and cantonments, was disturbed recently over the fact that William Jennings Bryan, a Mason, had signed the Knights of Columbus War Camp Fund appeal advertised throughout the country. Inquiries Western directed to its Bureau brought two replies from Mr. Bryan, one of which was a dictated state-

ment as follows: Mr. Bryan reiterated what he said to the newspapermen at Lincoln. these organizations (Red Cross, Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., Knights of Colcompany of Our for his body. The Roman Catholics are putting their lives at the service Protestants, and there is as much reason why the Roman Catholics should raise money for the moral welfare of the Roman Catholics as that Protestants should for the Protestant boys. The Knights of Col umbus organization is a great religious society and it is to its credit that it has undertaken the work."

Mr. Bryan appeared surprised, says the correspondent of the Christian Science Monitor, that Masons should criticize his contributions to the Knights of Columbus or that organi ation's use of his name.—Buffalo Echo.

TIME HAS VERIFIED PROPHECY OF PROTESTANT MINISTER

WHEN PHILIPPINE ISLANDS CAME INTO OUR POSSESSION

Rev. Algernon S. Crapsey My reason for deprecating the

establishment of a Protestant Episcopal diocese in those islands arises om the fact that the people of the lamp burning there?"

"Why, child, to tell people that islands are Christians, and have been Christians for generations. In every village is a Christian congregation with its Christian pastors, and Christian bishops have oversight of the churches. Our entrance into that field will be of the nature of an intrusion. We will not be preaching the Gospel to the heathen but to Christians, which, in the present state of affairs, is both useless and dangerous. If we say that the form of Christianity in those islands is corrupt and must be destroyed, we make ourselves judges of other men's lives, and are trying to cast the mote asting peace that will help to win out of our own brother's eye, altogether regardless of the beam that is in our own eye. Is our commercial religion so pure, so Christlike, that we can afford to look down upon and despise the religion of our Roman

'We Americans are in the Philipown spirit for refreshment and joy. pine Islands by virtue of our milimerits small, His mercy was infinite. In the passing of the long years the modern representatives are prayers that have risen from it have space, the last three acts of divine universe would be of no help to thee. Use there, a very large number of our

be there, and the occupation and government of the islands present the gravest problems that our gov ernment has ever had to deal with. Now, if we add to these complications religious rivalry and bitterness-if every Protestant denomination rushes in there not to build up the Kingdom of God but to secure denominational advantage and prestige, - then we make a bad condition worse, and the work of pacification much more diffi cult than it is at present. Surely the people of those islands have suffered enough without having forced upon them all the evils and discords of sectarian Protestanism.

It seems to many of us that we should leave the schools and other agencies of our civilization free to do their work; and when that work is done, leave the Philippine Islands to develop their religious life naturally along the lines of their history. It is impossible that any new form of Christianity should take root in that soil. Experience teaches that the seed of the Reformation is sterile in lands that have been long under the influence of the Latin race. Our missions have been barren in Mexico and in South America; and they will be barren in the Philippines, in Cuba and in Porto Rico.'

#### THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

OUR ACTIVITIES

The Catholic Church Extension Society gives aid to all the mission ary dioceses in Canada. The Archbishops, Bishops and Vicars Apostolic inform us regularly of their chief needs and in as far as we are able we respond generously. The generosity of our response depends entirely on the Catholic Charity of people throughout Canada.

To how many dioceses do we give assistance ? To about sixteen.

What is the nature of the assistnce given?

We give money for educational purposes ; we educate young men for the missionary life; we assist in the building of churches; vestments, linens, etc., are sent to those in need of them; Mass intentions are supplied to the priests through their ordinaries; and last but not least, we send toys to the institutions of the West and North for the children under the care of the good nuns.

To give you some idea of the help given for example by "intentions; it is only necessary to say that during the two months, October and Novem ber, we have given the missionary Bishops about \$3,500.00. This amount is a great help to the priests when you understand that they de pend in many cases on this assist ance for their entire support. Another example: a short time since the Catholic Ruthenian paper was in difficulties, so great indeed that failure was imminent. The Extension was called on for aid. We had the happiness of giving to Bishop Budka \$2,500.00 and saved the situa tion for the time being. The necessity of this Ruthenian publication cannot be over - estimated. There are in active opposition to it eight non - Catholic and anti - Catholic papers well subsidized by the anti-Catholic forces in the West. have been informed that the Renok, the Presbyterian Ruthenian paper, received last year support to the amount of \$7,500.00.

We have a hard battle to fight and without your support we cannot expect anything but failure. Give us a generous and regular "lift" and you will be doing much for the Kingdom of God on earth.

REV. T. O'DONNELL, President, Catholic Church Extension Society, 67 Bond St., Toronto. Contributions through this office should be addressed :

EXTENSION CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE. London, Ont.

SHE WANTED TO GO WHERE JESUS IS

A Protestant minister, the father of a family, already attracted and drawn toward Catholicism by grace, came to London one day, with his little five year old child. As they walked through the streets, they stopped to enter a Catholic church. The little child's attention was quickly drawn to the sanctuary lamp

Father," she asked, "why is that Jesus is there behind the tabernacle

"O father," replied the child, "how would like to see Jesus!" But child, the door is not open and even if it were you could not see Him, since He is hidden beneath a

So they left the church and con-

white veil.

own people do not think we ought to tinued their walk till they came to another church-and again they entered. No lamp, no tabernacle Father," queried the child, "why is there no lamp here?"
"Because, child, Jesus is not

Well, then," said the little one I want to go where Jesus is." thenceforward she refused to go to any but the Catholic church. father was deeply impressed. He, too, felt that he must be where Jesus

And in due time he was received

into the Catholic Church. - The

THE ANGELS' STORY

Through the blue and frosty heavens Christmas stars were shining bright Glistening lamps throughout the

Almost matched their gleaming light; While the winter snow was lying,

And the winter winds were sighing, Long ago, one Christmas night. While from every tower and steeple Pealing bells were sounding clear

(Never with such tones of gladness Save when Christmas time is near), Many a one that night was merry Who had toiled through all the year. That night saw old wrongs forgiven Friends, long parted, reconciled; Voices all unused to laughter,

Mournful eyes that rarely smiled, Trembling hearts that feared the From their anxious thoughts be

Rich and poor felt love and blessing

From the gracious season fall; Joy and plenty in the cottage, Peace and feasting in the hall And the voices of the children Ringing clear above it all! -ADELAIDE A. PROCTER

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS

One blessed song the future ages sing. song Heaven sent, to sound for

evermore: Including all of music on earth's shore
And much of archangelic carolling.

"Peace! Peace on earth!"—That strain shall ever ring Through war and bloodshed; going on before,

Blazing the way to calm that shall restore All things in Christ, our lowly

Christmas king. We hear it through the roar of battle strife. Clear, silver voiced, supreme above it

all: It lands the triumph of an endless life Begun in Bethlehem. Its full notes

fall In Paradisal glow-how glad our cry Of answering love, "Glory to God on high!"

Spirit is the highest element in man's nature, says Origen; that which is immediately divine; that whereby man is connected with a higher order of things; the organ

-CAROLINE D. SWAN

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

through which alone he is capable

of understanding divine things

Taichowfu, China. Nov. 26, 1916. Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD That your charity towards my mission is approved by the highest ecclesiastical authorities of Canada let me quote from a letter from His Excellency, The Most Rev. Peregrina F. Stagni, O. S. M., D. D., Apostolic Delegate, Ottawa: "I have been Delegate, Ottawa: watching with much interest contributions to the Fund opened on behalf of your missions by the CATH OLIC RECORD. The success has been very gratifying and shows the deep interest which our Catholic people take in the work of the missionary in foreign lands. . . I bless you most cordially and all your labors, as a pledge my earnest wishes for your greatest success in all your under-takings." I entreat you to continue the support of my struggling mission, assuring you a remem-brance in my prayers and Masses. Yours faithfully in Jesus and Mary

J. M. Frasei	R
Previously acknowledged \$12,095	5
Patrick Martin, Lonsdale 1	00
In honor of Our Lady 1	00
	00
M. O'Hanley, Little Harbor 1	00
Mrs. James McCormick,	
Little Harbor 1	00
Angus O'Handley, Bara	
chois Harbor 3	50
For the Souls in Purgatory,	
Long Point 1	00
Beatification of Little	
Flower	50
AF IN YE	00
League of the Cross, Iona,	
** **	

# **Merchants Bank of Canada**

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"In my opinion, no other medicine

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tion and Indigestion as "Fruit-a-tives".

five years, and my sedentary occupa-

Intestinal Paralysis - with nasty Head-

aches, belching gas, drowsiness after

eating, and Pain in the Back. I tried

pills and medicines of physicians, but

six months I have been entirely well.

horrible trouble—Chronic Constipation

with the resultant indigestion, to try

"Fruit-a-tives", and you will be agreeably surprised at the great benefit

you will receive". A. ROSENBURG.

At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-

tainly, over the figures of a quarter

century ago, but due, I am afraid, not so much to the conversion of the

Scotch as to the natural increase of

tinuous immigration of Irish and

continental Catholics. On the solid

body of the Scotch nation, I fear we

make little impression : we have not

broken through or penetrated their lines (perhaps we haven't tried to,

but let that pass.) Still there are

cold," from all classes; in any considerable town-parish. I think there

are always some converts on hand, largely no doubt through marriage.

In rural districts there is not much

progress. There are several reasons

(1) To begin with (besides the indifference to all religion, the gross

other causes everywhere the same)

there is the terrific age long hostility and hatred of Rome and its ways,

ever deep down in the people's hearts

and kept burning by the Protestant

Reformation Society, the Hope Trust,

the Knox Club, and the anti-Catholic

agencies. The Scotch don't indulge in explosions like the Orangemen,

but they are stolidly, dourly hostile.

They make excellent converts when

once genuinely convinced, but con-

version is generally made very hard

for the Scotch backwardness.

naturalism, pride, ignorance,

coming in out of the

the Irish resident here, and the con

a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

always some

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c.

I advise any one who suffers from that

589 Casgrain St., Montreal.

April 20th, 1915.

REV. F. P. HICKEY, O. S. B. FOURTH SUNDAY OF ADVENT

CHRIST THE REDEEMER He will save us." (Isa. xxxiii, 22.)

Advent is drawing to a close, my dear brethren and we come to the end of the text, 'The Lord is our Judge, the Lord is our Lawgiver, the Lord is our King : He will save Christmas-time naturally leads us to think of Him Who came to "save

His people from their sins." (Matt. The remembrance of His coming should make us glad and grateful. The cheery thoughts and holy joys of Christmas are founded on the belief that "He will save us," or, as the prophet says again, "God Himself will come and save us." (Isa. xxxv. 4)

What was the reason, the motive, of this infinite goodness of God? That is the first and uppermost thought when we hear "He will save us." was a happy and a blessed thing for us, but what motive led God to do it? Simply, completely through love. God did not need us; He was no better with us; it was all for our sakes. Pure love brought the Son God on earth, a Man for our sakes, to save us. With gratitude behold Him and adore Him, God the Son made

Man for our redemption.

And as He was God and Man, He had the full power to save us. As God, He could not have suffered; as Man alone, His redemption would not have satisfied the infinite justice and ess of God. But in Jesus Christ, true God and true Man, is vested all power and authority. "The Lord is our Judge, the Lord is our Lawgiver, the Lord is our King: He will save us." He is the giver of all grace, the object of our worship and adoration.

By what means and in what man did our Lord save us? He did what love prompted Him to do. And what was that? "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us." John i. 14.) He became Man to be

And, being born. He dwelt on earth for thirty three years, Emmanuel, God with us. And to win our sym-pathy, and to show us sympathy, He made Himself like unto us. He could feel cold and hunger and the hardships of poverty; He could feel un-kindness and neglect. He could show friendship, and love, and loyalty; He could be faithful to the end. He made Himself one of us—sinners were His friends; He loved little children; the sick and the distressed made His kindliness betray His almighty power, for He could not help but heal them.

When reading the Gospel narrative it is but natural for us to yearn to have lived in those days, and to have seen Him, and to have been near Him, and to have listened to His My dear brethren, Christ a figure in history is not His life would have become a fable by this, His name and fame a myth. His power and influence would have waned, and how few Taithful ones would have been found in the doubting, disbelieving mass of mankind. No, a historical Christ is not enough. The love that prompted Him to become Man, that same love urged Him not to come and go, but to remain ever with us. And He truly is, as He promised to be-" I with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." (Matt. liters.

see Him now-see His miracles, acts Sacrament of the altar. The same motive that urged Him to become Man impelled Him to institute the Holy Eucharist. The same power which could save us—the almighty power of God — could change the bread and wine into the Body and Blood of Christ. The same means, which love dictated. simplest, easiest way of being in the midst of us. Under the appearance of bread-bread which can always be had; bread, whose properties to feed and nourish all understand-He put Himself in the reach of all. This was His very object, that all might come to Him, that He might save

And does the Blessed Eucharist continue the work that He did on Yes, the Blessed Sacrament can and will save us. First, it can save us, for it is God. The Blessed Sacrament is the Body and Blood, Soul and Divinity, of Jesus Christ.

And, secondly, it does save us. For, offered in the Mass, the Body and Blood of Christ is the sacrifice for sin, Calvary renewed on the altar. The sight of Jesus on our altars makes the Almighty prolong His patience and be merciful to us, His poor children. "Look not upon us, but on

the face of Thy Christ."

And, lastly, the Blessed Sacrament proves the love of Christ and awakens ours. Proves His love, for even He could do no more! What more could the Blessed Sacrament. Love for Jesus on the alter is the spring and source of all the holiness in men's lives-the strength of martyrs, the success of missionaries, the purity and patience of virgins, the perseverance of all those who have been

FIVE MINUTE SERMON to save the world, is here to save and fervour than this holy Christmas time, the anniversary of His coming to save us? We have not to go far to find Him. Bethlehem is here. The same motive that brought Him to Bethlehem brings Him here upon our altar—His love. Let this proof of His love awaken ours in return.

#### TEMPERANCE

WHY?

1. Some say alcohol gives strength. If so why do athletes abstain while training for a race or other contests

requiring strength?

2. Some say alcohol gives endurance. If so, why do great employers of labor cut off the supply of drink when work of an especially arduous or lengthened nature is required? Some say alcohol gives If so, why do travelers in the Arctic regions who take drink succumb to

remain unharmed? 4. Some say alcohol is good in hot countries. If so, why did Stanley refuse it to his men in his forced march across Africa in search of Emin Pasha?

the cold, while total abstainers

5. Some say alcohol steadies the operation?

denly to give up the use of alcohol. If so, why do prisoners, most of whom are obliged suddenly to abstain improve in health?—Catholic Temperance Advocate

NORWAY'S FIRST TOTAL ABSTI-NENCE ORGANIZER

When the first American Temper ance Society was organized in Boston in the early part of 1826, to promote with us. to be like us, to be one of us. abstinence from distilled liquors, The mystery of Christmas tells us of there was toddling about the home this. We go over to Bethlehem to of a small shopkeeper in Stavenger, see what has come to pass. Faith Norway, a little two year old boy who takes us by the hand, and entering was destined to be the founder of a great national total abstinence society in that country, the first in all Scan-

> The growth of this boy from childhood to youth ran parallel with the growth of the idea in the American temperance societies, that to combat intemperance, abstinence from rum, beer, wine and cider is as necessary as abstinence from whisky and brandy.

The year that the Stavenger boy, Asbjoern Kloster, was ten years old a temperance convention in Phila-delphia voted down a proposition to include beer and wine in the temperance pledge, but three years later at a great convention in Saratoga, attended by prominent philanthropists, clergymen and representatives from many of the 8,000 American temperance societies then operation, the total abstinence pledge

was recommended. The same year in the home town of the Norway boy, now approaching his thirteenth year, the first temperance society in Norway was organized on a little more liberal basis and than the first ones in America, namely moderation in the use of supernatural religion. The spirits. At that time every house ignorance, of course, we are prepared holder in Norway was permitted to distill spirits for his own use and from the time the permission was given, 1816 to 1833, the consumption rose from 6.8 liters per capita to 16 people have sunk into a profound

nence society in Scandinavia, one of Revelation, the God whom their of mercy to our own souls. For He that has continued to grow in numis with us yet in the Blessed bers and educational activity and bers and educational activity and has been a preponderating influence in the present strong anti-alcohol sentiment of that country.-Scien

#### AUTOMATIC CATHOLICS

They rush from their homes on Sunday morning, hurrying along as they catch the peal of the Mass bell from the distance, only to arrive at church door as the congregation is rising for the reading of the gospel. They consume a few minutes in busying themselves about their personal comfort and by about the time they have fixed themselves comfortably the Sanctus bell has rung. They have hardly caught of the altar yet; they turn distractedly from side to side, taking

mental note of the millinery if they are women. Then comes the solemn hush for the Consecration. With head bowed they ejaculate a short prayer, mechanically stroke their breast and, the Consecration over, the canon of the Mass, with its intenseness and secrecy and sclemnity, is last upon them. They can hardly hold the steeds of distraction plunging through their brain. Only one whose soul is anchored at the chalice appreciates the ebb and flow of that sacrificial sea. There is so little to feed the Himself? The thought of this awakens our love, and makes us realize that the highest work of our love is to believe and adore Christ in the Blassed. Second of the series of the great sacrifice. It is so easy to yield to distractions, so difficult to like the Blassed. fix the soul on the wonderful mystery | itself as Naturalism. enacting. The little bell tinkles again-domine non sum dignus. A moment of suggested reverence, a

dust from the clothing and the first us still. What better opportunity rush towards the door bears with it could we have of renewing our faith generally those who have been last to enter.—Canadian Messenger.

#### RELIGIOUS CONDITION IN SCOTLAND

Rt. Rev. H. G. Graham, formerly a Presbyterian

Minister
I gladly avail myself of the hospi tality of this valuable journal to offer a few remarks about poor old Scotland and its Catholicity. The only claim I can make to speak with any interest in the subject at all is that I happen to be a brand plucked from the burning of Presby-terianism. Through no fault of my own, I was born of a long line of parish ministers-respectable gentle men, so far as I ever heard or knew of them—and, partly of them-and, partly, no doubt through my own fault, I kept up the fun by becoming one myself. As, according to a common Scotch saying, ministers' sons are the worst. I was quite a suitable person for the profession. When I vested, I was minister of a parish in Lanarkshire where memories of "the killing times" under the Stuarts were still rife, and where a monument at the Battlefield of Drumclog testified to the victory of "our Covenanting forefathers" over "Bloody Graham nerves. If so, why do surgeons forefathers" over "Bloody Graham abstain before beginning a delicate of Claverhouse" (bad augury for me) Bloody Graham and his dragoons. Although it was 6. Some say alcohol sustains the bealth. If so, why do insurance companies take total abstainers at a companies take total Popery, or if driven from that, they will say: "After all there is but a paper partition between them." The one is almost as difficult for them to swallow as the other. "Thanks and praise be to God and little Laud to the Devil" was how a cautious cleric expressed it on a trying occasion in those dangerous days.

My period of internal misery and ritualistic capering came to an end, to my intense relief, and the doubtno less intense relief of parishioners, when I told off in 1903. I nearly caused my dear old father a paralytic seizure when I went to tell him I was bundling up and making for Rome. He thought he should never see me more. By next morning, however, he had regained his Scotch philosophic composure, and cannily remarked. "You'll be needing some money for this business." (I wasn't, but later he sent a goodly sum to the Collegio Scozzese, Rome. He had not the faintest glimmering what Catholicism really is: neither had a sister of mine, a tor's widow who remarked to a friend not long ago: "You know my brother is the worst kind of Catholic; he's a Jesuit.' them a Jesuit is not a member of a religious order, but only a more than usually objectionable Catholic, bigotted, aggressive and proselytizing, in short, offensive (in the military

sense as well.) You never know Protestantism thoroughly till you become a Catholic; I have learnt a whole lot about it since I "turned," and two things I have learned in particular, the quite preternatural ignorance of Protestants about the Catholic Church, and the unprecedently unique absence amongst them of all knowlfor in a country that has groaned under three hundred years Presbyterian teaching and traditions. But besides that the trouble is that naturalism. The God they adore is He organized in Stavenger in the God of nature, and their religion becember, 1859, the first total abstiforefathers not many generations back did worship to a great extent, with His divine and indefeasible claims upon them, has largely disappeared from their vision. You can see that from the present

state of religion. Time was when the people used to read the Bible and have family prayers and keep the fast days. They never missed the Kirk or the "Sawbath" and got their children christened and so on. Gone are those days now-not among all, of course, but among vast masses especially in towns, who never go to Kirk and never pray. They leave their children unbaptised, and simply are "without God in the world." With all this, religious instruction takes a back seat in the schools, elbowed out by the crushing demands of the secular code. As they find it impossible to serve God and Mammon simultaneously, they have plumped for Mammon. Formerly, if you contended with a Protestant, he would meet you with passages of Scripture or answer from "The Shorter Catechism," and you knew where you were. He couldn't do that now, he doesn't know them well enough. He will only say, "I don't think God would do this," or "I don't believe that," and all the queerest notions under the sun-that is, he is making his own religion, and doesn't care a the Bible or not. The pretence that Bible is abandoned, and very proper-Protestantism has realized

There are no statistics available reverence almost forced from in-difference by the piety and attention of the congregation. The received of the congregation. The people in the congregation given in the Official Directory as the rear of the church take their cue over 548,000 (i. e., between 1/8 and thing necessary.

(5) Then we have no stepping-stone, no halfway house here as in England towards the Catholic Church, Ministers daren't prepare their flocks by teaching Catholic doctrines and practices as the High Church clergy do so well across the the Anglo-Catholic "Society of St. Peter and Paul" would be inconceivable in the Presbyterian Kirk. The gulf between Presbyterianism and Rome is great, deep, unbridgeable; and it must be taken at one big, too stiff to take it.

They can no longer identify it with a whether it will all make much differtestants now consider the Pope as 1 was a sufferer from these complaints for know. tion, Music, brought about a kind of

One thing most consoling and greatly to the good, is the magnifi-cent Catholic control of our own schools, and the united and deter mined front presented to the government by clergy and people on nothing helped me. Then I was induced school question,—a burning one at to try "Fruit-a-tives", and now for present. This is one direction, and a very public one, in which the Church, small in numbers though it be, makes its power felt and known by the country at large. The un-compromising, immovable stand for

> When all is said and done, the overpowering obstacle in the way of conversions is the terrific prejudice and demoniacal hatred against Catholicism, inherited and drunk in with their mother's milk. It is there in spite of you. People couldn't explain how they got it—perhaps they were never taught it. But it is in them, a part of their nature. And it is this that leads to the corollary obstacle, ignorance—for a man will not inquire about a religion that he hates-why should he? He does not know it because he does not want to know.

What can be done? Something more than we have done, I admit; and something must be done if there is to be any considerable progress. That, amidst the mountains of preju dice and bigotry, there are a good many who have ceased to believe in all forms of Protestantism and are heartily sick of it. and are enough disposed to listen to the Catholic claims, I am quite sure. The best method of reaching them, without doing more harm than good, is the great problem. Scotland is not like England, still less like America. Yet no advance will ever be made without a certain amount of friction and opposition. We must make up our minds for that. Catholicity is is ever a sign that shall be contradicted. May the Almighty lead us soon on to the right lines for bringing back the wandering sheep to the One Fold and satisfying souls that are hungering and thirsting for the Truth!—The Catholic Convert.

for them. Persecution and bigotry are rife; they are penalized, disowned, driven out, looked down upon. (2) Very strong here is the idea of race prejudice in becoming a Catholic. "Mary-worship," the Pope, Mass, and other of the old fashioned and fairly respectable (because theolo al) objections to Catholicism, hardly count now-a-days at all, because hardly any Protestant knows anything about theology, either Catholic or Protestant. The objection now is that you are going back upon a decent father and mother (supposing they are decent) by "turning Irisk." You become the blacksheep of the family, your name will not be mentioned by any sympathetic neighbor or visitor, or only in a whisper, like that of the son who has gone to the dogs and has left the house or been "shipped." Then the "heartbreak to the mother" is played for all it is worth, and females especially feel all these sentimental appeals when attracted by the claims of Rome.

(3) And "Catholicism is Irish". is another terrible objection. The Scotch (except in the far north, where the Catholics, too, are Scotch) identify Catholicity with Irishryinevitably, of course, since five sixths Cross. of the faithful here are Irish. Now they don't like the Irish (except as fighters), and so they do not like the "Irish religion," which they think is not meant for the Scotch. If Catholicism were a Scotch thing, it would not be so bad. There's no use talk-Wallace and Bruce and St. Margaret, and so on. They pretend not to believe or to know anything about twopenny ticket whether it is that of the Bible or not. The pretence that lic. "If they were, they shouldn't Protestantism is the religion of the Bible is abandoned, and very properly and honestly; it is the religion of yourself. It is a weird thing to see how. Protestration 1. It they were, taey shouldn't have been, and we had a Reformation to change them." "Still, that proves that Catholicism was Scotch in those days, doesn't it?" "Well, that doesn't matter; we don't bother our heads about what our forefathers were, we don't want Roman Catholicism now anyway." And so there you are again. It is not a question of what is right or wrong in religion, it is a question of what I want, what will please me. the influence of the thought expressed."

(4) And this leads to what may be saved.

If we are cold and unloving, it is all our own fault, for He, Who came

from those before them, bow their l/9 of the whole, of which 400,000 called the economic objection to were in the Glasgow Archdiocese last gospel is spent in brushing the alone. This is a great increase, cereso will find the economic objection to called the economic objection to called the economic objection to were in the Glasgow Archdiocese alone. This is a great increase, cereso well if you were a Papist. It is

not favorable to "prosperity," and prosperity with a zest is the one

border. A Catholicizing agency like tremendous jump. Most people are On the other hand, the War has

done something to disillusion and educate a lot of people, especially the Danish invasion of the eighth censoldiers who have been serving in Catholic lands. What they have seen there has opened their eyes to the power and beauty of Catholicity. minority and with the underdog as in this country. They write home and tell about it. But I doubt ence to the home staying Scotch, and should think, from what I have heard, that quite a majority of Propro-German-why, I don't really

catholic people is something to be proud of, and must impress those who are not utterly impervious.

#### CATHOLICS HONORED

In one issue of The Tablet of Lonon, England, there is recorded awarding of the Victoria Cross to less than three Catholic soldiers. One of these, Private Wilfrid Edwards, of the Yorkshire Light Infantry, is a youth of twenty-four and a convert to the Church. He enlisted immediately upon the outbreak of the War and has been twice wounded. Another recipient is Quartermaster Sergeant William H. Grimbaldeston, King's Own Scottish Borderers, of Blackburn, who in the early days of the War had been severely wounded at Loos while assisting a comrade. The third recipient of the Cross was Private William Ratcliffe of the South Lancashire Regiment, who had won the Military Medal at Messines. The present decoration was bestowed for the valiant capture of a gun from the enemy. The same issue of our London contemporary gives particulars of thirteen recent cases of Cath olic officers awarded the Military

#### NON-CATHOLIC'S PRAISE OF THE ROSARY

Among recent writers "outside to add their testimony in the walls tion religion of Scotland and about favor of the Church and her tenets must be placed Orison Swett Marden. who writes thus appreciatively of the Rosary: "Those who are too narrow minded or too prejudiced to "Those who are too see anything good in a creed which is not their own, often sneer at the Catholic custom of 'saying the Rosary.' To them it is only superstition, nonsense, to repeat the same prayer over and over. do not understand the philosophy as well as the religion underlying this beautiful old custom. They do not know the power that inheres in the repetition of the spoken word and in

Weakness on both sides is, we so well if you were a Papist. It is know, the motto of all quarrels.

Love does not linger in the home where rudeness shows its unlovely qualities. It chooses to dwell in the home where the spirit of unselfish ness, of self-control, of thought fulness, and charitableness makes

the atmosphere sweet. The art of illuminating writing on vellum was carried to unrivaled perfection in the Irish colleges and mon asteries, and the manuscripts of this class preserved in Dublin and London, fac similes of which are now placed in many American public libraries, as well as those of European universities, bear witness to the high state of civilization attained by the Irish people during the peaceful and prosperous centuries that folcontinued until the demoralizing

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WRITE FOR OUR CATALOGUE





#### CHATS WITH YOUNG

GOING HOME FOR CHRISTMAS He little knew the sorrow that was

MEN

in his vacant chair, He never guessed they'd miss him, or he'd surely have been there; He couldn't see his mother or the lump that filled her throat, Or the tears that started falling as she read his hasty note;
And he couldn't see his father, sitting

sorrowful and dumb, Or he never would have written that

he thought he couldn't come. He little knew the gladness that his presence would have made, And the joy it would have given, or

never would have stayed. He didn't know how hungry had the little mother grown
Once again to see her baby and to

laim him for her own He didn't guess the meaning of visit Christmas Day Or he never would have written that he couldn't get away.

He couldn't see the fading of the cheeks that once were pink, And the silver in the tresses; and he didn't stop to think How the years are passing swiftly,

and next Christmas it might There would be no home to visit and

no mother dear to see. He didn't think about it-I'll not say he didn't care. He was heedless and forgetful or he'd

surely have been there. Are you going home for Christmas Have you written you'll be there?

Going home to kiss the mother and to show her that you care Going home to greet the father in a

way to make him glad? If you're not I hope there'll never

Just sit down and write a letter-it will make their heartstrings

With a tune of perfect gladness-if you'll tell them that you'll come.

## STAMINA AND STABILITY

Christmas appeals to young men for stamina and stability. Christ was faithful to the end in poverty, privation and pain. He deliberately hose self denial and suffering for His portion. He persevered in narrow way all His life. He died as a malefactor nailed to a cross. And with a great longing He had desired the day of His agony. He expected when He was lifted up, He would draw all hearts to Him.

Young men should have certain rules for their conduct. They should decide on them in times of peace. Then, when temptation comes, they would have these principles to go by. Certain things they should deter-

to do. Certain things they should resolve not to do. And then, notwithstanding passion, or the pride of life, or covetousness, they would stand firm in righteousness.

Without principles, they cannot go far with safety.

Now is the time to draw up a list "This I will do. This I will not do. Then for the practice of the precepts or principles. Then for persever-Then for firmness in virtue, called stability.

A young man should keep a watch over his eyes, his hands, his imagination, his will, his memory. He should offer himself, his soul, his mind, his body, to the service of Gcd. take the means to be good.

With modest eyes, a clean mind, innocent hands, respect for women for the Blessed Virgin's sake and his own mother's sake, and reverence for the life-giving power, he will shun the occasions of sin.

He will fill his memory with bright thoughts, he will train his lips to utter frequent ejaculatory prayers like "My Jesus, mercy!" he will dis-cipline his heart to fair love for what is noble, and so he will have the Christian spirit which is the Christmas spirit spread over all the year. O how fine are the young men of fixed principles of virtue, strong in the love of Christ, strong in the practice of good works !- Catholic Colum-

#### GOING HOME FOR XMAS

"So you're going home for Christ-as," remarked the elderly gentleman to a young man who sat with him in a Pullman parlor car, rushing along at the rate of forty miles an

"Yes, sir," answered the young man, "I am. It was hard to get off just now and I could not well spare the expense of the long journey; but mother looks for me at this time and I just had to come for her sake.'

"Well done, my boy," commented the other traveler. "You'll not regret the time given and the money expended to please your mother, after she's gone. Instead, you'll look back at these times and you'll be glad, all the way through, that you put yourself out to give her happi-

He looked out of the window for a dren Mrs. Graham was washing the moment, but he did not see the houses, nor the woods, the fields and

the trees that were flying by.
"One of the regrets of my life," continued the elderly gentleman sadly, "is that when I was grown up but was still at home, I did not try to make Christmas happy for father and mother, but spent my energies in that direction on strangers.

"Dear, dear mother, I can see her now, and the look of pain that came

to her face one Christmas morn when there was no present to speak of for her but there was a costly for some one else, who proved unworthy of affection, and when I announced that I was to take my Christmas dinner away from home. He turned away hastily, drew a long breath, and pretended to be in-

tently regarding the flying scenery.

"Another poignant regret of mine, that comes back every year at this season, is that, when I finally left home to make my way in the world, I did not write to the home folk regularly, not even at Christmas. I excused myself to my conscience by saying that I was too busy. But I was never too busy to do anything that I wanted to do with all my heart. My neglect hastened my mother's end. She did not die suddenly, but drooped, and failed, and pined away

like a flower. Dear heart, how many things have I done to atone for my ill-treatment of you," the old man almost whispered, as if talking to some unseen "How many letters have written, how many visits have I made, how many presents have I

sent, out of memory of you !"

He turned to the window again and looked out a long time. The young man beside him was silent, respecting the sacred feelings of his fellow traveler, who was unknown to him but who was yet a brother to him by the bond of common ties and common memories.

There was one thing about me however," went on the gray-haired passenger, "that comforted my nother, even while my coldness and carelessness distressed her. knew that I kept myself morally clean and that at Christmas I never failed to go to Holy Communion. I had my faults, like all young men, but she had grounded one principle into the very fibre of my being—to keep alive Faith by the reception of the Sacraments. I owe that to her more come a time you'll wish you than to my father, my teacher, or my had. poyhood. She trained me in religion. She guarded me from bad com-She chose my books. She did everything, by word and example. that a good mother could do to bring her son up right, and no doubt made me the subject of many a prayer and the beneficiary of many an alms And I thank God now, every day and many times a day, that I think responded to her care and never asked. broke the habit of regular Confession and Communion. That's the royal road to soul safety for a young man,

I know. I've been through it all. 'So, when Christmas comes around like to tell young men the glad tidings of the way to spend it right. If your mother is living, I say to them, buy her present first, next to the Christ-Child's own. If you're away from her, see that she gets a lock good long letter from you on Christ-And whether at home or away, go to Holy Communion on that day, in accordance with her wish.
"Here's my station," he exclaimed

and I must go. Good bye. It's been a pleasure to talk to you. Merry Christmas to you and to the good mother whom you are going to see."-L. W. Reilly.

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

"GOD BLESS US EVERY ONE" God bless us every one," prayed Tiny Tim, Crippled and dwarfed of body, yet so

Of soul, we tiptoe earth to look at him, High towering over all.

He should resolve to be good, and He loved the loveless world, nor the dreamed indeed. That it at best could give to him the

while. But pitying glances, when his only Was but a cheery smile!

And thus he prayed, "God bless us every one!" Enfolding all the creeds within the

span Of his child heart; and so, despising Was nearer saint than man.

I like to fancy God in Paradise Lifting a finger o'er the rhythmic

swing Of chiming harp and song, with eager eyes Turning earthward, listening-

The anthem stilled - the angels leaning there
Above the golden walls—the morn-

ing sun
Of Christmas bursting flower-like with prayer,
God bless us every one!"

-JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

LOOKING FOR SANTA CLAUS On Christmas, eve towards nightfall. Johnnie Graham and his sister Minnie were curled up on the floor near the kitchen stove, looking over the pictures in an old magazine Little Minnie was explaining the pictures to her brother. The Kansas wind was howling about the house, and driving the snow against the window panes. Without all was darkness, save for the few lights to the west, where lay the village of St. At a table beside the chil-

Halloa!" cried Johnnie, jumping to his feet. "I hear some one a coming." And he rushed eagerly to

the door. The sound of feet shuffling through the snow was followed by an impatient knock. Johnnie threw open the door, and found himself facing a man with a telegram in his hand.

" It's for your father, and immediate." And with these words messenger disappeared into the dark-I hope it is not bad news," said

Mrs. Graham. May I run to the stable, and bring it to papa?" cries Johnnie.

And may I go too, mamma?' asked Minnie Forthwith at the mother's nod the two go tripping through the snow, and soon reach the stable, a stout

structure distant a stone's throw from the house. There are four horses in it-one of them, Witch Winnie, is the finest horse in the West. Mr. Graham is a lover of horses.

Papa, here's a telegram," cries Johnnie And it's marked immediate," adds

Mr. Graham, who had been fondly stroking his favorite racer, hurried from the stall, and tore open the enclosure, His face changed as he read these words:

" Topeka, Kansas. "Your sister is dying and calls for you—not an hour to spare.

JOHN TALBOT."

"Is it something bad, papa?" asks Minnie, catching her father's right hand. While Johnnie, saying nothing, but looking no less sympathetic, takes the other.

"Yes, your aunt is very sick, and I have just about three-quarters of an hour to get ready and take the train. Come, little ones, we must tell mother at once.'

Surely it never rains but it pours," exclaimed Mrs. Graham on hearing the news. "Yesterday poor John was called away to the side of his dving mother in Kansas City. John was their man of all work, a steady, faithful young fellow, who after his love for each and every one

of the Grahams, was devoted heart and soul to the horses. "I don't like to leave you alone on night, my dear, "but especially on Christ Graham.

mas night." But you must go to Annie's side and besides I'm not afraid. Everything is secure. We've lived here now for over two years, and nothing has gone wrong.

And, papa, if you go, do you think Santa Claus will come?' asked Johnnie anxiously.

"Why, of course. I've sent him word that I've put the Christmas tree in the hay loft, so that he won't make the mistake of coming to our house. Tomorrow when you and Minnie wake up you may run over to the stable, and you'll find out that Santa Claus can get through and you'll find out the stoutest door in Kansas, even though it has the strongest kind of And, papa," said Minnie, " what

time does Santa Claus come ?" Oh, about twelve o'clock. Half an hour later Mr. Graham was kissing them all farewell.

Papa, may I keep the key of the stable?" asked Johnnie. Here it is; don't lose it, my little man."

And may we go over and see Witch Winnie just once more to-night, papa?" chimed in Minnie. Of course. Well, good bye, dear,

and God bless you." Johnnie had been sleeping for some hours in his little cot when Minnie tiptoed into the room. Johnnie," she whispered at his

'Johnnie," she whispered again.
'What's the matter? Is it Christ-

O Johnnie," she continued as 11 o'clock."

"I want to go to sleep. Go away,' said the brother, lying down again." "But wouldn't you like to see

Santa Claus?"
"What!" cried the lad leaping out of his bed.

You know, papa said he would come about midnight. I haven't been able to sleep for thinking of it. Let us go over to the stable, and keep perfectly quiet, and maybe we shall see him.'

We dare not go," said Johnnie. Yes, we may go," answered nnie. "Don't you remember that Minnie. asked papa to go over and see Witch Winnie tonight?'

That's so." A few minutes later two little the door, and slipped into the stable. Shall we leave the door open for Santa Claus?" asked Johnnie.

I think not," Minnie answered. It might hurt his feelings." John-Ooooh! It's dark in here

I'm afraid." Claus might see that you and I were watching for him, and then maybe he would be displeased. Come, let us get in Witch Winnie's stall, and climb into the manger. She'll be company for us."

Witch Winnie gave a little neigh of joy when she felt the hands of her two dearest little friends caress ing her. Then there was an unbroken silence.
"One minute passed — though

Johnnie thought it an hour-when a stealthy step was heard without. He's coming!" cried Minnie, breathing quickly. The steps ceased at the door ; then

there came a low whistle. At the sound Witch Winnie gave another neigh of joy.
"Why, even our horse is glad that Santa Claus is coming," whispered

Johnnie.

Sh !" hissed Minnie. For a minute or two there was a full speed.

"God b I think I'll go and help Santa," Maybe he's whispered Johnnie.

ot used to that kind of a lock." He was about to leap from the anger to carry out his purpose hen the lock turned, the door when the lock opened, and in the light afforded by a lantern in his hand they saw a

nan standing in the doorway. He was wrapped in a heavy coat encrusted with snow—and so far resembled the pictures of Santa Claus. wore a beard, too-but it was There was no pack upon his shoulders, no smile on his face. one hand was a lantern, in the other

did not look at all jolly. Johnnie's heart sank. In fact, he began to doubt whether it was Santa The man stood still for a moment.

and then whistled as before. Witch Winnie answered by low, joyful neigh. "Ah, there she is," muttered the man under his breath.

Johnnie could stand it no longer. Halloa, Santy Claus!" he cried in nervous tones. The man gave a start, and then, raising his pistol at full cock, threw the glare of the lantern full upon

Witch Winnie and the two little It was a pretty picture; the mare standing with her superb head eagerly towards the newcomer, Minnie clasping her on one side, and Johnnie on the other, both

man with the cocked pistol. Aren't you Santa Claus?" cried Minnie. The stranger lowered his pistol,

of them looking fearlessly at the

and advanced Yes, my little ones," he said, " I am Santa Claus."
"I knew it!" cried Johnnie.
"Even Witch Winnie knows it. See how glad she is to see you! she looks at you just the same as she looks at papa. Oh, I'm awful glad to see you, Santy. But where is

your pack ?' It's outside. Do you little ones expect any presents?" Of course we do," answered, Minnie. "This little boy is Johnnie, and I am Minnie. Papa told us you

were coming tonight, so we stole over to see you come in."
"Well, little ones," said Santa Claus in a rather stern voice, "it's against my rules to allow any one to see me at work. Now, if you want to get a lot of the very nicest Christmas presents, you must make me a

All right, Santy Claus." cried You must go right back to the house, and go to sleep, and not say another word till sunrise tomorrow.

Now, do you promise?"
"Cross my heart," cried the boy. "And so shall I promise," added Minnie, "but first, dear Santa Claus, want you to do me a favor. told us that you came in place of the Infant Jesus. Is that so?"

'Y ves." said Santa Claus, cough ing uneasily, and putting away his pistol as though he were ashamed of

Well, we know how much you must love the little Infant, and thought that you would like to take a look at the crib which papa fixed up for us. There are twenty candles, and the little Infant is lovely. Come on, Santa Claus, here's my hand."

Santa Claus shivered as the child put her confiding hand in his. He was in a great hurry; but a little child led him, led him to the other

number of colored candles, revealing bury, had stuck his staff of dry haw a beautiful wax figure of the Child thorn into the soil, commanding it visible. Jesus lying with folded arms upon a small square platform hardly more This the staff straightway did, and

than an inch in thickness.

"Auntie Jane was over in Paris," explained Minnie, "and she bought this for us. Isn't it sweet?" " It is," said the man, upon whose

brow a faint moisture had broken

" Now, Santa Claus, I know you want to kneel down and pray. Johnnie and I always do." Santa Claus knelt. He bowed his head, and did not see what Minnie

was doing. Suddenly he gave a start, and looking up saw Minnie sinking to her knees, while from the little platform which supported the forms glided over the snow, unlocked figure came a sweet tinkling Christmas melody. It was Adams' Noel and he shivered again, and the moisture upon his forehead gathered into beads as he listened to the sweetly sad strains.

"Look," whispered Minnie.
Suddenly the waxen Infant opened its sweet blue eyes, while the tiny, Sh!" cried Minnie. "I have sweet, waxen arms uncrossed themmatches, dear, and we can light the selves and were extended as though tandles, if we wish. But then Santa they would enfold the whole world selves and were extended as though in their warm, loving embrace.
"Isn't it beautiful?" whispered

Johnnie in a tone that was a prayer. Then the arms slowly folded again, and the sweet blue eyes were again curtained by the lovely lids. Jesus was asleep. After a moment's pause the tinkle of the Adeste Fideles made the silence lovely 'Let us sing for Santa Claus,'

whispered Johnnie. At the word both broke out into the glad notes of the Christmas that she had nothing to give to the hymn, and sang with the sweetness Babe to Whom kings brought wealth made abundantly plain the sin

the grand manner of a living faith. an offering; he was done with it.

fant ?" asked Minnie.

distance as of a horse galloping at

God blass you-you-you-dar lings; God bless you, and forgive With the last words he was rush

ing for the door, where he disap peared as though he had not been, while nearer, louder, clearer came the tramping of the horse. The children hurried to the door

and looked in vain for a sight of Santa Claus. Even as they straining their eyes into the darkness there dashed up a horseman upon foaming charger. Why it's papa !" cried Minnie. "Merry Christmas, papa, and we've seen Santa Claus, and he ran

Witch Winnie all right? cried Mr. Graham jumping from the horse. Sure!" answered Johnnie, and supplemented by Minnie, he pro-ceeded to tell of their night's adventures. Mr. Graham listened with

away when he heard you coming.

his features under a forced restraint. It's too bad, papa, that you frightened Santy away; he didn't bring one Christmas present yet,' said Minnie when Johnnie had concluded his account.

Yes, he did; come up, my little ones, and see." And they went up and saw. It was the finest Christmas tree in Kansas, and every gift that Minnie and Johnnie could desire was there. Now, my little darlings, let us go

down to the crib, and thank the little Infant." And they went down, and kneeling the little Infant-Minnie and Johnnie for their beautiful Christmas gifts, and their father for the safety of Witch Winnie from the clutches of her former groom, had forged two telegrams, who had entered the stable as a horse-thief, had remained in it as Santa Claus, and left it touched and softened and repentant through the sweet visions of innocence and love which the Infant Jesus had there vouchsafed

#### CHRISTMAS LEGENDS

him.—Rev. Francis J. Finn, S. J.

All around the season of the Coming of Love as a little Child there have sprung legends and beliefs, like blossoms in a gracious clime, which testify with subtlety to depth of the appeal of the birth of Christ. Here divinely spiritual symbolism and there sweet human tenderness and pathos appear and, blended, they evidence the world's belief that He was both Son of Man

An Irish legend tells us that, on Christmas evo, the Christ-Child wanders out in the darkness and the peasants still lighted candles in their windows to guide the sacred little feet, that they may not stumble on their way their homes. And in Hungary the people go yet further in their tenderness for the Child; they spread feasts and leave their doors open that He may enter at His will, while throughout Christendom there is a belief that no evil can touch any

child who is born on Christmas eve. The legend which tells how the very hay which lined the manger in which the Holy Babe was laid put forth living red blossoms at Mohammedan invasion of the Holy mid winter at the touch of the Babe's Land, and there it is preserved in a body could only have arisen from belief in the renewal of life through

the Lord of Life. It is not so many centuries ago since there was that holy thorn at Glatsonbury which blossomed every Christmas, and, so ran the legend, had done ever since St. Joseph of side of the stable into a vacant stall.

Striking a match, Minnie lighted a

Striking a match, Minnie lighted a

Striking a match, Minnie lighted a to put forth leaves and blossoms thereby was the king converted to the Christian faith, the faith which

preached life from death. The holy thorn at Glatsonbury flourished during the centuries until the civil wars. During those it was uprooted; but several persons had had trees growing from cuttings from the original tree, and those con tinued to bloom at the Christ season just as their parent, which had grown from St. Joseph's staff, had bloomed.

And about the middle of the eighteenth century it was recorded in the Gentleman's Magazine how the famous holy thorn would not deign to recognize the new style calendar, which had then come into force, but would persist in blossoming as of old on old Christmas day!

certainly meant more to the common ople than merely a time of feasting and revelry, for giving and receiving; it had been also a season for holy ob-servances, for they refused to go to Church on New Christmas day, the holy thorn not being then in blossom. So serious became the trouble that the clergy found it prudent to announce that Old Christmas day should also be kept sacred as before.

Another of these spiritual parables is the legend of the Christmas rose, and it tells how good things, fit for giving, spring up ready to the hand which earnestly desires to give to the Child. It is said that a certain maiden of Bethlehem was so poor Before they had ended Santa Claus threw his pistol before the shrine as an offering; he was done with it.

her, saying: "Look at thy feet, beneath the snow," and lo! on obeying, the maiden found that a new flower

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and, indeed, its half-opened cups are like chalices of love, and its fully spread petals are like a happy innocence, fit symbols for the gifts for the Babe of spotless innocence, Whose heart was the vessel of love.

There are several exceedingly touching legends concerning bells, which are heard ringing from buried cities and villages at this season. One belongs to a city near Raleigh, in Nottinghamshire, England, and the story runs that once, where there is now but a valley, there was a village which, with every trace of life and habitation, had been swallowed by an earthquake; but ever since, at Christmas the bells of the old buried church are heard to ring as of old.

A similar legend comes from the Netherlands. It is said that the city of Been was notorious for its renowned for its beauty and magnifiages came our Saviour on one annidance. Sin he saw rampant on every side, but not a trace of Christmas bounty and good will, and he called | child what they held to be true? to the sea, which, as of old, obeyed His voice, and Been, the city of sin, was buried deep, clean out of sight beneath the waves. But ever at Christmas up from beneath the covering waters comes the sweet of church bells buried in calling It is a legend which appears Been. tell in parable that nothing which ever belonged to the Christ, and was dedicated to His Service, is ever wholly lost from Him and alienated from service; that ever and beauty and compelling sweetness from the depths through all rises

seeming ruin. Tradition declares that within the stone manger there was another one of wood, and that the stone cradle in the Chapel of the Nativity is, indeed, the outer manger. Splendid is that humble stone trough now with white marble, softly rich with costly draperies, and radiant with a silver star which is surrounded by sixteen lamps ever a lit. But yet more glorious is the wooden manger at Rome, the veritable manger in which the Christ-Child lay. It was removed to Rome in the seventh century, during the strong brazen chest, from which it is brought forth on Christmas days, when it is placed on the High Altar It is mounted upon a stand of silver which is inlaid with gold and gems, and the shrine in which it rests is of purest rock crystal. In the days in which this was accomplished men, whatsoever may have been their shortcomings in gave magnificently to the Church

Tradition says that the hour of the Babe's birth was the hour of midnight, and legend adds that from then until dawn cocks crow. In Ireland it held that whose looks into a mirror on this eve will see the devil or Judas Iscariot looking over his shoulder, surely sufficient to drive the hardiest soul to a thought of the innocent Babe .- Buffalo Echo.

#### THE CHURCH AND THE CRADLE

Principle Ritchie of Nottingham College, speaking at a Nonconformist gathering some time ago, at Norwich Conn., says the Catholic Times, paid a high tribute to Catholic teaching In those days the anniversary of and practice. Discussing the questhe advent of the Christ-Child had tion of child life, the problem of the empty cradle, and the retention of the young in Church membership and service, this leading Free Church minister confessed that Protestant ism had a great deal of leeway to make up in comparison with Cathol

Remarking on the large number of childless homes to be found in the Protestant churches, he said it was a fact almost oppressive in its signifi cance that so many of these homes were childless. . . . Now, he was speaking to Protestants. Generally this indictment was not true of Cath olics, not half so true. Some of them might have read lately a start ling article in "Hibbert." hymn, and sang with the sweetness of fresh and touching voices, and in from afar, and, as she stood, longing fact that if the same ratio of decline and mourning, an angel appeared to her, saying: "Look at thy feet, be and the same ratio of increase con continued in the Protestant churches tinued in the Catholic Church, the governing force in this country after Would you like to kiss the In-had miraculously sprung up and not many decades had passed would blossomed at her needs. Ever since be Catholic. This advantage to Cath not many decades had passed would "I dare not," he answered hoarsely.

There was a faint sound in the flower is to be found at this season; through the conversion of adults; it

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was being done through the cradle. Here was a great and grave matter They knew how the Catholic Church The question was, were the Protestant churches to face it and face it wisely? It was a question that could not be discussed except incidentally in pulpits, cause then more mischief would be done than good. He was not unmindful that in part this was an economic problem, a problem even of housing and landlords. In only too many districts parants with more than three children "need not apply. But at the bottom it was a moral problem. It was a big question, the sure sign of a decadent civiliza-

In his reply on the discussion, Principal Ritchie made another admission. In regard to religious teaching, he said he feared the Free black and shameless sins, as well as churches had been frightened by the word "dogmatic." Why should they cence. To the Sodom of the middle not teach a truth they believed to be true? When he taught mathematversary of His birth, and went as a ics he was not afraid to teach the beggar from door to door, but not axioms. In every department of secone in all that Christmas keeping ular knowledge they did not hesitate city gave the Master of their abun- to begin dogmatically. In this case Sin he saw rampant on every of religion why should they not. under fitting forms, teach to the

#### IRISH LASS LOST HER LEG, BUT NOT HER WIT

"Irish wit cannot be quenched even by misfortune," said Col. William Crawford Gorgas, assistant surgeon general of the United States arm and a case that particularly impres-

ed me is the following: 'One morning at the hospital I took off an Irish lassie's leg above again something of their inherent the knee. She had been in a street car accident. It was, of course, a very great loss to her, for she was a factory girl and it meant that she would be laid up for a long time, and a crutch for all time.

'After she came out of the ether and was herself, she asked what had been done to her. The young nurse turned and looked at me, waiting for me to tell the girl. I broke the news as gently as I could, and added: 'You're all right, only there won't

be any more dancing for you, my girl. 'Shure, docther,' she replied, gaily and quickly, although her blue eyes were filled with tears, 'but I'll be just right now to take in all th'

# Gerald de Lacey's

hops.' "-Malott's Magazine,

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#### THE ADMIRAL AND THE LITTLE CHILD

The great Admiral Alphonso Albuquerque, conqueror of the East Indies, was a man of singular faith and piety.

On one occasion, in the midst of a terrible hurricane, his fleet was in imminent danger of being destroyed. Every effort was made to save it, and the lives of so many brave sailors who were on the ships, but all human power was of no avail in that terrible

All seemed lost, but the Admiral, whose thoughts were now fixed on that eternity into which he saw that all of them must soon enter, was suddenly roused as if by an inspiration from Heaven. Taking into his arms a little child who stood near him on the deck, he raised him up towards Heaven, and, in a voice loud- ceived. er than even the roaring of the temp-

est, thus prayed to God:
"O great God of Heaven, if our sins have caused Thee to rise up in anger against us, for we are all, in-deed sinners and guilty before Thee, let the sight of this innocent child move thee to mercy; look upon him, yet beautiful in his baptismal innocence, and for his sake be pleased to turn away Thy anger from us and

show us mercy."
"At that same moment," relates the historian, "the tempest abated, and a great calm fell upon the ocean, to the great consolation of those mariners who had expected only a watery grave.'

Alongside of this modern story put that narrated by Saint Matthew two thousand years ago. It is as follows: And Jesus calling unto Him a little child set him in the midst of them.
And said: Amen I say to you, un-

less you be converted, and become as little children, you shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Whosoever, therefore shall humble

himself as this little child, he is the greater in the kingdom of heaven. And he that shall receive one such little child in My name, receiveth Me.

But he that shall scandalize one of these little ones that believe in Me. it were better for him that a millstone should be hanged about his neck, and that he should be drowned in the depth of the sea. See that you despise not one of

heaven. Can it be that the little children

are going to write large their names

Peace ?-The Tablet.

#### PROTESTANT MINISTER AND MARTIN LUTHER

To Editor of Herald and Journal Several years ago when there was a lot of splurge over the "great soul" of John Calvin, William Morris the defects in the character of Calvin which warranted his conclusion that "John Calvin was quite the worst man in history." We will soon be bearing the necessary of the poison of party political organs, where there is neither "truth, justice or judgment." A taste for reading—I mean reading anything wholepricked the bubble and pointed out hearing the panegyrics on Luther, and I want to offer some suggestions which if looked into will show to anyone that Luther is a sadly over-estimated figure in history.

Careful study of the period shows that the political and economic upheavals, the transfer from feudal aristocracy to monarchy, the transfer from agriculture to commerce, the loss of the common lands to the great movement for progress rather than Luther's "95 Theses." There was a great political, economical and intellectual change, as well as a religious change. One who will read "The Social Side of the Reformation" by Belfort Bax, will see how sadly over-rated the work of Luther is, for even his religious advance was largely paid for by others.

In his attitude toward the peasants Luther shows himself either a traitor as dupes to his own end and then

men whom we must look upon as truly great. His words against the poor peasants struggling to redress

Wordness of dangerous best seller the mental pabulum they desire.

How richly deserving therefore their wrongs and waging one of the most unequal and brave battles against injustice; of them this Luther says, "In the case of an insurgent says," and the says of the s says, in the case of an insurgent peasant every man is both judge and executioner. Whoever can, should knock down, strangle, stab, stamp upon, either secretly or publicly, all the peasant every man is both judge and were taught during their high school stic Congression, and the state of the peasant every man is both judge and were taught during their high school stic Congression, and the peasant every man is both judge and were taught during their high school stic Congression, and the peasant every man is both judge and were taught during their high school stic Congression and the peasant every man is both judge and were taught during their high school stic Congression and the peasant every man is both judge and were taught during their high school stic Congression and the peasant every man is both judge and were taught during their high school stic Congression and the peasant every man is both judge and were taught during their high school stic Congression and the peasant every man is both judge and were taught during their high school stic Congression and the peasant every man is both judge and were taught during their high school stic Congression and the peasant every man is both judge and were taught during their high school stic Congression and the peasant every man is both judge and were taught during their high school stick and why the peasant every man is both judge and were taught during their high school stick and why the peasant every man is both judge and the peasant every man is both judg

prayer." Toward the Jews Luther preached, "Burn their synagogues and schools; what will not burn bury with earth that neither stone nor rubbish remain. Break into their houses, forbid their rabbis to teach on pain of life and limb. Take away

which is nothing but cursing, lies, godlessness. Such was the man that conven tional history honors as a great hero, and that conventional Protestant churches will soon honor as a saint.

Nothing is ever gained by that which is not true; all honor to Wycliff, John Ball, John Huss, Thomas Munzer, Hans Bohm, the real religious reformers; all honor to Thomas More and Erasmus, the scholars; St. Frances, the saint; but let us get over the traditional panegyrics for a man who does not de a small part the praises he has re-

ROLAND D. SAWYER. Ware, Oct. 16.

#### TEACH THEM WHAT TO READ

There is a diverting story told about a cub reporter on a New York newspaper who enjoyed so keenly a novel of Thackeray's he had been given to read that on the advice of a mischievous friend he journeyed to Yonkers to secure an interview with | could conceive of." that well known author. For he was quite unaware that Thackeray had grasp may have been on the details of the great Victorian novelist's career, nevertheless he was capable of enthusiastically enjoying a good Can as much be said of the average lad or lassie who is graduated nowadays from our Catholic high schools, or academies or colleges? Close observers sadly shake their heads. Most of these boys and girls can tell you, perhaps, when Thackeray 'flourished," for they were forced to "get up" some biographical data concerning him in order to pass an examination, but as for reading his chief works, and particularly with enjoyment,—that they have never done and in all probability never will do. Cannot the grave indictment these little ones: for I say to you, which the late Canon Sheehan drew that their angels in heaven always up against the secondary schools that their angels in heaven always up against the secondary schools see the face of my Father who is in of Ireland be justly applied to many of our American institutions of learning: For the Canon writes:

The beauties of English literature, in the panoply of Heaven? If so the vast treasures that have been what of the future? rich and prolific authorship of great and enlightened men, the hoard of precious thoughts that lie hidden there beneath the covers of books which modern competition has made available for the slenderest purse all are unknown and concealed from eager and inquiring spirits, who then go out into the world to feed their minds on the only pabulum of which they have ever heard—the garbage of London (New York) flimsies, or the some or elevating-is almost unknown in this country. A young Englishman, or a young Scotchman, will be found to have a pretty fair idea of the English classics—a pretty fair idea of what books are worth reading and what books are worthless. And, considering the fact that really half the joy and pleasure of most lives is to be found in books, is it not pitiable that our children's peasant leading those led to the minds should be so starved that, in after life they cannot distinguish food higher principles of reason and pub-

lic morality? Catholics employed in our public or a brutal monster who used them libraries complain that it is hardly worth while buying Catholic books. pamphlets show that he appreciated the injustices done the peasants.

Luther's pamphlet issued in the same and the same an they are read by so few, and those of past times, that Canon Sheehan the Luxenbourg, the doctor gave the Luther's pamphlet, issued in 1525, refers to, they seem to be rarely. "Against the Thieving and Murder-taken out by Catholics, and it is "Against the Thieving and Murder-ous Bands of Peasants," and his harangues against the Jews, quite put him outside the lines of those

praise and commendation are those cases were read by distinguished physicians. such. Nothing is so venomous, per-nicious and devilish as an insurgent ture is carefully trained, in after Congress by Doctor Bec, head surpeasant. So wonderful are these years it will continue to be formed times that a prince merits heaven by and developed by the books they it was as the seal set on his lifework. bloodshed better than a peasant by delight in reading. Catholic teachers

who can inspire with an enthusiastic love of good reading the boys and girls entrusted to their care have probably won for them a blessing which next to that of the Catholic Faith will prove to the end of life their greatest comfort and safeguard. -America.

#### DOCTOR BOISSARIE OF LOURDES

The story of Lourdes will always appeal to the Catholic heart—the story of little Bernadette, who clung so tenaciously to the truth of her vision, though she was so sternly questioned, and even harshly reprimanded, by her pastor, for seeing things that others did not see. He was harsh because of his love of his religion and his great desire that no reproach be brought upon it by fooltheir prayer books and Talmuds, in ish dreams and words of any of his parishioners.

But the day came when the trem bling Bernadette convinced even her good pastor that to her had been given a great mission by our Lady herself. And in due time all the Catholic world turned to Lourdes.

The persistent war of rationalism against belief in the supernatural marked the nineteenth "The question of miracles was in the forefront of this conflict between rationalism and Catholicism," says a writer in The Month, "the former brushing away confidently every story of alleged miracle as the fruit of a credulous age long since passed away.'

But the story of Lourdes and the miracles was of our own day, and was becoming more and more of public interest as the century drew to a close. Even men of recognized scientific reputation were obliged to pay attention to what was happening in Lourdes, and, in a number of cases, they were forced to admit that the cures could not be accounted for by suggestion "or indeed by any natural process that they knew of or

Dr. George Boissarie, a man of ardent faith, who died on June 28, died in England fifty four years ago. this year, was among those who took However weak that young reporter's an active part in directing the atten tion of the scientific world on Lourdes, and his name is a household word in many lands.

Therefore, a deep interest attaches book when he chanced upon one. to the account of his life, published in The Annales of Our Lady of Lourdes, from which The Month gleaned the following facts:

Born in Sarlat, in 1837, George Boissarie was the son of a doctor and was educated for the same profession. He studied in Paris, made a distinguished record, and received much favorable notice for his work as corresponding member of a number edical societies. It was predicted that he would have a brilliant career in Paris, but inclination drew him back to his early home, where he took over his father's practice, married and became the father of five his father's practice, sons, all of whom attained distinction in different lines of endeavor.

Dr. Boissarie was first attracted to Lourdes in the early eighties, and became a frequent visitor at the Bureau des Constations. There he found a precious opportunity to apply to the cures the best tests that human science could offer. the President of the Bureau died Dr. Boissarie was chosen to fill the post, and there he remained until failing health and advancing years obliged him to retire.

Firm in faith, he was also positive in the conviction that true miracles should be able to bear the most rigorous application of scientific tests and should even invite the application of such tests.

He put at the disposal of his fellow-scientists all the facilities of the Bureau to aid their investigations. As his fame went abroad medical men from many lands went to Lourdes, which, they thought, would in any case afford them the finest clinical subjects. The Annales state that as many as 7,778 such visitors took part in the investigations during the twenty-three years Dr. Boissarie was in office.

Among the first to visit Lourdes shortly after the doctor entered on the work was Zola, who went confident that he would detect a fraud pitiable trivialities that weaken the intellect, lower the standards of ethical and moral worth and created that he would detect a fraud and would expose it to the world in his next novel. Every opportunity to investigate was given him and here. intellect, lower the standards of ethical and moral worth, and create showed his appreciation of this honan effeminate and thoughtless people, swayed by passion, and regardless, because ignorant, of the book "Lourdes" so as to make book "Lourdes" so as to make cures seem to have been fleeting and unreal, and giving readers the impression that such was the condition of affairs he found in Lourdes.

Dr. Boissarie, two years later, brought to Paris three of the persons whose cures had been misrepresented by Zola. At a public meeting in audience an ocular demonstration of the glaring difference between the truth and Zola's fabrication.

Good came out of evil, as the incident led to annual meetings in Paris, worthless or dangerous best-seller all at which subjects of the most inter-How richly deserving therefore of fully documented studies of their

Dr. Boissarie made his last public appearance in 1914, when the Euchai istic Congress was being held in Lourdes. The doctor had the happiness of listening to the remarkable report on the medical proof of -Sacred Heart Review.

It is no doubt the professor's function to develop the mathematician, the chemist; but the man, that is the moral life in man, is perhaps formed before ten years of age; and if this life has not acquired its form at his mother's knee, it will be a great misfortune. If, bowever, the mother, as is her duty, has stamped on the forehead of her child a divine character, it is almost certain that the touch of vice can never wholly efface it. The youth may, without doubt, step aside from the straight path: but he will describe, so to speak, a curve which will eventually bring him back to the starting point.

#### THE TABLET FUND

Toronto, Dec. 8, 1917. Editor CATHOLIC RECORD: I thank you for giving space to the Appeal for the Tablet Fund for the Relief of the Belgians. So far I have received because of this appeal:

Previously acknowledged... 1449 99 Teacher and Pupils at Wallenstein...... Mrs. M. J. Hogan, Clayton...

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

Respectfully yours, W. E. BLAKE, 93 Pembroke St. Toronto.

DIED

MCALEAR .- At Northfield Station, on Saturday, December 1, Dennis McAlear, aged thirty-four years, nine months, four days. May his soul

WEISENBORN-On Friday morning, Dec. 7, 1917, at her home, 130 Peck street, Rochester, N. Y., Mrs. Mary A. Weisenborn, wife of J. George Weisenborn. May her soul rest in peace.

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