

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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LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1916

19-3

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LEST WE FORGET

As the bells ring out the Old Year with its vast and varied accumulation of experiences, personal echoes of the awful calamity which still falls like a blight upon Europe, the question which puts itself to even the wisest is, "What will the future bring?"

Shallow minds may only find room for speculation as to the course of naval and military events; the collapse of Teutonic might and the terms of an imposed peace limit their mental horizon. We must not judge them harshly. They have suffered in so many ways. The ploughshare of war has made long deep furrows; their little interests have been swept aside as the frail habitations of the tiny folk are overwhelmed when the ploughman does his work. The mouse over whose ruin Burns so musically mourned was not more helpless before a force of which it knew nothing than the peasant whose home is wrecked and whose future becomes an insoluble problem when the storm of conflict exhausts itself. We who are sheltered against the dire horrors of fire and sword ought to bend our imaginations to the task of realizing at least the slow agony of those who survive their fellows and have to rebuild in some sort their shattered fortunes. In so doing we shall best solemnize the passing hour, gratefully recalling our own merits while vowing fealty to the law of brotherhood which knits us closely to our suffering kind near or far.

Yet, as there is no help or strength in gloomy thoughts, no power for service to be snatched from tragic happenings, which harrow the sensitive soul, it is well to turn to sources of fresh inspiration which lie near to us in this time of trial. What the chief source of all is we surely need not try to put into words; indeed no words can contain or express the great unquenchable confidence that has borne mankind onward through storm and stress in pursuit of the Chief Good.

OUR BROTHERS

Tremendous issues are being decided in the extended theatre of conflict. Milton's Ode to the Nativity no longer suits the mood of the moment and we need all our reserve forces of moral courage to cope with the foes of peace. It goes without saying that our first care this Christmas should be for the comfort and encouragement of those, our kinsmen and fellow-citizens, who are bearing the brunt of the German onslaught in foreign parts, whether as actual fighters or as belonging to the various auxiliary services for supply and rescue. Happily there is no lack of channels through which help and solace reach our brave troops; so many and persuasive indeed are these that a good deal of discrimination is called for in the choice of articles that may best suit the personal needs of the exiles and express the unutterable depth of home feeling in view of their absence from the Christmas circle, their exposure to hourly perils from which they are saving us.

CHARITY

The storm will die of exhaustion. It may be that the sky will be clearer, the outlook brighter, the signs of the new earth and heaven more manifest to the toiling millions when crowns have fallen and thrones been shaken than they have for a long time.

Christmas is an undying symbol of the triumph that awaits the cause of humanity. Evil is moral suicide; good has the promise of the world's maturity. Here are the eternal years, for the universe is held together by the love that climbs to power by stooping to lift the lowly and fallen, the subtle force that will yet spread peace and good-will towards men. Now charity and good will are summoned to unheard of sacrifices. A new intensity of meaning flashes out from the old watchwords. How many of us are capable of rising to the level of the day's requirements? We have long talked and written about the obliga-

tion and reward of loving our neighbor as ourselves; are we ready to make good our words? If so, then indeed, out of the blackness of this fell disaster, light will arise. The joy of suffering for others, the pure delight of staunching humanity's wounds and bearing the heavy burdens of those drawn for painful service; the yielding up of time and means for the common good; these will reinterpret the Christmas message in terms of living power. No longer shall the Angels' song ring as a faint echo in our ears; love's triumph shall be a truth of experience. Doubt shall fade, certainty grow. The night of fear shall melt into the dawn of a better day. As with the dear ones whom we know to be secure from Time's destroying hand, so of the world which is doomed to be saved. No longer shall we debate the times and the seasons of the great regeneration, for we shall be sure that

"The brotherhood which He loved is more than a saintly thought, And the wars and strifes which we mourn are lost in the peace He taught."

THE QUESTION OF "MERRY" AND "HAPPY"

Gilbert K. Chesterton, in America

In the dark house of infancy I can still dimly trace the outline of an aged member of my family, more than one of whose phrases have lingered in the later generations. In his creed and atmosphere he was what I should call Puritan; he was one of the last of the old Wesleyans and one of the first of the new total abstainers. But because he belonged to the old England rather than the new, there was a certain heartiness in his prejudices and preferences. One of the things against which, Puritan that he was, he had a hearty prejudice, was the salutation "Happy Christmas." In his youth, he said, it was always a "Merry Christmas" and, with one foot in the grave, he considered it an impertinence to suggest that he was not still in his youth. If he had lived long enough he might have seen the noble ideal of merriment even lower than the comparatively vulgar ideal of happiness. The sects or heresies since his time do not make or buy or send Christmas cards at all. But how horrible they would be if they could be sent! The Theosophists, as their name implies, would wish us "A Wise Christmas." The pessimists, between arabesques of holly and mistletoe, would wish us "A Resigned Christmas." The supermen, an unlucky little Puritan sect, would wish us all a "Strong Christmas." But then the supermen are by their nature incapable of corporate action; and their tall, watery, card, full of Tritons and waterpots, would never be printed at all.

On the whole I range myself on the side of my faintly remembered forbear, I am on the side of "merry" against "happy." At any rate I am very certain about one thing. Some persons, for some reasons, did call ancient England "Merry England." No person, for any reason, has ever dared to call modern England "Happy England." Moreover, the word "happy" may apply to an infinite number of levels or platforms above that of pure despair. The word "merry" cannot be used by any people except the people in a certain pacific temperate of high spirits. We may talk of people being negatively happy. Nobody could talk of people being negatively merry. Merriment is a positive victory and, like most positive victories, it is rare.

On this, as on most other subjects, the cynic is wrong; and the cynic is most wrong when he is really a wit. One cynic who was certainly a wit, said, "Be good and you will be happy, but you will not have a jolly time." This epigram has every intellectual merit except truth, for cynicism is the exact opposite of the truth. The psychological truth of the matter is something like this: "Be good and you will be unhappy; but you will always be capable of having a jolly time. Even if you have had a miserable year, you may still have a merry Christmas—merry, not happy." Satisfied and secure happiness does not come to him that has taken up his cross or taken up his common day's work. Satisfied and secure happiness comes to him who has taken up his neighbors' landmark; to him who has taken bribes, to him who has taken drugs, most of all, perhaps, to him who has taken his own life. Solid, stolid happiness is a morbid symptom. It means paralysis or death or a philosophy that is worse than death. In such cases the power to be happy may mean nothing more than the incapacity to be unhappy; indeed, it will generally be found that the impotence for tears goes along with the impotence for laughter.

But "Merry Christmas" is quite a different question. The power of expressing, not negative happiness, but positive hilarity, that is the thing which we all know when we see it or even when we hear it, half a mile down the road. It is this power of rising into the seventh heaven of mere temper the moment a strain is relaxed; of being cut loose like a captive balloon or springing skyward like a released rocket, that is really the reward of virtue. It is not the power of saying, "Let us feast; for tomorrow we die." It is the power of saying, "Let us feast; for tomorrow we feast."

This is the true meaning of that concentration on special days, on special seasons of rejoicing, which has always marked not only the highest but the most high-spirited societies. This is what has especially marked our own Christian European society. Our joy of life has always risen into peaks and towers and turrets, into superhuman exceptions, exceptions which really prove the rule. Our art has always been religious art, in its literature, in its being restricted and dedicated. Our poetry has always been occasional poetry, in the true sense of being written for an occasion. That is why "A Merry Christmas" was the right inscription and "A Happy Christmas" was the beginning of our decadence. The phrase "happy" in that connection was no more than any good man should wish another for any day of his life. To tell everyone to be happy might be to make oneself responsible for a Utopia, a light enterprise. But to tell everyone to be merry is to make oneself responsible for a Saturnalia, a sacred responsibility, only to be undertaken once a year.

QUEBEC TO REDUCE NUMBER OF HOTELS

Will Abolish Treating

(Special Despatch to the Globe)

Quebec, Dec. 19.—The long-awaited license bill was introduced to-night in the Assembly. It proved to have all the features foretold, and some more. It may be classified into three sections: One regards the liquor traffic, another imposes a Provincial tax on tickets to race tracks, and raises rates of license fees on amusement places, that is, on the proprietors. As regards the liquor business, wholesale reductions in the number of hotels are made all over the Province, and there is to be no compensation whatever. Those that remain, furthermore, are to pay increased fees to make up to the Government what will be lost because of the cutting off of the others. In Montreal fifty places are to be cut off next May, and in May of 1918 this will be followed by one hundred more, bringing the number down to two hundred. The hours of sale are to be from 9 in the morning to 9 p. m. No renewal of licenses is to be given to hotels with less than twenty-five bedrooms. There is to be no treating, and this restriction is to come in immediately following the sanction of the Government. Presumably, therefore, by Saturday there will be no treating, if the law is followed.

GROCEERS AND CLUBS

The licensed grocers in Montreal are to be cut down to three hundred and fifty in May next, and by May of 1918 there are to be only twenty left in Montreal. Those remaining will pay more.

The clubs are included in the changes. The hotelmen get one concession. They have until May of 1918 to replace the bar with the cafe. These are the main provisions of the bill regarding hotels. Groceries also have to 1918 to separate their business from liquors.

THE DRUG EVIL

The discovery of the amazing growth of the drug habit in New York city, and the threatening danger that it may become a national evil, is alarming but not surprising. It is believed that at present there are 200,000 hopeless drug addicts in the metropolis alone. Among them are judges, physicians, lawyers, ministers and even mere boys. "I remember," affirmed Dr. Bishop, the gentleman in charge of the narcotic wards on Blackwell's Island, "when victims sent to us were men, some of them aged, but now they are chiefly young men and boys."

These revelations indicate a serious and shocking moral bankruptcy far too prevalent to be viewed lightly. But is this condition at all surprising? For many years past self-restraint has been held in small esteem both at home and in the school. Our children have been trained to the easier way by precept and example, and the only reliable stays against temptation, the Divine sanctions so frequently and emphatically urged by Christ, have been recklessly replaced by a fatuous code of "social ethics" neither better nor worse than the passions which gave it birth. As a consequence our boys and girls shrink from struggle and pain, and pursue pleasure with an

abandon that reckons nothing of ways and means and give no thought to consequences. The music of the fiddler must tremble in their ears incessantly; they are unhappy else, and insist on a quest for new experiences, regardless of propriety, if not of the very decencies of life. Even the leaping fire of passion has no terror for them, and what careless moth ever flitted in and out a flame and did not leave its charred remains below, symbol of a ruined soul?

Sad to say this scorn of abnegation is a national trait that betrays itself in most diverse ways. A vast many of the statutes that roll out of our capitol in huge bundles are witness to the fact that legislators sense the evil and have come to the vain conclusion that men can be dragged into virtue, coerced like oxen, driven like sheep, while their hearts are untouched by the breath of God. This perhaps is the most discouraging feature of the problem. For if the leaders in Israel are blind to the true inwardness of the evil, what can be expected of the smaller vision, who, though ready to throw their twenty night-caps high in air, will not follow on? Nothing except contempt for prohibition and for injunctions against traffic in drugs and women and so forth. It is the heart of the citizen that enforces law, not the club of the officer nor the sentence of the judge. And until parents and teachers and statesmen recognize this simple fact and promote moral training through religion, the liquor problem, the drug problem and other problems that turn around sin will remain completely unsolved.—America.

TRIBUTES TO CANADA

Toronto Daily News

The only two living ex Presidents of the United States agree in honoring Canada for the contribution which her people are making to the Allied cause. Mr. W. H. Taft has written Mrs. Robert Grant, of the Allied Bazaar Committee in Boston: "I have never failed when opportunity has offered to express my profound admiration for the supreme sacrifice Canada is making in this great hour of our common struggle. Another hits at race tracks, and raises rates of license fees on amusement places, that is, on the proprietors. As regards the liquor business, wholesale reductions in the number of hotels are made all over the Province, and there is to be no compensation whatever. Those that remain, furthermore, are to pay increased fees to make up to the Government what will be lost because of the cutting off of the others. In Montreal fifty places are to be cut off next May, and in May of 1918 this will be followed by one hundred more, bringing the number down to two hundred. The hours of sale are to be from 9 in the morning to 9 p. m. No renewal of licenses is to be given to hotels with less than twenty-five bedrooms. There is to be no treating, and this restriction is to come in immediately following the sanction of the Government. Presumably, therefore, by Saturday there will be no treating, if the law is followed.

Colonel Roosevelt has written a great and noble part in the world war; showing that combination of high idealism and mastery efficiency which must exist in any people that is to play a mighty part in the world. Neither quality is enough in itself; and Canada has proved her possession of both qualities. No nation achieves greatness except at the cost of labor and suffering, except by showing strength and valor, except by showing the power to dare and die at need. No woman is fit for anything but the position of a slave if she does not raise her boy to be a soldier whenever his country calls; and no man is fit for citizenship in a free, self-governing nation unless he possesses the high spiritual quality and the trained physical prowess and hardihood which will make him proudly eager to fight in his country's cause and thoroughly competent to do that fighting in an efficient manner. Canada has shown that her sons and daughters belong to these types. Through their valor and devotion she has won an honorable position, a high position, in history, and at the council board of nations."

These tributes to the Canadian people and Government should be incentives to increased efforts by Canadians who have not yet risen to their full responsibilities in presence of the gravest of crises. While the war is in the way of being won, victory is not yet achieved. Therefore it is that Sir Robert Borden, Sir Thomas White and other members of the Government are appealing to every section of Canada for greater self-sacrifice and firmer co-operation for the attainment of the great end in view. The call is one which no true man or woman can ignore. We have done well, we must do better.

THEOLOGY FOR NON-CATHOLICS

Protestants Pay Highly to Hear a Dominican Lecture

It is certainly a sign of reviving interest in religion when non-Catholics are found ready to pay 5 shillings—\$1.25—a ticket to hear a Dominican monk lecture on the "Summa" of St. Thomas Aquinas and expound its theories and doctrines to a Protestant audience. Yet this interesting experiment is being tried in London at the present time and has proved

so successful that the Dominicans have booked Caxton Hall, Westminster, for several weeks and are charging 4 guineas—\$17—per course ticket. The Fathers state that so many people seem in danger of losing belief in God Himself that they feel that the need of the day is an exposition of Christian theology for these unhappy souls, from which afterwards they will naturally be led to realize that it is the Catholic Church which has preserved these truths for them.—St. Paul Bulletin.

BROTHER MINISTERS RECEIVED IN CHURCH

Latest conversions from Anglican ministry are those of Arthur and Reginald Webb

London, Nov. 30, 1916.—Two notable converts have been received during the past few days at the Benedictine Abbey near Bath. They are two brothers who were both in the Anglican ministry, and are both Oxford University men. The Rev. Arthur Webb has done missionary work in Zanzibar, has seen a good deal of the poverty of the East end of London, and was curate at St. Michael's, Brighton, when he resigned to enter the Catholic Church. The Rev. Reginald Webb has served as curate in Reading and at the Church of the Ascension, Lavender Hill, London, which he left to receive instruction in the Catholic faith. The two brothers have spent a few days at Downside abbey, and will probably both study for the priesthood.

MEXICO

Carranzistas Continue to Profane Churches

The persecution of the Mexican Catholic Church and the hatred of the bandits now enthroned in Mexico increase unceasingly. The churches in Mexico City had hitherto been respected, but during November many of them were profaned and eliminated as places of public worship. The Carranzistas chose the very hour of Mass celebration to enter the San Juan de Dios Church and profane it. The faithful people were put out, like the priests, not allowing these to take any of their things. Through many entreaties they obtained permission to take away the Host, but under the promise of the immediate devotion of the ciborium.

The temples of La Profesa Santa Teresa, Santa Catalina, Corpus Christi, San Felipe de Jesus and many others have suffered the same fate. The chief object of the so-called Carranza government is to insult the Catholic faith of Mexican people. The temple of Santa Felipe de Jesus, which is devoted to the expiatory worship, and where the Most Blessed Sacrament was daily exposed, now has been seized and is to be devoted to the worship of Madera and Suarez! The temple of San Juan de Dios will be a Masonic temple!

It would be ridiculous, if it were not so monstrous, this robbing of Catholics of their churches, alleging that there are too many churches in the Mexican towns, and then turning them over to the Protestants, Masons, Spiritualists or Atheists to celebrate therein their worship. Some days ago seven hundred of the most distinguished ladies in Mexico City went to Mrs. Carranza requesting her to obtain for them from her husband an audience. Mrs. Carranza telephoned to the First Chief and entreated him to receive the ladies. Carranza answered granting the audience for which the Catholic ladies went to the National Palace. But Carranza, acting not as a gentleman but as a Carranzista, then did not receive them. The pious ladies then went back to Mrs. Carranza and handed her a vigorous protest against the religious persecution.

In many towns all Catholic churches have been closed. In some states not one priest can be found. Carranza is aiming to carry on the most terrible persecution against the Catholic Church, performing in this way, the plans of Mr. Lind.—Providence Visitor.

THE OLIVE BRANCH

Earnest that the bad old order changeth giving place to the new

London, Dec. 21.—The Government has decided to release the Irish rebellion in Ireland, Henry E. Duke, chief secretary for Ireland, announced in the House of Commons to-day.

"The time has come when the advantages of releasing these men far outweigh the risk, and I have so advised the Government. Steps therefore were taken today to proceed, with the least possible delay, to return the interned prisoners to their homes."

According to the statement of the secretary for home affairs in the Commons last October there were 576 Irishmen interned in connection with the recent rebellion.

SLAVE-RAIDING IN BELGIUM

The massacre at Dinant, the destruction of Louvain, the sinking of the Lusitania, the Zeppelin raids over the United Kingdom, the shelling of Rheims Cathedral, were examples of German savagery in warfare that shocked and astounded the people of neutral nations. As horror followed upon horror they asked themselves how much further the Prussian warlords would descend toward primitive barbarism.

The bottom has been reached in the recent slave raids throughout Belgium. No Arab slave-trader ever pined his devilish calling in the heart of Africa with more deliberate and calculated cruelty than has been shown in the organization of the system of compulsory labor in Belgium. A hundred thousand Belgians between the ages of eighteen and fifty-five have been sent to Germany to aid their country's enemies by doing work that would otherwise have to be done by able-bodied Germans. If they refuse, imprisonment, degrading punishments, and ultimately death will be their portion, while at home in Belgium their wives and daughters will be exposed to the dangers from a licentious soldiery that Belgian women have so great reason to dread.

A man of education and standing, who escaped from the little town of Nivelles while a thousand men were being swept into captivity, has told the story of how the slave-raiders operated there. Orders were issued by the military Governor for the assemblage of all the males above seventeen years of age in the public square. Those above fifty-five years of age and under eighteen were dismissed. The others were surrounded by soldiers and marched in companies into a large room, where all were offered work. The narrator says that: "They were told that they could save their family from starvation, and they would get a high salary. What joy would be in their homes when their wives would get wealthy in these terrible times. They would go back some day and see their families—nay, they would not have to leave Belgium. Would they not work for the German authorities? Some of the men went white as a sheet. They all answered by categorically refusing. Some of them said: 'I do not sign any agreement; I don't want to work against my country. Some even vehemently protested, complaining of the violence they were subjected to, protesting loudly that they were neither workmen nor unemployed. At 5.30 p. m. the train was full. It consisted of thirty-two carriages, including no less than one thousand men from the little town of Nivelles itself, taken haphazard, employed and unemployed. I was awakened out of my thoughts by a thundering chorus coming from the train. 'Long Live the King! Long Live Belgium!' and out of all the carriages there rose with wonderful suddenness the chant of Brabanconne and the Marseillaise."

The people of Holland, of the United States, and of other neutral countries are protesting against slave-raiding throughout Belgium in stinging words that disclose the depth of their resentment. They begin to understand that Prussian autocracy is prepared to sweep aside every natural right of mankind if by so doing it can strengthen itself in carrying on the war. Some of them see what undying hatred of Germany these measures are kindling not only in Belgium, but throughout the world wherever the spirit of freedom lives. John O'Keefe, in The New York World, pictures the situation in the Belgian Slave Song:

"Led at the conqueror's cannon wheel,
With unseem chains on limb,
Their eyes speak out the slave's appeal,
Sad, sodden, sullen, grim;
And as through alien fields they reel,
Hark to the whispered hymn:
"Sow and sow the vengeance grain,
Sprouting from the hearts of slain!
Be its harvest wheat of woe!
Sow! sow! sow!
"The frenzy of the fighting folk
Has passed and left these bent,
As if a blinding lightning stroke
Seared the soul's tenement;
But though the eyes are dulled with smoke,
Behind, the fire is pent.
"Sow and sow the seed of hate!
Sprouting, it shall split a State!
Lifting, thrones it shall overthrow!
Sow! sow! sow!"

The slave-raiders of Belgium have done much toward filling up the cup of Hohenzollern iniquity. The seed of hate sown in Belgium may not only split the fabric of the German States system, but destroy forever the dynasty which claims to rule by divine right and to enslave the weak by the favor and aid of the Most High. Were the British Government to declare that it would make no peace with the Hohenzollerns it would rightly interpret the feelings of the Anglo-Saxon race.—Globe.

CATHOLIC NOTES

In Ireland, two new universities have been established and a third is desired. Higher education has been advanced.

The Catholic population of the Archdiocese of Dublin, Ireland, is 434,586; of the diocese of Cork, 171,575; of the Archdiocese of Tuam, 193,768.

The Rev. Bernard Francis Meyer, of Stuart, Iowa, was ordained at Maryknoll on the eve of the feast of St. Francis Xavier. This is the fifth ordination in the short history of the American Foreign Society. He was ordained by the Right Rev. Austin Dowling, D. D., Bishop of Des Moines.

A New York architect and landscape artist has been engaged to prepare plans for new buildings and enlargements of St. Francis College, Loretto, Pa. The project will entail an expenditure of \$500,000, and Mr. Charles Schwab will contribute half of the money required.

The number of Catholic priests in China, including both European and natives, is 2,225. Protestants have 5,118 European missionaries, besides a large number of native helpers. The comparison between the Catholic and the Protestant population is more consoling. Catholics number 1,628,254, and Protestants, 235,308.

Cardinal Farley had the gratifying experience recently of dedicating a magnificent new school in St. Peter's parish, New Brighton, S. I., where he had preached his first sermon forty-four years ago. He recalled the little church of that day "way down under the bank and the small frame house where he lived with the pastor."

The Rev. Father R. A. McEachen, pastor of St. Mary's Church, Barton, O., recently sailed for Rome and will later become an instructor in the Catholic University at Washington. Father McEachen has mastered thirteen different languages. He came into nationwide prominence by his relief work among the coal miners and their families during the fourteen months coal strike in Eastern Ohio.

The Right Rev. William T. Russell, D. D., rector of St. Patrick's Church, Washington, has been appointed Bishop of Charleston. The Bishop-elect is descended from one of the oldest families in Maryland. He was educated at St. Charles' College, Ellcott City, St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, and the American College, Rome. Monsignor Russell served as Secretary to Cardinal Gibbons for fourteen years.

The National Conference of Catholic Charities is to have an official organ entitled "The Catholic Charities Review" and will be published monthly, beginning January, 1917. It will be issued from the Catholic University. The Rev. John A. Ryan of the faculty has been appointed editor. Dr. Ryan is widely known for his lectures and writings on social problems.

Castle Knock, whose ruins are in County Dublin, Ireland, dates prior to 1288. In the thirteenth century an abbey was founded there. Tradition says the castle had an open window on whose sill a candle burnt in the highest wind or storm as quietly as in a perfect calm, and that the castle's well was poisonous to animals but wholesome to human bodies.

The great work of codifying the Canon Law, begun under the late Pontiff Pius X. in 1914, has just been completed, and it stated that the new Code will be promulgated towards the end of the present year. His Eminence Cardinal Gasparri, Secretary of State to the present Holy Father was at the head of the Commission that had the work in charge, and the success of the undertaking is due in great measure to his learning and energy.

To the recent conversion in England of a Protestant clergyman and the wife of a well-known general has now to be added that of a whole family. Mrs. Romanes, widow of a well-known free-thinking professor at Oxford and owner of an important property in Rosshire, Scotland, has been received into the Church with all her children; together with the tutor of the latter, who was a Scottish Episcopal minister and the Protestant chaplain to the family who had their own chapel on the estate. This will now become Catholic. The news has created a deep impression in the district.

The Rev. Theobald Butler, the patriarch of the Southern Province of the Society of the Jesus, died a few days ago at St. Stanislaus College, Macon, Ga. He was in his eighty-seventh year and the oldest Jesuit in the south. Born in Tipperary, a cousin of the gallant General Sir William Butler, and with all the virtues of his family imbedded in his nature, when scarcely more than a boy, he entered the Society of Jesus in France. By a romantic series of events, he was led sixty-eight years ago to the Jesuit mission of New Orleans, in which, with the exception of the years spent in study in France and Rome, he passed his life.

THE WATERS OF CONTRADICTION

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE

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

CHAPTER II—CONTINUED

For several years the position had been held by a young man, who carried a Normal school certificate neatly framed in his trunk. It was an open secret that the trustees of the town school had sought to secure his services, but, true to the tradition of his fathers to maintain the high standing of the school at any cost, the soldier head of Stanton Hall, who had returned at the close of the war dying from a disease contracted by his privations and exposures, had made up the difference in the salaries out of his own depleted purse, that the school might not lose the services of the skilled instructor.

The teacher, however, had sought a wider and more remunerative field for his talents, and again the duty devolved upon the sick man of securing a successor. Rumor had been busy with the name of Cora Austin. From the little school in the corner of the country, she had steadily advanced to better paying and more centrally located ones, and everywhere praise of her discipline and ability was recorded. Sorely against his mother's will, Captain Stanton attended the Teachers' Institute day after day to satisfy himself that, should he engage the young woman, he would make no mistake.

"I know, mother," he would say, "that I am an exhausting my small stock of vitality, but it is for a good cause. It is the last teacher I shall select for Stanton school, the last, for aught I know, that any Stanton shall select, for I fear we shall not be able to hold the Hall until Arthur is grown. In view of all this, it must be that the last teacher we have placed in the school we built, shall be worthy of us and its well-earned reputation. The institute will last only two more days, and for both of them, Miss Austin has been assigned special work. So far she has shown great thoroughness in her methods of ordinary teaching. I am anxious now to see how she approaches the special studies."

"It would not be a bad choice," observed his mother. "Her brother and cousins were in our army."

"Not as we were, however," he answered. "The Austins opposed us in theory and practice, since the beginning of the Commonwealth. And more than any of them, Miss Cora Austin. But she is a gentlewoman. The feelings of our children will never suffer under her, and neither will the feelings of the Yankees, who are swarming in upon us. And this is right. The ideal instructor is the one broad enough to recognize the right of each individual to his opinion and belief, just enough to give him opportunity to express and uphold them, and great enough to refrain by action, open or hidden, from engraving his own opinion and belief upon the mind of the student. All this, I am inclined to think, Miss Cora is."

He attended the two meetings, engaged the girl for the ensuing term, but before it began, the gallant Captain and last member of Stanton Hall, he was laid to sleep with his fathers in the family graveyard on the hill. Miss Cora fulfilled the expectations of her patron, and because of this and the fact that Captain Stanton had engaged her, she had been constantly reapointed.

It was in the middle of the third term, when their new home ready, the Fraziers moved from the town. School was in progress that October morning, when Miss Cora's attention was drawn from her class in Second Arithmetic by the opening of the door. She turned and saw a white-aproned little figure standing in the aisle, a satchel on one arm and a dinner basket on the other.

"It's a Yankee girl," whispered Sylvia Dalton to Jasper Long, but loud enough for Arthur Stanton to hear.

The date of the name which was born with him, for the day that Captain Stanton knew he had an heir was also the one on which he learned of Lee's surrender, leaped up in a red flame into his eyes, and with it still kindling them, he looked upon the little stranger now advancing at the teacher's invitation.

"What is your name?" asked Miss Cora, wondering whence her new pupil had come.

"Lucy Frazier," replied she, and somehow the listening children caught a defiant note in the bell-like voice, while it seemed she swept them with an angry light in her blue eyes; for she had felt the hatred of it upon the many.

"Oh, yes!" said Miss Cora, remembering the new house. "Hang your bonnet and basket on that hook, Lucy, and take this seat. I shall examine you when I have finished this class."

With deliberation and supreme indifference, knowing the gaze of all was upon her, Lucy followed the instructions of the teacher, and going to the place assigned to her, opened her spelling book, and affected to be deeply engrossed in the study of the formidable column of words; but between her eyes and the letters she seemed to see two pairs of eyes, one blue and flashing like her own, the other soft and dark and tender.

the top of the book and meeting the dreamy brown eyes of Jasper Long, the sense of relief having been brought into the situation made itself felt in her anxious little heart.

The examination of Lucy did not consist of much time. Education was not such an elaborate affair in those days. A feeling akin to dismay ran over the room when the teacher announced that Lucy would go into the big spelling-class, for that branch of study was held in commendable esteem in Stanton school, and proficiency in it gave one rank among the pupils.

"It isn't fair!" she is only in Second Arithmetic, the same as us," whispered Sylvia to Jasper. "It will make Arthur angry."

"What's it to Arthur?" asked Jasper, busy himself with the pages of the Arithmetic which was the trial of his young life.

"Because he's there, too," she explained. "And if ever the Yankees were to turn him down—Oh!"

CHAPTER III

Miss Cora was a constant student but not all her lessons were learned in books. She studied human nature in the making in the children committed to her care, and the playground was her favorite place of observation. Standing in the doorway, her graceful, well-poised figure leaning against the sill, it was her custom to watch them as they played, or walked up and down the white road which ran past the school house, edged by its low, cool stone walls.

Two of the older girls were now sauntering along its white way, with arms around each others waists and the teacher's eyes followed them somewhat regretfully. They were the feminine David and Jonathan of the school, and their friendship, which had stood the test of many a term, was now threatened with interruption, for one, whose wavy hair fell in a golden shower down her back, was to leave, in a few months, with her family for the West.

"I wish Emma were not going away," repeatedly thought Miss Cora, gazing after the pair. "I do not know what Carry will do without her next year. But perhaps she will not come back. That would be a pity. I should like to see her finish her botany and algebra at least."

Her gaze wandered from the finish to a knoll overlooking the playground, and a little frown showed on her tranquil brow.

"Annabelle is at it again!" she thought, her eyes resting on a girl of sixteen years of age, seated on the grass with several boys, some two or three years older, gathered around her. Beside her, her head resting against Annabelle's shoulder, was a lithe girl, with long brown curls framing a delicately beautiful face.

"She's spoiling Milly," mentally commented the young teacher, "as well as interfering with the boy's studies. It isn't her fault, of course, that they like her, but the child would not approach her without her invitation. I do not see why Annabelle finds making a pet of one of the little girls essential to her happiness. Last year it was Sylvia, and it nearly broke her heart when she found her mother set aside for another—and such another!"

For Milly was a puzzle to the mistress of Stanton School, and her perplexity was shared in lesser degree by her pupils. Her parents—or the man and woman who called themselves such—had drifted into the locality, with their few belongings piled in a wagon drawn by a pair of skinny horses. The condition of the vehicle and the animals told of a long journey, and when the man spoke of the West Virginia mountains and the home he had lost through the revenge of certain neighbors, his story was not discredited.

Sorely in need of some one to cultivate her land, Mrs. Stanton offered the stranger and his family one of the abandoned negro cabins. Gladdened by the prospect of a home and employment, the stranger unpacked his wagon and entered upon his new duties. He appeared a man beaten by adversity, and something of a fellow-feeling prompted Mrs. Stanton to give him every opportunity her slender means permitted. But disaster seemed to dog his footsteps, and for every gain there straightway appeared a corresponding loss, until even in a locality overshadowed by misfortune he was marked as a victim of adversity. There was, however, about the silent man a stolid determination not to be defeated, and after every blow they saw him once more struggling to regain his feet.

Besides Milly he had two other children, a boy and a girl, both older and both bearing so strong a resemblance to their parents, and so totally unlike the delicately-featured youngest child, that, in the minds of others than Miss Cora, there existed a doubt of her parentage. The two older children of the West Virginian were noticeable in the school for their unkempt and neglected appearance, while Milly, though no better clad, was always clean and neat. This

evidence of partiality on the mother's part made Miss Cora the kinder to the other two, but later she learned it was entirely due to Milly's own persistence that she came to school with a well-washed face and mended frocks.

"Milly's that particular," complained her sister in her hour's confidence with the teacher, "that she's bothersome. Why, Miss Cora, she'll go out and gather sycamore leaves and turn 'em wrong side up and set her plate on 'em, pretending they're a tablecloth, when she eats her dinner. And she just makes Mammy wash every stitch of her clothes on Saturday, and starch 'em up good and stiff and iron 'em on Sunday so's she can have 'em nice and clean for Monday to come to school in. And she makes me wash her face every morning and curl her hair and then she goes to the looking glass Miss Stanton gave Mammy, and if she finds I haven't done it just so she'll holler and cry and Mammy'll make me do it over again to hush her up. She's a whole lot of trouble to us all, but Mammy says it isn't going to hurt us to humor her a little. She thinks maybe she'll grow out of being finicky after a while."

Miss Cora thereupon began to inculcate the gospel of neatness to this pupil, but she found it was time wasted. The older sister was well satisfied with her condition, and a change would have been as undesirable as were Milly's notions. The sketch given of the little girl's instinctive reaching out for the better things of life, appealed to Miss Cora, as it afterward appealed to Annabelle, who had not hesitated to drop her pet of the former year and give her place to the child of the poor stranger.

"I can't help it, Miss Cora," declared the candid girl, when the teacher expostulated with her for her partiality, which was the cause of much jealousy among the smaller children. "She is such a pretty child and she does so love pretty things. Why, I gave her a piece of ribbon the other day and she actually cried. I wrote Mammy about her, and she told me I might bring Milly home with me some Friday."

"I do not think you ought to do that," Annabelle said to Miss Cora. "It will only make her own home that much more distasteful when she comes back."

"But I've already asked her," said Annabelle, who lived in the adjoining county and was stopping with a relative in order to attend Miss Cora's school. "The visit will bring something into her life and give her something to think about."

"That is why I object," observed Miss Cora. "She will think too much about it. She may grow unhappy."

"Oh, I don't think so," said Annabelle, with the assurance of sixteen. "She is a sensible little thing. When her sister and brother get angry and fight because the others taunt them with their poverty and call them names, Milly just laughs. She says she cannot help it that her father is poor. God made him so. I couldn't be that sensible if I tried."

And the laugh that made people love Annabelle rippled after the words. "Still, Annabelle, I wish you would not make so much over her," enjoined Miss Cora. "You keep her with you during recreation, when she should be playing, just as you keep Dick and Paul and Eddie. It isn't healthy," finished Miss Cora, finding no other word ready under the wicked little light that flashed into the girl's eyes, before they were hidden by the quickly lowered lids.

The interview over, Annabelle turned away, pitying poor Miss Cora, who had no little girls and big boys to love her more than making mud pies and playing ball.

"Miss Cora says you must play with the other little children, Milly, and not hang around me," said the virtuous Annabelle, as, dismissed for the noon lunch and recreation the day following the interview, the little army filed out of the low door. Milly's face grew sad and the tears sprang into the liquid brown eyes, but she made no protest. "And Miss Cora says you and Paul and Eddie must do likewise," she observed demurely to Dick Johnson.

"Well, let's play 'King-king-cat-a-go,'" said the ready Dick. "She has no objection to our playing together, has she?"

"No, but I have," pouted Annabelle, walking majestically to her favorite seat on the green knoll, while the other members of the party and the boys had quailed and as secretly hoped their surmise was correct. There she sat in solitary splendor while the boys moped and Milly vainly tried to obey the teacher's decree. For two days the miserable situation lasted, but when Friday dawned and Dick remembered that the evening would send his boyish love to her distant home, he threw obedience to the wind, and a bold approach to the green knoll of whom Annabelle sat, with a book in his hand, pretended to be reading.

His example was speedily followed by his two rivals, and when Milly's never-long distracted eyes sought her patron, and beheld the return of her fellow-worshippers, she abandoned her half-finished playhouse and hastened to her old place by the queen's side.

It must be affinity on the part of the child," observed Miss Cora, "and simple human nature with the boys; and against both a teacher's advice is powerless. It would be better if the boys were at college, but their parents cannot afford that now, and

so I shall have to do the best I can for them. If Dick could only get Annabelle out of his thoughts, there is nothing he could not do in the way of study. I fear I have her a foreshadowing of his life. He will always be led by the heart, and the head is a far better guide," concluded the young philosopher.

Her musing was interrupted by a familiar sound from the playground, where a number of the other pupils were engaged in a game of Prisoner's Base. In the center of the well-worn plot stood Lucy Frazier, her blue sunbonnet hanging down her back, her face flushed and her eyes flashing. Every gaze was fixed on her, and it seemed to the watching teacher as if the very rays of the sun were all focused on the defiant, angry child, as she hurled her words of scorn at her opponents, who evidently had sought to deprive her of her victory in the game.

Miss Cora, swiftly reviewing the past, realized in that moment that ever since the coming of Lucy the tranquility of the playground had been more frequently and sometimes tragically interrupted, while in the school room a feeling of antagonism had sprung up and was developing a strength which at times, alarmed her. She could not say when it had come into existence, but she had no difficulty in recalling its first appearance.

Whether she knew instinctively Arthur Stanton's weakness or whether her liking for words was natural and must develop itself, from the time she entered the spelling class at Stanton School, Lucy was predominated by the desire to excel the others in that particular study. When she lifted her little face from the foot of the class, which place, as the latest comer, had been assigned to her, and saw Annabelle and Dick, Emma and Carry, the other older boys and girls as well as several of her own age standing before her, she experienced a strange sinking of heart, hitherto unknown in her childish experience. Suppose she should never get past the foot? And what more likely with all those learned boys and girls ahead of her? But when, after the first recitation, she found she had changed places with the boy above her, her spirits shook off their heaviness. It speedily returned, however, when Sylvia, with petty spitefulness, told her she had only turned down Eddie Ware, who had never received a headmark in his life.

Bravely Lucy took her place above Eddie Ware the next morning, and when as the days passed, they saw her coming steadily up the line, she maintained by the new little girl, spelling, however, was only a division of their studies, and they did not give it the absorbing attention of Lucy. There was one exception, however, Arthur Stanton. There was an old tradition in the school that the Stantons had been its best students, especially excelling in spelling, and now that so little else of their past belonged to them, there was a passionate desire in the heart of the boy to preserve their reputation as scholars.

With a diligence that was pathetic, he had striven to succeed in his studies, and when he was promoted this term to the higher spelling class, his feet went swiftly over the home-made path to acquaint his grandmother with the fact. So it was with a feeling akin to dismay that he beheld the admission of the little Yankee and watched her steadily advance toward his place near the head of the class, which he had maintained by the most arduous study. A sense of approaching defeat at her hands took possession of him, and thought of such a catastrophe threw him into a frenzy of anger. He plunged into the study with a feverish interest, and its result sent him steadily forward until he stood at the head of the class. As steadily the detested little girl gained on him, until the conclusion of the lesson one day saw her standing next to him.

With dull, sickening throbs of heart and a face ashy pale, he approached the ordeal the next morning. Lucy took her position with certainty showing in her flashing blue eyes. Seeing this, he realized that she knew his deadly fear, and was even then rejoicing in the anticipation of her triumph. The reflection intensified his hatred of her.

When such intense feeling exists, it is impossible that the atmosphere shall not be disturbed by it, and every child in the room, down to Milly, patiently spelling her way through the lesson in her first reader felt that something unusual was about to happen.

Five times Miss Cora's eyes had been turned upon him, as she gave him a word, and five times Lucy had waited, with shining eyes and flushed face, for one cruel little letter to escape and swing open the door of her victory; and five times, with a deep breath of relief, Arthur saw her disappointed. Then fell the sixth word from the lips of the unsuspecting teacher. A simple word enough, and when her "Next!" followed his spelling of it, the cold sweat broke on his ashen brow.

"Correct, Lucy! Go up head!" said Miss Cora, smiling at the little girl; when Arthur, with the muttered exclamation, "I'll never stand next below a Yankee!" drew her attention to him, as he deliberately walked to the foot of the class.

Miss Cora read the meaning of it all in a moment, but being a gentlewoman as well as a wise teacher, she made no comment on the action and continued the lesson. From that

day, with a pride that was as pathetic as his diligence had been pathetic, Arthur made no effort to succeed in spelling. He began then systematically to lessen Lucy's triumph, by demoralizing the class, and, as he had his sympathizers, some actuated by his own sentiments, others by indolence, he so well succeeded that even Eddie Ware would have had no difficulty in holding Lucy's place, had he made sufficient effort to try.

At first Miss Cora was puzzled over the deterioration of her spelling class, and when the explanation dawned upon her mind, she was, at first, at a loss how to deal with her refractory pupils. Finally she announced her intention of dividing the class, leaving Arthur and his political sympathizers together, while Lucy and the remainder constituted the second division. Immediately the interest of the boy and his friends was renewed. With the intuition which was singularly well developed in her, Lucy grasped the meaning of the division, and, as the teacher vouchsafed no explanation, she was included in the scorn which the child entertained for her companions. It was not her idea of the way in which defeat should be met; but she resolved her class should not fall behind even though she had the strategists to captain.

"They want to beat us, and Miss Cora is trying to help them," she communicated to the most promising of her company. "All because of Arthur Stanton. I reckon she is afraid his grandmother mightn't like for him to be turned down, and she wants to keep on her good side. But we'll show her, won't we?"

TO BE CONTINUED

THE VACANT CHAIR

I.

Another Christmas was about to shed its silken showers of peace and joy upon the awaiting world, and old John Farrelly's older heart was mournful of it.

It was not that John Farrelly's outlook upon the gay and gracious season was dimmed by a natural sadness, or that gloom and mournfulness had fixity of tenure in his soul. For eleven months of the year, he was normal, but the month of Christmas covered his spirit with sadness and his mind seemed to put out its light. There were neighbors who recalled old John as the jolliest fellow in the parish—on the whole of Munster, if it went to that—but that was many years ago. Usually he was a quiet, reserved man, with a high reputation for an honesty that was, if anything, a bit too rigid and unbending, but around the radiant time of Christmas he grew sullen and unwilling to have company.

Not everybody knew the reason—quite a goodly number were unaware of it, and had to be content with their own deductions. These latter put it down to eccentricity, or advancing years, and were perfectly content with that. Yet the old man's depression was not of a cross-grained type. He sat moodily enough by his own fireside when Christmas was near at hand, but his sorrow was patient and silent. If friends did happen to drop in, he bade them sit down and smoked and chatted with them. It had a softening effect on the neighbors to recollect that his chief and constant visitors were the children roundabout with whom he evidently was a tried and trusted favorite.

To those who could not solve the mystery of this Christmas lack of cheerfulness, old John's attitude was inexplicable. In the first place, he was the most prosperous farmer in all that fertile part of the country and was widely noted for his great "luck" with his crops and stock. No one ever heard of blight showing itself among his potatoes, of an untoward accident to one of his farm animals. His wife had died nearly two generations ago, but, as the neighbors said, death was the will of God, and every house in the world was bound to be visited by it.

He had seven sons, six of whom were known to be happily and prosperously married in that and the adjoining parishes. The older folk of the district recognized the intimate connection between old John's grief, at a season when everyone else was happy, and John's missing seventh son. They guessed too, that the sudden going away from his father's home of young Tom Farrelly had something to do with that curious old chair where nobody was ever allowed to sit. What Tom Farrelly's banishment and the strange domestic relic had in common, no one, however, rightly knew.

Save for his servants, old John lived absolutely alone in his fine homestead. He had worked hard for his six boys and had succeeded in putting them all in the way of comfort and wealth. Despite the advice of friends, he had over and over again refused to surrender his own farm to any of the six, sternly declining even to give a reason further than that he had already provided excellently for them. For some time, the sons quarreled bitterly, but the father denied the dispute by making a will in favor of his youngest boy, if alive, or his direct heirs, if any. It was remarked in every corner of the parish, that, from the very moment the terms of the will became public property, not one of his sons, or their wives, or children, ever sought to darken the door of the industrious old man, who was thus left to drag out his years in loneliness.

It was only a week or so before each Christmas that the old chair was brought from the bedroom where it had been throughout the year, to

the inner side of the kitchen fireplace. There in front of the old man, the strange uncouth relic rested until after Christmas Day, when it was put back into its retreat for another twelvemonth. The mystery of this curious piece of furniture was deepened by the fact that nobody at such times was ever permitted to sit down upon it. If anybody, unawares, or forgetful of the circumstances, attempted to use it, old John courteously drew it aside and pointed to another seat.

Twenty years ago this Christmas, the neighbors calculated, young Tom Farrelly had gone from home, leaving his father, as everybody saw, a much changed man. There was no doubt of their having parted in anger, though the reason never became rightly apparent. Old John Farrelly sternly warded off all inquiries on the delicate subject and was never known to mention even the name of his son. It was certain, however, that his whereabouts were uncertain, for he had never sent a letter and nobody had ever chanced to hear of him. Kathleen O'Sullivan, with whom Tom was known to be a bit in love, had emigrated to America, the very week before, and had not since been heard of. But Kathleen was the child of a very poor man, and Tom of a very "strong" farmer, so that any suggestion of a secret marriage before leaving, or after landing on a foreign shore, was generally scouted with indignation.

At all events the parish was preparing for the season of peace and goodwill, and the farm-houses were bright with red berried holly, and the children already were fingering the toys. The carelessness joviality of Christmas was beginning to shine in every eye, and the fraternal spirit of these divine days was apparent on land and water.

And all the time, attended only by his housekeeper, old John Farrelly sat brooding before the kitchen fire of his fine homestead, with the grumbling of the wind down the chimney and the crooning of the sea, not far away, inspiring him to moody thoughts. The ancient clock kept up its dismal tick all day; the creamy tide advanced in foamy columns on the invaded beach and retreated in regular order; the sun glared with his fiery eye until eventually caused it to be bloodshot; the warmed earth shivered and got cold; yet old John Farrelly sat there near the glowing turf sods, his aged head supported by his trembling hands, and his dimmed eyes staring opposite at the vacant chair.

II.

It was the forenoon of Christmas Eve. The little shops of the tiny village were besieged by the happy children, especially when old John Farrelly was seen in the main street. He spent a few shillings in the purchase of sweets and similar delicacies, and after transacting some routine business, turned towards home.

On the way he was wished the compliments of the season by all who chanced to see him, and more than one invited him to have some refreshment in honor of the season. Though reserved and self-centred, he was a man who was thought a great deal of, because he had a name of being a neighbor who was able and willing to help another out of his trouble. He declined all offers of hospitality and hurried up the road until he came to the gate opening into his lonely abode. It was more lonely now, for he had given permission to his old housekeeper and the other servants to spend a few days with their relatives.

He walked moodily up the gravelled path, lifted the latch, and entered the kitchen. It was a great, wide one, with a big hearth at the end of it. It showed all the outward signs of comfort and snugness, and assuredly looked as if it were intended only for people with easy, good-natured minds. It seemed to tell you that it was a kitchen for the young and merry, not for the aged and whimpering. The owner of it sat on a straw-bottomed chair at one side of the fire, and slowly began to fill his pipe. Opposite him was the chair he would have nobody sit upon. When he lit his pipe, his eyes fell longingly on it. There was nothing at all extraordinary in the appearance of the chair. It was a common kitchen chair of plain white deal and bore every mark of age and usage would long ago have figured in the interior of the fire were it not supported and patched to prolong its length of life. The wooden stays showed signs of a boy's penknife, and on the seat were rudely carved the initials "T. F." The sight of these two letters were constant reminders of his absent son, and, as he looked now at them for the thousandth time, his heart was crying.

Twenty years ago his beloved boy had sat opposite him on that ancient chair, and for that boy's sake he had fondly preserved it as a household relic. Tom was barely twenty then. While his brothers were dull and dour fellows, Tom was all life, all nerve, all gaiety. He was the only one of the family who had taken after his mother—rest her soul!—and Kate Farrelly was as handsome and as jolly a woman as ever priest joined at the altar. She gave up her life that Tom should have his; and thus it was, the neighbors would tell you, he got all the good qualities and physical graces of his poor mother.

Twenty years ago, this very day as the father's conscience gratefully reminded him, the brown-haired, sinewy youth had bravely admitted he was in love, and though the girl of his boyish heart was a poor man's daughter he had made up his mind to marry her. Though Kathleen

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O'Sullivan, the blue-eyed pet of the whole parish, was already on the high seas. Tom Farrelly had said that. The father grumbled at the lad's defiance, struck him with his clenched fist from off his chair—aye, that very self-same chair—and bade him never set foot in his father's house again. The young fellow had risen, eyes flashing and fingers twitching, and with a look of reproach, went out at the door for ever. Ah, but that look of reproach was still confronting old John Farrelly in his waking hours and dreaming, and was yet searing and scorching his troubled soul after the lapse of twenty anguished years!

From that hour the youth had never been seen or heard of. It was more or less taken for granted that he was dead. The six brothers, with rare unanimity, declared he must no longer be in the land of the living—ende the prospective heir to a splendid inheritance would be, in their opinion, have passed on to another, one way or the other. Old John believed him still alive, but grieved that his favorite's wounded pride had not been healed after twenty long and lengthening years.

At this point there was a knock at the kitchen door, and the owner of the house bade whoever was there to enter. The door opened, and two men entered. They were apparently of the farming class, one of a splendid physique, and the other a thin, nervous-looking person. They strolled up leisurely, each with his hands under his coat-tails, towards the hearth, as if perfectly accustomed to the place. The old man glanced at them when they came in, recognized them at once, turned his face inward again, and kept silent. The men, with a quick look at him and at the empty chair, stood before the fire.

"Well, father, how's the health?" queried the elder man gruffly. He was, by the way, the senior member of the whole family, and, owing to this circumstance, was regarded by the others as something of a genius. "Middlin'—I mane, no cause for complaint!" was the surly answer of the aged parent, who never once glanced in the speaker's direction. The other son stared sheepishly around the kitchen.

"Tis the square day you're sittin' all lone by the fire, without another soul in the house, but yerself, an' you a man that has six homes, along with yer own, to spend Christmas in!" went on the eldest in his uncouth but kindly tone. "Yer other sons and their families are all below in the village, waitin' to come up to see you. An' 'tis anxious all of us are that you be with ourselves, our wives an' our children at Christmas, an' not be wearin' yer heart out all alone there on the hearth!"

"That's proper talk!" broke in his brother, whose part in the proceedings seemed to be solely to corroborate a little touched at this, but his manner of speaking showed no change nor did his head move in the slightest. If anything, the withered face was firmer and the voice more brusque.

"Where I spend my Christmas is my own business, not makin' any man a short answer!" he replied determinedly. "This is my own home, an' a man's own home is the proper place for him in the holy season. An' here in this corner I intend to remain—the law o' the land itself isn't strong enough to put me out of it!"

A noisy clattering of horses' hoofs, shouting and laughter of men and eager cries of children, were heard from the gate outside, while old John Farrelly was speaking. Four heavily-laden sidcars stopped on the road, and then the patter of young feet was audible.

"Here's all yer relations comin' to see you!" observed the oldest son, going forward to the door and throwing it wide open.

In a few minutes the big kitchen was filled with his relatives, and it took nearly every seat in the house to accommodate them. The four sons who had just arrived were the same stolid, dull-faced fellows as the former ones. Their wives were buxom, ruddy-cheeked women of good nature and motherly appearance. The children were lusty, rosy, happy youngsters—every one. A sturdy little chap was about to climb the chair opposite his venerable grandfather, but the mother checked him in the nick of time.

As the male population of the assembly were not naturally garrulous, the females did most of the talking. The children soon got to see that their grandfather was not in a playing humor, so they got to frolic among themselves. The women in a body did their best to convince the old man that he should spend his Christmas with some one of them; but when any one house was about to be particularly honored, each eloquently put forward her own claim for the honor of according him hospitality. The sons in their own rough way besought him to leave the old spot for just a day or two. But their combined arguments no more affected old John's decision to remain where he was than the addition of a pail of water affects the vastness of all the seas.

The eldest son lifted up his hand, and all became silent at the injunction. Then the man spoke out in his own blunt manner: "There's no use in our talkin' as we are," said he, with a shrug of his shoulders. "My father is struck on havin' his own way, an' it's the best thing to let him have it. We are all thyrin' to do the proper thing by him, an' he won't have us do it. Let him spend his Christmas

according to his own fashion. He wants to be sittin' there all alone, waitin' for somebody that's most likely in his grave, or else—"

"What proof have ye of that, Mike Farrelly?" interrupted the old man fiercely, rising from his seat and confronting the whole company. "Who says my dear boy is dead who says it again? The Lord has kept him in my heart this twenty year an' He does nothin' without a purpose." The passion of his utterance fatigued him, and he sank back into his chair with a deep sigh.

Five minutes later the kitchen was empty save for its aged owner, the others withdrawing with many adverse comments on the folly and stubbornness of old age.

It was eventide, and it was growing dark. Old John, with the customary prayer in honor of the little event, lit the Christmas candle. He piled turf on the fire and resumed his melancholy vigil.

Outside, the naked trees about the homestead were rustling drearily, and glinting ice bound up the amber-colored pools. The pale face of the young moon was shining on the singing river, and the heather-gowned hills were purpled in the soft, cold gloaming. The sea showed green and white through the curling billows, and glorious, even segments of advancing waters broke upon the shore to herald the changing tide. And a baby Christmas wind grew strong with the passing of the seconds and swept over wave and mount and valley with careering rushes, as if to sweep all nature's decks for action with the elements.

The wind, too, stirred up the dead leaves of the old man's memory and scattered them over the long years of his existence. And it seemed as if each dried leaf found its way again to the tree of its origin, on its natal branch, resumed his life once more. His had been a career emotionless, without event; and there were in it no trees, no hedges, no gaps to mar the wide monotony. His marriage had been a something new and uncommon, but withal a normal incident. The coming of his children one by one was a happy thing, but every other man had similar fortune. His wife's death was a dull, heavy blow, but it fell upon him at a time when he was best equipped to meet it. But the driving away, the casting out of his fresh-faced, rosy-featured son, his youngest son—was, after all, the one dread circumstance that rotted the sap, that made the oak wither and bow down, though proof against the whirlwind and the thunderbolt.

Only now he felt to the full what an enormous part one loved being may play in the drama of another's life. What were health—even radiant life abounding health—and the solid joys of prosperity when the throne of his heart was empty and its right-occupant cut off from his existence? He was glad to hear the wind trumpeting and fanfaring like that. Somehow or other, it bade him take courage and be strong. Ho, what noble a blast it gave just now along the mountain road! Yes, he would go out, this sacred Christmas night, and hearken to the grand, multitudinous music of the wind.

Each step of the way was familiar to him, and he soon found a sheltered spot, where it was not cold, and where he could listen to the roaring of the gale. The village was in a hollow, but, in any case, the village was too insignificant for the wind tonight. It tore over the sea, and the startled waters fumed and foamed under the attack, and sought their revenge from the battered shore-line. Yonder were the hills. Then alone the wind had never conquered nor subdued. So for hours it sent thunderous volleys and howling shells upon their suffering, and through their echoing defiles, and all night long kept up its vain bombardment of the mountains. It was becoming cold, and he shivered as he passed through the gate. The wind forced him to keep down his head as he went up the gravelled path. Suddenly an unexpected light shone on the ground before him. The kitchen door, which he had carefully shut after him when going out, was wide open.

He reached the threshold and entered cautiously. The fire was blazing brightly, but the remainder of the kitchen was in deep shadow. Nobody was visible. He hobbled to his seat and sat down. Then he—

Great God, what was that? The old man, staring in front of him with burning eyes, uttered a loud cry from the very pit of his mourning soul. It was not a cry of fear—by heaven, no! He stared again—and yet again, no! There was no doubt of it! The graceful figure, the roguish eyes, the merry smile, the roguish eyes, proved beyond year or may that the vacant chair at last had found its rightful occupant!

Then the blessed, soothing tears coursed down the withered cheeks furrowed by sorrow, channelled by age. Old John Farrelly bent towards the smiling, boyish face opposite him, and dared place his hand upon the knees. God, they were warm knees, pulsing with hot blood!

"Am I dead—or dreaming?" he queried softly, breathlessly. "Neither of the two, grandfather!" was the answer from the chair in a pleasant voice, all music. The occupant of the once vacant chair put two strong young arms round the venerable man and drew him within the circle of the light.

O merciful Child of Bethlehem, that boy's voice, face, smile and form were Tom Farrelly's. The youth placed him gently back on his seat, and the aged man now knew all!

"Dad and mother are in the village, and will be up here very shortly," said the boy. "We landed from Queenstown only an hour ago, and dad sent me up to break the news. Yes my mother's name is Kathleen O'Sullivan, or Mrs. Tom Farrelly, if you like! And now, grandfather, I had better light the lamp. It's Christmas night, you know!"

Then old Tom Farrelly took his young hand in his own, and, with a prayer that mounted instantly to the Great White Throne, thanked his God for this truly happy Christmas!

By Rev. Thomas F. Burke, C. S. P., in Extension Magazine

"BEHOLD, I STAND AT THE GATE AND KNOCK"

By Rev. Thomas F. Burke, C. S. P., in Extension Magazine

In recent years the word "proselytize" has acquired an untoward significance, and is used to bring out an important distinction—that not merely an effort, but an unworthy effort, is made to bring about a change of religious profession. Using the word in this distorted sense, I would say that the Catholic Church is a convert-maker, but not a proselytizer. These two stand for two different processes. The one works internally, the other externally. The one is a process of conviction; the other a process of conversion. One results in a mental acceptance of the truths professed. One implies internal—

the other, merely external—submission. One takes place in the heart and mind; the other is but an adaptation to circumstances, without any real change within the soul. To seek converts to her teaching is essentially a part of the Catholic Church's very life: to seek to bring about a merely external change and submission is absolutely foreign to her nature. For she realizes that conversion without conviction is really no conversion at all. The more or less artificial distinction between "to convert" and "to proselytize" serves to bring out the fact that conversion is an interior not an exterior thing.

Because of this, while the Church stands at the gate of the door of every heart, she, nevertheless, refuses to accept within her fold one who, as far as she can judge, is not convinced of her truth. She constantly teaches her own children that the reception of the Sacraments externally only—that is without the fulfillment of the interior conditions—is an enormous sin, the abuse of a sacred privilege, a sacrilege. She tells them that they would sin against God and conscience were they outwardly to submit to her teachings without first being inwardly convinced that so they should act. She can not accept life service without heart service; she can not accept outward conformity without inward belief.

The Catholic Church must seek conversions. Otherwise she would belie herself. She has within her the consciousness of certain things that imply the necessity of conversion. She realizes that she is a Church and commands that all who belong to that Church should be inwardly convinced of her truth. She has the consciousness of her own Oneness with that Institution of Christ, and consequently believes that it is God's wish that every one should enter her fold. She can not be wrong, therefore, when, according to the rules of Christian belief and of common sense as well, she maintains that any man who knows and agrees that she is the true Church and, puts his soul in danger, she understands, as a thought understands, that, in such a case, a man believes that God commands him to do a certain thing and yet he refuses to obey.

How entirely untrue to herself would the Catholic Church be did she not seek conversions. How false to her divine trust, did she not strive to reach into the souls of men, to convince the mind, to move the heart, for the purpose of bringing about the acceptance of what she knows to be of vital and eternal value.

Truth must extend itself; and the failure of any society to seek to convince others is an evidence of its own weak hold upon any truth at all. The Catholic Church makes her appeal to all. What is her attitude toward those who can not see with her eyes, who can not believe as she believes?

Concerning those who are not convinced of her claims, the Church again speaks in the voice of justice and truth. She teaches that, as long as such honestly believe that the Catholic Church is not the true Church of God, then they can be reasonably or honestly join her. No one can be compelled to believe, except by the intrinsic force of conviction. Words of one of the chief executives of the Church, Pope Pius IX., in regard to some placed in such a position, are of value as indicating the true position of the Church in regard to converting mankind. Writing to the bishops of Italy he said: "We and you know that those who lie under invincible ignorance as regards our most holy religion, and who, diligently observing the natural law and its precepts which are engraved by God on the hearts of all, and prepared to obey God, lead a good and upright life, are able, by the operation of the power of divine light and grace, to obtain eternal life."

Much as the Church is impelled by the very nature of her being to seek an increase in her membership, she does not wish that increase to be accompanied by the sacrifice of individual conviction or conscience. A dishonest convert is not a convert. How false the charge, then, that is frequently made, that Catholics believe that all outside the fold of the Church are lost; how dishonest to attribute to the Church anything but an attitude of justice and conscientiousness toward all those who are not of her visible fold, yet who at the same time believe themselves to be right.

Nor does this just and charitable attitude of the Church lessen the obligation of those who come face to face with her. She is set upon a mountain. There she is for all the world to see, for all the world to study, for all the world to know. Making the claims that she does—that she is the one true Church of Christ; that in her is contained the deposit of Christian faith; that all, in accordance with the will of Christ, are called to belong to her—she asks that her claims be investigated. For she is convinced that, upon investigation, these claims will stand forth freed from difficulties, and with power to convince the mind, to move the will and heart to their acceptance.

As preliminaries to the complete act of faith, which is ultimately a work of divine grace, she invites a study of her history, her dogmas and her traditions; she asks those without to read and study the numerous books written in explanation of her doctrines, books such as "The Faith of our Fathers," by Cardinal Gibbons, or "The Question Box," by Father Conway, or the more personal volumes proposing Catholic claims, such as "The Apologia," by Cardinal Newman, "Back to Holy Church," by Fr. J. Van Ruyven, "The Institution of the Eucharist," by Fr. Benson, "The Price of Unity," by Fr. Maturin. She further invites all to familiarize themselves with her wealth of spiritual literature, based upon her doctrines, but revealing in the progress of the soul toward union with God the fruitage of those doctrines. "The Following of Christ," by Thomas a Kempis, "The Confessions of St. Augustine," the various works of modern days, such books as "Self-knowledge and Self-discipline," by Fr. Maturin, or "The Sacrament of Duty," by Fr. McSorley, are but a few of the great abundance of such works that are comparatively unknown to the outer world. She asks those that would know her to become acquainted with her best fruits—the soul of those who are true to her teachings, faithful to her behests, giving acknowledgment of her authority—confident that those who gaze will see, shining through such souls, the truth that is divine.

It is, therefore, altogether in the spirit of charity that the Church is a convert-maker. She has something to give the soul of man. That something is the divine bequest of Christ Himself. His truth, His grace, His sacraments, are the living things that she transmits to human souls. She stands calling unto men as Christ called, that they may answer and be united to their Divine Resplendent; clothed in her beauty, resplendent in faith and hope and charity, her features glow and her heart burns for love of human souls. She stands, the spirit and bride of prophecy, and, with extended arms, welcomes all and calls to all with a divine accent: "And the spirit and the bride say: Come. And he that thirsteth, let him come: and he that will, let him take the water of life, freely."

The difference between a learned man and an ignorant man is that the former knows he does not know much, there is so much to be known; the latter is not knowing enough to know that his knowledge amounts to nothing.

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Who would ever have expected to see you here? I thought you left Canada some years ago. My Bill! You look just as natural as ever. Let me see now, it must be thirty years since I saw you before. That was the time that your father and my father were attending a meeting in Toronto and were staying at the Walker House. Guess those were the happy days. I will never forget. My! How you laughed at me when I fell sliding on the clean floor of the Office of the Hotel. My D-d thought it was a shame to dirty that clean floor. Have you been in Toronto lately? Is that so? I was there myself last week. My Gosh! they have got the House fixed up beautifully, and the meals are just as good as ever. In fact, I think they are a little better. It does an old timer of that Hotel a lot of good to see the way in which they look after women and children when they go in there. Mr. Wright, the Proprietor, is on the job all the time, moving around to see that everybody is attended to. Nothing escapes his eye. No doubt there will be lots of other hotels in Toronto, and many of them pretty good ones, Billy, but there is only one WALKER HOUSE for mine. Well, Good-Bye Old Chap! All right, that's a Go! Walker House next Tuesday. Mind your Step, you are getting old now, Bill. Good-Bye!

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LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1916

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

Before the RECORD again reaches its readers the year of our Lord 1916 will have taken its rank amongst the multitudinous host of the irrevocable Past. Will the ghosts of other years shrink from this blood-stained brother or will the red record of heroism it bears not rather give it an honored place amongst the years of great achievement? History, mayhap a long time hence, will write the impartial record and give A. D. 1916 its rightful place amongst the years of the past that cast their luminous lessons down the vista of ages yet to come.

A new year dawns, and with it comes the uncertain rays of the dawn of Peace on a war-scarred world. God grant that it be in reality the dawn of a peace for which a chastened world can be grateful.

To each and everyone of us the new year will bring its inevitable changes. Its joys and its sorrows, its sickness and health, its triumphs and its failures may be anticipated and discounted. The one important question for us is whether its end will find us a milestone farther on the right road. The ties that bind the RECORD and its readers are the common aspirations and efforts to make God's priceless gift of Catholic Faith the pillar of fire by night and the pillar of cloud by day, guiding our footsteps—filtering though they be at times—along the road that leads to Life.

Honestly and humbly looking back over the mistakes and failures and sins of the year just past we may with high courage and firm hope enter into the precious heritage of another year of grace. May 1917 deepen the pleasant relations of the CATHOLIC RECORD with its everwidening circle of loyal and warm-hearted friends and readers, and may it be to each and all, in every best sense of the word, a happy new year.

A HIGH PRIEST OF A MODERN RELIGION

It is the fashion just now to speak with contempt, even with scorn and loathing of German Kultur. Well, a very few short years ago such an attitude would be quite unanimously branded as reactionary, obscurantist, madraive, by the popinjary scientists who, dogmatizing, railed at dogma and revelled in the glorious freedom of modern thought. The crowd chorused applause as it does with equal discrimination and discernment now that the fashion has changed.

Against this same Kultur, against the same German spirit, against a tyranny more frightful than now obtains in Belgium, the Catholic Church waged unequal and heroic war in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Aye waged war and won the victory, more or less complete, for the highest freedom, freedom of conscience, freedom of education. Kultur counted her allies and sympathisers by the million amongst those who are now struggling to free themselves and the world from the logical development of the Kultur which they then blindly worshipped. The inevitable evolution of principles once admired, revered, and to a greater or less extent adopted has led to the sanguinary Kulturkampf of today.

It must be a constant source of surprise to German scholars, hitherto the acknowledged masters of "Modern Thought," to witness the apostasy of their docile and reverent disciples. Ours is not an age when thinking is coextensive with the diffusion of

what is called education. It is not an age when underlying principles are recognized, or even sought. In many respects it is a childish age, an age governed by the unregulated desires of the immature and undisciplined child. Childish impatience with the restraints of authority; childish contempt for the lessons of experience; childish delight in the novel in education, in religion, in morals; childish dreams of an impossible future; childish unrest, childish fickleness. Indeed the most modern modernist is now behind the age; the real progressive is a Futurist. Education promises soon to be concerned not so much with the present generation of children as in providing the future with a weedless crop of eugenic babies.

True as the needle to the pole the Catholic Church, as the divinely appointed guardian of the eternal truths of revelation, stands for freedom of education. And there is ground for hope that the present war for freedom will go far to free the world of the worst of its tyrannies, the tyranny of the State in matters of mind and conscience. That is a usurpation of power that must be cast off if the world struggle is to issue in real victory. That we take it is one of the most valuable lessons of the War. In Germany we see the inevitable consequences of State-worship.

To this train of thought we were led by reading the pronouncements of a world-famous leader of modern thought. Ernst Haeckel is one of the high priests of the modern philosophy of life that would supplant the Christian religion. He is now eighty-two years old and has recently published a book, already translated into English, with the comprehensive title: "Eternity: World - War Thoughts on Life and Death, Religion and the Theory of Evolution."

"Standing," as he modestly says, "on the high watch-tower of pure reason and surveying the world in general," with that peculiar love of freedom which characterizes modern "free" thought, he thus delivers himself on Education:

"I should emphasize especially the necessity for school reform and the importance of establishing upon an improved basis the reciprocal relation between school, Church, and State. From my free-thinking, monistic point of view I regard the separation of school and Church and of State and Church as highly desirable. It was done long ago in Holland and the United States and recently in France, proving beneficial to all concerned."

So far we might find ourselves in some measure of agreement with the apostle of freedom of thought. In the present condition of things the Church absolutely free from the State is "highly desirable;" indeed, an essential condition of true freedom. But how far separation of Church and State in France recognizes this principle of freedom is quite another matter. The State in its own sphere free is also a proposition which, properly understood, we need not quarrel with. Why not go a step further and leave the school free while safeguarding the unquestioned interests of the State?

One reason this apostle of modern freedom gives himself in these words: "I do not advocate the complete elimination of religious instruction. On the contrary, we are striving to have our monistic religion developed as the natural ethics for the moral upbringing of the young, especially since in its most important principles, human love and tolerance, it is in agreement with the essential practical moral teaching of Christianity. What we object to merely is the enforced teachings of the theoretical doctrines of the Christian faith to our youth as divine revelations. Nothing but mythological poetic inventions, they are in direct conflict with the results of modern science."

So "from his free-thinking monistic point of view" that is the "freedom" he would magnanimously concede in the domain where freedom counts the most to those who believe in Christian education. And that is about the measure of freedom that he belets us anywhere if the German ideal of absolute State supremacy keeps growing apace, as it has undoubtedly grown in recent years. What is the "monistic religion" of this high-priest of modernism? From the Encyclopedia Britannica: "Not content with the study of evolution in its zoological aspects, Haeckel also applied it to some of the oldest problems of philosophy and religion. 'Every living cell has psychic properties, and the psychic life of multicellular organisms is the sum-total of the psychic functions of the cells of which they are composed. Moreover, just as the highest animals have

been evolved from the simplest forms of life, so the highest faculties of the human mind have been evolved from the soul of the brute-beasts, and more remotely from the simple cell-soul of the unicellular Protozoa. As a consequence of these views Haeckel was led to deny the immortality of the soul, the freedom of the will, and the existence of a personal God."

This is perhaps sufficient to show how completely "our monistic religion" is "in its most important principles, in agreement with the essential practical moral teachings of Christianity!"

And this is the system of "natural ethics" which "we are striving" to impose in the "free" school "for the moral upbringing of the young."

We should like very much to point several morals; but for the moment one must suffice; others must wait. The Catholic Church is fighting the greatest battle for freedom in the whole history of the human race in standing firm as the impregnable Rock on which she is built for the rights of conscience, the rights of parents, the rights of the individual, against the most intolerable form of tyranny—State absolutism in education.

"SUFFER THE LITTLE ONES TO COME UNTO ME"

"And they brought to Him young children, that He might touch them. And the disciples rebuked them that brought them. Whom when Jesus saw, He was much displeased, and said to them: Suffer the little children to come unto Me and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God." (Mark x, 13, 14.)

Down to the end of time will this little incident in the life of our Lord speak to the trusting and believing hearts of innocent children of the special and tender love His Sacred Heart cherishes for the little ones.

We all now feel the deep conviction that His Vicar, Pius X., truly interpreted that love when he decided that children as soon as they come to the use of reason, and understand that miracle of divine love, are to be allowed to come to their Sacramental Lord. Few there are who have not felt that in very truth Jesus again rebuked His disciples saying: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not."

But Pius X. left on priests and parents a solemn responsibility in the matter. No precise rule as to age can apply to all cases. No exact and definite instruction is laid down. Parents as well as pastors share the responsibility of teaching the little children, and share also, the responsibility of judging in each particular case whether or not the child has sufficient understanding of what he is doing to approach the Holy Table.

From the preface to an unique little Catechism for Communion Classes, and intended especially for the use of parents, we quote:

Were nothing further required than to commit those lessons of (any one of the many First Communion Catechisms) to memory there is really no reason why children might not be admitted to the Sacraments as soon as they are capable of learning a few chapters by rote. But they are to understand certain important truths. And the Rt. Rev. Bishop Bellord insists "that learning by rote should be secondary, and an occasional aid only to the exercise of the intellect. When children have read a lesson once or twice, or have read it to them and are then questioned about it, it will be found that they quickly get into the way of attending to sense rather than to words, and of answering more intelligently and accurately than when they are limited to one cut-and-dried set of half-understood formulas."

Catechism should be the most interesting subject imaginable to children. When it is mere catechism limited to set question and set answer it is often the very opposite. The father or mother who feels constrained to teach the sweet story of Christ in that way is to be pitied. And yet the Catechism itself, together with an unholy tradition, almost imposes that stupid method.

What makes this little Catechism unique is that it is full of questions but without answers. So that the parent or untrained teacher is literally forced to explain intelligently the fundamental truths in simple language. There is then contact of the understanding mind of the parent with the budding intelligence of the child. There is not a doubt in the world that other questions will suggest themselves to both parent and child, and the teaching becomes something living, interesting, and beautiful. What labor of love could be more beautiful and interesting than that of the father or mother impressing on the imagination of their child the image of the loving

Christ, and on its awakening and wonderfully receptive intelligence the Truths which He came into this world to teach.

No one with experience will doubt the marvellous receptivity of innocent childhood's mind and heart.

One of the effects of original sin we all know and remember is darkness of the understanding. The beclouding effects of actual sin we are more apt to forget. The clean mind and pure heart of the innocent child are perhaps the best possible ground for the good seed of the word of God.

"St. Basil's Catechism for First Communion Classes" will help parents very materially to discharge intelligently a duty which no Catholic father or mother will dare to shirk, or even to pass on to teacher or priest. These have their place and their duty in the instruction of the child. But the father's and mother's duty are inescapably their very own. No one can relieve them of responsibilities and duties imposed by God Himself.

This unique and original and, we venture to think, effective aid to Catechism teaching bears the Imprimatur of the Archbishop of Toronto and is published by the Basilian Fathers. (\$3.00 per hundred.)

NEW YEAR EXEMPLARS

During the year there passed away, in the heyday of their young manhood, two of our citizens whose memory bids fair to remain green in the land that honored them and was honored by them. One was prominent in the field of athletics; the other in the intellectual arena. We refer to "Glad" Murphy and Professor Kylie—we so designate the latter; for it is as a scholar and not as a soldier that he will be remembered by those who knew him best. It is not to add anything to the universal chorus of praise that marked the passing of these two noble sons of Canada and of the Church that we thus single them out; but rather to point to them as exemplars for our young men at this season of noble resolves and fervent resolutions.

One lesson that their lives teach is that each one of us exercises a greater influence for good or evil upon his associates than he wots of. No doubt Glad Murphy, the hero of many a hockey and football contest, the honorable, manly player of the game, the clean-living and conscientious Catholic, little dreamed of the wonderful power of his example upon his intimates who knew him and upon the crowd that watched him. It was not until the fatal accident had laid him on his deathbed, that something of the magnitude of the silent apostolate of that one young man was made manifest by the unusual tokens of appreciation and affection of which he was the recipient.

The same was revealed, in even a more striking manner, in the case of Professor Kylie. Although not much in the public eye, being of a retiring disposition, his death called forth from every section of the community and of the press such a spontaneous and eloquent expression of personal esteem and admiration for his strength and beauty of his character, as has fallen to the lot of few of our citizens, even among those occupying the most exalted position. Nor was his influence confined to Canada alone. A fellow student, writing from "somewhere in France," said of him: "Edward meant more to me than anyone in Canada, and of the many who mourn him as a national loss I am within the happy and now bereaved circle to whom the loss was, first of all, personal. I know just a little of his devotion 'to his own people'—the beauty and the fragrance of that side of his character. He was to me more than a companion. He shaped my ideals more than anyone else. He made a Canadian of me." Another of his fellow students of Oxford, writing from far off India, said of him: "I think he was just the best man I ever knew—the purest and the gentlest, with a mind like silver refined in fire. The good he did to Canada and Balliol was immense. Personally I only know two Canadians of my time who could hold their own at that extraordinary college and impress the whole and not a part of it—Kylie and Patterson—both dead by the mysterious providence of God. I hope a double portion of his spirit will fall on some Toronto men of the new generation. He made the Catholic ideal a lovely thing."

This closing sentence sums up very succinctly Edward Kylie's mission. He indeed made the Catholic ideal a lovely thing, and, in doing so, he conferred a boon upon society and set a mark for the young men who were to come after him. A sympathetic editorial reference in a Toronto paper was prefaced by this remark: "Why Edward Kylie should be taken away is a question none of us can answer." We think the answer to that question is contained in these sentences from the Book of Wisdom: "A venerable old age is not that of long time, nor counted by the number of years; but the understanding of a man is grey hairs, and a spotless life is old age. He was taken away lest wickedness should alter his understanding or deceit beguile his soul. Being made perfect in a short space, he fulfilled a long time." He, no doubt, would have done much for Canada and the Church if he had lived to the allotted span, but his seemingly untimely death did far more; for it brought under the influence of his example many who otherwise might not have known of him, and it left to be treasured in his Alma Mater, a Catholic exemplar that will be a beacon light to future generations of its students.

He possessed two traits of character that we especially commend to the youth of our day. The first was his devotion to and reverence for his parents. In this age, when children are so prone to forget the debt that they owe to their fathers and mothers; so careless of manifesting their interest in them and love for them, it is indeed refreshing to see one so honored for his intellectual attainments showing, with childlike simplicity, such filial affection and devotion. Inaugurate when undergraduates have such an exalted esteem of their own wisdom that they would not deign to ask counsel of anyone, it is edifying to see one of the most learned of their professors seeking the advice of his parents on every important step in his career.

The other trait, which suggests a much-needed lesson for the young—and older—Catholic of our day, was his loyalty to truth. We remember well the first lecture that he delivered in his native town after his post-graduate course in England. The subject was "Memories of Oxford;" the audience was, for the most part, non-Catholic. A smaller man might have trimmed his sails to suit the wind, might have made a bid for popularity by glossing over the history of the Catholic foundation and the Catholic traditions of Oxford. Not so Edward Kylie. He had learned to love those traditions; he was enamored of the golden days when the sons of St. Francis and St. Dominic held forth in old St. Mary's; and he spoke of them with all the ardor of an enthusiast. Nor did he fear to state the truth, that the University's decline coincided with the decline of Catholicism in England; nor that its rebirth was brought about by that great movement, whose leading spirit was Cardinal Newman, and which again made Oxford a dominating element in the life of the nation. Often, since that day when we have seen Catholic public men hedging and trimming and soft-pedaling, through lack of moral courage, we have thought of Edward Kylie's loyalty to truth, which has made his memory all the more revered without as well as within the household of the Faith.

THE GLEANER.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

A RABBI in a Methodist pulpit expounding the tenets of Judaism! That is the latest novelty in Toronto in the way of preparation for Christmas. Why should it not be followed up by an exposition of the attractions of Buddhism by a Brahmin; a discourse on Islamism by a Sheikh; a delineation of the beautiful tenets of Mormonism, as exemplified in the life of Brigham Young; and a lecture on out-and-out atheism by a disciple of Ingersoll or Bradlaugh? Anything, so long as it is a novelty, goes in such circles these days.

ONE EFFECT of the growing scarcity of paper is the appearance of a newspaper, the Cowitz County Advocate, published in the State of Washington, printed on shingles. The enterprising proprietor, finding that owing to the exorbitant price of paper the sheet could be got out more economically in this way, immediately adopted it, and, apparently, to good purpose, for this news-shingle has increased the circulation. And the proprietor and editor is a woman! After this, who dare not be a suffragette!

IN AN address at the Bible College, Toronto, the Rev. Dr. James M. Gray, of Chicago, is reported to have said:

"The blood-bought church and the children of the devil lead us in praise of our dear and glorious God. It is terrible," exclaimed Dr. Gray, "there are men and women who have been singing in the theatre on Saturday, and come into the church on Sunday and lead in the singing of the praise of God. May the power of God come down upon us and separate us from these kind."

DOES THE Reverend Doctor mean that the mere fact of the adoption of the dramatic profession as a means of livelihood entitles men and women to be called "children of the devil," and to be excluded from Christian churches? What a theme for the poet, Burns! If the above correctly reports this modern "Holy Willie," his words will bear no other meaning. Strange, is it not, that a professional student of the Bible should have overlooked the parable of the Pharisee and the Publican, and have had no room in his thoughts for One who bore the reproach of being the "friend of publicans and sinners." "It is terrible," he might have exclaimed in His regard, as well then as now.

ANOTHER EXPONENT of sectarianism who has been airing his broad-mindedness in Canada of late, is the notorious "Bishop" Burt who, as head of the American Methodist outfit in Rome for many years, earned an international reputation for scurrility, dishonest proselytizing tactics, and insolent bearing towards the Head of the Catholic Church. He gave himself credit for having planted a Methodist mission at the very door of the Vatican, and he was one of those responsible for the unfortunate Roosevelt episode in Rome, for which the ex-president is said to still owe him a grudge.

THE "BISHOP," the reporters say, "denounced modern Romanism," and assured his hearers that "it had nothing to do with New Testament Christianity but was simply a combination of Judaism and paganism." Perhaps that is why one of the Methodist churches opened its pulpit to a rabbi as chronicled above. They wanted to pump him as to the inward workings of that "Romanism" with which, on Burt's showing, he should be familiar. But rabbis ordinarily have a higher sense of decency and more respect for the feelings of others than preachers of the Burt type are capable of. Besides, they know something of the ways of the proselytizer, their own people having suffered from like agencies, much nearer home than Italy. We cannot help wondering what Burt's auditors thought of his tirade at this time against the religion of the majority of Britain's Allies. There is evidently a great field in Canada for Lloyd George's apostolate.

THE MAIL and Empire had some very timely remarks a few days ago on just such incidents as this. "In the churches," it said, "selfishness, ambition and uncharitableness are not completely overcome by even the powerful sentiment of patriotism. . . . The man who has a sharp tongue, a gift for saying smart things or a propensity to disparage others ought to put a guard on his tongue in these days." This is a very wise and necessary aphorism, and as true regarding churches as individuals. Can the Methodist congregation that listened throughout to the scurrilous tirade of an imported soul stealer without protest be considered as exempt from such an admonition. There were no doubt among his auditors many who are making fortunes out of the War. It would be interesting to the general public to have their definition of either patriotism or decency.

WHEN THE complete history of the defence of Verdun comes to be written it will stand out as one of the most remarkable events in all history. At present we get only glimpses, but these are sufficient to fix it in the mind of everybody, whether friend or foe, as the high-water mark of human fortitude and endurance. It has forever exalted on a pinnacle the glory of French military genius and French arms. But one feature of the defence which is generally lost sight of is that Verdun, like Paris, was saved by the motor car. That, at least, is the verdict of a well-informed writer in the Scientific American, whose article on the subject has just been brought to our attention.

WE may hope and pray, however, that peace with reparation for the past and adequate security for the future may be secured on some basis less unworthy of Christian civilization than the savage triumph of brute force. That is civilization's counsel of despair. An interesting light is thrown on the whole situation by Hastings Smith, M. P. In the British House of Commons Mr. Smith, dressed in his khaki uniform, supporting the idea of peace negotiations thus concluded: "If it were put to a vote of the men at the front whether—provided we could obtain guarantees that our honorable obligations would be fulfilled—we should then make a serious effort to get the parties together, then I am certain such a proposition

TO UNDERSTAND how motor trucks saved Verdun, and why it was like a miracle, one must first of all understand the position of the French at the famous old fortress. Relatively, it is prodigiously strong, but the fate of Liege, Namur and Maubeuge had demonstrated the utter futility of forts to withstand the most modern artillery. To General Joffre and his staff, moreover, Verdun was the weakest point on the whole French line for the simple reason that being a salient it was open to fire from three sides, and, because of the lack of railway facilities, it was the hardest point to supply. How the latter difficulty was overcome must forever rank high among both the romances of War and the achievements of organization. The story has not, that we are aware, been told in the Canadian press, and we propose, therefore, to outline it next week for the benefit of our readers. Space forbids that we should do so now.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

THE PROSPECTS OF PEACE

Operations at the various battle fronts, such as they are, are so completely overshadowed by considerations from all sorts of viewpoints of the proposed peace negotiations that little space and no prominence is given by the press to actual war news.

The great facts stand out that Germany has proposed not peace terms but a peace parley; that, while indicating that drastic concessions must be made by Germany, the Allies have deliberately refrained from rejecting outright the German proposal. On top of this comes the American note whose influence can hardly fail to give the impetus needed to convert the parley into a conference. Secretary of State Lansing, forgetting the discretion imposed by his official position and not fully realizing the importance that would necessarily attach to anything he might say in such a tremendous crisis, made a statement which was interpreted as an intimation, even a threat, that the United States might, if peace negotiations failed, enter the War. On which side might depend on the definition of aims and purposes in response to the American Note. Though this extraordinary pronouncement was later retracted and explained, the fact of the statement remains; and there is a feeling that the Secretary of State's indiscretion reveals a contingent policy of the United States. Whether the maladroitness Secretary has helped the cause of peace or added to the complications of the situation is yet to be seen.

The financial barometer is notoriously sensitive, but the tumbling of securities in all parts of the world indicates the belief that the end of hostilities, if not in sight, is well within the range of possibility. Such is the situation as we go to press (Dec. 22).

There is a marked moderation of that bellicose disposition to brand as treasonable all hope or talk of peace. Many of our papers and public speakers still, apparently, feel it incumbent on them to point out the obvious, and to prove the self-evident; but there is a growing disposition even amongst them to recognize the statesmanship and intelligence of the men at the helm of the ship of State, and to trust the wisdom of those on the watch-towers whose vision has a wider sweep and whose judgment and patriotism are not less sound than ours.

Of course negotiations will not be entered into unless there is solid ground to hope that they may have a successful issue; and even then they may have to be broken off in face of irreconcilable disagreements that may develop. Peace is not yet in sight by any means; the war may have to go on to the bitter end. We may hope and pray, however, that peace with reparation for the past and adequate security for the future may be secured on some basis less unworthy of Christian civilization than the savage triumph of brute force. That is civilization's counsel of despair.

An interesting light is thrown on the whole situation by Hastings Smith, M. P. In the British House of Commons Mr. Smith, dressed in his khaki uniform, supporting the idea of peace negotiations thus concluded: "If it were put to a vote of the men at the front whether—provided we could obtain guarantees that our honorable obligations would be fulfilled—we should then make a serious effort to get the parties together, then I am certain such a proposition

would be carried by virtual unanimity.

"I am not prepared to face the prospect of a military decision, which means a war of attrition, unless I am convinced there is no other way out. I believe in the security scheme by which the nations agree together each to guarantee all and all guarantee each. An attempt to hold the central empires down by a military decision, followed by economic strangulation, would mean carrying forward into peace all hostilities and hatreds of the War. It would divide Europe into two hostile camps and would make war more inevitable and deadly than ever and would fasten conscription and militarism forever on all nations."

Evidently, in Mr. Smith's opinion, it is not the brave men fighting other brave men at the front who think that the only good German is a dead German. That blood-thirsty creed is more in favor with the man whose ardent patriotism makes him, like the American humorist, willing to sacrifice on the altar of his country all his wife's relations.

T. P. O'CONNOR'S LETTER

LLOYD GEORGE EMBODIES THE NATION'S WILL

HIS ILLNESS DELAYED SOLUTION OF IRISH QUESTION, HAS SURMOUNTED DIFFICULTIES INCREDIBLE. NOW DICTATOR

Special Cable to the CATHOLIC RECORD (Copyright 1916, Central News)

London, Dec. 28.—The narrow partisans of former Premier Herbert Asquith who had been denouncing Premier Lloyd George as a selfish intriguer, were grievously disappointed on Tuesday, when Asquith rose in the House of Commons and after congratulating Lloyd George on his address volunteered the statement that there had never been a personal quarrel between the two men during their long years of association. Further heartbreaks were caused when the former Premier pledged his hearty support to the Lloyd George Ministry.

The speech of the new Premier was everywhere regarded as a splendid exposition of England's case, the passage in his address rejecting Germany's overtures being especially applauded, except by a small group of pacifists. There was scarcely even a ripple of excitement when Premier George announced that the Government would take over the control of all the mining and shipping resources of the country and would proceed to enroll all the civil as well as the military life of Great Britain in one final effort to bring the struggle to a victorious end. It is now perfectly evident that the country has regained its self confidence under the magic spell wrought by a small, but united and energetic Ministry, and that the determination of the British public to go on and on, until victory is won, has grown stronger and stronger with each succeeding day.

The only mistake in Premier Lloyd George's speech was the lack of definiteness in his announcement of a determination on the part of the government to settle the Irish question. The real truth of the situation is that Premier George was more ill than was generally known and was unable to leave his bed or see anybody for several days. He particularly wanted time to consult with such discordant elements as Sir Edward Carson before making a definite announcement as to the Irish situation. Just what form this announcement will take is somewhat obscure but it is believed the next few days will do much to clear the air. In the meantime, in Tory speeches, and in Tory newspapers as well as Liberal, with the single exception of the Morning Post, there is expressed a fervent desire that a settlement of the question be hastened.

I have already informed you of the curious state of relations which existed between the two most powerful figures in the Ministry—Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George. As I anticipated, these relations ended in the Ministerial earthquake which we have had. Up to the last moment—indeed almost up to midnight—on the fateful Sunday which was to decide the fate of the Ministry, the separation of the two seemed inevitable. Lloyd George owes his extraordinary position—apart from his gifts as orator, his powers as a negotiator, his instinctive knowledge of political work—Lloyd George owes his position to a courage that is always ready to face any dangers or difficulties, to go out into the wilderness of opposition if that were necessary. And he had got to such a state of exasperation and despair with regard to the dilatoriness with which the War was conducted, that if he had not got his way he made up his mind not only to leave office, but also to go to the country and plead before them for a more vigorous prosecution of the War.

His position in the Cabinet has been peculiar and unhappy for some time. In this particular moment of British history you had one of those paradoxes which so often occur in human history—that is to say, that while the mass of the people of the country were one way, the men who had the control and the power were in another way. Lloyd George is looked upon by all the masses as the embodiment of the energy, the cour-

age and the promptitude with which the War should be carried on; and if it had been left to a plebiscite, there is little doubt but that he would be the choice of the masses. But on the other hand, he has many enemies among the rulers; and in the House of Commons he is looked upon with some suspicion by many Liberals—especially by the anti-conscriptionist group—by many Labor men, by of course the little knot of pacifists; and the attitude of the Irish towards him, though personally friendly, is one of vigilant observation. With this result—which explains how all his energies have been obstructed and embarrassed—that any policy of his, if opposed by the military or other authorities, was turned down; and he was left helpless.

Anybody outside the inner life of politics might well think such a state of things impossible—especially in the midst of a great war. But human nature with its jealousies, its appetites, its narrowness—prevails even in war time; and small men are constantly able to overcome the best efforts of the biggest men. I'll give an extraordinary example from an earlier stage of this war. Within a couple of months after the opening of the War, Lloyd George expressed to me the opinion that this war would be ultimately won by big guns and big shells. He preached that gospel in vain for months; one morning when I was breakfasting with him, he expressed it again with such vehemence, that I went down to my constituency to a St. Patrick's Day banquet and raised the note of alarm in a speech, the heading of which was "Shells, Shells, Shells." The warnings of Lloyd George once again remained without answer; the little men and the stupid men resisted him.

At last there came the Coalition Ministry, which I now believe was brought about by Lloyd George, among others, in order to meet this shells difficulty. The first result was the creation of the Ministry of Munitions. Do you suppose that Lloyd George's difficulties were now at an end? Not a bit of it. As the Ministry was originally planned, the shells were to be manufactured by the Government but not to be sent to the front. They were simply to be stored in the War Office. Lloyd George wanted this or that kind of weapon, which his instinct for war problems recommended to him; he asked for them in vain; until he again contemplated resignation and consulted his friends as to whether he was not better to do so. But he gained his way in the end, and in a few months, of the unnecessary and perilous delay; and he became master of the whole munitions problem. The thousands of munition works all over the United Kingdom and the cyclones of shells on the Somme front are the best justification of his action.

It will probably be asked why it is that Lloyd George, being thus the darling of the masses, did not ask for the Premiership. I say sincerely and confidently that I don't believe he would have been a fool if he had. First, he would have had against him all the friends of Mr. Asquith; and Mr. Asquith has few enemies outside the violent press. Once at a banquet at which Mr. Asquith was present, I made the observation that he and I were always on good terms because like Goethe and his mother, we had been young together; for I have known him since he was a slim, fair-haired young man at the junior bar. Everybody who has ever been brought close to him, and who respects but loves him; though he is not a man easy to get on with, he is aloof, he never sees journalists, he hates deputations; if you seek to penetrate through the thick armour-plate reserve and shyness with which he guards his inner self you cannot penetrate a little bit. I once asked him to write a chapter of autobiography for a publication of mine; he said that he would just as soon run in Adam's vesture before the Fall, through Hyde Park, or words to that effect.

In addition, Lloyd George, therefore, if he had striven to force himself into the Premiership, would have been confronted by the feeling—the unjust feeling doubtless—that he had intruded to drive out of office one of the most honorable, high-minded and ablest men that ever held the British Premiership. If he could have formed a Ministry at all—which is highly doubtful—he would have had to fight for his life constantly; in short he would have been so beset and so worried that he could not have given his whole mind to the War.

Mr. Asquith has the finest mind in public life to-day. When it comes to weighing arguments, there is no brain has such a wondrous power of getting at once to the central issues and of pronouncing a judgment upon them. In addition, there is no man who has the incomparable gift of reconciling men and opinions, and in a war it is as necessary to maintain a united front as much as on the battlefield. To have substituted for such a man even so powerful a genius as Mr. Lloyd George would have been a very perilous adventure. Thus it was that he had to arrive at the compromise which has eventuated.

Both men are held to be equally indispensable; but each man has been left to the department for which his gifts best suit him, and more or less removed from the department for which his special temperament unfits him. The one man has still the leadership which composes and unites; the other man

is given practically dictatorial powers in the active conduct of the War. It is not an ideal arrangement; it is contrary to all the traditions of our methods of Government and our theories of Ministerial responsibility; but it is far and away the best settlement that could have been arrived at in the very difficult conditions.

THE WORLD'S STORY

Once more the thoughts of the world are turning towards Bethlehem and its stable. The growing complexity of its problems have failed to deafen its inner ear to the music of Christmas tide already pealing its unworried message to the children of men. "The heavens are telling the glory of God" sang the psalmist in his hymn of praise. The music of the spheres, the rhythmic swing of countless millions of worlds throbbing in limitless space, is creation's vast hymns of tribute to its Creator, yet to the great heart of humanity which responds to love rather than to power, the music of the spheres is but a whisper compared to that evangel of Bethlehem's midnight and the sob of the night wind through the cave where the Son of Man was born bears a message more appealing than the thunders of the myriads of worlds that swing through space.

Christians of the world, feast it is the summing up of a world ideal, not attained yet, but always attainable; for to all the world it bears the message of true fraternity, founded on no empty shibboleth of human device, but upon the firm ground of Divine Compassion. So the festival as it passes, transfuses the world heart with charity, which is fraternity, divinely interpreted, and self is no longer deified, for the horizon of self is broadened into its own effacement in the conscious presence of all-embracing humanity, a universal brotherhood in the bonds of Christ.

Divinely eloquent in its simplicity, intense in its appeal, stupendous in the force of the lesson it conveys, what wonder that the story of Bethlehem has permeated the current of human thought. In drama, in poetry, in music, in art, it has found glorious expression at the hands of the great masters of every century. Truly the prophet of ancient Israel spoke when he said of Bethlehem: "And thou Bethlehem art a little one among the thousands of Judea, yet out of thee shall He come forth, that is to be the ruler of Israel, and His going forth is from the beginning,—from the days of Eternity."

It was a four days' journey on foot from Nazareth to Bethlehem. The peasant carpenter and his spouse were too poor to afford the luxury of conveyance. We of to-day, living as we are in an age of luxury, enjoying every facility of transportation and unaccustomed to inconvenience, can scarcely appreciate the dread which the prospect of such a journey must have instilled in the minds of the aged carpenter and of the expectant Mother. It was a journey that lay over vast stretches of undulating hills, a journey, one may well imagine, replete with privation, with hunger, with cold, with physical and mental torture. Hour after hour dragged wearily by, and then after mile they tramped. The sun rose and sank again behind the western hills, and darkness fell upon the earth. Dawn came again to light the travelers along their road. Still the way stretched interminably before them. At last the lights of Bethlehem glowed beneath them in the valley. The thought of shelter and warmth and food gave strength to their faltering footsteps. They were penniless but surely they would not be turned away. Mother of Sorrows! That night in Bethlehem confined her title. They had no room for her; they had yet to learn from the lips of the Child Who had come into their midst, the new gospel of humanity: "Whatsoever you do unto the least of My brethren you do unto Me."

The last petition was made, and the last refusal given. The stable offered little comfort, but at least it sheltered one from the raw night air. On its earthen floor the straw was spread. A new light glows above. Its brightness intensifies and broadens till each hill and valley around is bathed in its radiance. The faint throbbing of music swells into a chorus of joy.

Glory to God in the Highest, and on Earth peace to men of good will. The midnight is past and the eternal dawn of divine compassion is upon the earth. It is Christmas day, the birthday of Him Who has assumed human nature and transformed it by the touch of the Divine, Who will free the slave, Who will enrich poverty by a wealth imperishable, Who will place upon the brow of sorrow the diadem of a Divine nobility, Who will "lift up the lowly and set the mighty down from their seats." Who will exalt the mother and enoble universal womanhood in His own Blessed Mother.

This dignity and the appeal of motherhood is the echo of the motherhood of Mary. The mothers of the world are so many Marys; their cause is strong to move the great world heart because the world has not yet forgotten Bethlehem. When they cry for peace their cry finds responsive chords because the world is still kneeling, though it may not admit its reverence, before the Mother of Bethlehem. If the image of God is upon the human soul, the image of the Divine Motherhood of Mary is upon our civilization; and not until religion shall have finally effected it, will motherhood relinquish its dignity and its tenderness.—The Catholic Vigil.

CARDINAL BOURNE

SAYS WAR WILL HELP TO OBLITERATE RELIGIOUS PREJUDICES

In a sermon recently preached by His Eminence, Cardinal Bourne, at the centenary celebrations of the Church of St. Mary, Holly Place, Hampstead, England, he took for his text, "Fear not, little flock, for it hath pleased your Father to give you a kingdom." (Luke xli.)

In the year 1778, said His Eminence, two Bishops were engaged in conversation here in London. One was the venerable Vicar Apostolic of the London District. He was then well over eighty years of age. The other was a Vicar Apostolic of the Lowland District of Scotland. The second of these two Bishops owed his encouragement to enter the episcopal state to Bishop Challoner, and he had come to London to confer with him on the work given him to do in Scotland. The humble lodging of the Vicar Apostolic of the London district their thoughts were sad indeed. At no time since the reformation had the Catholic Church been at a lower ebb. There was internal misunderstanding, and the work of that Vicar Apostolic was being impaired even by those who ought to have given him the greatest encouragement.

BISHOP CHALLONER

The long life and episcopate of Bishop Challoner had witnessed the gradual decline of the numbers and the maintenance of the faith of his flock. There was nothing hopeful in the future; everything seemed to be on the decline; all round it was a case of losing ground. Then suddenly the aged Bishop uttered the words: "There shall be a new people." Knowing as we do the saintly character of Bishop Challoner, though he would have been the first to disclaim any right to prophetic foresight, we may well believe that in the moment God gave him supernatural intimation of the better days soon to open out before the Catholic Church in this country.

He himself was not destined to see even the first dawn of those better days. Two years later the Gordon riots broke out and devastated Catholic London.

CHURCHES DESERTED

Churches were deserted, priests were in hiding, and even the Bishop himself had to take refuge at Finchley, then a small village, and lie there in hiding till the fear was over. So insecure was his position that one moment there had gathered a great mob on Hampstead Heath, and he was warned to go further into the country.

And then again God seems to have given him some knowledge of what would take place, and he told his own people that his service of danger was over. He returned to Gloucester street a broken man, and went to his reward in January, 1781.

THE CENTENARY OF THIS MISSION

Today we are celebrating the centenary of this mission and church which had their part, and that a glorious part indeed, in the growth of the new people of whom Bishop Challoner then spoke. And I think we may attune our minds and hearts to give thanks heartily to Almighty God on such an occasion, when we try to set before our minds how the growth of that new people has been brought about.

The one thing necessary for the Catholic Church, in order to do her duty to mankind, is to be able to come in contact with those who make up the nation in which her life is cast; and about one hundred and fifty years ago, at the sad death of Bishop Challoner, all contact with his fellow countrymen in this land was obstructed in every possible way. And one by one the Providence of God has gradually cast down those obstacles, so that at the present time we are able to go in and out among those who compose the nation and exercise an influence impossible to our forefathers of nearly a century ago.

THE UNREASONABLENESS OF PREJUDICE

One obstacle is prejudice, an unreasoning fear of studying the Catholic Church, which keeps so many Englishmen from even examining her claims. They are content that other nations should give their adhesion to the Catholic Church, but somehow are reluctant to admit that the Church has any claim upon themselves. Less than ten years after Bishop Challoner there came to this country a host of persecuted men driven from their country by the French Revolution.

Their coming awakened sympathy. Men were prepared to give them help and compassion and assistance and to listen to them in a way that they would not have listened to those who represented the Catholic Church in this country. Thousands of them came to our shores and were received with a charity that certainly has brought down great blessing upon us. They went their way among our people, and tried to shake out a scanty existence in our schools, both elementary schools and schools of every class. And in many cases the first kind of sign-post to the Catholic Church among school boys in those days was the fact that they had been taught French by an exiled priest of France.

barrier was broken down to a large extent, compared with the days that went before, by Catholic Emancipation, won by us almost entirely by the encouragement and devotion of O'Connell.

Then we have another obstacle, when men are shut out from the national culture of their country, when they cannot take part in the intellectual life which is found in other sections of society. A sort of blight rests upon those shut out. Among their number there are few members who have grown up in the traditional centres of teaching. So long as that is the case, such a body stands aside from the national life in great measure. Then, in the years from 1840 to 1850, there came that wonderful movement towards the Catholic Church which originated in the University of Oxford.

CARDINAL NEWMAN

When men of the intellectual standing of Cardinal Newman made their submission to the Catholic Church and accepted her teaching, and in turn became teachers in the ranks of her clergy, another obstacle was thrown down, and more and more we came in contact with all the nation and not merely one section of it. But neither the ceasing of persecutions nor the removal of civil disabilities is enough to give that strength to the Church which she ought to possess. She must have numbers. Not only in single missions, but all over the country, so that she may make her influence felt everywhere when public questions arise. And it seemed in those days that the natural growth of the Catholic Church would never be of such considerable numbers.

Then Providence found another way in the sufferings of a sister people and in bringing to our shores, to great cities and remote villages, hundreds and thousands of people driven by famine from Ireland. They brought the Faith with them, and at once new life from another source began to be felt in the country far in excess of the existing numbers of the Catholic Church already in the land.

They set up new centres, humble but strong in faith and devotion, when the influence of the Catholic Church went all over the country from beginning to end. Another obstacle was incomplete organization. The Bishops set to rule the Church of God are, and must be, the centres of spiritual life and influence, and with the establishment of the Hierarchy, was given the full form of active government. Since then the progress of the Church has been much quicker. So one by one obstacles were removed. First one difficulty disappeared; then another. There gradually rose up in our midst that new people foreseen by that Vicar Apostolic.

Your church and mission have had their part in that growth. From this hill those who have composed this mission and worshipped in this old church have looked down upon the vast city and seen the houses occupy the place of once green fields and have been surrounded and surpassed by the growth of the city round them. So that what was once the centre of an immense district has now become but one of the many churches in the district.

This mission owes its origin and its existence, as you know, to one of those French priests. He began by ministering to his own people. And when the trouble went back to fellow countrymen and was inspired by zeal for souls, was content to remain in our midst, and began to preach to the English people in the English language. And out of his work has grown up this mission which has had its part in the progress of Catholic work. Some of those who lived in this place and worshipped in this Catholic Emancipation were soon able to take advantage of this emancipation and hold an honored place in the life of this country, and now some of you still represent that civic life in your midst.

Then this church had its part in the rejoicings at the restoration of the Hierarchy and every successive Archbishop of Westminster has taken part in the thanksgiving to God in connection with the various events in this place. And now we, too, are looking forward to a new people.

With no less truth than Bishop Challoner we may say there will be a new people among us. When these terrible days are over England will hardly be the same in her attitude towards the Catholic Church. The French Revolution was the means, under God, of establishing a new point of contact, and are not new points of contact being set up every day during the terrible war to an extent impossible a hundred years ago? Think of the hundreds and thousands of our young men going across the sea and forming some conception of what the Catholic Church really is.

They have seen our magnificent churches consecrated hundreds of years ago still sanctified by the same old rites. They have seen those churches with ever open doors and people thronging them to daily Mass, men and women and children alike finding everything in their religion which Englishmen rarely find in their own churches at home. These young men of ours have had their eyes opened, their sympathies enlarged, their understanding made clear as to what the Catholic Church really is.

the Catholic Church, and the Catholic Church alone, can do for those passing into eternity. And think you, my brethren, those men will return to us with the same thoughts and prejudices with which they cross the sea, perhaps only some months ago?

So, as you look back and forward, pay thanks to God. Think of what these walls mean in the presence of Almighty God, on such a day as this, and in the mind of those who once worshipped within them, how they will be united with us, and thank God for your thanks, that this Catholic Church to be seen of all, may yet be a source of spiritual light to the glory of God and the salvation of men's souls.—Providence Visitor.

THE WATSON TRIAL

SOME PEOPLE BELIEVE THAT THE CATHOLIC HIERARCHY HAD WATSON INDICTED

The Augusta Chronicle, Dec. 2, 1916

"The so-called acquittal, by a jury in the Federal Court, of Thomas E. Watson, on the charge of sending obscene matter through the mails, is, after all, perhaps, the best disposition that could have been made of an impossible prosecution.

"We do not know, of course, whether or not the jury that tried Watson really believes that the matter in question was not obscene, or whether it merely decided that this was the best way to end a nasty matter that had soiled the records of the federal court for the southern district of Georgia—as well as the columns of the public press—for too long a time already; but, whatever motive prompted the verdict, even though it was in direct conflict with the law and the facts, the public generally will accept it as a very good riddance of bad rubbish.

"Even had this jury, as others have done, made a mistrial of the Watson case, The Chronicle was prepared to urge a discontinuance of the prosecution; not, however, because of any doubt as to Watson's guilt, but because we realized that there was no hope of convicting him—under the present system of selecting juries—and because, too, the continuance of the prosecution served no public good, but, rather, played into Watson's hands, by enabling him to cry 'persecution' and continue to pose as a martyr.

"Already he has used it to the limit to keep his followers inflamed with the idea that the combined forces of the Catholic Church and the government were to still free speech and freedom of the press, neither of which, however, as Judge Lambdin explained to the jury, were at all involved in the case. To expect, however, that Watson's followers would take the word of a federal judge, or would accept the law and the evidence, as against the word of their hero, was too much; for not even a revelation from on high could convince some of them that he is anything less than the Lord's anointed.

"So, we say again, that for the benefit of that portion of the public which has been nauseated well nigh to death with this man's crazy vapourings—his weekly assaults on everything and everybody that is good and worth while—even a verdict of 'acquittal' is a most happy, if not convincing end to a very nasty and unprofitable proceeding.

"No doubt, Watson will continue to offend the proprieties by his suggestive, if not downright filthy, publications—for which, unfortunately, there is always a market—but there is the consolation that these need go into the homes only of those who have the stomach for such things. As, for instance, these delectable sentences from some recent issues of his paper: (But, on second thought, and after re-reading the articles in question, we cannot offend our own readers by reproducing the language in question.)

"Perhaps, after all, it would be best for everyone, the press, the pulpit and the courts, to let this man go his way without further notice; for no amount of exposure, no sort of denunciation, not even his own misdeeds seem to weaken him with the people to whom he caters—and the other kind may be happier and hold a better opinion of mankind in general if they do not hear of him so often.

"That he has done, and is still doing, a frightful and devilish work in Georgia no right-thinking person can deny. But that such work, in the end, brings its own condemnation is a consolation upon which we may all rely.

"As showing that this estimate of Watson's work and influence is not entirely our own, we reproduce herewith some extracts from a sermon delivered in Maroon last Sunday by Dr. W. N. Almsworth, one of the most able and distinguished ministers of the Southern Methodist Church; a publication of which we withheld while the Watson trial was on in Augusta, although it appeared in the columns of the other Georgia dailies:

"Some men's thoughts and speeches make them veritable forces of infection, blasting with careless thought and wicked speech a vast population of people. In my judgment, the Hon. Thomas E. Watson, endowed by Almighty God with as brilliant a mind as any Georgian in this generation, has become so embittered, all the juices of his soul have turned to vinegar, until his writings and leadership constitute him the most dangerous man in Georgia today."

"And, now, if we may, let us say good-bye—but not without some feeling of pity—to a man who has so prostituted the great mental gift with which nature endowed him, and leave him to return, if he will, to his wallow."—Our Sunday Visitor.

FAITH

I fancy trouble is a part Of life below. A sort of test by which the heart Its worth may show. And not by happy days and years Shall men be known, But by the strength through griefs and fears That they have shown.

Faith would be nothing but a word If never came The cares by which the heart is stirred— An empty name— But when by bitterness and woe The soul is moved The faith that men profess below May then be proved.

A filter is the mortal clay Through which my soul may drain Into the soul from day to day Life's joy and pain, And each experience man knows, Though glad or grim, At some time brightly shall disclose The faith of him.

MUST KNOW CATHOLIC HISTORY

There is nothing like knowledge for removing prejudice and hazy conceptions. Dr. Herbert E. Bolton, professor of American History at the University of California, furnished an illustration of the truth, recently, in an address to the students at Newman Hall. Speaking of the work of the Catholic pioneers in the southwest, Dr. Bolton insisted that students of history, and particularly of the history of California, should have a knowledge of the history and doctrines of the Catholic Church. Otherwise they could not understand much of the spirit that animated the early missionaries and colonizers.

The doctor spoke of his own experience, in a small town in the Middle West, where he had no contact with Catholics and small chance to learn about their church. But the study of history taught him to respect and reverence the Catholic Church. It would be well if more advice of this nature were given in centers of higher education.

"In no other state university in the country," Dr. Bolton said, "is it probable that the study of the Catholic Church receives as much attention as the University of California."—The Catholic Bulletin.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, China, Dec. 11, 1916.

Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD: It may be a little surprise to you to learn that it takes \$100 a week to keep my mission going. I am glad when I see that amount contributed in the RECORD, but when it is less I am sad to see my little reserve sunk diminished and the catastrophe arriving when I must close my chapels, discharge my catechists and reduce my expenses to the few dollars coming in weekly. I beseech you to make one more supreme effort during 1916 to keep this mission on its feet. You will be surprised to learn what a great deal I am doing with \$100 a week—keeping myself and curate, 80 catechists, 7 chapels, and free schools, 3 churches in different cities with caretakers supporting two big catechumens of men, women and children during their preparation for baptism and building a church every year.

Yours gratefully in Jesus and Mary.

J. M. FRASER.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE NEW YEAR

The New Year is knocking at the door. It is about to enter. It brings its 365 days in a long array, to provide time for us.

What will young men do with 1917? Many of them have vague dreams, dim visions, of greatness—of wealth attained, of wonderful achievements, of vast power, of singular accomplishments, of wide reputation, of eternal fame. Let dreamers dream, but see this as a fact proven all around you, that as a man is to-day and is inclined to be so he is likely to become in the future years of his life. Take all the old men whom you know. How many of them have achieved distinction? How many of them have won renown? How many of them have made their boyhood dreams come true?

To the rare exception is there an unusual fate. Most men follow the beaten path and have an ordinary lot. Life for most of us means a monotonous round of commonplace duties—eating, working, sleeping—ending in death.

What then? Is life uninteresting? Is life not worth while? Is it dull? Think of the end, the object, the purpose of it. We are here to get ready for heaven. We are not fit to live here now. We'd be out of place. We'd feel ill at ease there. We need to get rid of our baseness, of our selfishness, of our spiritual weakness. We need to know God and to love Him. We need His grace. We need holiness, purity, love, generosity and all the other virtues.

Is it trivial to have such a glorious destiny—an eternity with God in the court of heaven?

Is it trivial that the ordinary duties and the little trials of every-day life can help us to reach that perfection? Is it dull, this life that we lead in the sight of God, and in the unseen but not un-felt presence of the holy angels?

Is it low, poor, mean, base, uninteresting to be called to be saints and to be invited to be the chosen brethren of Jesus Christ?

If we put a divine motive back of our life and live it to God's will for us in it, we ennoble it and every part of it. Every moment of it becomes infinitely precious. Every act, performed from that motive, becomes divine and is freighted with everlasting merit that will have an eternal reward.

To live for Christ, with Christ, and by Christ, is not that a noble career, and a royal destiny? This is not a sermon. This is not idle talk. This is not visionary enthusiasm. This is a plain statement of a fact—that every Catholic young man can save his soul and get to heaven, if he will, and that that is the opportunity of sanctification and salvation is a destiny beyond the wilder fancies of dreamers of dreams of riches and rank and reputation in this world.

The way to holiness is straight and easy. Do your duty. Do the duty of every day thoroughly and for Christ's sake. Avoid sin. Do good. Practice virtue. Exercise the will in doing what is right against the inclinations of the flesh, the seductions of the world, and the temptations of the devil. Practice self-denial. Pray often—an inspiration of the heart, a thought to Heaven, an exclamation of adoration and admiration of the Almighty. Read a page of a good book every night. Receive the sacraments frequently.

And so, day by day, step by step, with no marvellous performances, no striking change of circumstance, no prominent employment, but with a steady, uncommittal, faithful, progressive, persistent advance in virtue, in will-power, in devotion to suffer, in love, and in grace, the whole year will be sanctified and a record will be made that will be pleasant to remember on the Day of Judgment.—Catholic Columbian.

THE TRUE CONCEPTION OF LIFE

At the opening of the new year, the true conception which ought to be brought home to everyone is that man, made to the image of God, should be constantly getting stature, wisdom, and expansion and increasing in the higher elements of personality. The faculties which man possesses, must be ever fashioned, and thus lead him to the top of his possibilities. The trouble is that most people stand and wait for some outside influence or influences to drag them up to larger life or higher sphere or greater privileges, without laboring to develop what lies latent and inactive within them. They will not take advantage of the divers happenings around them to bring out their mental and moral aptitudes and qualities. They pass through many phases of existence, positive, negative, and neutral, without suffering their true inwardness to be unfolded. The consequence is that when the higher is at hand or the possibility offers, they have not been fitted to accept the one or profit by the other. He is the choice and favored who, when the opportunities come, is able to rise to the emergency because he has seen to it that every fact and moment has been allowed to affect his mind and soul and to test and strengthen their fibre and hardihood which make him equal to the demands of new responsibilities.—Baltimore Catholic Review.

THE RULE OF THREE

Three things to govern—temper, tongue, conduct. Three things to love—courage, gentleness, affection.

Three things to hate—cruelty, arrogance, ingratitude. Three things to wish for—health, friends, a cheerful spirit. Three things to avoid—idleness, loquacity, flippant jesting. Three things to fight for—honor, country, home. Three things to think about—life, death, eternity.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

KING FOR A NIGHT

In France long ago it was the custom to celebrate the Feast of the Epiphany—the arrival of the Three Kings at the crib at Bethlehem—with all the joys merry-making which we associate with the birthday of the Christ Child.

One cold evening, before this feast, when the great castles throughout France were resounding with merriment, a little child was making his way alone towards Paris.

Great flakes of snow were swirled about by glacial blasts of winds, and fell upon the dark locks of the little traveler whose hood had been blown back off his shoulders. His eyes were wide with terror for he imagined what he was and what he expected to be, silhouettes and shadows of the trees on each side of the road. The play of the wind through the creaking branches of the dead trees seemed to him like the murmur of mocking voices.

Suddenly he heard behind him the clatter of horses' hoofs, the noise of a blundering wagon, loud voices, and then, the sharp report of a gun. The forests of those days were filled with highwaymen. Filled with terror the child struck off through the woods, and ran through the underbrush for some hours. Trembling, and bleeding from the sharp twigs, he found himself at last before a building surmounted by a cross; light was pouring out of brilliantly stained windows.

The deep voices of monks were chanting "Hail King of the World!" The child tried to open the door, but he could not; he struck at it with his little fists but they did not hear him.

Repeating an act of contrition, for he felt so frozen with the cold and so starving with hunger that he did not believe he could live much longer, he staggered on. At last succumbing to fatigue, he fell prostrate across a doorstep, and he heard, far away as in a dream, songs and joyful laughter.

On this night, the count of the chateau, upon the doorstep of which the boy fell, had assembled his household and friends from near and far, to celebrate, with more than ordinary pomp, the feast of the Epiphany.

The banquet, with its boar's head, its small stuffed pigs, its wines and desserts, was over. Then the master of ceremonies arose, and bade every one stand up, to hear his royal command. He said:

"Lords and Ladies! This feast is opportunity of sanctification and salvation is a destiny beyond the wilder fancies of dreamers of dreams of riches and rank and reputation in this world. The way to holiness is straight and easy. Do your duty. Do the duty of every day thoroughly and for Christ's sake. Avoid sin. Do good. Practice virtue. Exercise the will in doing what is right against the inclinations of the flesh, the seductions of the world, and the temptations of the devil. Practice self-denial. Pray often—an inspiration of the heart, a thought to Heaven, an exclamation of adoration and admiration of the Almighty. Read a page of a good book every night. Receive the sacraments frequently. And so, day by day, step by step, with no marvellous performances, no striking change of circumstance, no prominent employment, but with a steady, uncommittal, faithful, progressive, persistent advance in virtue, in will-power, in devotion to suffer, in love, and in grace, the whole year will be sanctified and a record will be made that will be pleasant to remember on the Day of Judgment.—Catholic Columbian.

"Every day has a day of grace For those who faint would make them so: I saw o'er the world in every place The wings of guardian angels glow."

"Men! could you hear the song I sing— But no, alas! it cannot be so! My heir that comes would only bring Blessings to bless you here below."

Seven days passed; the gray, old year Calls to his throne the coming heir; Falls from his eyes the last, sad tear.

And lo! there is gladness everywhere. Singing, I hear the whole world sing. Afar, afar, aloud, whole: "What to us will the New Year bring?"

Ah! would that each of us might know!

Is it not truth? as old as true? List ye, singers, the while ye sing! Each year bringeth to each of you What each of you will have him bring.

The year that cometh is a king. With better gifts than the old year gave;

If you place on his fingers the holy ring Of prayer, the king becomes your slave.

—ADRIAM J. RYAN

NEW YEAR

Each year cometh with all his days. Some are shadowed and some are bright; He beckons us on until he stays, Kneeling with us 'neath Christmas night.

Kneeling under the stars that gem The holy sky, o'er the humble place, When the world's sweet Child, of Bethlehem Rested on Mary, full of grace.

Not only the Bethlehem in the East, But altar Bethlehem everywhere, When the Gloria of the first great feast

Sings forth its gladness on the air.

Each year seemeth loath to go, And leave the joys of Christmas day; In lands of sun and in lands of snow, The year still longs awhile to stay.

A little while, 'tis hard to part From this Christ blessed here below,

Old year! and in thy aged heart I hear thee sing so sweet and low.

I song like this, but sweeter far, And yet as if with a human tone, Under the blessed Christmas star, And Thou descendest from Thy throne.

"A few more days and I am gone, The hours move swift and sure along; Yet still I fain would linger on In hearing of the Christmas song."

"How to Him Who rules all years; Thrice blessed in His high behest; Nor will He blame me if, with tears, I pass to my eternal rest."

"Ah, me! to altars every day I brought the sun and the holy Mass; The people came by my light to pray, While countless priests did onward pass."

"The words of the Holy Thursday night To one another from east to west; And the holy Host on the altar white Would take its little half-hour's rest."

"And every minute of every hour The Mass bell rang with its sound so sweet,

While from shrine to shrine, with tireless power, And heaven's love, walked the nailed feet."

"I brought the hours for Angelus bells, And from a thousand temple towers They wound their sweet and blessed spell Around the hearts of all the hours."

"Every day has a day of grace For those who faint would make them so: I saw o'er the world in every place The wings of guardian angels glow."

"Men! could you hear the song I sing— But no, alas! it cannot be so! My heir that comes would only bring Blessings to bless you here below."

Seven days passed; the gray, old year Calls to his throne the coming heir; Falls from his eyes the last, sad tear.

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If you place on his fingers the holy ring Of prayer, the king becomes your slave.

—ADRIAM J. RYAN

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

SOME "INSIDE" FACTS

The most reasonable thing in the world is the Catholic Church, because it has no unreasonable doctrines.

The Catholic Church does not now, never has, and never will teach one, single, solitary truth contrary to human reason.

Nothing in the Catholic Church can be unreasonable, because God, Who is the Author of the Church, is also the Author of human reason, and God cannot be self-contradictory.

There is not a single doctrine of the Catholic Church in which human reason can find a flaw.

If there were anything unreasonable in the Catholic Church, it would have been rejected centuries ago by the authorities of the Church.

The very fact that the doctrines of the Catholic Church continue to endure, unchanged and unchangeable, century after century, is, in itself, a strong argument for the entire reasonableness of those doctrines.

No one who thoroughly understands the doctrines of the Catholic Church can ever, by any possibility, object to them as being unreasonable any more than a person could object to the sun being unreasonable for shining for ages.

Human reason has its well defined limits. It is a sovereign within its own province, but it should not attempt to pass upon truths altogether outside its proper realm. Human reason, like the shoemaker, should stick to its last.

There are many things in the world entirely above the range of human reason, but those things are not contrary, therefore, to human reason, or repugnant to it.

The mystery of the Blessed Trinity is not opposed to human reason, although human reason cannot comprehend it, any more than electricity is opposed to human reason because human reason cannot comprehend it.

The mystery of the Incarnation is not contrary to human reason, any more than wireless telephony is contrary to human reason, for human reason is powerless to fully understand either of them.

The mystery of the Holy Eucharist is not against human reason, any more than the existence of the universe is against human reason, since Almighty God is the author of both the one and the other.

The Catholic Church possesses some of the greatest thinkers in the world, men in whom human reason has been pushed to its farthest limits.

If there were any contradiction between human reason and faith they could not remain in the Catholic Church.

The Catholic Church is attracting to its fold year after year some of the greatest reasoners in the world. It is precisely because they exercise human reason upon the truths taught by the Catholic Church that they see those truths to be thoroughly in accord with human reason.

Human reason is supreme in the sphere of those things which can be judged by human reason. But human reason is powerless to judge of things above its reach, just as an aviator flying 10,000 feet in the air cannot mine, at that height, coal imbedded 10,000 feet in the earth.

The Catholic Church has nothing to fear from reasonable people, nor from people who use their human reason. The only enemies of the Catholic Church are unreasonable people, and those who refuse to use their human reason.—Rev. Thomas F. Coakley, D.D., in Our Sunday Visitor.

What a world of wisdom is encircled in the periods of our Divine Master. Every one of them has stood the test of the experience of ages and has proved perfect in counsel and practical results. Today they are as applicable to the needs of individuals, society and nations as they were, when twenty centuries ago, they came as "honey from the honey-comb" from the lips of Divinity.

Take last Sunday's lesson: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His justice and all these things will be added unto you." The great cause of all our mistakes and consequent misery is that we reverse the sacred dictum and begin at the wrong end of Christ's proposition—we seek ourselves. We put the car before the horse, and do worse than come to a standstill on Wisdom's royal thoroughfare.

We pit our own little knowledge against the infinite—our own little experience against Him Who made us and, since creation supposes perfect knowledge, knows us perfectly. Ignorant even of ourselves, for we go through life a mystery to self, we trust ourselves who for ourselves God who never broke one of the thousands of blessed assurances He has given.

Were we just to ourselves we would be just to God for we would have His light in our minds, His grace in our souls, the joy bells of hope ringing in the blessed mornings of our gracious day.

Christ our Lord thus gives the Catholic editor the best themes for an editorial for the facts of our modern day, to be properly estimated must be viewed under the light of His eternal principles that history confirms and science dare not and cannot contradict.

Despite all the sapient advice and command of the solicitous Christ what a sad travesty on His truth does the world present today where the fool lives to eat and vanity, forgetful of the eternal morrow, ridiculously struts to—the grave.—Catholic Columbian.

KINDNESS

St. Paul Bulletin

"Dark is the day and the wind blows cold," quotes an exchange, but who cares if the heart is warm and the light of life shines in the soul?

Selfishness is a trait of even the best amongst the sons of men. In some persons selfishness blossoms forth in all its manifold repulsiveness, and it marks its possessor as one to be carefully shunned. Even in souls otherwise nobly endowed, selfishness usually finds lodgment.

It shows itself by a lack of sufficient appreciation of the good qualities in others; by a want of tact in dealing with the less fortunate; by a callousness in failing to recognize the wounds that trouble so many among one's friends and intimates. Kindness is a quality, nay, a virtue, that should distinguish every person who lays the least claim to manhood or to womanhood. It is not sufficient to sympathize with the open suffering; it is necessary that kindness seek out the hidden recess of the heart, and

THE ONLY MEDICINE THAT HELPED HER

"Fruit-a-tives Again Proves Its Extraordinary Powers"

ROCHON, QUE., March 2nd, 1915.

"I have received the most wonderful benefit from taking 'Fruit-a-tives'. I suffered for years from Rheumatism and change of life, and I took every remedy obtainable without results. I tried 'Fruit-a-tives' and it was the only medicine that really did me good. Now I am entirely well—the Rheumatism has disappeared, and the terrible pains in my body are all gone. I hope that others, who suffer from such distressing diseases, will try 'Fruit-a-tives'."

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Place the balm of its soothing influence. Many a heart that wears the wreath of gladness is inwardly pining for the healing tenderness of a kind word. Especially should kindness distinguish those upon whose shoulders the mantle of any kind of authority rests, for authority confers not only rights but corresponding obligations. Not the least of these obligations is the duty of infusing a spirit of kindness in those whom authority holds firm. Many persons are so irremediably conceited over the tinsel glitter of the brief authority with which they are clothed, that those about them suffer untold torments in endeavoring to fulfill their duty towards authority itself, despite the unpleasant form in which it appears. To every one may be applied the words of the late Eben Rexford:

"Many a heart is hungry, starving For a little word of love. Speak it then and as the sunshine Gilds the lofty peaks above, So the joy of those who hear it Sends a radiance down life's way; And the world is brighter, better, For the loving words we say."

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