

The Catholic Record

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

VOLUME XXXVIII.

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1916

1916

THE ADORABLE VISION

A sudden, swift onrush of angel wings,
A strange, white glory on the exulting
skies!
On the meek Shepherds and the
dazzled eyes
Of Oriental Magic Heaven downfalls
A vision and a message. Something
sings
Of a grand Future that shall swiftly
arrive
And of an Infant King in lowliest
guise,
Adored by loving souls, for love He
brings.
O journeying guided! Starlit Blessed
ways
Are theirs through all the music-
haunted night;
Afar, they feel Thy charms of love and
light.
Then nearer drawn, in gladdened,
sweet amazement
They see Thy Blessed Mother, learn
Thy grace—
Dear Jesus, may we thus behold Thy
Face!

—CAROLINE D. SWAN

THE NAME

(Communicated)

He who first wrote the Name,
wrote it at the end of the list—below
every name.
He was a Roman officer, charged
with the duty of the census in the
district about Bethlehem. All day
long the line of tired pilgrims had
filed before the desk. At last the
weary record was completed; the
officer set himself to casting up the
columns. Then suddenly a shadow
fell across the page. He turned
impatiently towards the doorway to
see the figure of a stalwart man out-
lined against the setting sun, a Babe
in his arms.
"I could not come earlier," he
said, "the Child was born last
night."
"You are at the inn?" the officer
asked.
"No, we arrived too late; the Babe
was born in a manger."
"Your name?"
"Joseph."
"Of what tribe?"
"The tribe of Benjamin and David.
We are the descendants of Kings," he
added.
The officer did not look up. The
world was full of descendants of
Kings—and now there was no King
but Caesar—Lord of the Earth by
right of war.
"Your wife's name?"
"Mary."
"And the Child's?"
"Jesus."
The voice of the big man was soft
and sweet, as though fondling the
syllables. "It means the Saviour of
His people."
The officer merely nodded.
"Yes, son of Joseph, of the tribe
of Benjamin," he wrote and closed
the book. It was the last Name on
his list. In other years men have
written His Name high or low,
according to the temper of the time.
There have been generations in
which no business was so urgent as
the task of adding glory to that
Name. And there have been ages
when, suddenly, the flags of battle
have flown high; the lowly banner
of His Cross has trailed behind them
in the dust; in after-thought rulers
have turned to implore His blessing,
placing His Name again at the end
of their hates and ambitions. But
His Name cannot occupy that place.
Underneath the roar and smoke of
battle, there are signs today that
the world is groping its way back
to Him. One finds them in the market
place, the council chamber and on
the battle field. In the midst of
misery and wretchedness come the
cries of men in their helplessness,
putting His Name above and beyond
their leaders. Whenever families
gather solemnly about a vacant chair,
His Name is breathed on the lips of
women and little children. When,
at length, the world is able to turn
its scarred, blood-bathed face in the
direction of peace, it will be His
Name in which its prayer will be
raised. Across the ruin of men's
hopes His Voice will answer back:
"Peace I leave with you,
My Peace I give unto you."
Out of the war will be born a new
list of heroes. But when these, too,
in time shall have been forgotten,
the eyes of men will still turn up-
wards to invoke His name.
Among rulers, His yoke alone is
easy. His burden light. Among re-
formers He alone dared to teach men
that they were made to God's likeness,
and so the equal of their kings. He,
too, was torn and weary and wounded.
But in the moment when the world
seemed to have crushed Him, He
could say: "I have overcome the
world."
For faith like that, the tired race
is ready now. The age is ripe for
Him again. The Name that nineteen
hundred years ago was written last
upon the census rolls is to be the
"Name which is above every name,"
the Name that brought "Peace on
earth, good will to men."

It is the height of folly to argue
with an ignorant person.

REV. FATHER LACOMBE

INDOMITABLE MISSIONARY WHO SPENT LIFETIME ON THE PRAIRIES HELD HONEST ESTEEM OF ALL

REDMAN'S FRIEND THROUGH
PERSECUTION AND
STRIPE

Toronto Daily News

Father Lacombe, who died yester-
day at his home in Midnapore, Alta.,
was not given to tell overmuch of
himself. He did not need to. What
he did was known not only to the
people of his own faith, but was
recognized and valued by everyone
who read western history with fair-
mindedness.

For more than three score years this
man of the cloth worked in the
West. He went from Quebec, a
young man, in the days when it took
six months to travel from Eastern
Canada to Edmonton. The route
was either by way of the Ottawa,
across the Great Lakes, or up the
Mississippi to St. Paul, thence by ox
cart to Fort Garry, and from there
still a weary jaunt over the trail to
Edmonton.

In 1849 Edmonton was but a hand-
ful. The Indians called it the Fort
of the Beaver Hills; the French
called it the Fort of the Plains; the
English in a later day called it Fort
Edmonton. Working from Edmon-
ton south and west and north
Father Lacombe established missions
among the Cree and Blackfoot
Indians, and won his way into the
confidence of both. That in itself
was a missionary triumph, for the
two tribes were sworn enemies and
fought many a desperate duel,
staining the plains with rivers of
blood before they killed themselves
out.

For years no king or prince was
surer of respectful hearing and
honest esteem than was this vener-
able priest, in any part of the great
West.

Even in his later years it was with
some hesitation that Father Lacombe
expressed himself in English. The
accent of the old Quebec still
lingered on his lips, and his words
came slowly and with occasional
effort. It may have been for this
reason that he was eloquent in
gesticulating, expressing by a shrug of
the shoulders, a wave of the hand,
or a quickening of the eye a thought
which would sometimes take many
words to express, and not half so
well. For instance, in telling of one
of the Indian massacres of many
years ago it was not necessary for
Father Lacombe to describe in
many words the horrors of a scene,
of which he himself had been a
witness. The stretching with hands
of an imaginary rope, the bending of
his head, and the quick stiffening of
his body was enough—his hearers
seemed to see the line of bodies hang-
ing in mid-air.

In any case, it may well be taken for
granted that this veteran missionary was
practised: for in interpreting the
Better Things to the children of the
wilder, he, like every other preacher,
had found it necessary to paint
pictures that could be seen and
understood.

There is much in word emphasis,
too. Father Lacombe knew the West,
knew the spirit of the West, knew
what it was that sends men here and
gave them hope. It takes pages and
pages of text and picture for the
magazine writer of to-day to explain
all this, but Father Lacombe told
little stories, and in his quiet, quaint,
graphic way laid stress upon one
word, and made his hearers feel just
what it was that inspired all with
confidence in our West.

The priest himself passed through
many a fearful experience, when the
two Indian foes fought in very devil-
ishness of savagery, he was within
an inch of his life. Through all the
following stages of the Indians' his-
tory, through war and peace, through
scourges of smallpox and wilderness
tragedy, Father Lacombe ministered,
as few men have ever ministered to
the needs of the Red Men. To a very
great extent they have, as a race,
passed away, but the priest still
treasuring the memory of the past,
where the Reds were a great and
powerful people, proved himself their
friend to the end. He regretted the
degeneration of the half-breed, but
he pointed out, with his accustomed
knack for summing things up that
the half breed has been the link
between barbarism and civilization.

GERALDINE REDMOND A
CONVERT

HEAD OF PROMINENT BANKING HOUSE
RECEIVED INTO THE CHURCH

It has only recently become known
that Mr. Geraldine Redmond, of New
York and Tivoli-on-Hudson, is a con-
vert. He was received into the
Church last April by the Rev. P. F.
O'Gorman, S. J., at the Church of St.
Ignatius Loyola, New York city.

Mr. Redmond's brother is the head
of Redmond & Co., one of the largest
and best known banking and bond
houses in the country. His wife, who
recently died, and her sister, the
Countess Langlier-Villars, members

of the famous Livingston family,
were born in the Church. Their
mother, however, was a convert and
their father remained a Protestant
until his death at the age of ninety.
Mr. Redmond was formerly an
Episcopalian and was an active sup-
porter of the Episcopal church at
Barrytown, N. Y. He heads one of
the most distinguished families of the
Hudson River—Philadelphia
Standard and Times.

SECURITY FOR THE FUTURE

WHY GERMANY IS LIKELY TO SUBMIT TO OUR TERMS

The German Emperor and his
Chancellor will give most serious
heed to the demand of the new
Chancellor of the Exchequer, made
in the House of Commons yesterday,
for a new credit of \$2,000,000,000 and
for the equipment of an additional
million men for the army. It is
ominous, it is an omen not to be dis-
regarded. Germany will well un-
derstand what it means if the war is to
be continued. It leaves her in no
doubt about the present temper and
resolve of the British nation, of all
the Entente nations. Nor is Ger-
many left at all in the dark as to the
nature of the peace which these new
billions and these new men will be
employed to secure and enforce. The
words of Prime Minister Asquith
when the last vote of credit was
asked were quoted by Mr. Bonar Law.
They have a definite, unmistakable
meaning: "There must be adequate
reparation for the past and adequate
security for the future."

Reparation for the past may be re-
served for later discussion. There
can be no complete reparation. War's
awful havoc cannot be repaired. The
millions of dead cannot be re-
stored to their homes. Security for
the future is the immediate question.
It is a question that will be put very
directly to Germany. "What security
for future peace are we to have?"
will be asked of her by the Allies.
"Not the security of our own great
armies and powerful fleets, every
year costing us billions to maintain.
We will make no peace that imposes
upon us the burden of continuing
defense against danger, we demand
that the danger itself be removed."
"Peace without safety is a mere delu-
sion," said The Pall Mall Gazette
yesterday.

Germany understands these terms.
Her Emperor and her Chancellor,
her military chiefs know the nature
of the guarantee that is going to
be exacted of her. They can with-
hold it. Then, they must fight on.
Germany must send forth new
legions, she must further spend her
sorely depleted resources, and her people will
be called upon still further to endure
misery and suffering even now
almost too great for their power of
endurance. The end of it is beyond
all doubt. Germany and her allies
are vastly overmatched by the
numbers and the resources arrayed
against her. By exhaustion or by
defeat, doubtless by both, the Cen-
tral Powers will be overcome. It
will be bloody, it will be costly. Is
it worth while, is it worth while
while for the ruling class to
make fresh demands upon a nearly
exhausted people merely to defer the
fate that awaits them? Above all,
is it worth while for the people to
put up with it, to heed or respond to
a call so cruel and senseless?

The Teutonic Allies have asked for
peace, at least, that terms of peace
may be brought under discussion.
Peace cannot be had for the asking.
Germany might have insured peace,
might have averted the war, by join-
ing with England and France and
Russia in staying the hand of Aus-
tria. She refused. She cannot now
have peace upon her own terms.
Her sin and the harm she has done
have been too great. She must and
will make peace upon terms that
Mr. Asquith's words will give "ade-
quate security for the future." Sooner
or later she must accept those
terms. They will be proposed to
her now, in answer to her over-
tures. It will be madness to reject
them, certainly it would be madness
for the German people to let them
be rejected.—N. Y. Times.

BEFORE THE MANGER

On Christmas our proper place is
before the Infant Jesus wrapped in
swaddling clothes and lying in the
manger. Who is it that lies there
so weak and helpless? Unless we
can answer truly, we do not know
what Christmas stands for. It is
God Himself, Who is there. But how
can this poor babe be the great God?
Is not God the Infinite, the Eternal,
the Omnipotent, the Immutable, the
Creator of all that is made? Is He
not infinitely above every creature,
and dependent on none? And is not
this little child the very opposite of
all this? True, indeed. How then
can this frail infant be God Almighty?
There is the wondrous mystery of
the Incarnation. This mystery is
the very heart of Christmas, that
which makes it what it is and gives
it place in our life. With this
stupendous truth before us, what

else can we do but fall down in
humble adoration of God's unsearch-
able ways, while our firm faith
acknowledges the truth of the facts
which we cannot fully understand?
The Omnipotent has laid aside the
splendor proper to His presence and
appears before us as the weakest of
men. With motherly care the
Church teaches us our fitting
attitude towards this sublime
mystery when on Christmas morning
she sings the sweet strains of the
"Adeste fideles," inviting us to come
with hearts of faith and adore our
new-born Saviour.—John B. Quinlan,
in Sacred Heart Review.

CARDINAL GIBBONS ON WOMAN SUFFRAGE

A strong warning against the agi-
tation for woman suffrage has been
issued by Cardinal Gibbons. The
entrance of woman into active politi-
cal life, he firmly holds, "is calcu-
lated to rob her of her grace of char-
acter and give her nothing in return
but masculine boldness and effort-
lessness." He sees in this agitation an
alluring but specious pretense for
drawing woman away from her most
exalted duties of motherhood to the
detriment of the nation and the race.
"I regard woman's rights' women
and the leaders of the new school of
female progress as the worst enemies
of the female sex. I wish I could
impress on American women the
dangers that would attach to such
innovations.

The most precious, undeveloped
asset of any nation is its children.
An all-wise God, through the law of
nature has committed this precious
treasure in a special manner to the
mother. Women cannot vote intelli-
gently unless they give time to an
intelligent study of political questions,
and all such time taken from the
household will be injurious to the
future generation without giving to
the present generation any appreciable
benefit in the purifying of the
ballot.

"When I deprecate female suffrage
I am pleading for the dignity of
woman, I am contending for her
honor, I am striving to perpetuate
those priceless prerogatives inherent
in her sex, those charms and graces
which exalt womankind and make
her the ornament and coveted com-
panion of man. Woman is queen
indeed, but her empire is the domes-
tic kingdom. The greatest political
triumph she could achieve in pub-
lic life fade into insignificance
compared with the serene glory
which radiates from the domestic
shrine and which she illumines and
warms by her conjugal and motherly
virtues."

So far as he has observed, the
Cardinal continues, woman suffrage
has not affected the result of the
elections. "The vote is given in
the volume of the vote. Thus it seems
that our political life has not been
benefited or purified by the entrance
of woman into the political arena,
though the domestic life of those
engaged in political work must have
been neglected."—America.

CHANGES IN AUSTRIA

SPECULATION ON THE FUTURE RELATIONS OF THE CENTRAL POWERS

New York, Dec. 9, 1916.

To the editor of The N. Y. Times:

Your "Germany Is Beaten and She
Knows It" editorial remains valid in
spite of Bucharest, and should even
Constantine succeed in joining his
imperial brother-in-law, there is not
the slightest doubt in my mind that
Germany is slowly but surely walk-
ing down hill. Not only are, as you
have pointed out with rare vigor and
a profound knowledge of the whole
complicated world situation, her
initial purposes irretrievably com-
promised, but she has lost the high-
est stake, not only in individual but
also national life, her honor: "Geld
verloren, nichts verloren; Ehre ver-
loren, alles verloren!" Kings can
lose battles, wars, and even their
countries, and preserve the love of
their people, the respect of posterity.
But William II. has, before the walls
of Antwerp, forfeited his honor; is
losing for himself and his nation
through his wholesale slave trade in
France, Belgium, and Poland the last
shreds of the respect and sympathy
of the neutral countries, and, last but
not least, unconsciously, is digging
his own royal grave by chasing into
exile one worthy and valiant king
after the other, dragging with him
the German Empire.

I am, however, less concerned with
the fate of the Hohenzollerns than
with the future of my old country—
Austria. And as an American citizen
of Austrian descent, I heartily en-
joyed the "chill" William had
caught two days before the funeral
of Francis Joseph. Could his Am-
bassador and other henchmen in this
country tell us whether that chill,
which prevented the robust German
war lord from rendering his last
homage to his faithful ally, was of a
medical or diplomatic dynastical
origin? What? A man who, for the
last two years and a half, braved all
sorts of weather on the battlefields

of France, Poland, and the Balkans
could not stand, for barely fifteen
minutes, a funeral ceremony in the
well-heated St. Stephen's Church of
Vienna?

This has probably been the first
clash between the two monarchies.
Charles I. has made the first step to
reconquer his capital for his dynasty
and his faithful Austrian people. Not
William II., but Charles I., with
the Kings of Bavaria and Saxony, the
descendants of Francis Joseph's faith-
ful anti-Prussian allies of 1866, close
behind him, headed the royal pageant
and William's heir, the Pickwickian
hero of Verdun, had to take a back
seat.

Poor Francis Joseph had not been
Emperor of Austria since June 28,
1914, the day of the murder of Fran-
cis Ferdinand's assassination; Emperor
William was the overlord of Vienna,
his Ambassador, Tchirsky, was boss
at the Ballplatz, and the Austrian
General Staff a mere annex to the
Grosser-Generalsstab in Berlin.
Meagre as the news from Vienna is,
we know so much—that within
less than one week Charles I.
dismissed the old Field Marshal, Ar-
chduke Frederick, as Commander-in-
Chief of the Austrian Army, replacing
him with the young, able, energetic
Archduke Eugen, at the same time
taking in the person of his confidant,
Prince Hohenlohe, hold of the supreme
direction of foreign affairs of his
empire. He also took to the field,
not as a royal vassal but as consul of
equal rank with the armies of the
Quadruple Alliance. In a few days
Charles I. will open the Austrian Par-
liament, whose doors were closed since
the outbreak of the war, and place
Hungary's crown on his head.

Since General Joffre and his col-
leagues, even the ultra-radical
French statesmen, are not ashamed
to attribute the victory on the Marne
to the spirit of Joan of Arc, I, an old
Austrian, need not hesitate to con-
fess that I see the spirit of Empress
Maria Theresa hover over her old
palace in Vienna, seeking revenge
for the Silesian robbery.

AUSTRIAN.

THE POPE AND THE CHILDREN

A gift of 10,000 lire, about \$2,000,
from the Holy Father, around which
the children of America are urged to
build a large fund for further relief
of the children of Belgium, has been
announced in the following letter
from the Pope to Cardinal Gibbons,
made public a few days ago. The
Pope was made to make this appeal
to American children by a recent
report from H. C. Hoover, Chairman
for the Commission for Relief in
Belgium.

The following extracts are among
the more striking passages in the
letter of the Holy Father.

"Profound compassion of a father
has again moved our heart, when
we read an important letter recently
sent to us by the distinguished
chairman of the praiseworthy Com-
mission for Relief in Belgium, describ-
ing in few words, yet showing proof
of most terrible reality, the pitiable
situation of numerous Belgian chil-
dren who, during two sad years,
have been suffering from the lack of
that proper nourishment necessary
to sustain the tender existence of
budding childhood. In most mov-
ing terms the chairman has
described how so many desolate
families, after having given every-
thing to us by the most generous
and humanly possible to give, now
find themselves with nothing left
with which to appease the hunger
of their little ones."

"He has made us see, almost as if
they were passing before these very
eyes, dimmed with tears, the long
file, continuously increasing, of Bel-
gian infants waiting for their daily
distribution of bread; unhappy little
ones, whose bodies, emaciated by
lack of proper nutrition, bear out-
frequently the impress of some
deadly sickness brought about by
their failure to receive the food
which children of their age require."

After stating that Mr. Hoover had
informed him of the inability of the
Commission to provide any more
extra food for the children, the Holy
Father says:

"In this emergency the worthy
chairman has turned his thought and
his heart to the millions of children
of your happy, noble America, who,
in the abundance with which they
are now surrounded, could they be
given an exact idea of the pitiable
and unfortunate condition of their
little fellow creatures in Belgium
... would not hesitate a moment
to cooperate heartily, in accordance
with some prearranged plan, to come
promptly to the relief of these needy
Belgian babies."

"Neither do we doubt, in truth,
that the happy children of America,
without distinction of faith or of
class, at this approach of another
winter. . . will vie, in their inno-
cent pride, with each other to be able
to extend to their little brothers and
sisters of the Belgian nation, even
though across the immense ocean,
the helping hand and the offerings
of that charity which knows no dis-
tance."

"The words of our Divine Redeem-
er, 'As long as you did it to one of
these My least brethren, you did it
to Me,' so appropriately brought
to mind in these circumstances, are a
sure pledge of heavenly pleasure and
reward; while we feel likewise, how
greatly, in this period of atrocious
fratricidal carnage, even in the eyes
of those who are emboldened by the per-
formance of true and loving deeds
and by the pouring of a little balm
upon the wounds of those less for-
tunate."

After expressing his confidence in
the generous help all will give to
the work, the Holy Father announces the
gift referred to above, and invokes
God's blessings on all who shall
"second and aid this noble and deli-
cate undertaking."—America.

IRISH PRIESTS TO EVANGELISE CHINA

WILL BE GREATEST WORK OF THE PRESENT CENTURY

(From European Letter of Catholic Press
Association)

London, Nov. 16.—Apropos of that
mission of salvation, it is being
renewed and perpetuated in our
day when Irish priests are taking up
the work of evangelizing China.
Collections are being taken up in
every diocese in Ireland for the new
Missionary College, and priests will
shortly start on a world-tour to
appeal to exiled Irishmen in those
many far places where they are to be
found. Those at home are not only
giving their money but their sons to
the work, and the success of the new
Irish Missionary College is already
assured. It is described as the great-
est work of the present century. It
is a work which has a deeper signifi-
cance than the world would recog-
nize at first sight.

MINISTER SPEAKS

ON "WORLD'S DEBT TO THE CATHOLIC CHURCH"

Rev. N. E. McLaughlin (Universities), Monroeville,
Pa., Dec. 4, 1916

"At the mere mention of the Roman
Catholic Church to-day some people
sneer."

"The most stupendous fact in his-
tory is Christianity and for fifteen
hundred years the Catholic Church
and Christianity were practically
synonymous. We owe:
"1. Historical Debt. This Church
made Christianity a world religion.
It carried the cross of Christ around
the world. It took the tender plant
which grew in the rocky soil of
Israel, nurtured it, transplanted it
in Rome, the chief city of the world
and made Christianity a power in
the world. Jupiter, Zeus Thor and
heathen gods were supplanted by
Jesus Christ. Some prejudiced
minds think that all the Popes were
 impostors, grafters and immoral, but
history does not substantiate the
prejudice. The Borgias are not
the typical representatives of the
papacy by any means. Many of
them were great men, most of them
scholars and as true ambassadors of
Christ as any age has produced. This
Church developed Christianity until
it became a spiritual and temporal
power."

"2. Aesthetic Debt. Has any
church fostered the arts like the
Roman Catholic? The most beauti-
ful buildings in the world are Catholic
churches—Milan, Cologne, etc. The
three greatest painters in the world
—Angelo, Raphael, Da Vinci, pur-
sued their art, under the encourage-
ment of this Church. The modern
drama had its birth in this Church.
Palestrina, the father of modern
music, wrote for the Church. The
Ambrosian and Gregorian Chants
were of inestimable value in the
formation of the musical scale as we
now have it. The Crusades were
Catholic military pilgrimages to the
Holy Land. They were directly
responsible for the Renaissance—the
enlightenment of Europe."

"3. Religious Debt. The consecra-
tion, loyalty and fervor of the
Roman Catholic may be equaled, but
not surpassed. Says Parkman, the
historian of America: 'Not a river
was discovered, a cape turned, nor a
promontory sighted in French
America but that a Jesuit led the
way.' Read the Jesuits in America,
by Parkman, if you want to know
how these men penetrated the wilder-
ness armed only with consecration,
faith and a rosary. Is there a denomi-
nation which interprets more
literally James I. 27vs.? Their
hospitals, old age homes, orphan-
ages and schools dot this land. We
may be opposed very decidedly to
their religious schools, but their hos-
pitals are evidences of a Christianity
of deeds and not words."—Our Sun-
day Visitor.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Pope Benedict's appeal to help Poland,
brought to the Vatican 4,000,000
francs, which will be sent to the
Polish committee in Switzerland.

In the little French village of Mon-
tauban is a beautiful statue of Our
Lady of Divine Grace, said to be the
only object left intact after bombard-
ments there. At its feet are lying
huge unexploded shells.
An edifying sight was witnessed in
St. Mary's Cathedral, Antigonish,
Nova Scotia, on a recent Sunday,
when a western company, destined
for overseas, received Holy Commu-
nion in a body, their commanding
officer with them.

The Province of Quebec lists among
its public officials the Very Rev.
Canon V. A. Huard, a scientist, from
whose laboratories "bulletins" and
papers are issued to instruct agricul-
turalists on how to deal with insect
plagues.

The Peter Popen collection in the
Archdiocese of Chicago taken up
November 26 will amount to \$100,000,
it is estimated. This is a large
increase as hitherto the annual
collection for the Pope in this Arch-
diocese has been about \$30,000 if it
is said.

The new mission field, British
Guiana, assigned to the care of the
Jesuit Fathers of the New Orleans
Province, is some 90,000 square miles
in extent and has a population of about
307,000 souls. The Catholic popula-
tion is about 22,000, which is served
by 26 churches and 5 mission stations.
There are 17 priests.

A small chapel is being built at
the instance of Cardinal Bourne over
the grave of Monsignor Benson in
the garden of his beautiful old house
at Hare street. Readers of "Come
Back, Come Hope," will be familiar
with this charming residence, which
figures therein, and which was very
dear to the heart of the dead priest.
When the chapel is completed, the
grave of Monsignor Benson will
lie under the altar, and in time Mass
will probably be celebrated daily
over his tomb.

The Count de Sales, who succeeded
Sir Henry Howard as British Min-
ister to the Holy See, is a convert to
the Catholic Church, says Rome, "and
a diplomat of long experience. Until
a few years ago he owned a
considerable estate in County Limer-
ick, which had been in the posses-
sion of his family for nearly two
hundred years. He was a good land-
lord and his name is held in ben-
ediction by his former tenants who
are now owners of the land they till."

The Rev. John B. Deville sailed
for Belgium from Chicago some
weeks ago, to arrange for the trans-
portation here of 300 boys and girls
orphaned by the war, who will be
cared for by American relatives.
Father Deville is the American dele-
gate in Belgium for the Belgium-
American Alliance in Chicago. He
carried with him letters and money
sent by Belgians in America to their
relatives in the home country.

It is estimated that about 20,000
priests, or nearly two-fifths of the
clergy of France, responded to the
call to military service. What this
must mean in the parishes may be
gathered from the figures for the
various dioceses. Thus, Paris had to
part with 487; Lyons with 400.
Arras, Besancon and Cambrai with
300 each; Amiens with over 200.
Nor was it only those of military age
who presented themselves. There
were others who refused to take
advantage of the exception given
them by their years.

Catholics, says America, could not
approve of all the policies or writings
of Don José Echegaray. But they will
be consoled to know that the states-
man, poet, scientist, mathematician,
the founder of the modern school of
drama in Spain, the most versatile
genius the country has produced
for many years, died a pious and
edifying death, after receiving the
last sacraments with every sign of
faith and devotion and reverently
pronouncing the Sacred Name.
Echegaray has been frequently com-
pared by his countrymen to the men
of the Renaissance, to Leonardo de
Vinci and Michael Angelo, whom he
seemed to rival in the variety and
perfection of his gifts. In 1904
he received the Nobel prize for literature.

The Eve of Saint Francis Xavier's
feast witnessed at Maryknoll another
ordination—the fifth in the short
history of the American Foreign
Mission Society. On this occasion,
Bernard Francis Meyer of Stuart,
Iowa, was raised to the priesthood.
Father Meyer is a native of Iowa, a
subject of the bishop of Des Moines,
Right Reverend Austin Dowling,
D. D., who, though in need of such
service as Father Meyer could render
to the new diocese of Des Moines,
not only gave the young priest cheer-
fully to Maryknoll, but ordained him
there. On this same occasion, three
young men, Francis Xavier Ford,
Alphonse Stephen Vogel, (both of the
New York Archdiocese) and William
Francis O'Shea of Newark, received
subdiaconate, or three other mem-
bers, minor orders were conferred,
and four were tonsured.

MOONDYNE JOE

BOOK FIFTH

THE VALLEY OF THE VASSE

VIII

THE BUSH-FIRE

It was the afternoon of a day of oppressive heat on which Mr. Wylie and Hamerton started from Perth to ride to the mountains of the Vasse. They were lightly equipped, carrying with them the few necessities for the primitive life of the bush.

For weeks before, the air had been filled with an irritating smoke, that clung to the earth all day, and was blown far inland by the sea-breeze at night.

As the horsemen were leaving Perth, they met a travel-stained police trooper, carrying the mail from the southern districts. He recognized the Comptroller-General, and saluted respectfully as he passed.

"Where is the fire, trooper?" asked Mr. Wylie.

"In the Bunbury district, sir, and moving toward the Vasse Road. It has burnt on the plains inside the sea-hills for three weeks, and in a day or two will reach the heavy bush on the uplands."

They rode at a steady and rapid pace, conversing little, like men bent on a long and tedious journey. The evening closed on them when they were crossing the Darling Range. From the desolate mountain-road, as they descended, they saw the sun standing large and red on the horizon. A range stretched a waste of white sand, far as the eye could reach, over which their road lay.

The setting of the sun on such a scene has an awfulness hard to be described. The whiteness of the sand seems to increase until it becomes ghastly, while every low ridge casts a black shadow. During this time of twilight the sand plain has a weirdly sombre aspect. When the night comes in its black shroud or silvery moonlight, the supernatural effect is dispelled.

As the travellers rode down toward the plain, impressed by this ghastly hour, Mr. Wylie called Hamerton's attention to two dark objects moving on the sand at a distance.

Hamerton unsling his field-glass, and looked at the objects.

"A man and a woman," he said; "they are going ahead, and the woman carries a load like the natives."

Soon after, the sun went down beyond the desert, and the plain was dark. The horsemen spurred on, oppressed by the level monotony before them. They had forgotten the travellers who were crossing the weary waste on foot.

Suddenly Hamerton's horse swerved, and a voice in the darkness ahead shouted something. It was a command from the man on foot, addressed to the woman, who, in her weariness and with her burden, had not been able to keep pace with him, and had fallen behind.

"Come along, you! or I'll be all night on this plain!"

The speaker had not seen or heard the horsemen, whose advance was hindered by the night and the soft sand. They rode close behind the woman, and heard her labored breathing as she increased her speed.

A sense of acute sorrow struck at once the hearts of the riders. They had recognized the voice as that of Draper—they knew that the miserable being who followed him and received his curses was his wife.

They rode silently behind her, and halted miserably as she came up with her husband. He growled at her again as she approached.

"I am very tired, Samuel," they heard her say in a low, uncomplaining voice; "and I fear I'm not as strong as I thought I was."

She stood for a moment as she spoke, as if relieved by the moment's breathing-space.

"Look here," he said in a hard voice, meant to convey the brutal threat to her soul; "if you can't keep up, you can stay behind. I'll stop no more for you; so you can come or stay. Do you hear?"

"O, Samuel, you wouldn't leave me in this terrible place alone! Have pity on me, and speak kindly to me, and I will keep up—indeed, I'll not delay you any more to-night."

"Have pity on you?" he hissed between his teeth; "you brought me to this, and I'm to have pity on you!"

He turned and strode on in the dark. She had heard, but made no reply. She struggled forward, though her steps even now were unsteady.

Mr. Wylie, having first attracted her attention by a slight sound, so that she would not be frightened, rode up to her and spoke in a low voice.

"I am the Comptroller-General—do not speak. Give me your burden. You will find it when you arrive at the inn at Pinjarra."

She looked up and recognized Mr. Wylie; and without a word she slipped her arms from the straps of the heavy load, and let him lift it from her.

"God bless you, sir!" she whispered tremulously; "I can walk easily now."

"Here," said Hamerton, handing her his wine flask, "keep this for yourself, and use it if you feel your strength failing."

"Where is your husband going?" asked Mr. Wylie.

"He is going to the Vasse, sir. A whale ship has come in there, and he thinks she will take us off."

They rode on, and soon overtook Draper. Mr. Wylie addressed him in a stern voice.

"If your wife does not reach Pinjarra tonight in safety, I shall hold you accountable. I overheard your late speech to her."

The surprised catfist made no reply, and the horsemen passed on. They arrived at the little town of Pinjarra two hours later.

Next morning they found that Draper had arrived. Mr. Wylie arranged with the innkeeper and his wife for Harriet's good treatment, and also that a stockman's team, which was going to Bunbury, should offer to take them so far on their way.

It was a long and fatiguing ride for the horsemen that day, but as the night fell they saw before them, across an arm of the sea, the lights of a town.

"That is Bunbury," said Mr. Wylie. "The scene of our friend Sheridan's sandalwood enterprise."

They stopped in Bunbury two days, Mr. Wylie spending his time in the prison depot, instructing the chief warden in the new system. They found Ngarraji there, with fresh horses. He was to ride with them next day towards the Vasse.

As they were leaving the town, on the afternoon of the third day, they met a gang of wood-cutters, carrying bundles on their backs, coming in from the bush.

"Are you going to the Vasse?" asked one of the wood-cutters, who was resting by the roadside.

"Yes."

"Well, keep to the eastward of the Koagulup Swamp and the salt marshes. The fire is all along the other side. We've been burnt out up that way."

They thanked him, and rode on. Presently, another man shouted after them.

"There's a man and woman gone on before you, and if they take the road to the right of the swamp they'll be in danger."

They rode rapidly, striking on a broad, straight road, which had been cleared by the convicts many years before. Mr. Wylie was silent and preoccupied. Once or twice Hamerton made some passing remark, but he did not hear.

The atmosphere was dense with the low-lying smoke, and the heat was almost intolerable.

A few miles south of Bunbury, the road cut clear across a hill. From the summit, they caught their first sight of the fire. Mr. Wylie reined his horse, and Hamerton and the bushman followed his example.

Before them stretched a vast sea of smoke, level, dense, and grayish-white, unbroken, save here and there by the topmost branches of tall trees that rose clear above the rolling cloud that covered all below.

"This is Bunbury burn-course," said Mr. Wylie, "the light sea-breeze keeps the smoke down, and rolls it away to the eastward. This fire is extensive."

"Where is our road now?" asked Hamerton.

"Through the smoke; the fire has not yet reached the plain. See: it is just seizing the trees yonder as it comes from the valley."

Hamerton looked far to the westward, and saw the sheeted flame, fierce red with ghastly streaks of yellow, hungrily leaping among the trees in waves of terrific length. For the first time in his life he realized the dreadful power of the element. It appalled him, as if he were looking on a living and sentient destroyer.

"We must ride swiftly here," said Mr. Wylie, beginning the descent; "but the plain is only three miles wide."

In a minute they had plunged into the murky air, and with heads bent drove their horses into a hard gallop. But the animals understood, and needed little pressing. With ears laid back, as if stricken with terror, they flew, swift-footed.

The fire was not so deadly as the first breath suggested. The dense smoke was thickest overhead; beneath was a stratum of semi-pure air. The heat was far more dangerous than the fumes.

At last they reached the rising ground again, and filled their lungs with a sense of profound relief. The prospect was now changed, and for the better.

The fire in their front appeared only on the right of the road. It stretched in a straight line as far as they could see, burning the tall forest with a dreadful noise, like the sea on a rocky shore, or like the combined roar of wild beasts. The wall of flame ran parallel with the road, and about a mile distant.

"It is stopped there by a salt-marsh," said Mr. Wylie; "but that ends some miles in our front."

Koagulup there, said Ngarraji, meaning that where the marsh ended the great swamp began. The wood-cutters had warned them to keep to the left of the swamp.

"We must surely overtake those travellers," said Mr. Wylie to Hamerton, "and before they reach the swamp. They might take the road to the right, and be lost."

They galloped forward again, and as they rode, in the falling dusk of night, the fire on the right increased to a glare of terrific intensity. They felt its hot breath on their faces as if it panted a few yards away.

Suddenly, when they had ridden about two miles, Mr. Wylie drew rein, looked fixedly into the bush, and then dismounted. He walked straight to a tall mad-tree by the roadside, and stooped at its base, as if searching for something.

When he rose and came back, he had in his hand a long rusty chain, with a hook on one end.

"You have been sight, sir," said Hamerton, astonished.

"I did not see it," he answered quietly; "I knew it was there. I once knew a man to be chained to that tree."

He tied the chain on his horse's neck, and mounted without more words. From that moment he seemed to have only one thought—to overtake and warn those in front.

Half an hour later, they drew rein where the roads divided, one going to the right, the other to the left of the swamp. The travellers were not yet in sight.

"Which road have they taken?" asked Hamerton.

Ngarraji had leaped from his horse, and was running along the road to the left. He came back with a disappointed air and struck in on the other road. In half a minute he stopped, and cried out some guttural word.

Mr. Wylie looked at Hamerton, and there were tears in his eyes. He rode to him, and caught him by the arm.

"Take the other road, with Ngarraji, and I will meet you at the further end of the swamp. It is only twelve miles, and I know this bush thoroughly."

Hamerton answered with an indignant glance.

"Do not delay, dear friend," and Wylie's voice was broken as he spoke; "for my sake, and for those whose rights are in your hands, do as I say. Take that road, and ride on till we meet."

"I shall not do it," said Hamerton, firmly, and striking his horse.

"Come on if there is danger, I must face it with you."

His horse flew wildly forward, hurried by the tremendous light of the conflagration. Wylie soon overtook him, and they rode abreast, the faithful bushman a horse's length behind.

On their left, a quarter of a mile distant, stretched the gloomy swamp, at this season a deadly sough of black mud, with shallow pools of water. On their right, a mile off, the conflagration leaped and howled and crashed its falling trees, as if furious at the barrier of marsh that balked it of its prey. The bush between the swamp and the fire was brighter than day, and the horsemen drove ahead in the white glare.

They saw the road for miles before them. There was no one in sight.

Five, seven, nine of the twelve miles of swamp were passed. Still the road ahead was clear for miles, and still no travellers.

As they neared the end of the ride, a portentous change came over the aspect of the fire. Heretofore it had burned high among the gum trees, its red tongues licking the upper air. There was literally a wall of fire along the farther side of the salt-marsh. Now, the tree-tops grew dark, while the flame leaped along the ground, and raced like a wild thing straight toward the swamp.

"The fire has leaped the marsh!" said Mr. Wylie. "The whole air and earth seemed instantly to swarm with fear and horror. Flocks of parrots and smaller birds whirled screaming, striking blindly against the sky, as great things against the sky, and held his soul in rapt communion. But the former dimness was gone; he saw it clearly now for one instant, while all things were closing peacefully in upon him."

Then the man's head sank peacefully to its couch, the limbs stretched out for their long rest, the strong heart stopped its labors.

He was dead.

They found his body next day, unscathed by the fire, preserved by the water in which he had fallen. Reverent hands lifted the burden and bore it into the dim recesses of the bush, followed by numerous dusky mourners.

One white man stood among the children of the forest; but he had no claim higher than theirs. Above the dead stood the white-haired Chief Te-mana-roa, bowed in silent grief, the body placed on it. It was raised by the bushman, who stood awaiting the old chief's orders.

Te-mana-roa turned to Hamerton, who alone of all the assembly belonged to the dead man's race. The old chief read profound grief in his face, and drew closer to him.

"This man belonged to us," he said, laying his dark finger on the wide brow of the dead; "he was true to my people, and they understood and loved him better than his own. We shall bury him in the Vasse."

The litter-bearers moved slowly forward, the old chief took his place behind the dead, and the bushmen with trailed spears followed in sad procession.

Hamerton's heart went strongly with the mourners; but he could not question their right. Two strange spearmen stood near him, to guide him safely through the bush. The faithful Ngarraji was gone, to mourn by the lonely grave of the Moondyne.

THE END

smoked. The cinders and burning brambles floated and fell on man and horse.

But the rider only saw before him the human beings he meant to save. Nearer and nearer he drew; and he shouted, as best he could, to cheer them; but they did not hear.

He saw with straining eyes the man throw up his hands and sink to the earth; and he saw the woman, faithful to the last, bending over him, holding the wine flask to his parched lips. He saw her, too, reach out her arms, as if to shield the fallen one from the cruel flame that had seized them. Then she breathed the air of flame, and sank down. Next moment, Wylie leaped from his horse beside them.

It was too late. The woman had fallen in front of the flame, as if to keep it from the face of the man who had deserved so little of her devotion; and still the hand of the faithful dead held to his lips the draught that might have saved her own life.

One moment, with quivering face, the strong man bent above her, while his lips moved. Then he raised his head, and faced his own danger.

Already the fire had cut him off; but it was only the advanced line of the conflagration that had reached the water. It was possible to dash back, by the edge of the swamp.

The awful peril of the moment flashed on him as he rode. The horse bounded wildly ahead; and the skilled hand guided him for the best. But, as he flew, other scenes rose before the rider even brighter than that before him. The present was filled with horror; but the past overtook him and swept over his heart like a great wave of peace.

A tree crashed to the earth across his path. He was forced to drive his horse into the fire to get round the obstacle. The poor animal reared and screamed, but dashed through the fire, with eyes scorched and blinded by the flame, now sorely dependent on the hand of its guide. The rider felt the suffering animal's pain, and recorded it in his heart with sympathy.

It was that heart's last record, and it was worthy of the broad manhood that had graced it there. He had given his life for men—he could pity a dumb animal as he died.

By the side of the swamp he was stricken from the saddle by the branch of a falling tree. His body fell in the water, his head resting on the tangled rushes of the swamp.

Once, before he died, his opened eyes were raised, and he looked above him into the sea and forest of fire. But he would not accept that; but upward, with the splendid faith of his old manhood, went the glazing eyes till they rested firmly on the eternal calmness of the sky. As he looked, there came to him, like a vision he had once before dimly seen, a great thought from the deep sky, and held his soul in rapt communion. But the former dimness was gone; he saw it clearly now for one instant, while all things were closing peacefully in upon him.

Then the man's head sank peacefully to its couch, the limbs stretched out for their long rest, the strong heart stopped its labors.

He was dead.

THE WATERS OF CONTRADICTION

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE

Author of "Cardome," "Borrowed From the Night,"

CHAPTER II

"Lil' Miss" was inspired by none of the motives that actuated her parents in their relations with their neighbors. With the pure democracy of childhood she mingled among them as freely as she had been accustomed to doing with the children of the little Eastern town, and promptly characterized as snobs all who resented her friendliness.

Everything considered, a district school is the most complete social lever we possess. Often a stranger to them, and usually sent into the profession by the necessity of earning a livelihood or by a wish to escape the drudgery that falls to the lot of the daughter of the small farmer, the teacher recognizes no distinction among her pupils; and favoritism, when it exists, is generally shown to the best scholar and not to the child of the most influential parents.

For several terms the little frame school that stood on the slope overlooking the white road, in which Lucy was destined to begin the weaving of the web of her destiny, as well as make her short flights toward the mount of knowledge, had been taught by one of the daughters of the people.

A descendant of the pioneers, a conscience, inherited from some Puritan ancestor, had in the Kentucky branch of the family, expressed itself in an utter abhorrence for the possession of human beings as property; and in consequence, while his companions on the frontier laid the foundation of future wealth and greatness for their prosperity, the Austins fought the long dull fight against poverty, and worn out before their time by the conflict, left it to be continued by their children.

However other members of the family, past, present and to come, might regard this principle and its effects on their material position, Miss Cora gloried in it. More to her than the blue blood of the Cavaliers and the wealth of the commercial prince, was this precious inheritance of an early recognition on the part of her ancestors of what she had been permitted to see declared a grievous wrong against God and humanity.

Murmuring, doubtless, she had often heard among her people against this action of their fathers in refusing to grasp opportunities as they presented themselves, because of a straightened notion. Customs were laws, declared these malcontents in the little company of the righteous, and laws were right. And such was their perversity, when the stability of the sword was to be decided by the sword, many of her kindred, her only brother included, had not hesitated to line themselves up on the defense.

Miss Cora confidently expected some dire punishment would befall them because of their betrayal of their hereditary principle, but singularly enough not one of them was missing when the army of the Lost Cause was dissolved, although each had fought gallantly throughout the long campaign. Had they been slain or wounded, she would have seen in it the dispensing hand of justice; their safety she attributed to a desire on the part of the justice they had outraged to vindicate herself. She would show these reprobators of a holy heritage that it carried with it material as well as moral value, and while the possessions of the ungodly would melt away, that of the just would increase. And Miss Cora regarded herself as the especially chosen instrument of this justice to bring about this vindication.

The cessation of hostilities found her at the beginning of young womanhood, and equipped by nature and study for the work she felt had been laid upon her. While her brother had been fighting against her conviction, she had been managing the little business in the village, which had been bequeathed to the two children by their father and a bachelor uncle. On account of her Confederate brother and cousins, it had suffered severely from the deprivations of the Federal soldiers; but Miss Cora had always been able to retrieve her fortune after each return, and she placed it in his hands in a better condition than it was when he had thrust it upon her, to ride off with Morgan and his gallant men to join the Confederate forces at Bowling Green.

As may be supposed, the avocation of the dispenser of staple groceries in a town the size of Beechwood at that period left ample time for any aside one might care to engage in. Miss Cora, recognizing the possibility of the return of her brother, and foreseeing, in such an event, the relegation of the business into his hands, deeply considered her future position. She might, of course, remain with him as superintendent of his home, but being aware that a rather pretty neighboring girl was looking with shy eyes upon that time would come when she would be called upon to relinquish that also.

Moreover her taste of personal freedom seemed to render it impossible for her to accept a place of dependence, and she determined to vindicate the possibility of this being forced upon her by necessity or her own short-comings. Not many openings presented themselves for these worthy pioneers of the New Woman movement. The one that appeared most desirable to Miss Cora was that of teaching, and immediately she began to supplement her slight store

of knowledge by a course of study, which was gradually enlarged until it embraced branches known only by name to many of the country's most successful teachers.

The year after the war beheld Miss Cora installed as teacher in one of the less important district schools, for trustees were averse to bestowing the pitiful public funds, then paid to instructors, upon one, who, they remembered, had no experience, and they doubted if much knowledge.

Miss Cora quelled her feelings, and took up her work with the zeal of the enthusiast. She had a double stimulant now to inspire it, and ere long she began to be heard of beyond the limits of her district.

The Superintendent, in his report, found Miss Cora the most perfectly disciplined school in the country, while the little backwoods pupils would have held their own with the pupils of the town school, he asserted. As, however, he had no jurisdiction over the latter, and was consequently not in a position to judge of the merits of its students, his second tribute to the young teacher did not carry much weight. The cynical remembered that Miss Cora was a comely girl and the Superintendent a young man in the impressionable period of life, and did not hesitate to affirm that admiration for the woman had assisted in dictating his report concerning the teacher.

Gossip travels rapidly in small communities, and Cora's brother laughingly regaled her with the comments of the cynic, when the next Friday night found her under his roof. The warm blood swept up to her pale intellectual brow, but beyond this expression of displeasure, he received no answer. For long days, however, the words rankled in Miss Cora's breast, causing her, when next she met him, to treat the Superintendent with such coldness. His admiration, which needed only time and encouragement to develop into a deeper feeling, froze at its source, while Miss Cora repeated her vow to convince the people interested in education of her superior talents.

This was not difficult to do, as she would have realized had she permitted herself to mingle more freely with the teachers, for, with all its other institutions, education in the South suffered sorely in the years immediately following the Great Division. The fund was insufficient and had to be increased by the parents of the pupils, and, as these were badly crippled in fortune, when not reduced to poverty, little private aid could be given, and, as the schools were open only a few months of the year, men and women of superior qualifications were not often counted among the teachers.

The salary she received, small as it was, was scrupulously saved by Miss Cora, and the fund was steadily increased by teaching private schools during the long vacations. Her living necessities were provided for by her brother, who generously recognized the great work she had accomplished in protecting their interests during his absence. Even when, as it befel in the course of time, he placed the shy girl in his home as his wife, Cora suffered nothing by the change in his domestic affairs. Rather did she gain in importance, when her first carefully hoarded \$500 were invested in a good town house, which its owner had sacrificed, in order to join the great Western Exodus. A pair of sturdy boys and a fair-haired girl now called the energetic teacher Aunt, and in the three children Miss Cora appeared to sink all her personality. They would be wealthy, she told herself, by their father's efforts and hers. When they were grown, the changes that time brings, would afford them great opportunities to increase that wealth; and while the children of the slave holders would be working for their daily bread, the children of the men who had preferred poverty and shame and reputation for the sake of a holy principle, would hold the places of prominence in the community. Verily it were worth any sacrifice to bring about this supreme triumph of justice, to vindicate the truth that had inspired those brave old pioneers.

Such was the woman who presided over the little school house, standing, it might be said, almost in the shadow of Stanton Hall. When the son of the first Stanton had built his new brick house among the oaks that stood tall back from the waters of Dalton Run, he held counsel with his two neighbors, and at a point where the three plantations joined, they cut off a triangular piece of land, which they devoted to educational purposes, and erected a small frame building for a school.

It was the second school built in the country, and, while it was for many years attended only by the children of the three planters, in time, the plantations being divided and again sub-divided and many of the sub-divisions sold, the school lost its private character and was finally appropriated entirely for public purposes. But being the foundation of their ancestors, the Stantons always took a deeper interest in the school than any one else in the neighborhood, and, until now, when the Hall had no longer a master, a Stanton was always one of the trustees. They took a pardonable pride in the school, and it not infrequently happened that applications were received from other districts, which was the fame for efficiency it had acquired. Hence, the highest ambition of the county teachers was to secure the Stanton school.

TO BE CONTINUED

AUTOMOBILES, LIVERY, GARAGE

R. HUESTON & SONS
Livery and Garage Open Day and Night.
479 to 485 Richmond St. Phone 441
Phone 423 Phone 441

FINANCIAL

THE ONTARIO LOAN & DEBENTURE COY
Capital Paid Up \$1,250,000 Reserve \$1,650,000
Deposits received, Debentures issued, Real Estate Loans made, John McClary, Pres., A. M. Smack, Mgr. Offices: Dundas St., Corner Market Lane, London.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

FOY, KNOX & MONAHAN
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, Etc.
Hon. J. J. Foy, R. C., A.E.Knox, T. Louis Monahan
E. L. Mudd, C. George Keough
Cable Address: "Foy"
Telephone Main 794
Offices: Continental Life Building
CORNER BAY AND RICHMOND STREETS
TORONTO

P. O. Box 2598 Phone M4116

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

JOHN T. LOFTUS
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary, Etc.
713 TEMPLE BUILDING
TORONTO
Telephone Main 632

FRANK J. FOLEY, LL. B.
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR
The Kent Building
Corner Young and Richmond Streets
TORONTO, ONT.

DENTISTS

DR. BRUCE E. RAID
Room 5, Dominion Bank Chambers
Cor. Richmond and Dundas Sts. Phone 5660

St. Jerome's College
Founded 1864 BERLIN, ONTARIO

Excellent Business College Department.
Excellent High School or Academic Department.
Excellent College and Philosophical Department.
Address:
REV. A. L. ZINGER, C.R., Ph.D., PRESIDENT

Your Child Should Have a "Lawco" Chairdesk

It prevents stooping and cramping by correcting the position. Books, pens, rulers, etc., are kept in a drawer under the seat. The rigidly braced writing board makes an ideal surface for working.



Funeral Directors

John Ferguson & Sons
180 KING ST.
The Leading Undertakers & Embalmers
Open Night and Day
Telephone—House 373 Factory 543

E. C. Killingsworth
FUNERAL DIRECTOR
Open Day and Night
583 Richmond St. Phone 3971



WHERE THE IRISH NAME IS AT HOME

Some time ago a man named Murphy died and left a large sum of money to Harvard to found a scholarship for the education of youths of his own name. Up to date, says the Boston Pilot, no Murphy has sought the scholarship. It is a tribute to the Murphys, who realize that they ought to seek their education under Catholic auspices. It ought to be a hint to any other Irishman that feels like helping to educate those of his own family name to give his money to the colleges where the Irish name is at home—the Catholic colleges—Catholic News.

THE MIDNIGHT CAVE

A SPIRITUAL VISION OF THE FIRST CHRISTMAS EVE

There has been many wonderful pictures on this earth. The sorrows and the joys of men have brought about many pathetic occurrences, while their virtues and their vices have led to many catastrophes of the most thrilling dramatic interest. Indeed, the constantly intersecting fortunes of men are daily acting tragedies in real life, which, like the too faithful sunset of the painter, would seem in fiction to be unreal and exaggerated. There have been many mysteries too, on earth, in which man was comparatively passive, and God acted by Himself; times when the Creator Himself has been pleased to fill the whole theatre of His own creation; times also, as in the cool evenings of Eden or at the door of Abraham's tent, when He has mingled with marvelous condescension among His creatures.

But earth has seldom witnessed such a scene as Mary, and Joseph, and the Eternal Word, in the streets of Bethlehem at nightfall. The cold, early evenings of winter are closing in. Mary and Joseph had striven vainly to get a lodging, but Joseph was such a saint as the world has never seen heretofore. Mary was above all saints, the first in the hierarchy of creatures, the Queen of Heaven, whose power was the worthiest similitude of omnipotence, and who was the eternally predestined Mother of God. Within her bosom was the Incarnate God Himself, the Eternal Word, the Maker and Sovereign of all in Bethlehem, the actual Judge of every passing soul that hour. But there was no room for that.

The village was occupied with other things, more important according to the world's estimate of what is important. The imperial officers of the census were the great men there. Rich visitors would naturally claim the best which the inns could give. Most private houses would have relations from the country. Every one was busy. This obscure group from Nazareth—that carpenter from Galilee, that youthful Mother, that hidden Word, there was no room for them. They did not even press for it with enough of complimentary opportunity. It is not often that modesty is persuasive. A submissive demeanor is not an eloquent thing to the generality of men. If God does not make noise in His own world, He is ignored. If He does, He is considered unreasonable and oppressive.

Here in Bethlehem is the true Caesar come, the Monarch of all the Roman Caesar, and there is no room for Him, no recognition of Him. It is His own fault, the world will say. He comes in an undignified manner. He makes no authentic assertions of His claims. He begins by putting Himself in a false position; for He comes to be enthroned as a subject instead of demanding homage as a sovereign. This is His way; and He expects us to understand it, and to know where to look for Him and when to expect Him.

There was even a shadow of Calvary in the twilight which gathered around Bethlehem that night. Just as no one in Jerusalem would take Him in during Holy Week, or give Him food, so that He had each night to retire to Bethany, in like manner no one in Bethlehem would take Him in, or give Him a shelter beneath which He may be born.

To all but its Creator the world makes no difficulty of at least a two-fold hospitality—to be born and to die, to come into the world and to go out of it. Yet how did it treat Him in both these respects. He was driven among the animals and beasts to be born. That little village of the least of tribes said truly, it had no room for the immense and the incomprehensible. Bethlehem could not indeed hold her who held within herself the Creator of the world. There was an unconscious truth even in its inhospitality. He was to be born outside the walls of Bethlehem, as He died outside the walls of Jerusalem. Thus He had truly no native town. The sinless cattle gave Him ungrudging welcome; and an old cavity in the earth, fire-rot or water-worn, furnished Him with a roof of somewhat less cold than the starry sky of a winter's night.

So far as men were concerned, it was as much as He could do to get born, and obtain a visible foothold on the earth. So He was not allowed to die a natural death. His life was trampled out of Him, as something tiresome and reproachful, or rather dishonorable and ignominious. He was buried swiftly, that His body might not be cumbering the earth, polluting the sunshine, or offending the gay city on the national festival.

And all the while He was God! Alas! the spirit of Bethlehem is but the spirit of a world that has forgotten God. How often has it been our own spirits also! How are we through childish ignorance forever shutting out from our doors heavenly blessings! Thus it is that we mismanage all our sorrows, not recognizing their heavenly character, although it is blazoned after their own peculiar fashion upon their brows. God comes to us repeatedly in life; but we do not know His full face. We only know Him when His back is turned, and He is departing from our repulse. Why is it that with a theory almost always right our practice should be so often wrong? It is not so much from a

want of courage to do what we know to be our duty, although nature may rebel against it. It is rather from a want of spiritual discernment. We do not sufficiently, or of set purpose, accustom our minds to supernatural principles. The world's figures are easier to count by, the world's measures the most handy to measure by. It is a tiresome work to be always looking at things from a different point of view from those around us; and, when this effort is to be lifelong, it becomes a strain which cannot be continuous; and it only ceases to be a strain by our becoming thoroughly supernaturalized. Thus it is a Christian life, which has not made a perfect revolution in a man's worldly life, becomes no Christian life at all, but only an inconspicuous unreality, which gets into our way in the least moment when it helps us in our life to come. Hence it is that we do not know God when we see Him. Hence it is that we so often find ourselves on the wrong side, without knowing how we got there. Hence it is that our instincts so seldom grasp what they are feeling after, our prophecies so often come untrue, our aims so constantly miss their ends. God is always taking us by surprise, when we have no business to be surprised at all. Bethlehem did not in the least mean what it was doing. No one means half the evil which he does.

The twilight deepens. Mary and Joseph descend the hill. They find the Cave—a Stable Cave—a sort of grotto, with an erection before it, so common in those lands, by which depth and coolness are both attained. The Arab builds by preference in front of a cave, because half his dwelling is thus built for him from the best material. Souls are strangely drawn, and to strangest things and places, when once they are within the vortex of a divine vocation. There are the lights and songs of the crowded village above them, turning into festival the civil obligation which has brought such unwonted numbers thither. Beneath that gay street a poor couple from Nazareth have sought refuge with the ox and the ass in a stable.

What is to happen here? It must be differently described according to the points of view from which we consider it. Angels would say that some of God's decrees were on the eve of being accomplished in the most divine and beautiful of ways, and that the invisible King was about to come forth and take possession of a kingdom not narrower than a universe with such pomp as the spiritual and Godlike angels most affect. The magistrate in Bethlehem would say that, at the time of the census, a pagan child had been added to the population by a houseless couple who had come from Nazareth—noting, perhaps, that the couple were of a good family but fallen into poverty. This would be the way in which the world would register the advent of its Maker. It is a consistent world—only an unteachable one. It has learned nothing by experience. It registers Him in the same manner this very day.

Let us go forth upon the slopes, and watch the night darkening, and think of the great earth that lies both near and far away from this new and obscure sanctuary, which God is about to hallow with such an authentic consecration. Much of the earth is occupied with human business. Couriers are hastening and fro upon the highways of the empire. The affairs of the vast colonies are giving employment and concern to many statesmen and governors. The great city of Rome itself is the centre of an intellectual and practical activity which makes itself felt at the farthest extremities of the empire. Upon some minds and especially those of a more philosophical cast, the growth of moral corruption, and other great social questions, are weighing heavily. There are lawyers also, intent upon their pleading. Huge armies, which are republics in themselves, are fast rising to be the lawless masters of the world. But nowhere in the vast world of Roman politics does there seem to be a trace of the Cave of Bethlehem. No prophetic shadows are cast visibly on the scene. All things wear a look of stability. The system ponderous as it is, works like a well-constructed machine. No one is suspecting anything. It would not be easy for the world to be making less reference to God than it was making then. No one was on the lookout for a divine interference, unless it was that here and there some truth-stammering oracle perturbed a narrow circle, whose superstition was the thing likeliest religion of all things in the heathen world. In the palace of the Caesars, who suspected that unborn Caesar in His Cave? How often God seems to give nations a soporific just when He is about to visit them, and the appearance of it is not so much that of a judgment upon them as of a jealous desire to secure His own concealment!

There is a Greek world also lying within that Roman world. It is a world of intellect and thought and disputation—the honorable trifling of the conquered, the refuge of those whose natural independence has passed away. Many a brain is spinning systems there. Many find life full and satisfactory in the interest of a barren eclecticism. There is a populous world of countless thoughts, and yet how few of them for God! Everywhere is there a grandeur of disfigured truth, everywhere magnificent tokens of what reason can achieve coupled

with sad indications of what it fails to do.

But the strongest systems are to be broken into a thousand pieces by the unborn Sage Who is hidden in that Cave. His philosophy will be antagonistic to theirs. The Christian child of modern Bethlehem has more in his catechism than Plato ever could divine, together with a practical wisdom which the Stoic might envy and admire. The world of philosophy needed the Babe of Bethlehem. But it was not conscious of its need; neither did it suspect His coming; neither, though it has sought truth these hundreds of years, would it know Truth when He came and looked it in the face. The wind is sighing through the leafless plains on the borders of the Ulysses; but who dreams there that when midnight comes the Unknown God of the disaffected school of Athens will send a speechless Child upon the earth.

A DESIRE

O, to have dwelt in Bethlehem When the star of the Lord shone bright! To have sheltered the holy wanderers On the blessed Christmas night; To have kissed the tender wayworn feet Of the Mother undefiled, And, with reverent wonder and deep delight, To have tended the Holy Child!

Hush! such a glory was not for thee; But that our may still be thine; For aye there not little ones still to aid For the sake of the Child divine? Are there no wandering Pilgrims now, To thy heart and thy home to take? And are there no mothers whose weary hearts You can comfort for Mary's sake?

O to have knelt at Jesus' feet, And to have learnt this heavenly lore! To have listened the gentle lessons He taught On the mountain, and sea, and shore! While the rich and the mighty knew Him not, To have meekly done His will—Hush! for the worldly reject Him yet.

You can serve and love Him still, Time cannot silence His mighty words, And though ages have fled away, His gentle accents of love divine Speak to your soul today.

O to have solaced the weeping one Whom the righteous dared despise! To have tenderly bound up her scattered hair, And have dried her tearful eyes! Hush! there are broken hearts to soothe, And pentent tears to dry, While Magdalen prays for you and them, From her home in the starry sky.

O to have followed the mournful way Of those faithful few forlorn! And grace, beyond even an angel's hope, The Cross for our Lord have borne! To have shared in His tender mother's grief, To have wept at Mary's side, To have lived as a child in her home, and then In her loving care have died!

Hush! and with reverent sorrow still, Mary's great anguish share; And learn, for the sake of her Son divine, Thy cross, like His, to bear. The sorrows that weigh on thy soul unite With those which thy Lord has borne, And Mary will comfort thy dying hour, Nor leave thy soul forlorn.

O to have seen what we now adore, And, though veiled to faithless sight, To have known, in the form that Jesus wore, The Lord of Life and Light! Hush! for He dwells among us still, And a grace can yet be thine that Which the scoffer and doubter can never know— The Presence of the Divine. Jesus is with His children yet, For His word can never deceive; Go where His lowly altars rise, And worship and believe.

—ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

CHRISTMAS LESSON OF HUMILITY

What is the lesson, among other lessons, that we learn from our Divine Lord's coming at Christmas? Does not the Holy Child teach us that lesson, so hard to learn, that all true attainment is based on humility?

The Child teaches the lesson, so hard to learn, that all true attainment is based on humility. He humbled Himself. . . wherefore God hath highly exalted Him." It is neither sentiment nor fancy that draws the lessons from the Manger. Coming as a baby, born in a stable, wrapped in swaddling clothes, laid in a manger, no room in the inn, attended by cattle, worshipped by shepherds—what are all these but mystical symbols of the greatness of our King, showing that earth has no honors to bestow that are worth while to God; teaching us in this age of sordid wealth, that kingliness lies in character alone; that no ladder can ever reach to heaven that

is not planted lowly on the ground? How great the contrast when Christ was born between Caesar Augustus and that little Babe; but mark the difference now. The name and empire of Christ are glorious in living power. "His birth into the world has forever exalted the spiritual above the material, the empire of love above the empire of power."—Sacred Heart Review.

APOSTOLICITY

THE FINAL TEST OF THE TRUE CHURCH

By Floyd Keeler in The Lamp

"The meaning of the word Apostolic as applied to the Church is that the Church has Mission, that is, it is authoritatively sent." This definition, to which no Catholic believer can take exception, is from Dr. Darwell Stone, one of the foremost Anglican theologians of the present day. It is self-evident that the true Church must be the Church which is sent by Christ's Authority; that it must be able to teach in His Name and with His power. Hence Dr. Stone says elsewhere in discussing this "note" that "the ideal of Apostolicity is the complete organization of the ministry of the Church" and this point we shall also consider presently.

If these things are true, Apostolicity must be the final test of the True Church for a body which possessed unity, some measure of sanctifying power and Catholic extent might exist, but unless it had some proof of its being the Church which Christ has founded, unless it could exhibit its lineage with an unbroken recognition of its claims and thus could show some authority for its acting in His name, it could not make a valid claim to be His Church.

The question of the Church's Authority and consequently of its Mission, for Mission is but one of the means of its exercising its Authority, is one on which the Catholic and the Protestant find themselves in complete disagreement. The first Protestants sought to justify their separation from the Church by their denying the very things which make Mission possible, namely, by saying that the Authority which sent them had become so corrupt that it could no longer act in Christ's name or else that they had some sort of interior authority which could be determined only by themselves. Either of these suppositions proves too much, for on the first of them we would find that the Church having become corrupt to the point of losing its Authority must also have lost its indefeasible character and thus Our Lord's promise to be with the Church "unto the end," and that the Holy Ghost would guide it "into all truth" has failed. This would mean that the Christian religion was a false thing, for its Founder made promises concerning it which He has not fulfilled.

On the second hypothesis each individual is left to form his own "church," and all organization thus necessarily ends, religious anarchy takes its place, and at best the promise of Christ's presence is His interest in the individual; there is no Church left in which He can abide and with which He can continue throughout the ages. Thus either we can have no Church at all, or else we must have a Church which knows itself to be the true Church, which knows itself to be authoritatively sent and which exercises this authority in sending out its representatives. To revert to Dr. Stone's statement that "the ideal of Apostolicity is the complete organization of the ministry of the Church," if we can see that this can only be fulfilled in one Church, and yet actually is fulfilled in one, then that one alone is truly and fully Apostolic. Even if his other statement that "the minimum is episcopal ordination" be accepted there could be no excuse for being satisfied with the minimum when the fullness of Apostolicity can be had.

There must be some guide, some norm by which to test Apostolicity, and that can only be in an Apostolic body which has a consciousness of its being such. According to the Eastern and Anglican views there is no such norm now active, for on their theory of a lost unity which makes impossible the corporate expression of the Church's mind, no exercise of its defining power can take place. Thus we are unable to distinguish the true from the false, and we are left little better off than though we felt back upon the baldest Protestant theory; for although there is postulated a real Church, we are left without means of identifying it and it has no means of identifying itself. This, however, is impossible in any living thing, and the Church is a living thing, it is the Body of Christ "Who is alive forevermore," and being filled with His Spirit must be conscious of its own existence and be able to identify itself. Nothing but the Church of Rome possesses this Catholic consciousness in full and sufficient measure. The Eastern Churches feel themselves to be but four of the five patriarchates and admit that communion with Rome is necessary to "the complete organization of the ministry of the Church" and the full ability to exercise it in Unity. Catholic-minded Anglicans believe that reunion with Rome is included in the ideal, whilst Rome proclaims the truth that union with her and authority from her are needful. All agree therefore in ascribing to Rome a unique position and all bear testimony, however unwillingly or unwittingly, that the key to the situation is the restoration of com-

Old Dutch Cleanser advertisement featuring an illustration of a woman and a product tin. Text: Avoid caustic and acid preparations that discolor and damage aluminum. Keep your utensils bright as new by using Old Dutch Cleanser.

munion with her. In other words that the "ideal of Apostolicity" has for its culmination the recognition of Rome's position, and with her position must go her claims.

Church of Christ on earth. Such is no other than the Church which centers in and radiates from Rome, the Mistress and Mother of Churches. She is ready with her loving arms to enfold all who seek her shelter and she has the comfort and assurance of the living truth to offer those who come. Why delay?

THE ONLY WAY TO CHURCH UNITY

The Lamp points the only way to church unity in these words: "Those of our Anglican brethren who sincerely pray and long for the Peace of Jerusalem will save themselves from everlasting disappointment and the premature death of every fond hope which sprang from the grave of its predecessor, if they will only open their eyes to see that our Blessed Lord and Saviour united St. Peter with Himself as the foundation-rock on which He built His Church, and followship with that Rock is the divine and only way to realize Church Unity."

An Ideal Xmas Gift for a Boy or Girl

Record Juvenile Library

By the Best Authors—Each Volume with Illustrated Jacket. Copyright Books. Neat Cloth Bindings. Free by mail, 35 cents per volume. LIBERAL DISCOUNT TO THE REV. CLERGY AND RELIGIOUS. The Best Series of Catholic Story-Books Published.

- The Ups and Downs of Marjorie. Mary T. Waggoner.
The Quest of Adventure. Mary E. Mannix.
The Little Lady of the Hall. Nora Rye.
Miranda. Mary Johnston.
The Mad Knight. From the German by O. O. Schilling.
The Children of Cupa. Mary E. Mannix.
The Violin Maker. Adapted by Sara Trainer Smith.
The Great Captain. Katharine Tynan Hinkson.
The Young Color Guard. Mary G. Bonesteel.
The Haldeman Children. Mary E. Mannix.
Two Little Girls. Lillian Mack.
Mary Tracy's Fortune. Anna T. Sadler.
The Berkleys. Emma Howard Wright.
Bob O'Link. Clara T. Waggoner.
Dunt and Bill. Clara Mulholland.
The Little Apostle on Crutches. Henriette E. Delamar.
Little Missy. Mary T. Waggoner.
Seven Little Marshalls. Mary F. Nixon-Koulet.
As True as Gold. Mary E. Mannix.
The Golden Lily. Katharine Tynan Hinkson.
For the White Rose. Katharine Tynan Hinkson.
The Dollar Hunt. From the French by E. G. Martin.
Secret Tom. Tommy Collins. Mary G. Bonesteel.
A Summer at Woodville. Anna T. Sadler.
The Mysterious Doorway. Anna T. Sadler.
The Captain of the Club. Valentine Williams.
The Countess of Glosswood. Translated. Drops of Honey. Rev. A. M. Grum.
Father de Lisle. Cecilia M. Caddell.
The Feast of Flowers and Other Stories. Selected.
The Lamp of the Sanctuary and Other Stories. Cardinal Wiseman.
The Little Lake-Maker and Other Stories. Miss Taylor.
Last Genevieve. Cecilia M. Caddell.
The Little Follower of Jesus. Rev. A. M. Grum.
The Miner's Daughter. Cecilia M. Caddell.
Nanette's Marriage. Aimee Matusque.
Never Forgotten. Cecilia M. Caddell.
One Hundred Tales for Children. Canon Christopher von Schmid.
Oramika. An Indian Story. Translated.
Our Dumb Pets—Tales of Birds and Animals. Selected.
The Orphan of Moscow. Mrs. James Sadler.
The Prairie Boy. Rev. John Talbot Smith.
The Pearl in Darkness. Cecilia M. Caddell.
The Queen's Confession. Raoul de Navery.
Rosalia. Translated by Sister of Mercy.
The Rose of Venice. S. Christopher.
Seven of Us. Marion J. Brunce.
Sophie's Troubles. Countess de Segur.
Stories for Catholic Children. Rev. A. M. Grum.
Tales of Adventure. Selected.
The Two Cottages. Lady Georgiana Fullerton.
The Two Stragglers. Mary G. Bonesteel.
Uriel. Sister M. Raphael.
Virgins and Deities of a Young Girl at Home at School. Ella M. McMahon.
LAUGHTER AND TEARS by Marion J. Brunce. It should be added to all our libraries for the young.
IN THE TURKISH CAMP and Other Stories by Konrad Kummel. From the German by Mary Richards Gray.
DEE LADY'S KNIGHT, THE. By Mary F. Nixon.

LAUGHLIN Automatic—Non-Leakable SELF STARTING PEN 10 Days' Free Trial. Includes illustration of the pen and a woman's face.

TRAPPERS! Send your RAW FURS to JOHN HALLAM. Includes illustration of a trapper and a dog.

WHOOPIING COUGH Vapo-Cresolene. Includes illustration of a person using the product.

Air-O-Lantern Bright as City Lights. Includes illustration of a lantern.

This House Dress \$1 ALL CHARGES PAID. Includes illustration of a woman in a dress.

BELLS, PEALS, CHIMES. Includes illustration of a bell.

The Catholic Record, London, Ont.

The Catholic Record

Price of Subscription—\$1.50 per annum. United States & Europe—\$2.50. Publisher and Proprietor, Thomas Coffey, LL. D.

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

Associate Editors: Rev. F. J. O'Sullivan, H. F. Mackintosh.

Advertisements for teachers, situations wanted, etc. 50 cents each insertion. Remittance to accompany the order.

Approved and recommended by Archbishops Palumbo and Sheehan, late Apostolic Delegates to Canada, the Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston, Hamilton, Peterborough, and Ogdensburg, N. Y., and the clergy throughout the Dominion.

The following agents are authorized to receive subscriptions and canvass for the CATHOLIC RECORD:

General agents: M. J. Hagarty, Vincent S. Cox, and Miss Helen O'Connor, Resident agents: George B. Heston, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. W. E. Smith, Halifax; Miss Brice Saunders, Sydney; Miss L. Herger, Winnipeg; E. R. Castello, 226-24th ave. West, Vancouver, B. C.; Miss Silas Johnson, 211 Rochester st., Ottawa; Miss Rose McKeaney, 149 D'Aiguillon street, Quebec; Mrs. George E. Smith, 233 St. Urban street, Montreal; M. J. Mervin, Montreal, and E. J. Murphy, Box 125, St. John's, N. B.

Obituary and marriage notices cannot be inserted except in the usual condensed form. Each insertion 50 cents.

Subscribers changing residence will please give old as well as new address.

In St. John N. B., single copies may be purchased from Mrs. M. A. McNeil, 101 St. James street, St. John's, N. B., or The O'Neill Co., Pharmacy, 101 Brussels street.

In Montreal single copies may be purchased from J. Milloy, 241 St. Catherine street, west.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1916

CHRISTMAS

To the ends of the earth, throughout all nations where the good tidings of great joy have been carried, the blessed and holy feast of Christmas brings a thrill of joy to the Christian heart, a grace that stirs the Christian soul. And though joy is confined to no season, and the grace of God is poured forth abundantly at all times to all men, the gladness and the grace of Christmas are peculiarly its very own.

From countless pens in this age of printing tens of thousands of tributes are paid to the spirit of Christmas. The Christmas spirit! Yes, it is something so compelling that the unbeliever pays his attenuated homage to something he either does not understand, or understanding regards as a beautiful myth. They would preserve and perpetuate the Christmas spirit. But they deny the tremendous reality of the great event which Christmas commemorates, and from which it derives its all-pervasive and never-dying influence. As well might they attempt to perpetuate the fragrance of the rose while they deny and destroy the rose-tree.

Neither the brush of the greatest artist nor the pen of the greatest literary genius has ever painted a picture that compares in dignity and sublimity with the simple Gospel narrative of the events of the first holy Christmas night, that night whose anniversary will be celebrated to the end of time.

And it came to pass that in those days a decree went forth from Augustus Caesar that the whole world should be enrolled. This enrolling was first made by Cyrenus, the governor of Syria. And all went to be enrolled, every one into his own city; and Joseph also went up from Galilee, from the city of Nazareth into the city of David which is called Bethlehem because he was of the house and family of David, to be enrolled with Mary his espoused wife, who was with child. And it came to pass that while they were there the days for her delivery were accomplished, that she should be delivered. And she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn. And there were in the same country shepherds watching, and keeping the night-watches over their flocks. And behold, an angel of the Lord stood by them; and the brightness of God shone round about them, and they feared with a very great fear. And the Angel said to them: Fear not, for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all people. For this day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord in the city of David. And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the infant wrapped in swaddling clothes, and laid in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly army praising God, and saying: Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will.

Jesus and Mary and Joseph are as real, to the Catholic to-day as they were to the shepherds who found them in the stable nineteen hundred years ago. We too speak to them; we worship the Child, we invoke with the reverent familiarity of filial affection the gentle Mother Mary, and the foster-father Joseph.

And at Christ's Mass—the mystery which gives the name to the feast—we have been again to us a Saviour who is Christ the Sacramental Lord. To our friends and readers, one and all, we wish full measure heaped up, pressed down and running over of Christmas joys and Christmas graces. But let the truth sink ever deeper into our souls, there is no Christmas without Christ, and for the Catholic there is no Christmas without Mass. With its realization of

the meaning of Christmas, even in the midst of war, the heavenly message has its full significance: On earth, peace to men of good will.

THE PROPOSED PEACE CONFERENCE

"Blatant and arrogant" though it be in tone, the German Chancellor's peace speech cannot obscure the great outstanding fact that Germany and her Allies have made a definite and unconditional offer "to enter forthwith into peace negotiations." It is this great fact that now holds the undivided attention of the world. The boastful and menacing tone of speech and note savors something of puerility. It may have given momentary pleasure to their own people as for the moment it angered ours; but already both the one and the other will have forgotten all about the bravado in thinking of the possibility of just, honorable and permanent peace. The news reached most readers as a proposal by Germany to have peace on condition of the status quo ante bellum with the exception of an independent Poland. Considering the persistence of first impressions it may be well to state that no terms are proposed, no terms, whatever, even hinted at.

Press and people, perhaps quite naturally, were disposed not only to resent the insolent tone of the offer, but to scout the possibility of considering it, as peace in the midst of an inconclusive war must at best be but temporary. No one speaking with authority for any of the Allied nations, however, has thus lightly rejected the proposal, and it seems likely to lead to serious negotiations.

A subject that is engaging the attention and thought of everybody is one at any rate, the discussion of which will be interesting if not informative to our readers. It may have been an object, at first we were disposed to think it was the object, of Germany to call attention to her own people and those of her allies by making an offer of peace which she hoped would be summarily rejected. Then convinced that their enemies were bent on nothing less than their destruction, there would be resolute unanimity to endure all things, to suffer all things, but at all costs to win the war which then without a shadow of a doubt would be for them a war for very existence. Moreover, in this frame of mind, those who have advocated ruthless and unrestrained submarine warfare would be likely to have their way.

That summary rejection of Germany's offer would play into the hands of the German militarists is clearly seen by the London Daily News:

"There is doubtless a certain risk involved in entertaining proposals for negotiations at the present time, but there is no risk involved in a blunt refusal to even consider the possibility of negotiations? Can the allies view with entire indifference the quenching of the last spark of doubt among the Germans that their cause is one of just defense against outrageous aggression, and the establishment in unchallenged predominance in Germany of the brutal logic which made the war? Can they safely take the stand before neutrals convicted, though it be merely technically, of continuing wantonly a struggle which, as Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg truly says, threatens to destroy the material and intellectual progress of Europe?"

"It is clearly Germany's aim to place us exactly in that position. If she succeeds there is no doubt she would have done us a very great mischief."

Bonar-Law, in the House of Commons, in the absence of the new Prime Minister, outlined the position of the Entente allies by reiterating Ex Premier Asquith's dictum: "adequate reparation for the past and adequate security for the future." The pronouncement was cheered in the House, and doubtless would be cheered in the country. Platitudes are popular, and vague pronouncements mean anything you please.

But the Evening Star, having little patience with the evasive generalizations of adroit politicians, with characteristic English directness and common sense, asks what precisely is meant by reparation and security?

"We agree that the German overtures must not be dismissed as a mere trick or a trap. Let the people of Germany and her allies know that they are asked to give to this groaning Europe of ours. Reparation is a word that can be defined and security is a word that can be defined. Sooner or later these words must be defined. Why not face the music now?"

The Evening Standard calls for the definition of the Entente policy with

regard to Poland. Neither Germany alone nor Russia alone should settle the fate of Poland; the Poles are anxious that the case of Poland be treated as a European question.

This attitude of leading English papers indicates pretty clearly that, whether they come to successful issue or not, there will be a large and growing body of opinion in England that negotiations should be entered into and carried on until, at least, their futility is demonstrated.

We have been often told that there can be no permanent peace in Europe, no security for the world, until Prussian militarism is destroyed. We have heard this so often that it appears to have about it a definiteness and finality which on consideration it is seen to lack. It is generally taken to mean that absolute, final and crushing defeat for Germany, and that alone, will destroy Prussian militarism. Is there no question about this? Benedict XV. on the first anniversary of the War in his appeal for peace pointed out that "nations do not die; humbled and oppressed they chafe under the yoke imposed upon them, preparing a renewal of the combat, and passing down from generation to generation a mournful heritage of hatred and revenge."

Again militarism, as President Wilson pointed out, is a spirit Prussian militarism was animated by the lust of conquest, the inordinate ambition for world-dominion, and was kept alive by boundless confidence in the irresistible efficiency of their invincible war organization. The Allied nations have not, it is true, crushed Germany; but they have demonstrated the utter impossibility of her ever realizing her dreams of world-dominion. Never again will Germany have the same opportunity, never again will a discredited Prussian jingoism be able to fool the German peoples. If Germany will now come to terms satisfactory to the Allies, if she is willing to make adequate reparation for the past and give adequate security for the future why should the war go on? We talk of a war of attrition. Germany alone has 600,000 young men arriving at military age every year. What a sickening prospect of carnage does victory by attrition hold out; for be it remembered that the losses on both sides will be about equal. The Somme offensive was a marvel in a marvellous war; but it cost 500,000 British casualties, 107,000 French we don't know, and the gain was 100 square miles of the 20,000 square miles of French territory held by the Germans.

The German note to the Vatican states "that Germany is willing to give peace to the world by setting before the whole world the question whether or not it is possible to find a basis for an understanding." Just what may be meant by this no one can yet say; but assuming Germany's sincerity it would appear that in some way the whole civilized world, neutral and belligerent, may have a voice in bringing about peace, and in determining what guarantees are adequate to make that peace permanent.

If, as has been intimated in well-informed quarters, the death of the aged Francis Joseph and the accession of the young Emperor Charles means a greater measure of independence for Austria-Hungary, this may contribute largely to the success of peace negotiations.

In any case we may hope and pray that a war-weary world is on the threshold of a just, honorable and lasting peace.

Since the above was written, a press despatch announces that the Russian Duma has unanimously rejected Germany's peace offer. It would be strange if Russia should pronounce on such a matter without consulting her allies. And yet Russia's momentous announcement concerning Constantinople and the Straits has received no public confirmation in London, Paris or Rome.

A WORTHY CHRISTMAS CHARITY

The great fire in Northern Ontario last summer stripped many people of everything they possessed. A correspondent tells the hardships endured by Catholics in the burned district; and with the approval of the pastor, Rev. Father Pelletier, asks for clothing, especially clothing for women and children, who, ill-clad, are suffering from the intense cold of the northern winter.

We bespeak for the unfortunate sufferers the active sympathy of Catholics and individuals. Many

are sure, will consider it a privilege as well as a duty to give in honor of the Christ-child and His Blessed Mother something to these needy mothers and children.

Clothing may be sent to Mrs. J. H. Cole, Matheson Station, who will see to its distribution where needed most.

NATIONAL SERVICE

Whatever may be the outcome of the peace overtures now being made there can be no slackening of the efforts to carry on worthily our part in the War if the struggle for liberty must go on.

The Government of Canada desires during the first week of January, 1917, to secure an inventory of every male between the ages of sixteen and sixty-five residing in Canada. The cards with the questions eliciting the information required by the Government are in the hands of all Postmasters for distribution.

There should be cheerful and ready response to the Government's request for this information. It does not mean conscription or forced service of any kind. But it is of great utility, indeed of prime necessity, that the authorities should have the information sought through these cards.

The Government, of course, might impose a penalty for neglect, or incur the expense of ascertaining the information by sending an agent to each home. Neither course will be necessary if Canadians at home are akin to those who are writing the name of Canada into history abroad.

An indication of the purpose and meaning of the cards may be gathered from the last question: "Are you willing, if your railway fare is paid, to leave where you now live, and go to some other place in Canada to do such work?"

The Government must know the available man-power of the Dominion and how it may best be used if it is to organize the country's resources for the supreme effort in the great struggle in which we are now engaged.

THE POPE AND PEACE

Following are the concluding paragraphs of the German note to Cardinal Gasparri, Papal Secretary of State:

"Since the first day of the Pontifical reign His Holiness the Pope has unwaveringly demonstrated, in the most generous fashion, his solicitude for the innumerable victims of this war. He has alleviated the sufferings and ameliorated the fate of thousands of men injured by this catastrophe. Inspired by the exalted ideas of his ministry, His Holiness has seized every opportunity in the interests of humanity to end so sanguinary a war."

"The Imperial Government is firmly confident that the initiative of the four powers will find friendly welcome on the part of His Holiness, and that the work of peace can count upon the precious support of the Holy See."

A despatch to-day says that in response to the peace note of the Central powers to the Vatican the Pope in a few days will issue a Christmas proclamation to all the belligerents.

There can be no doubt in the world that the Holy Father's voice will be raised in an appeal for peace. On the occasion of the first anniversary of the Declaration of War he said:

"In the name of God, in the name of the heavenly Father and Lord by the Blessed Blood of Christ, the price of man's redemption, we conjure you whom divine Providence has placed over the nations at war, to put an end at last to this horrible slaughter which for a whole year has dishonored Europe. It is the blood of brothers that is being poured out on land and sea."

On heedless ears fell the reminder of that sublime Christian truth that we are all brothers in Christ. Even yet in the eyes of some it is almost treason to hope that any way out may be found other than the relentless prosecution of savage war until one side or the other is crushed utterly.

"Why not (said the Pope to the rulers of the contending nations) from this moment weigh with serene mind the rights and lawful aspirations of the peoples? Why not initiate with a good will an exchange of views, directly or indirectly, with the object of holding in due account within the limits of possibility, those rights, and aspirations, and thus succeed in putting an end to the monstrous struggle, as has been done in other and similar circumstances? Blessed be he who will first raise the olive-branch, and hold out his right hand to the enemy with reasonable terms of peace. The equilibrium of the world, and the prosperity and assured tranquillity of nations, rest upon mutual benevolence and respect for the rights and dignity of others, much more than upon hosts of armed men and the ring of powerful fortresses."

There is then no doubt that the Holy Father's appeal will be to the Christian conscience of men who acknowledge a common Redeemer, the same God, our Father and Judge, to exhaust every resource of Christian civilization in order to put an end to the savagery of a protracted and ghastly war of attrition. Surely civilization cannot be so bankrupt in resources as to be unable with universal good-will and cooperation to find an alternative.

THE CRIB

A writer in America dealing with the subject of Santa Claus, discusses the advisability of perpetuating a myth when we have "The Word made Flesh" as the central figure of the great festival. "Childish fancy," says he, "has been guided over the empyrean course of the reindeer and sleigh, and into the mystical realms of toyland. Our boys and girls have been shown—well everything!—everything!—but the stable at Bethlehem, the Virgin and the Child." While it is not our purpose to offer any suggestions on this subject, we might mention in passing that we know a lot of little boys and girls who would be sorely disappointed if the venerable, jolly, old gentleman did not appear at a certain store window, or if he did not arrive at the parish hall with his burden of good things during the Christmas season. We must remember that little tots are impressed by material things that appeal to their senses and especially to their appetites. It is fitting, therefore, that Santa Claus should be lavish with his gifts, so as to make the day a memorable one for the children. It would be a great mistake, however, if the whole attention of the child were engrossed in those material things, to the exclusion of the great central event, which gives the feast its spiritual significance. Let us have our Santa Claus if we will, but by all means let us have the crib.

One of the most beautiful passages in "My New Crib" is the description of the Christmas crib: "There, under a rough, rustic roof of pines and shingles, was the Bethlehem of our imaginations in miniature. There was the gentle Joseph, with a reverent, wondering look on his worn features; and there the conscious, self-possessed, but adoring expression on the sweet face of the Child-Mother; and there the helpless form and pleading hands of Him whose omnipotence stretches through infinity, and in whose fingers colossal suns and their systems are but the playthings of this moment in His eternal existence, which we call Time. Three shepherds stood around, dazed at some sudden light that shone from the face of the Infant; one, a boy, leaned forward as if to raise in his arms that sweet, helpless Babe; his hands were stretched toward the manger, and a string held the broad hat that fell between his shoulders. And aloft an angel held in his hand a starry scroll, on which was inscribed "Gloria in excelsis Deo." The fervid Celtic imagination translated these terracotta figures into living and breathing personalities. It was as if God had carried them back over the gulf of nineteen centuries, and brought them to the stable door of Bethlehem that ever memorable night. I think it is the realization of the Incarnation that constitutes the distinguishing feature of Catholicity. It is the Sacred Humanity of our Lord that brings Him so nigh to us, and makes us so familiar with Him; that makes the Blessed Eucharist a necessity, and makes the hierarchy of Bethlehem, Jerusalem, and Calvary so beloved—beloved above all by the poor, and the humble, and the lowly." Each of us realizes how deep and lasting an impression was made upon his mind by the crib before which, as a little child, he knelt in his parish church. He may since have seen more elaborate ones, he may understand now more of the mystery of the Incarnation as a theological truth; but it was as he listened for the first time to the story of the coming of the Christ-Child, and as he knelt in wondering awe before the rustic manger, that the mysteries that surround it, mysteries of poverty, humility, self-sacrifice and love were engraved on the virgin tablets of his memory, never to be effaced, but to shine out even through the obscuring impressions of subsequent sin and worldliness.

Teaching truth by signs and ceremonies is only a little less important than teaching it by the written or the spoken word. Both should go

hand in hand to produce true religious education in the child. Apropos of this, one of the most touching sermons it has been our pleasure to listen to was the telling, in the admirable verses written by Grace Keon, of the coming of the Christ-Child, by a number of little boys and girls ranged in a semicircle before the crib. In some Catholic countries of the old world the Catechism is neglected, often with serious danger to the faith, especially of emigrants; but it has sometimes occurred to us that we do not appeal as much as we should to the senses and to the emotions. We consider the child well fortified for the battle of life when it knows its "Butler" from cover to cover, forgetful it has other faculties besides the intelligence which also aid in preserving the sacred deposit of faith. The Church has decreed that everything about the altar should speak to us of Calvary, so that in imagination we might kneel at the foot of the cross. It is the same motive that prompts the placing of the crib in our churches on Christmas night.

But there are cribs and cribs, varying in size and magnificence from the little rustic manger with the single figure of the Child cradled on a pallet of straw, to the elaborate panorama of pastoral scenes and Oriental splendor. The latter often fail in their purpose and become for the children, old and young, more a subject of distraction than an object of devotion. The black man from Nubia, the cute little donkey that leads the camel, and the funny-looking sheep engross more of their attention, we fear, than the Mother and Child. Then again the lesson of poverty and self-sacrifice is not taught; for the impression is left that our Lord, who is often represented by an effeminate-looking and expressionless doll, was born in a gorgeous palace in the midst of wealth and luxury. If less attention were given to the setting, or at least better taste displayed in it, and more art employed in perfecting the figures of the central group, the object would be more surely attained. The ideal crib is the one that conveys to the senses that combination of simplicity and poverty, heavenly love and beauty that is so well expressed in the word-picture of St. Luke.

THE GLEANER.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

IN HIS address to the St. Andrew's Society at Toronto Rev. Dr. R. Bruce Taylor, of Montreal, said: "In England the Reformation was led by the monarchy, by King Henry VIII, who was inspired by no religious motive. In Scotland it was led by John Knox, a man on fire for God. With the one there was compromise, with the other none. In Scotland the Reformation had come from the common people; it had raised them from the status of serfs to independent thinking people." And again: "For over three hundred years Scotland has been a democratic country, not in a narrow political sense, for its men have been encouraged to think for themselves and bow the knee to no self-constituted authority." This is the traditional St. Andrew's Day version of the affair: let us see how it is regarded by independent historians.

IN REGARD to Knox and his admirers we have seen how effectively deep-rooted religious prejudice can distort the vision of even "thinkers," and we have also seen by what unlovely methods the great emancipation of which Dr. Taylor boasts was accomplished. If we are to believe these panegyrics of the Reformation it was the ushering in of a golden age, in which men cast off completely the grave clothes of iniquity and slavery and entered into the inheritance of the saints and the glorious liberty of the children of God. Such indeed is the power of this obsession, that under its influence men of intelligence and education can shut their eyes to the indubitable facts of history, as chronicled even by writers of their own school, and by some process of intellectual conjuring unrevealed to the outside world, persuade themselves that the black is white; that the sun rises where it sets, or that virtue stalks abroad in the habiliments of the miscreant.

IN VIEW of this it becomes important to enquire what Knox himself thought of the results of his life's work in Scotland. Towards the end of his tempestuous career he was constrained to admit that "only the outside of the plaster had been made

clean;" that, as Andrew Lang has paraphrased him, "the new creed had failed in its essential purpose—the introduction of the reign of righteousness." "Nothing less righteous," continues Lang, "could possibly be found than the condition of Scotland after the Reformation, and men and women were not purer than before it." And the General Assembly of 1587, fifteen years only after the death of Knox, had to lament "the great dissoluteness of life and manners, with the ugly heaps of all kinds of sins lying in every nook and corner of the land."

"FOR IN what part of this land is there," continues this instructive (spate—inundation, overflow) overwhelmed with abusing the holy name of God, with swearing, perjuries and lies, profaning of the Sabbath Day with mercats (revellies), gluttonies, drunkenness (sic), fighting, playing dancing, etc., with rebelling against magistrates and laws of the country, with incest, fornication, adulteries, sacrilege, theft and oppression, with false witness, and, finally, with all kinds of impiety and wrong." Is this the sort of new life which Dr. Bruce Taylor had in mind when he glorified Knox as the "creator of the common people in religious, political and social life, as the discoverer of a new creed, and the founder of a new vital power?"

NOR IS THE General Assembly of 1687 the only witness as to the depravity of post-Reformaton Scotland. Some apologists for the Kirk, confronted with the necessity of explaining away the morally chaotic state of the first years of the "reformed" regime, have had the unkindness to charge it all to the influence of the old Church which, they hypothesize, had not altogether spent itself. But, did matters improve as time went on? We have seen what Prof. York Powell and the Saturday Review have to say of the seventeenth century, but they, it may be objected, are prejudiced and not contemporary witnesses. But there are contemporary witnesses in abundance at hand. John Lamont of Newton, a devout adherent of the Kirk, whose Diary, covering the years 1649-1671, has been published, asserts that the preachers of his time only plunged the people into the extreme of vice, impurity and degradation. And George Nichol, of about the same period, who is described as "a man of extensive knowledge," asserts that "as for every sort of uncleanness and filthiness they did never more abound in Scotland than at this period." "Under heaven," he continues, "there was not greater falsehood, oppression, division, hatred, pride, malice and envy than was at this time, and divers and sundry years before. So that, instead of one religion, Scotland at this time had many, and confusion reigned." Such was the compensation offered to the people of Scotland, after a hundred years of dominant Presbyterianism, in exchange for the one religion of their fathers.

BUT IF Scotland paid the penalty in the degradation of morals for the "glorious emancipation of the Reformation," she at least, asserts Rev. Dr. Taylor, became enlightened and free. "Men were encouraged to think for themselves and to bow the knee to no self-constituted authority." We can imagine we hear the loud and prolonged applause which this sally brought forth. "Ever since the Reformation," the orator went on, "this power and individuality of the common people has persisted in Scotland, and this more than anything else explains the distinctiveness of the Scottish people"—a proud boast, if it could be maintained and went hand in hand with fidelity to the rule of conscience!

BUT, UNHAPPILY, contemporary historians and modern investigators draw a rather less rosy picture. "The old Scots Calvinism," says the writer in the Saturday Review whom we have before quoted, "was, if anything, more incompatible with civilized government than was even the French under Calvin himself. The claims put forward on behalf of the Kirk by extreme preachers like Andrew Melville went far beyond anything that the most extreme Ultramontane had ever demanded for Church against State. Not only did this fanaticism assert that it was the right of the Kirk to dictate its duty to the civil power; it also laid down and acted on the principle that every church or congregation was a court of religion and morality in which the

pastor as a spiritual judge was bound to give judgments on men and things which could only be varied in the higher courts of the Kirk.

HERE is another picture of the "liberty" of the time. In the "Memoirs of Lochiel" we read: "Every parish had a tyrant, who made the greatest lord in the district stoop to his authority."

OR THIS: Lord Cockburn, in his Life of Jeffrey, tells us that so late as the year 1794 there was then in Scotland no popular representation, no emancipated burghs, no effective rival of the Established Church, no independent press, no free public meetings, and no better trial by jury, even in political cases (except high treason), than what was consistent with the circumstances; that the jurors were not sent into court under any impartial rule, and that when in court those who were to try the case were named by the presiding judge.

WITNESSES of this kind might be multiplied interminably, but we set out only with the object of showing that the customary Presbyterianism of St. Andrew's Day oration is but a tissue of the veriest fables, and have no desire to go beyond what the occasion in hand calls for.

IRISH SOLDIERS AMONGST THE "BRITISH BORN"

The Editor, CATHOLIC RECORD:—The following figures may be of some interest to your readers. They are compiled from the Nominal Rolls of Over-Sea Battalions, which are issued with Militia Orders.

Irishmen, Out of some 2,000 Mounted Rifles (1st, 3rd, 5th) there were 92 whose birthplace was Ireland. Finally in the 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th University Companies, acting as reinforcements for the Princess Patricia's L.I., there were 50 from the Green Isle.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

VERDUN The French have won a great victory on the Verdun front. Nivelle, who made his reputation in the defence of Verdun and in the recapture of the northern forts—Douaumont and Vanux—signaled his accession to the chief command by launching an attack upon the German lines north of Douaumont.

ABSOLUTION

A cheering bit of news comes from Mesopotamia. The British army under General Maude—the Major Maude of Rideau Hall in other and happier days—looked the offensive on Wednesday and Thursday along the Hai River and points farther south of Kut el Amara.

THE GRECIAN MIDDLE

The Government of Greece has yielded to the demand of the Allies that the Greek troops in Thessaly be withdrawn and demobilized, and that in Southern Greece only a relatively small number of troops shall be kept under arms.

IN ROMANIA

The situation in Roumania remains gloomy for the Russo-Romanian armies. In the face of the persistent advance of the Teutons, continued under most unfavorable weather conditions, the Roumanians have evacuated Buzen and are falling back toward the Moldavian frontier.

capture of Braila and Galatz would be most serious. Germany needs cereals more than anything else, and she would either secure a great haul in the Danubian ports or force the Rumanians to destroy the bulk of the crop harvested two months ago.

T. P. O'CONNOR'S LETTER

LLOYD GEORGE HAS ENTIRE CONFIDENCE OF COUNTRY THE NEW PRIME MINISTER AND THE OLD Special Cable to the CATHOLIC RECORD (Copyright 1916, Central News)

London, Dec. 16th.—Von Bethmann-Hollweg, the German Chancellor has unconsciously given Lloyd George the best possible introduction to the British public. In nearly every newspaper there appears an implied prayer of gratitude to Heaven that the Chancellor's attempt to make an inconclusive, and therefore a triumphant peace, is confronted by a Cabinet so small and united, and a Premier so vigorous and uncompromising as Lloyd George.

Not one British newspaper, even of the most ardent, liberal peace loving character, has a single word to say in favor of Germany's peace proposals. The whole thing is regarded as a clever dodge to try and put England in a wrong light before the neutral nations and encourage the German populace. I think, therefore, the proposals will lead to nothing.

The general impression at the first meeting was that a general election was inevitable but probably when the House settles down and Lloyd George has the same overwhelming support as he undoubtedly has in the country this unwelcome break in the conduct of the war will be avoided.

LETTER FROM ENGLAND

RECORD readers will remember Mr. Hammond and the story of his conversion three years ago. Ed. C. R. Dear Sir—Thank you so much for your communication of Oct. 25th. Instead of subscribing another year for your valuable paper, I think it would be best for me to give the \$1 to the Rev. Fr. Fraser's Mission in China, as it is seldom I receive the CATHOLIC RECORD now, and I am expected to go over to France shortly where I may not receive it at all.

It is about two months since we landed here, and the first camp we went to was at Milford in Surrey. Here was one Catholic chaplain, and we had a small hut which was soon turned into a chapel, in which we had some splendid services during the week. You will possibly be surprised to hear that Mass was said on Sunday mornings in the Y. M. C. A., as our own chapel was too small, but I believe soon a large hut will be erected, where we shall be independent. While at Witley Camp as it was called, there was a mission held at Grayshot Camp about eight miles away. His Lordship the Bishop of Portsmouth closed the mission with Confirmation, a procession and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the Convent grounds. This was the first opportunity I have had of being confirmed. About fifty of us went with the chaplain and arrived just as the Bishop had finished the confirmation service. However, I was hurried forward and confirmed. There was, I should imagine, not less than five hundred soldiers besides some wounded soldiers and civilians. It was very impressive, and it seemed appropriate to me that the land of my birth should have some part in my religious life.

Canada, as the Y. M. C. A. is under the control of other denominations. Here in camp almost all the most important denominations have their huts and places of worship. In a strangely appropriate appeal for funds our chaplain said that in this world of Jesus, the Son of God, the Saviour of the world had not a place to lay His head; when He was born there was no room for Him in the inn at Bethlehem; were we going to close our doors to Him? The collection insures us soon a place of our own to worship in.

There is a beautiful chapel here, the oratory of St. Francis de Sales, which is open to us and where I spend almost every evening to say my evening prayers and devotions. I have read quite a bit in the RECORD of the congregational singing in our churches, and certainly it is wonderful and beautiful to hear, and to see the great interest taken in the responses, prayers and praises to our Blessed Lord and our dear Mother, Mary. At first I thought it would disturb one's meditations, especially during Mass, but I find it has just the opposite effect. I have not seen any religious animosity or bigotry over here, I believe a whole lot of it has died, and the followers of Jesus are comparatively few. The teacher of the Protestant class I attended before coming out here, asked me if I had changed at all, but I answered with a smile, "No." We had quite an interesting conversation. While England is pouring out her life blood upon the battlefields of France, so the Catholic Church in England spares no sacrifice to keep her children from Canada from growing careless and indifferent regarding their faith.

TEN NEW CARDINALS NAMED

ROME, Dec. 4.—For the first time since the war, Pope Benedict on Monday held a secret consistory without a German or Austrian cardinal being present. Cardinal Fruehwirth, apostolic delegate at Munich, who received the red hat in a public consistory on Thursday, could not participate in the one on Monday. Pope Benedict appeared stronger and more energetic than ever as he delivered in Latin his allocution, in which special emphasis was laid upon the passages concerning the war, and the bombardment of undefended towns. Afterwards he created ten new cardinals, all of them belonging to entente allied countries.

CARDINALS NOW NUMBER SIXTY-EIGHT

Rome, Dec. 4.—For the first time since the war, Pope Benedict on Monday held a secret consistory without a German or Austrian cardinal being present. Cardinal Fruehwirth, apostolic delegate at Munich, who received the red hat in a public consistory on Thursday, could not participate in the one on Monday. Pope Benedict appeared stronger and more energetic than ever as he delivered in Latin his allocution, in which special emphasis was laid upon the passages concerning the war, and the bombardment of undefended towns. Afterwards he created ten new cardinals, all of them belonging to entente allied countries.

Canada, as the Y. M. C. A. is under the control of other denominations. Here in camp almost all the most important denominations have their huts and places of worship. In a strangely appropriate appeal for funds our chaplain said that in this world of Jesus, the Son of God, the Saviour of the world had not a place to lay His head; when He was born there was no room for Him in the inn at Bethlehem; were we going to close our doors to Him? The collection insures us soon a place of our own to worship in.

There is a beautiful chapel here, the oratory of St. Francis de Sales, which is open to us and where I spend almost every evening to say my evening prayers and devotions. I have read quite a bit in the RECORD of the congregational singing in our churches, and certainly it is wonderful and beautiful to hear, and to see the great interest taken in the responses, prayers and praises to our Blessed Lord and our dear Mother, Mary. At first I thought it would disturb one's meditations, especially during Mass, but I find it has just the opposite effect. I have not seen any religious animosity or bigotry over here, I believe a whole lot of it has died, and the followers of Jesus are comparatively few.

LETTER FROM ENGLAND

RECORD readers will remember Mr. Hammond and the story of his conversion three years ago. Ed. C. R. Dear Sir—Thank you so much for your communication of Oct. 25th. Instead of subscribing another year for your valuable paper, I think it would be best for me to give the \$1 to the Rev. Fr. Fraser's Mission in China, as it is seldom I receive the CATHOLIC RECORD now, and I am expected to go over to France shortly where I may not receive it at all.

TEN NEW CARDINALS NAMED

ROME, Dec. 4.—For the first time since the war, Pope Benedict on Monday held a secret consistory without a German or Austrian cardinal being present. Cardinal Fruehwirth, apostolic delegate at Munich, who received the red hat in a public consistory on Thursday, could not participate in the one on Monday. Pope Benedict appeared stronger and more energetic than ever as he delivered in Latin his allocution, in which special emphasis was laid upon the passages concerning the war, and the bombardment of undefended towns. Afterwards he created ten new cardinals, all of them belonging to entente allied countries.

S. D.; Right Rev. Jeremiah J. Hart, bishop of Omaha; Right Rev. Philip R. McDevitt, Bishop of Harrisburg, and Right Rev. Patrick Ryan, Bishop of Pembroke, Ont.

Bishop Maurin of Grenoble will become Archbishop of Lyons and Bishop Dubois of Bourges becomes Archbishop of Rouen. Two more cardinals are to be nominated shortly.

Pope Benedict, the dispatch adds, announced the immediate publication of the new code of canon law, embodying numerous different ecclesiastical laws now existing.

THE POPE'S ALLOCUTION

In his allocution delivered before the secret consistory Pope Benedict denounced the aerial bombardment of open cities and condemned all those who, he said, had defied the laws of God and man in the present war. The Pope said according to press dispatches.

THE NEW CARDINALS

The new Cardinals are the following: Monsignor Pietro La Fontaine, born at Viterbo, November 29th, 1860, appointed Bishop of Cassano di Jonis in 1906; Secretary of the Congregation of Rites in 1910. Patriarch of Venice in 1915.

Monsignor Donato Sbarretti, born in Mondifranco (Spoleto), November 12, 1866, after some years in the Apostolic Delegation at Washington elected Bishop of Havana 1908, appointed Apostolic Delegate to Canada in 1909, subsequently Secretary of the Congregation of Religious and later Assessor of the Holy Office.

Monsignor Auguste Dubourg, Archbishop of Rennes in France since 1906, previously Bishop of Moulins. Monsignor Louis Ernest Dubois, born in St. Calais, 1856, Archbishop of Rouen in France for the past year, previously Bishop of Bruges since 1901.

Monsignor Vittorio Emanuele Ranuzzi de Bianchi, born in Bologna in 1859, Bishop of Recanati in 1903. Major Domino to His Holiness since 1912.

Monsignor Tommaso Pio Boggiani, O.P., born in Bosco Marengo in 1863, Bishop of Adria 1908, Apostolic Delegate to Mexico, 1910. Archbishop of Edessa and Assessor of the S. Consistorial Congregation, 1912.

Monsignor Alessio Ascalesi, born in Casalnuovo (Naples) in 1872, Bishop of Muro Lucano 1909, of S. Agata dei Goti 1911, Archbishop of Benevento 1913.

Lisbon, and the Dean by episcopate is Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore, now the senior bishop of the whole Catholic world.

LETTER FROM FATHER FRASER

Taichowfu, China, Nov. 9, 1916. Dear Readers of the CATHOLIC RECORD: In wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year let me thank you sincerely for helping to support this mission during 1916. I am sure it will be satisfactory for you to learn that the mission is making progress along all lines and in all its branches and that the money you so kindly contributed has not been spent in vain.

Table with columns for BISHOPS, FOREIGN MISSIONARIES, NATIVE PRIESTS, SISTERS, CATECHISTS AND TEACHERS, CATHOLICS, DYING PAGAN INFANTS BAPTIZED. Rows for years 1896, 1906, 1916.

These figures look well but still there are 20,000,000 pagans in this province to be converted. At the holy season of Christmas when the angels announce the glad tidings, "Peace on earth to men of good will," let us all, big and little, rich and poor, priests and people, take the resolution to do all in our power to bring the heathen world into the bosom of Holy Mother Church.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, China, Dec. 11, 1916. It may be a little surprise to you to learn that it takes \$100 a week to keep my mission going. I am glad when I see that amount contributed in the RECORD, but when it is less I am sad to see my little reserve sum diminished and the catastrophe arriving when I must close my chapel, discharge my catechists and reduce my expenses to the few dollars coming in weekly. I beseech you to make one more supreme effort during 1916 to keep this mission on its feet. You will be surprised to learn what a great deal I am doing with \$100 a week, keeping myself and curate, 80 catechists, 7 chapels, and free schools, 8 churches in different cities with caretakers supporting two big catechumenates of men, women and children during their preparation for baptism and building a church every year.

Table with columns for names and amounts. Includes entries like F. J. M., J. F. White, Ottawa, J. E. F., W. H. Henneberry, etc.

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

By Rev. N. M. Desmond
FOURTH SUNDAY OF ADVENT

THE BAPTISM OF PENANCE

"And he came into all the country about the Jordan, preaching the baptism of penance, (Luc. 3.)"

The herald appointed by God to precede His Divine Son, to prepare the hearts of the Jewish people for His coming, St. John the Baptist, had, as we read in this day's gospel, one burden for his disciples. The sum and substance of his preaching is summed up in the description given of it in the words, "the baptism of penance." The one great preparation, then, which the Holy Spirit, through the mouth of the Baptist, proclaims as necessary to us, in order to dispose our souls for the coming of God's Kingdom is penance. He calls it a baptism because of its efficiency in our sanctification. For, as the sacrament of baptism cleanses our souls from all stain of original sin, so does penance wipe out all the sins which, through frailty and nervousness of heart, we may have committed. And as without baptism no one can enter the kingdom of heaven, so also without true and sincere penance of the soul no sinner can regain the friendship and grace of God, which alone will obtain for him the rights he has forfeited by sin. Now, we are all sinners. The few who have never lost their baptismal innocence are as small in number as the leaves in winter; we, the many who have sinned, are as numerous as the buds in spring. We must, therefore, in order to prepare the way of God in our hearts, make use of the sole remedy appointed by God for that purpose. That remedy is true and sincere conversion of the heart and soul and mind from our evil ways. It alone will restore to us what we have lost through our evil deeds. Let us then try and understand its full meaning and significance.

The repentance which availeth to salvation, is, in the first place, a purely gratuitous gift of God. It is a mercy purchased by the precious blood of Christ Jesus. It is a grace which can only come from above. It must, therefore, be earnestly asked for and anxiously sought after. We must frequently and with all earnestness petition for it. Prayer, long continued and from the heart, is our sole means of bringing it to our souls. We must, as it were, seek to obtain it by doing violence to the heavenly throne by our importunity. All times and seasons are alike useful for this purpose, but these days of Advent are especially available for it. The present is a time of salvation. Let then a strong, earnest cry of persevering prayer go up from our hearts in these precious days of grace. Let it not cease until we feel an outpouring of the Holy Spirit filling our souls, and an intense feeling of sorrow welling up in our interior man. This will manifest itself to us by a thorough change in our whole being. For this is what true penance, the penance which winneth salvation, will do for us. It will take from us the old spirit of attachment to sin, and place instead of it, a new spirit of compunction and resolution. It will remove from our eyes the veil of blindness which kept from our vision the awful danger of our evil state. It will inspire our hearts with a holy fear, the beginning of wisdom, of the terrible judgments of the Most High, which are ever impending over the heads of unhappy sinners. It will change us at once, and completely, from sin and iniquity to God. It will enable us to turn our backs on the way which leads to perdition, and place our feet in the straight road which leads Zionward. Our disposition, hitherto inclined to evil, will now give place to inclinations tending to good. In a word, our whole hearts will be transformed, as it is written, "I will put a new spirit into my people." This new spirit will manifest itself in our lives, and become evident in our works. It will direct our desires and rule all our actions. It will make of us new men created in the justice and holiness of truth. Our past will become a source of aversion and dislike, and we will resolve to make amends by our future conduct for its many and grievous shortcomings. In a word, we will leave forever the ranks of Satan and sin, and take our places under the standard of Jesus and grace. This is what real penance will effect for us. Any other penance than this will not profit us to eternal life.

This is the baptism of penance preached by John, the fitting and only preparation for the coming of the kingdom of heaven into our hearts. It is emphatically our pressing and serious duty at this holy time to endeavor to perform it. Let us resolve earnestly to do it. Let the voice, crying in the wilderness, find an answering echo in our souls. "To-day if you shall hear His voice harden not your hearts." Let us be not like to the prevaricators of old, who listened not to God's voice, lest for us, as for them, the time of God's exasperation may come suddenly; and upon us, as upon them, may fall the dread punishment, ever visited by God on those who hearken not to His call in the day of His grace, a hardened heart and an unrepentant spirit, sure forerunners of the judgment without mercy which awaits those who die in sin and enmity with their Creator.

When the afflictions of this life overcome us, let us encourage ourselves to bear them patiently by the hope of heaven.—St. Alphonsus.

TEMPERANCE

"THE WHISKY SWAMP"

Some time ago there appeared in a New York paper a huge editorial, entitled "The Whisky Swamp." Here are some paragraphs from it: "Into that swamp millions have wandered, and in it millions have died. There is no other shore to the whisky swamp. The middle of that swamp is failure and disgrace, and 'the other side' is death. It takes courage and it takes will to turn back. And courage and will are the things that whisky attacks and first destroys. 'This will not hurt you,' says whisky and lights the light of hope a little farther on in the swamp, and the victim flounders on farther and deeper. 'You are a man of strong will,' says whisky, 'and can control yourself and stop when you please.' 'I know I can,' says the whisky drinker, and drinks again, and the mud of the swamp rises a little higher upon him.—Sacred Heart Review.

DANGERS OF LIQUOR TRAFFIC

"Consider that a large percentage of the people, especially in the ranks of youth, are too weak of themselves to resist successfully the allurements of the saloon, and really need the protection afforded by prohibitory enactment. Consider, moreover, the financial waste resulting from the traffic in strong drink, which is simply enormous. And what is much worse the appalling catalogue of crimes which may be traced, directly or indirectly, to the drink evil; the wrecked homes, the ruined families, the withered and blasted careers, the havoc of all that is best and sweetest in human life wrought by the monster of intemperance. 'To drunkenness,' says the Archbishop and Bishops of Ireland in a joint pastoral address to their people some years ago, 'to drunkenness we may refer, as to its baneful cause, almost all of the crime by which the country is disgraced, and much of the poverty from which it suffers. Drunkenness has wrecked more homes, once happy, than ever fell beneath the crowbar in the worst days of eviction; it has filled more graves and made more widows and orphans than did the famine; it has broken more hearts, blighted more hopes, and rent asunder family ties more ruthlessly than the enforced exile to which their misery has condemned emigrants. Against evil so widespread and so pernicious we implore all who have at heart the honor of God and the salvation of souls to be filled with holy zeal.'—True Voice.

ROME AND HOME

By E. H. in the Lamp

Such is the title of an essay written by Bishop Mott Williams, of Marquette, for a recent number of the Living Church. Its purpose is evidently to advise Anglicans with troubled consciences not to leave their home—the Episcopal Church—in exchange for the doubtful advantages that they may think to gain in "Rome." The writer discusses the experiences of three people in whom he is interested. They are Robert Hugh Benson, Edmund Ffoulkes and Dr. Miel. The first represents the convert to Rome who stays there, the second the convert who goes there, but eventually returns, and the third is the Catholic priest who renounces his priesthood, but who ultimately drifts into Anglicanism. The comparison made between the wanderings of these three men is very fair, and the conclusion reached by Bishop Williams is as interesting to us as it will no doubt be to the readers of the Living Church. It is pointed out very clearly that everything depends upon the goal that we are in search of. Respite, then, Bishop Williams naturally ranges himself on the side of Ffoulkes and Miel, although he is very kind in his reference to Benson. He admits that in company with the former, he is above all else desirous of finding a comfortable "Church Home," where a man can follow his own line of thinking without restriction and yet at the same time share in the advantages of a well-equipped organization. In distinction to this he places the mental attitude of Benson, who is only seeking for the True Church, quite regardless of consequences. This does not mean that the others are to be convicted of dishonesty, but that they are quite of the opinion that there is no such thing as a true Church, strictly speaking. This may appear to be a rather startling admission to appear in the pages of a High Church paper. That it is a fair statement of the case will be seen as we proceed.

THE CASE OF BENSON

Bishop Williams has read Hugh Benson's "Confession of a Convert." He sums up its contents very fairly. He ignores the old explanation about the "glamour of Rome" and admits that Benson had exactly calculated the price of his submission. That he was well aware that he would have difficulties; but being convinced that the True Church must exist, he could only find one Church that answered to its description. "Rome must be that Church, so all the rest did not matter. Abuses were, on the whole, inevitable. But he must go to the True Church." Benson was surely following the Divine precept. "Seek ye, therefore, first, the Kingdom of God."

THE CASE OF DR. MIEL

Dr. Miel is described very carefully as a man who had practically lost his faith. Those who read his book, "A Soul's Pilgrimage," will not be able to discover very clearly how this happened. It seems that someone suggested to him that the authorities that he had quoted in some pamphlets in defence of Catholicism were not authentic or accurate. This seems to have completely disturbed his convictions and from thence on his faith waned. A visit to the city of Rome in the days of the Temporal Power only confirmed his doubts and he eventually renounced his priesthood and entered the married state. In a word, the arguments from antiquity that convinced Benson of the Truth of Catholicism is claimed to have destroyed his belief in it. It would be interesting to know what were the discoveries that he made which he deemed so conclusive.

The writer of this article read his book some years ago, and remembers to have remarked at the time that Dr. Miel must have made a very superficial investigation of the matter which so greatly changed his life. He seems to have accepted all the long-since exploded fables about the forged decretals. After leaving the Roman Church he became "closely allied to unorthodox friends." After a long period had passed he came in contact with Anglicanism in California, where he was teaching. "He allowed himself," so says Bishop Williams, "to listen to Bishop Kip, and resumed the exercise of his priesthood, this time in our own Church." His diary records his impressions of Anglicanism. "If there is a true Church on earth, it is probably the Church of England."

THE CASE OF FFOULKES

This is a rather similar case. It is remarkable how far afield Bishop Williams has to go for illustrations. Both Ffoulkes and Miel belong to a distant past. Neither of them ever contributed anything of importance to either Catholicism or Anglicanism. Ffoulkes' notoriety is mainly the result of his writing a book, "Reasons for Returning to the Church of England."

Here we have another man who has distinctly lost his faith in any Church. He tells us so exactly. About the time of Newman's conversion he had "gone over to Rome" with many others. After mature consideration he discovered that he had accepted the "infallibility of the Roman Church" without recognizing the full logical force of the idea. He found that he really believed that the truth of Christianity itself only rested upon a high degree of probability. Naturally he felt quite out of place as a Catholic priest, and after a period in which he ceased to have any active connection with the Church, he chose the occasion of the Vatican Council's pronouncement of Papal Infallibility to completely sever his relations with Catholicism.

In associating himself once more with Anglicanism, he leaves us under no misapprehensions as to the terms of his affiliation. He has not returned to the true Church, for there is no true Church. Here are his words quoted by Bishop Williams: "It is useless as well as childish to shut one's eyes, and to pretend that in this or that existing community the teaching of the great Master finds its faultless living embodiment. Everything is in confusion. . . . In the midst of this confusion it is not to be doubted that the Church of England, which is the very embodiment of the idea of Christian dissonance, has proved itself a working institution on an immense scale."

In other words, Ffoulkes found a Church Home for himself and a niche where he could believe what he liked and choose what he preferred. His decision seems to be that if there is a true Church it will probably be the one in which there is the most confusion!

THE CASE OF BISHOP WILLIAMS

We said that Bishop Williams identifies himself with the sentiments of Miel and Ffoulkes. He does this implicitly by writing the article and giving it its title. But he also expressly asserts the same convictions as they do. He calmly and deliberately confesses "I have never believed in the infallibility of the Church myself."

There was a time when such an expression of belief could not have found publicity in a High Church journal. Surely the doctrine of the infallibility of the Church was the very foundation principle of the teaching of the Oxford Fathers and before them of the historical High Church Party. Imagine the fury of Dr. Pusey, did his eyes alight upon such a betrayal of essential truth! And this from a Bishop who has been known to wear a cope and mitre, and who has always associated himself with "Catholic views." Let us wait a minute before we condemn him.

His words sound brutally harsh, but perhaps he does not mean to depart from the High Church position after all. He has not declared his disbelief in the infallibility of the Church without a qualification. In his next sentence he says: "I have believed in its infallibility." He disowns the word "infallibility," he admits the term "indefectibility." Whether such a distinction is possible in the concrete we will discuss later. It is at least evident that in the abstract he is trying to meet a difficulty.

After all, when High Churchmen refer to the "Catholic Church" they are speaking of a purely subjective thing which does not exist in reality. Bishop Williams very bluntly argues that the Church is only One in an invisible sense. In practice it consists of a number of mutually antagonistic Churches. When they speak of this ideal Church, whose "unity" is only known to God, they are certainly accustomed to claim that it is infallible. Rome is not infallible, Canterbury is not infallible, neither is Moscow, but the Church is.

Now, it has ever been a difficulty to know how a divided Church can teach with an infallible voice. Bishop Williams sweeps aside the difficulty by denying that it is infallible at all. It is indefectible, however. In what way? By its possession of Apostolic succession, a matter that is capable of ocular proof. It is the old branch theory again with its insistence upon Apostolic Succession as the only proof of the standing or falling of the Church. Where you have Bishops there you have the Church, because the succession of the Episcopal order is the only essential and visible proof of the permanence of Christianity. It has never failed in the past, it will never fail in the future. Let heresy come, let schism come, it matters not, for the Church is not infallible in doctrine, the succession of its Bishops is the single source of its vitality!

True, no ordinary High Churchman would confess this with his lips, but it is not the inevitable result of the Branch Theory? What is the use of complaining about false doctrine, when the existence of at least three conflicting "Apostolic" Churches proclaims that at least two of them must in some way be wrong? Bishop Williams has found an ingenious way of ridding his mind of this difficulty. He is not going to bother about the confusion that exists amongst Anglicans in matters of faith, for it is the necessary result of the Church being fallible. He will hold on to the Episcopate in which our Lord made promises of permanence, and he will worry along as best he can in the matter of doctrinal standards. One must admit that his position is a very ingenious one, and we are tempted to believe that he has been keen enough to formulate a principle that most of his High Church conferees really act upon without knowing it.

In a highly abstract way there may be something to be said for Bishop Williams' position. A man who holds it can sit back in his chair and thank God that he has a broad mind. He can also feel a certain sense of pride in belonging to an historic institution dating back to the time of the Apostles. He can do good work in preaching and teaching. He can get great comfort from the beautiful services of the Prayer Book. He can live and end his days as a respected and devoted pastor and friend.

But what if he happens to believe in a True Church? Will this formula of a fallible, indefectible Church carry him through? Will his conscience be set at rest by it? Can such a Church exist in the concrete? How can a Church be indefectible without at the same time being infallible? Let us see if Bishop Williams' theory is workable. First let us try to define our terms in the sense that he uses them.

By infallibility we think that he means the power to teach the revealed truth of God without fear of error.

By indefectibility we think that he means that attribute of the Church that ensures its permanent identity to the end of time. Now, the identity of any body depends upon its possessing certain necessary qualities without any essential change. If these qualities do suffer change then the identity is destroyed. One of the qualities of the Church is the power to preach the word of God. Surely so, for this is the express commission received from the Lord. Yet, if we admit this to be true we will eventually come back to infallibility. For unless the Church preaches the word of God infallibly, she will either contradict herself in the course of time or else introduce false doctrines. When she does this she destroys her identity, for one of her essential qualities has been lost. In a word, she is no longer preaching the word of God. Her authority, infallibility and indefectibility are inseparably connected. Where is the escape from this dilemma? Bishop Williams attempts to provide such an escape, and in doing so he is only following High Church practice. He limits the essential qualities of the Church to the sole possession of the Episcopate. If this argument were carried to its logical conclusion it would be possible to have a Church presided over by the Apostles, and yet preaching Mohammedanism instead of Christianity. The power to define truth, and to define it infallibly, must come in somewhere to save such a possible situation.

Still further. The episcopate is not bestowed by a mere touch of the hand. That touch must be definitely limited to a specific end, otherwise every Episcopal blessing would bestow Holy Orders. There must be a "form." Now, the moment you admit the need of a form in ordination, you at once postulate the need of a fixed belief. You must believe that the Episcopate means some one definite thing. Nowadays we have all kinds of Bishops, Methodist Bishops, Mormon Bishops, etc. Is the mere word Bishop a positive title to a positive office? By no means. Back of the word must be belief. And unless this belief is infallibly true, you have no certainty that there will be identity. It is impossible to remove the quality of infallibility from any idea of a permanent Church.

Bishop Williams has had the courage to write down very bluntly the most powerful argument for remaining an Anglican. Stay where you are because you will be more "at home" in an environment in which you were born. We feel sure, however, that his presentment of this argument will not bring any peace of soul to those who have conscientious difficulties. Few of these whose minds are in confusion will be satisfied with the argument that they should remain in a Church where everything is admittedly confused.

CHRIST'S REPRESENTATIVE

There was a certain Christian man who always said grace before the meal, using the familiar words: "Be present at our table, Lord, Be here and everywhere adored."

One day his little boy said, "Papa, you always ask Jesus Christ to come and be present at our table, but He never does come." His father said, "Wait and see." That very day while at dinner, a knock was heard at the door. A poor man stood there who said, "I am starving; I am very poor and miserable. I think God loves me and I love God, but I am very hungry and miserable and cold." The gentleman said, "Come in, come and sit down, and have a bit of our dinner." The little boy said, "You may have all my helping." So he gave him all his helping and the poor man had a good meal. After the stranger had gone the father said to his son, "Didn't Jesus come? You said He never came. There was that poor man, and Christ said, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, My brethren, ye have done it unto Me." Christ ye have done to that poor man is the same as if you had done it to Christ.—Catholic News.

STAMMERING

or stuttering overcome positively. Our natural methods permanently restore natural speech. Graduate pupils everywhere. Free advice and literature. THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE KITCHENER, CANADA

You Can't Cut Out A BOG SPAVIN, PUFF OR THOROUGHPIN.

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. ABSORBINE will clean them off permanently, and you work the horse same time. Does not blister or remove the hair. \$2.00 per bottle, delivered. Will tell you more if you write Book 4 K free. ABSORBINE, JR., the antiseptic liniment for mankind, reduces Varicose Veins, Ruptured Muscles of Ligaments, Enlarged Glands, Givens Wens, Cysts. Always pain quickly. Price \$1.00 and \$2.00 a bottle as druggists at delivered. Manufactured only by W. F. YOUNG, P. O. B. 279, Montreal, Can. Absorbine and Absorbine, Jr., are made in Canada.

RAW FURS BRING BIG MONEY WHEN SHIPPED TO US

SEND FOR PRICE LIST E. Consolidated Fur Corporation 168 KING STREET E. TORONTO

Church Bells

Memorial Bells a Specialty. The Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

SEVEN YEARS TORTURE

Nothing Helped Him Until He Took "FRUIT-A-TIVES"



ALBERT VARNER Buckingham, Que., May 3rd, 1915. For seven years, I suffered terribly from Severe Headaches and Indigestion. I had belching gas from the stomach, bitter stuff would come up into my mouth after eating, while at times I had nausea and vomiting, and had chronic Constipation. I went to several doctors and wrote to a specialist in Boston but without benefit. I tried many remedies but nothing did me good. Finally, a friend advised "Fruit-a-tives". I took this grand fruit medicine and it made me well. I am grateful to "Fruit-a-tives", and to everyone who has miserable health with Constipation and Indigestion and Bad Stomach, I say take "Fruit-a-tives", and you will get well". ALBERT VARNER.

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

STAMMERING

or stuttering overcome positively. Our natural methods permanently restore natural speech. Graduate pupils everywhere. Free advice and literature. THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE KITCHENER, CANADA

You Can't Cut Out A BOG SPAVIN, PUFF OR THOROUGHPIN.

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. ABSORBINE will clean them off permanently, and you work the horse same time. Does not blister or remove the hair. \$2.00 per bottle, delivered. Will tell you more if you write Book 4 K free. ABSORBINE, JR., the antiseptic liniment for mankind, reduces Varicose Veins, Ruptured Muscles of Ligaments, Enlarged Glands, Givens Wens, Cysts. Always pain quickly. Price \$1.00 and \$2.00 a bottle as druggists at delivered. Manufactured only by W. F. YOUNG, P. O. B. 279, Montreal, Can. Absorbine and Absorbine, Jr., are made in Canada.

RAW FURS BRING BIG MONEY WHEN SHIPPED TO US

SEND FOR PRICE LIST E. Consolidated Fur Corporation 168 KING STREET E. TORONTO

Church Bells

Memorial Bells a Specialty. The Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

INFANTS-DELIGHT TOILET SOAP The Bloom of Youth May be preserved for many years to come if you always use INFANTS-DELIGHT. Price 10c. everywhere.

HUNT'S DIAMOND FLOUR THE FLOUR THAT MAKES GOOD THINGS LIKE GRANNY BAKES

CATHOLIC Home Annual FOR 1917 BETTER THAN EVER

- CONTENTS Contains a Complete Calendar, also gives the Movable Feasts, Holy Days of Obligation, Fast Days and Days of Abstinence. The Festivals of the Blessed Virgin Mary, by Rev. John E. Mullett. The Day of Reckoning, by George Barton. Rome, by Cardinal Gibbons. Catholic Maryland, by Ella Lorraine Dorsey. Ecclesiastical Colors. The Wings of Eileen, by Mary T. Waggaman. South America, by James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D. Fount of Divine Love, by Lady G. Fullerton. A Chain of Circumstances, by David A. Driscoll. Helena Desmond's Marriage, by Marion Ames Taggart. Saint Philip Neri, by Rev. James F. Driscoll. Christie is Called, by Jerome Harte, Charity. Should be in Every Home Price 25c. Postpaid ORDER NOW The Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA

Penmans ON most clothes lines you'll find Penmans Knit Goods—on wash days, of course. A dollar invested in them means a dollar put into health insurance—comfort, physical and mental. They keep you warm, they fit, they wear, and furthermore you feel that Penmans do these things for you at the least possible expenditure on your part. Penmans Limited Paris

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

A CHRISTMAS CAROL
A Merrie Christmas, Gentlefolk!
May Nothing ye dismay,
May peace of mind attend ye all
This blessed Christmas day.

There was a star whose light,
Mystical and holy,
Shone through the silent night
O'er a stable lowly,
Sing praise to God on high!
And rejoice that He
Thus should beautify
Humble poverty.

A Merrie Christmas, Gentlefolk!
And may your wealth and pride
Be mindful of the humble ones
This blessed Christmas tide.

THE CHRISTMAS MESSAGE
The message of Christmas to young men is one of service—to do good to others, to be unselfish, to give up ease and comfort for hardship and suffering if necessary to accomplish a noble ideal.

Love is the message of Christmas to young men—love that is pure, love that seeks the welfare of the beloved, love that is willing to make sacrifices to achieve its object.

A YOUNG MAN'S THANKSGIVING
You went to Mass every morning for a month when you were looking for work, James," said a good mother.

Notice, my friends, charity dispensed with a sneer. Was it Christmas charity? The young man was sure that the note of sneering wasn't sincere; it was the cry of a blinded heart.

AN EMPLOYER AND HIS EXAMPLE

The most genuinely pious man we know is a middle-aged father of a family, who has worked for over a quarter of a century for the same firm.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BETHLEHEM
With little feet so feeble,
With tender little eyes,
With baby lips that tremble
To utter baby cries,

CHRISTMAS GIVING
Christmas is here again, a bright and happy time for some, but a dreary and sad one for many.

our dear Lord's birthday! It is a pleasant season for those who are well-housed and warmly clad, but to the poor, from very contrast to the good cheer around them, it means only added wretchedness, cold and misery.

It matters not how poor we may be, there is always some one we can help. Every day, every hour, there are countless opportunities for relieving distress, alleviating pain, helping the orphan, or even to give a kind word or smile.

We must not harden the heart nor close the hand against the poor, or we can not hope to have a share in the joy of Christmastide. The friendless, the hungry, the homeless, appeal to us now in a special manner in the name of the Holy Child of Bethlehem, for they are His little ones.

"IS CHRIST A BROTHER?"

"Paper, Sir?"
"Law!" said the ragged man and hobbled out of sight (and out of the story). He felt no brotherly sentiments that night.

And would you believe it, Christmas Eve had come: yes! had come a real old Christmas, with plenty of cold and snow, the very Christmas to enjoy in a warm home.

"Certainly, my youthful—How many papers have you? Sixteen? Here's a quarter for the stack. What don't dare offer me change on Christmas night! No, don't you dare thank me, either! Why! I am glad to be the foolish dispenser of still more foolish charity to my most foolish fellow-man.

Notice, my friends, charity dispensed with a sneer. Was it Christmas charity? The young man was sure that the note of sneering wasn't sincere; it was the cry of a blinded heart.

On his way home, the young man stopped at church and spoke to his friend, Father Peters, about his experience. He was advised to try the little plan he had mentioned.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF THE UNGODLY

An old writer of the seventeenth century says that "the leaves drop from the trees in the beginning of autumn; and such is the friendship of this world; whilst the sap of wealth and honor lasts, and whilst we enjoy a summer of prosperity, our friends swarm in abundance; but in the winter of adversity they will leave us naked."

"Pretty good writing; very good phrasing for a newsboy! O I remember, show him up."
Jim mounted the stairs very well, if we can credit Mr. Butler.

"The retort courteous! It isn't bothering me much. This is bearding the lion in his den 'for keeps'."
"Mr. Burnett, it seems strange to find a mere newsboy talking the way I do. But I am no child. I am seventeen; I have had a good home. I am now forced to work for a living and am glad to say I have so far got along pretty well."

"Hold on, don't preach any sermons at me, my precious boy. It will fall upon waste rock."
"Just a moment, sir, I am coming to the point. Four months ago I was just beginning to recover from the shock of hearing that my family had all been killed by an accident."

"You have been to College, Jim, I am sure. That's where you got all these fancy ideas. Now you know better."
"Yes, I know better," interrupted the boy. "An old Irish washer-woman gave me the advice; she took me in while I was floundering around for work and shared her poor fare with me. Now that I have a steady job, I return her kindness by selling her papers, and letting her rest in the evening from her labours."

"Listen. You have no prejudices; give my way a chance. Come to-morrow with me to Mass and visit the little crib of Bethlehem, give my way a try and you'll at least be on the way to more happiness!"
"Jim, some how or other you have hit me in a way that hasn't crossed my mind for years. You, probably, reckon me lucky in having so much money; such a fine house and the rest. To make me that lucky I had to lose at a blow, as you did, father, mother and sisters. It wasn't a merciful death but a slow lingering disease. Of course, I denied God and you know the rest."

Is this a Christmas Story? Is there more than a word about Christmas? More than a word about Christ our brother? No. But Jim is showing us in deed the workings of such a brotherhood. It was not a theory with this boy; but a habit of action and the spirit of that habit was the spirit of none other than the shivering Babe and the bleak Crib.

Not so long after Burnett passed along the same street. He didn't buy any papers because Jim wasn't there. He did not jeer at another newsboy or toss him a supercilious quarter. Bill, the policeman waved a welcome, then said to a friend: "There's Burnett. He used to be called crazy and some still call him a fool. But I know a man who knows; and he tells me that Burnett has just recovered from that same ailment."

Perhaps you come home tired and tried with perplexing affairs, to find on your table a loving letter from a far distant friend. Many delightful recollections crowd through your mind. Worries are forgotten. The nerve-racked body rests. Peace and comfort steal over the soul. Joy in loving fidelity pervades the mind.

ANGLICANS AND ST. BENEDICT

The revival of the Anglican effort to establish a community of "Benedictine" nuns at Malling Abbey, England, will excite considerable interest amongst Catholics. A correspondent of the Church Times tells in its last issue the story of the previous attempt. In 1892, the abbey which had been acquired by Miss Boyd, the founder of the English Abbeys Restoration Trust, of which the trustees are the Cowley Fathers, was made over to a sisterhood of Benedictine nuns which had been recognized by Archbishop Temple.

"As the honey of Heraclea, when swallowed down, occasions a giddiness, so false friendship breeds a vertigo in the mind, which makes

LUX
Won't Shrink Woollens Because it's Different
Here you have a preparation—tiny, satin-like wafers of the purest essence of soap—that actually makes woollens as fresh and light and fleecy as when new.

persons stagger in chastity and devotion, carrying them on to affected, wanton, and immoderate looks, sensual caresses. But holy friendship has no looks but what are simple and modest; no caresses but pure and sincere; no sighs but for heaven; no familiarities but spiritual; no complaints but when God is not beloved—infalible marks of honesty.

St. Monica, the mother of St. Augustine, may be regarded as a type of the prudent, earnest, devout Catholic mother. The genius of the son has immortalized the mother. Her son, Augustine, at the age of sixteen was a youth of fine talents and ambitions and was anxious to leave home for a splendid career.

Many mothers are more anxious about the worldly prospects of their children than about their salvation, but not so was Monica. For nine long years she wept, and at last went to a neighboring bishop to ask him to speak to her erring son lest he be lost. But the wise bishop knew that the time was not ripe to intervene and he replied: "Be not afraid; the son of these tears cannot be lost. Your prayers will be heard." And her prayers were answered. This deep, maternal love, natural and supernatural, won him back to the true faith and he became a great light of learning and sanctity in the Church which he has enriched with many of his volumes that will last as long as the world exists.

THE CHURCH ON CREMATION

The New Zealand Tablet concludes a lengthy article on cremation with these words: "Earth-burial has been consecrated by immemorial usage as part and parcel of one of the Church's most touching and impressive religious ceremonies—a ceremonial which inspires the dying with hope and the bereaved with consolation. By a decree dated May 17, 1886, Pope Leo XIII. forbade Catholics to give instruction for the cremation of their bodies after death under pain of deprivation of the sacraments when dying and of religious obsequies when dead. This decree was partly based on veneration for the body which was once the temple of the Holy Ghost; partly on respect for the consecrated usage of the Church; and partly on the fact that, in Continental Europe, incineration of the dead was then, and is still, adopted by atheists and Freemasons as a public expression of their disbelief in the resurrection and in the life beyond the grave."

CAPITAL TRUST CORPORATION
Authorized Capital, \$2,000,000 LIMITED
BOARD OF DIRECTORS:
President: M. J. O'Brien, Renfrew;
Vice-Presidents: Hon. S. N. Parent, Ottawa; Denis Murphy, Ottawa; R. P. Gough, Toronto; A. E. Corrigan, Ottawa.

First Announcement
We have in preparation a new book under the suggestive title:

"The Facts About Luther"
which will be ready for the market about October 1st, 1916. The work is written by the Rt. Rev. Mons. P. F. O'Hare, LL.D., who is well known as a writer and lecturer on Lutheranism.

STAINED GLASS MEMORIAL WINDOWS AND LEADED LIGHTS
B. LEONARD QUEBEC: P. Q.
We Make a Specialty of Catholic Church Windows

Safford Boilers and Radiators
Ask to see the basement first
If you are about to look through a house that is "For Sale" or "To Let" ask to see the basement first. Be sure it contains an efficient heating system. What good is a house, no matter how artistically planned, if it cannot be kept comfortable during the long, cold winter?

