

# The Catholic Record.

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

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## LITTLE SHEPHERD

Little Shepherd in the straw,  
Dost Thou need to feel the cold?  
Let the winds blow bleak and raw,  
There is warmth within Thy fold.

Oh, the burning of the hearts  
Of Thy best beloved sheep!  
And art weeping bitterly?  
What a heat their love imparts,  
Love that hath no care to sleep.

"I know mine and mine know me,"  
See, they gather at Thy bed,  
Lowly shepherds that would be  
Only Thy dear sheep instead.

Humble Joseph, silent sheep,  
Dumbly answering Thy call;  
And in adoration deep  
Mary, gentlest lamb of all.

Little Shepherd, Thou art cold,  
And art weeping bitterly;  
Can it be because Thy fold  
Lacks a worthless sheep like me?

## PIUS XI'S MESSAGE

By Mr. Enrico Pucci  
(Home Correspondent, N. C. W. C.)  
His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, has been pleased to deliver personally to the Most Reverend Edward J. Hanna, Archbishop of San Francisco and Chairman of the Administrative Committee of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, the following message for publication in the Christmas Supplement:

"The Holy Year of 1925 has brought ineffable consolation to the heart of the Holy Father. The multitude of pilgrims who come from all parts to gain in the holy Roman basilicas the spiritual treasures of the Holy Jubilee, has given the most striking and eloquent proof of the divine prerogative of the Holy Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church.

"Their coming from all parts of the world, even the most remote; from countries separated from Rome by the greatest difficulties of travel, has shown in impressive manner the Universality of the Church. On their arrival at Rome, they have felt one thing only—the love of the Mother Church, the love of the Common Father, the Vicar of Jesus Christ, and so they have realized, feeling it themselves and letting it be seen by others, the holy unity of the divine and perfect Society that Jesus founded on Peter, promising him assistance until the consummation of the world.

"This has been the very consoling fact which has been renewed every day of the year of the Holy Jubilee. The Holy Father sees in the joy that he has continuously brought to his heart the principal reason why he has never been overcome by fatigue, and has always been able to find himself in the midst of his children, the pilgrims, seeing them one by one, and speaking to each group that sought his presence.

"For these consolations the Holy Father has not sufficient words to thank the Lord and all those by whom the Lord was served, for procuring for him such heartfelt joy."

## INFALLIBLE SCIENTISTS

London, Nov. 16.—Self-appointed authorities—particularly scientists—who build up big reputations with "infallible" pronouncements which have little or no foundation in fact, were dealt with drastically by Hilaire Belloc, when he lectured here this week to a gathering of Catholic university students.

"The confusion between hypothesis and ascertained truth—between a guess and a fact—was the intellectual disease of the day, said Mr. Belloc, and though Catholics of all people ought to be on their guard against it, they could not help being affected by it.

"People are forming opinions and annexing them to the field of science; taking things as proofs which are not proofs; failing to distinguish between what is probable, what is possible, and what is true."

The latest example of this confusion, said Mr. Belloc, was the antiquity of man. A person finds a bone some feet below the ground and on his own authority states how old it is and that it proves that man is descended from apes.

"The highly expert man generally takes care, and is reserved in his statements, especially of late years. It is among the others, like Wells—a half-educated man who writes for half-educated men—that you find opinions given as facts.

## CARD. MERRY DEL VAL

RECORDS THE INDELIBLE IMPRESSIONS OF DEVOTION IN ST. PETER'S  
Rome, Dec. 1.—Cardinal Merry del Val, Archbishop of St. Peter's, today gave the following statement to the N. C. W. C. correspondent for use in the Christmas Supplement, in order, as he said, "to record the indelible impressions left upon my mind by the scenes which I have witnessed during Holy Year in the greatest temple of Christendom":

By CARDINAL MERRY DEL VAL  
"The significance of the wonderful scenes enacted in Rome during this Holy Year when pilgrims of every nationality have thronged the churches and shrines of the Eternal City, seems to have been especially illustrated by the glorious manifestations of devotion that we have witnessed within the sacred precincts of St. Peter's great Basilica. The visible Church of Christ, with the unity of her belief, of her government and of her worship has stood out before the world in all her splendour.

"Amidst the turmoil and strife of the age in which we live, the multitudes from every nation gathered round the tomb of the Prince of the Apostles and have come in uninterrupted succession, singing the same hymn of praise and have knelt to receive the blessing of the Vicar of Christ on earth, the Father of the Faithful, the divinely constituted Shepherd of the One True Fold. Europe, Asia, Africa, America and the islands of all the seas were assembled there before the Throne of the Fisherman. They came with holy joy and hope, and none were turned away. They were of different speech and yet their language was one.

"When Peter spoke in the voice of Pius, each one heard his words as if uttered in his own tongue. They have returned home, glorifying and praising God for all the things they have heard and seen, fortified by the graces they have received, more closely linked together by the bonds of charity, more confident in the certainty of their faith, changeless and unchanged, as truth must ever be, more lovingly devoted to the church built upon the Rock of Christ Our Lord for the salvation of men."

## POPE URGED TO ISSUE PEACE ENCYCLICAL

London, Eng.—An appeal from the laity to the Holy Father to issue an encyclical on world peace is proposed by Mr. F. F. Urquhart, Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford, and a noted Catholic.

Mr. Urquhart thinks such a pronouncement would have a tremendous effect at a time like the present when so many people outside the Church look to the Catholic Church for guidance.

He suggests that the matter should be taken up in due form by an appeal, first of all, to the Church authorities here to put the matter before the Pope.

## ANCIENT ABBEY WILL BE PRESERVED

London, Eng.—Eglington Abbey, near Barnard Castle, an old Catholic relic, has been taken over by the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Monuments, which will safeguard it against the ravages of time. It was handed to the care of the society by its owner Major H. E. Morrill. The late Mr. R. A. Morrill, bore the cost of a scheme between thirty and forty years ago for preserving the ruins, but in recent years signs of decay have been noticed and immediate attention alone can save the remains of the old building.

The abbey dates from the Norman period and some of the old mullioned windows and tracery still remain. It was formerly the home of the Premonstratensians or White Canons.

No service had been held in it since the Reformation until four years ago, when clergy from St. Benet's Sunderland, sang a solemn requiem Mass in the ruins, attended by some Catholic cadets who were camping in the neighborhood.

## THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

ITS MEASURELESS INFLUENCE IN EXORCISING SELFISHNESS AND PROMOTING GOOD WILL

By Rev. W. J. Kerby, S. T. L., LL. D.  
It would be difficult to exaggerate in describing the influence of the spirit of Christmas as a moral and social force in our national life. The precedence that Christmas Day enjoys in social imagination is welcome proof of the presence of great reservoirs of nobility in the human heart. The effect of its spirit in refining life, in setting forth the ugliness of sin and selfishness, in suggesting the correction of behavior and in clothing personal ideals with new dignity is beyond measure.

Our civilization makes a fundamental appeal to selfishness and corroborates its operation in our attitude toward the getting of wealth. The competitive spirit that tends to set personal interest forward among our solitudes and to shrink imagination and sympathy into harmony with it. The passion for property clouds spiritual insight only too often. The desire for power and the instinct for self-assertion act, to a great extent, without effective interference. Life on the whole is so selfish under the pressure of prevailing philosophy that we think and act selfishly and we shape our sense of duty in a way that interferes as little as possible with the axioms that selfishness accepts.

## THE DIGNITY OF SERVICE

Our Divine Saviour sets over against the impulses of self-seeking, the divine sanctions of the spirit of renunciation and service. He offers the divine law of giving as a discipline of the human practice of getting. He teaches us essential reverence for human life, the law of sympathy, the dignity of service and the intangible compensations of high and noble trust in divine Providence. This spirit is beautifully indicated in words whose authorship unfortunately escapes memory: "The law of life leads away from poverty as a social condition and toward poverty as a spiritual condition."

Christmas day is accepted in the Christian world as the birthday of Jesus Christ. The Christmas spirit which is the outgrowth of that commemoration symbolizes the spiritual law of life and the refined sweetness of unselfishness. The fundamental dignity of Christmas results from our reverent belief in Jesus Christ as Saviour, Master and Friend. The Christmas spirit is the social and mental outcome of the Christian faith. When we speak of that spirit we think of it as it operates in social relations, correcting and refining them and giving intimation of what the world might be if the teaching of Christ prevailed.

One of the effects of the Christmas spirit is found in the refining and refreshing of family affection. The exigencies of life separate countless husbands and wives for long intervals. Children scatter in many directions to seek their livelihood or to take their intended places in the world. Since association is a large factor in family affection, this enforced separation of the members of the family tends to its very nature to weaken the family bond and to deprive it of the refining influence of active family affection.

The traditions of Christmas work directly toward family reunion. Heroic efforts are made to bring all of the members of a family together even at the cost of much effort and expense when both involve hardship. Planning and thinking of family reunion at Christmas time revives in a most subtle way the memories of childhood and rears the claims of the family bond upon our better selves. We live again in the terms of family ideals and we find unaccustomed joy in the days that are spent together at Christmas time. It is impossible to measure but easy to believe the extent to which we are all refined by this experience. In a time like our own when lamentable processes seem to weaken family ties, it is encouraging to reflect upon the extent to which reverence for the Christmas spirit and obedience to its impulses help to save to us the ennobling influence of the family bond. Even when circumstances hinder actual reunion of families, the exchange of gifts, the writing of letters and acts of unselfishness and thoughtfulness, converging in strengthening family affection and ensuring enduring refinement in every heart that is thus touched.

## SANCTITIES OF FRIENDSHIP

The wider circles of friendship feel the quickening influence of the Christmas spirit in an analogous way. There is a sanctity in refined friendships which is a most important factor in our personal nobility. Here again the exchange of gifts and of letters and the stirring of memories operate in awakening personal ideas and recalling associations which strengthen the better self and thereby ennoble us.

The spirit of Christmas is essentially identified with the happiness of children. It is their day pre-eminently. For the moment, parents set aside the cares of life, the worries that they carry and the solitude that robs them so often of their peace. Wherever children are found in Christian homes, the thought of them is uppermost and the effort to make them happy engages universal attention. The intensity with which they feel their pleasures is a lesson to their elders whose capacity for joy is reduced by the erosion that results as the cares of life sweep over their souls. We are old indeed in years and in living when we cease to share the Christmas joys of children.

One social and moral effect of the spirit of Christmas is found in the bringing about of reconciliations. We are all familiar with the extent to which misunderstanding, thoughtlessness and resentment embitter hearts, disrupt families, break friendships and leave in their train evidences of abiding bitterness in human hearts. The good will and thoughtfulness that spring out of the spirit of Christmas suggest reconciliations and urge us to effect them, with singular appeal and authority. Men and women estranged from one another who might be reluctant if not ashamed to make advances at any other time in the year feel little hesitation when good will becomes the law and kindness is the guiding spirit of national life. The social effects of such good feeling play a superb role in reuniting lives and in cleansing hearts of all the continuing consequences of estrangement and bitterness. We would be poor indeed and unhappy were we to lose from our common life these ennobling promptings of the Christmas spirit.

## CHARITY INVESTED WITH DIGNITY AND CHARM

Another social effect of the spirit of Christmas which is of far-reaching consequence is found in the happiness that is derived from kindness to the poor. Unfortunately the poor are isolated from us socially and physically, and we tend to lose the imagination, sympathy and contact that condition Christian relations among men. The traditions of Christmas bring the poor within the range of our immediate solicitude and prompt us to correct our relations toward them. The authority of selfishness is questioned. The appeal of the helpless is made more strong and invested with spiritual sanctions. Glad obedience is given to the impulse that urges us into the pathways of charity. The claims of Christian idealism upon the successful are recognized with joy. Gifts to the poor take on a dignity that has charms unknown to business success.

Whether or not these effects are transitory is beside the question. We know that sympathy is stirred, that generosity is prompted, that kind actions are performed and that our greatest joy at Christmas time is in giving rather than receiving. Every one of these experiences makes us nobler for the time being and, therefore, nobler for all time.

We find in the quickening of spiritual instincts another happy effect of the Christmas spirit. It may be that the theological significance of Christmas is more in evidence than its quieter spiritual tone. However, those who are willing to make the spiritual meaning of Christmas most conspicuous have abundant opportunities to do so. If they fail at this point the failure is their loss. Christmas is what we make it. It is not difficult to make it an outstanding Christmas experience as well as opportunity for kindly service to others.

## SPIRIT OF GOOD WILL SEARCHES OUT HEARTS

We should not overlook the enhanced appeal of divine faith in the elaborate ceremonial and the enriching music of Christmas worship. Nor should we underrate the spiritual value of good wishes mutually exchanged when these wishes are the outgrowth of our common faith in Jesus Christ.

Christmas is the time of good will. Only those of good will feel that its spirit searches out their hearts and gives them the help of which they have need in keeping their lives in harmony with the law of divine life. The spirit of Christmas helps us to correct all personal and social tendencies which react with serious harm upon character and rob us of our peace. It is well for us to hold that spirit in profound reverence, to respect its authority and to yield to its dictates with generous good will. Every noble impulse of which we are conscious is strengthened by the reinforcement of the Christmas spirit. Those who find joy in being noble at all, find that joy greatly augmented at Christmas time. Those in whom mean traits lurk find themselves forced to reflection and correction. Those who can resist the prompting of the Christmas spirit indicate barrenness of life that is little short of tragic. We owe it to ourselves, we owe it to our

civilization, we owe it to Christ to do our utmost to keep the spirit of Christmas strong in personal life, active in family life and vigorous in national life. In obeying this obligation we vindicate our spiritual dignity and we make way for the coming of Christ into each life and into all lives.

## ARCHBISHOP BYRNE STIRS DUBLIN

Archbishop Byrne's strong lead on the housing question is now being actively followed by the Protestant Church ecclesiastics in Dublin. Dr. Gregg, has made an impressive appeal to his flock to help in doing something for "the 26,000 families in Dublin city who are in need of houses." A Protestant rector, the Rev. D. H. Hall, has taken up the subject with the most practical enthusiasm. He is actually building, and he says he will not rest content till houses for the overcrowded tenement dwellers are provided at the rate of 1,000 homes a year.

The Rev. Denham Osborne, on behalf of the Presbyterians, declares that one room is a mockery of a home. "The death rate among the children is terrible. Think of it! For every babe carried to the grave from our own comfortable dwellings five little bodies are borne from the tenements to the cemetery. It is pitiful to witness the preventable massacre of the innocents." Everything indicates that the words spoken so pointedly by the Archbishop of Dublin at a function in the College of the Holy Ghost Fathers at Blackrock, Dublin, have awakened the social conscience.

## WOMEN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY GET \$1,000,000 BEQUEST

Milwaukee, Nov. 20.—One million dollars is left to the Missionary Association of Catholic Women here, under the terms of the will of the late Ernest G. Miller. Mr. Miller died September 21. The Missionary Association of Catholic Women, which received about one half the entire estate, is an organization founded in this city in 1916 by Miss Mary Gockel who died last May as the result of an accident. It seeks funds and other supplies for the aid of both home and foreign missions.

Mr. Miller's will also provides a bequest of \$500,000 to St. Francis Seminary and \$50,000 to Pope Pius XI, besides numerous smaller gifts to various charities. About a month before his death Mr. Miller was honored by the Pope with the decoration "Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice."

## URGES CATHOLICS TO SUPPORT RED CROSS

Cincinnati.—A message from Archbishop John T. McNicholas urging enrollment of priests and laity in the American Red Cross in the annual membership campaign is published here. The Archbishop's communication reads: "I sincerely hope the annual membership roll-call of the American Red Cross will include practically all the names of our priests and Catholic people.

"The work of the American Red Cross is twofold: It has routine and emergency duties. It cares for those who, because of their loyalty to their country have become wards; it rises to every emergency in extending relief when disaster brings misery, suffering, hunger, pestilence and death in its wake. All this is too well known to need any word of approval from me.

"To the general commendations given only one special word need be added. We urge our priests and people to enroll in the American Red Cross, not merely from humanitarian, but from a supernatural motive. In giving, we should acknowledge the Divine Providence which has preserved us from the conditions and circumstances of our less favored brothers."

## FATHER PASCHAL ROBINSON ON SPECIAL MISSION

By Dr. Alexander Mambelli  
(Jerusalem Correspondent, N. C. W. C.)  
Jerusalem, Nov. 24.—The Very Rev. Paschal Robinson, O. F. M., Apostolic Visitor to the Holy Land, and formerly a professor at the Catholic University of America, is now here in pursuance of his special mission which has to do with the various rites of the Catholic Church represented in Palestine.

## AN IMPRESSIVE REQUIEM MASS

Paris.—One of the most impressive religious observances held in Paris recently was the solemn service in the Cathedral of Notre Dame for the souls of the 3,101 priests, 1,517 religious and 385 nuns who died on the field of honor. The service was held under the auspices of the League for the Rights of Religion, and Priests who fought in the War, and the ancient basilica was hung with flags and trophies and black and silver draperies.

Cardinal Dubois presided at the ceremony which was attended by Mgr. Baudrillard, Rector of the Catholic Institute, by the Vicars Apostolic of Senegal and Sierra Leone and several bishops. Representatives of the President of the Republic, of the Ministries of War and Navy were present. Marshal Foch and numerous generals and admirals, statesmen and prominent Catholics were included in the congregation.

A large group of religious and priests who had been blinded during the War occupied seats near the choir. Mass was said by Father Cornic, disabled during the War. His assistants were Father Florent and Abbe Dumontet, also disabled War veterans. The sermon was preached by Abbe Henocque, an officer of the Legion of Honor.

After the Mass, the absolution was given by Cardinal Dubois, Archbishop of Paris.

## THE HOLY FATHER HONORS PRESIDENT COSGRAVE

Dublin.—In conferring on President Cosgrave Knighthood of the Grand Cross of the Order of Pius IX, the Holy Father records the reasons for bestowing the honor in a Brief of Enrollment, which reads as follows: "Beloved Son, health and apostolic benediction.

"It has always been the practice of Our Predecessors, the Roman Pontiffs, to mark their appreciation by signal favors of those leaders of the men in the public affairs of the world who are proud of their allegiance to Catholicism. Animated with the desire to follow their illustrious example and having perceived that you, Our beloved son, President of the Irish Free State, have given resplendent proof of your faith and of your devotion to Our Person, We wish to confer upon you a title of honor befitting your services and the dignity of your high office. We therefore hereby elect and create you a Knight of the First Class—that is to say, of the Grand Cross of the Order, and We enroll you as a member of the same glorious company of Knights."

The Order of Pius IX, of the first Class or of the Grand Cross, is one of the highest in the gift of the Holy Father, and is rarely bestowed. The Order and title are transmissible to the eldest son of the recipient. In the Annuaire Pontifical Catholique for 1925 there were but two holders of this distinction recorded, and the President is the first Irishman to have received the honor.

## ANTI-CLERICALS JOIN CATHOLICS

By M. Massiani  
(Paris Correspondent, N. C. W. C.)  
Paris, Nov. 20.—It is seldom that violent anti-clericals join with Catholics in honoring the memory of a prince of the Church. But the recent celebrations on the occasion of the centennial of the birth of the great Apostle of Africa, Cardinal Lavigerie have given the unique spectacle to the world. At Biskra in Southern Algeria, at Algiers, at Tunis and at Paris majestic ceremonies have been organized in honor of the great African missionary cardinal. The celebrations were particularly brilliant at Algiers where a statue of the famous prelate was unveiled in front of the Cathedral.

Cardinal Charost, appointed Papal Legate for the occasion, numerous bishops, the Governor General of Algeria appointed as the representative of M. Painleve, the general commander in chief of the Army of North Africa and the admiral in command of the Mediterranean squadron gathered round the statue of the prince of the Church and bowed their heads in tribute to his memory.

The Governor-General of Algeria, M. Violette, is perhaps the most ardent of the radical deputies who upheld M. Herriot's anti-clerical policies in the Chamber. Yet, before the statue of Cardinal Lavigerie his address was a splendid panegyric of the great Churchman. Such was the nobility of this great figure, such the influence of his intelligence and his generosity, that nothing but admiration surrounds his memory; men of every party and of every creed, the Grand Rabbi of Algiers as well as the leaders of the native Mohammedans united in glorifying him.

## CATHOLIC NOTES

Akron, Ohio, Dec. 1.—The cornerstone of a \$100,000 club house for Akron council, Knights of Columbus, was laid on Sunday. The occasion also marked the silver jubilee anniversary of the council.

London, Nov. 16.—The President of the Board of Education, Lord Eustace Percy, has made a reassuring statement declaring that his department has no intention of holding a pistol at the heads of Catholics in the matter of the blacklisted schools.

Vienna.—"The Ghosts of Spiritism," a new book by J. Godfrey Raupert, K. S. G., well known Catholic writer on spiritistic phenomena, who lectured on the subject in America a few years ago, has created a sensation here. In this book the author discusses the spiritual dangers involved in experimentation with the occult.

Syracuse, N. Y.—Francis W. Rosenberger of this city has been awarded the Heffron Scholarship in the College of Medicine of Syracuse University, awarded annually to the member of the Senior class showing the greatest aptitude for medical studies. Mr. Rosenberger is a graduate of the Christian Brothers Academy here.

London, Dec. 1.—Ex-King Manuel of Portugal who lives in exile in London attended this week the annual celebration of St. Edmund's college, Ware. Addressing the students he said peace would only come to the world when men's consciences were at peace—when men showed by their interior lives a recognition of the claims of religion, of faith and of God.

Mexico City.—The National Fathers' Association, an organization designed to protect parental rights and safeguard the religious training of children, has been formed here and is doing effective work. It was organized to combat the anti-religious tendencies of the government. The Association offers legal opposition to all moves tending to injure the spiritual rights of the child or to interfere with parental control of education.

On the occasion of the recent jubilee festival of the Catholic Institute of Paris, His Holiness the Pope presented to the library of the Institute about 500 volumes, among them being photographic reproductions of the most precious manuscripts of the Vatican Library. There were included also a number of choice publications selected by the Vatican Library, the Pontifical Academy of Sciences and the Pontifical Academy of Sacred Archaeology.

Paris.—The composer Widor, permanent secretary of the Academy of Fine Arts, has announced that an American woman, Mrs. Newbold Edgar, has offered on her own initiative to donate the money necessary to renovate the great organ of the Church of St. Sauveur aux Andelys, now in a bad state of disrepair. This organ is one of the finest specimens of the ancient art of the organ-maker. It was built at the beginning of the Seventeenth century, about 1620, for a Cistercian abbey, by an artist whose name is not known.

The Rev. M. J. Foley, Editor of the Western Catholic of Quincy, Ill., has been commissioned as a Chaplain in the Reserve Corps of the United States Army with rank as Major. Father Foley has been editor of the Western Catholic for eighteen years. For more than ten years he has been Chaplain of the Illinois State Soldiers' Home at Quincy. During the World War he was active in Liberty Loan, Red Cross and allied war drives as a "four-minute" speaker. He is President of the Diocesan School Board of the Springfield (Ill.) diocese.

St. John, N. B.—William J. Maynes of this city, a graduate of St. Francis Xavier University, Antigonish, N. S., has been awarded the Rhodes Scholarship from Nova Scotia for 1926. Mr. Maynes received his early education in St. Malachi's School here and at St. John High School. Before going to St. Francis Xavier's, he attended St. Joseph's College, Memramcook, N. B. He was a noted athlete and was chosen as one of the members of the Canadian Olympic Team in 1924. Since his graduation from college he has taken post-graduate work in botany and anthropology at Harvard.

Brooklyn, Nov. 20.—"Delbarton," a four hundred acre estate with a magnificent mansion between Morristown and Mendham, N. J., has been purchased by the Benedictine Fathers and is to be converted into an Abbey and boarding school for boys preparing for college. All details of the transaction have been arranged, although the actual transfer of title will not take place until next month, according to announcement made in the Tablet of this city. The estate has many historic associations having served as a camping ground for Washington's army during the Revolution.



THE INHERITANCE OF JEAN TROUVE

By NEVIL HENSHAW
Author of "Allies of the Grand Woods, etc."
BOOK THREE.—BOIS BERARD
CHAPTER II.

A START IN LIFE
It was wonderful how easily I slipped into the life of the woods. Following the first weeks of strangeness, it was as though I had lived always at Bois Berard.

Established at Madame Alcide's, I began by looking after such of her affairs as were not beyond my rather limited powers. I chopped wood and hauled it in from the nearby forest. I looked after Achille. I tended the garden. Also I spent many hours with rod and gun so that the table seldom lacked its supply of fish or game. After the toil of the marsh it was like a long vacation, and my love of the soil, of growing things, increased each day.

I now found my chief delight in Madame Alcide's garden, and only when some inbound traveler passed with his purple hoarding of plant came dull and my contentment. Then I thought of those vast rugling acres that had rimmed the prairie, so that I returned to my kitchen stuff with a mingled sense of longing and contempt.

As for Toinette, she at last found herself in one of those long-entrenched homes of the mainland. At first there had been some talk of the convent, but even then its winter session was far advanced. Accordingly Toinette joined Madame Alcide in the care of the home. As yet she lacked her bright humor, her quaint fancy of former days, nor did she soon regain them. In their place came a quiet wistfulness to mark the memory of her loss.

Thus the weeks slipped by until, with the coming of spring, I suddenly found myself at a standstill. The garden, fully planted, showed not an alien leaf. The care of Achille, formerly a dangerous adventure, had now developed into a tiresome routine. There was no game in the woods, and, after the plentifulty of the coast, the fishing became a bore.

All of a sudden I found myself with nothing to do. I had enjoyed my rest, but few are the holidays that can not last too long. I became dull and discontented, and to the irk of idleness was added one day the realization that, whereas Madame Alcide was doing everything for me, I was doing nothing for her in return.

The thought of this decided me. That night, during the interval between supper and bed, I spoke to Madame Alcide. "I can not go on like this, Madame," I began. "I am used to work, and I have nothing to do. The old lady shot me a swift glance, sharp yet kindly. In her keen forceful way she had already begun to show me an affection that I was only too eager to return.

"Nothing to do?" she echoed. "Let us see. The garden is ready?" "As you know, Madame." "And Achille?" "Achille is nothing," I retorted contemptuously. "I know him as well as I know his story and the story of the other Achille."

"He no longer stamps upon your foot occasionally?" persisted Madame Alcide. "He never tries that now," I answered. "He knows it is no use."

Madame Alcide shook her head. "Ah, you young folk," she sighed. "You learn the secrets of everything. No wonder you come to find the world empty. When Achille hears my approach, he immediately begins to stamp. As for Poussard, let him hitch up, and he limps for a week."

"But I am glad to hear you speak this way, Jean," she continued, returning to the discussion. "It is not right that one of your age should be content with the garden and Achille. Had you gone on I would have been disappointed in you. The time has come when you must make a start in life, and it is necessary that you be careful in your choice. You have thought of what you would like to do?" "Ah, yes, Madame," I answered promptly. "I wish to plant cane. I have always wished it. I will do anything that I can come to it some day."

listening quietly. "And if your luck is very good, you may some day have a mill in which to grind the cane."

Madame Alcide, although not so sanguine, appeared quite satisfied with this proposal. "Bien, Jean," said she. "It is agreed. You do your part, and you may count upon me to do mine. But first of all you must find work. You have decided what you will do?"

"I can trap, I can hunt," I began confidently. The old lady made a gesture of dissent. "You are through with all that," she interrupted. Go back to your skins and in less than a year you will be a savage. No, Jean, you have chosen your goal, and from now on you must march toward it not away from it. There are many, many things that you must know before ever you put plow to earth, and you can not learn them in marsh or forest. If you would plant cane, your place is on the mainland where the cane is planted."

This was good advice, and it was something more—something that had been woefully lacking upon the marsh. For the first time in many months I hearkened to the voice of ambition. "Yes, Madame," said I humbly. "You are right. My place is here, and I would like to stay. But what can I do?"

At this Madame Alcide smiled in benevolent appreciation. Now that I had become a petitioner, she was all indulgence. "That is my affair, Jean," she replied. "While you have been thinking and planning, I have looked about me. Thus I have found that your best chance is with Bonnemaison. He is getting old, and each month his business increases. Also, in all the years that he has been here, he has had no clerk—only some one to come in and help in time of necessity. Here is your opportunity and, as it happens, it should fit in very well with your ambition. At the store you will meet men of all kinds, planters, farmers, raisers of cattle and of horses. Talk to them, remember their words, and when you come to put in your own crop, you will have a store of knowledge that you could have gained in no other manner."

She paused while I fairly shouted aloud in my enthusiasm. "Madame, Madame," I cried. "It is the very thing. And you will let me stay on here with you?"

A soft fond look shadowed for a moment the keenness of the old lady's eyes. "Yes, Jean," she answered. "I had thought of that also. This fall Toinette goes to the good sisters at St. Pierre. With both of you away I should have felt very much alone."

And she added bruskiy, as though to counteract this show of emotion, "So that is settled, and now we will go to bed. In the morning I will arrange with Bonnemaison."

That night I enjoyed the luxury of Madame Alcide's sheets with a mind free from care. Never before had I known the strong unerring force of such a guiding hand. Not only had a place been found for me, there had been something about Madame Alcide's attitude which suggested that, having made me worthy of the place, she would march with me shoulder to shoulder toward my far-distant goal.

"Wait, my friend," she had seemed to say, "I am not half done with you."

The thought of this brought me a sense of security unknown since the days of the rue Bourbon. Somehow, I felt that my drifting was over, that I at last had found a true haven amid the cool green reaches of Bois Berard.

CHAPTER III. MONSIEUR BONNEMAISON

True to her promise, Madame Alcide lost no time in interviewing Monsieur Bonnemaison. Only waiting until breakfast was over, the following morning, she donned her sunbonnet and set out for the store. "It is all right, Jean," she announced upon her return. "Then I am to be M'sieu Bonnemaison's clerk?" I questioned eagerly.

The old lady gave me a look, almost of alarm, she protested. "Have you no discretion? You do not know Bonnemaison. He has run so long in a rut that the mere mention of a clerk would have thrown him into a panic."

"No, Jean, you are to go to him as helper. He means only to give you a trial. Yet it is the same thing. If you do well, if he is satisfied, he will keep you on. Then people will speak of you as the clerk who it comes to Bonnemaison's ears. At first he will be indignant. He will deny the whole affair. Later, when he finds it is no use, he will settle the matter with himself."

"Well, and what if I have a clerk?" he will say. "Is it not my right, as it is the right of every storekeeper? Bien, if Jean is my clerk, he is my clerk, and there is an end of the matter."

"After this you will be as much a fixture as the store itself." Thus Madame Alcide arranged the matter, and next day I presented myself at the store at opening time. Here I was received by Monsieur Bonnemaison who, through the magic of having become my employer, I viewed with far differ-

ent eyes than those of the months before. For, judging him solely by his personal appearance, I had always considered Monsieur Bonnemaison with a species of mild contempt.

He was a small stout man, and his stoutness was of such a round purty sort, that he resembled nothing so much as a huge animated ball. Indeed, in moments of excitement Monsieur Bonnemaison seemed fairly to bounce along, although at ordinary times he proceeded by means of a sedate waddle.

His head, like his body, was smooth and globe-like, beginning in a perfectly bald crown, and ending with a fat pink chin like that of a baby. Between crown and chin appeared a pair of small, dewy blue eyes, a button-like nose, and a mouth that was forever set in an amiable smile. Whatever his mood, Monsieur Bonnemaison never lost that smile. Through long practice it had become as much a part of him as the lips that expressed it. His eyes might betray impatience, anger, even despair, but one had only to glance below them to be reassured of his amiability.

Thus, to the country at large, the storekeeper was ever more or less of a puzzle. "He is a queer one, that Bonnemaison," said the wood-folk. "You never know which part of his face to believe."

Summed up in a word Monsieur Bonnemaison was bland but, as I came to learn, his blandness was of a sort peculiar to himself. Outwardly he might appear a mild, contemplative cherub, inwardly he was as inscrutable as a Chinese god.

"Well, Jean," he greeted me. "And so you have come to help? Bien, you can begin by taking down the shutters. In no other way could you be of more assistance to one of my age."

This accomplished, he led the way indoors where, for a busy ten minutes, he waddled up and down the two long counters that lined the store on either side, pointing out the different articles, and firing their prices at me with the rapidity and precision of a machine gun.

"But, M'sieu," I protested when finally his breath gave out. "It is too much to learn all at once. I could not keep one-half of it in my head."

Above his smile Monsieur Bonnemaison evidenced a mild surprise. "But it is not to be kept in one's head," he explained. "I could not do it myself. It comes when you need it, and the next moment it is gone. You understand? It is not that you must know the exact price of each unmarked article. It is that you must be able to feel what it is worth."

Even to one as ignorant of the ways of trade as myself, this reply was startling. However, I held my peace, and answered with a polite, "Yes, M'sieu."

Milly made the round of the store, Monsieur Bonnemaison went out to the porch where he promptly lowered himself into the broad, cane-seated chair which, in warm weather, he was wont to occupy during his moments of leisure. Here he sat smiling and staring out over the road while I watched him from the doorway in an ever-increasing agony of helplessness.

"And what must I do now, M'sieu?" I finally burst out when I could stand it no longer. Again Monsieur Bonnemaison's eyes expressed a species of quiet astonishment.

"Why, wait upon the customers, of course," he replied, and returned to his smiling and staring. Utterly demoralized, I stumbled back inside where I wandered aimlessly from one counter to another. All along I had thought Monsieur Bonnemaison peculiar. Now it appeared that he was undeniably mad. And here I was expected to look after the madman's customers.

Having never made a sale in my life, I was further handicapped by my complete ignorance of the prices and disposition of the stock in trade. I could only wait in impotent despair for the customers to come along.

When, however, the customers made their appearance, my difficulties vanished in a wholly unexpected manner. At that early hour the demand was solely for supplies, for flour, and sugar, and coffee, commodities of which I knew the prices by heart. To my joy and amazement I found that I need only to weigh out, to wrap up, to hand over my ill-bound packages and receive the money in exchange for them. As for salesmanship, I discovered at once that it played no part in the disposal of these simple necessities.

"No, Jean," Monsieur Bonnemaison observed afterward. "If your supplies are good, they will sell themselves. Why waste your breath upon a pound of flour when all the time its praises are being sung for you by the voice of hunger?"

DICK CARLETON'S CHRISTMAS

By Mary T. Warrington

It was Christmas Eve—a white Christmas, with snow blocking the highways and byways and shrouding the lawns and gardens and terraces of Carleton Hall in the ceremonies of death. And perhaps it was a kindly veiling, for beneath the Christmas snow lay cruel traces of neglect, desolation, decay, fallen gates and fences, weed-grown wastes of field and meadow—the broken winged nymph of the silent fountain holding her shattered urn.

Still, there was a promise of Christmas cheer in the old mansion for the coming night. If Dick Carleton, as every one agreed, was going "to the dogs" he was taking the route gayly.

As he assured his running mates he meant to keep it up as long as the money lasted, and then—then neither Dick nor his friends cared to pursue the subject any further. It was enough for them that the old "Roose" (as they irreverently dubbed the stately mansion) where five generations of Carletons looked down from the pictured walls on their derelict descendant, could still glow with light and warmth at its reckless master's bidding: that James Madison, his butler, body servant, and factotum in general, was prepared to serve such viands, as no cordon bleu in the city could surpass, although the cordon bleu in this case was coal black Aunt Keziah, who had "nussed" both Dick and Dick's mother, and whom no great Emancipator but Death could free from loving slavery to her boy.

"Yes, he's gwine to de debil," Aunt Keziah had agreed this morning to the crowsy who had stepped in to borrow a "taste" of flour and sugar for a belated cake. "Marse Dick is guine fast and sure I know, but dar ain't nobody or nothink kin but him. Like all dis high stepping fur class stock, when he takes de bit in his teef, dar's no bridling him in. You jes have to fold yo' hands and shet yo' eyes, and pray de Lord for mussy on yo' sinful soul."

"But de sinfulness ain't in yo' soul Sister Keziah," consoled her hearer. "An if it was you'd been on de mourner's bench often enuff to hev it washed away."

Dunno chile, dunno—when you nuss a child like I nussed Marse Dick, maybe de Lord holes you sponable fur his misdoings. Ef you shoulders dat boy's sorrows, looks ez if you hadn't ought ter shirk shouldering his sins."

"But dar's other folks dat can't do no shirking nuther, Sister Salina," continued the old woman, her sunken eyes kindling with Sibylline fire. "Grand and fine ez she is, Miss Milly Somers got to face de judgment fur de way she treated my boy. He lubbed dat gal like he lubbed his life, and she done make believe she lubbed him back—she did for sure. And wif de wedding clothes bought, and de wedding dress made, and de wedding cake baked, wif three coats of icing and a sugar bell on top of all, dat gal done turn him down."

"But, but"—Sister Salina reiterated over the well known explanation of Miss Milly's turpitude—"de cause of her hearing 'bout de other wif."

"The other wif," echoed Aunt Keziah indignantly. "Who kears about 'nother wif dese here days chile? Ain't Cunnel Gresham got 'nother wif? And ain't Mr. Len Lanson got one too? And all ef e making 'it kind and friendly and making no perturbation. And 'cause my boy made a fool marriage of it, he wazn't twenty years old, folks is flinging 'it up at him. Didn't he buy de divorce? When you buys de divorce it sets you free—like Marse Abe Lincoln set de niggers free when you and me was little gals. An' you ain't got no master or mistress or husband or wif or nobody to bother you no more."

"It do look sort of dat way," said Sister Salina doubtfully. "But den you see Sister Keziah, Miss Milly Somers was Romist, and de Romists ain't allowed but one wif at de time—and Miss Betty Bond—dat I wash fur (she's Romist too) say dat Miss Milly dun just right, dat when you stands up 'fore de preacher and says yo' gwine ter take a wif until death do yo' part, dar ain't no judge or jury can set you free from dat word. And folks say, spite of all Miss Milly holding her head so high, she tuk dat dis-appointment mouty hard, she aint looked at no beau since, though all dat was five years ago. Jes' stirs round helping de poor and de sick, and de needy, ez de Lord commands, so I can't 'gree with you, Sister Keziah, 'bout de judgment waiting for her. Ez for de wedding clothes and de wedding cake, Sister Susan and de wedding it talks sore 'bout it to dis day. She say Marse Dick Carleton orter spoke up sooner 'bout de t'other wif he had married cross de sea, he orter spoke up or shet his mouf 'bout it forever, ez many a man does. But here I is gabbing on, and my Christmas cake waiting wif de eggs all beat up and ready to fall. So good bye Sister Keziah, an' Merry Christmas spite of de tribulations dat must come to us all, as de good Book say." And Sister Salina was off briskly, having effectively stirred her listener's faithful heart into waking pain. Aunt Keziah dragged herself heav-

ily to her feet to prepare the dinner ordered that morning by her young master.

"Spend it all," he had said, thrusting a bank note into James Madison's hand. "Not—not all dis, Marse Dick," that loyal henchman had gasped in dismay. "Didn't I say all?" was the rejoinder.

"But—but—but," stammered James Madison braving the storm blackening his master's handsome brow. "Judge Watson was hysk yesterday talking mighty saasy 'bout de money you owes him—and—"

"D— Judge Watson and his money," blazed forth Marse Dick fiercely. "Spend that rip roaring dinner tonight for ten. Oyster, terrapin, wild turkie, anything in the Christmas markets, and break open that old wine closet (I've lost the key) and bring up every cobwebbed bottle it holds."

"Dat, dat—was kep' for de wedding and christenings Sah." "Yes," the word came with another oath. "We've done with weddings and christenings. It's likely to be my last Christmas at Carleton Hall, but I'm going down like my old great granddaddy's ship went down a hundred years ago—colors flying, and my flag nailed to the mast!"

"De land—de land," murmured Aunt Keziah when this conversation was reported to her. "He alius busts out wild like dis at Christmas. It was to have been his wedding day five years ago. And dar ar Miss Milly Somers—she done it all—she done it all!"

While Aunt Keziah thus condemned her, the gentle subject of her anathemas was seated in the parlor of her Alma Mater, Mont Marie, chatting with her old friend and school mate, Nettie Lee,—happily veiled this three years as Sister Seraphine.

Now with all the girls gone home for the holidays you will have a pleasant time of peace and rest," Miss Milly was saying cheerfully. "Oh! my dear, no not at all," sighed Sister Seraphine. "We have six left on our hands. Six of the liveliest and gayest girls in the school, and seniors too, seniors that we can't distract with stockings and Santa Claus. The Mortons' home is closed and their parents in Europe. Jenny Dixon and Margaret Vane live in Idaho, and couldn't go so far, Dick, maybe de Lord holes you sponable fur his misdoings. Ef you shoulders dat boy's sorrows, looks ez if you hadn't ought ter shirk shouldering his sins."

"Send them to me," said Miss Milly blithely. "Send them to you," echoed Sister Seraphine. "My dear Millicent, I couldn't think of such a thing."

"And why not?" was the smiling question. "We have plenty of room and dear mother in spite of her seventy years has the Christmas spirit still. She told the boys, (Milly's sons you know) who are coming from college, to bring a couple of their chums with them and we were just wondering how we could make it a little gay for them. Your girls will fix that all right."

"They would indeed," was the emphatic answer. "But six of them! Milly dear—"

"How many girls had we at Christmas five years ago?" asked the visitor, softly. "A dozen at the least."

"Oh I know—I know," murmured the little nun. "That—that terrible Christmas. But oh! Milly dear, what an escape you made—what an escape! I wretched God for it every day. That I thanked man! To deceive you as he did. You of all women in the world, Milly."

There was a moment's silence, then the answer came very low and plying as if spoken over the dead. "I can not blame him quite as you are coming from college, to bring a couple of their chums with them and we were just wondering how we could make it a little gay for them. Your girls will fix that all right."

"They would indeed," was the emphatic answer. "But six of them! Milly dear—"

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for him, for I hear he has gone sadly, woefully astray." So, on Christmas Eve, the convent bus, an ancient vehicle, generally used to convey small day scholars to and from Mont Marie, was lumbering heavily through snow drifts laden with a merry crowd of girls under the watchful eye of Made-moiselle Melanie, their French teacher. Terry, the convent gate keeper, driver, and gardener held the reins, for Mont Marie had not yet branched out into the extrava-gance of an automobile. Terry's "bastes," were usually most atten-tive to his guidance, but that even-ing failed today, as they floundered through the snow-blocked way chok-ed and muffled with heavy drifts.

Twice the bus came to a standstill and its inmates had to tumble out, to their hilarious excitement, while with low-muttered expletives not intended for convent ears, Terry struggled to start his cumbersome vehicle on its difficult way. The early twilight had deepened into night before Miss Milly's Christmas guests saw the great pillared mansion aglow with festive light rising through the snow laden trees.

"Shure the gates is down and blocking the road," said Terry, leaning up his "bastes" hastily. "A 'baste,' a 'baste,'" cried Made-moiselle. "It is but a few steps to the house. We can walk, leave us and go back to the convent, Terry. *Gracia au bon Dieu*, we are here safe at last."

James Madison had obeyed his young Master's command to the letter. He had "spent it all," and the result was a repeat at which the most critical *bon vivant* could not smile. The great dining room was ablaze with festive light, and re-echoing with song and jest and uproarious mirth, for the cob-webbed bottles that had imprisoned the malicious spirits of nearly a hundred years were passing around freely. Through the roistering clamor only James Madison's trained ear caught the sounds at the hall door and he disappeared for a moment. He returned to his master in evident perturbation.

"More company, sah," he whis-pered. "More company!" Dick Carleton looked around at his crowded table in dismay. "The devil!" "No sah, no," corrected James Madison, hastily. "Seven ladies, sah." "Seven ladies?" gasped the bewildered host. "Don't let them in, you dumb fool. Day's in sn--in to stay--talking sort of ferrin dat I can't zactly make out, cep't it's something about Miss Milly Somers, sah." Richard Carleton started up, roused, sobered, at the name--the name that must "at be banded around nor even breathed lightly here. With a hurried apology which the flow from the cobwebbed bottles made needless, he stepped into the hall where card tables laden with dice, poker chips, cigars and cigar-ettes told of the gay night to follow.

Six bewilcered girls stood there repressing nervous giggles, while Made-moiselle Melanie, whose bright French eyes visualized the situation with horror, confronted the master of the house with excited indignation. "Qu'est que d'est? What is this? Where is this? To what place infame have I brought *mes filles innocentes*?" And Made-moiselle burst into a French tirade in which Richard Carleton distinguished only one name, a name that cleared all the fumes from his brain and stood him into the dignity and courtesy that befit the master of Carleton Hall.

"Miss Somers, Miss Somers, invited you here? There must be some mistake, madame, this is not her house."

"Ah *Misericorde!* Then what house is it? cried Made-moiselle as the click of refilling glasses was greeted by a burst of masculine song from the room beyond. "Where are we, *mes enfants!* To what place have we come, with *la valisere* gone back to the convent? We must fly from this house, we must fly, *mes enfants. Venez, venez, toute de suite, toute de suite!*"

"Oh we can't, Made-moiselle, we can't," came the frightened answer. "We can't go out there in the cold and the snow." And then, being a bevy of bright American girls, with fathers, and brothers who some-times gave gay parties, at which cards and poker chips were not unknown, Miss Somers' guests explained their coming, the delayed journey, the broken gate, the mis-taken house.

"And oh, please, please," they concluded, "get somebody or some-thing to take us to Miss Milly's right away."

taking, relived that scene of five years ago. Again he saw the glow of happiness pale in the fair, startled face, the tender eyes lifted in anguished reproach, again he heard the low cry of love wounded to death.

"Divorced! A living wife! Oh Richard, Richard, how could you lead me to this--to this!" He had been a cad, coward, deceiver to the woman of his love, ready to trample the lily of her purity into the mire of his foul world. So she had thought, felt, believed, and she had turned from him justly, rightly, forever. He had never met her since. He must not meet her tonight, he would leave her happy guests safe at her door and speed back to his own fitting friends, his ruined home. And then, in striking contrast to that ruined home, there rose before him the stately gateway of Somer-set Manor and the car sped on through an avenue of noble oaks to the great house glowing with warmth and echoing with music of boyish voices led by a clear soprano. Miss Milly and her college boys were practicing for the Christmas Mass. "O Holy Night" they sang and the hymn seemed to breathe the blessedness of this hallowed home.

Then the words died into a burst of joyous welcome as the singers crowded to the door to meet the Christmas guests springing gleefully from the great car, and all was a merry Babel of somewhat confused explanation. For one moment Richard Carleton glimpsed a slender, graceful figure standing in the wide doorway sur-rounded by youth and gladness and happy life; then, laying a fierce grasp on the wheel, he would have started on his homeward way, but the ponderous machine lurched and then stood motionless.

Something was wrong, what he did not know. As his unheeding young passengers crowded into the house, he leaped from the stalled car with a muttered curse and turned on the flashlight to discover the trouble. There was a light step on the porch and a gentle voice accented him.

"You need help with your car? I will send our man." The words ended in a low, startled cry. "Richard!" came from Miss Milly's white lips as she caught at the pillar beside her for support. "You here?" "Yes," was the harsh-toned answer. "I had to come--they mistook the house, and there was no one else. But will you go at once if I can get this confounded car to move."

The flashlight showed his face lined and changed, and just now fiercely angered at his awkward plight. "I will send Dixon to see to it," she said. There was no hiding the tremor in her voice, the tremor of her lips, but it was the olden music sounding in Richard Carleton's ear, the music that had only grown deeper, richer in its tone.

"Meaning you must come in out of this bitter cold." "No," he answered briefly. "I cannot, I must not, I will leave the car here, if you permit, and walk back." "Oh no, no, no," she said, "I cannot, not of that. The young people are sitting down to the supper I had waiting for them. I did not know who it was brought them here. I--I would have thanked you sooner. You must be very cold. Come in, please, and get warm."

Again the old gentle tone, so compelling in its quiet sweetness, the tone that only a churl could resist. He followed at her bidding into the warmth and light of the library, deserted by all the gay guests doing full justice to the supper in the great dining room at the end of the wide colonial hall. A log fire blazed in the hearth, the walls, the windows were wreathed with Christmas green. So it had looked five years ago to the man who stood outcast and intruder here tonight. Milly gave her orders about the waiting car and joined her reluctant guest.

"Dixon will make it all right," she said. "It is my cursed luck to be forced on you like this," Carleton said bitterly. "Give it a kinder name than that," was her answer. "It is Christmas, you know, when all is friendliness and welcome and good will. A time to forgive and for-get."

"Forget," he echoed hoarsely. "I cannot, can you?" She did not answer. "But," he went on, "as I never hope, will never try, to see you again, there are some things I would like you to know."

"First, I did not, could not un-derstand your Catholic viewpoint. Now I do, and in my later compre-hension of that viewpoint and its unchanging and unalterable obliga-tions, I saved the woman I had married from unutterable wretched-ness and disgrace and took fitting care of her until she died two years ago. And lastly, blind beotten selfish cad that I must have seemed to you, my love for you was the strongest, purest, highest experi-ence I have ever known. In losing it, I lost all. As no doubt you have heard, I have gone to the devil utterly and forever."

"Oh, no, no," she said brokenly. "Not after all my prayers, my tears, my heart break. Let me help you, let me save you, Richard."

"Help me! Save me!" he echoed harshly. "No one can help me, save me now. I am ruined hopelessly, my home, my fortune, my good name, all gone."

"Let me help you," she repeated. "Help you to save, to regain all. Not here," she continued as he would have interrupted her, "but in a new world, a new life. Father left me large interests in Colorado that are being sorely mismanaged. You are a mining engineer, go and take charge of them, Richard."

"Milly," he cried. "You would trust me like this in spite of all you have heard--all I have told you." "In spite of all," she answered. "It will be a hard enough life for you, perhaps, it will take strength, courage, endurance, but you can redeem home, fortune, name, all you have lost."

"All that I have lost," he echoed bitterly. "There is but one thing that I have lost that counts with me. That I can never regain--"

"Will you go?" she asked again, and there was a softer note in the pleading voice. "For my sake, Richard." She stretched out both hands to him--saying hands that he caught in the fierce grasp of his drowning while his heart leaped with a wild hope that found deep shaken voice.

"I will go at your word. I would go through much more than this requires if you could say 'Come back to me.' She lifted her eyes to him, eyes dim with tears but shining with the love that knows not Time or Space.

"It will be a hard fight," she said softly, "but when it is won, come back to me, Richard."

It is interesting to note that the original Latin contains only six lines of original hexameter verse. This cannot be adequately represented in English metres, since these depend on "accent" rather than on "quantity" in the syllables. As we all know, attempts have been made, from time to time, to echo in some fashion the rhythmic swing of class-ical hexameters in the rougher medium of English verse. Thus we have Longfellow's delightful imi-tation in the rhythms of his "Evan-gelists"---to confine ourselves just now to a single example. An attempt like this was made in the English rendering of our anthem given in the Marquess of Bute's translation of the Roman Breviary. The first line of this rendering is

"Maiden! Mother of Him Who re-deemed us, thou that abidest" and we can appreciate the rhythmic echoing like to that with which the "Evangelists" has familiarized us. From the eight lines of Dom Oswald we have descended to six English hexameters. But a still greater re-duction of space is found in Arch-bishop Bagshaw's six lines of En-glish dactylic tetrameters:

"Our Saviour's sweet Mother, who art to us given As Star of the Sea and bright portal of Heaven, O help us to rise when we fall, for while earth Stood wondrous ring, thou didst to thy Maker give birth, Yet wast ever Virgin, saluted with 'Hail' By Gabriel; for us let thy mercy avail."

ANOTHER FINE VERSION Could this space be still further reduced? The powers of compres-sion, as well as of expansion, pos-sessed by a master-worker in verse, are illustrated in the fine version made by the poet-priest and con-vert, Father Caswall. His transla-tion is also in six lines, but has a less number of syllables than any of the others:

"Mother of Christ! hear thou thy people's cry, Star of the deep, and Portal of the sky! Mother of Him who thee from nothing made, Sinking we strive, and call to thee for aid; Oh, by that joy which Gabriel brought to thee, Pure Virgin first and last, look on our misery."

It is perhaps curious to note, in this connection, that Caswall's ver-sion antedated all the others made by the poet-priest and con-vert, Father Caswall. His transla-tion is also in six lines, but has a less number of syllables than any of the others:

While the Latin verses thus trans-lated are sung in the Divine Office throughout Christmastide, the ver-sicle, response, and prayer that fol-low. Down to the First Vespers of the Nativity (recited on the Eve of Christmas), these are (V--Versicle; R--Response; O--Oratorio--Prayer): V--The Angel of the Lord de-clared unto Mary. R--And she conceived of the Holy Ghost. O--Pour forth, we beseech Thee, O Lord, thy grace into our hearts; that as we have known the Incarna-tion of Christ Thy Son by the mes-sage of an Angel, so, by His Passion and Cross, we may be brought to the glory of His resurrection; through the same Christ our Lord. Amen.

Since Christmas celebrates the Birth of Christ, the versicle, re-sponse and prayer change when the infant is sung at the close of the Divine Office for the First Vespers of the Feast (recited as already pointed out, on Christmas Eve. Thenceforward, to the Feast of the Purification, we find: V--After child-birth thou didst remain a pure virgin. R--O Mother of God, intercede for us. O--O God, who by the fruitful virginity of Blessed Mary, hast given unto mankind the rewards of eternal salvation; grant, we beseech Thee, that we may feel that she intercedes for us, through whom we have been made worthy to receive the Author of life, our Lord Jesus Christ, Thy Son. Amen.

Who composed the Latin hexa-meters of our anthem? They are credited to Hermann Contractus--Hermann "the Cripple"--who was a felicitous poet as well as a chronicler and mathematician. Read the brief account of him given in "The Catholic Encyclopedia;" and if your leisure and interest will suggest further explorations, read the twenty large pages allotted in Duffield's work, "The Latin Hymn-Writers and Their Hymns," to "one of the most meritorious men of the eleventh century" (d. 1054.) Duffield was a Presbyterian min-ister, but handles his theme sympa-thetically.

POPULAR THROUGHOUT EUROPE The Anthem became very popular throughout Europe. It is recom-mended for frequent use in the "Ancien Rituel" dating about the year 1200.) Chaucer bases his "Prioresse's Tale" on a legend con-nected with its recitation by the "Litel Clergeon": This litel childhe his litel book lar-ninge, As he sat in the scole at his prymer, He Alma redemptoris herde singe,

As children lerned hir antiphoner; And, as he dorste, he droogh him ner and ner. And herked ay the wordes and the note, Till he the first vers coude al by rote.

The little clerk was greatly attracted by both the words and the melody of our anthem. He listened to the singers with intense interest, until he knew by heart the first verse: "Alma redemptoris mater, quae pervia coeli." He filled his childish leisure singing it over and over again. Some strange sweet-ness in it attracted him, for the "litel clergeon" was only seven years old. His mother had already taught him the Ave Maria, which the boy was accustomed to repeat twice daily, going to and from school. He loved Our Lady; and when an older companion explained the meaning of the Latin words, the boy was deeply impressed:

"And is this song maked in rever-ence; Of Cristes moder?" seyde the in-nocent; "Now certes, I wol do my diligence To come it all, ere Cristemasse is went."

He would learn the lovely chant of Christmastide "ere Cristemasse is went." He sang the hymn, as he had said the Ave Maria, going to and from school: Ful merly than wolde he singe, "O Alma redemptoris" ever-mo; The swetes hath his herte pierced so Of Cristes moder, that to hir to preyre, Ne can not stinte of singing by the weye.

His way led through the Jewish quarter of the town, and the hymn of praise to "Cristes moder" grew more and more unpleasant to the ears of the denizens. They hired a man to cut the boy's throat and thus assure the ceasing of the song. The boy was thrown into a foul pit. Searchers for the lost one, at length coming to the Jewish quarter of the town, heard the sweet chant of the Alma Redemptoris Mater, and were amazed to find it coming from the lips of the boy hidden in the pit. They brought him to the church on a litter. There he was asked to explain the miraculous singing. He replied that our Lady had placed a grain on his tongue whilst he was dying, and he was thus enabled to continue the song of praise he so greatly loved. The grain was then removed, and the boy-martyr at length slept in the peace of the Lord.

In various forms, the legend spread over Europe, and its liter-ature is not slight. In his admirable "Life of St. Hugh of Lincoln," Father Thurston discusses the excesses perpetrated on the Jews as a result partly of false rumors, partly of cupidity for their posses-sions, and he praises the manly stand of the Church authorities in their behalf. In an Appendix (pages 659, 610) he gives a further discussion of the subject.

FAITH OF OUR FATHERS Recently, in a fishing port, a large and striking monument was erected to the memory of those "who go down to the sea in ships." The figure on the pedestal is that of a seaman, clad in oilcloth his hand resting on the wheel of the vessel that he is guiding into the vast un-known. His eyes, looking fearlessly before him, are strained upon some imaginary, distant object. He has met and known dangers and perils, yet he is ever willing to face the untamed ocean with its treacherous shallows and deeps to fulfil that mission which he has set for himself in life.

The life of the seaman is a pre-carious one. But, in reality, all life is a venturesome quest. In the morning, with fair weather and a stiff breeze, with peace and hope and mayhap joy in his heart, with faith in the future, man starts out to conquer the impediments to his welfare here and hereafter. With face sternly set to the fair horizon line, where he hopes to find safe port at the day's close, he goes for-ward with the determination to overcome all obstacles and to win his goal.

Shall he arrive in the quiet har-bor at eventide? His fate rests in his own hands. Whether or not his frail craft shall be moored in secu-rity to await the next voyage, or whether he shall go down to a hidden and unseing grave in the treacherous waters, it is for him to decide. The passage of the spirit through this world is much more hazardous than that of the stout ship that sets forth with everything in her favor on the long voyage. But with faith in God and deter-mination to conquer the obstacles that arise in the interior life, man need fear no opposing elements of his three arch-enemies. The life stories of great men show clearly that those who wrought the best, the highest works, were men of indomitable faith. They ever bore in mind the maxim of the great spiritual Masters: Confidence in God and diffidence in oneself. The man of faith is superior to his circumstances. Like Zacheus, looking through the foliage of the sycamore tree to see Christ, he

looks up through the mist of his tears and the maze of his burdens, to recognize the Compass that shall guide him securely though all, to lasting peace. It points one way--Heavenward. It never declines or deviates from its course.

Faith of Our Fathers... there is something in the very words that bring a thrill to the heart of the man who has inherited this priceless treasure, even if he is very poor in this world's goods. To pre-serve this sacred heritage, to trans-mit it to generations yet unborn, patient monks labored in the fading light long hours in their studies, tracing with careful hand the letters that spoke of the Mysteries of God. To stone for the careles-sness and indifference of those who tossed it lightly to the winds, great saints buried themselves in deserts or in lonely caves, there to do penance and to spend long hours in prayer for the sanctification of the world. Men worked for it to their last breath, men shed their blood for it amid unspeakable torments. Not so far back, in our own day, our forefathers suffered persecu-tions and trials to conserve it for us who should come after them.

The trend of the world today in not toward Heaven, but toward the abyss of darkness. Money and gain, pleasure and ease, are sought with a zeal that borders on mad-ness, while the things of Eternal Life are cast aside as of no worth. Have we no cause to reproach ourselves? What are we doing to prove our love for that which we proudly claim as a precious heri-tage? Life is indeed an uncertain voyage over an insecure and shift-ing ocean. We sail in a frail barque and without the grace of God, without infinite precautions and unceasing vigilance, we can never arrive in a safe harbor at the end of the voyage.

Confidence in God and distrust in oneself--with these two amulets, man can sail in tranquillity and in safety over the most turbulent sea of the soul. Lacking these, it is impossible that he should not suffer shipwreck.--The Pilot.

A soul has a capacity which cannot be filled by the things of this earth, but by God alone, for whom it was made.--St. Francis de Sales.

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**A MERRY CHRISTMAS**

Nineteen centuries of accumulated experience makes the Catholic Church wise in the way of teaching men; and her supreme mission and commission is to teach all nations. But human wisdom, even wisdom enlightened by unique experience, is not the sole guide of the teaching Church; for according to the glorious promise of our Blessed Lord, the Holy Spirit of truth teaches in and through the Church and abides with her forever.

Whether it was human experience or divine guidance or both that led the Church to institute feasts, to set apart certain days to the exclusive commemoration of certain great events in the life of Christ, she showed in this an intimate knowledge of the human mind and heart.

In the institution and observance of Christmas she preaches more eloquently and effectively than an endless succession of Chrysostoms the stupendous fact that "Jesus Christ, the Only begotten Son of God, born of the Father before all ages, for us men and for our salvation came down from heaven, and was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary; and was made man." In Asia, in Africa, as well as in Europe and the Americas, as these words of the Nicene Creed are sung, priests and people kneel; and in the hearts and souls of all—white, black, red, and yellow—there is a quickening and deepening of the faith that was so triumphantly defined sixteen hundred years ago.

For it is Christmas Day.  
 "Glory to God on high and on earth peace to men of good will."  
 The Church militant and the Church triumphant never seem so closely united, the glorious privilege of the Communio of Saints more real, than at Mass on Christmas Day.

On the wings of faith and love we are carried in spirit back to the first Christmas, and hear the Angel's good tidings of great joy: this day is born to you in the city of David a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord. And in our souls we hear the heavenly strains of the angelic choir, praising God and saying: Glory to God on high; and on earth peace to men of good will.

That is the dominant note of the great Christmas feast.  
 Our ears hear the Gloria in excelsis Deo of earthly choirs, our souls hear the multitude of the heavenly host as did the shepherds on that holy night when Christ was born singing the same glorious hymn. Heaven and earth seem near.

The shepherds found Mary and Joseph, and the Babe lying in the manger. And when they had seen it they understood. And they returned glorifying and praising God for all they had heard and seen as it was told them.

In the Christmas Mass we, too, have with us the divine Babe that it was the shepherds' marvellous privilege to be called by heaven to see. At Bethlehem that first Christmas night the Godhead of Christ the Saviour was hidden behind the veil of His humanity. With us, both His divinity and humanity are hidden; but He is as really present in the Sacrament of His love as He was nineteen centuries ago in the manger at Bethlehem. It is one of the special graces of this holy Christmas feast, and of the Mass which is the very soul of it, that we realize more vividly Christ's Real Presence on our altars; and like the shepherds when they had seen the Babe, return glorifying and praising God.

"It is the Mass that matters."  
 "For from the rising of the sun to the going down, my name is great among the Gentiles, and in every place there is sacrifice, and there is offered to my name a clean oblation; for my name is great among the Gentiles, saith the Lord of Hosts." (Malachi I, 11.)

The very name of Christmas comes down to us from the thousand years of England's Catholic history. In old English it was Cristes Mæsse, Christ's Mass, Christmas. Alas! the time came when it was high treason for a priest to be in England at all and felony for anyone to harbor or relieve him. Yet

Mass was celebrated and for its celebration hundreds died the heroic death of martyrs. Not only was the Christmas Mass stamped out under the heel of relentless persecution, but the time came when any merriment or religious services were forbidden by Act of Parliament on the ground that it was a heathen festival; and the joyous feast of Christmas was ordered to be kept as a fast. At the Restoration this Puritan ban was removed; but the dour Scots Presbyterians still frowned on this "man-made Sabbath" and adhered to the Puritan view of Christmas.

Well, thank God things have changed. The Catholic Feast of Christmas with its message and appeal has reached all hearts.

Recently in the Forum there was a series of articles on the question: "Does the Pope rule Massachusetts?" The writer affirmed that he does. Well, it is only about three generations ago when Catholics were not suffered even to live in Massachusetts; this colony took its first great step toward religious freedom when it was decreed in 1691 that "forever hereafter there shall be liberty of conscience allowed in the worship of God to all Christians (except Papists)." In this atmosphere it is perhaps not surprising that in 1659 an ordinance was passed making the observance of Christmas a punishable offence.

The remembrance of these bad old days should arouse in us not resentment but gratitude for the freedom God's Church enjoys today; and it should incite us, also, to a more fervent celebration of the great and holy feast of Christmas this year of grace.

But there is another consideration. As was said in the beginning of this article, the institution and observance of Christmas is the most eloquent and effective of sermons on the Incarnation. The present universal observance of Christmas not only by Catholics but by the whole English-speaking world bears testimony to that fact.

That the Christmas spirit is now so potent an influence for good—as Dr. Kerby points out on page one of this number of the RECORD—is due chiefly if not entirely to the Catholic institution and observance of this great and joyous Feast with its message of Peace on earth to men of good will.

While we rejoice and are glad that the Christmas spirit now extends to countless thousands not of the visible body of Christ's Church, that it pervades the very air of this holy season, still for us, Catholics, the very soul of the feast is the Christmas Mass.  
 It is, by excellence, the feast of children. And there is something wrong with those who do not feel it a duty and a privilege to bring some special joy to the hearts of the little ones whom Jesus loves with an especial love.

Sometimes we hear pious Catholics change the old, time-honored, and Catholic form of greeting "A merry Christmas" into "A happy Christmas." We have no sympathy and little patience with such inchoate puritanism. Christmas is a feast not a fast. There is a time for all things. And when the religious observance is over it is entirely in accord with Catholic tradition and Catholic practice that we feast and be glad and joyous and merry.

So, while we pray that all our friends and readers may receive in abundance the special graces and blessings of this holy feast-day, we wish them, one and all, without reservation and with all our heart, a merry Christmas!

**THE CHINA MISSION SEMINARY**

"Go forth, beloved brothers to the sheep that are perishing, for they were bought with a great price; depart ye powers of evil; may the angel of God be with you on the way. To God alone, invisible and immortal, be honor and glory forever and ever. Amen."

In these words solemn yet joyously heart-stirring did His Grace, the Archbishop of Toronto, address Father John M. Fraser and his two companions, Fathers V. Morrison and S. Serra on the eve of their departure for the Chinese missions. The whole ceremony was solemnly impressive, soul-stirring; faith and hope were the dominant notes; and though at times hearts beat faster and eyes grew dim there was an undertone of joy throughout. In the sanctuary with His Grace were the other two episcopal members of the governing board of St.

Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary, the Bishops of London and Peterborough. Clergy from the diocese and from other dioceses, the staffs and students of St. Augustine's and St. Francis Xavier's Seminaries and Brother Francis' boy choir filled the spacious sanctuary. These, together with the Cathedral choir, furnished a musical service in worthy keeping with the great ceremony of farewell and God-speed to the missionaries. Every seat in the church and every inch of standing room in aisles and vestibules were occupied by the vast concourse of the laity that crowded the Cathedral.

We shall not further attempt to describe the ceremony or the singing. Everyone was profoundly impressed. Everyone felt that it was an evidence of the Spirit of God moving over the waters of Canadian Catholic life; and that soon Canada will take her worthy and great place in the vast field of the foreign missions.

Every reader of the CATHOLIC RECORD has long been familiar with the name and work of Father Fraser. Twenty-two years ago he gave himself with all the simple and devoted zeal of a single-minded young priest to the work of the Chinese missions. His work in the Field Afar was signally blessed by God and generously appreciated by the Catholic authorities in China. Letters to the CATHOLIC RECORD informed tens of thousands of his fellow-countrymen of the great fields white to the harvest in China. Interest grew and material help followed. It was through the RECORD that the present writer first heard of Father Fraser. Eagerly he sought further information.

About that time he was reading Sneed-Cox's great biography of Cardinal Vaughan. The story of heroic work of establishing England's great foreign missionary college was one to move to the depths the Catholic reader, even though of little faith.  
 We dreamt of a little college, a juniorate—such as had already been established in Catholic Holland and elsewhere—for Canada. So that vocations amongst the generous souls of Canadian Catholic boys, still clothed in the unstained white robes of baptismal innocence, might be enlisted in the great work and prepared for Mill Hill. The late great-souled Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Stagni, was earnest and enthusiastic in his approval.

Seven years ago Father Fraser came back to Canada with his more ambitious and in every way more desirable and effective project of a Chinese Mission Seminary for Canada. Despite the great consolations of his signally successful missionary work in China, he became almost homesick: "What is going to happen if I should die?"

If the Catholics of England with everything to do, with the overwhelming task of providing churches, schools, priests and teachers, with the endless work of rebuilding the lost faith of England, could undertake and bring to a triumphant conclusion their great Foreign Mission College, why not Canada do likewise? Why not establish a seminary that would give a constant and ever-increasing supply of priests to the Chinese Missions?

Through the dark days of discouragement and apparent defeat as well as in those times when faith seemed justified and hope well grounded, with courage unflinching and unconquerable, Father Fraser persevered.

Today we have St. Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary, an actual fact; built, equipped, almost paid for; staffed and successfully launched on its great work. It will, for all time to come, send a stream, ever deepening and widening, of Canadian missionary priests to the white harvest fields of far-off China.

Father Fraser is humble as he is successful as an Apostolic missionary. He modestly says that he could do nothing had not the Holy Spirit of God moved thousands and thousands to cooperate with him. And he gives generous credit to the CATHOLIC RECORD and its great Catholic constituency for the aid given him.

Personally we feel humbled but withal inspired to more active interest and effective aid. We are sure that we may bespeak for our generous and wholehearted Catholic readers a renewed and deepened interest, a more active and effective cooperation with Father Fraser and

his crowning missionary work, the St. Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary.

"Amen I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these my least brethren you did it unto Me."

Father Fraser and his brother missionaries give themselves; we can at least give of the material means of which we are but the stewards. By completing the burses we can ensure the unflinching supply of priests without which nothing lasting can be done for our Chinese brothers still seated in darkness and the shadow of death. It is a great privilege to be associated in this great work. It is a dangerous thing to turn a deaf ear to the whisperings of the Holy Spirit of God within our souls; and we feel sure that the Holy Ghost is giving to many the generous and pious impulse to aid, to sustain, and to complete the work He so clearly has inspired.

**A HAPPY CHRISTMAS**

The so-called wisdom of the world has put its own construction and its own mark on Christmas. A very worldly construction, you may be sure; and yet, peeping out from the midst of the worldliness and the selfishness of the worldly Christmas, we see glimpses of the Christian idea; and that shows what a powerful hold the Christian idea of Christmas has on the human heart.

The worldly Christmas consists in making a great bluff at happiness whether you are happy or not. It consists in an extravagant spendthriftness on unnecessary things and an artificial excitement in making purchases which are handed over as Christmas gifts to persons who might choke tomorrow for all we care. And yet, though we are to a great extent following a custom which has become fixed and binding in appearance at least, there is, as we have said, a bit of the Christian idea left; there is some recognition of the fact that we are all brothers and all fellow travellers in a passing world, and that we owe some duties towards others and that part of what is ours belongs to them.

The more place we give to that idea the more we shall approach to the proper recognition of the birthday of the Lord Jesus. The world has made His birthday a hollow show and a mockery of His teachings; for, He taught humility and charity and where do we find either in the worldly celebration of this great day? He taught unselfishness, and selfishness is the key-note of modern life. Have you not noticed that the better off people are the less they are disposed to help others, or to put themselves out for others?

Poor people build our churches; and poor people keep them up. Poor people give millions in charity, which mighty sums is not noticed as are the occasional large sums given by the rich. Poor people are more patient with the demands that are made on them for social or financial help. Poor people are more truly hospitable and are much more unselfish than those who are rich or who think they are.

Christ taught to the world from His crib in the cold stable at Bethlehem the dignity of poverty, and the grandeur of unselfishness, and only those, as a rule, who are poor, understand the meaning of unselfishness.

The clamor and clang and glitter and show that we see on Christmas eve, the brilliant shops, the wonderful skill by which cardboard and paste and glass and light and tinsel and tawdry finery are made into a semblance of reality, appeal to the child that is in every grown person; and that is not any harm; we should be better if we were childish oftener than we are. But, if we are going to be childish, why not take some thought of the Child Jesus. There is childhood in its perfection. No, the world does not want to think too much about the Child Jesus. The lessons of the Childhood of Jesus, like those of His manhood, are unwelcome to a world whose maxims and philosophy are based on considerations of the human and not of the Divine.

The world despises poverty, and He was poor. The world admires a conqueror, and He was put to death by His enemies. The world exalts with this life, and He pointed always to eternity. The world loves combat, and He is the Prince of Peace. Men love their own perishable carcasses, and are determined to pamper them; and He fasted; fasted till he was hungry. Oh, do

not talk of it within sight of our gorgeous hotels and our extravagant private tables!

Is it strange, with these different ideals, that men should give only a faint recognition of the spirit of Christmas? Gluttony in eating and drinking is un-Christian; but nothing could more accurately represent the selfish and self-indulgent spirit which possesses the age in which we live.

Well, we have once more before us an opportunity. It matters little what the worldly people around us think of our method of keeping Christmas; but it matters a great deal what Christ thinks of it.

**NOTES AND COMMENTS**

"CHRIST NEVER wrote a book. He foresaw the danger of writing a book. He knew the way men would misinterpret it, would read wrong meanings into its sacred context." How little the Anglican realist who uttered this sentiment realized how aptly it described his own position! And what a tribute he paid, no doubt unthinkingly, to the attitude of the Catholic Church in regard to the Scriptures!

ANOTHER UNSTUDIED tribute to the Church, and unsaying of a much-cherished Protestant tradition, comes from the much-talked-of Dean of St. Paul's. Discussing in a recent book the assumed cleavage between science and religion, Dean Inge gives utterance to these memorable words: "The truth is, I think, that the Reformation not only checked, but obscured the scientific progress which had begun in the century which preceded it." "It was," he adds, "the chaos precipitated by the Reformation that made the fatal rift between religion and science." It may have taken nearly four hundred years for such as the Dean to find this out, but the old saying "it is never too late to mend" still applies. Unhappily, in his attitude to historical Christianity generally, the said Dean seems to have set his face in the opposite direction.

AS AN offshoot of science, it seems a shocking thing to freeze fish alive to keep them fresh for the market at their journey's end, but it has been found that when they are "unfrozen" they are just as lively as before, says the Children's News-paper, an English periodical. They show no sign of injury or illness, and flop about just like a newly landed trout. It was noticed that fish in Siberian rivers which freeze solid in winter, come out all right in the spring, and this led to a long series of experiments resulting in the adoption of a method of freezing for commercial purposes. The fish are put in a tub into which oxygen is forced, and after being kept three days just above freezing point they are frozen and the blocks of ice, stripped of the tub, are wrapped up and put in cold storage.

PHILATELIS ESPECIALLY (and their name is legion) may be interested to learn that notwithstanding her long connection with the Throne, the late Queen Alexandra's portrait appeared on three stamps only, and none of these of Great Britain proper. The Newfoundland series of 1897 included portraits of four generations of the Royal Family, Queen Alexandra's on the three cent orange, a finely executed portrait. On the Coronation issue of the same "oldest colony," she was portrayed on the ten cent green stamp. The only other example is Canadian. In the Quebec Tercentenary issue of 1908 Queen Alexandra shares the two cent carmine stamp with King Edward, and this is pronounced by experts to be not only the best philatelic portrayal of the Queen, but one of the finest stamps ever issued.

THE CATHOLIC Church, as all know and as even her enemies are forced, however grudgingly, to admit, is the founder of most of the great universities of the Old World, Oxford and Cambridge, Paris and Louvain, Edinburgh and St. Andrews, Vienna, Madrid and Salamanca, all date back to pre-Reformation times, and it was the Roman Pontiffs who were the fathers, as the different national hierarchies were the nursing mothers of all of them. This was brought out with great clearness on the occasion of the celebration of the founding of St. Andrews a year or two ago.

The part which the Church had in the founding and early history of

the Grammar Schools of Scotland is perhaps not so well known. That of Perth, for example, dates back to 1160, in which year the Bishop of St. Andrews confirmed the gift of King David I. of "the church of Perth and that of Sterling, with the schools and all other things pertaining to them" to the Abbey of Dunfermline. The gift was confirmed by succeeding bishops. This school, like others dating from about the same period, were not solely devoted to the training of aspirants to the priesthood, but were for the benefit of all who were able to avail themselves of their advantages, and were in very truth grammar schools, the Latin grammar being the foundation of the education imparted.

COSMO INNES, in his history, "Scotland in the Middle Ages," states that "there were considerable burgh schools at Perth, at Sterling, and at Roxburgh in the reign of Malcolm IV. (1153). Sixty years later (1218), the master of the Grammar School of Perth was chosen, along with the Deacons of Dunkeld and Dunblane, by Pope Innocent III. to adjudicate in a dispute regarding the church of Prestwick. Another pre-Reformation reference is to be found in the 'Registrum Dunfermlini,' where it is stated that 'George Abbott has granted to Sir Thomas Burrell, presbyter, for the whole time of his life, the principal Grammar School of the burgh of Perth, vacant by the resignation of Simon Young, official of Dunkeld, the last teacher (1544).'" The more these records of the past are uncovered, the clearer does it become that the Church in those days was not only the spiritual guide of the people, but their pathfinder to the higher civilization which she sponsored. In more ways than one the so-called Reformation set civilization back, as Dean Inge affirms it set science back, at least two centuries.

**HOLY YEAR: 1825-1925**

**RASH PROPHECY MADE RIDICULOUS**

By Mgr. Enrico Pucel (Home Correspondent, N. C. W. C.)

Rome, Dec. 1.—It is nearly a hundred years ago since Marie Henri Beylie, better known under his novelist's nom de plume of Stendahl, wrote in *Memoirs of Rome*, under date of November 24, 1827: "St. Peter's have five doors, one of which is walled up and is only opened every 25 years for the ceremony of the Jubilee. The Jubilee that once brought 400,000 pilgrims of all classes to Rome, only gathered 400 mendicants in 1825. It is necessary to hurry if one wants to see the ceremonies of a religion which should be modified or extinguished."

A century has passed and the Church has not been extinguished. Its ceremonies have not been "modified"; but in the hundred years since the brilliant skeptic wrote, the world which he knew has been "modified" in most marvelous manner. Never, perhaps, in the history of mankind has there been record of a century of such profound change in the political and material life of the peoples of many nations. Institutions, nay, the very ideas by which the public and private life of millions of people were ruled, have dissolved—they were, they are not. Only one institution has experienced no change—the Catholic Church for which Stendahl rashly predicted extinction remains unchanged and firm in its divine foundation.

**FROM THE FOUR-CORNERS OF THE EARTH**

Seldom has prophet of desolation been so unfortunate in appointing his prophecy as was this hater of Catholicism. Of course he lied in his statement of the Jubilee conditions in 1825, but the thunder of nearly a million voices from every corner of the earth has given the lie to his prognosis of future Holy Year celebrants in Rome.

Since last Christmas, Rome has truly been the Holy City to which people have flocked from every continent, desirous—as the Pope has so often said—to be near the throbbing heart of the Church. They have come dressed in all fashions: Europeans and Americans in the correct garb of their countries; Egyptians swathed in fine silk mantles; Indians with heads draped in large turbans; Breton fishermen in plain jerseys; Spanish ladies with rich mantillas and the high tortoise-shell combs; Polish peasants in costumes of all colors of the rainbow; Swiss mountaineers in the Alpine dress; Moravian agriculturalists in costumes ornamented with silver buckles and artificial flowers; Rumanian ladies wearing large veils and wraps of silver cloth; German students in their traditional high shining boots and white and flame-red jackets; Bosnians and Albanians in small jackets ornamented with frogs, wide sashes and white trousers; Scottish Highlanders in kilts.

They have come, and in thousands of processions both in the churches and in the streets, they have lifted up their voices to God in prayers

and hymns in all tongues. Like brothers at each other's side, though perhaps not understanding a word of their respective languages, they have been uplifted by consciousness of the same profession of faith, the same spirit of piety and the same divine and only charity.

**RICH AND POOR TOGETHER**

They have come, rich and poor alike. At the Piazza San Pietro which seemed to be the general headquarters of the pilgrimages, one saw drawn up along the porticos scores of automobiles belonging to parties of rich people who were praying in the Basilica or visiting the Vatican Palace, and between the same columns, seated on the marble steps, were poor peasants, sometimes entire families who had brought their bread and cheese and between visits allayed the pangs of hunger and drank water from the nearest fountain. Among those who came from afar, from America and Australia, and who had therefore to incur heavy expense, there was one who had sold his house to find the means necessary for the journey. The Pope himself related this fact whilst conversing with the eminent French writer, Georges Guyau.

A group of Neapolitan laborers, when the Jubilee was proclaimed on the Feast of the Ascension, 1924, proposed to put aside each week day's wages so as to have at their disposal the few hundreds of lire that were necessary for the journey and stay in Rome. Among the pilgrims of places nearer Rome the spirit of sacrifice was even more eloquent and visible. These poor peasants came in hundreds and thousands, and as they could not be more than a day absent from their work in the country, had permission to make the visits to the Basilicas and all the prescribed practices in a single day. They arrived by the early morning train and many of them had begun to walk at dawn, some indeed at midnight, because they had to travel four, five or six hours by foot before reaching the nearest station. On their arrival at Rome, they heard Mass and went to Communion, and still fasting, at once commenced the visits to the Basilicas in long processions behind the cross, singing and chanting psalms. The last visit was reserved for St. Peter's, where they arrived at noon, and after the visit entered the Vatican for the audience of the Pope. In the atrium of the entrance to the Papal Palace they left the poor provisions they had brought with them: bread, cheese, and fruit. Until two o'clock and even later, they were kept at the audience and only after it, amidst the gigantic columns of the colonnade, tired and hungry, did they partake of their frugal lunch. They then walked to the railway station, and after the train journey, they had still four, five or six hours of trudging before they could rest in their own homes.

But what shall be said of the pilgrims who came to Rome on foot from France, Spain, Switzerland, Poland and Germany? They have been many—some hundreds. And not a few might be seen with bare feet walking along the streets of the city leading to the holy Basilicas.

Side by side with these poor and humble folk, how many of the great, how many titled and rich people, how many scientists, how many magistrates, how many senators and deputies and ministers, from the President of the Belgian Senate, the Dutch Premier, the Belgian Minister for Colonies, the Prime Minister of the Sovereign House of Spain, and the former reigning Houses of Germany, Austria, Bavaria, Hungary, Portugal and Saxony, to President Cosgrave, who, in honor of Ireland, came humbly among the last of the pilgrims to this Holy Jubilee.

Every nation that has an ancient history of the past has its church in Rome; St. Louis for the French, St. Maria in Monserrato for the Spaniards, St. Maria dell'Anima and St. Maria in Campostrano for the Germans, St. Isidore for the Irish, St. Anthony for the Portuguese, St. Stanislaus for the Poles, St. Wenecelast for the Bohemians, St. Sylvester for the English, St. Julian for the Belgians, St. Athanasius for the Greeks, St. Jerome for the Yugoslavs, St. Salvatore for the Rumanians. And the churches recently constructed or assigned, as the beautiful Church of St. Patrick for the Irish, and the ancient classic church of St. Susanna for the Americans of the United States. Finally, a dozen or more churches for the various Italian provinces, for the Lombards, the Venetians, the Tuscans, the Neapolitans, the Sicilians, etc. All these national and provincial churches were during this Holy Year so many centers at which the respective pilgrimages made their headquarters, so that, even outside the greater Basilicas, the life of piety and intense religious fervor of the crowds who flocked to the Jubilee was manifest in every part of the city.

But, besides these, how many other pious manifestations, how many prayers, how many songs, how many processions! The historical ways with beautiful classic names—Via Appia, Via Ostiense, Via Ardeatina, etc.—flanked by ruins and famous monuments which are found everywhere in Rome, were also traversed without ceasing by the crowds of pilgrims who went to the Catacombs and who, after having chanted psalms in streets drenched in sunlight, disappeared



into those subterranean ways, into the mysterious recesses where so many martyrs still sleep in the peace of the Lord, and prostrated themselves to pray where prayed the Christians of the early centuries, while before them under the arcosolium still adorned with the paintings of those times, the priests renewed the mystic rite that in olden days had given strength and heroism to generations who lived under the continual menace of death.

WATCHING POPE IN GARDEN

What is that small crowd that stops from time to time in the afternoon on the central terrace which overlooks the Vatican garden, in front of the marvelous pile of the Dome of St. Peter's? They are all looking towards a certain point of the garden and there are excited but subdued cries. "There he is, there he is. He has gone again!" It is the Pope whom they see down there in a corner of the garden at a large fountain where a hundred gold fish disport themselves. It is Pius XI. taking his daily walk, the only moment of pause, of rest between one audience and the other, when, after having received thousands of pilgrims in the morning, he prepares to receive other thousands in the evening. And every day when he descends for his walk he invariably stops at the fountain and amuses himself throwing morsels of bread, which a servant has brought for the purpose, to the fish. And every time visitors to the Missionary Exhibition see him they point him out to others. "The Pope, the Pope!" And quickly a group forms, the little crowd on that large terrace remain there to look at that white figure with his two or three monsignori in purple, until the Pope slowly disappears through shady avenues of the garden.

THE UNFORGETTABLE AUDIENCES

But where the pilgrimages and pilgrims of the Holy Year could gather together in the loftiest expression of the sentiments of their spirits, was around the Pope, when they pressed closer to his person to listen to his words, and to receive his blessing. The Pope has received them all, from the small groups of a dozen or a score to the great gatherings of many thousands.

Pius XI. since the beginning has not only desired to receive all the pilgrimages and to address each of them, but he has desired to greet the individual members of each one by one, putting, as he has said a hundred times in his discourses, his hand in the hand of each, reading in the eyes of each the sentiments felt in their hearts, "making each one's personal acquaintance." This desire of His Holiness required the mobilization of all the rooms, the salons, the loggias and the great halls of the Vatican Palace. And it also required all the familiar of the Papal apartments to be able wily to regulate the movements of the visitors, to place the rows of pilgrims in such a way so that they should not cross each other and that the Pope with his suite and escort should be able to move freely in their midst, to regulate the passing from one salon to another, so that at the due moment all those who had been first placed in various salons, should be able to reunite in the presence of His Holiness to listen to the discourse with which he would accompany the blessing.

PONTIFF'S LOVE FOR CHILDREN

How many touching episodes during that review of the long rows of kneeling pilgrims! How many tears fell on the Pope's hand extended for the filial kiss before the words whispered to the Common Father by thousands of his children's hearts in that fleeting moment when he passed looking smilingly on them. Sometimes the group of the Pope and the monsignors who were with him stopped. What had happened? It is the Pope who has seen a little child dressed in white kneeling with clasped hands, sometimes a babe at its mother's breast. There has not been a child that Pius XI. has seen amongst the kneeling faithful in his passage without having caressed it as Jesus must have done one day amongst the children of Galilee. Sometimes he perceived them in the midst of the pilgrims only after he had passed, and he had turned back to caress them!

And what was there in the hearts of the faithful, what sentiments were aroused in their souls when they saw among them the High Pontiff, so good, so affable, so completely at home with their humility and poverty! How many times I myself have seen, not a poor old woman, but men in the full vigor of their strength shed big tears at the passage of the Pope and heard them ask the attendants, the guards who after the kissing of the Pope's hand, wished them to leave: "Let us wait a little, let us see him once again!"

LITTLE GLINTS OF HUMOR

The Pope has been always calm, strong, quick, smiling. From his lips fell words of high spirituality, of profound affection, of greatest pleasure, and of generous encouragement.

Sometimes in the words he addressed to the pilgrims there was also a discreet and agreeable humor. One day, a Bishop pointed out to him the doctor of the pilgrimage, and the Pope asked him smilingly: "Are all the pilgrims well?" and on receiving an affirmative reply he remarked "It is due to you." One of

the maxims of the Salernitan school (an Italian school which had formulated its precepts in Latin verse between the serious and facetious) said: "Medico procerente nihil nocet" (When the doctor is present no one gets ill.) Another time he found himself in the midst of a group of pilgrims belonging to a German association which was directed by a priest of the name of Papst, that is, Pope. Pius XI. commented on it smilingly: "It is evident that your association wished to be papal even in the name of its director."

From the first day of these continuous receptions until that on which this is written, there has been no perceptible weakening. His Holiness has been always the same—calm, alert, energetic, with the same unflinching smile for all. On rare occasions, when the stream of pilgrimages was at full flow he has said to some friend: "Truly we begin to feel a little tired, but the moment to speak of it has not yet come." But oftener he has said: "Yes, these receptions tire me, but it is a tiredness that does me good, because it makes me sleep at night so tranquilly and profoundly that each new day I feel my strength renewed. I go on day after day and I never feel really weakened. Certainly it must be the consolation that is daily renewed by seeing so many of my dear children which each day animates me with fresh strength."

THE HOLY YEAR

BEGINS AND ENDS ON EVE OF CHRISTMAS—ITS HISTORY

By Mar. Estico Pucci (Rome Correspondent, N. C. W. C.)

Christmas, the great feast of the Nativity of Our Lord, takes on new significance in Rome during a Holy Year of Jubilee, for that period may be said to begin with the smile of the Divine Infant in the Cradle and to end with the blessing of that divine smile on those who have used the twelve months to obtain forgiveness and to draw nearer to the Occupant of the Crib. From one Christmas to another, from the opening of the Holy Door on the Eve of the first, to the rites incident to the Closing of the Door at the time when the first solemn Vespers ushering in the great day of rejoicing are about to be chanted, the Babe of Bethlehem has been giving gifts to men richer than any the Magi brought to Him on the first Christmas morn.

This rule of measuring the period of the Holy Year from one Christmas Eve to another, was promulgated by Clement VI. in 1343. When Boniface VIII. fifty years before, had instituted the Holy Year, according to requests of the Roman people, who asserted that a previous Pope had granted the fullest indulgences to those who, at the beginning of a new century, visited the Tomb of St. Peter—a tradition not established by history—he had issued the Bull on February 22, and promised that his successors would continue the great privilege at the beginning of each following century. But when, less than half a century having elapsed, the Romans appealed to Clement VI. to reduce the time between Jubilees to fifty years, that Pontiff, in granting the request in a Bull issued from Avignon, established the term of the sacred period as from one Christmas Eve to another, beginning with the Holy Year of 1350. Incidentally, he added to the Basilicas of St. Peter and St. Paul that of St. John Lateran as shrines to be visited. When the third Holy Year was advanced ten years before the time originally set, Boniface IX. emphasized the connection of the Christmas feast with the Year of Jubilee by adding to the Basilicas already designated that of St. Maria Maggiore, which, in one of its chapels preserves, in rich surroundings, the boards from the Bethlehem manger which formed the first crib of the Christ Child.

FIRST HOLY DOOR CEREMONY

When in 1500 the eighth Holy Year was celebrated, Pope Alexander VI. introduced the ceremonies in connection with the opening and closing of the Holy Door, ordering that they should take place immediately before the Christmas Vespers and this custom has been followed, with certain exceptions, to this day. While he was the originator of the ceremonial, Alexander VI. was unable to perform the function of the closing, as Christmas found him suffering from a severe attack of gout, and, although he protracted the period of Jubilee until the Epiphany of 1501, he was obliged even then to depute two Cardinals to serve for him.

When the tenth Holy Year should have opened on the Christmas Eve of 1549, the Pontifical See was vacant through the death of Pope Paul III. which had occurred on November 10 of that year. The new Pope, Julius III, was not elected until February 8, 1550, and he opened the Holy Door on the 24th of the month, the feast of the Apostle Matthias. Because of this delay in the opening of the Holy Year he also postponed the conclusion until the Epiphany of 1551.

For the twelfth Holy Year Christmas was once again changed as the closing date. On the Eve of the Nativity, 1599, Pope Clement VIII. was ill with gout and the doctors would not allow him to fulfill the ceremony of the opening of the Holy Door. The Pope for some days followed the advice of his physicians, but on December 31 he insisted on

descending into St. Peter's and performing the sacred rite. At the end of the year he was still suffering from the same malady so the closing of the Holy Door was postponed from Christmas, 1600, to January 18, 1601, the octave of the Epiphany.

Finally, for the nineteenth Holy Year the Pontifical See was vacant because Pope Clement XIV. had died on September 22, 1774 and the new Pope Pius VI. was not elected until February 15, 1775. He opened the Holy Door on February 26, but closed it on December 24 of that same year.

Beyond these changes of date the sacred time set aside by the Church for the amplest effusion of her gifts has always extended from one Christmas Eve to that following.

OPENING DOORWAY TO PEACE

When, a year ago, Pius XI. with three vigorous blows with a golden hammer broke away the little marble cross imbedded in the wall that closed the empty space of the Holy Door of St. Peter in Vatican and chanted: "Open to me the door of justice! Open the door for the Lord is with us!" he really opened the way for a whole year to innumerable souls who would cross that sacred threshold in search of divine gifts.

Those souls gathered around the Cradle of Jesus and from it proceeded on the path of purification. Many of them will find themselves once more around the Cradle of the Lord, purified and sanctified, when the Pope performs the closing symbolic rite.

He moves towards the Holy Door chanting the Biblical prophecy: "Thou shalt go out with joy, thou shalt be guided with gladness, because the mountains and hills will exult in seeing thy joy." He then chants the liturgical verses: "The stone which the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner." And the thoughts of those present are carried to the silence and poverty of Bethlehem where, ignored and despised by the proud of the earth, lay the Son of God who is the base of that new edifice of grace that the Lord has constructed in Holy Year. The Pope then blesses the bricks and cement, sprinkles them with holy water and incenses them.

THE CLOSING OF THE HOLY DOOR

Then, putting on an apron, he kneels before the Door and with the golden trowel, that was given him at the beginning of the year by the Catholic episcopate, dips into the cement three times and places the portions on the threshold saying: "In faith and by virtue of Our Lord Jesus Christ, Son of the Living God, who to the Prince of the Apostles said: 'Thou art Peter and on this rock I shall build my Church.' He leaves the formula suspended for a moment and takes three gilded bricks placing them on the cement, the first in the center, the second on the right and the third on the left. Meanwhile he completes the formula: 'We place this principal stone to close the Holy Door to be reopened in every year of Jubilee.'"

And blessing the work with the sign of the Cross he rises and returns to the throne and washes his hands, while the choir sings the liturgical hymn of the dedication of the Church, in which is described the superb edifice of the Heavenly Jerusalem. Meanwhile the Cardinal Chief Penitentiary places on the cement bed another two bricks, one on each side of those just placed by the Pope, and then the Penitentiaries of the Vatican Basilica, assisted by workmen, follow and construct a part of the wall, until a screen is placed before it, closing the whole opening of the door and representing what will be the completed wall blocking the entire opening when later the workmen shall complete their task.

Then the Pope rises and from the throne invokes, with liturgical verses and prayers, the salvation and protection of God on His people, asking that through the mercy and goodness of the Almighty the sanctification of that place shall remain inviolate and that the family of the faithful shall rejoice in having obtained during the year the benefits of divine grace. And with the chanting of the Te Deum and the Papal blessing the solemn rite is ended.

THOUGHTS TURN TO BETHLEHEM

While these things are taking place, the minds of Christians cannot but turn again and again to the solemnity of the day of the Birth of Our Lord. That stone placed at the closing of the Holy Door in the name of Jesus, Son of the Living God, recalls that Son of God who was born in the humility of the grotto of Bethlehem; that salvation of God invoked by the Pope on his people is the salvation that Jesus brought to all in the day of His poor and humble birth; the inviolate sanctification of the Jubilee Door besought by the Pope recalls the inviolate seal of sanctity that the Eternal Word, made flesh in the Cradle of Bethlehem, has brought to humanity.

CHURCH AND PRIEST SURVEY IN MEXICO

Mexico City.—The Minister of the Interior has ordered a survey made of all churches in the Federal District of Mexico, together with their locations, and the number of priests stationed at each. The mayors and other officials of the

various municipalities are making the investigation and preparing their reports.

No announcement has been made as to the purpose of this procedure, but fears have been expressed that it may be forerunning to the assignment of some of the churches to other denominations.

FOREIGN MISSION NEWS LETTER

CHRISTMAS IN HANYANG

"We had a happy Christmas," writes Father Calvin. "We had our usual Midnight High Mass, and our little church was filled. It was a big change from our first Christmas in Hanyang some few years ago. When first we came here, we knew no one, we had no church, school, nor even dwelling house of our own. Our church at present is just a large Chinese house, which we made to accommodate over four hundred people. What delighted us most was to see our little school children bringing their pagan parents and explaining to them all they knew about the Church.

The priests out on the missions had very busy Christmases. The people came very long distances to be present at the Masses on Christmas Day, and to receive the Sacraments. One priest baptized eighty of his converts on that Day, and some of the other priests had many baptisms also."

CHRISTMAS AMONG THE BHILLS

Christmas, the "great feast" as the Bhills call it. From every village near Jababun they will come—the Christians and the pagans—the former to pay to the Divine Child their tribute of love and thanksgiving—the latter to "see" the feast. It is 9 p. m. Christmas Eve. From the Sisters' House to the small church, the compound is decorated with little flags of colored paper. A square place in front of the big gate has been trimmed with flags and lanterns and is reserved for the dancers—for in the Bhil country there is no "great feast" without a dance.

With the lighting of the lanterns the young men start dancing for all they are worth, to the beat of four huge drums and tom toms.

Away from the men, in separate groups, the young girls move in fine rhythm, either in big circles or straight lines, singing all the while.

THE RELIGIOUS CEREMONY

At 11:30 the illumination commences. The bell and the noise of big crackers announce the beginning of the religious ceremonies. All the crowd moves toward the Sisters' House. From there the Infant Jesus is carried on a float decorated with lights and flowers. The old hymn "Jesus is born," rings upon the night, between the houses, the hearty cheer in Hindi is sounded, "To Our Lord Jesus Christ, be glory!"

The procession reaches the chapel, where the celebrant and altar boys can scarcely make their way for the small chapel is already overflowed. The first rows of people can perhaps kneel, and others will have to remain standing. Crowds press at the door and at the windows, but many cannot see anything for the chapel is too small.

All the Christians receive Holy Communion during the Midnight Mass, and the missionary explains to them the mystery of the "great feast." All return home quite happy, but in the heart of the missionary there is grief—knowing that so many are outside the house of God.

A POOR RACE

"I confirmed 22 candidates on my last visit to Tinismentavala," writes Bishop Rossillon. "The rest of the 250 inhabitants will soon follow. Since the day this village came over to Christianity it has greatly changed. We found it in pitiful condition, with war to the knife between the Kapous, who are the usurers, and the Djatis. As is the way in India the Kapous had loaned money at exorbitant interest, and the Djatis could not repay. They were met bitterly and a fight ensued in which one of the Kapous was fatally wounded. As he fell to the ground he cried out: 'I've spilled my blood, the ground is mine.' Of course the authorities investigated—but it was impossible to find the culprit. It is the history of this race repeated a hundred times—they are imposed upon for every petty trifle and their masters answer all protests by a shrug of the shoulders."

CANADIANS DEPART FOR CHUCHOW

Was there not something significant in the election of the mountaineer, Pius XI., to the Throne of Peter during this historic time? From a welter of blood which deluged the world a few years ago, from a chaos of paganism which is sweeping every other vestige of Christianity before it, the Church of Christ stands out, more glorious, more vigorous, more awe-inspiring than ever.

Alone, on the mountain-peak, She dominates today more effectively perhaps than at any previous period of Her history.

This revival of vigor is best manifested perhaps in the numerous mission movements which year after year start from all the countries of the world. Here in Canada we have just had a striking illustration of this phe-

nominal spirit which is fast growing up within us.

In Toronto, sometimes called the Belfast of Canada, we have witnessed the first Departure ceremony of our Canadian Missionaries to Chuchow.

What a paradox is here! Who would have thought a few years ago that from this Protestant Capital of Ontario the first band of Catholic Priests would depart to win new fields for Christ's Church; would receive such an inspiring and memorable Farewell?

THE EVENT

Hours before the commencement, the beautiful Cathedral of St. Michael's was packed to capacity. Thousands stood in the aisles whilst four choirs rendered the musical part. One hundred and fifty Seminarians, from St. Augustine's and St. Francis Xavier Mission Seminaries filled the Sanctuary, a vanguard of the mighty host who are in increasing number turning their footsteps to the Apostolic Life.

The Archbishop of Toronto and the Bishops of London and Peterboro assisted by Monsignors and clergy carried out the impressive service, and Father Handly the noted Paulist delivered the sermon in which he developed in picturesque language that the wonderful things we have witnessed which have come about, is the result of the Holy Ghost, Who has enlightened and inspired his instruments to perform these works. The spiritual conquest of Canada to the Catholic Church is more assured as a result of the going forth to other lands of foreign missionaries.

CHINA MISSION LETTER



"ARE YOU THERE, LORD?"

This is the question which the child in the legend asked, as he tapped lightly on the door of our Eucharistic Lord's abode; and this too is the question which often comes to our lips as we bring our troubles to place before His Throne. How seldom do we leave His Presence without being refreshed in spirit, for His Promise, "Knock and it shall be opened unto you," still holds good.

But, if we hearkened to other sounds than those of our own selfish pleading, we might hear in the stillness an answer to our query, "Are You There, Lord?" such as this: "No—I am not there! I am here, ready to receive your homage, but lock you to the East—I am not there, among the pagan hordes whom I love with an undying love. They cry out in a wilderness of darkness for a sanctuary in which they may take refuge, but only priests can erect the tabernacles wherein I abide. Who will help to send these laborers into My Vineyard?"

The Blessed Sacrament Bursar presents a beautiful opportunity for our answer to this; \$5,000 completes it, and then, each year the interest will educate a young man for the missions. Will you help to send these laborers into the Vineyard?

INCOMPLETE BURSAS

Table listing names and amounts for incomplete bursas, including Sacred Heart League, J. McDonald, C. E. M., Nfld., F. E. Dautremont, Wauchope, St. Joseph, Patron of China, E. B. M., Lindsey, C. E. M., Nfld., Queen of Apostles, C. E. M., Nfld., Friend, P. E. I., Immaculate Conception, Minnie Byrne, Morell, Holy Souls, Friend, Denzil, Mrs. J. E. M. Augustine Cove, C. E. M., Nfld., Friend, St. John, N. B., Friend, St. Anthony's, Little Flower, Friend, Sydney Mines, Agnes Brennan, Kentville, Blessed Sacrament, Friend, St. John, N. B., Holy Name of Jesus, Comforter of the Afflicted, St. Francis Xavier.

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THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

OUR CHRISTMAS APPEAL

Many appeals have gone forth from various sources at this holy season soliciting help of one kind and another; some for hospitals; some for orphanages; others to establish funds from which may be procured gifts for the poor and destitute of our cities and towns. They are all laudable and worthy of support because they have originated in the sympathetic hearts of men interested in the welfare of their fellow-beings, and because they fill a void where Christmas cheer and happiness otherwise could not possibly exist.

These appeals shall be heeded, and the response shall be a generous manifestation of that warmth of heart inherited from the Christ Child of that Christmas morn of long, long years ago, when He brought peace of heart and soul to men of good will. But these are appeals for the temporalities of life, to secure for some the necessities of body, and for others comforts to lighten the burden of the weary traveller on his way.

Among these many appeals which indeed pay a compliment to your loving and charitable heart, you shall, no doubt, be graced with one from the Catholic Church Extension Society of Canada. It differs, however, from the others upon its mission of mercy in this, that while they plead for temporal aid, it pleads and begs of you to give assistance for spiritual purposes. It begs and pleads of you to bear in mind the sacrifice of the Infant Saviour in behalf of immortal souls, and in like manner to give as He has given that these souls may be saved from an eternity which knows no love nor happiness. Hence this appeal of the Extension Society takes precedence over others as it presents itself for your consideration, because it is for Christ and souls, and brings eternal joy to you and those you will have saved; while other appeals, avowing of the temporal, find their objective in the transient, fleeting comforts and joys of ordinary life.

Yes, we appeal to you and we need your assistance to save hundreds, yes thousands and thousands of souls in Western Canada, which will otherwise be lost to the Church—which is Christ—and to themselves, and that perhaps for all eternity if the gospel of Christ is not carried to them, by missionaries of Holy Mother Church, that they may hear and believe.

But in the words of holy writ, "How shall they hear without a preacher?" "And how shall they preach unless they be sent?" It is to enable us to send these preachers—priests of God—that they by teaching the divine Word and administering the sacraments of Jesus Christ may save souls, that we plead with you from our very soul to lend a kindly ear and generous heart to this appeal, especially during this season, so emblematic of that holy night in which Christ was born. We pray that God may fill your soul with the same spirit of love that brought the Divine Child from Heaven to earth so that by your co-operation and generosity the work which Bethlehem's Babe commenced over nineteen hundred years ago shall be not in vain, but that the souls now languishing in sin and sorrow may be saved to Him, the Eternal God. Like the

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wise kings from the East, come and lay your gifts at His sacred feet and your Christmas shall be one of joy.

There are in the western and north-western portions of Canada over fifty thousands of Ruthenian people, to say nothing of the vast multitude of English-speaking and those of other tongues, who are veritably thirsting for the divine word of God. There are souls without number who, due to the frailty of human nature, have lost the friendship of Almighty God and whose salvation is almost within the realms of impossibility because there is no priest to administer to them the sacraments of Christ. Are these souls to be lost forever for the want of generous, whole-hearted and genuine Catholics who will build chapels; who will furnish vestments; who will help to educate young men for the priesthood and find their bread and butter that they may live? No! New sheep must be gathered into the fold and those that have gone astray must be found.

You, generous Catholic people are the instruments through which Almighty God intends this work to be done. This is why we appeal to you for your help. This is why we beg of you to loosen the strings of your purse and give generously in the cause of Him by whom all things have been given.

This is why we exhort you not to let this Christmas season silently steal away without taking part in the great work of the Christ Child—the salvation of souls. Give! Give! Give now! that no more souls may be lost.

Write to the Catholic Church Extension Society of Canada at 67 Bond St., Toronto, and find out what part you can take in this great work for the salvation of souls. Inquire as to the needs of the struggling missions of the West. Interest others in its work. Be "a Hound of Heaven" for Christ and for souls.

Contributions through this office should be addressed:

CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Ont.

DONATIONS

Table listing names and amounts for donations, including Mrs. M. Swift, Ottawa, F. E. Dautremont, Wauchope, From Newfoundland, J. E. M., Augustine Cove, Lea Pilon, Melville, M. E. Mc., Hamilton, Mrs. M. C. N. S., Mrs. M. Shine, Winnipeg, Mrs. M. Power, Renfrew, A. B., Annie Kinahan, Brussels, Friend, St. John, N. B.

MR. ROCKEFELLER INSPECTS WORK ON RHEIMSCATHEDRAL

Rheims.—Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., whose donation of four million dollars is being used to restore the Cathedral of Rheims, was a recent visitor to this city, where he inspected the progress of the work on the Cathedral. He was accompanied by Mr. Bosworth and by his brother-in-law, a student at the French School of Beaux-Arts. Mr. Rockefeller was particularly interested in the restoration of the great nave and of the melting of the lead for the roof. One of the head architects of the Service of Historical Monuments served as his guide.



FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. WILLIAM DEMOUY, D. D. SUNDAY WITHIN THE OCTAVE OF CHRISTMAS

THE GOODNESS OF GOD. "But when the fulness of the time was come, God sent His Son, made of a woman, made under the law; that He might redeem them who were under the law."

How good God is! He made man out of His mere goodness. Man failed to respect this attribute of His Maker and offered a great insult to Him.

How good God is! He made man out of His mere goodness. Man failed to respect this attribute of His Maker and offered a great insult to Him.

This Saviour came upon earth and set man an example to follow. He suffered and died a cruel death upon an infamous gibbet.

How good God is! He made man out of His mere goodness. Man failed to respect this attribute of His Maker and offered a great insult to Him.

What more could God in His goodness have done for the human race! How ungrateful is man in the face of it all!

Instead of submitting to the truth and accepting Christ whole and entire, outside of the true faith, other moral weaknesses, will try to mold Him to fit in with modern methods.

There is, however, a class of people who believe in Christ in His fullness and eternity. These are the faithful members of the Catholic Church.

Oh, how blessed are these! They are solving life's problem correctly. For this their merit will be great.

Let us continue to give Christ the homage, faith and love that is due Him. Anything we shall do for Him will be rewarded.

MISSIONS

IN LAND WHERE THE INFANT SAVIOUR WAS BORN

By Dr. Alexander Macmillan (Jerusalem Correspondent, N. C. W. C.)

Jerusalem, Dec. 1.—Spreading the message of Christ in the land where the Divine Infant was born is an undertaking which may well arrest the attention of all Christians.

The particular missions developed by the Latin Patriarchate of Jerusalem since its re-establishment seventy-eight years ago, comprise twenty-two in Palestine and eleven in Transjordania.

RE-ESTABLISHMENT OF PATRIARCHATE The religious history of Jerusalem which is closely allied with that of the whole of Palestine, has followed in great measure the political fortunes of the country.

In the year 1847, however, Pope Plus IX. decided to reestablish a regular Latin diocese having a titular resident in the place.

One, reestablished, the Patriarchate saw at once the necessity of creating in the Holy Land new centers of Catholic propaganda for the conversion of Mohammedans and Schismatics.

As an auxiliary force to the work of the priests there are the Sisters of the Rosary, a native Congregation established some fifty years ago which has been productive of much fruit among the female population.

ATTENTION GIVEN TO SCHOOLS A patriarch mission begins by the attempt to open at least a school for boys and one for girls to which is often attached an assembly room.

Besides the regular expenses for the maintenance of those parochial works and of the persons directing

or attached to them in many missions, there remains the problem of the erection of a church, or at least of a chapel for divine service, of a presbytery for the priests and of a convent for the Sisters, besides the School. The extreme poverty of the population does not permit the parishes to provide these at their own expense.

AN IRISH CHRISTMAS NIGHT

Oh, come, we'll twine the holly boughs And deck the house again, And let the glist'ning berries, red, Lay 'gainst the window pane;

Now fix the trailing ivies, dear, In garlands 'bove the door; And don't forget the mistletoe— Love's mystic wreath restore!

Of hunted Soggarth's flight— The mountain cave, the Midnight Mass, And Irish Christmas Night.

For you and I are old and gray; We've borne the load for years; Together we have lived and loved And shared life's joys and tears.

For you and I are old and gray; We've borne the load for years; Together we have lived and loved And shared life's joys and tears.

A CHRISTMAS WISH

Wherever there is sickness, May Santa Claus bring health; Wherever there is poverty, May Santa Claus bring wealth;

To every heart that's aching, May peace and comfort come, And may an outlook rosy Supplant each outlook gloom;

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM

O little star so clear and pale, Your light is shining on the crowds That longed for you in Sorrow's vale!

But peace you promise, lovely Star; And peace the angelsing to us. In plain your light will shine afar, Through turmoil peace-bells ring to us.

FLORIDA AMERICA'S WINTER PLAYGROUND

Enjoy the advantages of spring climate and open air pleasures during the winter months. There is no lack of variety of things to do and see.

Canadian Pacific trains leave Toronto 8.00 a. m., 8.20 p. m., and 11.30 p. m., connecting in Detroit at same depot (Michigan Central) with trains giving through sleeper service.

de Leon" for Miami and West Palm Beach. The "Sarasota River Special" for St. Petersburg, the "Flamingo" with through service to Jacksonville, Tampa and Miami.

FIXING FASHIONS

Recently Pope Pius XI. addressed a large gathering of feminine pilgrims on the necessity of "dressing for eternity." About the same time Queen Wilhelmina of Holland not only suggested something similar but took the difficulty by the forelock by ordering in her country feminine modes that exclude pitilessly all musical comedy nudity.

Now, if one of the lamentable signs of the times is the general decay of respect for women the cause of it may be found, to a great extent, in the lack of restraint characterizing contemporary fashions. Feminine styles, originally, were invented for the purpose of adding grace, charm and mystery to the dress.

As to the present, we are left alone, Your heart beats for the crathurs still— There's grief within my own. But they are safe from earthly wile—

From care and sorrow's blight; O'e you and I they'll vigil keep This Irish Christmas Night.

EXTINGUISHING THE LIGHTS IN SKY

The death of Viviani, French statesman and orator, recalled the terrible boast uttered by him in 1906: "We have torn from the people's soul all belief in another life, in the deceiving and unreal vision of a heaven; with a significant gesture we have extinguished the lights in the sky which shall never be relit."

The Christian charity that directs us to think the best of those who are gone, believes that the speaker lived to repent of these vain words though he did not recant them. Certainly the quick succession of events that followed their utterance should convince the most sceptical how vain and foolish they were.

The professional enemies of the Church in France were glad to welcome their assistance, and to forget the cruel words, and actions still more cruel, that were directed against religion. Today the lights in the sky are brighter than ever, and the belief in another life is stronger in the hearts of the people.

And thus ends another example of the utter futility of trying to war against God by uprooting religion from the hearts of His people. Where Julian, Frederick, Napoleon, and other sovereigns intoxicated with power failed, Viviani could not hope to succeed. Will the lesson of such failures ever be learned? The wise words of Cardinal Newman recur to mind

with striking force as we meditate upon such feeble attempts by puny men to overthrow the Kingdom of God upon earth.

Speaking of the Church, Newman says, "What an awful vitality is here! What a heavenly sustained sovereignty! What a self evident divinity! She claims, she seeks, she desires no temporal power, no secular station; she meddles not with Caesar or the things of Caesar; she obeys him in his place but she is independent of him.

"She may be persecuted by it, but she thrives under the persecution. She may be ignored, she may be silenced, and thrown into a corner, but she is thought of the more. Calumniate her, and her influence grows; ridicule her, she does but smile upon you more awfully and persuasively. What will you do with her, ye sons of men, if you will not love her, if at least you will not endure her? Let the last three hundred years reply. Let her alone, refrain from her; for if her counsel or her work be of men, it will come to naught; but if it be of God, you cannot overthrow it, let perhaps you be found even to fight against God."—The Pilot.

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XMAS AT GREAT U. S. CATHOLIC CENTER

Washington, Dec. 1.—With representatives of almost a score of the great religious houses of the world gathered about her in their homes of study, the Catholic University of America at Washington provides perhaps the most varied symposium of the picturesque old customs of Christmas-time to be found in America.

AT THE FRANCISCAN MONASTERY Most elaborate and perhaps most impressive of all the ceremonies is that at the Franciscan Monastery, Mt. St. Sepulchre. Here Christmas-time brings forth a scene that is unique in America. It is the enactment, faithful in every detail, of the exact observances which at the same time are held on the other side of the world in the Holy Land itself, where the original Christmas took place.

As midnight approaches on the eve of the great festival, hundreds will climb the ascent to Mt. St. Sepulchre for the ceremony, as hundreds on the same eve will wind their way through crooked, narrow streets to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. On the stroke of 12 the Solemn High Mass will begin, the ancient formula, the venerable chants duplicating those of the Old World.

On the altar in the center of the great monastery church, as the celebrant ascends the steps, there will repose an exquisite little image, life-size, of the new-born Saviour. It lies there only at Christmas, as does its double which at that other Mass far away is reposing on the altar at Jerusalem.

All the stately beauty of the plain-song chants, sung by the whole community, scores of priests and brothers in their picturesque habit will mark the Mass itself. Then, the Sacrifice over, the celebrant will come down from the altar bearing in his arms the image of the Babe, resting on a white pillow. Behind him will form the procession—the officers of the Mass in their vestments, the monks, two by two in their rude brown garb, then the congregation. Now the cortege, headed by the image of the Saviour of the world whose birth it commemorates, will slowly circle the interior of the church to the entrance of the Grotto of Bethlehem, singing hymns as it goes.

At the Grotto steps the celebrant will slowly descend, followed by as many as may. For the passage is small and the grotto, a replica of that in the Holy City, is tiny. Arrived at the manger, again a duplication of that in Jerusalem, the little image will be deposited tenderly and reverently on the wisp of straw which covers the plain little niche, there to remain until Epiphany, when with equal solemnity it will be borne back to the church proper and then laid away until another Christmas.

AT OTHER COLLEGES While this elaborate ceremony is proceeding, in half a dozen other houses of religious Orders other midnight Masses will be in progress. At the stately Dominican College of the Immaculate Conception there will be the chanting in unison by the whole community of the magnificent old notes of Matins, before the Mass begins at 12. Toward the end of the ceremony priests and brothers again will join in chanting Lauds.

TYPICAL AMERICAN CHRISTMAS At the Paulist College there will be a midnight Mass and the entire community also will join in the solemn plainsong chant. The old Christmas carols will mingle with the more stately music. But here the solemn religious ceremonies of the day will give way in the evening to a typical American Christmas night, fittingly reflecting the nationality of the first great Order of distinctively American origin. There will be a "party" at which all will be fun. It will be the charge of the students, who will enact a skit of their own writing and take turns at aiming jests at everyone present. The "party" is held annually, and there is an unwritten law that on this night the faculty, from the Superior down, may be made the

butt of a thousand jokes with impunity to the jesters. It is a night gleefully prepared for and awaited by the whole community, faculty and student body alike.

A more purposeful note is added by the fact that the friends of the college who are invited include as many converts to the Church as may be gathered together, in keeping with the special mission of the Paulists—the bringing of the Faith to the non-Catholic.

THE MUSIC OF THE FATHERLAND Germany's splendid choral Christmas-masses will be recalled at the house of the Friars Minor Conventual, which has more foundations in Germany than in any other country. Here, at the Mass there will be sung the hymns of old, all translated into English save the great masterpiece of the German choral writers, "Stille Nacht."

OUR BROTHERS—THE TRAMERS A beautiful bit of charity, brought with them as a sacred tradition of their order, will be enacted at the house of the Fathers of the Atonement. It is the caring for the "Brothers Christopher," famous at the motherhouse at Graymoor, New York, and transplanted to the house of studies at Washington, even though meager facilities almost forbid the practice. The "Brothers Christopher" are wayfarers who, going nowhere in particular, stop in as the guests of charity at houses of the Fathers of the Atonement. There they are provided with food and otherwise cared for, in return for which they perform various kinds of labor for the religious. At Graymoor, when winters are particularly bitter, Christmas sees as many as 100 or 175 of these men at the monastery. They have been dubbed "Brothers Christopher" by the members of the Order because St. Christopher, renowned in story, is the patron of travelers. They are devoted to their benefactors. Some have remained with the Fathers for years, and there are never fewer than 25 or 50 at Graymoor.

With the arrival of Christmas, the Fathers do their best to provide cheer for their strange guests. There is always an entertainment, and such of the "Christophers" as have some small attainment at acting, legordem or dancing add their bit. Little gifts—pipes, tobacco, handkerchiefs—are given out, and there is a Santa Claus. A playlet given by the children under the tutelage of the Sisters has become a tradition.

MEMORIES OF A SCOTTISH XMAS At other religious houses at the University there will be those who this year will look back on happy little customs they have seen enacted at Yuletide but must now forego. At St. Anselm's Priory, for instance, where the English Benedictines have just established themselves, there will be the Christmas Mass and tea in the afternoon, but the seven members of the community who recently came to this country from Scotland will miss the great time-honored festival of their own land. They will see only in memory the colorful procession that annually forms outside St. Benedict's at Fort Augustus, Scotland, and in stately array takes its way to the Crib in the church, where, formed in the traditional semi-circle, the whole community sings the beautiful strains of "Adeste Fideles" in plainsong. They will not greet the country folk who have come from forty miles around, many on foot, to attend the annual ceremony; to receive Communion by the hundreds and to partake of the monks' hospitality in a great family gathering afterward. At the humble frame house at the University where another great foundation is in the making, there will be only the semblance of these things, but there will be reverence and goodwill and confident hope that future years will see the fine old tradition of a Scottish Christmas flower at the new house.

SHADOW OF SPANISH CUSTOMS Again, at the Claretian College the handful of Fathers who have only recently begun to build an institution at the University will have but a shadow of the colorful Yule ceremonies so dear to Latin hearts. A bit wistfully they tell of the tambourines and castanets that accompany the carols at the midnight Masses their Spanish hands have had for centuries; of the elaborate Crib in the homes, and the miniature Bethlehem villages with houses, paths, people, animals, and sometimes even running brooks.

But there will be carols sung at the Claretian College, and one of the most beautiful of the ancient customs will be kept—the "kissing of the Babe." There will not be the hundreds of faithful to troop past the priest and salute the little image as he holds it in his hands after the quaint fashion in Spain. But the members of the community, though few in number, will file by their Superior on Christmas morn and deliver the traditional salutation.

THE MARYKNOLLERS Meantime, at two houses at least, thoughts will be turned to the customs of other lands in a different spirit. They are the houses of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, or "Maryknollers," and of the Holy Cross Fathers. At the first there will be reminders of the bizarre, outlandish ways of the Chinese, of chili-like faith, strange garb and the ardor of the convert.

Weeks before, letters of greeting and Christmas good wishes will have been sent to the Maryknollers laboring among the yellow race.

AT FOREIGN MISSION SEMINARY At the Foreign Mission Seminary of Holy Cross, the Mission thought will be duplicated, but with the emphasis here on India, where the Holy Cross Fathers in America have their chief mission interest. At least one member of the community, Father Dominic, of pure Bengalese blood, will recall the Christmas days where the India missioner labors—the hard-pressed priest hearing the confessions of the natives; the gathering of the faithful for midnight Mass, the measure of rice brought by each and the banquet of rice and a sparing portion of meat afterward, served on banana leaves and eaten with the hands.

Thoughts of Christmas in another corner of the world will be strong in half a dozen other houses at the University. Yet for all their diversity, they will have the great, compelling common bond of service planned or already performed in the interest of the Babe whose nativity all honor. Each observance, whatever its origin or however strange, will focus at each house in the Solemn Mass, the universal tribute to the new-born Christ.

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THE HIGH ROMANCE OF SERVICE I have come to serve! This is the ideal and programme of the Master's life. From Bethlehem to Calvary His days on earth were consecrated to the service of men. The lowly, the poor, the ignorant, the most forsaken were the privileged subjects of His divine mission.

Charity and kindness to all, but particularly the most needy form the burden of His message. He made that the test of Christian life. This doctrine He translated into action and sanctioned by miracles. Service to the sick, the poor, the ignorant, the outcast, prompted mostly all these manifestations of His divine power.

The Sisters of Service are trying in the mission field to exemplify this teaching of the Master's life. To serve the most abandoned souls on the Prairies, to assist the immigrant in the perilous stage of his initiation to this totally new environment is their work.

To accomplish this missionary endeavor, vocations, more vocations and still more vocations are needed. Youth is the age of romance. Young women, does the high romance of service appeal to you? Is the Master inviting you to "come and serve with Him?"

Correspondence is invited. Sisters of Service, 2 Wellensley Place, Toronto.

CATHOLIC WOMEN'S LEAGUE REPORT OF ANNUAL MEETING OF SAULT STE MARIE DIOCESE The annual convention of the Catholic Women's League, Sault Ste Marie Diocese opened in the Knights of Columbus Hall in Fort William on September 11th at 10 a. m. The President Mrs. Hand, presiding. There were many delegates present. Mrs. Hand, Mrs. Sullivan, Dr. McCarthy of Sault Ste Marie, Mrs. Surtees, Mrs. Brown and Miss O'Neill of North Bay and Mrs. Green, Mrs. McTeague and Mrs. DeForest of Port Arthur.

The delegates were welcomed by the local president, Mrs. Morgans. At the afternoon meeting the hall was crowded. The meeting opened with the singing of "O Canada." Reports of the subdivisions in the Diocese were then read which told of much work done in a social way, instructive entertainments were given at their monthly meetings.

A great pleasure was given the ladies present by Father Prineau of Port Arthur, he gave a delightful talk on character. Father McGuire of Fort William also spoke. He told of many little things the women of the League could do that would give joy to their coreligionists. Father Monahan, our chaplain, spoke on the great strength of unity and of the great good it would do for the women of the League.

The Officers elected for the ensuing year are: President—Mrs. Jas. Murphy, Fort William. 1st Vice President—Mrs. Racicot, Copper Cliff. 2nd Vice President—Mrs. Surtees, North Bay. 3rd Vice President—Mrs. Hickey, Sault Ste Marie. Secretary—Mrs. P. Smith, Fort William. Treasurer—Mrs. DeForest, Port Arthur.

The Port Arthur subdivision most graciously joined with the Fort William subdivision in bestowing hospitality. The Port Arthur subdivision entertained at a most delightful luncheon in the Prince Arthur Hotel to some eighty guests, and the Fort William subdivision entertained at a dinner in the Avenue Hotel to some eighty guests.

DIED McDougall.—At his late residence, Garson Road, on Nov. 5th, John A. McDougall, youngest son of the late Donald A. and Ellen McDougall, Glen Nevis, Glengarry Co., Ont., and beloved husband of Katharine Grant, second daughter of the late John A. and Mary Grant, Sudbury, Ont. Interment in R. C. Cemetery, Sudbury. R. I. P.

OLIVER.—At Canso, N. S., on November 28, 1925, Ellen Oliver, daughter of the late Patrick O'Sullivan and Frances O'Hearn, consoled by the last rites of Holy Mother Church, in her eighty-fourth year. Deceased leaves to mourn her loss one sister Mrs. Alice Mesgher of Prince Rupert, B. C., an only daughter, Mrs. Alice MacKenzie of Hazel Hill, N. S., and three sons, William of Canso, N. S., and Austin and Alfred of Boston, Mass. May her soul rest in peace.

NEW BOOK "The Little Flower and the Blessed Sacrament." By Rev. Joseph J. Husslein, S. J. Illustrated, 60 cents. This is a very attractive book, profusely illustrated, at a price that permits the widest circulation. Lovers of Therese will use it to spread the story of her patron in the new light—her devotion to the Eucharist. Simply and charmingly Father Husslein has performed this task, alternating the words of the Little Flower with his own and incorporating many of her little verses. Not only does he portray her First Communion Day and her visits to the Blessed Sacrament, but he also gives us a glimpse of her devotion to the Sacred Heart, her love for the priesthood, as well as her methods of gaining vocations to it. This will therefore make a splendid book

pupils of the Academy of Holy Angels, Saint Laurent, of which the deceased was a graduate, and the entire community together with novices and postulants. At the same time as the funeral service at Saint Laurent was being held, a Solemn Requiem High Mass, requested by the Separate School Board of Trustees, was sung in St. Francis Xavier Church, Kenfrew, for the repose of the soul of the departed Nun who had given all the years of her teaching to the instruction of the children under their charge.

Surely such a life of labor will not go unrewarded: May He whom she served so generously grant her eternal peace.

JOHN A. MCDUGALL The largely attended funeral of the late John A. McDougall, took place Sunday afternoon, Nov. 8th at 2 p. m. to St. John the Evangelist Church, Garson, where the Libera was sung, thence to the R. C. cemetery, Sudbury, where interment took place. Deceased leaves besides his sorrowing wife Katharine Grant, to whom he was married seventeen years ago, a young family of two sons, a daughter, and a husband and father. Also one sister and three brothers, Catherine and Donald A., Glen Nevis, Ont., Christopher, Glen Robertson, Ont., and Alexander, Garson, Ont. The late Rev. Sister Mary Joseph of the Hotel Dieu, Cornwall, was a sister.

Numerous Mass cards received were a silent and loving testimony of the esteem in which deceased was held. His brothers, Donald and Alexander, brothers-in-law, Wm. and Angus Grant and A. P. Kutchaw, Sudbury, with D. Chisolin of Coniston were pall bearers. The funeral Mass which Rev. Father Conliffe, Coniston, officiated was celebrated Monday morning at 9 a. m.

OBITUARY SISTER M. ST. UNIS On the twelfth of December at the Mother House of the Holy Cross Congregation at St. Laurent the death occurred of Sister M. St. Unis, formerly Eva Cameron, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Cameron of Alexandria, Ontario. The end came peacefully and quietly and was the close of a plucky and courageous struggle against a lingering disease which was borne with a gentle patience and a cheerful resignation to God's will.

Sister M. St. Unis was one of a large Catholic family, of whom the parents, three sisters and one brother still survive. Born in Alexandria in 1891, she made her earliest studies at the Separate Convent, from which she went to the High School, and later on spent a year as a boarder at Holy Angels' Academy at St. Laurent. She continued her studies at the Normal School, Ottawa, received her diploma and, heeding the call to the religious life, entered the Holy Cross community at the age of twenty-one, being one of the seventy-eight young women of sterling merit whom the small diocese of Alexandria has given as teaching Sisters to that Congregation.

After her profession she was sent to Renfrew where for eleven years she was a member of the Separate school staff of that town. An exemplary religious and an ideal teacher, endowed with rare gifts of mind and heart, she was universally loved by the pupils who passed through her hands, and the influence she exercised on the youthful characters of the little ones with whom she came in contact is still evident in the loving memories they cherish of the self-sacrificing spirit which she inculcated much more by example than by word. Generous and kindly, she gave wholeheartedly of her talents and her labor in God's service she did much to deepen in others the faith, the hope and the love of which her daily life was a constant reminder and to her Sisters as to those whom she taught she ever radiated with gentle spirit of Him for whose sweet sake she had left all.

When her health began to weaken she was given a complete rest; in the spite of the best medical care no great improvement in her condition took place; and in September she returned to the Mother House at St. Laurent to prepare for the supreme sacrifice of her young life. God was to take her to Himself, and though she found His will hard for nature, she was ready to follow the call of Christ now as she had first followed the vocation of her Superior union with Him in religion. During her illness, she bore patiently the long days and tedious nights of weariness which made up the cross He had fashioned for her to carry; she had the tenderest of devotion to St. Theresa of the Child Jesus, and when the summons finally came to join the Master she went confidently and without fear to meet her God. Humbly speaking, her death was a great loss to the community which mourns her; her sunny disposition and her unfailing spirit of charity will be much missed by her sister-religious, and her death in the prime of life is but another instance of how different are the ways of God and men.

The funeral took place at the Mother House on December 14th, Right Rev. Mgr. French, parish-priest of Renfrew, receiving the body at the chapel door. The funeral Mass was sung by Rev. A. L. MacDonald, the parish-priest of Glen Robertson, while at the side-altars low Masses were said by Rev. J. J. MacDonald, Rector of the Cathedral at Alexandria, and Rev. A. Cameron, of Cornwall. Rev. Father Pauze, C. S. C., the chaplain of the community, Rev. D. J. McDougall, C. S. S. R., Rector of St. Ann's, and Rev. Father Cyr, C. S. C., assisted in the sanctuary. Among those in the chapel were her mother and sister, Mrs. J. A. Cameron and Miss Helena Cameron, formerly of Alexandria, now of Ottawa; Sister St. Vivian of Renfrew, her cousin; Mr. and Mrs. Ryan of Vankelee Hill; the

The Port Arthur subdivision most graciously joined with the Fort William subdivision in bestowing hospitality. The Port Arthur subdivision entertained at a most delightful luncheon in the Prince Arthur Hotel to some eighty guests, and the Fort William subdivision entertained at a dinner in the Avenue Hotel to some eighty guests.

DIED McDougall.—At his late residence, Garson Road, on Nov. 5th, John A. McDougall, youngest son of the late Donald A. and Ellen McDougall, Glen Nevis, Glengarry Co., Ont., and beloved husband of Katharine Grant, second daughter of the late John A. and Mary Grant, Sudbury, Ont. Interment in R. C. Cemetery, Sudbury. R. I. P.

OLIVER.—At Canso, N. S., on November 28, 1925, Ellen Oliver, daughter of the late Patrick O'Sullivan and Frances O'Hearn, consoled by the last rites of Holy Mother Church, in her eighty-fourth year. Deceased leaves to mourn her loss one sister Mrs. Alice Mesgher of Prince Rupert, B. C., an only daughter, Mrs. Alice MacKenzie of Hazel Hill, N. S., and three sons, William of Canso, N. S., and Austin and Alfred of Boston, Mass. May her soul rest in peace.

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