

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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IN ALL THINGS CHARITY

Students of international law may go on quoting statutes from Justinian to Maine, but what are meant by the "just rights of nationalities" the ordinary layman will never discover. Are our statesmen of various camps agreed upon first principles of public morality such as are likely to command general assent? There is little indication of fundamental agreement in their party manifestos. Let us hope that what Tennyson styled "the common sense of most," inspired by a conviction that the world crisis demands measureless sacrifice, will triumph over pride and selfish greed when the anticipated League of Nations takes such matters in hand.

We do not find in Kipling's works in Hall Caine's romances, or even in Robert Louis Stevenson's tales and essays a mood of neutrality in their estimates of national character. Indeed some of the greatest writers—

Dr. Johnston, Kingsley, Carlyle, Swinburne, to go no further—had fine old crusted prejudices that colored their views concerning the religion and morals and ideals of the nations around. Who could have foreseen that this outbreak of repressed forces would fling such diverse people into each other's arms under the compulsion of interests held in common for the time being? It were folly to pretend that the bulk of Sir Walter Scott's readers shed their native likes and dislikes because they appreciate the romantic element which invests the various characters with a potent charm. As for Ireland and her chronic troubles it is only necessary to refer to the lamentable history of England's confused dealings with the warm-hearted and unfortunate race who inhabit its most inhospitable provinces in explanation of a state of feeling which only an influence more subtle than nationality can ever transform into contentment. However opinions may differ, the phrase "union of hearts," derided as though it involved a transparent absurdity, still embodies the only ideal that promises hopeful conditions for the future of that distressed country.

Let us curb our disposition to exalt our own class and type, remembering that in these larger affairs also the law of charity should prevail. Which breed can afford to despise another? Has not each its own use and function? The foes of today may, as aforesaid, be the neighbours of tomorrow. Why poison the springs of nationality with calculated scorn? After all, human nature is not radically different in its elemental traits. Rulers have a day of reckoning in front of them. We may, one supposes, still retain a natural distinctiveness in costume, mental habit, and general outlook, while generally regarding special peculiarities which are attributable to historical and climatic influences. The State has much to learn and teach in this respect. The gay and irresponsible Irishman, the hard-fisted Scot, the wily Welshman, and the pig-headed John Bull have too long strutted behind the footlights. Not from Shakespeare or Molière or Schiller have such grotesque caricatures come; rather are they the offering of popular ignorance and prejudice. Even Charles Lamb's "Imperfect Sympathies" belong to a loose habit of over-estimating the near and familiar. Surely the essence of nationality must consist in a worthy pride in ancestral achievement, a love of the qualities which make a people truly great, self-esteem borne upward on wings of laudable desire, not in material force, provocative and demoralizing.

Someday, perhaps nearer than our faithless hearts allow, new and fresher meanings will shine forth from the old familiar words, the everlasting doors will open, the power and the glory, the victory and the majesty will crown worthier lives with a reflected radiance from the Fount of all goodness. Life itself will take on a new dignity, for, ceasing to be the sport of abused privilege, and revealing its essential oneness in the clear light of the Divine

Idea, unimaginable potencies will disclose themselves, moulding humanity to a nobler pattern, which shall be the harbinger of a destiny more glorious than the visions of prophets and saints have foretold.

CARDINAL O'CONNELL'S APPEAL

THE WAR JUSTIFIED ONLY BY UNIVERSAL APPLICATION OF PRINCIPLES

THIS WAY ONLY LIE JUSTICE AND PEACE

One of the greatest and most enthusiastic mass meetings ever witnessed in New York City was held in the interests of Irish freedom at Madison Square Garden. Over 25,000 persons convened to give expression of their love for Erin and at the same time to welcome Boston's illustrious Prelate who was the principal speaker in this monster demonstration.

When His Eminence rose, the great building echoed and reechoed with the mighty outburst of enthusiastic applause. For several minutes he was unable to proceed.

ADDRESS OF CARDINAL
In finally yielding to the repeated urgent invitations of your Committee to be present here at this significant meeting tonight, I have listened to the voice of duty alone.

As the case was presented to me it became clear to my mind that to stay away would be tantamount to the evasion of a grave obligation to my faith, my country and my race.

When the voice of that sacred trinity moves calls no man with a Christian conscience can refuse to rise and follow it no matter what the cost or the sacrifice.

I had to choose between convenience, conventionality and duty. I have made my choice, and here I stand.

The Irish people through all the painful vicissitudes of their history have been faithful, as no other people in all the world, to the Christian faith. The most Christian country in all the world today, according to the testimony even of her enemies, is Ireland.

FAITH OF CHILDREN OF ERIN

When her children, fleeing from an intolerable condition of servitude under a foreign domination hateful to the proud spirit of all freemen, came in piteous exile to these shores of free America, they brought with them the noblest virtues of Christian souls. Where even today would the Church in America be—for that matter in the whole English speaking world, England included—but for the fidelity, the great-heartedness, the unquenchable devotion of the children of Erin?

Is it possible that any of us bishops or priests of America could ever be guilty of forgetting that to the heroic generosity of the Irish we owe such glorious monuments to faith as the superbly beautiful Cathedral of this wonderful city, dedicated to Ireland's patron Saint and erected by the sacrifice of his faithful sons and daughters? What is true of this noblest Christian shrine in America's greatest city is equally true of thousands and thousands of humbler fane in humbler communities all over the land.

Can any of us among the Church's leaders ever remain silent and inactive when there is at stake the welfare of the people to whom we owe our very daily bread and the roof that shelters us?

There is no legitimate length, no limit within Christian law, to which I and every prelate and priest of America should not be glad and happy to go when the cry of the long suffering children of the Gael comes to us, and when as now, before the tribunal of the whole world the sacred cause of justice to every nation and every people is to be given a public hearing.

ARE WE WHOSE VERY LIVES ARE DEDICATED to the eternal principle for which Ireland has become a martyr among the nations, so bitten by more worldly interests as to be mute in this day when all the world of national wrongs and of brutal might is summoned into court? God forbid!

In God's name let us now speak out fearlessly for God's cause, for the cause of justice to all, weak and strong, small and great, or let us be forever silent.

If we look back upon what has happened during the last four years, we shall see that conditions, hitherto accepted as permanent and absolutely

unchangeable, have been so completely and entirely transformed that almost nothing remains of them to remind us of what once stood as firm as Gibraltar.

It is as the elemental forces suddenly asserted themselves and had completely overrun the earth. The kaleidoscope of the world has been shaken and the bits of colored glass in the child's toy have rushed into new combinations which puzzle the eyes of our brain. One after another thrones have been overturned and Empires have fallen. Disorder has broken loose upon the earth, and unless some power greater than the forces of anarchy prevails, all Europe—all the world—will be shaken to the foundations of civilization.

A GREAT DELUSION

The great war is over now, but he who fancies that because the great war is over a period of peace will appear on schedule time has a great disillusion ahead of him. No, unless now that the war is over, justice begins her rightful reign over the whole earth, there may be a momentary lull, but enduring peace will not be attained. It was for justice that humanity fought, and humanity will still be ready to go on with a fiercer war until justice holds full sway.

Be not deceived by false prophets. Diplomacy which failed so utterly to preserve the peace of the world will not succeed alone in bringing it back.

Underneath the smooth and cool phrases and barren formulas of a diplomacy which has forgotten its own purposes, we can even now hear the muffled sobs of elemental forces striving urgently to burst through the cryptic formalities of a decadent system, striving to get into articulate speech what suffering humanity wants to say, striving with the impatience of agonizing multitudes to stop the babble of bribed officialdom that honest men may be heard, striving to articulate in all the dialects of the world the word, which heeded, will help the staggering earth to recover itself, unheeded, will plunge the whole tottering world into universal anarchy.

THEATRE OF MIGHTY CHANGES
America is far away from the real theatre of mighty changes. But even America will not easily escape a movement so universal as now is visible on every horizon. What is that movement? It is the pent up longing in the hearts of a dozen nations for the right to rule themselves.

The doom of autocracy has already sounded. The silent millions of Russia, patient for centuries, have rushed madly into the vortex of revolution. Even in Germany, which seemed so content with itself, a new force is pushing out the older forms.

Obviously, therefore, we are at the end of a period, and a new one is beginning. Is it strange that when Poland and Serbia and the Czechs and the Slovaks and the Serbs and the Rumanians are clamouring for national rights and national recognition that Ireland for all seven centuries dominated by foreign rule acquired only by force and even today exercised by force, should now more than ever call upon the world, but most of all upon America, as the bountiful mother of true freedom, to help her regain the treasures stolen from her, and reinstate her in full possession of her complete liberty?

If in the blaze which the great war kindled, various tribes and families of the human race beheld as with a new light their claim to separate consideration, is it any wonder that the people of Ireland, too, had even a clearer and a stronger vision of their age-long inheritance?

IRELAND AS A NATION
Ireland's position as a nation, is nothing new which the war has just succeeded in creating. Never, since the day her crown was stolen, has she ceased to claim it back. In every century for seven hundred years by protest, by appeal, by parliament, by arms when other means seemed futile, but in any event, by one means or another, as she found it in her power to use them, Ireland has never failed to keep alive her own sense of distinct nationhood and impress it as palpably as conditions would allow, upon a listening world. As a profoundly Christian nation, she has clung to the law of God in all these demonstrations of her loyalty to herself. Rarely, very rarely indeed, has she permitted even cruelty to goad her into forgetting it.

But ever and always every method she adopted, every leader who spoke her cause, every victory won, every defeat suffered, every weapon used, every strategy designed, ever and ever, and ever, the same ultimate purpose is clearly visible, and that purpose is the vindication of Ireland's right to government only by consent of the governed.

That is the principle which ultimately won America's freedom; and it is because America understands this principle, that Ireland today relies upon America to echo it throughout the world for Ireland's liberty.

Is it the Bolshevik only who now are to be acknowledged as free? It is because, being Catholic, the Irish people repudiate Bolshevism that they

are now to be repudiated and their just claim forgotten and neglected?

RIGHT ALONE SHOULD RULE

Let them beware in time who encourage by their actions and words such dangerous conclusions as these.

Is it really true that the blood of millions has been shed that right alone should rule the world, and that the monster of brute force, might, which in many places besides Germany has dominated the fate of millions of human beings, should be deposited forever? Is that really true? Is the law of justice to be honestly applied to all, or is it to be still merely a cloak to hide indefensible, selfish purposes and to be dispensed ad libitum as governments have the brute power to observe or ignore it as they like?

When the great war a conflict for true freedom under right for all alike was free a grim hoax played upon the ingenuous by the shrewd manipulators of clever phrases?

These are all the questions which any man in the streets who has ears can hear today. The world of honest, fruitful men is waiting for the answer, and won't to the world if that answer be not honest, frank and true.

Surely since the peace of the world depends upon the answer it is the solemn duty of all of us, especially of those of us whose duty it is to hold up before all alike the great principle of Christian morality by which alone mankind can live, to speak out fearlessly and clearly, lest being found faithless in such a world crisis, we forfeit forever our right to be listened to by honest men.

If faith is to survive this hour of the universal groping and striving, the men of faith must speak. If they are silent now, then whose blame if all faith perishes from the earth? Is that then, the real meaning of Malachy's dread prophecy—"religio depopulata"?

DEEPEST PURPOSE OF THE MEETING
The deepest purpose of this meeting is that faith may prevail—faith in governments, faith in rulers and congresses, and all that set of divine principles and influences and human agencies by which the world is held in order.

This War, we were told again and again by all those responsible for the conduct of the War, was for justice to all, for the inviolable rights of small nations, for the inalienable right, inherent in every nation, of self-determination.

The purpose of this meeting tonight is very specific. The War can be justified only by the universal application of those principles. Let that application begin with Ireland. Ireland is the oldest nation and the longest sufferer. If these principles are not applied in her case, no matter what else may be done there will be no complete justice, no genuine sincerity believable, and the war not bringing justice will not be peace.

Who was it who by the enunciation of these great principles united the peoples of the whole suffering earth? It was our own President—once Wilson of America, now Wilson of the world. Tomorrow he lands at Brest—Brest, the very port out from which Count Arthur Dillon sailed with his great thousands of Irish troops to aid America to obtain from England the very principle of self-determination, which today Ireland demands, and which we of America, in accordance with the principles enunciated by our President, today also are determined by every legitimate and lawful and Christian means to aid Ireland to obtain. For Ireland equally with America fought in this conflict for right.

America has fought in this War not for selfish aims. She has given her best blood, her hardest toil and her enormous wealth and in return gets not one foot of soil, not a single acre of land. She has a right to demand that for which alone she has made such tremendous sacrifices—justice to all.

THE TEST OF SINCERITY
Let the test of sincerity be Ireland. Then we will be convinced that truth still lives.

Ireland must be allowed to tell the world freely what she wants, how she wishes to be governed. Speak up Ireland; make the world hear you! Wake up England, for the world is watching you!

May God grant that the voice of Ireland be heard and that at last peace entering Europe through Ireland's freedom, bring even to England its blessings and its fruits.

I firmly believe that the day that England honestly faces her full duty to Ireland and fulfills it faithfully, God will bless her as she has not known His blessings for many centuries. For as with the individual soul, so with the soul of a nation—a clear conscience is the only door to happiness.

We want this honest and frank expression of our principles, the principles upon which the stability of this nation and every nation must now rest, to be borne undistorted across the sea, that first Ireland may hear and rejoice, that England may hear and consider, and that our President and all those about him at the great conference of Peace may hear and heed.

When those men in whose hands now rests the fate of all freemen arise, with their work for the welfare of the world completed, may one of the very first articles of that treaty of peace for all the world read: "We meant what we said—Ireland, like every other nation, must be free—one united Ireland, indivisible, separated now and forever."

And the children of the Gael, scattered over all the earth, will hear that soul-stirring message and then moved by a common impulse, they will turn their faces toward Erin, lift up their hand to Heaven, and at the moment of Ireland's triumph, will sing in concert the greatest Te Deum that ever arose to God.—Boston Pilot.

THE ULSTER SEATS

JOINT APPEAL BY BISHOPS SUGGESTING SETTLEMENT

The Lord Mayor of Dublin has received the following communication:—
November 26, 1918.

Dear Lord Mayor,—After considering the ecclesiastical business for which they were assembled on the 26th inst. at Armagh, under the presidency of His Eminence Cardinal Logue, the Bishops of the Northern Province, in view of the General Election, gave anxious consideration to the sad prospect for Ulster and for Ireland which political divisions among our people so dangerously open up. We felt we ought not to separate at such a momentous crisis without making a definite suggestion to save the situation at least in its most threatening aspects. The Lord Mayor of Dublin is the first citizen of our country, and more than once he has shown how well he can discharge heavy responsibilities that have developed on him in that capacity. We therefore request him to take in hand and have settled the greatest difficulty the election presents. That difficulty concerns the representation of Nationalist seats in Ulster which, by reason of a contest between men on the popular side, are likely to pass to the Unionist minority. Be these seats eight or ten in number we propose that the Lord Mayor, in conjunction with Mr. Dillon and Mr. De Valera, or in his absence, Mr. John McNeill, should divide the representation of these seats. The question of a member or two gained to either side should count for little in face of the object in view. We suggest an equal division. But the full Nationalist strength should support the adopted candidate in each constituency. We request the Lord Mayor to convene the gentlemen we have named for a day not later than next Saturday, and to have this letter published on receipt, in the metropolitan and provincial press. We have stated what we consider vital in regard to Ulster. We earnestly trust that a like provision may be much more widely applied, especially where the need is similar.—Michael Cardinal Logue, Patrick O'Donnell, Bishop of Raphoe; Laurence Gaughran, Bishop of Meath; Charles M'Hugh, Bishop of Derry; Patrick M'Keena, Bishop of Clogher; Patrick Finegan, Bishop of Kilmone; Joseph MacCarthy, Bishop of Down and Connor; Edward Mulhern, Bishop of Dromore. His Lordship the Bishop of Ardagh does not sign, as not belonging to the civil Province of Ulster.

MR. DILLON ACCEPTS
The Lord Mayor of Dublin, who arrived home at an early hour yesterday morning, gave the following letter for publication:—
My dear Lord Mayor,—Having carefully read the letter of the northern Bishops, I have no hesitation in saying that I cordially accept your invitation to meet Mr. De Valera, or failing him, Mr. McNeill, in conference on the lines suggested in their Lordships' letter. I may add that I heartily agree with the wish expressed in the letter of the Bishops of Ulster that the plan of settlement suggested by them regarding the Ulster seats should be extended to the rest of Ireland, and that Ireland may be rescued from a number of bitter contests between Nationalists, which, if they are persevered in, must inflict terrible, if not fatal, injury on the Nationalist cause.

Yours Sincerely,
JOHN DILLON.

GAVE TWELVE SONS
When the time comes to call the roll of those who have done distinguished service, in the cause of liberty, keep a lookout for the name of Mrs. Catherine Isabelle O'Brien, of Lower Buckets Road, four miles from Phoenix, Ariz.—formerly of New York, also formerly of Oklahoma City, and Russett, Okla. Mrs. O'Brien has contributed twelve sons to war service. Having done that much, you might think she had earned the right to sit back and rest and rock and think and hope for the best. But Mrs. O'Brien isn't that sort of woman, even if she is seventy-two years old. She had a birthday just the other day. It was the loneliest one she ever had, and how do you think she celebrated it? By writing once again to the Red Cross

authorities asking them if they couldn't manage to break one little string of red tape and allow her to go to France and nurse tubercular soldiers.—St. Paul Bulletin.

POPE ENJOINS PRAYERS FOR A LASTING PEACE

DIVINE GUIDANCE FOR THE PEACE CONFERENCE TO BE EMPLOYED BY CATHOLICS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

Pope Benedict has addressed an encyclical letter to the Catholic Episcopate throughout the whole world, exhorting the Hierarchy to offer universal public prayers so that Providence may guide the members of the approaching Peace Conference and give the world peace founded on true principles of Christian justice and love among men. The letter bears the date of December 1st. It says: "That which the entire world so long sighed for, that which Christianity implored with fervent prayers, and that which we, interpreting the common grief, urged with paternal heart for the good of all, has in a moment come to pass as the last booming of the guns is silenced, Peace has not yet solemnly ended the war, but an armistice has meanwhile suspended the slaughter and devastation by land, sea and air, happily opening the way for peace."

The Holy Father attributes the end of the War "to Him who governs all events, Who, moved to pity by the persevering prayers of the good, conceded at last that humanity might recover finally from so many griefs."

The Pope rejoices at the impressive demonstration of piety that has occurred throughout the Catholic world, and continues: "There remains now to implore the Almighty that the great gift granted us shall have its crowning, that the delegates of the various nations to meet in solemn congress shall give the world a just and lasting peace. Such grave and complex decisions will have to be taken as no human assembly ever took before. Therefore words are wanting to express how greatly the delegates need to be divinely enlightened so as to be able to accomplish their mission."

"Their decisions in the highest degree will affect the interest and good of all humanity. Thus, Catholics who favor order and progress must invoke the divine assistance upon those participating in the Peace Conference. We desire this duty to be recalled to all Catholics."

The Holy Father ends by urging the Episcopate of the world to implore the Almighty by means of public prayers in each parish, to shed His light upon the congress, and enable it to secure a true peace founded upon the Christian principle of justice. The Pope on his part will use all the influence of his Apostolic ministry, it is added, to have the decisions of the congress everywhere accepted and loyally executed by Catholics with a view to perpetuating order, tranquillity and concord in the world.—Buffalo Echo.

THE CHRISTMAS MESSAGE
(By Cardinal Gibbons)
Today the whole Christian world prostrates itself in adoration around the crib of Bethlehem and rehearses in accents of love a history which precedes all time and will endure throughout eternity. If asked to explain the rapturous influence which controls us we have no other words than the evangel of joy which the angel gave unto earth, "For this day is born unto you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord."

The blessings resulting from our Christian civilization are poured out so regularly and abundantly on the intellectual, moral and social world, like the sunlight and the air of heaven and the fruits of the earth, that they have ceased to excite any surprise except to those who visit lands where the religion of Christ is little known.

Before the advent of Christ the whole world, with the exception of the secluded Roman province of Palestine, was buried in idolatry. Men worshipped the sun and moon and stars of heaven. They worshipped everything except God only, to whom alone divine homage is due. Christ, the light of the World, proclaimed unto all men in its fullness the truth which had hitherto been hidden in Judea. He taught mankind to know the one true God, a God existing from eternity unto eternity, a God who created all things by His wisdom and whose superabundant providence watches over the affairs of nations as well as of men—"without Whom not even a sparrow falls to the ground."

The message of Christmas day is intended for all men, for all times, for all conditions of existence. Only by stern adhesion to the principles therein contained can individuals and nations hope to share in that peace which has been promised to men of good will. To violate them is to reverse the order established by God.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Another award has gone to a Catholic Canadian Chaplain; Captain (Rev.) W. L. Murray of Pembroke diocese has been awarded a Bar to his Military Cross.

Chicago leads all other cities in the number of churches dedicated to the Blessed Virgin—43. New York has 38.

Alaska has a Catholic population of 11,500, all of whom are converts or descendants of converts. The Jesuits have charge of the missions.

The Archdiocese of Chicago has already given thirty-four priests for chaplain service in the Army and Navy.

Rev. John F. Swift is the third priest of the Archdiocese of Baltimore to take up American foreign missionary work by joining the Maryknoll society.

It must have been an inspiring sight to see 5,000 Catholic boys in Camp Meade take a vow of cleanliness and abstemiousness. They had just received Holy Communion.

The church erected by general subscriptions in Rome in 1911, to commemorate the sixteenth century of Constantine's victory over Maxentius, was consecrated recently by the Archbishop of Paleis.

The Postoffice Department has authorized a change in the name of the town of Germantown, Kansas, to Mercier. The citizens, mostly of German nativity or extraction, recently petitioned the Department for permission to rename the town in honor of Cardinal Mercier of Belgium.

The first known Bishop of Verdun, France, was St. Palchrois, who lived in the fifth century. His abbey of St. Paul was founded in 970. Its cathedral was a plain, massive, two-square-towered edifice. Verdun is now in a state of desolation.

Over 1,400 negro soldiers, mostly Catholics, recently left Camp Shelby, Miss., for service abroad. The Catholic chaplain heard their confessions under the shade of trees, and on the following morning at a field Mass gave them Holy Communion.

The Anglican bishop of Exeter, England, said the other day that in his opinion the man who best used the war was Cardinal Mercier, who took it with its devastating effects and turned it into a great engine for Christianity.

American Bishops are excused from making their "ad limina" visits in 1919. They must make them, however, in 1920 if conditions permit; if not, they can wait till 1924. But they must send their reports to the Holy See.

Just now there is being shown in Rome the film of "Fabiola." We can imagine no film which would interest Catholics more than these pictures of Cardinal Wiseman's great story of the early centuries. "Fabiola" was recently exhibited before the College of Cardinals, who came at the invitation of Cardinal Gasquet, the learned English Benedictine.

In connection with the Bristol celebrations of Independence Day, there is one noteworthy link between the Catholics of that English city and their American co-religionists. As Canon Lee pointed out in his sermon at Bristol Pro-Cathedral, it was the Vice-Apostolic of the western district, Rev. Charles Watney, whose body now rests at Downside Abbey, who consecrated America's first Bishop, Dr. Carroll, of Baltimore, at Lulworth Castle, on August 15, 1790.

Jonkheer Ruijs de Berronbrouck has been appointed Premier of Holland by Queen Wilhelmina, according to the Courant of Herzogenbosch. He is a Catholic and has been Minister in Limburg since 1898. From 1888 to 1891 he was Minister of Justice. Following the recent general election the Queen requested Rt. Rev. Mgr. Nolens to form a new government. Mgr. Nolens, however, asked to be relieved of the responsibility. Jonkheer Ruijs de Berronbrouck, one of the leaders of the Catholic parliamentary party, was finally selected for the post. The new Premier is President of the International Federation of Catholic Anti-Alcohol Leagues.

As three and a half years have elapsed since Pope Benedict XV. established in the Vatican Bureau of Prisoners of War, much interest has been shown in the results of the work done by the small army of priests (regular and diocesan) and laymen who repair to the Apostolic palace every morning and evening on their charitable mission. Up to the present something like 450,000 letters have been received at the Vatican from parents, priests, bishops and associations of various kinds all over the world. His Holiness has had the Vatican bureau similar offices established these three years at Vienna and Paderborn, for Allied prisoners in Austria and Germany, and Fribourg in Switzerland, for German prisoners in France. In addition to these central bureaus there are offices in all the chief cities of Europe.

A DAUGHTER OF THE SIERRA

BY CHRISTIAN REID

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CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED

"The worst!" Mackenzie indignantly exclaimed. "You are either going straight up or straight down all the time—or at least most of the time—climbing over great rocks where the mules have to put their feet together and jump like cats; and where, if they should miss, there's a thousand or two feet of falling waiting for you. You skirt precipices that might make the head of a goat swim; and you sleep out in the woods, with the lively prospects that a mountain tiger may kill one of your animals before morning."

"All of which sounds perfectly delightful," Miss Rivers declared. "But I am afraid you exaggerate. The mail is brought with great regularity over these mountains, and one never hears of the carrier or his mule falling over the precipice or suffering death from a mountain tiger. And all the shop-keepers in Topia get their goods by the same route."

"Do you suppose that if a mule falls over a precipice—or a man either—they post the fact in Topia?" Thornton asked. "The arrieros shrug their shoulders, pick up the fragments of the pack and go on."

"And to diversify the way pleasantly," Armistead chimed in, "one comes every few miles upon a cross, or group of crosses, erected by the side of the road to show where travelers have been waylaid and killed."

"The crosses need not frighten you, Miss Rivers," said Lloyd, quietly. "They were put up a long time ago, when there were many robbers among these wild heights. But all that is at an end now. The robbers have either been shot or have adopted safer modes of livelihood, and traveling in the Sierra is at present perfectly safe."

"That's true as a general rule," Thornton assented. "But if I had an enemy I shouldn't particularly care to meet him in the Sierra. I have heard of a few French crosses being put up even in my time."

"You've also heard of the speedy punishment of the murderers," observed Lloyd. "Generally, yes. The rurales catch them and the government promptly shoots them. But I don't feel that, personally, that would afford me much gratification after I had been bowled over on one of those trails. Not even the pious custom of putting up a cross where I had been killed would in such case be very satisfactory."

"Why should we talk of these things?" Isabel protested. "Mr. Lloyd says that there are no bandits in the Sierra now, and I am sure we, none of us, have any enemies."

"It's very good of you to be sure," said Thornton; "but, unfortunately, that is a thing of which one can never be quite certain. We gringos are not loved, you know; and by our manners, or distressing lack of manners, in dealing with the people, we sometimes make enemies when we are unconscious of it."

Armistead moved uncomfortably. "I fully agree with Miss Rivers," he said, "that is an unnecessary discussion. There are many occasions in life in which a man must make enemies; but he can't fail to do his duty on that account, or think of possible consequences."

"Not even though he knew that a cross in the Sierra would be the result," Thornton agreed lightly. "But here comes the Gerente with a handful of papers! My prophetic soul told me that there would be writing to do to-night for to-morrow's mail."

"You boys must come to the office—we have some reports to make out," observed Mr. Rivers as he drew near. "Lloyd, I should like a few words with you about these mineral districts. The company is agitating the question of a railway again."

Armistead looked after the others as they moved toward the office across the patio; and then, his gaze returning to Miss Rivers, as he looked at the charming picture which she made, seated under the swinging Moorish lamp, he was conscious again of that sense of his exceeding good fortune which he had expressed to Lloyd. For surely it was wonderful luck to find this beautiful, brilliant girl, a product and part of his own world, here in these remote wilds, ready to give him an attention which he knew that he could hardly have hoped for had he met her in the scenes amid which she usually moved. He leaned forward. It was impossible not to express what he felt so strongly.

"I have had many lucky happenings in my life," he said; "but never one, I think, quite so lucky as the pleasure of finding you in Topia at this time. It quite repays me for the hardships and disagreeables of coming here."

"You are very kind," Isabel answered lightly—"for nothing in the way of masculine ardor, however unexpected, even surprised or discomposed her,—but I don't think that one needs to be repaid for coming to this delightful country."

"Delightful! It can't be that you really find it so?" "I really do. And just now I am extremely interested in the trip you have made to the Calderon hacienda. I was so pleased with Dona Victoria."

"I suppose you know who she is?" "Yes; papa told me. I was very much surprised to hear that she is

Mr. Trafford's daughter; although one should not be surprised at any result of divorce in California. Would you mind telling me how the situation came about? It seems very strange to me."

When a beautiful woman, with the most fascinating smile and liquid eyes of softest hazel, says, "would you mind telling me?" the result in the case of most men is a foregone conclusion. It was so with Armistead in this case. Baguiled by an interest which he mistook for sympathy, and pleased to gratify Miss Rivers, while at the same time gratifying himself by talking of his own affairs—to many people the most interesting possible topic,—he related the whole story of the Trafford marriage, of the manner in which the Mexican wife was divorced, of the claiming of the Santa Cruz Mine, and of the determination of mother and daughter to hold it.

"Then that, of course, will end the matter," said Isabel, when he reached this point. "Of course Mr. Trafford can't think of forcing them to give it up."

Armistead shrugged his shoulders. "Trafford is not a man who gives up anything," he said; "and you see the mine is his."

"You mean—legally?" "Legally, of course. There's no other way of owning property."

"There is such a thing as moral right," perhaps so, but moral rights which are not recognized by the law don't amount to anything."

"Then he will try to obtain the mine?" "There is not a doubt of his obtaining it. I have been to Durango to consult lawyers and judges, and they all say his title is good. We have only to take possession."

"By force?" "By force if necessary. I have a letter from Trafford to day telling me to go ahead and do whatever is to be done."

"It seems incredible! And—what are you going to do?" "Well, I don't mind telling you that I have hit upon a plan which I hope will avoid trouble and litigation. I shall take a number of men, together with some officers of the law, go quietly out to Santa Cruz and take possession of the mine before they can make any resistance. After that it will be impossible for them to regain possession of it."

"Oh! Miss Rivers sank back in her chair and stared at him. "How can you do anything so—treacherous?"

"Treacherous!" Armistead was surprised and wounded. "There's nothing in the least treacherous about such a procedure. It's done every day in Colorado and our other mining States. We have given them notice that the mine is ours, they refuse to surrender it, so we shall simply go and take it; and to do so in the form of a surprise is merely a military stratagem."

"See!" Miss Rivers' tone indicated that she saw a good deal of this—military stratagem?" "No!" Armistead replied with disgust. "Lloyd is a fool. Because his sympathies are with the women in the case, he refuses to assist me in any way, and has inconvenienced me greatly by this attitude. I have come to Topia now to try and find some one to take his place—some one who knows the country and language better than I do. I am hoping that Mr. Rivers may be able to recommend a man to me."

"I think—I hope that papa's sympathies are with the women, too."

"My dear Miss Rivers!" Armistead was earnestly remonstrant. "You do me great injustice if you think my sympathies are not with them. But I am like a soldier, you know—acting under orders. And sympathies haven't really anything to do with Business. That's what I can't make Lloyd understand."

"I am afraid you will never make me understand it either."

"Oh, one expects a charming woman to be—er—guided by her heart rather than her head! It's very disagreeable to me. I assure you, to have to carry out Mr. Trafford's instructions; but I have no alternative. And it wouldn't help the Calderons if I refused to do so; for some one else would be sent to take possession of the mine."

"I quite understand that, and I am sure you must be sorry to have to do such an odious thing. If I didn't have some head as well as heart, I might detest you for it."

"That would be terrible. You couldn't be so unjust."

"I think I could be, but I won't; I will try to be reasonable and give you my sympathies, too. When do you think you will have your party in readiness to go and take the mine by surprise?" "That is impossible to say, because the party must consist of men who can be relied on and I don't clearly see how I am to find these without Lloyd's aid. It is very annoying that he is such a blockhead—and obstinate as a mule."

"You can't expect everyone to be as clear-sighted as yourself where matters of—er—business are concerned," observed Miss Rivers, sweetly. "Yonder comes Mr. Lloyd now. Perhaps you don't want to talk of this matter before him?" "Oh, I shouldn't mind! He would never think of betraying my plan, I am sure. But probably it is best to regard what I have told you as confidential."

"I shall not repeat it to any one," she assured him.

CHAPTER XI

IN THE PLAZA

It was Sunday morning, and Topia wore its most festive air; not only because of the brilliant sunshine and crystal atmosphere, which lent something of that aspect even to the towering, rock faced heights, but because the streets were filled with men who, having been paid off the night before, were now industriously spending their money in the tiendas, and consuming mescal in such liberal quantities as would have seemed to promise frightful disorder later. But the disorder of Topia was never so great as the policeman of the municipality was not able to deal with it. The right of a man to drink himself into a state of intoxication was fully recognized; and when he became reduced either to insensibility, to a maudlin condition of noise, or to a desire to fight all his friends and acquaintances, those friends were prompt to carry him away to a place of seclusion. These scenes, moreover, occurred only in the afternoon and evening. At ten o'clock in the morning the future porrachos were still in a state of sobriety, filling the shops, the sidewalks and the plaza with their clean white cotton garments and red blankets.

At this time also the better class were very much in evidence; and those who may fancy that Topia does not possess a better class should go there and sit in the plaza on a Sunday morning, in order to be convinced to the contrary. A place where for many years money has poured out of the earth in a constant stream-like water out of a fountain, must have its plutocrats, and plutocrats as we know, are speedily and easily converted into aristocrats. Among the well-dressed and perfectly-mannered men who appear on the streets of this old robber stronghold of the Sierra, there are some who are descended from its original inhabitants; others are strangers, and many are foreigners. There is a picturesque mingling of nationalities to be seen in the plaza of Topia.

While the church bell is ringing out its call to Mass, the air is fragrant with roses, and graceful, dark-eyed women are coming in all directions, with prayer books and beads in their hands, and holding stools hanging on their arms. In the American town of the same class one knows what one would probably find in the feminine element,—what lack of taste in dress, what love of crude and violent color, what hopeless vulgarity of appearance and manners. But these women might be princesses as they glide along clothed in dark fabrics, wrapped in silken and lace draperies, with dignity in their bearing, and much delicate loveliness in the faces under the fringed parasols. They were just now passing in numbers toward the open door of the church; for the second call had ended, and at the third Mass would begin. A group of young men—chiefly Caridad employees,—seated on a bench in the sunshine, found it necessary to rise to their feet every few minutes and uncover in response to a smile, a flash of eyes and teeth, and a musical "Buenos dias, señoras!" It was in an interval of this performance that Thornton turned to Lloyd, who was one of the group.

"I had almost forgotten that I have a message for you," he said. "A party are going out this afternoon to eat tamales at the San Benito Mine, and you and Armistead are invited to join us."

"Who are 'us'?" Lloyd inquired carelessly. "Oh, all the elite of Topia, I believe! The San Benito belongs to the richest man here, you know—Don Luis Gonzales. There will be music and dancing, and Miss Rivers told me to see that you bring your sketch-book."

"How does Miss Rivers know that I have a sketch-book?" "I told her that there was an artist spotted when you became a mining engineer and prospector."

"What was the good of yarning about me so absurdly? Miss Rivers can make more satisfactory pictures with her camera than I can with a pencil."

"She doesn't think so—and here she comes to speak for herself."

Lloyd looked up quickly. It was indeed Isabel Rivers coming between the rose-hedges, transformed into a high-born Spanish lady, by the black lace mantilla thrown over her sunny hair. She paused, smiling, as she met her.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Lloyd," she said. "Won't you and Mr. Armistead dine with us today, and go to the picnic afterward? I suppose you have been invited."

"Thornton was just saying something about it," Lloyd replied. "But I am rather an unsocial person, and I'm afraid that going out to the San Benito to eat tamales doesn't appeal to me very strongly."

"Oh, but it should appeal to you as something immensely picturesque!" she said. "You simply must go. I am sure it will be delightful. And be certain to bring your sketch-book! Mr. Thornton tells me you draw admirably—ah, there is the third call for Mass! I shall expect all of you to dinner. Hasta luego!"

She passed on toward the open door of the church, into which men and women were hastily pouring from all sides; while Thornton laughed at the expression of Lloyd's face.

"Viva la reina!" he said. "It would take a bold man to disobey her commands. We'll I'll see you later. Now I must put in an appearance at church. No, I'm not a Catholic; but Miss Rivers is, you know;

and I think she probably looks upon me with a more favorable eye than she has seen me leaning in the doorway during Mass. It shows that I have a mind free from prejudice and perhaps—under certain circumstances—open to influence, Come, Mac!" Mackenzie—a Catholic by inheritance, being a Scotchman of Highland ancestry—rose, together with two or three Mexicans who also formed part of the occupants of the bench, and moved toward the already overflowing door of the church which opened on the plaza. Lloyd sat still in the sunshine a little longer; and then, as the sound of the organ came out to him, he also rose and walked round to the door which opened on the street, where the crowd was less. Here, leaning like Thornton against the side of the doorway, he looked once again faintly to all sojourners in Mexico—a compact mass of people, filling the church (a nave without aisles) from wall to wall; the women kneeling on the brick floor, the men mostly standing until the solemn part of the Mass. At the farther end of the vista candles were gleaming on an altar, before which a priest was slowly moving to and fro. Lloyd had but a vague idea of what was proceeding there, but the sight appealed to some instinct of his nature which he hardly understood—it was, in fact, the instinct of worship, the deep-seated human need to turn to something higher than itself—while a certain fineness of mental and spiritual fibre, together with a fair amount of culture, enabled him to feel and in a measure enjoy the antiquity and poetry of the mysterious rite.

TO BE CONTINUED

Every Christmas eve she fixed up a tree, also after father and mother had died, and always decorated it with the same tinsel, which had enchanted her eye, when hand in hand with him she had stood in its light. Only once she had omitted it. She wanted to try to tear the memory of that day out of her heart but that had made matters worse. Tearless she had sat the entire evening in the corner by the stove and her heart had throbbed to burst from the pressure that weighed it down like a heavy piece of ice.

In the glow of the Christmas candles she could cry, and her sorrow seemed to melt like snow before the sun, and she was able to bear it again in quiet resignation.

Thus again she cried now, her tears flowed unceasingly. Suddenly the door bell rang and the shrill sound made the weeping girl lift her head and listen. The old bird woman slowly went to the door and opened it. She heard her sonorous voice of a man asked a question, how the woman had closed the door. The steps came nearer, Margaret sprang up, wiped the tears from her eyes and cheeks and looked expectantly at the door. An inextinguishable feeling of anxiety came over her as she waited; she could hardly breathe. There was a knock and then entered a man in a traveling suit, who led a little girl of about six years by the hand.

A half smothered scream escaped from Margaret's lips, she seemed to faint and closing her eyes grasped the back of a chair. Before her stood her father who had wept, the man who had been her joy and had become her sorrow.

"Good evening, Margaret," he said in a low voice. Her hand had seen her sudden terror and was confused. "O papa, a Christmas tree, a Christmas tree," exclaimed the child and, letting her father's hand go, approached the table.

"How pretty! I wish I could stay here!" At the sound of the child's cheerful voice Margaret opened her eyes. What had the little one said? She tried to gather her thoughts. She was as yet not able to speak a word, her limbs trembled and she stared at the man as though he were an apparition.

He took another step toward her. "Can you pardon me, Margaret?" he said in the same low voice. "I know I have hurt you gravely, and I wish to excuse myself."

At these words the girl felt as though a heavy burden were taken from her breast, she sank on a chair, covered her face with both hands and sobbed aloud.

"Papa, why does auntie cry?" said the child. "Does she not want me?"

The physician stood in painful embarrassment and did not know what to say. The child in unconcealed astonishment looked at both. "Give auntie your hand, Elsie," he said after a while and showed the child nearer toward Margaret. "Timidly Elsie extended her little hand, while holding on to her father's coat with the other. She seemed uncertain what reception she would get."

Margaret let her hands sink. Before her stood the child with outstretched hand and looked at her with big doubting eyes. Suddenly she drew the child to her heart and kissed her.

"So you love me anyway?" asked the little one. "Yes, child, I love you very much."

"Oh, how nice; papa said you would love me."

Margaret smiled, and the physician passed his hand over his forehead and pressed his lips together.

"Pardon, Margaret," he said after a short pause, "that I break into your quiet home like this, but I come with a great petition."

"Ob, but sit down, Paul," the girl said in a friendly tone, "you must excuse me for not inviting you sooner; you see the surprise was too great," she added hesitatingly. Her cheeks flushed faintly when she

noticed that his eyes rested sadly on her.

Her features showed the traces of the sorrow that he had caused, but she had the same dear faithful eyes, the same pure open forehead with the same blond ringlets which had so often charmed him in days gone by.

With a sigh he sat down near her. She looked at him questioningly. A little pause, then he began again: "Perhaps you will understand, Margaret, why I choose Christmas eve for the day on which to come to you. You know that about a year ago I lost my wife?"

Margaret nodded and bent her face down to the child, who trustfully leaned against her knees. He continued: "Of my children only this one remains. Elsie is a dear and good child, but she needs a mother. I cannot attend to her education as I should because my work does not leave me time for it. I have no relatives to whom I could intrust her. There is a sister of my wife's—but well, you may understand, if I say no more. But it grieves my heart to think she would have to grow up without a mother's loving care, and so I thought, here his voice trembled a little, "I should bring the child to you and ask you to take her mother's place. I know how good you are and how much you always loved children. Could you make up your mind to make this great sacrifice for me? I would be very grateful to you. I have not deserved any favor," he added in a low voice, "but perhaps you pity the child and take her, she needs love so much."

He was silent and waited for an answer.

The girl's head had dropped still more and tears glistened in her eyes; again she drew the little one to her and kissed her tenderly on her forehead.

"Would you like to stay with me, Elsie?" she now asked. "Oh, yes, because you are nice to me and I should like to be like Hannah." Hannah was the doctor's maid.

Paul breathed easier, and his eyes gleamed in happy anticipation. "I will keep her," said Margaret, "and hope that the little one will soon get used to her new surroundings." With these words she looked up and shook hands with the friend of her youth.

The physician rose quickly, seized her hand and pressed a kiss on it. The girl blushed deeply and hastily withdrew her hand.

"Thanks, thanks, Margaret," he whispered warily. "Oh, I knew that I would not come in vain."

She looked at him. In her eyes shone the old love.

"Thank God, it is not too late yet," he murmured. "Oh, Margaret, what a fool I have been. Should it be possible that I could be happy once more?"

In answer the girl took up the little girl, and stepped over to the Christmas tree and the man looked at her with glowing eyes and a jubilant heart.

CHRISTMAS DAY

In the year from the creation of the world, when in the beginning God created heaven and earth, five thousand, one hundred and ninety-nine; from the flood, two thousand, nine hundred and fifty-seven; from the birth of Abraham, two thousand and fifteen; from Moses and the coming of the Israelites out of Egypt, one thousand, five hundred and ten; from the anointing of King David, one thousand and thirty-two; in the sixty-fifth week, according to the prophecy of Daniel; in the one hundred and ninety-fourth Olympiad; in the year seven hundred and fifty-two, from the founding of the city of Rome; in the forty-second year of the empire of Octavian Augustus, when the whole world was at peace, in the sixth age of the world, Jesus Christ, eternal God, and the Son of the Eternal Father, desirous to sanctify the world by His most merciful coming, having been conceived of the Holy Ghost, and nine months having elapsed since His conception, is born in Bethlehem of Juda, having become man of the Virgin Mary, The Nativity of our Lord Jesus Christ according to the flesh.

Thus, in solemn chant rising with each note to a plane of higher joyousness, is the Church announcing to the world the consummation of the hopes of the Old Testament. Thus does she enshrine in language of unparalleled simplicity the fears of our first parents, the protection of the chosen people, the founding of the Royal line, the sighs of the Prophets, the unspoken and unhopd for destinies of Greece and Rome, the mysterious hypostatic union of the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity with the human nature that He deigned to take from the fairest of the daughters of God, the virgin birth of God made man, Jesus Christ, the Ancient of days, the first-born of all creation, the Image of the invisible God, the Brilliance of the Eternal Light, the unspotted Mirror of God's majesty, the Lion of the tribe of Juda, the Root of David, the Head of all principality and power, the Father of the world to come, the Prince of the kings of the earth, God from God, Light from Light, true God from true God, begotten not made, consubstantial with the Father by whom all things are made, God alone, unapproachable, incomprehensible, unsearchable, Jesus Christ, the sum and total of Christmas Day.—America.

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"LAST REMNANT OF DESPOTISM"

This is what some people are pleased to call the Papacy. The Catholic Church, to be sure, can be no democracy in the ordinary sense. In the natural order which concerns the present world, human reason is the main guide and capable of framing the conditions that make for earthly happiness. One of these conditions is the form of government under which they desire to live. It was never meant that men should abdicate their right of choosing in these matters or could forfeit it beyond the power of recovery. For authority in civil affairs rests primarily and inalienably with the people. A king no more rules by the grace of God than a president. In the exercise of their authority both have divine sanction; in entering upon their authority both are dependent on human conventions.

The Church, on the contrary, is of the supernatural order and concerned with the happiness of men in the hereafter. What the conditions of that happiness are, and by what means it is to be achieved, depend entirely on the will of God. A king no more rules by the grace of God than a president. In the exercise of their authority both have divine sanction; in entering upon their authority both are dependent on human conventions.

Now we Catholics believe that the Church is a divine institution, established by Christ to continue His mission to the world. To it He entrusted His teaching authority and His sanctifying power. "All power is given to me in heaven and in earth. Going therefore, teach ye all nations; baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and behold I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world." (Matthew 28: 19-20.) These words were spoken, in the first instance, to the Apostles, but that they referred also to their successors is made evident by the final clause, "I am with you to the consummation of the world."

sympathy of the common people, of the poor, the afflicted, and down-trodden, because of the spiritual comforts she has to offer them. While fostering every legitimate aspiration for better conditions among the masses, the Church knows how to bridge over the unavoidable chasms of disappointment with contentment. This is why the instigators of social revolt find but scanty hearing among her members. If we are not mistaken the Church will prove, at the present crucial turning-point of the world's history, not a remnant of despotism, but a rampart against the despotism of lawless Bolshevism.—The Guardian.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR JANUARY

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS POPE BENEDICT XV.

DEVOTION TO THE HOLY FAMILY

The little home at Nazareth has been the spot to which Christian families have in all ages turned for inspiration and strength, for the virtues which should be practiced in every Christian home. One need only mention a few of them: mutual affection, meekness, love of peace, resignation in trial, love of retirement, trust in Providence, fear of God—all domestic virtues which should find scope for their fullest development among those who have assumed home responsibilities. When parents and children are united by the bonds of tender love as the members of the Holy Family were united, they may hope to share the blessings which Heaven showered down on Nazareth. This does not necessarily mean that they shall be exempt from all crosses and trials—few families escape those things here below; but it means that strength and patience to bear their crosses joyfully will be given them by a bountiful God.

After the example of Nazareth, Christian homes are the soil wherein the most fundamental of domestic virtues, the love of God, should blossom into fruits of salvation. Joseph and his holy spouse, Mary, showed that they loved God and journeyed to Bethlehem to obey the edict of Caesar Augustus. In the Roman Empire was centered the authority which came from the Source of all authority and the holy couple knew that in obeying the law of the land they were obeying God. The journey on foot was long and painful and their cruel reception at Bethlehem only added to their discommodities. Yet they knew full well that inconvenience and suffering are often the signs of God's love for His creatures, and they accepted the rebuff with sublime meekness and resignation. How many fathers and mothers there are nowadays who might find in this simple incident a world of sound teaching. The State may not oblige them to undergo suffering and fatigue in order to obey its laws, but at least in the journey to Bethlehem, the Roman Emperor was centered the authority which came from the Source of all authority and the holy couple knew that in obeying the law of the land they were obeying God.

For Catholics, then, who hold this faith, it is impossible to discover any despotism in the authority of the Pope. For despotism means essentially unlawful power, power exercised for the oppression of slavish subjects, whereas the Pope's authority has divine sanction and its exercise is welcomed as a blessing by those who bow to it. Accordingly the attitude of Catholics towards the Pope is one of love and devotion. To them he is the Holy Father, the Vicar of Christ, the supreme guardian of their faith. If they do occasionally feel his ruling hand they submit with the same spirit of loyalty with which we all submit to the civil government. For our spiritual welfare demands sacrifices from us as our temporal welfare.

But suppose a Catholic would come to change his mind about the divine endorsement of the authority of the Pope—what then? Why, in that case he can go his own way. The Pope has neither policemen nor penitentiaries. His way is founded not on coercion but on the faith and love of his willing spiritual children. Another reason why the Papacy is not a despotism!

This consideration settles any worry that non-Catholics may have about the authority of the Pope. Should they ever come to recognize him as the Vicar of Christ, divinely aided to convey the correct meaning of Christianity to all inquirers, they would, no doubt, be anxious to listen to what he had to say. But until then he is no more to them than the special teachings of Baptists or Methodists or Presbyterians are to us Catholics.

rather by a word that is akin to our "reverend." The French use the words "curé" or "abbé." There is however, an eminently pertinent foundation for the custom of saying "Father" to a priest.

The word "father" means "author of life." The priest is the author of the spiritual life of the faithful. With the waters of baptism he infuses the life of grace into the soul. If man has lost this grace by mortal sin, the priest revives it by absolution in the Sacrament of Penance. Furthermore, he takes a fatherly interest in all those entrusted to his care. The parish is but a large family, and as a father is the natural head of a family, it is but natural that the head of the parish should be called "Father." We call Washington the "Father of his Country."

Similarly members of religious Orders were wont to call their founders by the title of "Pater," or "Father," just as founders of Orders for women were called "Mother." Gradually the title of "Pater" in religious Orders was applied to those that were ordained, to distinguish them from such as were still aspiring to the priesthood and whose title was "Pater" or "Brother."—Catholic Columbian.

THE CHRISTMAS CRADLE 'Tis Christmas Eve; and so to-night The Christmas candle let us light. For, those who kept the faith of old This custom quaint were wont to hold; And who are we aside to cast The Christian customs of the past? Then let us gather one and all And light the Christmas taper tall; And as it sparkles shines afar, 'Twill mind us of the other Star That shone when first the Holy Child Looked up in Mary's face and smiled. So, let it burn, a symbol bright Of faith and love, this blessed night.

And as we watch it, let us pray To Him newborn on Christmas Day, That we and ours may ever keep Within our hearts secure and deep The faith our fathers hither brought, The faith for which our fathers fought; The faith that was our mothers' pride, The faith for which our martyrs died. Yea, be it ours to hold unspelled The heritage for which they toiled. Nor let us have the hardihood To flout this ancient Christmas good, Whereby our hearts each year recall The birth of Christ, who lights us all.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN O heart of mine I lift up blue eyes Of perfect form, of face divine— And see who in you, manger lies! It is the Christ Child, heart of mine! O dearest, holiest Christ Child, spread Within this heart of mine thy bed; Then shall my breast forever be A chamber consecrate to thee!

WAR SAVED WORLD FROM ITSELF "This War arrived just in time to save the world, including the British Isles and the United States, from itself," said Raymond Blathwate of England in an address on "The War's Effect on English Character."

The little heroine in this story, after being taken from her convent home by her uncle, an inveterate hunter, is found in a cave, where she is being nursed by a fox. The people have been put to a crucible test and have come out glorified. The people have developed a personal consciousness. They have felt the need of a deep religion and they will find it.

WHY A PRIEST IS CALLED "FATHER" The faithful call their priest "Father" because of the childlike reverence they have for him. This is not a universal custom, but one that has been specially adopted in English-speaking countries. The Germans do not call their priests by that name

ONE CATHOLIC'S READY ANSWER

An incident in connection with the Rosary is related about the late Father Maturin. Some years before he became a Catholic, his duty as an Episcopal clergyman took him to a hospital in Philadelphia one morning. Walking through the surgical ward his attention was attracted by the luminous expression on the face of an aged Irishwoman, who was thanking the nurse for giving her a Rosary. The visitor paused by the bed, and taking a bead between his fingers, asked: "What do you say on this?"

"I say the Hall Mary, sir," replied the owner of the beads. "You Catholics think everything of the Hall Mary, don't you?" he asked. "Yes, sir, and so did the Angel Gabriel," put in the quick-witted and devout nurse. Questions and answers followed briskly, and the learned clergyman admitted that the two simple, unpretentious women had given him a truer and deeper conception of the mystery of the Incarnation than he had ever had before.

THE CHRISTMAS CRADLE 'Tis Christmas Eve; and so to-night The Christmas candle let us light. For, those who kept the faith of old This custom quaint were wont to hold; And who are we aside to cast The Christian customs of the past? Then let us gather one and all And light the Christmas taper tall; And as it sparkles shines afar, 'Twill mind us of the other Star That shone when first the Holy Child Looked up in Mary's face and smiled.

PRAY DURING SCOURGE BLESSED SACRIMENT CARRIED IN STREETS DURING EPIDEMIC Catholic Montreal, Canada, forced by the influenza to close its churches like most other cities of the United States and Canada, adopted a unique method of bringing God's blessing to the people.

ONLY SAYING HIS BEADS Speaking of Cardinal Mercier, his utter fearlessness, and his provoking meekness, Monsignor De Wiat, Belgian envoy, told the following story to a New York audience: The German Governor in Brussels, von Bisping, shortly before his death, sent for the Cardinal and ordered him to sit down in front of his desk. He then proceeded to read all the trumped-up charges against the Cardinal, who sat quiet calm the whole time, his lips moving but uttering no word. At last von Bisping could stand it no longer, and burst out: "What have you to answer to all these accusations?" "Oh! nothing," replied the Cardinal, "I am only saying my beads."

SENSIBLE MOTHERS GIRLS SHOULD BE ENCOURAGED TO CONFIDE IN MOTHER Surely it is a mother's fault if she does not enjoy an ideal companionship with her children. Her girls especially need this.

HABIT Whenever habit makes you a slave, you have lost your dignity as a man. Undertake to declare your independence in all that habit, the disorderly use of the senses. Look around you and see how the disorder of the senses may enslave you. Conscience of the eye, to possess; conscience of the flesh to enjoy; pride of life, craving for honors and worldly fame. The ordering of our senses is such that it entails suffering. The mystery of suffering comes in here. Our own penitential life, united with the infinite merits of our Blessed Redeemer will wipe out the blackness of sin. A man who knows and believes these things is a Christian. A man who does not believe in Divine Revelation, who does not believe in the spirituality of the soul, finds all suffering a mystery.—Bishop Alard.

ONE CATHOLIC'S READY ANSWER

An incident in connection with the Rosary is related about the late Father Maturin. Some years before he became a Catholic, his duty as an Episcopal clergyman took him to a hospital in Philadelphia one morning. Walking through the surgical ward his attention was attracted by the luminous expression on the face of an aged Irishwoman, who was thanking the nurse for giving her a Rosary. The visitor paused by the bed, and taking a bead between his fingers, asked: "What do you say on this?"

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LONDON, SATURDAY, DEC. 28, 1918

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW

The old year is dying; before the RECORD reaches its readers again it will have gone to join the ghosts of all the dead years since time began. But 1918 will live forever as a great date in history; for in this year ended the greatest military struggle that ever engaged the human race.

From this struggle a mighty empire, defying its might and its mission, dreaming of world domination, emerged in ruins. With luciferian pride, fostered for generations by the homage of a half-pagan world scholarship, it conceived the idea and purpose of substituting its Kultur for the saving Gospel of Jesus Christ; now in satanic ugliness it feels the contempt and loathing of Christendom.

Its creator, Bismarck, inaugurated German imperial unification by a bitter warfare on the Catholic Church—the Kulturkampf. Then Bismarck was the Protestant Hero as Frederick the Great, ruthless William's ruthless ancestor, was some generations before. Without armies, without navies, without the sympathy or moral support of those who later knew German Kultur for what it is, nay in spite of their moral support of Prussian tyranny, the Catholic Church fought German Kultur single-handed and won another of her long series of battles for human liberty.

The German Empire not only in its very birth was anti-Catholic, but its very conception of the State was irreconcilably antagonistic to Catholic principles. Bismarck knew this and anti-Catholic sentiment was program for this reason. Even so late as 1914 by the statesmen and the churchmen of Ulster, where anti-democratic principles and anti-Catholic sentiment go hand in hand, Germany was hailed as the great Protestant Empire and the Kaiser as the great Protestant Prince who should save Protestant Ulster from the domination of "Rome."

The Catholic Church lives, the German Empire is a thing of the past. Yes the Catholic Church lives, and will outlive every empire and republic, every merely human society, for it is the Church of the living God, founded by His Eternal Son, guided by His Holy Spirit, and possesses forever the promise of Him who makes use of the weak things of this world to confound the strong that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

It may be, too, that the year 1918 will be known throughout history not alone for the victorious closing of the Great War but also as the date of the beginning of a war more hideous, more prolonged, and fraught with even graver issues, the war of Bolshevism against law, order and all rightful authority. Here again the Catholic Church must play its God-given part. Here may be her crowning struggle for human liberty.

To all its readers the CATHOLIC RECORD extends its cordial good wishes for a Happy New Year.

If we forgot until too late the usual Merry Christmas greeting blame the weather man who allowed this great feast to steal on us in unseasonable weather. A merry time for the rest of Christmastide.

The RECORD and its readers are bound together by the ties of Catholic Unity; in a very real sense, to use the language of Holy Writ, our souls are knit together. Then there is also a very human friendship in our relationship. We feel that we are admitted to the closest intimacy in many thousands of Catholic homes, and as we enter friend greetings friend. That that feeling is very general on the part of our readers

thousands of cordial and intimate letters show; sometime we hope to be able to answer each one individually, in the meantime let us assure each and every one that the intimate feeling of cordial friendship is reciprocated.

We live in an un-Catholic (when not anti-Catholic) atmosphere and environment. Most of what we read is written by Protestants or agnostics; our intercourse in daily life, the current ideas and ideals, ethical standards individual and social, are all non-Catholic when not positively anti-Catholic. Yet the law of compensation holds good. As the trees exposed to the full force of the winds strikes deeper its supporting roots, so does our Catholicity become sturdier, more vigorous and better informed in weathering the storms of hostile environment. But if this is so, the need of the Catholic paper in the Catholic home becomes obviously imperative. We need you; you need us. May the incoming new year bring to the CATHOLIC RECORD and its readers a continuance and increase of the wonderful success of the past. We have much, very much, to thank you for, dear loyal, Catholic friends; we shall always endeavor to be worthy of that loyal friendship and mindful that the duties of friendship are not one-sided but mutual.

Again and from our heart of hearts we wish you each and all the happiest of happy new years.

NEWTON WESLEY ROWELL'S "SUBSTANTIAL" SIDE-STEPPING

The Hon. Mr. Rowell, speaking at Bowmanville on Dec. 17th, is thus reported in the Free Press:

Considerable of Mr. Rowell's speech was devoted to a reply to Henri Bourassa's demand in Le Devoir that Mr. Rowell should apologize for "the calumnious statements made at North Bay nearly a year ago on the French-speaking clergy of Canada."

Mr. Rowell said in part: "The substance of my statement about the French-speaking clergy in Quebec was that the majority of them were supporters of Mr. Bourassa in his attitude on the War, and that in the course they were pursuing they were undermining Canada's strength in the struggle. I thought so then; I think so now."

Mr. Rowell's thoughts past and present about "the majority of the French-speaking clergy in Quebec" are interesting but inconclusive.

Mr. Rowell at North Bay in the very speech to which he himself was referring made the charge which he reiterates, but as quoted and endorsed editorially by the Globe, he made, also, a further specific charge:

"In this attitude," added Mr. Rowell, "they were undoubtedly encouraged and abetted by the members of the religious orders from France, who found an asylum in Canada, and used that asylum to undermine Canada's strength in the struggle. It is a misfortune that they did not follow the example of the priests of the Catholic Church in France, who threw themselves into the struggle for their people to preserve their national existence, and by their courage and sacrifice won for themselves a new place in the hearts of the French people."

Promptly the same day that the papers carried Mr. Rowell's speech we wrote in the CATHOLIC RECORD:

"We challenge Mr. Rowell to bring forward a shadow of proof for this assertion with regard to the members of religious orders from France."

That the Globe considered this specific charge of Mr. Rowell's important is evidenced by this editorial comment and endorsement:

"We may regret, as Mr. Rowell does, the undoubted fact that members of religious orders from France who found an asylum in Canada have used that asylum to undermine Canada's strength in the struggle."

The CATHOLIC RECORD promptly challenged the Globe "to give a single instance of anything which would substantiate its 'undoubted fact.'"

Neither the Globe nor Mr. Rowell ever attempted to substantiate their monstrous charge; neither the Globe nor Mr. Rowell ever had the manliness to withdraw it.

Later, on the floor of the House of Commons, the Hon. Chas. Murphy answered this charge categorically. He took up the several religious orders in Canada, one by one, which received members from France. He showed that every single one of these members of military age and fitness threw himself into the struggle to preserve the national existence of France and by their courage and sacrifice won a place in the heroic records of the Great War to which no other body of clergymen, Protestant or Catholic, in Canada would dare to aspire. Scores of them died on the battlefield. This record Mr. Murphy

substantiated with incontrovertible proofs order by order, name by name.

No more glorious record is contained in all the heroic annals of a War in which heroism was a commonplace in the day's work.

And yet the Honorable Newton Wesley Rowell is not ashamed to leave unretreated his foul charge against these heroic men "who by their courage and sacrifice won for themselves a new place in the hearts of the French people;" eye and in all other hearts not corroded by senseless bigotry.

Mr. Rowell's charge was specific; it is not included in "the substance" which he reiterated at Bowmanville. Well, at any rate he had not the shamelessness to repeat his specific charge of monstrous abuse of hospitality against the religious from France.

He may have "thought so then;" he does not "think so now."

Yet he has not the moral courage to confess himself mistaken; he has not the sense of justice to repair a foul wrong done; he has not that in him which would make an honorable pagan feel unclean unless he retracted, eye and paid deserved tribute to those whom he had slandered.

And the Honorable Newton Wesley Rowell is the new type of Christian statesman.

IN ONE OF ITS PROTEAN FORMS

On the front page of the London Advertiser of December 17th (evening edition) is a villainous looking portrait under the caption "Ireland's Real Ruler"; underneath runs this legend:

"Cardinal Logue, the Irish prelate, whose word is law in Ireland, outside of Ulster. So great is his power that the Nationalists have abandoned constituencies at his order to the Sinn Fein candidates."

And all the papers contained this statement in a despatch from Belfast: "It is reported here that Cardinal Logue and Archbishop Walsh both supported Sinn Fein." The impression sought to be created is similar.

We have here in one of the most insidious of all its protean shapes anti-Catholic calumny pandering to ingrained anti-Catholic prejudice. And as is generally the case the shameful bearing of false witness serves a political purpose. Ireland is under the heel of "Rome," therefore the principle of self government of which we are the ardent advocates and champions must reluctantly and regretfully be denied to this priest-ridden country. It serves the purpose also of justifying and deepening the superstitious fear, always either dormant or actively present, that where "Rome" is strong civil and religious liberty has but a tenuous and precarious existence. Thus we make the inconsistency between our profession and our practice appear less poignantly revolting to honest men; our Pharisaism, covered with the rags of this calumny, is not altogether naked and unashamed.

What are the facts? Do they justify the impression sought to be created? Do they bear out the audacious statement that Cardinal Logue is the real ruler of Ireland, that his word is law in Ireland outside of Ulster, that his power is so great that Nationalists at his order have abandoned constituencies to their bitter political opponents, Sinn Fein? Every statement, every implication and every insinuation in the short paragraph quoted is shamelessly made out of whole cloth with here and there some shreds of truth mendaciously interwoven after the manner indicated by Tennyson: "A lie that is part truth is ever the blackest of lies."

Let us get out of this fetid atmosphere into the open air of truth.

In the recent elections in Ireland there were three parties, the Nationalist, the Unionist, and Sinn Fein. As Sinn Fein and the Nationalist parties both stand for Irish Self-Government though differing as to the extent and more radically still as to the methods of attaining it, the older Nationalist party has come to be known as the Constitutional party.

In addition to the claim of Ireland's right to complete independence Sinn Fein holds that Constitutionalism in Ireland has been shown to be a mockery and a sham. Since Carson in the name of Protestant Ascendancy, backed by the ruling classes of England, killed Constitutionalism in Ireland the Sinn Fein party are willing to let it stay dead, and let those who killed it take the consequences. They consequently repudiate the farce of Constitutionalism,

and refuse to recognize the right of England to govern Ireland by sending representatives to Westminster. They elect members of Parliament pledged to remain away from Parliament. Now we believe that in consideration of the fact that there is going to be a new political England in which Tory junkers, "titled harridans," Carson, and Carsonism, will find short shrift that Constitutionalism is well worth reviving. But that is a matter which pertains to the people of Ireland to judge; if they are mistaken it is not the first political mistake made in or out of Ireland. Their right to choose their own political course is unquestionable. As for their claim that Ireland should be an independent republic that, those in touch with their leaders assure us, is a strategic position which they would willingly give up for Dominion Home Rule within the Empire. The Carsonites stand for Protestant Ascendancy, the subversion of the Constitution and armed rebellion against the King and Parliament if the principle which justified the great War is applied in any measure to Ireland.

In passing it may be remarked that the Irish Constitutional Party appears to have gone the way of all political parties with a long tenure of power. It got out of touch with the people it represented, and its political machine like political machines everywhere, repressed independent thought and initiative in order to secure faithful, not to say servile, party allegiance. It is only fair to say that in North East Ulster there are signs of revolt against similar but worse political conditions amongst the Carsonite rank and file. George Russell and St. John Ervine and others like them, Ulster Protestants to the manner born, may be taken as harbingers of a better and saner era there. Certainly they have a better right to speak for Ulster than Carson who is not and never was an Ulsterman, does not and never did represent an Ulster constituency. And St. John Ervine has held the mirror up to Carson in his delightfully frank "Life" of that political leader.

Now what stand did the Irish bishops take in all this political ferment? Two of the twenty-nine were frankly Sinn Fein—the Bishop of Killaloe and the Bishop of Limerick.

We shall let some of the others speak for themselves by extracts from their public utterances taken from the Irish press:

BISHOP O'DONNELL of Raphoe writes thus: "Some years ago there was a great Parliamentary Party backed by a vigorous Organization in Ireland. Now the strength of that Party is paralyzed; the Organization supporting it has largely disappeared. . . ."

"Even when dissection and want of sufficient touch with the electorate entebled its efforts, the Irish Party was still able to do useful work for Ireland. Though operating at Westminster, its purpose there was to claim rights, not to ask favours."

"The Parliamentary instrument was Ireland's own, just as the Organization and man power at home were her own. That programme rested on a self-reliant, self-respecting policy for starting Ireland on the road to freedom. But now Ireland is asked to abandon the one effective weapon she can fashion and wield at a time when her need for it is greater than ever before; and in a way not far removed from national abasement she is advised to concentrate her reliance on an appeal for outside help."

"One should think that any friendly members of the Peace Conference might reasonably expect that we would do our part by taking a powerful Irish Party to push on the Irish demand in Parliament under the gaze of the world, while the Conference was in session. . . . I have given the spare energies of all my life to the service of Ireland, and I would not be true to that service, as I see it, if I did not advise our people to return to Parliament for work there a strong array of the very best men they can find. . . . We are not doing our part if we do not return to Parliament a powerful Party to uphold our case at Westminster, with the help of Labor, and to enlist the support and pressure on our behalf of the Irish people in America and the Colonies."

ARCHBISHOP GILMARTIN of Tuam, writing on the situation, says: "It is my view that when our Catholic people are divided among themselves on a question of pure political, a pastor of souls should not take an active or aggressive part on either side. Rather it is, I think, his duty, while freely expressing his own opinion, to bring about unity, and, if this cannot be done, to counsel tolerance and charity. Acting on this view, I will only say that I hope that no bitterness will be introduced into the present contest. There are good Irishmen and good Catholics on both sides who are in different ways working for the same end—namely, the right of Ireland as a nation to

determine her own form of government. There will be always honest differences of opinion as to the best means to obtain this end. As regards the immediate issue—which is, abstention or non-abstention from Parliament—speaking for myself, I prefer the older policy because it seems the safer."

BISHOP FOLEY of Kildare and Leighlin, after urging that candidates should be men "of high character, political capacity, knowledge and experience," goes on to say:

"I have no faith in Sinn Feinism as a policy, nor in abstention from Parliament as a means of political salvation, but my expectations from the next five years are not pitched quite so high as are those of others, and from all that I have read and heard of politics in the recent past I find it difficult to understand how any man can derive any satisfaction from the sort of political polemics in which rival parties have engaged. Such polemics I have found stale and unprofitable and devoid of all attraction. Hence I feel that the less time or attention I waste on them the other side, I will not permit myself to say more than that I consider it impracticable. That it will not lead to any definite results and that if persisted in, it may very seriously jeopardise the most vital interests of the country. The very serious responsibility of choosing between these two policies rests now with the electors. Let us hope that they will make the choice with calm foresight and wisdom."

ARCHBISHOP WALSH, of Dublin, writes that he ceased thirteen or fourteen years ago to give any support to the Irish Party because of "a disastrous change of policy, a change that I felt convinced could not fail to bring about the deplorable results we now see around us in Ireland." And, deploring the probable loss of several seats to the anti-Irish Carsonite faction, His Grace thus caustically refers to the "disastrous policy" of recent years:

"If leaders prove obstructive in this matter, has the public spirit of the country been so deadened by the leading-string policy of the past that the people are incapable even in the present crisis of acting for themselves?"

Here we have the whole reason for the intervention of Cardinal Logue. Carsonism is in a minority in the province of Ulster. Sinn Fein and the Constitutional candidates by dividing the Nationalist vote threatened to hand over eight Ulster Home Rule seats to the Carsonites. The Democratic Unionists and the Reactionary Unionists closed their divided ranks in anticipation of this delectable triumph which would give their representatives 25 of the 33 or 34 Ulster seats, thus giving color to their claim to speak for Ulster. Several attempts to reach an agreement amongst the Nationalists and Sinn Feiners having proved abortive the Cardinal together with all the other bishops of Ulster addressed a letter to the Lord Mayor of Dublin asking him to arrange with the leaders of the rival Nationalist parties to divide the seats equally—four to each party. Dillon at once publicly accepted and later the Sinn Fein leaders acquiesced. Thus Carsonism is still confined to its North East corner of Ulster.

Malice, malevolence, the part-truth that is ever the blackest of lies, dishonesty, and the disappointment consequent on this commonsense arrangement, all find their expression in the statement quoted at the head of this article.

"Cardinal Logue, Ireland's real Ruler, the Irish prelate whose word is law outside of Ulster. So great is his power that the Nationalists have abandoned constituencies at his order to Sinn Fein candidates."

It is equally true that Sinn Fein abandoned constituencies to the Nationalists. And "outside of Ulster" Cardinal Logue and the northern Bishops did not interfere at all. Elsewhere we publish the letter in full. It will be seen that the kindly, gentle, lovable old Irish priest who is Cardinal and Archbishop of Armagh is not quite truthfully represented either by the hideous portrait of an eyesless black man, or as the sinister power whose word is law "outside of Ulster" and at whose "order"

Nationalists gave up constituencies to Sinn Fein.

How flimsy is the pretext for saying the Cardinal "supported Sinn Fein" may be seen by the fact that Bishop O'Donnell of Raphoe also signed the same letter.

The cause which requires such press-agency is not one that rests on decent foundations. Such shameless distortion of the truth is an admission of weakness in the cause it seeks to subvert, and an acknowledgment of the strength of the cause it seeks to weaken. It is the impregnable strength of this cause of justice and right that compels its enemies to resort to the poison gas of downright misrepresentation and lying innuendo.

DICTIONARY OF A PHILOSOPHER

We enjoy very much the visits of a certain gentleman to our sanctum, for the reason that he belongs to that very rare species whose ideas are not ready made. He is no modernist; in fact he has a perfect loathing for modern ideas and ideals. To the question if he had read a recent publication he replied that he confined his reading to the works of authors who were dead, and who consequently could not change their minds. We were tempted to suggest that perhaps some of them had changed their minds, but fearing that this might lead to a discussion of Conan Doyle and Sir Oliver Lodge's alleged communications with the spirit world, and being rather chary of that topic ever since we listened to the experiences of a medium, we abruptly changed the subject. "What do you think," said we, "of this social reconstruction movement?" With a gesture of disgust he replied, "If people would only keep the sixth and seventh commandments, the world would reconstruct itself."

Someone may say that this idea is not very original, that it is older than the Church itself; but those who have been reading the social uplift programmes, as set forth in the newspapers, will have to admit that, subjectively speaking, among many of our modern reformers it would have the charm of novelty. Unmindful of the Psalmists' admonition that unless the Lord build the house they labor in vain who build it, men have been always trying to get to heaven on a structure of their own designing. Shortly after creation's dawn the descendants of Noe undertook to erect a tower that would pierce the skies, but God confounded them and confused their speech so that no one knew the tongue of his brother. Again in the sixteenth century men attempted to erect a spiritual tower that would enable them to enter the celestial kingdom, and once more God confounded them and today, in the midst of the multiplicity of beliefs, no man among them knows the faith of his brother. Forgetful of the warnings of the past and of the lessons that the last four years should have taught the world, we again find men so confounded in mind that they are attempting to establish world peace without the assistance of him who is the representative of the Prince of Peace, and to lay the foundation of a new and better social order with other sanction than that of the Decalogue.

We all remember the question in the Catechism "To what two commandments may the ten be reduced?" If we examine the matter we will find that the two mentioned by our philosopher friend cover the ground pretty well. A pure generation is a reverent generation and will honor and revere God, and will respect and obey His representatives in the home and in the larger societies of Church and State, thus observing the first four commandments of the Decalogue together with the sixth and ninth. Moreover, pure men and women honoring as they do their own bodies as the temples of the Holy Ghost, will hold human life sacred, especially in the person of the innocent and unprotected. They will not kill. The honest man, who will not steal either in act or desire his neighbor's goods or his neighbor's good name, will keep the seventh, eighth and tenth commandment.

Lacordaire laid down the principle that a nation cannot govern itself politically if its individual citizens do not govern themselves in the intimacy of their own thoughts and desires. The trouble with many of our reformers is that they undertake to reform the world before they reform themselves. Two striking instances of this occurred recently that bear respectively on the two commandments mentioned. In a certain Canadian city a promoter of the

Social Service League, who was busy-ing himself with the establishment of a new branch, dwelt in one of his addresses upon the evil of child murder. A lawyer replied, pointing out that the speaker had omitted to mention another great evil whereby thousands of potential children were murdered by Malthusian practice. Straightway the uplifter fell into a passion. He who runs may draw the inference.

The other incident, or series of incidents, is the handing over of the Protestant pulpit to politicians, some of whom unctuously speak of the necessity of a spirit of religious tolerance and justice and honesty in the work of reconstruction, while they themselves stand condemned by all who know the truth of politics treachery, of fostering racial religious strife, and of stealing the neighbor's good name and refusing to make restitution. The minister may have enjoyed the holiday—I have lasted for some of them since the signing of the armistice—but do they not realize that they are cutting the ground from under their own feet and incidentally admitting that their churches are not able to cope with the present emergency?

Our friend was right. Society must be reconstructed from the bottom upwards. A superstructure of gilded platitudes will not withstand the wind and waves if the foundation is rotten. Luther, when he witnessed the results of his teaching, wished to restore the Confession. He saw that if the commandments were ignored and that if there was no restraint upon the individual conscience there would be no peace for the nation. But it was too late. The evil has run its course till it has turned the world into a shambles. The only remedy is to have recourse to that Tribunal of Mercy which, in the words of Cardinal Gibbons, is "one of the most powerful levers ever designed by a merciful God to raise man out of the mire of sin, and one of the greatest bulwarks of national peace and individual liberty."

THE GLEANER

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE BULLETIN of the Canada Food Board urges that the housewives of the Dominion follow the lead of their sisters abroad and buy the less expensive, and, in this country, hitherto little used cuts of meat. The advice is pertinent and timely. But, what about the coy ways of the middleman? Let the consumer buy, and at the same time watch the prices rise simultaneously.

TORONTO IS to have a Catholic candidate for Mayor for 1919 who by general consent is far and away the best man in sight. Controller O'Neill has made for himself an enviable record as alderman and controller. His energy and initiative, combined with a sane and balanced judgment, have approved him to business men generally, and in any other city in Canada under like conditions his election would be a foregone conclusion. It remains to be seen, however, whether Toronto can sufficiently emancipate itself from the element which has controlled it so long to elect a Catholic as its chief magistrate.

THERE IS, it seems, a Mormon church in Toronto which has had as its pastor one designating himself a "Bishop," whose propaganda has been carried forward chiefly from theatre platforms. According to this worthy, the Church of Latter Day Saints embodied in itself all that is true and elevating in religious teaching, and had a special mission to lead the world out of darkness into the marvellous light of Salt Lake City. We say "had" advisedly, for now there is a rift in the lute, and the said exponent of Joseph Smith's teachings has parted company with his erstwhile brethren and ended by hurling anathema at the whole institution. In other words, he has started another little sect of his own. The outfit is of course beneath contempt, and we notice the episode merely as illustrating once more the ordinary course of the religious philosophy enunciated by one Doctor Martin Luther some centuries ago.

THE RECENT death of Joseph F. Smith, head of the Mormon sect, and nephew of its founder, has called attention anew to the tenets of that singular organization which the Boston Transcript rather gratuitously characterizes as "a powerful hierarchical organization cast on Biblical and Oriental lines." Powerful

it indeed has been, and, if we may accept such testimony, within well defined limits it still, but to call it "Biblical" in any proper understanding of the term is an outrage alike upon reason and common sense.

NOTWITHSTANDING disclaimers by certain of its more recent "prophets" and advocates, Polygamy has ever been the principal tenet of the Mormon creed, and while the laws of every civilized country have made the open practice of that outrage upon womanhood impossible, it is regarded by advanced Mormons as "in abeyance" only. Of the new Head it is stated that "he represents the modern thought of Mormonism, which is to conform to the requirements of the law, but to stand up in the meeting for all the original tenets of the church." "In abeyance" nevertheless polygamy is likely to remain unless, with the increasing facilities for divorce, (which, notwithstanding the mantle of legality is after all in its results but successive polygamy), the bars should be lowered and the Mormon practice be enticed into the open again.

MEANWHILE it is of some moment to us as Catholics to know that, while the Mormon propaganda has been unceasingly carried on in Europe and even in certain parts of Canada for many years, and, unhappily, with some degree of success, it has never been able to obtain a foothold in any Catholic country, and few, if any of its dupes are of Catholic antecedents. The question of polygamy aside, individual Catholics, whatever their moral shortcomings, are not usually caught up by mushroom sects, or by ebullitions of religious fanaticism such as come to the surface from time to time in non-Catholic countries. Lose faith in the supernatural they may, and, alas, sometimes do, but the early training of even such as these is ordinarily proof against sickly fanaticism of the sort alluded to. Mormonism, for example, has never been able to strike root in Ireland or in French Canada.

"W. H. K." in the London Tablet, has been casting about for allusions to aircraft among our modern poets. Someone suggested that such references might be found even in the Holy Scriptures, but this, thinks the writer in question, is extremely doubtful. Shakespeare, however, is rather better fishing ground, and of one passage in particular it may be predicted that the Bard of Avon had something like the modern aeroplane directly in view. This passage occurs in Antony and Cleopatra, Act IV., Scene X:

Antony. Their preparation is to-day by sea; We please them not by land. Scarus. For both, my lord. Antony. I would they'd fight 't the fire, or in the air; We'd fight there, too.

Diligent search might bring forth other allusions of a like kind. What field of human endeavor is beyond the vision of the Bard?

THE FOLLOWING tribute to Philip Gibbs, admittedly the first of War correspondents, bears reproducing. It is from a correspondent of the New York Times: Gibbs, it may not be amiss to add, is Catholic in creed as well as in temperament, in vision and in human sympathy:

"There may have been times in the history of journalism when readers have had the luxury of truly great literature in their daily press. I am sure the present generation has had none such until the advent of Philip Gibbs. The inexhaustible fertility, the amazing inspiration of this wonderful man, with heart and brain pressed to the very bosom of poor, battered France and Flanders, recording for the world, in a beautifully lucid, simple style—simple with all the glorious simplicity of absolute genius—all the horror and all the glory that have been this Armageddon, is one of the outstanding features of the War. As a lover of true literature, the writer has infallibly turned daily to the Philip Gibbs column of the Times, always sure of a treat to sheer beauty and unexampled workmanship, combined with an amazing close-up of the great things that stir heart and mind. We naturally expect that art, literature, life itself, will react to the tremendous influence of the World War, but it is the opinion of the writer that some of the most remarkable writing of the epoch has seen the light in the very travail of all the glorious damnation of the last four years. The days ahead will be pregnant days—pregnant with tremendous things for all the days to come. The world has but one logical candidate for chronicler of these events—the man who can see and feel, with a heart and intelligence utterly Catholic, whose matchless pen, a modern magic carpet, carries

us to the heart of things as they are—Philip Gibbs. That the Gibbs correspondence is the finest thing 'The Times' or any other journal has ever secured is the sincere opinion of a discriminating and grateful reader."

CATHOLIC NEWS ITEMS

THANKSGIVING SERVICES

Catholic War News Service During the week following the signing of the armistice the churches of the European countries have been crowded by vast throngs offering their thanksgivings that the terrible scourge of War has at last come to an end. A solemn thanksgiving was celebrated by the Italians in the Italian church at Hatton Garden, London, when Bishop Butt sang Pontifical Mass, which was attended by the Italian Ambassador and suite. The bugles of the Italian Grenadiers were sounded at the Elevation.

One of the most impressive celebrations of this momentous week was the High Mass of Thanksgiving that was celebrated in Westminster Cathedral in the presence of the Cardinal Archbishop. Like so many functions that have taken place in the Cathedral during the past years, the Mass was of the nature of an official and diplomatic function. Bishop Butt was the celebrant, and the Cardinal assisted in *cappa magna*. King George was not present, but was represented by Lord Somerleyton. In the seat of honour was the French Ambassador, M. Cambon, dean of the ambassadorial corps in London, and with him were the Italian, Belgian, Spanish, Brazilian and Chilean Ambassadors, with the members of the Army and Navy, both British and Allied were present at the Mass, as were also many of the Catholic peers and peeresses.

The sanctuary of the Cathedral was crowded with the members of the Metropolitan Chapter, the Chaplains of the Cathedral College, and representatives of all the religious orders in England, with the exception of the Carthusians. In commemoration of the noble dead of the Allied nations the motet, *Iustorum animae in manu Dei sunt*, was sung after the Offertory, and after the Last Gospel the Cardinal intoned the prayer *Domine salvum fac regem nostrum Georgium*.

Two days after this solemn event a Te Deum was sung in the Cathedral in celebration of the Patronal Feast of the King of Belgium. The Cardinal Archbishop, who was present at the throne in *cappa magna*, preached to a vast congregation on the text:

"And I will remove far off from you the northern enemy; and I will drive him into a land impassable and desolate, and his hinder part towards the east sea and his hinder part towards the utmost sea; and his stench shall ascend and his rottenness shall go up, because he has done proudly. Fear not, O land, be glad and rejoice, for the Lord has done great things."

Addressing himself principally to the Belgians, he said: "With what dramatic unexpectedness, with what precision of retribution, has the hand of the Eternal Justice been in those days made manifest! The King of the Belgians ascends once more to the Throne of a United and inviolate kingdom, crowned anew by his people's confidence, gratitude, and love. The oppressor, who trampled under foot every law that binds nations in mutual trust and friendship, is dethroned, unceremoniously, and exiled and unwelcome wanderer on the earth, unable to call any plot of land his own. The German invasion was a history of innumerable murders and nameless crimes. Belgium now stands forth as never before in the eyes of the whole world, a united people, in the fullest sense a nation, compacted and welded together by the very life blood of her children, of her sons, and of her daughters too. These years of tragedy have set Belgium free from the awful poison of modern German thought and principles. Bitter experience has shown us how widespread and dangerous those teachings have become. Had they not been revealed in their true light by their systematic application in the present War, every nation would have been radically affected by their malignant influence.

The sermon was followed by solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, given by Mgr. De Wachter, Bishop Auxiliary to His Eminence Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines.

IN ALSACE-LORRAINE

The Cathedral of Thann in Alsace is once more in French possession, after forty years of German domination. The entry of the French troops into the town was celebrated with great joy by the people of Thann, and on the uninjured steeple of the Cathedral the Tricolor floated gaily. Three Chasseurs Alpins had succeeded in making the perilous climb, and as the flag of France broke over the highest edifice of the reconquered territory the great crowd knelt in fervent thanksgiving. The more boisterous elements were outside celebrating victory, but all the old people for miles around had gathered to pray and to listen to the Cure, who, speaking now in patois, told how the God of Battles had blessed the arms of France and of her Allies because their cause was the cause of justice and liberty. The service ended with the sermon, for the old cure was unable to make his way back to the altar, so dense was the crowd of officers and peasants and American soldiers who thronged the nave and transept and packed themselves in

the choir and where the stalls had stood.

At Tournai the people turned out in their crowds to welcome the entry of the victorious troops. Mr. Philip Gibbs, who was present on this great occasion, describes what happened:

"After the first soldier had come there came a small patrol, while the enemy fired some shells into the town and killed some civilians, and after that other British soldiers and staff officers arrived, and today there came marching through long columns of troops, with their guns and field cookers and transport, and they had a welcome of heroes, and liked it, with the laughter of British soldiers for hero worship. That was just after the singing of the 'Te Deum' in the Cathedral of Tournai, that Romanesque building with four tall towers, raised when Richard Coeur de Lion and the second Henry of England were living. Many people had gathered in the great nave and between its round-headed arches, and in the twilight of those grey old stones going up to the rich color of the painted windows of a high choir behind the altar, beyond a forest of tall piers and pointed arches, with Gothic sculpture. The scene reminded me of some of the painting of the Middle Ages toned down to a pale solemnity. The Bishop of Tournai was there on his throne, and after High Mass, when the 'Te Deum' was sung, he came down the long nave in procession, with priests and acolytes bearing before him the banner of Belgium. The organ pealed out the National Anthem of 'La Marseillaise,' and all the people sang it from full hearts, and the bishop, like many of his people, had tears in his eyes. Then cheers rang strangely in this church, whose bells have rung the tocsin for many wars and clashed out for the joy of peace, and women's voices rose shrill above the deeper cheers of the men."

A MISUNDERSTANDING CLEARED UP

The Anglican Bishop in Jerusalem, Dr. Kenne MacInnes, has addressed a letter to the editor of the Irish Catholic in reply to the statement that religious discrimination was shown in the matter of relief in Palestine. The Bishop's letter reads as follows:

"In your issue of August 4th you published at the same time as a letter from Cardinal Logue, an article which asserted that the Committee for the Relief of Syria and Palestine (which has for its object the providing of sustenance, as well as clothes and medical treatment for the thousands who have been delivered from the tyranny of the Turk) has resorted to the methods of proselytism," and that women and young girls were admitted to our workrooms only on condition that they attended a Protestant religious service.

"I feel sure that you, as well as Cardinal Logue, will be glad to know that you have been entirely mistaken, for the Committee for the Relief of Syria and Palestine has been active in Palestine for the past eighteen months, and it has always distributed its grants without making any distinction of sect or religious belief. The only condition that has been insisted on has been that of absolute and urgent necessity.

"However, it is only natural that someone should have addressed a complaint to Cardinal Logue, for the funds at our disposal are very far from supplying all our needs. Many applications have to be refused, and it is quite possible that numbers of those who have applied to us in vain have complained to their own religious leaders that they were refused because they did not happen to be Protestants. But the only reason why we have sent such people away has been either that they were not entirely destitute, or that we had nothing left to give to them.

"Our accounts show that the number of destitute people assisted is nearly proportionate with the total number of members of each Christian Church or of each creed."

A FOCH INCIDENT

Preaching in the Jesuit Church at Farm Street, London, Father Bampton, S. J., related an incident concerning Marshal Foch which he heard from a French chaplain. On the eve of the great offensive the Marshal had called together the general staff to explain his plans for the morrow. On taking leave of them he said: "I have now done all I can, I leave you to do the rest; now I beg to be left undisturbed for the next hour." Soon after an urgent message came through for the Generalissimo. Marshal Foch could not be found at first, until the chaplain who knew the secret, conducted the messenger to a lonely chapel where the Marshal was found on his knees in prayer.

DECLINING PROTESTANT BIRTHRATE

Now that hostilities have ceased, one of the most serious problems that face the German people is the declining birth rate. At a meeting of the Protestant District Synod at Minden the question of the decline in the birth rate was raised, and the following significant figures were given, which the Angsberger Postzeitung quotes:

"In 1887 there was in the district of Minden a population of about 50,000, and there were 2,023 births. In 1897 the population had increased to 60,000 and the births to 2,317; in 1907, with a population of about 70,000, the births totalled 2,405. During the past ten years the population has increased to 77,787, and the births, which in 1914 numbered 2,077,

fall in 1917 to 1,059. So in thirty years the population increased by about 80,000 but the births have fallen from 2,023 to 1,059.

"If we cannot successfully combat this menace to our national strength the mighty victories we have won cannot possibly save us from irretrievable ruin. It is an established fact that the desire for percentage first declined in the upper classes, and that the dread of children has now affected wide sections of other ranks. The mischief has spread from the top to the bottom.

CATHOLIC CHAPLAINS CANADIAN CORPS

From a London Correspondent

When the armistice was signed and hostilities ceased on Nov. 11th, the Catholic chaplains of the Canadian Corps numbered, the largest number in any Corps of the British Armies. This is explained by the size of the Canadian Corps and by its large proportion of Catholic soldiers. How this number has grown will be seen from the fact that the number of Catholic chaplains with the Corps on Nov. 11th, 1918, when it consisted of four divisions, was 14. Counting the Canadian Cavalry Brigade the number of Catholic chaplains two years ago was 15, and today 26. Of the 15 of two years ago all are still on duty overseas, 5 (Fathers Workman, M. C., Doyon, Tompkins, M. C., McQuillan and Daniel) being in England where experienced chaplains are required, and no less than 10 are still with the Corps.

This is a wonderful record for chaplains like regimental medical officers usually take only a turn at the Corps. Of the 10 chaplains still with the Corps, Major (Rev.) T. McCarthy, M. C. (London, Ont.) has had the longest uninterrupted service with an Infantry Brigade. He is the first and only chaplain of the P. P. C. to have served in the Canadian Division, the only original chaplain who has fulfilled the most difficult and dangerous of all tasks for a chaplain, that of an Infantry chaplain in the line, for over two years without interruption, having successfully dodged shells, gas and sickness, as Father Letang (Femboke) interested by wounds or sickness are Major (Rev.) A. Madon, D. S. O., M. C., like Father Fortier an Oblate of Mary Immaculate, who was twice wounded, Major (Rev.) M. N. Tompkins, M. C., once seriously ill and once wounded, and Major (Rev.) R. C. McQuillan, M. C., the latter two being both from Antigonish, Nova Scotia (Ottawa) had been with the Infantry and Artillery of the Corps for two years and five months to a day when the armistice was signed, and (Acting) Lt. Col. (Rev.) F. L. French, D. S. O., and Father de la Taille, S. J., have also completed their two years, Fathers French chiefly at Corps Headquarters on account of his position as D. A. D. C. S., Father de la Taille with the Infantry and Cavalry. A tour of duty as chaplain just prevented Father Labonte, O. M. I., who has lately returned to the Corps, from completing his two years. A post in the Corps is a position coveted by all chaplains and sometimes through a bit of luck one chaplain may get there and another chaplain, perhaps his senior, may be passing up the ladder, as important as any in the Corps may not obtain this chance. It is nevertheless noteworthy that in the great Scottish Catholic clan of the Macdonalds characteristically enough has no less than four representatives among the Catholic chaplains of the Canadian Corps to-day.

In view of the fact that the opinion seems to prevail in some quarters that Ireland got out of the War before it was over, it is interesting to note that the majority of the Catholic chaplains of the Canadian Corps, as indeed the majority of the Catholic Canadian chaplains overseas who are 68 in number are Irish Canadians.

NEW CATHOLIC ARMY HUT

From an army chaplain overseas we have this account of an important new work of the C. A. H.:

An important extension to the overseas activities of the Catholic Army Huts Campaign has been made at Boxton, Derby, England, where the Canadian Discharge Depot and special hospitals are situated.

Under the direction of Captain, the Rev. Ivor Daniel, O. M. I., (formerly chaplain of the London area, and first chaplain of the now well-known Catholic Army Club in Grosvenor Place) a fine "chapel and recreation hut" has been erected on an advantageous site in the centre of the town and therefore available for depot and hospital patients. The new hut which is one hundred feet long by nineteen wide, contains a chapel, properly fitted up with altar, confessional, etc., divided by movable partitions from the remainder of the hut which serves as a recreation room comfortably fitted up for the convenience of war-worn and wounded men.

The building is known as "Victory Hut," as it was in construction on the declaration of the Armistice. The chapel is therefore most appropriately dedicated to "Our Lady of Victories." During the coming period of demobilization it will be a God-send to the many thousand Canadian men who pass through the town on their way home to the Dominion. A number of Catholic ladies resident in the town will assist Father Daniel in the direction of the hut.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

THE LITTLE ONES OF OUR FATHER

"What's the good trying to save people against their will? They don't want to be practical Catholics; let them go!" There is a tendency on the part of some really good Catholics to make use of the above uncharitable exclamations when they discuss the difficulties encountered in bringing the truths of our Holy Religion to the knowledge of some of our careless and indifferent brethren. We feel that the words are uttered thoughtlessly and not in earnest. The only trouble, however, about this attitude is that a certain number, knowing Western conditions and the trials endured by self-sacrificing priests, try by this flimsy means to still the voice of conscience which restrains the natural impulses of their Catholic charity.

No Catholic, worthy of the name, can convince himself that he may cast aside his Christian responsibilities in this off-hand, unreasoning way. The Good Shepherd, the lost sheep on His shoulders, stands before his mental vision and dissipates the un-Catholic mist from his soul. A moment's thought envisages Christ hanging on the Cross, paying with the blood of His Sacred Humanity the ransom for ungrateful men. The history of the Catholic Church convinces readily that Christ sent His Holy Spouse into the world to save sinners and not the just.

"What's the good!" "It is not our business," are most unfeeling words in the mouth of a Catholic; they are only his devices for the escutcheons of Cain and Judas Iscariot. Let this pass for the moment. But give thought to the fact that we must take into our computation the numberless little children mixed up with the wandering flock. They, at least, have not wantonly cast aside the practice of our holy Faith. They have not imbibed willingly and knowingly false doctrines. These souls are as Angels in the sight of God. They are virgin soil upon which the Holy Spirit has already rained His gifts in the lustal waters of Baptism, and ready they await the Dispensers of the mysteries of God to sow the good seed in their hearts. Of these we dare not say, "What's the good!" for we see in them the image of Christ and on their hearts His superscription. They, too, are the hope of the future.

The rescue of the young from imminent danger depends in a great measure upon us. Their parents, in many cases, religiously uneducated, untutored in the ways of a new country, and eager to seek, in a prosperous land, that social betterment refused to them at home, eagerly run after the things which appeal to their inclinations. They are blind to the dangers to be encountered in a non-Catholic and an Catholic atmosphere. The beautiful, well equipped Public School appeals to them as something much to be desired, and to this institution their children are sent. At fourteen or fifteen years of age, as a result, we have youths and maidens, neither Catholic nor Protestant, with the shallow religious convictions, yet destined to be in a few years the backbone of a so called Christian society.

It is no wonder the Church eagerly insists on the necessity of religious education! Secular schools have stolen from her thousands upon thousands of souls precious in her sight. Like Rachel, she weeps and sighs over her loss and looks upon her Lord to give her new consolations. Even in poverty and distress, as in the missionary parts of Canada, she does everything possible to give to her little ones a Catholic education. Good men and women see, in the Catholic school and teacher, a need as great, well nigh, as the church and priest. The priest recognizes the truth, that in the great district where he labours, in heat and cold and in journeying often, his efficiency is reduced to the minimum if a Catholic school does not second his efforts. He well knows from experience that neither private zeal nor the Christian teaching and formation included in a Catholic school. The fundamentals of Christian Society, authority, obedience and brotherhood, as taught by Jesus Christ, must be well laid in the youthful soul from the dawn of reason.

Let us wake up! Let us understand well that the war waged against Catholic schools is the result of false principles to which the Church has always offered a fierce resistance. "Education primarily belongs to me," says the State "so also the schools, so also the children, and the formation of national character." "No!" protests the Church of God, "the children of Christian people have a right by divine law to Christian education; the parents have a natural and supernatural right and duty to guard this inheri-

ance; Christian children are in no way the children of a State without religion; their teaching and formation as Christians is of greater moment than all secular instruction and may not be risked to obtain it." These Catholic principles explain our attitude to the impossible unsectarian school whether we are in poverty or in affluence, whether we are located in great centres of civilization or on the great plains of Western Canada. And all based upon the one great truth, that Christ died for the salvation of the soul.

We can do a great deal now to counteract the inroads that are being made upon the faith of our poor Catholic brethren. If we save the children now, we have the future in the hollow of our hand. But sacrifices must be made, not once, but constantly, by members of the Catholic Church who are in a position to give of the means God has bestowed so freely on them. If you, who are able to support schools and religious teachers, refuse to sustain them, on whom does the burden fall? If you, a member of the Communion of Saints, wrap yourself up in your localism and parochialism and Diocesanism, and go to sleep while the wolf is destroying the lambs, can you dare ever to lift your eyes to heaven and say: "Our Father?"

Kneeling before the Crib on Christmas morning make up your minds to do something substantial for the Extension Society so that Catholic Schools may be built and aided and the sinless children of Mother Church saved in life and Eternity.

Donations may be addressed to: Rev. T. O'DONNELL, President, Catholic Church Extension Society 67 Bond St., Toronto. Contributions through this office should be addressed: EXTENSION, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Ont.

ENTRY OF CANADIAN ARMY INTO MONS

(By Gunner Newman Mackintosh, Toronto)

Mons, Belgium, Nov. 16, 1918. Now that the War is actually over and the censorship has been so relaxed that we can write of all past events and word the words of the news, I hardly know where to commence. Will you forgive me for not telling you anything until I get home or at least very little? There are so many conflicting rumors as to our ultimate disposal, I cannot begin to enumerate them. Suffice to say will be some little time before we reach Canada or even America, though now the danger is entirely over I know you will have no more fear for my safety.

To at least give a little news to relieve the monotony of constantly listening to my excuses of "no news," "no time," I can say a word or two of the last day "der Tag" to us. On the ninth I went forward in a reconnaissance with the O. C. as far as the town of Bousen, but shortly afterwards word was sent the Hun had retired so far we were to push on. We left at 1.30 p. m. with the Brigade staff, passing through several small villages till we reached Jemappes, quite a fair sized town by the way. We travelled on the main road which was crowded with infantry, transports, automobiles and every description of military units. Thousands of people were on the streets to welcome us, supplying us with beer, coffee, chocolate, cakes, and bread and butter. Women were pulling the infantry out of the ranks and ourselves from the saddle to offer us a glass of beer for refreshment, with the delighted cries of "Vive les Canadiens" and "A Albert." Kisses were going in profusion, and our Major came in for his. Three of us who were lucky enough to be able to speak a little French were made the centres of enthusiastic groups of citizens. Every description of liquor and eatable was offered us, and one little seven year old girl took me under her wing, she went into raptures over a button I ripped from my tunic for a souvenir. Our guns were placed in a clearing right in the town, and a lot of civies helped us to get them in position, in fact I think some of them did the firing. At least so the joke is. We were given the best rooms in the houses, the owners living in the cellars for fear of the Hun's retaliation. Can you imagine sleeping in a bed just like at home, and the guns blazing away outside. One could not pass a civilian on the streets without being invited in for a cup of coffee or a glass of cognac. I never ate so many cakes in my life as I did that afternoon. It was funny to see the civies running up to the guns when we ceased firing to collect the charge cases as souvenirs. That is all one hears these days—souvenirs. By the way I mailed three parcels of them tonight by registered post. I will not mail this letter until morning, when I will enclose the receipts.

There was quite a little suppressed excitement when the Armistice was declared, but as no official announce-

ments were made we could not realize that it was all over. I have not heard a gun fire since then. It seems so very odd.

In this part of the country I have seen many convents and institutes of the Christian Brothers. There is a beautiful Ursuline Nunnery in Mons, and a Notre Dame convent in Jemappes. As yet I have not seen the town. We are at Nimy (a suburb) so have been unable to secure a P. C. of the church. The enclosed card is the very best I could do.

Now that we are in the country the Bosch evacuated but a few days ago, we spend mostly German money, as when leaving he took all the French currency and left his own. English, Canadian, French, Belgian and German money, that is to say: shillings, dollars, francs, and tank are now legal tender at the canteens. Just imagine it! A mark is worth 1.25, though when leaving he took 1.50 for each one he left. This is in francs and centimes of course.

Best wishes to everyone you meet. I'm a Canadian and glad of it.

THE NEW YEAR

Singing, I hear the whole world sing Afar, anear, aloud, aloud, "What to us will the New Year bring? Ah! would that each of us might know!"

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

The year that cometh is a King, With better gifts than the old year gave. If you place on his finger the holy ring Of Prayer, the King becomes your slave. REV. ABRAHAM J. RYAN.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINA MISSION FUND

Dear Friends,—I came to Canada to seek vocations for the Chinese Missions which are greatly in need of priests. In my parish alone there are three cities and a thousand villages to be evangelized and only two priests. Since I arrived in Canada a number of youths have expressed their desire to study for the Chinese mission but there are no funds to educate them. I appeal to your charity to assist in founding bursaries for the education of these and others who desire to become missionaries in China. Five thousand dollars will found a bursary. The interest on this amount will support a student. When he is ordained and goes off to the mission another will be taken in and so on forever. All imbued with the Catholic spirit of propagating the Faith to the ends of the earth will, I am sure, contribute generously to this fund.

Gratefully yours in Jesus and Mary, J. M. FRASER.

I propose the following burses for subscription:

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Nothing is more elevating to mankind than to learn to love and appreciate the beauty which can be seen daily. There are beautiful things everywhere. Some people see them, others do not—it is all a matter of education. One thing that is a little hard to learn is this: That growing generally means outgrowing, a readiness to leave the old for the new, a pushing past that which, however needed at one time has now served its purpose. To be willing to let the old go; the old prejudices, the old experience, the old narrow belief, the old joy—even to grow up through these.—A. B. McCall.

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

CHRISTMAS

THE DIVINE SOCIALIST

"Of His fulness we all have received," (John 1, 16)

Socialism, my dear brethren, can never be satisfied and work out its end till the infinite joins hands with it and helps it—the infinite in means and in power; in means, because division, repeated division of wealth, will soon end anything except the infinite; and in power, that we may be made heirs and lawful possessors of what it grants us. Anything less than the infinite will not do. It would come to an end some time, and misery and want would reassert themselves.

My dear brethren, this is not all fanciful and imaginary, for Christmas tells us of the coming of such a One—One that is infinite in means and in power: "Christ Jesus, Who being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God; but emptied Himself, being made in the likeness of men." (Phil. II. 6, 7)

"And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt amongst us" (John 1, 14), that He might join hands with us and help us in our yearnings and our wants. It is no myth or fable that the Son of God became man, was born of the Virgin Mary for our sakes and for our salvation. Born in Bethlehem one thousand nine hundred years ago. He was reared as a poor man's child at Nazareth, and then went about evangelizing and doing good, curing the sick, casting out evil spirits, and even raising the dead to life.

He had taught us how to live by the example of His own blameless, spotless life, and then He distributed His infinite riches and merits amongst us, giving us all that we need to live a holy life here in this world, and to secure eternal life in the kingdom of His Father. You know how He did this. Man had lost through his own disobedience all the good that God had given him, and Christ purchased for us far more than we had lost. He purchased for us forgiveness, faith, graces, heaven, at the price of His own most Precious Blood. Infinite in means and power though He had amongst us.

Alas! how many of us have squandered what He gave us! We are poor and destitute, without the friendship and the grace of God, and we cry in our misery for relief. Here is the wonderful part of the infinite. He had distributed all that He had amongst us at the Redemption. Yes, and all men could have as much as they would, and still the infinite would not run short. So our Lord and Saviour renews the distribution whenever we need it. Infinite in power, infinite in riches, there is always plenty for those who pray for it. And to crown His bounty and goodness, He even distributes His own Body and Blood to be the food and nourishment of our souls—free and without cost to all that approach to receive it, as often as we wish, and the oftener we come the more pleased He is. Jesus Christ unites Himself with us. Then, indeed, we share the riches of the Infinite One. From that infinite source we pay the Almighty Father homage and adoration; we pay Him worthy thanks for all His benefits; we pay Him the price of our ransom to free us from our sins; we pay Him full value for all the graces that we need. Thus are the poor and the destitute raised up and enriched by their Saviour. This is the Divine Socialism of Jesus Christ.

Yet, as when He came on earth, He was not recognized—"He came unto His own, and His own received Him not"—(John 1, 11)—so now the greater part of the world know Him not. They have forgotten that there is another world beyond this, another life that will last for ever. They are clamouring for riches and comfort and equality here, but never a thought for the world to come. The kingdom of heaven is offered them; they answer by crying out for so much a year. Far more than they are asking for or dreaming of has been done for them, and they will not see it or receive it: like the Jews, who were always desiring and praying for the Messiah, and when He came they crucified Him.

How much have we to thank God for, my dear brethren, that we have the faith and can recognize the Saviour when He comes! "But as many as received Him, He gave them power to be made the sons of God." (John 1, 12) And at Christmas-time our hearts are glad to give a welcome to our Lord. We know that all that happened at His Birth was for our sakes: the poverty, the homelessness, the distress, and anxiety seeking for a shelter of Joseph and Mary—and she brought forth her first-born Son and laid Him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn." (Luke II. 7) Did not Christ Jesus make Himself one of us, and the poorest of us? We hasten, then, to adore Him, to give Him that homage which is His, as King of kings and Lord of lords. Though He did come so humbly, faith tells us who He is. This is the Infinite One come down from heaven to be one of us, stripped of His outward glory for our sakes, to fulfil all our yearnings, to distribute all His graces and blessings amongst us, to leave us to take care of ourselves, and to make Himself our daily Bread, so that we cannot help but know and remember whence is our strength, our health, our life.

If He has thus bestowed all that He has, all that He is, upon us, we in return, with all the fervour and generosity of our heart, should offer Him our will and our love. Our will

we offer, so that we may be really one with Him—the same aims, objects, and interests. And we beg of Him to accept our grateful love for all that He has given us—not only for His mercies and graces and care of us, but for His own Blessed Body and Blood that have purified and nourished us so frequently. Oh, poor indeed we should be without Him, of whose "fulness we all have received." "Being rich, He became poor for your sakes; that through His poverty you might be rich." (2 Cor. viii. 9)

A DESIRE

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

For the sake of the Child divine? Are there no wandering Pilgrims now, To thy heart and thy home to take? And are there no mothers whose weary hearts You can comfort for Mary's sake?

O to have knelt at Jesus' feet, And to have learnt this heavenly lore! To have listened the gentle lessons He taught On the mountain, and sea, and shore!

While the rich and the mighty knew Him not, To have meekly done His will—Hush! for the worldly reject Him yet,

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

O to have soled the weeping one, Who the righteous dared despise! To have tenderly bound up her scattered hair, And have dried her tearful eyes!

Hush! there are broken hearts to soothe, And patient tears to dry, While Magdalen prays for you and them, From her home in the starry sky.

O to have followed the mournful way Of those faithful few forlorn! And grace, beyond even an angel's hope, The Cross for our Lord have borne!

To have shared in His tender mother's grief, To have wept at Mary's side, To have lived as a child in her home, and then In her loving care have died?

Hush! and with reverent sorrow still, Mary's great anguish share; And learn, for the sake of her Son divine, Thy cross, like His, to bear.

The sorrows that weigh on thy soul unite With those which thy Lord has borne, And Mary will comfort thy dying hour, Nor leave thy soul forlorn.

O to have seen what we now adore, And, though veiled to faithless sight, To have knelt, in the form that Jesus wore, The Lord of Life and Light!

Hush! for He dwells among us still, And a grace can yet be thine, Which the scoffer and doubter can never know— The Presence of the Divine. Jesus is with His children yet, For His word can never deceive; Go where His lowly altars rise And worship and believe.

—ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR

CHRISTMAS

We earnestly pray God that the peace of Bethlehem may descend upon all, so that the abiding joy which fellowship with Christ alone can produce may be with them like a sweet aroma.

The world, during these last years, has been so greatly distraught by the sickening sight of a war calling for hecatombs of victims and by the distressing spectacle of the ravages of the influenza epidemic—practically beyond the control of science—that men are eagerly turning in every direction to find props to bolster up their confidence in human nature on the one hand, and on the other to give them assurance of the sufficiency of human science.

But only those who have had the wisdom to look to Christ for courage, confidence and consolation have been able to feel the tranquillity which in times like ours is absolutely necessary. Those who have reposed on the power of earthly princes have found that it was but a fragile support. Those who thought that modern science could perform miracles are sadly disillusioned.

Now, Christ comes to us on Christmas Day bringing peace and healing. Kneeling at the lowly crib, we can almost hear the words of the angelic choirs announcing "peace on earth to men of good-will." Looking upon the Babe "who was to take away our

sins," we feel that He is the great Physician of the world for all ages. Hence, those whom the war has affected in the most vulnerable spot—the heart—will find consolation, first daughter of peace, in the Child whose words are full of life and promise. Suffering more than any one of us, He teaches us to be brave and resigned—brave, because He faced the hard task set Him by His Father without complaints or whinpering; resigned, because He acted on His knowledge that everything would turn out for the best eventually.

Then, too, those who have felt the sharp lash of the influenza will turn to the Babe for help. He came to save the world from sin, which after all is the only real malady. By taking our infirmities on Himself on that first Christmas morn, He showed us how we can make everything conspire for the good of our soul, which ought to be first, foremost and constant concern of our lives. Christmas proves to us that Christ is still living in His Church, "going about doing good" as in His earthly days. But we must throw in our lot with Him if we want His help. He must be our Leader in the things we believe and in the things we do.—Rosary Magazine.

LESSONS OF THE INFLUENZA

The Spanish influenza, which took such a large toll of victims not only in our land but in practically every country of the world, was certainly permitted by Almighty God for some very definite purpose. Of course, lacking divine revelation, we can never hope to know what this purpose was precisely, but we are permitted to try to learn from the things around us what it may have been.

Some would tell us that it was a scourge sent by God to punish a people that had turned from Him to follow their own desires. Like Saul of Tarsus on the way to Damascus, we had to be struck down in order to see the workings of God about us. All punishments of God are medicinal—intended to cure us of spiritual maladies, and able, if rightly accepted to restore health to the soul. Undoubtedly, then, this epidemic, just as the war, has brought many a soul back to God from the unhealthy abodes in which it was content to live.

But there may be a deeper reason for this visitation. We all know with what assurance and self-sufficiency a great part of the medical profession has been insisting on the finality of science. These scientists assure us that there is nothing whatever within their own domain which can escape their microscopes and stethoscopes. They deny the existence of the immortal soul because in their surgical operations they have never come across it. If God is everywhere, especially in the hearts of believers, why is it, they ask, that they have never found any traces of His existence and abiding Presence? No, no, religion is impossible—afarce, an imposition on our intellect. It may be good enough for the ignorant, but its postulates can never be accepted by the learned scientific world.

Whilst such blasphemous talk was being indulged in freely by the medical profession, every honest doctor was compelled to admit that he knew nothing about it—that no two cases were just the same. Every kind of experiment was tried, many new serums were invented—but the influenza took its own course! The results have been that many doctors have had their eyes opened to the fact that there is at least one thing about which they know nothing. They may even begin to suspect that there may be a great many more.—Rosary Magazine.

POWER OF GOOD EXAMPLE

LAW AND ORDER LEAGUE HEAD ON ARCHBISHOP IRELAND'S WORK FOR TEMPERANCE

"I started traveling for a wholesale house in Chicago selling goods on the road in 1871. It was customary at that time for salesmen to treat their customers to intoxicating liquor and I did that myself in a small degree. In 1873 I attended a meeting held in Appleton, Wis., under the auspices of the W. G. T. U., and signed the pledge. These women put in their pledge cards, and I have not taken a glass of cider since 1873. I have sold a great many different nationalities' goods, both in Chicago and on the road; have had to do with men who drank, but I have never found it necessary since I signed the pledge to offer a man intoxicating liquor or to take it myself, and I know that it is possible to be a successful salesman on the road and not treat or drink intoxicating liquor.

I also know, to some extent, what Archbishop Ireland had to go through in the early days when he advocated total abstinence, and it was by such work as that of the Archbishop that public sentiment in this country has changed and is today more strongly opposed to intoxicating liquor as a beverage than ever in the history of this country. The good done by Archbishop Ireland will never be known in this world, eternity alone will tell the story; but I think the older we grow the more we recognize what it means to be of service to the person—one

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boy or one girl, one man or one woman—and when a man lives as Archbishop Ireland did and takes the position that he did on this great question is not only of the greatest service to the Catholics but to the Protestants and to members of all religious denominations. His was a national character and he was big enough and broad enough to have great influence in the nation. Thank God for such men as Archbishop Ireland.

"Because a man has gone to a better world is no reason why his influence does not remain and, if anything, as the years go by become stronger and a greater force in the history of his people and of the whole nation, and a man cannot think of such men as Archbishop Ireland without recognizing the great influence for the future that such lives exert."

Yours very truly, "ARTHUR BURRAGE FARWELL, President, Chicago Law and Order League."

ST. PAUL A CATHOLIC

It has ever been a subject of dispute between Catholics and Protestants whether the sacraments of the New Testament are to be considered as instruments or merely as symbols of grace. Catholics maintain that they are real instruments of grace as actions of Christ. In all the sacraments, Christ, according to Catholic conception, is the chief operator, continuing through them the redemption of the world. When a priest baptizes, for instance, it is Christ Who baptizes through a visible representative; it is Christ who through the washing of the body produces the cleansing and regeneration of the soul. According to Protestant notions the sacraments are mere symbols or ceremonies of initiation without any grace—producing no efficacy whatsoever.

Now it had been a common persuasion among Protestants that this view had the endorsement of St. Paul. St. Paul was celebrated by them as the champion of Protestantism. Yes, this was, a fond notion of our separated brethren. But as so many other fond notions are undergoing a change in this remarkable time, so also the Protestant opinion about St. Paul's Protestantism.

For a corroboration of this statement we quote some Protestant authorities from an article in the Fortnightly Review of November 1917. It begins over the testimonies of German Lutherans because at this time they are not likely to have much weight with American readers, we select the following quotations from English scholars: Dr. Kiersepp Lake says in his work 'The Earlier Epistles of St. Paul' (p. 385): "Baptism is for St. Paul and his readers universally and unquestionably accepted as a 'sacrament' or sacrament which works ex opere operato (through inherent efficacy); and from the unhesitating manner in which St. Paul uses this fact as a basis for argument, as if it were a point on which Christian opinion did not vary, it would seem as though his sacramental teaching is central in primitive Christianity to which the Roman Empire began to be converted." Of the Eucharistic teaching in I Cor. 10:11 Dr. Lake says: "It is impossible to pretend to ignore that much of controversy between Catholic and Protestant theologians has found its centre in the doctrine of the Eucharist, and the latter have appealed to primitive Christianity to support their views. From their point of view the appeal fails, the Catholic doctrine is much more nearly primitive than the Protestant."

Here is another testimony from Prof. H. T. Andrews, in the Exposition (November 1916): "To St. Paul the bread and wine of the Eucharist are not merely emblems of the sacrifice that was once offered for the sins of the world; they are the vehicles by means of which the virtues of the sacrifice are appropriated by the participants." And again: "The sacramental interpretation of St. Paul has won a decisive victory, and the Symbolic school has been driven off the field." To which Maurice Jones, in Exposition (July, 1918) assents and therefrom draws a conclusion: "It is now becoming very generally recognized that St. Paul was a thorough-going Sacramentalist."

Whether this is a matter for gratification or not depends

whether we believe, with the advanced critic that St. Paul's Sacramentalism was due to the influence of Mystery Religion upon him, or whether we hold to the view that it was inherent in the religion of Christ and the Apostles." In other words: for those who accept the whole New Testament as the word of God the Catholic belief concerning the Sacraments is the only tenable one.

One more witness. Dr. McClune says: "Thinking men must choose between the rational critic and the Church. Protestant compromise is growing increasingly difficult. As regards the Sacraments and the New Testament, men may take both or neither, but not one. As regards our Lord, they may either accept Him or reject him. But if they accept Him they must submit to the Church He founded, believe her doctrine and live her life. And that doctrine and that life are now, as always, sacramental."—The Guardian.

WILL SUCH BE THE CASE?

The spirit of triumph and thanksgiving which has been voiced in every sanctuary of Christendom in the strains of the majestic Te Deum must have taken on a new note of ecstasy as that hymn was sung in the Cathedral at Brussels on the eleventh of the current month, notes the Catholic Advance.

"And in France," comments our contemporary, "when the greatest figure in French history, General Foch moves in slow dignity at the head of his staff towards the altar of Notre Dame, there will be no dry eyes in that ancient temple. Its arches re-echoed the Te Deum when Napoleon took the crown of France from the hands of Pope Pius to place on his own head the high reward of his victories; but General Foch wants no crown. Greater than Napoleon as a military commander, far greater as a man, he is entitled to all the love, all the honor, all the reward that the French people can give him. The most they can do, the least they will do,—for the French are too noble for ingratitude—will be to proclaim their hero President of the Republic of France." It remains to be seen whether the voice of those in France who are not ungrateful, will be heard in

sufficient volume to accomplish such a result, even if the hero of the hour in that country be a willing candidate. Should such an event come to pass, and the destinies of the French nation be given the same phenomenal guidance that the Allied troops have enjoyed, there will be cause for the French people to chant a lasting Te Deum, a hymn of perennial and grateful thanksgiving.—Catholic Transcript.

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN SITUATION

The story of how Jerusalem was given over by the Arabs, not to General Allenby, but to two regimental cooks was told by Major Allen Bourgoyne at a recent gathering of the Royal Photographic Society. It appears that the two men had been sent out to get salad for officers of their company, and that to these two British Tommies the Arabs came and, with wild gesticulations, handed them the keys of Jerusalem. The astonishment of the men add to the comedy of a situation worthy of Gilbert and Sullivan. One of the cooks asked what he was supposed to do with the "blinkin' city."

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