

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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ONE KIND

As we write the word Atmosphere, what a wealth of visions it conjures up! Atmosphere of places, of people, of that combination of both which may best be described as environment; of persons regarded individually, and of persons regarded collectively! Perhaps the most remarkable is that of individuals—remarkable from the very fact that one person can surround so many others with his own peculiar atmosphere. A few people—happily only a few—succeed in carrying with them what may be called an atmosphere of irritation. These come into a room grumbling at conditions of weather, or at circumstances of discomfort of which we may be already conscious, but which seem increased tenfold by this attitude of continuous discontent. Such people have the knack of saying things which annoy us; we respond either with signs of irritation, stubborn silence, or at best with a kind of forced sympathy, and we are thankful when they depart, leaving indeed some of their atmosphere behind them, but fortunately only enough to seem like a puff of black smoke from a passing engine, which makes but a temporary blot across the cloudless sky.

ANOTHER

Another personal atmosphere which we often feel is that of the intensely practical person—the person whose reach never exceeds his grasp. While in his company we are inclined to defy common sense and all the practical methods of attaining practical ends, to think that ideals are of "no real use in life." Beyond a certain point the people who carry this atmosphere with them seem to be living in a thick, impenetrable fog. It is as if they could only see the very nearest objects; what is high and grand and noble seems hidden from view. And this atmosphere has one special characteristic—an incapable admiration of the ideal; the minds of those who dwell in it are unable to grasp the beauty or superiority of any action or any person outside its limits. It is fatal to view beautiful scenery or to share the soft silence of a moonlight night with these people, and above all to burden them with your yearnings or aspirations. Their atmosphere is an essentially heavy one, and it is better to escape from it before trying to spread one's wings and soar aloft.

STILL ANOTHER

Then again there is the atmosphere of "little ease." Some people—often, alas, the most worthy of the earth—live entirely surrounded by it. While with them one feels as if the air were filled with electricity; a strenuous influence is driving us hither and thither. Our friends may be possessed of everything heart could wish—they are probably kindness itself; but the feeling of strain is so predominant that we are intensely relieved when we can escape from their atmosphere, and feel ourselves doubly blessed if fate sends us into one of a cheerful and easy-going kind. The man who brings this air with him always sees the bright side of things, from an east wind to the personal character of any one under discussion. If he has news, it is pleasant news; his stories are not sultry and unkindly, and his presence is invigorating.

THE BEST

Best of all is the atmosphere of those people whose very presence breathes not only purity but love, and such immense charity that we naturally turn to them for sympathy and comprehension. In their presence no rough word is uttered, no sharp criticism, no vulgar allusion. It is as if they were reflecting some inward presence; the divine seems to shine through the human, and so beautiful is the atmosphere that they carry with them that all who approach are unconsciously influenced and try almost instinctively to bring themselves into harmony with it.

THE GLORIES OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

F. Aurelio Palmieri, O. S. A., in Catholic World
Christ is the foundation of the Church which bears His name. Whatever may be said or fancied as to the historical origin of the Church, it is an indisputable fact that the Church is indissolubly linked to the words, teaching and influence, the action and will of Jesus Christ. The earliest records of her life in the history of the world speak of her as an institution built up by Jesus Christ, as a society with characteristic traits, individual notes. Those traits and notes are so pronounced as to make us distinguish her from all human institutions; still more, from those which usurp her name, and prerogatives, rob her of the gems of her diadem, and strive to reproduce her outward lineaments.

In the Sacred Writings we can trace the original features of the Catholic Church. There the Church is styled an organism, a body whose members are harmoniously joined in a living unity. According to St. Paul, as Christians, we are members of Christ. As the body is one, and has many members, and all the members, whereas they are many, yet are one body, so the Church is the body of Christ. We are its members and being many, we are one body in Him. Christ is the head of that body, which by Him is being compacted and fully joined together. From that divine head, the whole body, by joints and bands, is being supplied with nourishment and compacted, and it grows unto the increase of God. In that body we are urged to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace.

If the Church is a perfect body, *unus homo perfectus, Christus et Ecclesia*, according to St. Augustin, her natural perfection requires a visible head. The grossest inconsistency of those who deny the Catholic notion of the Church, consists in their denial of a supreme visible head to the mystical body of Christ. If the Church is really that mystical body; if she lives among men in a visible society, we cannot conceive her as lacking a visible head. If St. Paul rightly compares the Church to the perfect man, and if in man the invisible soul, the source of his inward and outward life, does not preclude a visible head for the body and perfection of his human body, so neither does Jesus Christ, the source of the supernatural life of the Church, deprive her of a visible head. It is inconsistent, I repeat, to admit that the Church is a visible body, and at the same time to deny that body the most important of its visible parts. If the Church has been instituted by Christ as a perfect society, she ought to have that root of social unity and order, *viz.*, a supreme ruler. Anarchy is the correlative acid of society. And the Church, as a perfect society, cannot have anarchy as the foundation of her social life. Outside of the Catholic Church we find all the symptoms of rapid dissolution or of lifeless inertia. The intellectual life of Christianity has been brought to a standstill by the churches which have broken their bond of allegiance to Rome, or it has lost its powers in the maze of rationalistic conceits. On the one hand nationalism, with the narrowness of its spirit and its bounded interests, has loosened the ties of a unity which in the Catholic Church levels all national frontiers; on the other, the revolt against Rome has culminated in the most anarchical individualism, in the disruption of the unity of the intellectual life of the Church. In Eastern Orthodoxy, the unity of the Church has been lost with profit to the political powers; in the Western Reformation that same unity has been dissolved to the profit of egotistical aims. While both in the East and the West, the Catholic Church stands firm in divine unity against the assaults of a narrow nationalism and of an anarchical individualism.

The lack of that unity is the chronic disease of the Eastern Churches separated from Rome. They form an agglomeration of accephalous communities which Kholmikov declared bound to each other by the ties of charity, but which in fact feel for each other only national hatred. As a consequence of this fearful malady, the Eastern Orthodox Churches have lost their power of resistance. They have turned into political churches; they are all subservient to political powers. Their prosperity or decay depends upon the victory or defeat of the political factions which lend them support; their life is bound to the life of the State. They are national churches and a national church is a captive one, one separated from the universal Church of Christ, who has thrown off the yoke of Christ on earth merely to accept the yoke of a political ruler. Rebellion against the visible ecclesiastical authority has enslaved the particular churches of the East to a visible political authority. Hence we may rightly infer that the principle of a visible and central power in the Church, the principle of cohesion in its visible organism, comes from God, not from man.

HOLY LAND SPARED DESTRUCTION

BRITISH FORCES ENTER THE SACRED CITY OF CHRIST'S LIFE

Jerusalem, the most sacred acres of the earth, precious because the feet of the Saviour of mankind trod them, is again in the hands of a Christian power. The press of the country has recorded the capture of the city by the British forces coming from those of Italy and France. Allied flags fly where for centuries the flag of Mohammed had flown. But the rejoicing of Christendom is great, not only because the city is again in the hands of western civilization, but because in its capture none of its sacred shrines were destroyed. The possibility of this has been the dread of the world that was looking with interested eyes towards the struggle in the Holy Land. Such famed temples had already crumbled under the cannon of the armies that it seemed too great an expectation to hope that those of Jerusalem would be spared. Of particular interest to Chicagoans, and especially Chicago Catholics is the fact that the chaplain with the British forces that entered Jerusalem was not only a Catholic priest, but a former resident of the city, whose parents still reside here. The priest is the Rev. William R. Ludford, O. S. B.

RECALLS CRUSADES

The capture of Jerusalem recalls again those titanic undertakings of the middle ages, the Crusades, when all Christendom exerted itself to the greatest sacrifices in order that the spots hallowed by the footprints of Christ might be in the possession of Catholic powers. In that day it was not a mere question of Christian; it was the Holy Father himself who roused Europe to the effort and it was to regain the holy places for the faithful of the Church that Christ founded, that armies faced the perils of the battles with the Saracens.

Syria had been overrun by the Arabs in the seventh century, shortly after the death of Mohammed, and the Holy City of Jerusalem had fallen into the hands of the infidels. The Arab, however, shared the veneration of the Christian for the places associated with the life of Christ and, in general, permitted the Christian pilgrims who found their way thither to worship unmolested. But with the coming of a new and ruder people, the Seljuk Turks, in the eleventh century, the pilgrims began to bring home news of great hardships. Moreover, the eastern emperor was defeated by the Turks in 1071 and lost Asia Minor. The presence of the Turks in possession of the fortress of Nicea, just across from Constantinople, was of course a standing menace to the eastern empire. When the energetic Emperor Alexius (1081-1118) ascended the throne he endeavored to expel the infidel. Finding himself unequal to the task, he appealed for assistance to the head of Christendom, Urban II. The first great impetus to the Crusades was the call issued by Urban at the celebrated council which met in 1095 at Clermont in France.

In an address, which produced more remarkable immediate results than any other history records, the Pope exhorted knights and foot soldiers of all ranks to give up their usual wicked business of destroying their Christian brethren in private warfare and turn instead to the support of their fellow Christians in the East. Otherwise the insolent Turks would, if unchecked, extend their sway still more widely over the faithful servants of the Lord. "Let the Holy Sepulchre of the Lord our Saviour, which is possessed by unclean nations, especially urge you on, the holy places, which they are now treating with ignominy and irreverently." Urban urged besides that France was too poor to support all its people, while the Holy Land flowed with milk and honey. "Enter upon the road to the Holy Sepulchre; wrest the land from the wicked race and subject it to yourselves." When the Pope had finished all who were present exclaimed, with one accord, "It is the will of God." This the Pope declared should be the rallying cry of the crusaders, who were to wear a cross upon their bosoms as they went forth, and upon their backs as they returned, as a holy sign of their sacred missions.

In the spring of 1099 about twenty thousand warriors finally moved upon Jerusalem. They found the city well walled and in the midst of a desolate region where neither food nor water, nor the materials to construct the apparatus necessary for the capture of the town, were to be found. The opportune arrival at Jaffa of galleys from Genoa furnished the besiegers with supplies, and in spite of all the difficulties, the place was taken in a couple of months. Godfrey of Bouillon was chosen ruler of Jerusalem and took the modest title of "Defender of the Holy Sepulchre." He soon died and was succeeded by his brother, Baldwin, who took up the task of extending the bounds of the Kingdom of Jerusalem. Fifty years after the preaching of the First Crusade, the fall of Edessa

(1144), an important outpost of the Christians in the East, led to a second great expedition. This was forwarded by no less a person than St. Bernard, who went about using his unrivaled eloquence to induce volunteers to take the cross.

Forty years later, in 1187, Jerusalem was taken by Saladin, the most heroic and distinguished of all the Saracen rulers. The loss of the Holy City led to the most famous of all military expeditions to the Holy Land, in which Frederick Barbarossa, Richard the Lion-Hearted of England, and his political rival, Philip August of France, all took part. In 1192 Richard concluded a truce with Saladin, by the terms of which the Christian pilgrims were allowed to visit the holy places with safety and comfort.

In the thirteenth century the crusaders began to direct their exertions toward Egypt as the center of the Saracen power. The first of these was diverted in an extraordinary manner by the Venetians, who induced the crusaders to conquer Constantinople for their benefit. The further expeditions of Frederick II. and St. Louis need not be described. Jerusalem was irrevocably lost in 1244, and although the possibility of recovering the city was long considered, the Crusades may be said to have come to a close before the end of the thirteenth century.—Chicago New World.

THE CHURCH AND EDUCATION

The Catholic Church, writes William P. H. Kitchin, in a recent issue of the Irish Rosary, was the first to establish gratuitous teaching and free schools.

Pre-Christian educators surrounded the acquisition of knowledge with obstacles and mysteries; the schools of the philosophers were closed to the uninitiated; the rhetoricians and grammarians exacted heavy toll for their lore. But the Church and her leaders threw open the feast of knowledge to all, she went out into the highways and byways to compel the indifferent to enter. St. John the Evangelist is said to have established a school at Ephesus. St. Polycarp one at Smyrna; in the catacombs of St. Agnes, side by side with the chapels where the Christians prayed, were the schools where the catechumens were taught. De Rossi found in the cemetery of St. Callixtus the epitaph of a humble Magister Primus; two well-known martyrs, SS. Cassian and Flavian, had been schoolmasters. . . . The catechetical school of Alexandria, founded by Pantaeus, made illustrious by Clement and Origen, embraced all the knowledge of the time, and was a worthy precursor of the universities still to come. As far back as the third century free schools and libraries began to form around each great cathedral, and churchmen spare no pains to attach to themselves promising pupils, who give indications of becoming eminent professors in mature life. Nearly every city of the Old World can point to some great saint, who inaugurated the reign of science in its bosom, and who, too, trained up suitable successors to carry on and propagate his work.

Well, therefore, as the writer adds, may the humblest Catholic teacher, whose diploma is but of yesterday, exclaim with all the enthusiasm of a great zeal in a sublime cause: "I belong to a noble company, wherein are found apostles and martyrs, pontiffs and confessors, the sublimest geniuses and the grandest heroes; and we have been teaching, refining and leavening the world for the past two thousand years." What other teacher can say the same?—American.

HOLY FATHER COMMENTS ON EFFECTS OF PEACE NOTE

SEED AND FRUIT WILL APPEAR IN DUE SEASON

Despite the many reports to the contrary, Pope Benedict is apparently not so much chagrined by the failure of his efforts to establish peace among the nations. He is willing to bide his time. Speaking to the Judges of the Rota, in the Sistine Chapel, after the annual "Red" Mass, recently, the Holy Father referred to the Peace proposals, and said: "If we had counted on an immediate result from our note, we might have been bitterly disappointed. As it was, we were sowing seed, the fruit of which would be seen in due season."

And until such time as the hoped for results are accomplished, the Father of Christendom may be counted on to continue his efforts in the interests of the world at large. "No matter how heavy the Pope's trials may become," has been lately written, "they will find shoulders able to support them. A statesman, a man of indomitable will, a tireless worker, and an ascetic occupies the throne of Peter." It might not be out of place to add that the Pope was not obliged to bring about peace, but that he was, by virtue of his office, held to do everything in his power to

hasten that blessed consummation. Whatever eventsuality, he cannot be accused of neglecting his duty in that respect.—Providence Visitor.

"FRIENDS TO THE SISTERS"

It appears highly incongruous at first sight that those of the medical doctors of note in Italy who are enemies of the Church and of its teachings in every way should be so strongly in favor of having the services of nuns in hospitals, in orphanages, in asylums, in fact everywhere that disciplined, conscientious superintending is needed. Yet such is the fact. All the really eminent physicians in Rome—it is claimed the Romans are second to none of their brethren in Europe—whether they be Catholics or not, insist upon such institutions being placed under the control of the Sisters. They make no secret, those of them who are of anti-religious beliefs, about the reason for their enthusiasm. Success in their operations, cases, etc., depend, they declare, to a great extent upon the care exercised by the nurses and attendants, and, after a trial of lay-infirmarians, they have come to the conclusion that their butlered on both sides in the event of their conductors being attached to a Sisterhood. I speak now of atheistical doctors and surgeons who are really eminent in their profession not of those who are likely to diagnose your complaint as housemaid's knee whereas it is in reality heart disease or hydrophobia.

This reflection is brought to mind by the remark made in L'Osservatore Romano, the semi-official organ of the Vatican, to-day when reporting the assassination of Dr. Ballori, commandatore of the Crown of Italy and principal of numerous hospitals, whom a madman shot dead a day or two ago. Ballori was one of the candidates for the office of Grand Master of Italian Freemasonry, which is to be filled this month. Recalling how Ballori some years ago, when a determined effort was made to drive the Sisters from the Roman hospitals, energetically defended them and strove to retain their services at all costs, the Osservatore Romano says: "Let us hope the prayers of those Sisters obtained from God for him in the supreme moment the grace of true sorrow."—Catholic News.

A FLYER'S DARING ESCAPE

PATRICK O'BRIEN, OF ILLINOIS, FALLS 8,000 FEET AND LATER ELUDES GERMAN CAPTORS

London, Eng., Nov. 29.—Lieut. Patrick O'Brien, of Momena, Ill., south of Chicago, the first American member of the British flying corps to escape from Germany, has arrived in London. O'Brien eluded his captors by jumping from the window of a speeding train. He then became a fugitive for seventy-two days and, as his goal was within sight, narrowly escaped electrocution from the charged wires along the Holland frontier.

After cabling his aged mother, Mrs. Margaret O'Brien, at Momena, to expect to see him soon, Lieutenant O'Brien called upon the American Ambassador to seek advice regarding his desire to be transferred to the American flying corps. Last night O'Brien was dined by a group of admiring fliers, who, like scores of friends along the front, had believed he had been killed when he was reported missing on August 17 last. O'Brien, who is a sturdy young man of twenty-seven, was flying in the American aviation squadron at San Diego, Cal., when he went to Victoria, B. C., and obtained a commission in the Canadian army. Going to France the next year he distinguished himself by his great daring over the German lines. On the morning of August 17 enemy gunners forced him to descend, but, fortunately, he landed behind his own lines.

Late afternoon of the next day saw him up again over the German lines fighting the enemy. There were twenty German machines to six British in the encounter, O'Brien's machine alone engaging four enemy craft and accounting for one before O'Brien was shot through the upper lip. He fell with his damaged airplane from a height of 8,000 feet. O'Brien says he can not explain why he was not killed. When he regained consciousness he was in a German hospital.

Later the Lieutenant spent three weeks at a prison camp at Courtrai before he was started for the interior of Germany. There were three other prisoners under O'Brien's guard in his compartment when O'Brien, as a rule, had the window opened by complaining of the smoke. The train was now sixty miles inside Germany and traveling at thirty miles an hour, but O'Brien decided to take a desperate chance. He jumped from the train, skimming the whole side of his face, reopening the wound in his lip and losing consciousness. It was about 4 o'clock in the morn-

ing and the darkness shielded him. When he recovered he was lying in a field.

Then, for seventy-two days, he was a fugitive, traveling only at night. He trudged through fields and swam rivers and canals in Germany, Luxembourg and Belgium, before he reached the Dutch frontier. At the time of his flight he had a piece of sausage, on which he subsisted for several days, after which his sole sustenance consisted of turnips and other vegetables found in fields.

O'Brien did not know the German language, but he used a little French on a kindly Belgian, who was so happy to meet an American in British uniform that he sheltered him for several days. The Belgian then gave him old clothes to cover his uniform and directed him to the nearest route to the frontier. O'Brien swam the river Meuse, near Namur, and, the next day, was challenged by German sentries, who decided he was a peasant.

But his narrow escape was reserved for his last day as a fugitive when he could see Dutch territory. To circumvent the charged wires O'Brien built a bridge in a nearby wood and threw it across the wires. But it broke under his weight and O'Brien received a shock which, he says, he can still feel. When he recovered from the shock, with his bare hands he dug a tunnel under the wire and, although it was slow progress, after several hours he had a hole big enough to crawl through, which he did unobserved.

Even then O'Brien was not sure he was in Dutch territory, so he concealed himself in a hay barn until the next morning. When daylight came the first thing he saw was people making wooden shoes. He then walked out into the open and hurried to the nearest British consul, who arranged for his transportation to London.

AGAINST PROPOSED LEGISLATION

CARDINAL BOURNE JOINS MARRIAGE DEFENSE COMMITTEE

C. P. A. Service

London, Dec. 18.—Cardinal Bourne has, for once, joined hands with the leaders of the sects in the formation of a marriage defense committee, and in a memorial to the prime minister against the proposed legislation for making three years' separation a ground for divorce. The memorial, which is signed also by Lord Edmund Talbot, the Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, several Protestant Bishops, the leaders of Nonconformity and prominent social workers, doctors, women, soldiers, sets forth that the majority of the people would be opposed to the "reform" if its real character was understood, and warns its advocates that strenuous opposition will be offered to it.

FAMOUS MONUMENT OF VENICE PROTECTED

Measures for the protection of Saint Mark's Cathedral, the most famous monument of Venice, from the enemy's bombs have been completed. The face and sides are enclosed by an armor of bags and sand held in place by scaffolding which is lined with asbestos. The mosaics, both inside and out, are protected from rushes of air that might result from explosions by canvas stretched beneath them which would serve also to catch all the fragments that might fall and preserve them for restoration. All precious objects and works of art that could be removed, including the four colossal Greek horses on the facade, have been placed in the treasury of the Basilica, which has been transformed into a strong room, stoutly armored. Those in the interior that could not be removed have been covered with mattresses stuffed with sea weed, around which are piled buttresses of sand bags. The high altar beneath which Saint Mark is buried and the tomb of Andrea Dandolo have also been treated this way. The domes have received a thick coating of liquid cement which, hardening, constitutes an armor, while the wooden portions have been coated with a non-inflammable liquid.—Sacred Heart Review.

THREATENED CRISIS IN MEXICO

According to advices received in Latin-American diplomatic circles, another crisis is impending in Mexico, and Carranza "is apparently losing his grip, despite efforts of German agitators to strengthen him and a strong pro-Ally revolutionary movement is gaining momentum under the leadership of Felix Diaz." Bandit activity is now the rule along the border, and the failure of the corn crop has added to the people's woes.

The darkness we ascribe to remote ages is often the darkness of our own minds, and the ignorance we complain of in others may be only the reflection of our own.—Brownson.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul, who has been ill for the past month, is greatly improved. He is now believed to be on the road to complete recovery.

St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo., which is in charge of the Jesuits, is represented in the United States Army by more volunteers than enlisted from the entire State of Vermont.

Fabiola established the first hospital in Rome and the West, says St. Jerome. In the fifteenth century Rome had 80 hospitals. The Hospital of the Holy Ghost, in Rome, built about the year 1200, had a room or ward 409 feet long by 40 feet wide. The Grand Hospital of Milan was opened in 1456, and is still caring for more than 2,000 patients. Its ceilings are from 30 to 40 feet high; its wards were spacious halls.

The national monument of Spain to the Sacred Heart will probably be completed by April. Its height is about one hundred feet and the figure of Our Lord surrounding it is of marble, thirty feet high, over which angels hold a scroll inscribed with these words: "I Reign in Spain." At the base is an altar surrounded by a semi-circle of statues representing Saint Theresa, Saint James and other great Spanish lights of the Church.

An English clergyman recently stated that he was brought into the Church through reading Froude! Cecil Chesterton owes his gift of the Catholic faith to Huxley. Mrs. Philip Kearney (wife of Gen. Kearney, U. S. A.) was converted by reading Catholic books in an endeavor to find reasons therein for keeping one of her relatives from becoming a Catholic. One might multiply many such instances of the strange roads over which converts have traveled on their road to Rome.

According to American military regulation and discipline the emblem of religion is permitted to fly above the national flag while religious services are being conducted, whether on land or on board a battleship. This emblem is a white pennant with a blue cross, and it is hoisted on Sundays and at other times during religious services. Of course it is no more Catholic than Methodist or Lutheran, but it is a symbol of God and His divine Providence to whom our soldiers and sailors may look for protection and guidance.

Subscription lists have been opened throughout Italy for the relief of the refugees from the Friuli plain; and, as if to show that Catholics are not behindhand in this charitable and patriotic work, the Cardinal-Vicar representing the Sovereign Pontiff, has ordered the Society of Catholic Youth, Rome, to devote all its efforts and resources to the relief of the refugees. The first list of subscribers include the Cardinal-Vicar, who gave 50,000 lire; Cardinal Gasparri, Papal Secretary of State, 500 lire, and Cardinal Gasquet, 500 lire.

Those who believe printing to have been invented in Europe during the fifteenth century may have been surprised to read in Cambridge University having acquired the works of the Chinese philosopher, Liu Tsung Yuan, printed in 1167. China has been credited with anticipating not a few modern inventions, but her claim to have discovered the art of printing centuries before its first adoption in Europe is beyond dispute. An edition of most of the Chinese classics was printed by means of wood blocks in 923 A. D., and movable type is said to have been devised by a blacksmith, Pi Shing, in the eleventh century.

The Rev. George Nigel Gresley who lately resigned the living of Shenfield, Essex, was received into the Catholic Church at Downside on St. Bartholomew's Day (Aug. 24th) by Dom Ethelbert Horne. Mr. Gresley was educated at Clifton and at Selwyn College, Cambridge, and after going to the Theological College at Wells, served as Curate first at Darlaston and then at Tamworth. Then he became vicar of Horsley, Woodhouse, Derbyshire, and after that Rector of Shenfield, Essex. Mr. Gresley comes of a very old family which has owned land at Drakelow in Derbyshire since the Conquest.

On the island of Haiti the first Mass was celebrated in all America, in 1493. The priest who said the Mass was Juan Perez, friend and counselor of Columbus. As guardian or superior of the monastery of La Rabida, Spain, Father Perez had encouraged the discoverer, and by interceding for him at court made possible the first journey of discovery. On the second journey the priest accompanied his now famous and powerful friend. Then, landed on the island of Hispaniola, or Haiti, at Point Cap-Haitien, he and Father Perez built of boughs and thatched with straw the first chapel in the new world, and "there on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, December 8th, offered up the first Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and in the name of Jesus Christ blessed the land in whose discovery he had taken so conspicuous a part."

GERALD DE LACEY'S DAUGHTER

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF COLONIAL DAYS

BY ANNA T. SADLER

CHAPTER X

THE WHITE FLOWER AND THE EAGLE

One fine morning, when the summer was in its golden prime, Evelyn took her way to that camp on the banks of the Collect Pond in the shadow of the Cabanets Hill, where the *Wilden* had their encampment. Her mission just then was to procure some of the wax from the bay berries for the waxing of the floors, and some fresh fish from the Rockaways, a certain number of whom had arrived but the day before and marched up the Broad Way, their faces painted blood-red with the juice of the beet root. The morning was rarely fine, the trees were all fresh from the recent showers and gave forth a sweet perfume; the birds, trilling in the branches, seemed the voices of those trees in the shelter of which were groups of men and women, native to the soil, with bronzed faces, coarse, straight hair, and costumes of skins, enlivened especially in the case of the squaws with adornments of flaming color.

The coming of the girl was greeted with such demonstrations of joy as these people permitted themselves. Evelyn had been long since adopted a member of the tribe, being looked upon as a great "medicine woman" for she had often successfully used in their behalf remedies which she had learned from old Doctor Hans Van Kierstead, who had been until his death a famous physician in the colony and had made a pet of Evelyn. He had taught her to compound salves and simples from various herbs, and all this knowledge the young girl had applied to cure the ailments of the savages. From the *Wilden* themselves she had gained in turn many valuable secrets as to the properties of herbs and dyes to be extracted from various plants. She had brought her Indian friends on this occasion, as she often did, sundry little objects such as thimbles, scissors, or small mirrors, these last being especially coveted by the squaws. She offered these objects as gifts or bartered them for fish and other commodities. She seated herself familiarly on a grassy knoll, and conversed with the savages in their own tongue, which she, in common with many young people of the town, had picked up from frequent association with the tribespeople almost from childhood onwards. For it was one secret of Evelyn's influence at the encampment that she, more than any of the others, had gained a proficiency in their dialects. Having rested after her walk, she made her purchases of fish and other articles, conversing pleasantly with young and old alike. But, this bartering concluded, she approached a group of girls, who were busy stringing clam shells together for *wampum* or *sewant*. Such strings of shells passed as currency among the Indians, and made these tribes—the *Manhattans*, from whom the Dutch metropolis took one of its names, and the *Rockaways*, who inhabited a district still nearer the sea—the richest of Indians, because they could collect the most shells. In a few moments Evelyn was deep in conversation with these workers, and from their signs and gestures, and those made by their visitor, it was evident that the subject under discussion was one of great gravity. She was, in fact, instructing her special class of Christian catechumens. She was continuing amongst them the work begun with the elders of the tribe by Father Harvey and other Jesuits, who had lived within the precincts of the Fort in the time of Governor Dongan, and had still resided there even under his immediate successor. They had used all their efforts to christianize the tribes until the stormy times of Leisler had driven them away. It is true that members of the Society of Jesus continued to come thither from Maryland or Philadelphia from time to time to minister by stealth to the few white Catholics or to preach the Gospel to the savages. But, since there was close watch kept to prevent such visits and such ministrations, these were naturally few and far between, and Evelyn had taken it upon herself, great as was the risk of discovery, to teach the Indian girls and children their Catechism and nourish in their hearts the seed which the missionaries had sown.

It was while she was thus engaged that Captain Ferrers appeared upon the scene. He had come thither in quest of those for the gubernatorial household, and was pleasantly surprised to find Evelyn de Lacey amongst the *Wilden*. He stood aside for a moment in the shadow of a tree to observe the scene, and, as some perception of its meaning began to dawn upon him, he was filled with an uneasiness which amounted almost to foreboding. From her upward gestures and the seriousness of her mien, he was readily led to suppose that she was instructing these wild people in the Christian mysteries. That in itself presented her in a new light, since he had thought of her only as a most ornamental appanage of drawing-rooms and a charming companion in the ways of ordinary life. But, surprising as he found the discovery, for one rarely expects to find deep seriousness in what is beautiful and charming, he would have regarded it as merely another phase in a most interesting

character had he not been suddenly struck as by a blow. For that gesture which Evelyn made so frequently, and which the savages imitated, was all too familiar to Ferrers. Though a Protestant himself, in so far as he had any religion, he had had a Catholic mother. She had died in his early boyhood, but he could not be mistaken in the Sign of the Cross. Like a flash he realized that the girl was doing, and the peril in which she was thus involving herself. For he already knew enough of the disturbed state of Manhattan, as well as of the fanaticism rife in the entourage of the Governor, to be aware that the religion, of which that sign was the symbol, was now both inconvenient and perilous to its professors and likely to be more so in the future. Not wishing that Evelyn should be just then aware of his presence, he drew further into the shadow of the trees with a feeling that he was intruding on something personal and necessarily secret.

The instruction had apparently come to an end, for Evelyn very wisely made it brief to suit these untutored minds, and it was evident that she was talking to them carelessly upon other topics. She took up the *wampum* shells, and was beginning to string them with great speed and dexterity when presently an interruption came. There was a wild, whirring sound that caused Evelyn to spring to her feet enthusiastically, while an old squaw, rising beside her, pointed dramatically upwards with her withered hand. Pigeons and various other birds were rising in such numbers that for a moment they almost obscured the brilliant sunshine. The squaw, it was evident, was apostrophizing them in the picturesque language of her race. To Evelyn, while the sight was not new, it was always impressive. It stirred her pulses and caused her heart to beat joyously with its movement of life and freedom, its swift rushing skywards. Captain Ferrers lingered a moment or two longer in the shadow of the trees to watch that scene, to be struck with new admiration for Evelyn's fairness, thrown into relief as it was by the bronzed skins of the Indians, and for her gestures, so graceful and expressive. Though he could not understand her words, there was something in her whole attitude that gave the impression of mental superiority and a latent force which grave circumstances would surely develop. The *wampum* workers and the oldest squaws gathered about her and listened to what she was saying, their black, bead eyes passing from her face to the birds in their flight overhead. There was an eager joyousness in the girl's bearing, as though that breathless rush had communicated to her its excitement. Her face, aglow with soft color, was turned upwards so that the curves of her chin and the delicate poise of her head upon a slender neck were emphasized. Beside her, in hideous contrast, was the old squaw whose Christian name was Monica, and who with bronzed arm pointed towards the birds. Captain Ferrers, stepping out from his place of concealment, advanced to the side of Evelyn, who gave him a smile and a quick glance of recognition without diverting her attention from the paramount object of interest overhead.

"It is the birds going northwards to feed upon the wild carrot," she explained, turning slightly towards him while her eyes still followed those winged children of Nature far through the blue vastness of the sky. When the birds were almost out of sight, growing indistinct in the distance, Evelyn with a half sign turned her attention to the young officer, who stood silently beside her, impressed by that scene so characteristic and so completely outside his previous experience. "It is so splendid!" he cried. "I agreed with her, presently adding: 'I would not have expected to find you here.' 'No?' responded Evelyn. 'Well, that is because you know little of me and my friendship for these *Wilden*, as we call them here. They have made me a member of their tribe.' He laughed in sympathy with her laugh, though he was uncertain whether she spoke in earnest or in jest. Presently deciding that it was the former: 'And you speak their language?' he inquired. 'Many of us do here,' she answered, 'for, from our childhood, they have been amongst us.' 'You were holding a very interesting conversation with them but this moment, when the birds started up,' he said, with some abruptness. 'At this remark the laughter died out of Evelyn's eyes, and a veil of reserve was drawn between him and her, for that was a subject upon which, perforce, she maintained the utmost secrecy. The keen eyes of Ferrers noted that the topic was unpleasant, and, but too well aware of the reason, he changed it. 'I have come for fish,' he explained. My Lady Bellomont has a fancy to taste fish fresh from the sea, which has been brought hither, as some have told her, by these people. It is highly commended.' 'Not more than it deserves,' said Evelyn. 'I have already made my purchases. There are so many things the *Wilden* have to sell.' She pointed towards a basket in which a young negro girl, her attendant, had laid beside her on the ground.

"A visit here would much entertain Her Excellency," observed Ferrers, adding with some craftiness, "if you would but deign some day to act as her interpreter." Evelyn expressed her willingness to do so, with the thought in her mind that she would be by no means averse to see and converse once more, and in an informal manner, with the lady of the cage. But she carefully refrained from saying anything of her morning's adventure with the Countess of Bellomont to the man beside her.

Despite the shadow of restraint that had fallen on Evelyn's manner, the two chatted pleasantly a few moments longer. As for Captain Ferrers, he would willingly have prolonged that interview indefinitely, for here amidst the trees he found his companion still more charming than in the conventional atmosphere of the drawing-room. But Evelyn was not so unmindful that time was passing and that she must be returning homewards. When she had made her first movement in that direction, signing to the young negro to take her basket, the same old squaw, who had pointed to the flying birds, arose from the ground where she had been squatting, while observing the pair. She began to address some sentences to Evelyn, pointing, as she spoke, from her to Captain Ferrers, and her words produced in the girl an effect of extreme annoyance, not unmingled with confusion. She shook her head in vigorous dissent, frowning to show her displeasure, while the squaw went on: "This is a great war-chief who has come over the water with the Great Captain, the Governor, our Brother and Corlear. He seeks the White Flower for his mate, and the tribe are pleased. For he has the frame of a warrior and the eye of an eagle; and his eye is good, since it rests upon the White Flower. She will take him one day for her mate. It is well; it is well." The women standing about and the braves who lurked in the trees, cried out their agreement with the sentiment, saying: "It is well; it is well." The young girls, the *wampum* makers, took up the chorus, and some of the older women, crowding about Ferrers, patted him on the shoulder or pressed his hand, thus saluting him as the fitting mate for the White Flower.

"What is it they are saying?" inquired the officer, trying to reproduce some of the soft Indian words which he had caught. Evelyn, very naturally, did not proffer her services as interpreter. Perhaps some idea of their meaning dawned upon Captain Ferrers, as he noted the girl's embarrassment. For he did not insist, merely saying: "They include me, I perceive, in their friendship, which most certainly I owe to you, and I opine it is good policy to conciliate them." "Oh, yes, yes," cried Evelyn, grateful for the hint he had given her, "conciliate, conciliate, always conciliate."

CHAPTER XI. FRIENDS OR ENEMIES? From the suggestion of Captain Ferrers that Her Excellency should visit the Indian encampment, resulting in fact Evelyn's next meeting with my Lady Bellomont. In a brief note Evelyn was asked to be in attendance on a certain day and at a certain hour to lend her valuable assistance to the Countess of Bellomont in interpreting the Indian tongue. The request was very courteously worded, and came from one of Her Ladyship's ladies-in-waiting. On that occasion Evelyn was accompanied by Polly Van Cortlandt, who was quite elated at the prospect of meeting thus at close range that woman who so far had awakened far wider interest, especially among the women of the colony, than the Governor himself.

Great was Captain Ferrers' disappointment to find that his plan, in so far as himself was concerned was a failure. For my Lord Bellomont, after his arbitrary fashion claimed his services, and it was Captain Williams who was chosen to attend Her Excellency. This latter had always made himself particularly servicable to the capricious lady, humoring all her whims and falling in with all her prejudices. She accepted, after her languid fashion, his almost slavish services, and was quite content to have him in her train, while she was not without a certain pique that Captain Ferrers should be so much less amenable to her more or less unreasonable caprices.

"Once said caustically to one of her ladies, 'was born to play the role of tane cat in a lady's boudoir. But what should we do without him in these wilds?' To Evelyn, also, it must be owned, the substitution of Prosser Williams for Captain Ferrers was a considerable disappointment. Since their last meeting she had thought of Captain Ferrers very often, as she worked in her garden or, with her capable hands, assisted in such domestic affairs as required her attention. There was a pleasurable excitement in the thoughts of his openly displayed admiration, which as instinct told her, hovered closely upon the borderland of love, though she had no certainty as yet that he had passed it. To her clear common sense it seemed improbable and visionary that a man, fresh from the great world and from the excitements of court and camp, should fall so easy a victim to a girl who was chiefly of provincial training and had but a limited knowledge of life.

Nevertheless, in his manner and voice, so simple, so true and so unartificial as she felt them to be, there was quite enough interest revealed to afford a real pleasure and stimulus to their meetings. Evelyn and her friend reached the encampment first, as in duty bound, and as the quick eyes of Prosser Williams told him. He felt a certain excitement at that moment, as if he had been called to a combat. It braced his languid nerves, and lent an unwonted animation to his manner. Evelyn seemed to arouse such latent strength as lay in a nature overpowered by idleness and self-indulgence. She was an enemy whom he would like to subdue—beautiful, graceful and alert, as had been the figures which, on first coming out of college, he had gazed at with admiration. Her cleverness and her clever perceptions incited him to anger. He fancied she would have been more attractive and more pleasing to mankind in general without them. Beauty was the only thing that mattered, and goodness—if he could recognize it at all, and even supposing it to be genuine—was but a negative and often inconvenient attribute which, in his eyes, could add nothing whatever to a woman. Nevertheless Evelyn's beauty captivated him and gave her a distinct advantage, when she looked at him with those coldly scornful eyes which belied the conventional civility of her words.

As he presented the two girls to my Lady Bellomont, he was surprised to note that, after a gracious greeting to Mistress Polly, she took Evelyn's hand in hers while she whispered something that he could not catch. His nimble brains set to work at once to puzzle out what possible acquaintance there could have been before between the two. For acquaintance, it was evident, there had been. But, puzzle as he might, he could not here receive enlightenment. One thing, however, was clear, and that was that Evelyn had won Her Ladyship's favor. He had known her before to show a marked partiality for beautiful women, when they interfered with no purpose of her own. In this case it was quite apparent that she wanted the girl beside her. She regarded her with evident admiration, and she uttered enthusiastic little exclamations at Evelyn's cleverness in speaking the Indian dialects, and would scarcely acknowledge the fact that Mistress Polly spoke them almost as well. Her Ladyship noted with keen interest the ascendancy of the beautiful and high bred girl over these wild, untutored beings. Prosser Williams, walking with Polly, who laughingly acknowledged herself to be quite in a secondary position with the *Wilden*, observed it also, and it lent fuel to the strange flame of mingled hatred and perfervid admiration which he felt towards Evelyn, and which was to a certain extent the outcome of her very contempt and dislike. Had she responded to his advances, she would have been merely one of the many pretty girls with whom he had passed an idle hour. It must be owned, however, that the attraction which she seemed to possess for the hitherto invincible Ferrers had lent her a value quite apart from her intrinsic merits; and of course the approbation of my Lady Bellomont was another feather in Evelyn's cap. There was no jewel to which court favor would not have added, in the young man's estimation, an additional lustre.

"Do you really mean that I may take a vacation of two whole weeks, Mr. Magruder?" "I certainly do, Miss Dorothy. You've well earned it." "O! thank you sir," "Larry," she said when they were alone, "now you may bring on the snow and the holly and the mistletoe, for I'm as full of happiness as a community Christmas tree weighted down with gifts. Merry Christmas, boy, merry Christmas!" She made but one stop and that was to send a telegram. "I'll be home for Christmas" were the magic words that went ticking over the wire as she tripped away towards the little flat where she and a girl worker played at "keeping house." She ran, breathlessly, up the two flights of stairs, then up ceremoniously pushed open a door and bounded into the room. "Margie! Margie! Two whole weeks! Two whole weeks!" "Well!" The girl addressed turned from her desk and regarded Dorothy in wonder. "What about two whole weeks and what are you doing here at this time of day, please?" "May I do a Spanish fandango on your trunk? I can't keep still." "Couldn't you defer the fandango until you have explained? I'm dying with curiosity." "Mr. Magruder has given me a two-weeks' vacation and I am going home for Christmas." "Home for Christmas! Dorothy Weston, haven't you always told me that you had no home?" "Of course. I haven't what you would call a home. I am going to the convent where I was educated. You know, I have often told you that my aunt is the Superior there."

"How nice! You really need a rest and I hope you will enjoy it." "But what will you do, Margie? Go out to your brother or is he coming here?" "Neither!" "You won't be here all alone? Oh! I'm so sorry!" "And then Margaret Courtney did what for her was an unprecedented thing. To the surprise and consternation of her friend, she covered her face with her hands and sobbed. "Margie, I won't go if it makes you feel so badly. What is the matter, dear?" Margaret made a brave attempt to dry her tears and smile. "Don't mind me, Dot. I'm a little hysterical, I believe. I've just had some bad news, very bad news, indeed." "Your manuscript was returned?" "No, on the contrary, I received a check for it." "Oh, dear, then something must be the matter with 'brother John.' He hasn't been injured, has he?" "Physically, he's all right, I suppose. I had a letter from him this morning." Dorothy tossed her muff upon a chair, her coat and hat followed and as her rubbers found a resting place under the edge of the dresser, she dropped into a rocker. "Now, young lady, I am ready to hear this tale of woe and wipe away the tears. But please hurry! I must catch the 4:10 train, unless I want to spend the night on the steps. During the ten years I lived there I never knew anything to open the doors of the convent after 9 o'clock except a fire."

"John has done something terrible." "Goodness! Robbed a bank or killed some one?" "No, it's nothing criminal."

"Hum! Married?" "No—that is, not yet."

"Well, I can't think of anything else very bad. What did he do?" "He has become a Catholic!"

For one full moment Dorothy gazed wrathfully at her friend, then the sight of her tears and seemingly genuine sorrow, kept back the sarcastic answer that had sprung to her lips.

"I fail to see any harm in that," she remarked quietly. "Oh! Dorothy, how can you say that? And he always the very soul of honor."

Dorothy reached under the dresser, secured one of her overshoes, and deliberately aimed it as a small vase on the mantel, which toppled over with a crash.

"Excuse me, Margie. I had to break something quick to relieve my feelings. The vase probably saved you a headache. And now tell me, she commanded, "are you the girl who has always boasted of so much religious tolerance?"

"Dorothy, can't you understand why it hurts me so? If he had become a Catholic because he really believed it to be the true faith I would have taken up the study of it immediately, knowing that if John had found it worth while, it must be so."

"Well, didn't he do so?" "No, indeed!"

"How do you know? Why, on earth, would he become a Catholic if he had not faith?"

Margie tossed her head scornfully. "Because he has fallen in love with a girl and she would not marry him unless he did!"

Without a word, Dorothy got up and walked over to the window. The snow fell fast, covering everything with a shimmering whiteness, and off in the misty distance gleamed the cross of St. Mark's, and there in the Tabernacle, He waited to welcome one and all. But, greatest of all Shepherds, though He was, were not some always straying away from the flock and many groping about in spiritual darkness, unable to see the light of Faith in the true fold?

When Dorothy turned from the window her face bore no trace of

her former resentment. Apparently, she had forgotten the topic of their recent conversation.

"Margie," she asked, "would you mind if I told you something of myself? There is such a dreadful experience connected with my early life that I never mention it, but, somehow, I feel that I would like you to hear it."

"A mystery, Dot? How romantic! Tell me, at once!" "My mother was the youngest of three children. Orphaned at an early age, her brother and sister, who were considerably older than she, took care of her and lavished upon her every possible kindness. Surrounded by their loving tenderness, her life was a very happy one. At eighteen she became acquainted with a man and this friendship rapidly ripened into love. My aunt and uncle found serious objections to the match because the man was not a Catholic. My uncle at that time was just completing his studies for the priesthood, being ordained shortly after mother's marriage.

"Like all lovers, all obstacles were easily swept aside, and my father, thoroughly in love with my charming mother, was willing to make any promises that would secure for him his desired bride. And my uncle and aunt thought him sincere, which at the time I am certain he was, and so disliking to deprive their sister of any happiness, they gave a reluctant consent and they were married by the parish priest. My aunt entered a convent soon after the wedding.

"My mother and father were very happy together and my coming added still greater joy. When I was six years old, I started to the Academy where mother had gone, and father was delighted with the progress I made with my studies. "I had been at the Academy two years, when father joined a society to which mother objected. "They openly acknowledged that they are against all Catholics, and your wife and child are of that Faith," she reminded him.

"Nonsense," father answered. "They are just bandaged together for social benefit and have nothing at all to do with religion."

"Things went along quietly for several months. I had captured several prizes for excellence in studies and was making good progress with music. Then the bomb burst. "Dorothy must go to the Public school," father commanded. He had attended a meeting of the society the night before. "That is impossible," mother answered. I really believe she was expecting something like this and had steeled herself against submitting only by unceasing prayer, for she was always so sweet, yielding and gentle.

"She must go, I tell you. Argument is useless. Start her in the Public school this morning. She must not go to the Catholic school another day."

"Mother did not answer and after father had left for the office, she bathed and dressed me, as usual, and started me off for the Academy."

"Well, Dorothy, how did you like the new school?" father asked that evening.

"Mother did not give me a chance to reply. "Will," quietly but firmly she faced father, "Dorothy went to the Academy to-day, as she has always done and as she shall do in the future. I have no intention of permitting you to disregard the promises you made when we were married, even though you desire to do so."

"As I have said mother was very mild, and father could not believe that she had dared to disobey his command. "Dorothy did not—," he commented. "Dorothy did not and will not go to the Public school," mother repeated.

"It was the first time I had ever seen father angry, and I clung to mother's skirt in fright. His face grew red, his hands clenched. "You dared to disobey me!" He thundered and started forward with raised hand as though he would strike her. Then, suddenly, a trembling shook his body, the uplifted hand dropped limply to his side and with a groan, he dropped dead at our feet.

"When the doctor came, he told us that father's heart had been affected for some time, and he had cautioned him frequently that excitement or anger might cause sudden death. Mother went into a decline and lived less than a year."

"You poor, poor child. How dreadful!" Dorothy smiled feebly. "Are you tired, Margie? May I continue?"

"Go on, by all means. I am deeply interested. But no more of tragedy in your life, I hope."

"As you can well imagine, I was a nervous wreck after witnessing my father's death and losing mother. For years I would awaken at night, from dreams in which I rehearsed the dreadful scene, screaming in terror, and I was well into my teens, before the painful effects were eradicated from my mind. After mother's death, I went to the boarding school where my aunt taught, remaining under her care until I graduated. During the summer vacations I visited my uncle, the priest."

Dorothy paused thoughtfully before continuing. "And then, like mother, I, too, met a man, apparently a good, honest, noble man, though he was not a Catholic. And again like mother had done before me, I could not believe ill of him and when he asked

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me to be his wife, I gladly said 'yes.' 'Why, Dorothy, how charmingly romantic! And to think that I never guessed! You are to be married soon?'

The girl shook her head sadly. 'It is all over, Margie. My love affair is but a beautiful dream of yesterday—a yesterday that has sunk into oblivion forever.'

'But why—I can not understand.' 'That night, I knocked at uncle's study before I retired. I wanted to tell him of my good fortune, fondly believing that he would rejoice with me.'

'Dorothy,' he whispered, 'dear little girl, have you forgotten your mother?'

'I shook my head in dismay, a great fear clutching at my heart that told me what was coming.'

'Child, twenty years ago, she came to me, just as you have come tonight, asking my consent to her marriage with a non-Catholic and I had not the courage to be firm and refuse her the happiness she craved, and I have never ceased to blame myself for what followed.'

'But, Father James, you should not feel that way about it. No doubt, they would have married anyway despite any and all objections.'

'I do not think so,' he answered. 'She was a very gentle girl and ever obedient to her sister and myself. And, Dorothy, dear little girl, though I love you dearly and want to see you happy, I dare not commit that fault again. I do not ask you to give him up, that you must do of your own accord, but I beg of you to remember your mother and the tragedy of her life, and pray, pray unceasingly for strength and courage to do what is right. And if you decide that this man is more necessary to your happiness than my blessing, I will still think kindly of you, but I can not, dare not marry you.'

'I could not answer for the tears welled up and rendered me speechless. Miserable beyond expression, I crept up to my room and fell upon my knees before a statue of the Blessed Virgin, pouring out to her the anguish and sorrow that filled me. And then, I opened the locket that I always wore, and gazed upon mother's sweet face. Oh! how I longed for mother that night! I wanted to creep into her arms and feel the tender touch of her cool hand upon my fevered brow, and whisper the cause of my suffering and have her kiss away the tears. And, at last, when overtaxed nature would stand no more, I fell into a sleep of exhaustion, from which the Angelus bell awakened me.'

'After Mass, I sat down to breakfast with Father James, no longer wavering between right and wrong, but strong, firm in the determination to give up this man, though I feared that with his going, all happiness would flee forever from my life.'

'I am going away,' I told my uncle. 'I am glad that Mother Celeste insisted upon me taking stenography in addition to the academic course, for I shall have no trouble obtaining a position in the city. I have written a letter to the man whom I have promised to marry, breaking the engagement and asking him to call upon you for the reason. Uncle James, I want you to tell him the story of mother's life.'

'Uncle promised and I came away, and, although I receive a weekly letter from him, he has never mentioned this man. Either he was so hurt because I ran away that he never came for the explanation or, receiving the same, could care for me no longer.'

'But, Dorothy, if you care for him so much, why didn't you ask him to become a Catholic, as this girl that my brother is to marry has done?'

'I did not know that one could become a Catholic simply to please another. All the converts I know, and I have met many at the Convent, studied for months and some of them were years in deciding this vital question. I never dreamed of asking him to embrace the Catholic Faith.'

'But, Dorothy, dear, you will be sure to meet him again and be reconciled.'

'That is the way your stories always end, Margie, but in real life, I imagine things do not run so smoothly. There is ever a cross to be carried and always a shoulder to bear the burden, however irksome the load may be.'

'Nonsense, you are too young and pretty to entertain such gloomy forebodings. I am willing to wager this check that in less than a year not only a solitaire but a little hoop of gold will adorn the third finger of your left hand.'

'You mean that he will become a Catholic?' grimly. 'No, at least I hope he will not unless he is sincere in his belief. I mean that you will—'

'That I will do as mother did?'

'I mean that you will be willing to accept him as he is. If he is good, honest, noble, as you say, what difference does it make whether he be Catholic, Jew, Protestant or a worshiper of Mohammed's God?'

'That is what my mother tried to think.'

'You did not mention his name.'

'Courtney—the same as your own—John Courtney. Since I became so fond of you, I often hoped that he might be some distant cousin, but you shattered that idea by declaring that you had no living relatives except your brother.'

'None that I know of, and since my brother is a Catholic and will soon be married, I expect it could not be he.'

'Hardly!' Dorothy laughed, then

jumped up quickly. 'Two o'clock! 'Tis high time I packed my grip. I wish you were coming with me, Margie.'

'To the Convent?'

'Of course, to the Convent! Why not, pray? You speak as though it were some secluded place where people dared not tread.'

'Would I be welcome? A stranger?'

'A merry peal of laughter burst from Dorothy. 'A stranger, indeed. Why both Mother Celeste and Father James know all about you. They read your stories as fast as they come from the press. My letters to them are full of your doings and sayings, even your very whims and fancies! They have often expressed a desire to meet you. Will you come?'

'Really, Dot, dear it does not seem exactly right for me to go, but I believe I would like to, and—'

'You darling! Where's your suitcase? Toothbrush? A waist or two? Good! We're playing a game, now, Margie. 'Running away from John' is the name of it.'

'Running away from John?'

'Of course, your John and my John! If we were to continue to think of them, it would only spoil our holiday and make us miserable, so we will not mention them at all.'

'Really, Dot, it is not a bad idea at all.'

Margaret Courtney stood at the window of St. Mary's Convent. How quiet and peaceful everything seemed. The trees stood still as though the mischievous breezes dared not approach the branches that bent low with the burden of scintillant whiteness and the snow, as yet undisturbed by marring footprints, covered the earth with a blanket of downy purity. Not a sound disturbed the mystic stillness of the early dawn.

'Christmas morning!' she murmured. 'Peace on earth to men of good will.' 'A holy, happy peace, a peace beyond my powers of comprehension has invaded this place, as it did the poor stable of Bethlehem nearly two thousand years ago. Can it be that they are right? Does this faith draw them so close to their Maker that they are filled with a heavenly peace unheard of, unknown outside the cloister? If not, what has drawn these women, intelligent and refined beyond the ordinary, away from all the world holds dear? And what keeps them here? Why doesn't the novelty wear off after a year or so, as it does with all worldly pleasures? 'Running away from John,' indeed! Running to John is more like it, for every crucifix and statue, the serene countenance of each nun, the chapel and its white-haired priest, all seem to draw me closer to the religion my brother has embraced. If it is the true—'

'She sprang away from the window with a gasp of impatience. 'Of what am I thinking? Let John be a Catholic, if he will, but thank God! I, at least, am not such a weakling that the outward semblance of perfect happiness that fills this Convent can influence me in any way.'

'Good morning, Miss Courtney; merry Christmas.' Mother Celeste stood at the door. 'Are you coming to Mass with us this morning?'

'No, Mother, I think not.'

'One glance at the face of her guest told Mother Celeste the truth, and she knew that she was fighting, fighting all the old prejudices that held her captive, and struggling with the great truths that sought to tear aside the barricade her education had raised against them.'

'God and His Blessed Mother help her!' was the prayer that came from Mother Celeste's heart. Aloud she said: 'One of our little ones was taken ill during the night, Miss Courtney, and while the physician is not certain that it is anything contagious, we thought it best to establish a quarantine, as many of the children did not go home for the holidays.'

'Oh! I am so sorry. Could I be of any help?'

'Thank you, but there is nothing we can do just now but pray. Sister Mary Eunice has been with her all night, and we will make no change until the doctor reports. He will be here soon bringing the anti-toxin serum with him.'

'You fear diphtheria?'

'Yes, Miss Courtney. You will pray for the child won't you? Margaret was surprised. Was this nun, this woman who seemed so near unto God, asking her prayers? Did she consider them worth while?'

Mother Celeste continued: 'It is a very sad case. Little Marian is just six and has been with us since September. Her father, a devout Catholic, died a year ago, and her mother, an invalid is not of our faith. One day, shortly after her entrance, the Sister in charge of the little ones missed her, and after quite a search we found her in the chapel before a statue of the Blessed Virgin, murmuring over and over 'Mother Mary, please make my Mother 'Lisbeth a Catholic.'

'You see,' she explained in childish innocence, 'Mother Mary lives up in Heaven where my big daddy-man is, and Mother 'Lisbeth is really, truly, earthly mamma, and I love them both so much and think of the time that she so often, that I have to say 'Mother Mary' and 'Mother 'Lisbeth' to tell them apart.' After that, whenever the child was absent, we knew where to look for her. A month ago, the mother took a change for the worse, and the child went home. The sorrow of the little one at the loss of her mother was lessened considerably by the sweet, consoling thought that she became a Catholic before her death and had

gone to join 'Mother Mary' and 'Big Daddy-man,' as she always called her father.'

'She returned to the Convent several days ago, undoubtedly contracting the disease while away. The hospital is about two hundred feet beyond the chapel to the left. You will avoid that vicinity, please, Miss Courtney?'

'Of course, Mother, and I trust it will not prove as serious as you fear.'

'God grant it may not be, Miss Courtney. I will see you again after Mass.'

'What a womanly woman she is,' Margaret Courtney mused as Mother Celeste departed. 'This community living, instead of destroying, seems to have heightened all worth-while qualities in its members. I wonder if they are really satisfied or if this appearing calm is but a mask—'

'No! It is no mask, of that I am sure. Right or wrong they are at peace, perfectly satisfied and happy; at peace with the world, their Maker—and would that I could say the same for myself—at peace within.'

'What am I saying? Of what am I thinking? Why—if I continue to indulge such thoughts within a week, I'll be begging them to invest me with their somber habit! Of course, I am not in sympathy with them or their mode of living. I am just critical, and I think I had better go away.'

'And I will go, too, go at once, before I have a chance to change my mind.'

To decide was to act with Margaret Courtney and in a few minutes she was walking down the stone steps, wrapped in furs, her grip in her hand. A note to Dorothy and Mother Celeste hinted at the necessity of immediate departure.

'I believe I'll run over and view the outside of the chapel once more. It is a splendid piece of architecture, and I may want to describe it in one of my stories.'

At the chapel, she paused, then irresolutely, went up several steps. 'I won't go in! No, I won't! There seems some sort of witchery about that tries to draw me closer and closer, but thank God! I am strong enough to resist the temptation.'

She walked away, down the path, a prey to the most conflicting thoughts.

'Mother! Mother!'

A cry broke the morning stillness and Margaret started violently. A hasty glance around told her the truth. Forgetful of her promise to Mother Celeste, she had taken the left road and stood in front of the hospital.

'Mother Mary, please bring my mother 'Lisbeth to me,' the childish voice rang out in delirium of fever.

A great wave of pity swept over Margaret Courtney. Perhaps, she could comfort the little one, render her sufferings less acute, or assist the nun who attended her.

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Sister Mary Eunice shook her head sadly. 'Her throat is really better, but the heart grows perceptibly weaker. The doctor says it can not stand the strain.'

Again the child opened her eyes and pressed her soft baby hand against Margaret's cheek.

'Dear Mother 'Lisbeth,' she murmured, 'I'm so happy 'cause you promised to say Mother Mary's beads an' I know you will, 'cause you're so good—and—I—love—'

She was not looking at Margaret now, but staring towards the corner where a statue of the Blessed Virgin stood, her little arms outstretched, a smile of wondrous sweetness illuminating her face.

'Why dear, Mother Mary, you've got my Big Daddy-man an' my dear Mother 'Lisbeth, an'—I'm—comin'—too!'

The arms dropped, the little head turned over so slightly, and with a tired, sobbing gasp, the baby eyes closed forever on earth, to open in that great Heaven of Eternal Bliss where Big Daddy-man, mother 'Lisbeth and Mother Mary eagerly awaited her coming.

'It was New Year's Day. 'Oh, Mother Celeste, is it true? Will Margie be with us to-day?'

'Yes dear. Everything has been thoroughly fumigated and disinfected, and the doctor says both Miss Courtney and Sister Mary Eunice may leave the hospital to-day.'

'Oh! I am so very glad, Mother. I have missed her so, isn't she lovely, Mother? I wonder why she decided to leave Christmas morning and then changed her mind?'

'She must explain that part of it, Dorothy. She is a splendid young lady, and I had hoped to see quite a good deal of her. I am sorry she wandered into the hospital and had to remain until the danger was past.'

'A Sister drew near. 'Father Weston is here, Mother, and also wishes to see Dorothy.'

'Oh! I am so glad!' Dorothy fairly danced in delight. 'Now, he will meet Margie.'

'Yes, indeed!' Mother turned to the waiting nun. 'Please go to the hospital and tell Miss Courtney that a gentleman awaits her coming in the parlor.'

'See, Mother, Father James could not wait patiently for us. He is already in the corridor.'

'Oh! Uncle James, I'm so very glad to see you!' she continued. 'Dorothy, dear,' Father spoke 'feelingly,' you are wonderfully like your mother; is she not Celeste?'

'Very like our little sister, indeed. I have very much to say to you, dear,' Father continued, 'but I will have to wait, for there is some one else who impatiently awaits your coming.'

'Some one else?' Dorothy repeated in surprise.

For answer Father James took her by the shoulder and pushed her gently into the parlor, closing the door behind her.

A broad shouldered, handsome man came quickly towards her with outstretched arms.

Dorothy drew, won't you say I am welcome?'

'You here? At the Convent? With Father James?' Dorothy seemed to disbelieve her own eyes.

'Yes, Dorothy, I have spent much of the past six months with Father Weston studying the Catholic religion.'

'Then you are a Catholic! Oh! I am so glad.' She could no longer refuse the invitation of his eyes and arms. 'Why did you not let me know? It would have made me so happy.'

'Because, for a long time, I was not sure. Dot, I knew that you would not want me to embrace the Catholic religion unless I was thoroughly sincere, and I could not run the risk of making you suffer as your father had made your mother suffer, and so I waited. I was baptized and received my first Holy Communion Christmas morning. Father Weston and Mother Celeste had arranged this little surprise as a Christmas present for you, but we are a week late owing to the illness of that little child. Are you not happy, dear?'

'Happy, John, I did not know there was so much happiness in this whole world as has come to me to-day. My heart is singing with gladness.'

The door opened and Margaret Courtney entered.

'Why, brother John—Dorothy! What can this mean?'

'Come!' John Courtney took a hand of each of the girls and drew them to a settee beside him. 'Let me explain!'

'Don't be so surprised, Dorothy, didn't you ever guess that Margie was the sister of your sweetheart?'

Dorothy shook her head, still too stunned at this unexpected turn of affairs to speak.

'And, Margie, didn't you recognize Dorothy in my description of your new sister to be?'

'Indeed, I did not! You never mentioned her name and I thought I hated her because she had made you become a Catholic, and, you know, I just love Dorothy!'

'Margie, this is a strange ending to our little game,' Dorothy giggled. 'Game? What game?' asked John. 'We came here playing 'running away from John,' because Margie's John had displeased her by becoming a Catholic and my John had made me unhappy because he did not become one.'

'of you, didn't he?' The man laughed happily. 'Isn't it splendid, Margie? Now, we will never be separated. You'll live with us always.'

'Dot, dear, I am not going back!'

'Not going back?' repeated Dorothy. 'You know the words, dear, and a little child shall lead them? Well, it was little Marian and her splendid belief who shattered the last obstacle that stood in my path and brought me to accept the knowledge and beauty of the Catholic faith, much of which I had learned from you, Dorothy. This week of seclusion I have spent in prayer and study, making good use of the legacy the little child left me—she held up the white rosary.'

'Tell me you are both glad for me!'

'It is all too wonderful, Margie. So many good things have happened to day, I can scarcely believe I am not dreaming.'

'Ah! my dear sister, I well know that you could not live with Dorothy without her planting the seeds of truth and religion in your life as she did in mine.'

'And, my dear Mother and sister, after I have been received into the Catholic Church, I shall become a novice here, and devote my life to good works as the gentle nuns do, and try in my poor, weak, inefficient way to follow their noble example.'

That evening Margaret Courtney stood on the broad steps of the Convent and bade them farewell, those two she loved so well, brother John and the fair girl so radiantly happy beside him.

At the crest of the hill they turned once more to see her standing there so calm, peaceful and happy, and even as they watched she turned away, back to the cloister of the convent walls, away from the turmoil, meaningless toil and conflict of the world, full of the peace that thrilled within her, a sprig of perfect peace brought from Heaven and transplanted here on earth.

DIVIDED HOUSES

There is one hopeful sign amid the present social unrest. It is the growth of repugnance to the evils of divorce. Thinking people who have at heart the future welfare of the country, who know how to extenuate the awful evils of to-day, who know their history and hence can draw the conclusions as to the manner of fate that will overtake us as it destroyed earlier states of civilization, are becoming very Catholic in their denunciation of divorce. To do means, of course, the getting away from a fundamental Protestant principle. For if there is anything for which the children of the Reformation have stood it is the privilege of private judgment not only in mental conclusions but also in moral practice. Is it so long ago when divorce was a cardinal doctrine of Protestants? If you were not a Catholic you must thereby be in favor of the divorce principle. Go over much of the controversial literature of the past and what will surprise you is the prominence given to the arguments in favor of the dissolubility of the marriage bond. It was always insisted that Catholic opposition to divorce was a violation of the liberties gained by the religious revolt of the sixteenth century. Bible texts were twisted in the effort to prove that in defending divorce, which was so mixed up with the beginnings of Protestantism, they were defending Christianity itself. The Catholic Church was in their minds convicted of error against an inviolable right of man, and hence an anti-Christian shade, if it tyrannized over the people in forbidding them in other things? And so Protestantism and the right to divorce have been interchangeable terms. But now there is even with many strict Protestants a right-about-face. It isn't that they have changed their faith, it isn't that they are willing to admit that the principle was wrong from the beginning and hence a proof of the evil of individualism in religion; no, they will not go that far. They still maintain that divorce is right in principle but has become nauseous in many ways because it has been abused. But as we have often said the magnitude of the abuse has nothing to do with the principle. If the divorce principle can be justly claimed by one man, what is to prevent a million men claiming it on the same grounds as the one man. And for that very reason the divorce evils have grown and will grow, as long as men are taught that they can make their own laws, or what is practically the same thing, can interpret the laws of God to suit their own convenience. Hence the whole thing is a muddle of principles and all the disgust at accompanying evils will never check the abuse. The remedy lies elsewhere. Yet in spite of being obliged to recognize the fact that it is all a mere cleansing of the outside of the cup, we should be glad to see even that being done. It is essentially a justification of our position and in time it may be able to draw the attention of a multitude to the filth of the inside of the cup. And when one finds such a staunch defender of the rights of private judgment as Lyman Abbott attacking divorce, it gives hope that many are willing to sacrifice those Protestant principles that are now found to bring disorder. 'Trials for murder,' he writes, 'are full of brutalities, but the divorce cases bring more loathsome details to light; violations of honor, relations between men and women from which the spiritual has

been wholly eliminated, so that their relations become appalling profanity of human personality, vulgarities which are rendered more repulsive because they are unconscious. These revelations of the divorce courts are made by men and women who strip themselves bare in the eyes of the world, and yet they do not know that they are naked. There is no death so terrible as this living death, and to lose the sense of purity, of honor, of spiritual integrity and not know it, is a living death.'

So it goes, one condemning divorce the other commending it, or at least excusing it. It is a house divided, quite as divided as the family into which the disease of divorce has come. Will they never learn that if the evils which disgust them are to be remedied the only clear way is by returning to the proved position of the old Church toward marriage as a wonderfully sacred thing?—Boston Pilot.

GATES AND DOORS

There was a gentle hostler (And blessed be his name!) He opened up the stable The night Our Lady came. Our Lady and Saint Joseph. He gave them food and bed, And Jesus Christ has given him A glory round his head. So let the gate swing open However poor the yard, Let weary people visit you And find their passage barred. Unlatch the door at midnight And let your lantern's glow Shine out to guide the traveler's feet To you across the snow. There was a courteous hostler (He is in Heaven tonight) He held Our Lady's bride And helped her to alight; He spread clean straw before her Whereupon she might lie down, And Jesus Christ has given him An everlasting crown. Unlock the door this evening And let your gate swing wide, Let all who ask for shelter Come speedily inside. What if your yard be narrow? What if your house be small? There is a Guest is coming Will glorify it all. There was a joyous hostler Who knelt on Christmas morn Beside the radiant manger Wherein his Lord was born. His heart was full of laughter, His soul was full of bliss, When Jesus, on His Mother's lap, Gave him His hand to kiss. Unbar your heart this evening And keep no stranger out, Take from your soul's great portal The barrier of doubt, To humble folk and weary Give hearty welcoming, Your breast shall be tomorrow The cradle of a King. —JOYCE KILMER

PROTESTANTISM HAS NOT ADVANCED ANY

HALLAM (Lit. of Europe, part II, ch. II, 14, 15) 'The prodigious increase of the Protestant party in Europe, after the middle of the sixteenth century did not continue more than a few years. It was checked and fell back, not quite so rapidly or completely as it came on, but so as to leave the antagonistic church in perfect security.'

MACAULAY (Essays, vol. IV, pp. 348, 349)

'We think it a most remarkable fact, that no Christian nation, which did not adopt the principles of the Reformation before the end of the sixteenth century, should ever have adopted them. Catholic communities have, since that time, become infidel and become Catholic again; but none has become Protestant.'

LECKY (Hist. of Nat., vol. I, pp. 185, 186)

'In the sixteenth and to a certain degree in the seventeenth century, Protestantism exercised a commanding and controlling influence over the affairs of Europe. . . . During the last century all this has changed. Of the many hundreds of great thinkers and writers, in every department, who have separated from the teachings and practices of Catholicism, it would be difficult to name three men of real eminence and unquestionable sincerity who have attached themselves permanently to any of the more conservative forms of Protestantism. Amid all those great semi-religious revolutions which have unhinged the faith of thousands, and have so profoundly altered the relations of Catholicism and society, Protestant churches have made no advance and have exercised no perceptible influence. Of all the innumerable forms into which the spirit of dogmatism crystallized after the Reformation, not one seems to have retained the power of attracting those beyond its border. Whatever is lost by Catholicism is gained by Rationalism; wherever the spirit of Rationalism recedes, the spirit of Catholicism advances.'

Do not expect too much from others, but remember that all have some ill nature whose occasional outcropping we must expect, and that we must forbear and forgive, as we often desire forbearance and forgiveness ourselves.

The New York State Council of the Knights of Columbus is maintaining 18 scholarships in various colleges.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, DEC. 29, 1917

UNPRECEDENTED POLITICAL SITUATION

"There are moments in history when by the urgency of circumstance everyone in a country is drawn from normal pursuits to consider the affairs of the nation."

"Irishmen can no longer afford to remain aloof from each other, or to address each other distantly or defiantly from press or platform, but must strive to understand each other truly, and to give due weight to each other's opinions, and, if possible arrive at a compromise, a balancing of their diversities, which may save our country from anarchy and chaos for generations to come."

This solemn and statesmanlike appeal, by the able and patriotic young Ulsterman to his fellow-countrymen of all classes, creeds and political views in Ireland, has a peculiar fitness in its application to Canada to-day. Indeed, this famous Memorandum is pervaded by a spirit which is sorely needed amongst Canadians who lead public thought and govern public action.

In the opinion of many, the result of the election is the greatest thing that has happened in Canadian history; others may look upon it as a disaster. Few will deny that it is a most important event in the history of Canada, and that it creates a situation calling for wise, prudent and firm statesmanship.

Long before Confederation the dominating political power of the French Canadians was recognized by so astute and farseeing a politician as Sir John A. Macdonald. Sir Joseph Pope, the authorized biographer of Canada's great Prime Minister, says:

"Ever since his acquaintance with public affairs Mr. Macdonald had been alive to the impossibility of carrying on a Government against which the French Canadians were unitedly opposed. . . . The general election of 1847-48 confirms him in this view, and thenceforward he was more than ever careful to cultivate friendly relations with the French party."

After Confederation, as every one with the slightest knowledge of our political history knows, the conciliation of the French vote ever remained a cardinal principle of Sir John Macdonald's policy. It was by and with their almost unanimous support that he maintained his long tenure of leadership in Canadian public life. During the greater part of this time Catholics elsewhere also supported the Conservative party, having been driven into this political affiliation by George Brown's violent and virulent anti-Catholic attitude, rather than by any attraction exercised by their co-religionists of Quebec. To quote Sir Joseph Pope once more: "The alliance once contracted, eventually begot mutual obligations; for it must not be forgotten that, if Sir John Macdonald stood by the Roman Catholics, they stood by him."

All during this time, even in a generation which knew not George Brown, nor the Globe of George Brown's day, a large and growing part of the English population found the domination of Canada by Quebec

become increasingly irksome. It was quite natural, it was quite human that influences within the Liberal party should seek to foment and deepen this feeling of resentment, until on the retirement of Edward Blake, the Liberal party acquired a French Canadian leader. A short time afterwards Canada was in the throes of one of those racial and religious disputes which from time to time threaten the stability of Confederation—the Manitoba school question. Here the Conservative party—whether sincerely or not doesn't matter—true to its traditions, adopted as its public policy the solution acceptable to the Quebec hierarchy, who in turn issued a joint Mandement to be read in all the churches in support of the Conservative policy. Laurier, the French Canadian Catholic leader of the Liberals, repudiated coercion, and advocated conciliation and compromise. That this policy should be endorsed by the English-speaking provinces was to be expected; but that Quebec, against the unanimous and solemn charge of hierarchy and clergy, should pronounce overwhelmingly in its favor was one of the most astounding things that had as yet occurred in the history of Canadian politics. Certain Protestants, with the obtuseness on such matters characteristic of their type, joyously predicted the immediate defection of Quebec from the Church. In reality the explanation is simple. It was the first public and striking expression of French Canadian nationalism, as yet without a name, politically formless and void; but even at this time a plant of vigorous growth rooted in race and language and circumscribed within these narrow limits. To prevent any unwarranted inference here, we wish to state emphatically that to this narrow nationalist sentiment Laurier never appealed. No one realized more keenly the evil possibilities of nationalism; no one so feared its menace to civil and religious peace. But this French Canadian vote for Laurier and against the bishops marked the end of an old chapter in Canadian political history and the beginning of a new. In one respect, however, conditions were the same: the representation from Quebec was again overwhelmingly on the side of the Government, and so remained until in 1911 the Conservative-Nationalist alliance succeeded in dividing the province.

One or two other outstanding political events deserve passing mention. In certain eastern counties of Ontario, French Canadians from the adjoining province had long been quietly supplanting the English speaking people. No one will deny the absolute right of Canadians of French origin to migrate to any part of any province in Canada. But the English fell back before this French invasion because of the difficulty over schools. This difficulty we wish to state quite dispassionately. We shall merely recite the facts. Catholics and Protestants of the same language can agree to support and maintain a common school. As a matter of fact about 40 per cent, chiefly in rural sections, of the Catholics of Ontario have only such mixed schools. The case is different when two languages have to be taught. The regularly trained and qualified teachers of the province of Ontario are not competent to conduct such schools. Hence French speaking teachers are given special permission to take charge of them. In addition to the handicap of attempting to teach two languages in the short school life of the ordinary child, these teachers by reason of lack of training are, in too many instances, unable to teach satisfactorily English, French, or anything else. We need not enlarge upon the subject. What actually takes place is that the English speaking people, Catholic as well as Protestant, keenly desirous of a good elementary education for their children, sell their farms and move elsewhere. Their places are taken by French Canadians. While our French Canadian friends complain so bitterly and so noisily of injustice and Prussianism, the cold fact is that through the medium of the schools, they have driven the English people from the land their fathers cleared, and from the homes they made. This condition of things attracted no widespread attention until about 1885. In 1886 the province of Ontario went through a general electoral campaign in which this was the chief issue. As usual, the French language and people were confounded with the Catholic Church.

And although these schools in Prescott and Russell over which the trouble arose were Public Schools—not Separate schools, but Public Schools—the issue developed into an anti-Separate school campaign with the most inflammatory appeals to religious passion and prejudices. Ten years later in the federal election of 1896 the Manitoba school question—where again the French language was at the bottom of the difficulty—was thrust into the federal arena and all Canada was convulsed by an electoral campaign of a similar nature. In all these politico-religious wars between Quebec and the rest of the Dominion the Catholics of the English provinces were always the chief sufferers. They were the Belgians, but received neither the sympathy, nor the understanding that goes out to that unhappy people.

We have outlined some of the reasons why the two great races in Canada have drifted so far apart that they have begun to regard each other with feelings of suspicion, distrust and antagonism. Other causes are so recent that a bare mention will suffice. The failure of French Canadians to enlist in due proportion during the War; the defiance of school laws and regulations, the arrogant flouting of constituted authority on the part of the bilingualists in Ottawa and elsewhere; the rioting and disorders in Montreal, and innumerable other like incidents brought the deep-rooted racial antagonism to a dangerously acute stage. In such circumstances the general election came on; it was almost inevitable that the electoral campaign should have taken the course it did. It has happily passed without having degenerated into a campaign dividing Canadians along religious lines, although it has resulted in dividing the country practically along racial lines. This constitutes a danger to Canada, but it may lead to a vast improvement on the state of things that has hitherto obtained if those who direct thought and form sentiment in Quebec as well as in the English speaking provinces measure up to the responsibilities imposed upon them.

Let us again quote A. E. His advice to Irishmen is equally applicable to Canadians at this time: "Nothing was ever gained in life by hatred; nothing good ever came of it or could come of it; and the first and most important of all the commandments of the spirit, that there should be brotherhood between men will be deliberately broken to the ruin of the spiritual life of Ireland."

We may hope that in Canada at this time the voices of hatred will be stilled; that the message of peace and good will and mutual understanding will find a permanent lodgment in the hearts and minds of all Canadians. We have the firm belief that Sir Wilfred Laurier—no one will grudge him this truthful tribute now—whose whole life has been dominated by the desire to bring French Canadians and English Canadians closer together in sympathetic understanding, mutual good will and cordial cooperation, will accomplish, all the more effectively in defeat, the purpose of his life by pointing the way to those of his own race, and to Canadians of other origins whom he understands and loves, the way that will lead to a united Canada free from racial strife.

Catholics of English speech who support their French Canadian co-religionists, right or wrong, will contribute no more to this desired end than those whose opposition is dictated by anti-Catholic prejudice.

THE RT. REV. DR. FALLON'S LETTER TO THE PRESS

During the last week of the election campaign no subject was more widely discussed than Bishop Fallon's letter to the press on the issues then awaiting the verdict of the people. No speech, no address of any of the leaders, no other election document received such widespread, such universal publicity; there was no paper of any standing in Canada that did not carry the letter in full. In addition it was printed and circulated by hundreds of thousands, it was quoted or referred to from every platform. Naturally amidst the chorus of eulogistic references to the writer there was heard occasionally a discordant note; but the adverse criticism was surprisingly small.

Now why did he write the letter? Why did His Lordship risk incurring the odium and misrepresentation inseparable from political controversy during the heat of an election campaign? Those who know him personally—and he is very widely known—no

matter how rudely the letter clashed with their political convictions; no matter how it jarred their hopes or even political aspirations; would do him the justice of believing that he had grave and sufficient reasons for his intervention in politics; and that his motive was high minded and unselfish. Those who know him by reputation would, in a greater or less degree, come to the same conclusions; those who know him by misrepresentation only would find in the letter, as they have found in his every utterance and act, justification for their abuse.

It is well to remember that Bishop Fallon is not only a widely travelled man, but that he dwelt for many years in foreign countries on close and intimate terms with men, few or many, who typified their civilization and outlook. Few Americans know so thoroughly their great Republic, or count therein more friends and intimate relationships. Naturally and necessarily, this experience must modify his views, must broaden his vision of world affairs, and tend to make him see Canadian interests in their relation to the rest of the Empire and to the world.

The War he foresaw as inevitable. On two different occasions, in striking terms, he predicted it. When it came he was fully seized of its tremendous bearing on Christian civilization. From the beginning he was an earnest, zealous, anxious advocate of the prosecution of the War to a successful issue. He realized as few others could realize the disastrous moral effect which an adverse vote for Union Government would have on the United States. He knew how whole heartedly and strenuously his personal friends, Cardinal Gibbons, Cardinal O'Connell and that great Archbishop and great American, John Ireland, (and countless others) were devoting their energies and influence to the great task of mobilizing for war the moral resources of America. Rightly or wrongly his conviction was profound that the defeat of conscription in Canada would seriously embarrass the United States. He knew, as all know, that it would bring discouragement to our friends and joy to our enemies.

But there were other reasons, compelling reasons why he should intervene. It has been the unvarying experience of Canadian political history that the public mind played upon by unscrupulous anti-Catholic bigots always confounded and confused the politics of Quebec with the Catholic religion. The electoral campaign had already narrowed down to the question: Shall Quebec rule the Dominion? Shall that province which refused to do its share in the War dominate the Government which will control Canada's future War activities? And so on. The next step inevitably would have been that "the vile and indefensible anti-Catholic propaganda," already initiated, should become widespread, general; and this in spite of the decent and patriotic elements in the Union party. Privately Liberals and Conservatives in the new party deplored this probable turn of affairs; they expressed their reprobation of such contemptible political tactics in terms at once sincere and vigorous. The foul storm was gathering; it was about to break. Indeed, we have been privately assured on authority we do not question that tons of anti-Catholic literature had already been prepared; mountebank pulpsters had their stink-pots ready for the holy war. Mr. N. W. Rowell had signified his willingness to act as godfather while the bastard offspring of alleged religion and freedom received the euphemistic name—Anticlerical.

Then came the Bishop's letter, fearless, honest, transparently sincere. The menace to civil and religious peace was averted. The campaign ceased, and instead of the old wound in the body politic of Canada being deepened and envenomed afresh, the festering sore was healed.

Once again, and let us hope finally and decisively, Bishop Fallon has demonstrated to the Canadian people, Catholic and Protestant alike, that the politics of Quebec are not the dogmas of the Catholic Church; and that Catholics of other origins while ready to bear the consequences of their own mistakes, shortcomings and sins, will not permit a mistaken and unfounded public opinion to embroil them in every race and language dispute of their French Canadian co-religionists. Nor, while conceding to Quebec its full rights of self-government, civil and eccles-

tical, will they, any more than their Protestant fellow citizens, permit Quebec to dictate their course of action in matters civil, educational or religious. Too long have Catholics suffered from this confusion not to appreciate the immense service that Bishop Fallon has rendered in clearing it up. Protestants of good will—they are many and may their tribe increase—will be equally grateful. The only ones who will be really and permanently disgruntled and dissatisfied with the Bishop's letter are those ministers who, having long since exhausted the possibilities of the Gospel of Christ, will now have to find or invent new arguments when preaching on their favorite and inexhaustible theme—"ROME."

We have said that the adverse criticism received by Bishop Fallon was surprisingly small. We speak with knowledge. We have read or heard some scores of the letters and telegrams that cover His Lordship's desk. Apart from a few anonymous letters which of course found their way to the waste basket as soon as their anonymity was discovered, there were not half a dozen unfavorable criticisms. The number of leading men in all walks of life who expressed their appreciation is as surprising as it is gratifying. No doubt there were Catholic Liberals who were not pleased; but dozens of letters from prominent Catholic Liberals, not only from Ontario but from the other provinces (not even excluding Quebec), revealed the fact that the need for such a pronouncement was keenly felt by Catholic Liberals, whether they had joined the Union party or not. It is only on feeling the profound sense of relief and gratitude expressed in these letters, written by Catholics widely separated by conditions of life as well as by distance, that one realizes how deep was the need of the Bishop's outspoken words and how great is the service they rendered.

The first message received by Bishop Fallon on the morning of the publication of the letter came over the long distance telephone from one of the most prominent Catholic business men of Canada. "I am a Liberal," he said, "but I cannot wait for the mail to carry you my heartfelt appreciation of the service you have rendered to Catholics in particular, and to the whole country as well. I thank God for it. Believe me, Bishop Fallon, there are many Catholics thanking God and praying for you."

No, as we recall it now, the first message came from a prominent Catholic Liberal in the city of London. It was a most eloquently concise summary of the Catholic view of the letter so far as it particularly affected Catholics. It consisted of five words: "You have drawn their fangs."

Singularly enough one of the earliest expressions of opinion came from the driver of the grocery wagon while delivering supplies to the Bishop's kitchen: "I'm a Grit; but no matter which way the election goes Bishop Fallon has cleared the air for Catholics; and believe me it was beginning to smell bad." This remark called forth the comment that what ever their disadvantages or limitations might be, we can trust the proverbial intelligence of our Irish Catholic people.

A leading Catholic Liberal with political aspirations and ambitions of his own telegraphed the one word: "Magnificent."

One facetious individual remarked that the amount of anti-Catholic "literature" scrapped must have materially relieved the fuel shortage. But space forbids us to continue. We have just a word to add. Had Bishop Fallon's appeal had no other effect than to prevent, to make impossible, the threatened anti-Catholic campaign, it would have rendered a service to Catholics, and to Protestants also, worthy of the grateful remembrance of a generation of Canadians; and that service it would have rendered even if the election had gone as overwhelmingly the other way.

But in that case just think of the shame and blame that would have come to the Bishop; even, yes especially, from jeering Catholics; imagine the storm of obloquy that would have broken over his head. It could be equalled only by the shame that would have overwhelmed his own secret soul had he shrunk from speaking the word that his conscience and judgment imperatively bade him speak. That took moral courage.

THE HALIFAX DISASTER AND DIVINE PROVIDENCE

The theologian of the Toronto Globe has written an editorial on the recent catastrophe at Halifax, in which he essays to vindicate the ways of God to man. It affords a striking illustration of what little consolation Protestant teaching can afford in the face of suffering and death, and furthermore of the hazy conception in the non-Catholic mind of the relation of God to his creatures.

"It is impossible," he says, "to avoid asking whether there is any providential care at all or whether things are left to chance or inexorable law. If, say many, we are children of a gracious and loving Father, why should these things be? Unbelief settles the question at once by saying there is no God, but this is an impossible position. Many go to the other extreme and are inclined to see in a great disaster the proof that there is a God Who brings calamity on account of exceptional sin. But this theory also breaks down in the face of facts, for there are no moral distinctions in the case of shipwreck or explosion. The man who is godly perishes with the man who never thinks of God." In solution of the difficulty the writer quotes some principles laid down by Bruce in his book "The Providential Order," but concludes that it must be confessed that from the merely intellectual point of view not much comfort can be drawn in relation to individuals. Christ, he says, never once discusses the subject from its purely rational side. It would, he thinks, be little consolation to the individual that the race might benefit through the experience of disaster, nor does he believe that the hope of future glory will bring much balm to wounded hearts. There is, he concludes, no consolation except in faith, hope and love. In fellowship with God in Christ the heart can trust until "the day dawn and the shadows flee away."

Now let us apply the acid test of Catholic teaching to this particular circumstance. God certainly foresaw (if we may use this word in reference to One to Whom all things past and future are ever present) that, on that eventful morning of Dec. 6th, 1917, the Imo and the Mont Blanc would collide in Halifax harbor. Moreover, the catastrophe happened with at least His permission; for nothing happens that He does not will or permit. If it were due to a deliberate crime on the part of some one, He could not prevent that crime, for to do so would be to interfere with man's free will. He could, however, have prevented its consequences, just as He could prevent an accidental cause from having its effect. Why He permitted the disaster is not for us to judge. It is sufficient for us to know that all things, even sin itself, work together for good in His providential plan.

The point, however, to emphasize is this. By allowing this calamity to occur no injustice was done to anyone. It is true that many lives were lost; but God is the Master of life and death, and as He gave us life and preserves us in that life, He can take it away at whatever time or in whatever manner He pleases. If people are not prepared to die it is their own fault, for they have been warned to be always ready as they know not the day nor the hour. People were deprived of their property and left penniless, but in this there is no injustice on God's part, for what we have belongs to Him. He has given us our earthly possessions and He can take them away. We may have labored, we may have sown, but God gave us the power to labor and God gave the increase. Suffering came to thousands, but suffering, while in itself an evil, can be turned to man's greater good either in atonement for past sins or as a source of future reward. Thus we see that even in those cases where God sends a calamity in order to punish sin, no injustice is done the innocent who suffer alike with the wicked.

Is it true that Christ has never discussed this subject from its purely rational side? Has He not pointed to the lilies of the field and the birds of the air and asked if He has care of them how much more of His intelligent creatures? Has He not reasoned that if a mother will not forget her infant surely He who implanted that mother love in her breast will not forget His children, and that if He sends them suffering it is because He wishes them to be sharers in His cross? "Whom the Lord loveth He chastiseth and He scourgeth every son that He receiveth."

We admit with the writer that there is little consolation for the individual sufferer in the consideration that the race may benefit from the experience of disaster. But we must remember that creation is not a collection of isolated beings but a united whole, and that God, while not unmindful of the individual, has in view the general welfare of the race. We admit also that if future glory be, as it is unfortunately conceived by many, "a far-off, vague, uncertain, ethereal heaven" the hope of obtaining it offers little present comfort. The writer is correct in stating that the only solution is in faith, hope and love. The trouble is that those words mean so little to the ordinary man or woman outside the Church today. May God grant an increase of those virtues to the poor stricken people of Halifax to console them in their hour of trial.

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THE GLEANER

THE PROPOSAL to turn the ruined cathedral of Rheims into a sort of national pantheon, has been strongly denounced by Cardinal Luçon, Archbishop of that city, who, true shepherd of his flock as he is, has remained at the post of duty throughout all the vicissitudes of the War. "We will repair the cathedral," declares His Eminence, "because it is necessary. The cathedral in which the first Christian king of France was baptized, must remain the first in rank of all French churches."

NOTES AND COMMENTS

A CHURCH spire carried through the air, and dropped intact in a vacant lot two miles away—such was one of the extraordinary effects of the appalling explosion at Halifax.

DR. LANGLET, mayor of Rheims, who has shared with the Archbishop the post of danger, supports him in this matter also. "When the War has ended its work of death," he has said, "life must return into the temple where the infancy of our life was spent. The cathedral will remain for Catholics the most beautiful sanctuary of worship, which is assured of respect, even by the law of separation of Church and State." M. Louis Bonner, chief inspector of the architectural department of Paris, has also condemned the project, contending that the burial of thousands of corpses within the cathedral precincts is an unthinkable thing, and that the countless inscriptions upon the walls of the sacred edifice which this would entail would deface even the ruins beyond hope of redemption.

THE AWFUL ruin and desolation left in the track of the invading Huns of the fourth and fifth centuries, over the very ground ravaged by the Huns of today, has never been more graphically described than by Cardinal Newman in the "Rise and Progress of Universities," forming the major part of volume 8 of his "Historical Sketches." The whole book will repay reading by those who, familiar as they are with the term "Huns" as applied to the Prussian armies of to-day, are perhaps less familiar with the history of their prototypes of a bygone age. We can merely allude to it here, and quote a brief paragraph or two as typical of the sketch throughout.

"AT THAT time," writes Newman, "the banks of the Rhine are said to have been lined with villages and farms; the schools of Marseilles, Autun and Bordeaux vied with those of the East, and even with that of Athens. . . . At the time that Alaric was carrying his ravages from Greece into Lombardy, the fierce Burgundians and other Germans to the number of 200,000 fighting men, fell upon Gaul, and to use the words of a well-known historian, the scene of peace and plenty was suddenly changed into a desert, and the prospect of the smoking ruins could alone distinguish the solitude of nature from the work of man." "That which the palmer worm left," to use the Cardinal's phrase, "the locust ate; and what the locust left, the mildew destroyed." How like ravaged Flanders of to-day.

WRITING OF Asia Minor and the Balkans, Newman thus summarizes the work of the Goths: "Down they came from Prussia, Poland and the Crimea; they sailed along the Euxine, ravaged Pontus and Bithynia, sacked the wealthy Trebizond and Chalcedon and burned the imperial Nicæa and Nicomedia, and other great cities of the country; then they fell upon Cyzicus and the cities on the coast, and finally demolished the

famous temple of Diana at Ephesus, the wonder of the world. Then they passed over to the opposite continent, sacked Athens, and spread dismay, confusion and conflagration through both upper Greece and the Peloponnese. As the result, famine became so urgent that human flesh was eaten; pestilence so rampant that the wild beasts multiplied among the works of man. Passing on to Africa these detestable savages cut down the very fruit trees as they went, in the wantonness of their fury. Might not all this be supposed to refer to the work of the modern Huns in Belgium, in France and in Poland!

IN REVIEWING Father Stilleman's collection of Cardinal Mercier's Pastoral letters last week, that great churchman and patriot was referred to as the one great outstanding figure of the War up to the present time. In this connection the following excerpt from an influential secular paper, the Philadelphia Bulletin, is as instructive as interesting: "Nowhere in the fields of war, of politics, or of statesmanship, has any man secured high position save to lose it, and even second rate ability is now at a premium. But in the field of morals there has been one great hero, and only one, and he is Cardinal Mercier. A majority of the people of this country are not of the religious faith of the Belgian prelate, but all are filled with admiration for this grand old man of moral courage who has stood to his post and fought the good fight, and upon whom we now laid greater responsibilities than ever. Cardinal Mercier sits in his deserted palace alongside the ruins of the great tower of St. Remond, that glory of the middle ages which German guns destroyed, but no death-dealing missile can deter him from doing his duty as he sees it."

ON THE BATTLE LINE

GERMAN OFFENSIVE

Heavy attacks by the Germans on French positions in Alsace and Lorraine were beaten off after fighting which had been reported from Paris using the words "powerful" and "serious" in regard to these attacks, which may be the preliminary to the predicted German offensive. The idea of the Germans in this area would be the turning of the French flank on the West and to drive a wedge between the forces in France and Italy. At one point, Altkirch, the attack was near the Swiss border.

ITALIAN FRONT SERIOUS

Rome claims the complete repulse of many fierce attacks made by the Austro-Germans between the Brenta and Piave Rivers, the enemy suffering heavy losses during a day of particularly bitter fighting. French artillery, it is stated, did great execution against the massed foe attacking forces. Berlin reports that repeated Italian attacks against Monte Asolone and the adjoining positions were beaten back. It is admitted by the Italians that the capture of the Monte Asolone positions is a gain for the enemy of some importance. The height is some 4,000 feet, and between it and the plains the remaining height positions are all less than 3,000 feet. The aim of the Teutons during the last several days of their attacks has been to make good their passage through the Valley of the Brenta, "flowing out from the Alps at Bassano." In spite of the intervening hills the capture of Asolone gives the enemy artillery range against Bassano, by Rome says that there has been no bombardment of the town yet. The enemy line at Monte Asolone is now some distance south of the Italian positions on the Upper Piave, and there is danger of the wedge expanding enough to cause an Italian withdrawal from the Upper Piave and also farther west around the Asiago position. At the same time there is danger to the enemy of the Italians being able to definitely defeat one or the other of the Teutonic main attacks, and to crush the other between two wings of their defending forces. The Italians and their Allies must hang on for some days in their present positions before they can feel assured that the Austro-Germans have been foiled in their attempts to reach the plains and to take Venice and other great cities. It is stated that the main forces of the British and French are not on the extremities of the Italian lines, but are in readiness for anything that may develop there or at other points. The long-delayed snowfall seems to have set in the mountains, with very cold winds, a combination that will be as useful to the Allies as another army.

THE QUESTION OF PEACE

Lloyd George has made another of his fighting speeches. He has made it plain that the Allies are fighting for complete restoration of the territories taken by the enemy, together with compensation. In view of the report that Germany is soon to make another peace offer, the frank language of the British Premier is welcome. He did not gloss over the situation caused by the defection of Russia, but at the same time he declared that the Allied man-power

and reserves are more than double those which the Teutonic allies possess. He warned the people that the next few months would be trying ones, but was able to say that the losses in shipping had been 100,000 tons lighter than he had estimated in August, that more submarines were being sunk, and that the food situation had improved. —Globe, Dec. 21.

SALVATION OUTSIDE THE CHURCH

No dogma of the Faith, perhaps, has been subjected to more caustic criticism by those not of the Fold than that which is enshrined in the classic saying: "Extra ecclesiam nulla salus." Outside the Church there is no salvation. To this doctrine, properly understood, the Church is irrevocably committed.

It is laid down in Holy Scripture, it runs like a refrain through the writings of the Fathers, it is an essential part of Catholic theology, it is realized and unhesitatingly believed by the laity, learned and ignorant, it has the official sanction of Councils and Popes. Pope Pius IX., for example, in his allocution of Dec. 9, 1854, says very clearly: "It must be held as a matter of Faith that no one can be saved outside the Apostolic Roman Church; this is the one ark of salvation, he who does not enter it, will perish in the flood." These words of the Holy Father, in their uncompromising honesty, are proof positive that the doctrine in question is an article of Faith, the denial of which is heresy.

The statement of the doctrine offers no difficulty. It is clear, positive, universal. A child may grasp it; and once it is grasped, it has a tremendous power for stimulating personal and corporate effort. That Christ died for all men, that God wishes all men to be saved, and that no man can be saved outside the Church, is a trilogy of truths which has been the fountain-head of centuries of unflinching zeal, driving missionaries to every corner of the world with a restless, hungering desire to bring souls into the Church and furnishing overpowering motives for heroic sacrifices to preserve the priceless treasure of the Faith.

On its positive side the formula means that the Catholic Apostolic Church, by the institution of Christ, is the only true Church, into which—because by Divine ordinance it has supplanted all other forms of religion—all men are commanded to enter if they would have part with Christ in time and eternity; it means that in the Church, and in the Church alone, is to be found the ordinary way of salvation, that the Church is the custodian of Divine revelation, that she alone has a Divine commission to teach what Christ has taught and to apply to souls the fruits of redemption, and that through her flow, directly or indirectly, all the graces which, through the merits of Jesus Christ, are bestowed by God on the souls of men for their sanctification.

On its negative side the formula is in direct contradiction to the religious indifference which teaches that it makes no difference what one believes, provided he endeavors to lead a good life; it denies succinctly but emphatically the theory, so popular to-day, that creeds and dogmas are only symbols without significance, or forces except in so far as they prove helpful to individual souls; and it rejects as false and pernicious the doctrine that God looks with equal favor on all forms of worship and that He is ready to dispense His Divine blessings with equal bounty irrespective of religious affiliations.

The formula, though negative in form, is essentially constructive. The Church maintains and has always maintained that salvation comes to all who are saved through the Church and in the Church. It has never, however, restricted the hope of salvation to those who are visible members of her communion. She does not exclude from the hope of salvation those who knowingly and willingly, that is, with full knowledge of their obligation to become Catholics, remain outside her visible communion; but as for others who through no fault of their own are not, as far as outward appearances go, members of her communion, she freely admits that they may possess the theological virtues of faith, hope and charity, and be friends of God. Such souls she leaves to their Creator, knowing that His mercy is above all His works, and that, appearances notwithstanding, He may have united them, for all she knows, by invisible bonds to His mystical body, that is, to the Catholic Church.

No one is lost, of this we are certain, except through his own fault. If men are saved, it is certain that they have belonged to the Church; if they are excluded from the Kingdom of Heaven because they have not belonged to the Church, the responsibility for their not belonging to it, and consequently for their exclusion from Heaven, rests with themselves. In theory this principle is perfectly plain. Its application, also, is clear in the case of those who know the Church for the one ark of salvation, nevertheless wilfully and deliberately refuse to obey Christ's command to enter it; in the words of Pope Pius IX., they "will perish in the flood."

But the application of the doctrine to those who are ignorant of the fact that the Church is the one ark of salvation is not always easy; it depends on whether that ignorance is culpable or inculpable. That such ignorance may be blameless is obvi-

ous from the words of the Pope, who, after insisting on the necessity of belonging to the Church, goes on to say: "Nevertheless we must like-wise hold it for certain that in the eyes of the Lord no blame for their ignorance attaches to those who do not know the true religion, provided their ignorance is invincible."

There is, then, an ignorance of the true religion which is invincible, that is, an ignorance which the person concerned has had no opportunity to overcome, or which persists after reasonable efforts have been made by him to overcome it. The Holy Father warns Catholics not to presume to set limits to this invincible ignorance, but rather to leave its determination to God, to the Divine mercy and justice, content in the meantime to await the fullness of knowledge that will come with the beatific vision for the understanding of how close and beautiful is the connection between the Divine mercy and justice. For Catholics, during the period of their mortal existence, it is sufficient, in the words of the Supreme Pontiff, to "hold firmly to the Catholic doctrine that there is one God, one Faith, one Baptism; to push our inquiries further were wrong."

The Catholic's part therefore is to abstain from passing judgment on any particular case. Yet he is often asked to give a reason for the Faith that is in him and to explain the Church's attitude on this much misunderstood dogma. Undoubtedly many who do not enjoy visible communion with the Church are saved; in some way or other therefore these must belong to the Church. They must be in invisible communion with it. And it is not only not blame-worthy but commendable for Catholics to endeavor to get clear notions as to how this invisible communion is possible and what is its nature. The opportunity to do so has again been put within their grasp by a recent translation of two very lucid explanations of the matter given by J. V. Bainvel, S. J., in his work "Hors de l'Eglise pas de Salut." The original was published in 1896, but it has only lately appeared in an English version by the Rev. J. L. Weidenhan, S. T. L., with the title, "Is There Salvation Outside the Catholic Church?" (Herder). The theological explanation dates back to the early days of the Church, and Father Bainvel in his little volume has carefully followed the beaten track.

There are two forms of union with the Church: one in act, and the other in desire. Of the former nothing need be said, for it is manifested by actual acceptance of the truths the Church teaches, actual reception of the Sacraments she administers, and actual submission to the authority she exercises, especially to that of the Pope, Christ's Vicar on earth.

That the Church has also recognized a union which consists of desire might be proved by many citations, but a classic passage from St. Ambrose will suffice. The great Doctor declares that no one is crowned with glory who is not initiated into the Church, but in the same place he states that Valentinian had been initiated into the Church, although he died before being actually baptized; and the reason he gives for his statement is that the Emperor had the will to be baptized. St. Ambrose assumes it as undoubted that both martyrs and catechumens, properly so-called, are crowned with glory, and from this he argues that both martyrdom and the proper desire for baptism effect a sort of union with the Church. The Church has always recognized that such a baptism of desire supplies for baptism with water. When this desire is explicit, there is no difficulty whatever, for catechumens have always been counted members of the Church, though in a restricted and imperfect sense.

There is a difficulty, however, about the case of those who have at most an implicit desire to enter the Church. Such a desire may exist, paradoxical as at first sight may appear, in those who either have never heard of the Church, or if they are acquainted with the Church do not recognize her for what she really is, namely, the mystical body of Christ. Such persons, so far from explicitly desiring to enter the Church, may actually hold the Church in abomination; and yet, in spite of their abhorrence and because of their ignorance, they may entertain and often, more often perhaps than is commonly thought, actually do entertain an implicit desire to join the Church.

A soul that sincerely loves God with perfect love, unites its intelligence to the Divine intelligence, and its will to the Divine will; it accepts whatever of truth has been manifested to it; it wills whatever God wills, it desires to fulfil the Divine commands, its wish is to know the Divine pleasure and to live according to it; it excludes nothing, it is disposed to do everything that God would have it do. It may be ignorant of certain of the Divine truths and commands, but its habitual and prevailing attitude of soul is to accept whatever God has revealed and to do whatever He commands. In this general explicit desire there is contained an implicit desire to enter the Church, for entrance into the Church is one of the things Christ commands.

If the dominant wish of such persons were analyzed, it would be found that they have a resolute determination to serve God to the best of their knowledge and ability in the way he has prescribed. Were they asked if they were desirous of taking the step

necessary to secure that perfect service, undoubtedly they would answer in the affirmative. That step, in the concrete, is entrance into the Catholic Church. They desire, therefore, vaguely it is true but none the less really, to enter her communion. The blindness arising from prejudice and ignorance holds their eyes, so that, seeing, they do not see either the true character of the Church or the necessity of entering it; but the desire to become sheep in the true Fold is nevertheless latent in their souls, and would become explicit if the mists were cleared away from their darkened mental vision.

The Church can only judge by external manifestations, and as such persons are not bound to her by visible ties, she does not call them her members. But God searcheth the hearts of men. He knows how to discount human statements. He acts on the desire of the soul rather than on the words of the lips. Accepting the will for the deed, therefore, God counts them as invisible members of His Church. The meaning of the formula, therefore, "Outside the Church there is no salvation," is this: The ordinary way of salvation is to be found only in visible union with the Church; nevertheless Divine Providence has extraordinary means of providing salvation for sincere and upright souls that do what in them lies; such souls will be given grace by God to unite themselves invisibly to the Church, and to die in union with it. This grace, if accepted, gives them membership in the Communion of Saints, real though invisible membership in the Church Militant, and glorious, visible membership in the Church Triumphant.—J. Harding Fisher, S. J., in America.

PRAYERS FOR THE DEAD

OFFERED BY THE EARLIEST CHRISTIANS

The heavy toll of life taken by the War has caused many a mourner outside the Fold to seek relief and comfort in prayer for the beloved dead; in other words, it is Catholic doctrine and practice that pour balm of healing into stricken hearts and sorrowing souls; Catholic doctrine—rejected by "reformers" when they were making religions, denounced by their descendants in many a mood and tense, branded as a money-making invention of the priesthood—satisfies and supports where the Protestant negotiation fails. Truth is mighty and will prevail, and the truth of Catholic teaching is prevailing over centuries of misrepresentation, over instilled and inherited prejudice; over our own carelessness and bad example, from which "separated brethren" draw arguments against the Faith. That passage in Holy Writ where it is recorded that, after a great battle, the Jewish leader, Judas Maccabees, sent twelve thousand drachms of silver to Jerusalem for sacrifice to be offered for the sins of the dead, "thinking well and religiously concerning the resurrection," is therefore a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be loosed from sins" (2 Mach. xii. 43, 46) is not accepted by non-Catholics, that is to say, the entire book which contains it has, along with others, been excluded from the Protestant Bible, the whole Bible being too much for the Protestant case. But in the New Testament there are passages which express the Catholic doctrine, and they have not yet been excluded from what the "reformers" call the Higher Canon, the sacred Scriptures. For example, St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians (iii. 13, 15) contains a passage which clearly asserts the doctrine of a purifying or purgatorial state in the next world. The Apostle, there treating of the judgment to be passed upon our works, likens them to gold, silver, and precious stones, if good and meritorious in God's sight, and to wood, hay, and stubble, if worthless and unacceptable. "Every man's work shall be manifested," he continues, "for the day of the Lord shall declare it, because it shall be revealed in fire, and the fire shall try every man's work, of what sort it is. If any man's work abide . . . he shall receive a reward. If any man's work burn, he shall suffer loss, but he himself shall be saved, yet so as by fire." What is the meaning of a man being saved, yet so as by fire to which he will be subjected after the judgment upon his works, if it be not a purifying and purifying process to be undergone in the next world? The Fathers of the Church have declared that this is the meaning of the passage quoted. For example, St. Augustine writes that if we build up gold, silver, and precious stones (good works), we would be secure from both fires, not only from the eternal fire which is to torment the wicked, but from the fire which is to purge those who are to be saved by fire; and he prays that God will cleanse him in this life, and make him such that there may be no necessity for the purging fire. (St. Aug. in Pa. xxxvii.) And St. Ambrose writes that the Apostle shows that a man shall be saved indeed, but that he "shall undergo the pain of fire, and be thus purified, not like the unbelieving and wicked man, who shall be punished in everlasting fire." (Comment in Ep. ad Cor.) That mercy may be supplicated in behalf of the dead follows from the words of Our Lord that certain sins shall be forgiven, but that sins against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven, "neither in this world nor in the world to come." However these words may be mis-

terpreted or explained away by non-Catholics, they were perfectly clear and decisive to St. Augustine, who maintained that they would have no meaning unless some sins were forgiven in the next world. If so, where? Not in Heaven, where nothing defiled can enter; nor in hell, where there is no redemption; therefore there is another state in the next world, and that is what we call Purgatory. The first Christians prayed for their dead, as is attested by the Christian writers of the early ages, and by the inscriptions in the Catacombs. St. Chrysostom writes: "Not without reason was it ordained by the Apostles that in celebrating the Sacred Mysteries the dead should be remembered; for they well knew what advantage would thence be derived to them." (Homil. 3; Epis. ad Philip.) And St. Ephrem of Edessa: "It also the words of Matthias (alluding to the passage quoted from II. Machab.), who celebrated their feasts in figure only, could cleanse from guilt by their offerings those who fell in battle, how much more shall the priests of Christ aid the dead by their oblations and prayer?" (Testament, T. II.) In the Catacomb of Donsilla (third century) is an inscription with the words: "May thy spirit be in refreshment." The ancient prayer in the Canon of the Mass entreats for the faithful departed: "a place of refreshment, light, and peace." In the Catacomb of Commodilla, A. D. 394, is an inscription with the words: "May the well deserving rest in peace." "May they rest in peace," are words the Catholic child learns to lip at his mother's knee to this hour. The bond of love, which, as the communion of saints implies, connects us so sacredly with those who have departed, has never been broken asunder by Catholics. We join hands across the centuries with the first disciples; the words which the Christians in the Catacombs inscribed and uttered are still used by us to-day; and we believe, as St. Augustine believed, "that the dead are helped by the prayers of Holy Church and the sacrifices of salvation, and by alms, that God may deal more mercifully with them than their sins have deserved. For the universal Church carries on the tradition which has been handed down by our fathers, that of praying for those who have departed, and the communion of the Body and Blood of Christ, by commemorating them at a particular place in the Sacrifice itself, and by remembering to offer it for them." So wrote the great Bishop of Hippo in the fifth century; so believes every Catholic in the twentieth.—M. C. L., in Edinburgh Herald.

A MIRACULOUS ESCAPE

The terrible disaster at Halifax in Nova Scotia on Thursday, Dec. 6th, when a ship loaded with munitions exploded in the harbor, killed about 1,300 persons and destroyed \$25,000,000 worth of property, grows in magnitude and in horror as the details are reported. Some wonderful escapes are announced. One account says: "When the explosion came, little Lola Burns, the eight-year old daughter of John Burns of Granville street, was on her knees by her cot, saying her morning prayers. The house collapsed. Hours later Lola was found in the midst of the wreckage hemmed in by fallen timbers and surrounded by broken glass, but quite unharmed, still on her knees and praying fervently. Prudence must have some great good work for Lola Burns to do.—Catholic Columbian.

HELL A JOKE

"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," says the Psalmist. But, ask the modern religionists, what do palmists know about discoveries in faith. It was all right to talk about such foolish things as fear in the days of ignorance when men had not begun to use their powers of reasoning. Now we have transcended all that. Nowadays men do not believe in fearing God. Why should they fear Him. Only one fears things that can work harm. And as men have decided that there is no hell, why talk about sin? It will all be the same in the end, and no matter what we do, there is no fear of punishment to cause us sleepless nights.

So goes the argument to-day. Hell is regarded as a joke. Satan is a myth. We are blantly informed—it is hardly complimentary—that we are our own devil.

A short time ago the Universalists held their General Convention. Writing in reference to this to one of the Boston dailies a correspondent bemoaned the holding of the convention. He could see no reason why there should be any longer a distinctive and separate Universalist organization, since to maintain one meant a waste of money and energy in over-lapping activities and "in keeping up a lot of useless machinery."

He argued that since most Protestants reject the doctrine of hell, and are therefore universalists at heart, there is no sense in one particular sect qualifying itself by a belief common to them all. "It seems very evident," he says, "that a number of Universalist ministers do not take the mission of the Universalist Church very seriously. On the other hand, we find ministers by the score in the evangelical churches who have refused to be either coaxed or threatened into any word of indorsement of the revival of the religion of hell."

fire." And so he dismisses the whole matter as one of "dead-and-don issues."

It is not pleasant reading. One feels, however, that many men practically are better than their beliefs. We trust they are. We should hate to trust our property to the man that feels he can do anything he wishes and have no fear of God. There are many who will declaim against increasing dishonesty, increasing immorality, the brutality of certain nations, the menace to the world from anarchy, yet in the next breath they will sneer at eternal punishment, which is the corrective of sin. What a world it would be, what moral chaos if all men lived according to the principles enunciated by these religionists! What a world if all men really took hell as a big joke and were convinced that in the end it made no difference what crimes a man committed! Yet that is the very thing which the Bible societies are proclaiming; that is the new interpretation of a doctrine writ plainly through all the Scriptures.

And to-day we are hearing all about what civilization owes the Reformation—the dawn of religious liberty. This is the sample of liberty-freedom, to believe anything, to do anything, confident that God has made laws which He is powerless to enforce. Making jokes of hell is the same as making a joke of the Ten Commandments.—Boston Pilot.

IS MORAL BASIS OF LIFE

Character is the moral basis of life, says Canon Sheehan. It is the foundation on which the lower habitation of our moral destiny and the higher superstructure of our eternal fate are built, for we and destruction or for permanency and wear. For this life of ours is, like the Bridge of Sighe, "a palace and a prison on each hand"; with this difference that it is no longer a Council of Three, masked and veiled in impenetrable disguises, but our own selves, who, with perfect freedom, construct those elements that lead to happiness or misery by guiding the conduct of our lives.

We go back to the etymology of words to get at their real meaning, and we find that the word "character" means an engraving, the something that is cut and graven and chiselled on the individual soul. The equivalent Greek word has that meaning, and it is a significant one. Character is that which individualises us, which separates the Me from the Thee. It is the distinctive feature of every soul, the sum of excellence or defects which make us what we are.—Sacred Heart Review.

VAGARIES OF MODERN SCIENCE

J. Geoffrey Rausper, K.S.G., in Catholic World. We must sound a solemn warning against that class of scientific men who, in their craving for demonstrative evidence of the survival of the soul after death, have lost the power of forming a right judgment, and whose "spirits of the air" are making effective channels for the propagation of anti-Christian and soul-destroying errors. In this connection one might fitly quote the weighty words of the late Professor Dwight of Harvard: "It would really seem as if there were an occult power at work to support those whose influence is against God, religion and decency by the diffusion of sham science. It is preached so persistently and ubiquitously that even such as I forget to use its full name, and dropping the 'sham,' find ourselves giving the title of 'science' to what we despise. The work of sham science in first deceiving and then demoralizing the population has been well done."

But evidence is increasingly coming to hand from which it is clear that even in the distinctly scientific sphere, a reaction of thought is not very far off. There are some scientific researchers who manifestly have the courage of their opinions, and who have no hesitation in stating that the conclusions, so universally and increasingly accepted, are not really as sound and as tenable as they would seem to be at first sight. And among this class of experimenters are men who are intimately acquainted with the subject, and who have been connected with the investigation of the phenomena in question for a number of years. Some of them, indeed, make statements which although clothed in scientific and unCatholic language, nevertheless express what Catholic theologians have steadily maintained and what has been the unvarying teaching of the Church through the ages.

FATHER MATHEW'S TEMPERANCE

Father Mathew, whose memory has been honored recently in special celebrations all over the world, was temperate in more ways than one. He was temperate in speech, and kindly; he was careful to avoid giving offense, and avowed that he did not wish to advance the interests of any particular party, only to work for the good of all. Thus he won golden opinions from those who came in contact with him, and won, too, their ready co-operation in his plans. Protestants as well as Catholics greeted him with "God bless you, Father Mathew!"

Carlyle, on one occasion, witnessed the giving of the pledge by Father Mathew to a group of unfortunates in Liverpool.

"I almost cried to listen to him," he said, "and could not but lift my broad-brim at the end when he called 'God's blessing on the vow these poor wretches had taken. I have seen nothing so religious since I set out on my travels.'"—The Monitor.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

HELP TO THE NEEDY

During the past two weeks our very souls have been moved by the harrowing details of the Halifax disaster. To our credit, we were not satisfied with mere words of commiseration. Throughout the world men opened not only their sympathetic hearts, but their purses too responded, to alleviate the misery brought upon the afflicted city. This is as it ought to be.

The Catholic Church Extension Society of Canada, brings before you every week the distress and difficulties under which that section of the Kingdom of Christ in the West is staggering. You are told of the scarcity of priests and churches and religious schools. The work of the proselytizer is exposed to you and the number of Christ's sheep, lost and strayed, is recounted. The needs of 250,000 Ruthenians in our Dominion are told you almost in the exact words of their Bishop, the Rt. Rev. Nictas Budka.

You hear, warm with the Charity of Christ, have responded to the cry of distress and you have given generously of your means to our Society.

As a result of this Catholic Charity we have been able to give very substantial aid to the missions in our country. This aid—your dollars—become, by the grace of God an instrument for the salvation of souls.

For example: you help to educate a priest for the missions. What does this mean to you? It means that every Confession, every Communion brought about by the activity of that Priest has something in it which belongs to you. Every time the chalice is lifted in the consecrated hands of your Priest, it means, you are lifting it up to the Eternal God with him. Every time the Word of God is spoken and souls enlightened, moved and comforted, you are a sharer in the priestly work. It means more than this. It means that all these good works will go on forever. Parents will pass on to their children and to the children's children these spiritual gifts—faith and the hope of salvation. And you, because you did a Christian act—an act of charity—will reap an eternal reward.

Think it over, good friends; it is worth while. We need your help today more than ever, not because we are weaker, for we are stronger day after day as we go on, but because we know of the larger needs and see that we are only cultivating a little spot here and there in a vast field which might be made to produce a wealth worthy of the Kingdom if we had more assistance—more laborers in the field.

REV. T. O'DONNELL, President, Catholic Church Extension Society, 67 Bond St., Toronto.

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FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

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

Previously acknowledged, \$12,129 56. Subscriber, Mt. Forest... 1 00. W. P. Foley, Carleton... 5 00. A. J. McLellan, Rear Dunvegan... 60. Friend, Melrose, N. B... 5 00. Thanksgiver, Paris... 2 00. E. H. Thorndale... 1 00. In thanksgiving to Sacred Heart, Glace Bay... 2 00. W. J. Donohue, Moose Jaw... 2 00. Mrs. L. McIntosh, Apple Hill... 1 00. "Thanksgiving," Bornholm... 3 00. "Thanksgiving for favors," St. John's... 5 00. Joseph P. AuCoin... 5 00. Anonymous... 5 00. Subscriber, St. Andrews, N. S... 50. Miss J. Sullivan, Ottawa... 3 00. A Montrealer... 5 00. A client of St. Anthony... 1 00.

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

REV. F. P. HICKLEY, O. S. B. SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW "She at the same hour, coming in, confessed to the Lord." (Luke 11:32.)

The old year is drawing to a close and a new one is about to begin. In order to end the old year well and to begin the new one properly, St. Chrysostom gives us this advice: "Render thanks to Almighty God, who has until this day given you life; think over your past life and remember that these days have gone, the years have come to an end, yea the greater part of your life may have passed; and what good have you done?" Let us follow his advice. In the short time before the old year closes let us still make good use of it. Of the prophetess Anna, it is said in today's Gospel that she came to the temple in Jerusalem to praise the Lord, when Simon held Jesus in his arms. Let us at this hour, when we also have come to praise the Lord, humbly acknowledge all the graces and goodness which He has shown us during the past year, and let us make the resolution to lead a better life during the new year. This shall be a point for our consideration to-day.

Our dear Lord has in the past year truly shown us a great goodness; He has preserved our life and health, has fed and clothed us, often saved us from dangers, in other words He has daily opened His hand, and blessed us with many blessings. And who can count the graces He has granted to our soul? How often has He admonished and induced us to return to the path of virtue? He might have punished us because of our many sins, but He has had patience and forbearance with us and has given us time to repent. My dear Christian, how have we been worthy of all these graces? Alas, when we look back over our past life, we must acknowledge that punishment rather than reward should have been our lot.

What have we done this year for the Lord? Examine your conscience and you will probably have to acknowledge that you have done but little good, and, may be, a great deal of evil. Christian parents, have you erred in the education of your children? Have you taught, warned and punished them when it was necessary? Have you given them good example? And how have you acted during this year, Christian children? Have you honored and loved your parents? Have you been disobedient and offended them by bad conduct? Have you, Christian wife and husband, been just and patient with each other? Must you not all, my Christians, acknowledge that you have been ungrateful toward Almighty God, and have poorly repaid Him for His goodness? What profit have you earned for eternity in the past year?

Let us not allow the last days of the year to pass without thanking God for His many graces, for His patience and forbearance with us; let us make a firm purpose of amendment; let us resolve to sin no more. That which has happened can not be undone, but sins may be wiped out by works of penance, so that we may become rich in virtue and merit. The Lord calls to us: "Son observe the time" (Ecclesi. ix, 23). He means to say: "You have lost much time which you should have used to gather treasures for eternity, and you can not recall this lost time, therefore make use of the time which is yet given you, repent your sins, confess them, perform good deeds, so that you may not only make up for what you have lost, but also make secure your salvation. If our remaining days may only be few, we will have the assurance that the Lord will not let us go unrewarded, when He calls the laborers unto Him to receive their pay. The householder gave those who came at the eleventh hour their full wages. Our Lord will act in this manner with us if during this short time, which our Lord will still grant us on earth, we will be faithful in working out our salvation.

Let this be our firm resolution to-day, my dear Christians: We will, according to the advice of the Apostle, not walk unwisely, but as wise, and spend the latter days of our life in serving God and working out our salvation. Amen.

FRUITS OF A MOTHER'S TEACHING

Two priests and a nun were the fruits of a mother's teaching in a little home almost under the shadow of Louvain. The elder brother, describing his early home, told of a book, two feet long and one and a half broad, printed in old Flemish, that his mother used to read to them. It was a collection of Lives of the Saints. "We listened with intense delight," said Father Pamphile. "We often insisted on her giving up her work and reading for us, especially the accounts of martyrdoms and of the ancient hermits, such as Paul and Anthony."

We can imagine the prayer in the mother's heart as she read to her little ones from the quaint old book. Little did she realize that of the group at her knee one would become a nun and that her Pamphile and Joseph would be priests. Joseph became known to the world as Father Damien, the Martyr of Molokai.

ST. WINEFRIDE'S WELL

When it was announced some weeks ago that the flow of water had been restored to the famous well of St. Winefride, situated in Wales at Holywell, the rejoicing among English Catholics was as general as had been the lamentation when, a little over a year ago, the well became dry as the result of the explosion of a charge of dynamite in a lead mine some distance away. As early as 1911 the flow of water had perceptibly diminished, but not until the explosion was it cut off completely. On that occasion the nearby village of Baghill was inundated, while the men at work in the mine barely escaped with their lives. With the approbation of Bishop Mostyn of Minevia, in whose diocese the historic place of pilgrimage is situated, the inhabitants of Holywell sued the company responsible for the accident, with the result that it has installed a new system which will insure an adequate and permanent supply of water for the well. Instead of being brought from the Halkyn Mountains, as formerly, the new supply will be conveyed in pipes from the Halway mines directly to the well, which has been concreted so that none of the water may escape into the earth.

St. Winefride's Well is the direct result of a miracle. At the beginning of the seventh century Wales was inhabited by a large number of saintly men who passed up and down evangelizing the land, or else lived in holy retirement in its dense forests. Amongst these God-fearing men was St. Beuno, who after bearing churches and founding monasteries in various places finally settled in North Wales during the reign of King Cadwan, grandfather of the celebrated Cadwallader. The good saint was well on towards middle age when one day as he journeyed through the land he decided to pay a visit to his sister, the wife of a powerful chieftain named Theuth, son of Eluth, who held his rank and his land by the graces of Cadwan the King.

Now, Theuth and his wife had an only child who was the light and joy of their hearts. She was called Dewi, or Dewi, changed afterwards to Gwenfrewi, the Welsh of Winefride. The chieftain's daughter was distinguished for beauty, virtue and intelligence, and about the time that St. Beuno arrived at the castle her father was casting about for some one to whom he could entrust her education. The good monk begged from Theuth a strip of land upon which to build a church wherein he might celebrate the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and preach the Word of God. In gratitude for the cession of a sufficiently large plot of ground, St. Beuno not only volunteered to act as parish priest to the retainers of the chieftain, but also to fill the post of tutor to his only child. Under his influence the maiden progressed rapidly in learning, but not one whit less rapid was her progress in virtue. She quickly recognized the beauty of a life of virginity, and, encouraged by her saintly preceptor, made a vow that she would have no other possession either in this world or the next than Christ and Him crucified. Knowing that her parents were even then looking about for some suitable one to whom to espouse her, the maid begged St. Beuno to inform them of the vow which she had taken and to gain their consent to its fulfilment. Hard as it must have been for them to see their only child put an end to their hopes for the perpetuation of the family line, the noble pair with true Christian resignation agreed at once to their daughter's wish, and it was then and there decided that Winefride should receive the nun's veil as soon as she was fully prepared.

It was not long after, that one day when she was alone in the castle, her parents and the remainder of the household having preceded her to church, Winefride was assailed by a certain lord named Caradoc, supposed to have been the son of an Armorican king who was at that time visiting King Cadwan. Knocking at the door of the castle to beg a drink of water, and finding this young maiden of gazing beauty alone, he began at once to make violent love to her. Though the frightened girl begged him to desist and assured him she was not free, he only pressed his suit the more ardently. Finally, in order to escape from his importunities, Winefride remarked to him that, since he was a king's son, it behooved her to put on her best apparel in his honor. So saying, she left the room and fled into another, through which she escaped from the castle and ran down the steep hill toward the church. But Caradoc, speedily discovering her stratagem, pursued her furiously and overtook her just as she was about to enter it with menacing threats he renewed his offers, but the only reply of the maid was that she would rather die than become his wife. Whereupon, enraged beyond measure by her refusal, he drew his sword and with a single stroke cut off her head. They were standing on a steep slope, and while the maiden's body lay where it had fallen, her head rolled down to the very door of the sacred edifice in full sight of her agonized parents and the horror-stricken people, and immediately on the spot where it had first rested a spring of the purest water gushed forth.

The life of St. Winefride, however, was not destined to end with this tragic incident, for St. Beuno, inspired by God, at once left the altar, and proceeding to the spot where the head of the martyr lay, took it

up and placed it beside the body, covering both with his cloak. He then re-entered the church and went on with the Mass. When it was finished, he returned to the body of the saint, and after offering up a fervent prayer to Almighty God, removed its covering. Immediately Winefride, as if waking from a deep sleep, rose to her feet in perfect health, the only sign of the severance of her head being a thin white line encircling her neck. Tradition states that St. Beuno, seeing the murderer standing near his victim quite unrepentant of his heinous crime, called upon the Almighty to punish him, and that instantly the ground opened and swallowed him up.

As may be imagined, Winefride, after her miraculous restoration to life, was even more completely united to God than before. Without delay she proceeded to erect a convent on her father's land in which she trained a large community of holy nuns. Later on she founded another in a far-off corner of Wales. During her life she performed many miracles and was everywhere venerated as a saint. At the age of fifty years, full of holiness and good works, she passed to her eternal reward. Although her body was removed to Shrewsbury, her shrine at Holywell continued to attract pious pilgrims through all the succeeding centuries. It is related that St. Beuno himself before his death, while seated upon the stone that now stands in the outer well pool, prophesied that whoever on that spot should ask for a benefit from God in the name of St. Winefride would obtain the grace he asked for, if it were for the good of his soul.

We can easily understand why, in the Ages of Faith, this holy well should have possessed as powerful an attraction for pious pilgrims as does the shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes for the faithful of our day. In the earliest English literature mention is made of the wonderful miracles which took place at this shrine. But the most remarkable thing about the history of St. Winefride's Well is that in so high a country as Wales there should have been no attempt made, even in Reformation days, to interfere with the pilgrimages that wended their way thither. It was only in the eighteenth century that public processions were discontinued, and even after that time scores upon scores of private pilgrimages were made to the shrine.

Popular belief in the curative powers of this water has not undergone the least change since the apostasy of Great Britain from the true Faith. While the story of the Saint's life grew by degrees confused and vague, the tradition with regard to the well has remained clear and definite from the day when the healing waters first flowed from it. It is probably because of the unquestioning acceptance of this tradition by the people that the Reformers, with all their zeal for the destruction of everything associated with the Catholic Church, did not have the hardihood to attempt to shake their belief in it. It is also on record that many Protestants, coming in good faith to this shrine, have been rewarded by miraculous cures.

Within recent years the public pilgrimages have been revived, and during the summer months it has been no unusual sight on Sundays to see heavily laden trains from the surrounding territory—even from places as far distant as London—laboriously pushing their way up the slopes of the hill to the holy shrine. The Franciscan Fathers, who have a large establishment in the nearby village of Pentasaph, have charge of the shrine and are always ready to be of spiritual service to the devout pilgrim. The marvelous cures that have been wrought, through the intercession of St. Winefride, have continued down to our own day. Authentic records have been preserved at the shrine of the more recent ones. Father Thomas Swift, S. J., in his sequel to his "Life of St. Winefride," has gone carefully into the question of these cures, and finds many of them so perfectly well authenticated that they can not be considered other than miraculous. It is very consoling to know that even in our day miracles continue to occur, if not with the same frequency, at least with the same marks of evident authenticity as in the Catholic Middle Ages.

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that covers and encloses the fountain proper, and over it what was called the "Chapel of St. Winefride," now used by the Anglican parishioners of the place for social purposes. The entire group is built in fifteenth century Gothic and is as splendid an example of this style of architecture as can be found anywhere in Wales. To-day Holywell is a smoky, grimy city, very unlike the quaint and peaceful town of long ago, when pious farmers turned their feet toward it to be shriven from their sins, or when the halt and the lame came in constant procession to the well of the holy maiden to be cured of their infirmities.

The station at Holywell is situated close to the estuary of the River Dee, into which the overflow of water from the well finds its way. Leaving the station the road, bordered by precipitous banks on one side, begins to ascend gradually, and one need not walk very far before awaking to the fact that the climb is down right difficult. At the lodge-gate a ticket of admission must be obtained, which is gladly given by the housekeeper of the little shop. Turning to the right, one descends a flight of stone steps to a level below the ground, and after passing under an arch at the bottom and through a small iron gate one finally reaches the very spot where the Saint was slain. It is a kind of crypt, very dark on the right side, but brightened on the left by rays of light coming through from an opening on the outside. The walls of this crypt are black with age and the stone flags of the floor are worn away by the feet of countless pilgrims. In the centre of the crypt, with the flagstones forming a passage all around it and the pillars rising over it to form a protecting roof, is a low, octagonal wall enclosing a good sized space. If one goes up between two of the pillars, one can look down into the green depths of St. Winefride's water below him. To the right, beneath one of the pillars of this octagonal shelter, can be seen the actual spring that gushed forth as the head of the Saint was severed from her body. Chained here and there around the wall are cans for dipping the water up, and it is no unusual sight to see the pious pilgrim, after having devoutly crossed himself, immerse one of these cans and drink of its contents. Since the seventeenth century the flow of water from the well has been most remarkable, averaging up to the year 1911 thousands of gallons hourly.

To the left, just outside the octagonal inclosure, there is another body of green water in a large pool, with steps descending into it at one side. This is fed from the spring through the outer wall. It is evidently a place for bathing—a piscina like the famous one at Lourdes, which is familiar to all. The octagonal pool is reserved for drinking purposes. Like this latter, the bathing pool is bordered by a strip of worn pavement, beyond which are three arches through which the daylight streams. Another large pool for bathing purposes stretches out from here, with small wooden sheds on either side for the use of the bathers, beyond which is a high wall which shuts off completely the outer world. At the corner of the arch, in the pool is "St. Beuno's stone," railed in all around by an iron fence. It is not unusual to see invalids of every type bathing in the cold waters of this pool. In order that these afflicted persons may receive the proper care, the Franciscan Fathers have erected a fine hospice in the vicinity of the shrine.

It is a matter for sincere congratulation that this medieval place of pilgrimage has been restored, for shrines like these are necessary in our modern life to lift us out of the atmosphere of worldliness and materialism in which we live. Nothing brings back more vividly to our minds the Catholic days of old than a visit to a shrine like this, where the spirit of St. Winefride still seems to linger. Today, as in the long ago, she still proves herself a powerful intercessor before God's throne, obtaining for her devout clients health of body and soul.—John Dunne in Rosary Magazine.

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NEW YEAR THOUGHTS

How fleet the years! They pass and are gone forever. They are gone like strains of distant music, that swell for a moment upon the breeze only to die away into silence, leaving to our senses but the impression of joy or sadness. In this busy life, time steals on almost without our knowing it; we are too intent with our occupations to note the rapidity of its flight. Silently and constantly, day follows day, month follows month, until our eyes are opened and we behold with astonishment one more year has slipped by to join the procession of the many years that have already winged their way into the past. Another year is sped and its remembrance will gradually diminish into vague memories of vanished hopes and fears. Another year is sped and soon will be forgotten; yet, forgotten though it be, each separate act lives on to influence our life's remaining years. Each thought, each word, each work, has served to ennoble, purify, refine, and elevate our character, or to drag it down to lower levels.

How fleet the years and soon to be forgotten! The one just done, however, still stands out prominently before our eyes, gradually dimming into the threshold of the New Year, what is more natural than that we should carefully survey the Old? What is more natural than that we should look back? We do look back and we behold, it may be, an uninterrupted chain of blessings and benefits from the Divine Hand; perhaps, it is a long series of trials and difficulties, that meets our view. But whether the past year has occasioned us joy or sorrow, whether blessings or trials have been our lot, we find an indescribable pleasure in regarding its events. There is always a more sincere gratification in recollecting the realities of the past than in dwelling upon the uncertainties of the time to come.

The flowers of the future, though fragrant and fair, with the past withered leaves may never compare. For dear is each leaf—and dearer each thorn.— In the wreaths which the brows of our past years have worn.

We enter upon the New Year like a traveler entering an unexplored region. We turn our wistful, wondering gaze toward the future. What has it in store for us? We long to pierce the mist that hides it from our view. Well, we know that it lies beyond our power to forecast the events of the coming year. Much must be left to that Providence that governs all. Nevertheless, even amid the uncertainties of the future, to which we are subjected, we can, to a great extent, mould and shape our destinies. The old year has fled and no power can bring it back again. It has gone with all its wasted opportunities and neglected graces, with its hopes and its fears, its chattered joys and sorrows, and which of us can restrain a sigh of regret for much that has passed with it?

True it is that what is done cannot be undone, but we can make use of the past. We can, by reflection on the past and resolution in the present mark out the direction in which the current of our lives shall run. As we glance over the Old Year, we see it strewn with the graves of dead opportunities and wasted graces. Perhaps, to our minds, it has been a failure. We worked and strived; but failure, gloomy failure, has ever marched like a spectre in our path. We grieve to think it. Ah, better, instead of grieving for the past, turn our faces toward our present tasks, and with renewed hope and vigor set out bravely upon our way. The past is useful to us only as a warning of the dangers that beset us, the future we leave to God, the present is our own. Yes, to us it belongs with all its golden opportunities. It is ours to use or to neglect. We have erred in the past. Well for us if we have learned the consoling lesson:

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Why do bells for Christmas ring? Why do little children sing? Once a lovely shining star, Seen by wise men from afar Gently moved until its light Made a manger cradle bright: There a lying Baby lay, Pillowed soft upon the hay, And its mother sang and smiled, "This is Christ, the Holy Child." Therefore bells for Christmas ring; Therefore little children sing. —EUGENE FIELD

CHRISTMAS FLOWERS

The Earth is so bleak and deserted, So cold the winds blow, That no bud or no blossom will venture

To peep from below: But, longing for spring time, they nestle, Deep under the snow.

O, in May how we honored Our Lady, Her own month of flowers! How happy we were with our garlands

Through all the spring hours! All her shrines, in the church or the wayside, Were made into bowers.

And in August—her glorious Assumption: What feast was so bright! What clusters of virginal lilies, So pure and so white! Why, the incense could scarce overpower Their perfume that night.

And through her dear feasts of October The roses bloomed still; Our baskets were laden with flowers, Her vases to fill: Oleanders, geraniums, and myrtles, We chose at our will.

And we know when the Purification, Her first feast, comes round, The early spring flowers, to greet it, Just opening are found; And pure, white, and spotless, the snowdrop Will pierce the dark ground.

And now in this dreary December, Our glad hearts are a-fain To see if Earth comes not to help us; We seek all in vain: Not the tiniest blossom is coming Till Spring breathes again.

And the bright feast of Christmas is dawning, And Mary is blest: For now she will give us her Jesus, Our dearest, our best, And see where she stands, the Maid Mother, Her Babe on her breast!

And not one poor garland to give her, And yet now, behold, How the Kings bring their gifts—myrrh, and incense And bars of pure gold: And the shepherds have brought for the Baby Some lambs from their folds.

He stretches His tiny hands towards us, He brings us all grace; And look at His Mother who holds Him,— The smile on her face Says they welcome the humblest gifts In the manger we place.

Where love takes, let love give; and so dearly seek; Love counts but the will, And the heart has its flowers of devotion

No winter can chill; They who cared for "good-will" the first Christmas Will care for it still. In the Chapel on Jesus and Mary, From our hearts let us call, At each Ave Maria we whisper A rosary shall fall, And at each Gloria Patri a lily, The crown of them all!

—ABELLADE A. PROCTOR

You who are strong lend a helping hand to those who are weak; show yourselves grateful to God, who has granted you the pleasure of making others happy and exercising mercy rather than obliged you to seek to inspire it by your charity. Become the god of the poor, resembling God by the imitation of His mercy.—St. Gregory of Nazianzen.

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Next to grace, the most precious thing we have is time. Alas for the man who is too busy to pray, for he is too busy to be saved! Cardinal Manning. Be always beginning. Never think that you can relax, or that you have attained the end. If we think ourselves more than beginners it is a sign that we have hardly yet begun.

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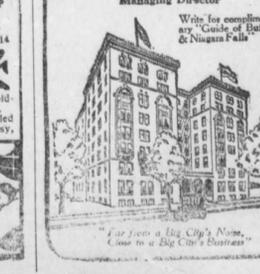
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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

A NEW YEAR'S WISH

Bon voyage through the year, Through bright days and through dark— Courage and skill and strength of will. And a stout, wave-breasting barque.

God's winds to waft you on, His sunlight on your eyes, And the voyage done, at set o' sun A port in His shining skies.

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

It is a time-honored custom on New Year's Eve for friends to get together and ring out the Old Year whilst welcoming the New. The spell of the moment cannot be withstood by any one, except perhaps by those few who think that true enjoyment consists in wild carousal.

To make the most of life should be for every one a sufficient spur and ideal. To make our lives noble is the last word of human philosophy. To make our lives holy, is the last word of Christianity.

And saints are made, not born. It is because the saints while on earth wrestled with themselves and bent down the barriers that the devil and the world threw in their way that we venerate them.

Every man can be a saint, because God showers His graces upon all. But God does not wish us to squander them, or misapply them, or trifle with them.

One or two—or, perhaps, three—very specific New Year's resolutions, sensible, realizable, that strike at the gravest flaws in our character, will be sufficient for any man during this year of grace, 1918.

MAKE FRIENDS

Money is not everything. Love is the wine of life. The man who has the affection of many friends, is rich, even though he has little money. He is richer than those among the wealthy whose cold, repulsive natures drive hearts away from them.

In balancing our accounts for the old year, and taking stock for the year ahead of us, let us not forget our friendship account. How does it stand? Is it a credit or a debit account?

me he had not been back to his Alma Mater for more than a quarter of a century, and that he had no desire to go. Of course he hadn't, because he had become so absorbed in the great commercial game that he had no time to cultivate his friendships.

There is no compensation in the accumulation of money, or even in the making of fame for yourself, which will compensate you for sacrificing your friends, as so many do after they leave school.

How cold and unsympathetic is the life of the man who has managed to scrape together a great fortune, but who has lost his friends in the process. Of what use is a lot of money if you have sacrificed your friends in getting it?

The chief ornaments of a home, after the spirit of faith and the spirit of love among its inmates, are the friends who frequent it.

Make friends. Make friends of the noble and the good. Make friends of those whose friendships will raise you in manhood, nobility, kindness, service and good will.

Make friends of men of principle, of piety, of virile character, and from them draw some of the strong qualities that have won your admiration.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

SHORT SKETCH OF LIVES OF SAINTS OF THE WEEK

DECEMBER 25.—THE NATIVITY OF CHRIST, OR CHRISTMAS DAY

The world had subsisted about four thousand years when Jesus Christ, the eternal Son of God, having taken human flesh in the womb of the Virgin Mary, and being made man, was born of her, for the redemption of mankind, at Bethlehem of Judaea. Joseph and Mary had come up to Bethlehem to be enrolled, and unable to find shelter elsewhere, they took refuge in a stable, and, in this lowly place Christ Jesus was born.

While the sensual and the proud were asleep, an angel appeared to some poor shepherds. They were seized with great fear, but the heavenly messenger said to them: "Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of exceeding great joy, that shall be to all the people. For this day is born to you a Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David. And this shall be a sign to you: you shall find the Child wrapped in swaddling-clothes, and laid in a manger."

DECEMBER 26.—ST. STEPHEN, FIRST MARTYR

There is good reason to believe that St. Stephen was one of the seventy-two disciples of our Blessed Lord. After the Ascension he was chosen one of the seven deacons. The ministry of the seven was very fruitful; but Stephen especially "full of grace and fortitude, did great wonders and signs among the people."

Many adversaries rose up to dispute with him, but "they were not able to withstand the wisdom and the spirit that spoke." At length he was brought before the Sanhedrin, charged, like his divine Master, with blasphemy against Moses and against God.

DECEMBER 27.—ST. JOHN, EVANGELIST

St. John, the youngest of the apostles in age, was called to follow Christ on the banks of the Jordan during the first days of our Lord's ministry. He was one of the privileged few present at the Transfiguration and the Agony in the garden. At the bosom of Jesus, and in the hours of the Passion, when others fled or denied their Master, St. John kept his place by the side of Jesus, and at the last stood by the cross with Mary.

From the cross the dying Saviour bequeathed His Mother to the care of the faithful apostle, who "from that hour took her to his own;" thus fitly, as St. Austin says, "to a virgin was the Virgin entrusted." After Ascension, St. John lived first at Jerusalem, and then at Ephesus. He was thrown by Domitian into a caldron of boiling oil, though miraculously preserved from hurt. Afterwards he was banished to the island of Patmos, where he received the heavenly visions described in the Apocalypse. He died at a great age, in peace, at Ephesus, in the year 100.

was very fortunate. Souls are getting to be the fashion once more. In fact, they are quite the vogue. By a soul man have understood a vital principle distinct from matter yet so united to it that soul and body make up but one person.

DECEMBER 28.—THE HOLY INNOCENTS

Herod, who was reigning in Judea at the time of the birth of Our Saviour, having heard that the Wise Men had come from the East to Jerusalem in search of the King of the Jews, was troubled. He called together the chief priests, and learning that Christ was to be born in Bethlehem, he told the Wise Men: "When you have found Him, bring me word again, that I also may come and adore Him."

DECEMBER 29.—ST. THOMAS OF CANTERBURY

St. Thomas, son of Gilbert Becket, was born in Southwark, England, A. D. 1177. When a youth he was attached to the household of Theobald, Archbishop of Canterbury, who sent him to Paris and Bologna to study law. He became Archdeacon of Canterbury, then Lord High Chancellor of England; and in 1160 when Archbishop Theobald died, the king insisted on the consecration of St. Thomas in his stead.

St. Thomas refused, warning the king that from that hour their friendship would be broken. In the end he yielded, and was consecrated. The conflict at once broke out. St. Thomas resisted the royal customs, which violated the liberties of the Church and the laws of the realm.

Where is the archbishop? where is the traitor? The monks fled, and St. Thomas might easily have escaped. But he advanced, saying: "Here I am—no traitor, but archbishop. What seek you?" "Your life," they cried. "Gladly do I give it," was the reply; and bowing his head, the invincible martyr was hacked and hewn till his soul went to God. Six months later Henry II. submitted to be publicly scourged at the Saint's shrine, and restored to the Church her full rights.

DECEMBER 30.—ST. SABINUS, BISHOP, AND HIS COMPANIONS, MARTYRS

The cruel edicts of Diocletian and Maximian against the Christians being published in the year 308, Sabinus, Bishop of Assisium, and several of his clergy, were apprehended and kept in custody till Venustianus, the Governor of Etruria and Umbria came thither. Upon his arrival in that city he caused the hands of Sabinus, who had made a glorious confession of his Faith before him, to be cut off; and his two deacons, Marcellus and Exuperantius to be scourged, beaten with clubs and torn with iron nails, under which torments they both expired. Sabinus is said to have cured a blind boy and a weakness in the eyes of Venustianus himself, who was thereupon converted, and afterward beheaded for the Faith. Lucius, his successor, commanded Sabinus to be beaten to death with clubs at Spoleto. The martyr was buried a mile from that city, but his relics have been since translated to Faenza.

BEYOND THE REALM OF SENSE

Daniel A. Lord, S. J., in America

A few years ago, just after the scientific hysteria of the "silly seventies" it seems to have been philosophical bad form for a person to call his soul his own. Souls were carefully card-indexed for the information of antiquarians, and in their place the world was given the omnipotent and all-explaining cell, the complex association of nerve-fibers, or the brain that secreted thought as the glands secrete saliva. It was all so very simple that there was no further need for a soul. Did not the cell explain life, and did not the complexity of the brain fibers explain thought? A number of persons retorted very abruptly: "No, they did not." But the human voice with difficulty makes itself heard amidst a riot of applause, and applause was showered freely on the scientists in the limelight.

So those who believed that a fact is not disproved by screaming violently against it or calling it names, those, in fine, who liked to fancy that they had a spiritual soul to distinguish them from their pet parrot or fox terrier, decided to possess themselves in patience for a time. Now it is becoming recognized that anyone who tucked away his soul in intellectual moth-balls

eye ever see the abstract quality of courtesy or of maternal love? The answer to that is simply that there is no such thing existing in matter as abstract courtesy or maternal love.

Courteous chauffeurs exist, but courtesy does not; mothers who love their children are, thank Heaven, still brightening the earth, but maternal love is an abstract quality and as such is not found in material creation. The senses, as we know from constant experience, report only the concrete, individual type. There must be another faculty in us which reaches thus to the quality which is found not merely in one particular case, but in all cases of a like nature.

It is simply ridiculous to maintain that our senses can grasp a universal law of nature. Did anyone ever see the law of gravitation, or touch it, or taste it, or hear it? Men have seen apples falling to earth and the scuttled ship sink in the waves, but the law that lies back of these facts they have never subjected to touch or sight or hearing.

As for those tremendous moral facts of truth and honor and duty and civil right which are absolutely essential to the life of man, they have no material essence whatsoever. Fancy asking a policeman to show you his right to regulate traffic! Imagine asking the rulers of a warring European nation to let you see the wound in its national honor! Yet for its honor that nation has plunged itself into a devastating war. For truth a martyr will lay down his life. The right of the traffic policeman will stop the most reckless driver. Here certainly are facts that move the world; and yet not one of them has ever been touched by our senses.

History is a long record of that something within man that persistently refuses to be satisfied with mere matter or with bodies. The very fact that man is constantly arguing over the question of souls is enough to show that his intellect will not rest with the material. If merely our brains think, then the idea of a soul, which is a substance without extension or any of the attributes of matter, would never occur to it. It could only imagine the things it has perceived or things like them, and it has never perceived anything save extended, tangible matter.

And that something within man which will not rest content with matter has throughout the history of all races been rising to a Being far transcending the realms of sensitive experience: God. Men have never seen nor heard God with their senses, yet men's intellects have been either admitting Him or disputing about Him from the least known days of old. The very intellect who denies God's existence knows what is contained in the idea of deity. To rise to such an ultra-sensative idea something more than mere matter is required. Without a soul the thought of God is simply inexplicable.

JUSTICE AND CHARITY

PRACTICE OF THESE VIRTUES WILL BRING UNITY

We live by certainty of principle; and the principle that must permeate the world and regenerate mankind ere oppressed humanity can be relieved is the Godlike principle of justice, of Christian charity—of the love for one another that Christ, our Master, commands to every man, says Cardinal O'Connell. Fill the public places with theorists and visionaries, fill the air with clamorous speeches and the mountains and the valleys with the eloquent sound of sonorous periods and balanced sentences and then wait; the echo dies and the world is just as it was before. But let one spark of Christian charity, of Godlike, brotherly love light up for an instant the souls of men, and behold the transformation.

The son of ice melts and flows in sparkling rivulets, free, limpid, unimpeded, mingling in holy harmony and peaceful unity. When man has learned that divine law of love of neighbor as himself; when he has not only learned by heart but practices the teachings of our Holy Church; when the rich become honest and the laborer both us the goods of nature and of art as trusty stewards; when squandering shall be recognized as a crime and sharp trading as dishonesty, then will the elements of society fall into proper place, then will unity spring from disorder, then will the different classes, like the objects in the kaleidoscope form one beautiful picture, pleasant to look upon, beautiful to the eye of God and man.—Sacred Heart Review.

PRIDE IS DANGEROUS

The grave is the school where we learn humility, says Saint John Chrysostom. Let no man, therefore, pride himself on his riches; he may lose them in a single night; he must lose them at death. Let no man pride himself on his physical beauty, for he may be disfigured by disease, and after death will be a prey of worms. Let no man pride himself upon his knowledge; how soon he forgets what he has learned, and how immeasurable is the amount of what he does not know!

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