

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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The Catholic Record

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IS IT OF GOD OR OF MAN? By THE OBSERVER

Some little excitement arose a couple of weeks ago in Anglican circles in Montreal. A couple of ministers undertook to "re-state," (as they put it) the Bible teaching concerning the Virgin Birth of our Blessed Lord and Saviour. This is a dogma of our Holy Catholic Faith. We Catholics are not in the habit of revising our Faith, as publishers revise a calendar or a street directory, we feel only a detached interest in the disputes of our non-Catholic friends over the remains of the Bible, left them after the ravages of German philosophy and in the inevitable breakdown of "the one rule of faith" laid down by the German leaders of the alleged Reformation.

We look on at their "re-statements" with a good deal of curiosity, and with some amusement not unmixed with pity. In the Catholic view, it is supremely absurd to think that God, having revealed Himself to man, and having given him a law to live by, has not furnished him with the means of knowing what His revelation is and what His law is. And it is absurd to think that mankind are now, 1900 years after the time of Christ, still without any certain knowledge as to why He came to earth; why He suffered and died, and what He taught.

If there is a God, (and the "re-staters" still formally admit that He is), what sort of Being should He be Who would permit us to be under the necessity of "re-stating" in 1919 the message He sent to us by His Son in the years 30 to 33? If there is a God, have we no relations with Him? Have we no duties towards Him? Have we no law to keep? Has He no will in our regard? If the answer to these questions is "yes," do sane men ask us to suppose that, in this year 1919, we are still without any definite knowledge of these matters?

If we are without such knowledge, shall we ever get it? Does it make any difference whether we receive it or not? Does anything depend upon it? Or, is the whole matter of religion, revelation, and man's relations and responsibilities towards God merely a matter of interesting speculation; a sort of intellectual exercise, in which the result or the conclusion matters not at all, and in which it is no better to take one side of the question than any other side?

When are our non-Catholic friends going to get through "re-stating" the Bible? When there is no more Bible to "re-state" we suppose. When they have substituted the human for the divine everywhere; and when they can no longer pretend, even to themselves, that their "re-stating" is anything else but putting their own shallow and transitory misgivings in the place of the words of God's inspired prophets and evangelists.

For that is the actual process. Let them call it by whatever misleading name they like: higher criticism or re-statement, or whatever they may choose, that is the substance of what they are doing. They are attempting to destroy a thing not made by the hands of men, and to substitute for it a thing made by the hands of men, and subject to be re-made tomorrow by the same or other human hands.

"A thing," said we? Nay a multitude of things. But none of them positive; none of them constructive; none of them even pretended to have come from outside the world; mere man-made toys of the intellect—or of the passions—and usually the product of the sin of pride.

The "re-staters" offer no new message from on high. They have no new revelation to deliver. They are of the earth earthy; and all they have to offer to their fellow-men is earthly human concepts, freedom of human conduct in the worst sense; human ideals; pleasure; pride; power; lack of restraint; liberty to do as each one pleases; and this is all.

All, and too much. This is just where the world was when the Apostles began to preach.

WEEKLY IRISH REVIEW

IRELAND SEEN THROUGH IRISH EYES

BRITISH TERRORISM IN IRELAND
Copyright 1919 by Seumas MacManus

Americans are not awake to the fearful state of things in Ireland, and the terrible strain under which the people there are trying to live—a fearful strain that is daily nearing the breaking point. The daily order throughout the land is marching and countermarching of troops in heavy fighting equipment, raiding without warrant, arresting without charge, imprisoning without trial, and deporting without cause. Those who are existing in the country say that it is impossible for outsiders to realize the terrible conditions under which they do exist. Belgium, in the very worst days of the German regime, did not suffer more of repression, nor did the German military domination try to strike more terror to the hearts of the conquered population, than is the case of Ireland under British military domination today. The Irish people seem resignedly settling down to accept the fact that the military plan of campaign is, first to get out of the country every leader and every possible successor of a leader, and every singularly able person, who happens to belong to the Sinn Fein party—and in process of doing this, either terrorize Ireland into numbness, or drive it into a frenzied and totally unprepared for rebellion.

ENGLISH TESTIMONY

The Daily Herald of London sent to Ireland the distinguished journalist, H. N. Brailsford, to find out the true state of matters there. Here is what he found (as reported in the Herald): "Were it not that the people of this island talk English it would be easy to imagine that one had strayed into some conquered region of enemy Europe. Ireland is under military occupation: our rule has all the familiar features of a conquest. Foreign troops in khaki dominate Dublin, march at their domicile Cologne, and the outward order rests on the fact that the tanks and the machine guns are always ready.

"The repression is formidable and well organized. The rights of meeting, of combination, and of printing have ceased, for the great mass of the population. Their organizations are illegal and have been driven underground.

"In countless ways the hand of the military thrusts itself into the machinery of life. The prisons are filled as in the days of the Land League.

Since that is the confession of one of the English themselves, readers of this column need not be at all astounded if, one morning they read in the papers of some terribly disastrous happening in Ireland. Unless the terrible tension is relieved by an unforeseen miracle something is bound to snap. To an impartial outsider one of the strangest things in how England dare do this in the face of the world, so soon after she dragged that world into her war—dragged them in by the hullabaloo which she raised and kept sounding in all of earth's nooks and corners about the holy war she was waging, for right against might for weak people against British military tyranny.

To those who are still innocent of England's methods it will seem amazing that she can repeat in Ireland that which, if she was to be believed, she roused the world to defeat in Belgium. Germany, in time of war trampled upon a weak neighbor. But England now, brutally and cold-bloodedly, does the same in times of peace. A candid Englishman recently explained this, when he frankly said "Many centuries of grinding the face of the weak have established our unquestioned privilege to continue it: Germany was guilty of an unpardonable crime of trying to break into our monopoly. Gallant Britishers will not tolerate any other people on earth but themselves to trample the weak."

AUSTRALIAN SYMPATHY

The agitation in Australia for Irish independence is rapidly assuming proportions that have no quieting effect upon the powers that be in England. The great Convention recently held in Melbourne at which delegates from every part of Australia and New Zealand presided over by the ex-premier of Queensland, whereat a strong resolution in favor of Irish independence, proposed by an English Archbishop, Redwood of Wellington, was cheered to the skies, gave a rude shock to gentlemen in London. The London Times correspondent in Sydney recently reported in that organ that: "De Valera is regarded by the Irish here as an inspired prophet, soldier, and statesman." He said that, outside Irish circles, the rest of the country is afraid to antagonize them: and that both Liberals and Laborers are therefore urging that Ireland should and must be made as free as Australia.

Many Australian soldiers who came on furlough to Ireland from the European trenches, and larger numbers of them who came after the armistice, had to be ordered out of Ireland again, because of the public and prominent sympathy with the forward Irish movement which they showed, after they had seen for themselves what was happening there. So bent upon complete Irish freedom are Irish Australians that when Senator Lynch recently introduced into the Australian Senate a resolution demanding full self-government for Ireland, he aroused the keenest Irish-Australian wrath, for his proposing to leave Ireland under even the nominal control of Britain.

The ex-Attorney General for South Australia, Captain Denny, who, after long experience in European trenches, recently visited Ireland to study for himself the incipient war there, wrote for the press of Sydney a remarkable article that attracted wide attention—in the course of which he said: "The present state of things is quite impossible, and it is more than ever clear that England neither can, nor will, rule Ireland with equity. Even if she had the best of goodwill, England does not understand Ireland nor Irishmen. She persistently does the wrong thing." I was in the city of Limerick on the day of the funeral of Byrne, shot in an affray in a military hospital. At this time there were thousands of troops in the city. Government was imposed by the bludgeon and the bayonet, and machine-guns and armoured-cars. Personal liberty was no more than a name, and the city was under martial law. The funeral of Byrne was an imposing ceremony. Yet this sad and necessarily peaceful gathering was surrounded by soldiers and police, with fixed bayonets, while aeroplanes hovered above and armoured cars and machine-guns were at every corner of the city."

MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT IN JAIL

Of the sixty-nine Sinn Fein members of Parliament, no less than sixty-three, have, since their election been imprisoned—some of them imprisoned several times. Thirty-eight of these were imprisoned for as long as 12 and 18 months without any trial. And none of all the sixty-three got a jury trial. The Irish Chief Secretary, Ian Macpherson, when heckled in the House of Commons about the imprisonments tried to save himself by the utterance of a deliberate falsehood. He said Sinn Fein M. P.s. were "imprisoned for inciting to murder." From the day of their election to the present day, such charge has never been levelled against one of them. Arthur Griffith, the Vice-President of Sinn Fein, vigorously replied through the press to Macpherson's outrageous untruth. He stated the bald and eloquent facts in the case. And he showed how these slandered men had been imprisoned (without trial some, and after mock-trials others), "comprise barristers, solicitors, doctors, professors, manufacturers, merchants, schoolmasters, farmers, journalists, shopkeepers, and public officials. They comprise representatives of every class and creed in Ireland—Presbyterian and Episcopalian as well as Catholic."

PROTESTANT SINN FEINERS

Americans who have all their life innocently swallowed the trash about sectarianism which Orange ranters and Englishmen level at all Irish people who fight for their freedom—and Americans who are oblivious of the fact that almost every Irish National leader in the fight for Irish freedom has been Protestant from the days of Henry Grattan down through those of Wolf Tone, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Robert Emmett, Thomas Davis, Smith O'Brien, Isaac Butt, to those of Charles Stewart Parnell—these Americans are still under the impression that the Sinn Feiners are all Catholics, and the anti-Sinn Feiners are all Protestants. The latest Government prisoner just released after a hunger strike, Mr. Ernest Blythe, M. P., is one of the Protestant Sinn Fein M. P.s. In pursuance of the old, old policy of trying to give to the outside world, the impression of sectarianism in the Sinn Fein struggle, one of Carson's lieutenants, recently at a great Unionist demonstration in Belfast, horrified his hearers by announcing that the Sinn Fein Member of Parliament for No. Armagh, was actually nominated by two Roman Catholic priests! Truth positive that it was the Pope's finger which was stirring up the Irish mess. But when an honest member of the audience arose and said to the speaker: "I beg your pardon, but you haven't quite finished the story. I can corroborate the fact that two Papist priests certainly did nominate the member for No. Armagh—who is a staunch Protestant." Ernest Blythe—there was consternation on the platform, and sensation in the Hall. And the unfortunate individual who had the temerity to spoil the speaker's splendid point, by telling an untimely truth, was kicked and cuffed into the night—the only proper treatment for such a kill-joy.

Yet not only are the best Protestants in the National movement—the Protestants who are possessed of intellectuality—but there are many

from the rank and file of the non-Catholic population who are streaming in—men and women who are having their eyes opened to the fact that Ireland, not England, is their country, and that for ages past Orange leaders and English leaders have merely been using them to keep contemptible sectarianism alive in order that there might not be an united Ireland to struggle for Ireland's right.

SEUMAS MACMANUS
Of Donegal.

SOLUTION OF OTTAWA SCHOOL DIFFICULTY

Ottawa, Dec. 27, 1919.

That the Catholics of Ottawa, both English-speaking and French-speaking, should, in a Christmas truce, unite in requesting the Ontario Government to enact legislation to separate their schools under two Separate School Boards, one English and one Bilingual, was the complimentary contribution to the solution of the vexed Ottawa Separate school question made by Rev. Father J. J. O'Gorman, in an announcement in the Blessed Sacrament Church Sunday. Dr. O'Gorman claims that as both sides have agreed to the policy of separation, practical steps in that direction should be taken at once. His statement follows:

On this, the Sunday before Christmas when it is the earnest desire of all Christians that the charity and peace of Christ should reign in our midst, it is opportune for us Catholics of Ottawa to remember the divine injunction:

"If therefore thou art offering thy gift at the altar and there thou remember that thy brother hath anything against thee, leave then thy gift before the altar and go first to be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift." (Matt. 5: 23-24.)

For many years the Catholics of this city, English-speaking and French-speaking, have each had their own parishes, and no friction has arisen as a result; for the same number of years the Catholics of this city have had their schools joined under a mixed French and English Board, and the end result is known not only throughout Canada, but in London and in Rome, as well. To seek to appropriate the blame would only increase the evil. If, then, we wish to offer our Christmas gift to the Prince of Peace, cannot we first agree as to the solution of our difficulties? The Minister of Education, speaking from the capital of Carleton County, preached to us to become united. The trouble is that we are too united, we are inextricably tied together. Union has not produced unity. What we want is to separate in peace. Six years ago the English and French priests of this city, two of whom have since gone to their reward, unanimously agreed that the solution of our difficulties was the establishment in Ottawa of two independent Separate School Boards, one English and one Bilingual. Recently, a distinguished French Canadian prelate, whose words ought to carry great weight, His Lordship Bishop Latulipe of Halleybury, publicly proclaimed his adhesion to this policy of obtaining justice, peace and unity by separation. Speaking before the French Canadian Educational Association in Ottawa, he appealed for separation as follows (I translate his words):

"All the Catholics of Canada have the same faith in Jesus Christ, the same love for the Church, the same devotion to the Pope, but they are often poles asunder when it comes to expressing their faith and their sentiments.

"They love each other in Christ, I am convinced, and they wish well to each other. But their mentality and their temperament are quite different. On the one hand as on the other there are really good qualities. But their methods of action resemble each other as day and night.

"Two homogeneous parishes of different nationality will both promote the glory of religion, while a mixed (that is, bilingual) parish will often present the spectacle of disunion and scandal.

"I shall soon have lived twenty-five years in Ontario; I have seen men, and have mixed up in events, and I am convinced, that on a host of points we can never agree.

"Why then not sacrifice physical union for moral union? Let us separate to remain united (Séparons nous pour rester unis). Let us separate as Abraham and Lot, that there be no quarrels among brethren, ready however to go to each other's assistance at the first signal of danger.

Let us be united in our goal, but separated in the means we employ to attain this goal; united in the vindication of our methods, but separated in the different societies that go to make it up; united in our religion, but separated in our churches, in so far as Rome will permit; united finally to combat Satan the Adversary, but separated on the field of battle, under our respective leaders, with the arms adapted to our temperaments.

I should like before I die to try this system. I should then hope soon to see justice and peace embrace each other with a fraternal kiss."

Since both sides now seem to agree as to the solution, and since the Minister of Education intimates his willingness to promote legislation to put our unanimous solution into effect, I see no reason why the Catholics of Ottawa cannot proclaim a Christmas truce and unite in requesting of the Government two mutually independent Separate School Boards in Ottawa, one English and one Bilingual, entirely distinct in management, finance and property. This would require an Act extending the option which a Catholic ratepayer in Ottawa at present possesses of being a Separate or a Public school supporter, to the further option of being an English Separate school supporter or a Bilingual Separate school supporter. When the English Separate schools and the Bilingual Separate schools of Ottawa have been put under two mutually, functionally and financially independent School Boards, the present forced and clumsy union which has kept up racial animosities and suspicions, run our schools to the verge of bankruptcy, hampered educational progress, disturbed civic peace and wounded charity, will give way under the aegis of that liberty which results from autonomy to the mutual respect, business efficiency, educational progress, civic peace and Christian charity so desired by us all. In the words of Bishop Latulipe, "I should like to try this solution before I die."

PROTESTANT IRISH PATRIOTS

NEW AMERICAN SOCIETY TO PROMOTE IRISH INDEPENDENCE

Supreme Court Justice Newburger approved yesterday the incorporation of the Protestant Sons of Ireland, formed to "promote the general, financial and civic independence of Ireland to secure free national self-determination for the people of Ireland, and to discourage the injection of religious issues into the contests for her freedom."

The incorporators are former Assistant District Attorney William Harmon Black, Eric L. Austell, Thomas B. Felder, Milan Y. Barnes, and Edward B. Smith.—N. Y. Times, Dec. 13.

A TASK FOR MR. RANEY

SOUND ADVICE TO NEW ATTORNEY-GENERAL

Attorney-General Raney throws down the gauntlet to the race track gamblers and offers to meet them in any constituency they may elect. He is prepared to believe, he says, that there are enough people in any of these constituencies to elect him over any opponent that the gamblers may put up. And Mr. Raney is right, no doubt. The people of Ontario as a whole are demanding a square deal from their new Government. But the interests of the great majority of them are not centered in this business of race track betting. There are those to whom another matter is far more important. These are the people who put their money into investments of a variety of descriptions all the way from fake mining stocks to fraudulent financial organizations. Some of them are fools, but it is the duty of Government to protect even the fool. Most of them are not to be classed in this wise. They are people with small sums of money for investment. More often than not they are really poor and cannot afford to lose one dollar of their hard earned funds. By one means and another they are led to invest these funds in companies that, perhaps honestly enough conducted at the outset, perhaps not, later are so manipulated that the unprotected small investor loses his whole possession, or part of it. The thing is done as only experts in that line of highway robbery know how to do it. The men who engage in this sort of thing are not petty thieves, holding up a widow here and an orphan there. They are thieves who know the law, they keep within the letter of the law, it may be, and who, when they make a steal do it by wholesale. Mr. Raney speaks courageously when he talks back to the race track gamblers. We hope sincerely that he is not under the assumption that the people of Ontario are going to be satisfied with public speeches like that uttered against the race track men. Two

companies, whose failures had the earmarks of the class to which we have referred, went down during the past few months. Widows and workmen, including quite a few farmers, were among the investors. They had entrusted their money to these companies because they understood that a financial organization of this character had Government indorsement and was regularly inspected. Mr. Raney can render the province few services equally valuable with that of seeing that these failures are not repeated. He can, as attorney-general, make such an example of the culprits, wherever found, as to render this province no longer tenable for persons of their ilk. He can demand that inspections of all companies or institutions handling public funds shall be audits, and not merely a passing acceptance of the statements of the companies issued by themselves. There are plenty of honest companies. It is the dishonest ones that bring the whole investment business into criticism. Ontario has no room for these, and waits to see if her Farmers' Government is prepared to move along drastic lines. To the end that the investor may know that when, in this province, he is offered an investment it is no more and no less—no less, at least—than the prospectus clearly states it to be.—Free Press.

IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS?

The following paragraphs, in answer to a child's query as to whether there is a Santa Claus were originally published years ago in the editorial columns of the New York Sun. The story is reprinted that those of the present generation who have never seen it or perchance, have forgotten it, may once more have the opportunity of placing it in their scrap books:

We take pleasure in answering at once and thus prominently, the communication below, expressing at the same time our great gratification that the faithful author is numbered among the friends of The Sun:

"Dear Editor: I am 8 years old.

"Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus.

"Papa says, 'If you see it in The Sun it's so.'

"Please tell me the truth: is there a Santa Claus?"

Virginia O'Hanlon.

"115 West Ninety fifth street."

Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Also how dearly would he like to know if there were no Santa Claus. It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world. You may tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, not even the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the general and growing aim of the fashions to expose more and more of the female person. He says that the designers of dresses are to a large extent Persian Jews and Freemasons; and that they seek, amongst other means, to uproot the Christianity, which they hate, by the introduction into Christian society of these dangerous and indecent fashions. The Bishop warns Irish women not to be led away by these unbecoming and pagan fashions, but to hold fast to these ornaments of the Catholic Irish girl, modesty and seamliness.

Not believe in Santa Claus! Thank God! he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

If you wish to have an attentive audience, speak to them; if you wish to sleep or sigh for the end, read to them.

CATHOLIC NOTES

There are 200,000 square miles of coal fields in China.

Seventeen native priests have been ordained in the little seminary in North Manchuria, Asia.

In Holland more than a thousand young Catholic men are being prepared for the missions of the Church.

The most indestructible wood is the jarrah wood of Western Australia, which defies all known forms of decay and is untouched by all destructive insects.

The jurisdiction of the Apostolic Delegate of Australasia has been extended to include missions in all the islands of Oceania and the Malay Islands.

Rome Nov. 4.—In the newly redeemed province of the Trentino and Trieste, religious instruction will continue to be given in the communal schools as during the late Austrian regime.

The Catholics of Foynes, County Limerick, Ireland, have presented an address to Rev. R. C. Connolly, M. A., Protestant rector of the parish, on the occasion of his resignation from the ministry and departure from the district in which he had lived on terms of the warmest friendship with the Catholic population.

No name stands higher in the annals of Massachusetts than that of Winthrop, the founder of which in this country was Governor Winthrop of the Mayflower. It may interest our readers to learn that, with the exception of a cousin the head of this family today is Hon. John Still Winthrop of Tallahassee, Fla., who is a Catholic.—The Missionary.

Moscow, Russia.—The Tehodoff convent in the Kremlin, Moscow, has been turned into a garage for Trotsky's motor cars. This convent was founded in the fourteenth century. The nuns were evicted last summer because the Lettish guards found it excessively troublesome to open and shut the gates for them.

The Franciscans are celebrating this year the 700th anniversary of their entrance to the Holy Land. Their stay there during this long period was beset by numerous difficulties, but previous to the War the Franciscan missions in the Holy Land consisted of 125 friars and 139 Brothers, with 15 stations, 44 sanctuaries, 10 hospices for pilgrims, 13 schools with 1,700 children and 11,500 Catholics.

The large body of land and the old buildings at Las Vegas, New Mexico, which years ago formed the Jesuit College of Las Vegas, in which many of the early day residents of New Mexico received their education, has been purchased by the Christian Brothers, who are in charge of St. Michael's College of Santa Fe. It is said the Christian Brothers will establish a novitiate there for their order.

Rome.—It is stated that converted Jews propose to build a chapel in the Basilica of the Sacred Heart, to be erected in Jerusalem. An album with the names of recently converted Jews is to be brought to Rome and presented to His Holiness, and a pilgrimage organized to Paray le Monial and to the Basilica of the "Ecce Homo" at Jerusalem.

Catholics in America should be proud to know that the most beautiful volume among the 800,000 books in the Congressional Library at Washington is a Bible which was transcribed in the sixteenth century by a monk. It could not be matched today by the very best equipped printing office in the world. The parchment is perfect in condition and every one of its 1,000 pages is a most wonderful study.

The Rev. Joseph M. Neri, the widely-known blind Jesuit priest and scientist, died at the University of Santa Clara, Cal., a fortnight ago, at the age of eighty-three years. Father Neri was the first Jesuit ordained in California and the last member of the band of Jesuit missionaries who arrived in that State nearly sixty years ago. He installed the first electric lights seen upon the streets of San Francisco.

London, November 14.—The immodest fashions of the day have invaded Ireland, coming from Paris via London and not improving on route as one prelate justly remarked. The Irish prelates have now started a campaign against these immodest fashions, which are spreading so alarmingly. The Bishop of Limerick, in a letter to the press, gives a new and sinister significance to the general and growing aim of the fashions to expose more and more of the female person. He says that the designers of dresses are to a large extent Persian Jews and Freemasons; and that they seek, amongst other means, to uproot the Christianity, which they hate, by the introduction into Christian society of these dangerous and indecent fashions. The Bishop warns Irish women not to be led away by these unbecoming and pagan fashions, but to hold fast to these ornaments of the Catholic Irish girl, modesty and seamliness.

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HAWTHORNDEN A STORY OF EVERY DAY LIFE

BY MRS. CLARA M. THOMPSON

CHAPTER I. SPOILATION

In the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty...

His bearing was soldierly, and the insignia on his shoulders, marked him as a colonel in the United States service. His countenance was by nature sunny, as one might see in the merry twinkle of his gray eyes...

"Are you going up to the house?" inquired the other, as if unwilling to enter on the merits of the case. The questions followed each other without a pause for a reply. It came however, after a moment. "Yes, I shall see Lucy again, and urge her to come home with me; a divorce can be obtained without much publicity. Thank you, I shall leave town before dinner. Good morning."

"Dear, dear grandpa," was the sound, and a curly head nestled in his arms, and he felt the little creature sob as he pressed him to his bosom, and heard the whisper, "Papa has gone away off, and mamma is so grieved, and sisters cry all the time, and Harold stamps his foot."

"Where is your mother?" said the grandfather, his voice fairly broken with the emotion caused by the sight of his grandchildren. "She is in her own room with sister Rosa," replied the girl, coming forward and putting up her lips for dear grandpa's kiss.

it. I wish we could all die, or take mamma to some desert island, and—

"But you wouldn't leave mamma in disgrace, too! O, Marion, how could you or Baine think of such a thing?"

"Of course I should not wish to leave mamma," replied the sister, coloring slightly, "but you know if papa wishes it, it must be done, and it would be less care for papa, we shall be so poor."

"I don't care for poverty, Marion," said the boy, blushing crimson; "poverty isn't disgrace. I must give up college, and all that, of course, but I'm thankful we are going off, but I don't care how far, if we could only get away from it; to have it flung at me and three more, O, Marion!"

"Go away, Willie," said the sister, in a sharp voice, as the curly head peeped through the curtains, "we don't want you here."

"Let him come," said his brother, drawing the child towards him. "Such a big boy cry," said Willie, carefully wiping Harold's eyes. At this moment sister Rosine appeared with a summons from their mother.

It will be necessary here to bring forward what has perhaps been anticipated by the reader—the cause of the sudden sorrow that had overwhelmed in one moment a household that had dwelt for years in peace and quiet, enjoying all the comforts and luxuries of life.

Philip Benton, the father, had stood for a long term of years in a position of eminence as president of a large banking establishment. He had ever borne a spotless reputation. "He is too proud to be other than honest," was said by friend and foe. In an evil hour, when gambling in stocks was rife, Philip Benton made haste to be rich, borrowed money of the institution for speculation secretly, but with no doubt the sincere purpose of retarding. A sudden revolution in the money market not only ruined him pecuniarily, but held him before the world—that world who had deemed him so honest—as a swindler, a man who had wilfully defrauded widows and orphans.

"Twice before he had endeavored to open the subject to her, but was checked by the interposition that followed this stunning blow. This day he found his daughter calm, but wearing the lines of unutterable sorrow in her wan face, and hands that clutched each other continually.

"Lucy, my child, listen to me," said her father, taking her clasped hands in his. "Let me talk to you of this; the time has come when I must speak."

assures you of an earnest, whole-souled welcome. I have none but your children shall be my child; you are educated, trained as you please. I will this day settle a sum upon you and your children, sufficient for your support, if you will come to me. Hawthornden, your early home, with all its tender associations, shall be yours, if you will leave your husband, give up one who has proved so unworthy of you—"

"Please don't, father," said Mrs. Benton, with a shudder; "do not tempt me to be unfaithful to the vows made before God and man. You were the first to teach me my duty; you would not entice me from the path where you taught me to walk?"

"But, my child, consider your duties to your little ones." "I have, I have," she replied earnestly. "A path will be opened for them in the wilderness. It cannot be right for me, for the sake of their future in this life, to forsake one to whom I have promised to keep till death; and their mother must follow the fortunes of their father. Let me tell you," she added, seeing him about to urge the matter, "I will have a line from you every day, and now it is my husband's wish that I leave either Marion or Rosine with him."

Mrs. Benton forced herself to communicate this intelligence to her father, but toward the close of the sentence, her voice became unsteady, and though no tears followed, she was seized with a violent attack of trembling, and some moments passed before she could recover herself.

"My poor Lucy!" exclaimed her father, enclosing her in his arms, "this is too much!"

"Yes, I own, I rebel against this requirement of my husband more than any he ever made." "And yet, Lucy, you are my all; but you leave me in my declining years, taking away all my precious grandchildren except one, whom you place with comparative strangers."

Mrs. Benton looked imploringly into the face of her parent. "What can I do, and do right? I know, dear father," she exclaimed, a bright flush kindling her pallid cheek for a moment, and passing away like a shadow, "you shall have dear little Willie, your namesake, for a while at least. I will take the responsibility of leaving him with you, only asking," she said, pressing his hand nervously, "that, as far as you can prevent, while he is with you, word or deed shall prejudice him against his father, or against the faith of his mother. Brighter days may restore us all to you, dear father," she added. "I pray that it may be so, if it be the will of God, but I must follow my husband."

Mr. Hawthorne, finding his persuasions useless, thanked his daughter for this promised visit from Willie, assuring her that during the period of separation the child should hold in reverence the faith of his mother, and the memory of his father; and then he sought to soothe his suffering child, but his irritation against the offending husband betrayed itself in every sentence.

"It is your mother's heart, burdened at a time when you were not able to bear any addition, with a new weight, a terrible weight indeed, and the choosing her, that the two is no easy task; but we will talk over the matter. Marion is the more robust, and would better bear a western climate."

"Yes, but Rosine's very delicacy seems to me a reason why I should keep her with me; then I remember that Rosine, though the younger, has the more established principles of action, is more firm in her faith, and better prepared to meet the changes and chances of life. Marion is ambitious, and she might forsake the faith, at least she would feel it to be a great drawback to her advancement in worldly society; the world would fill her heart and head to the exclusion of better things, were she to be left to herself; therefore Rosine, with her sweet comforting ways, must be mine no longer."

Mrs. Benton, and took both her hands in hers. "Yes, I ventured to come to you. I knew that your own sorrows would not so overwhelm you that you would forget our dear House, and the small woman went on in a voice like the low murmur of a distant stream, giving Mrs. Benton the sweet comforts of their mutual faith, and the last intelligence from the House of the Infant Jesus, of which she was Sister Superior, winning her thoughts for a time from her own grief, and bringing a gleam of light for her for the future, in the memory of how much she had been enabled to do for the poor unfortunate naves who crowded the streets of the city."

"Our House is to have another wing, and this week we have had a legacy which will help us to many things for our dear orphans," proceeded the Sister, as she found the attention of her friend gained; "we had a strong call this morning—six little orphans of one family, the eldest only fit for the nursery; some of our good ladies sent me clothes for them at once, and—"

"My means are cut off. I have nothing left that I can call my own," said Mrs. Benton, with a deep sigh. "O yes, dear, you have prayers; ah, if it wasn't for prayer, our alms would do but little good; besides, you have always been my Lady Bountiful; it is but fair others should take their turn. You must not have that pleasure all the time," said the sister, playfully patting the hand she held, and looking through the tears in those happy brown eyes, like the sun peeping through an April cloud.

"I wanted to see you today," said Mrs. Benton, changing the subject. "There is a matter upon which I can ask advice of no one but you—not even Father Roberts; he is sympathetic and kind, but it seems to me he could not understand a mother's heart as you can. I want to ask which of my daughters I must leave behind when I go?"

"The very thing I want! I'll take," and she beamed upon Billy, "as much as I can carry. I think about twenty-five sprigs—that will be one for each of my packages."

"Buy a sprig of mistletoe! Little sprig of mistletoe!" chanted Billy O'Brien. "Mistletoe!" exclaimed Molly. "The very thing I want! I'll take," and she beamed upon Billy, "as much as I can carry. I think about twenty-five sprigs—that will be one for each of my packages."

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MOLLY MISTLETOE

"Buy a sprig of mistletoe! Little sprig of mistletoe! Ten cents buys a sprig of mistletoe!"

It was Christmas Eve, and Billy O'Brien, vendor of mistletoe, defying the impeding footman, boldly sang his wares before the entrance to the Copley Plaza.

Perhaps a bit of the Christmas spirit and the consciousness that his pockets bulged with generous tips, prompted the big footman to disregard the irregularity of the small boy's procedure.

Billy had had a long day; a successful one, since three times had he replenished his stock. But Billy, blue eyed, blue-nosed, blue-fingered, was illy clad to withstand the biting east winds that capered and coqueted across Copley Square. With the last of Christmas gold upon him, Billy had risen to such heights of enthusiasm as to scorn a noonday sandwich, and four o'clock found him nearly frozen. The one warm thing about Billy was his heart; with visions of a "regler Christmas" for his juniors at home, he blew idly on his frozen fingers which stiffly clutched the mistletoe and as stiffly caressed the magic coins in his pocket.

It was at this juncture, when the Boston wind was at its wicked worst, and an almost-congealed Billy with fast numbing lips stoically brought customers, that a taxicab drew up to the curb, the stalwart footman impressively threw open the door and Molly, the bewitching, alighted.

Molly, Most Lovely, a picture of youth and beauty, wealth and warmth framed in the softest of faces, and behind Molly came her maid, her arms full of white-wrapped Christmas red ribbon.

"Buy a sprig of mistletoe! Little sprig of mistletoe!" chanted Billy O'Brien. "Mistletoe!" exclaimed Molly. "The very thing I want! I'll take," and she beamed upon Billy, "as much as I can carry. I think about twenty-five sprigs—that will be one for each of my packages."

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unscalable heights would Aunt Marcella's respectable eyebrows ascend?" Molly's laugh rippled down the corridor to her apartments, where she discovered Billy O'Brien, handing blissfully over a steaming assortment of viands.

"Boy!" she exclaimed joyously. "Just think, I sold it all! Not a scrap of your mistletoe is left! I stood there and waved it and called as you had done, and all of Copley Square came up and bought!"

"Gee, Miss, then you must of got 'bout five dollars," scoffed Molly. "Five dollars!" exclaimed Billy. "You sat while I count, and, so saying, she shook her white fox muff, and the largest quantity of money that Billy had ever seen was precipitated into the rug.

Billy dashed to the rescue. Together they counted the proceeds. "Seventy-three dollars!" announced Molly. "Gosh! I guess I'll have ter get a burglar insurance on me goin' home!"

"Clotilda will sew all but the silver into your inside pocket." And to Clotilda: "If Aunt Marcella had only happened into Copley Square, Clotilda, she would have been borne off in an ambulance." Clotilda chuckled respectfully. "I'm thinkin', Miss, your poor, dear Aunt would have had some fierce jolt!"

"New, Boy-not-quite-so-Blue," said Molly, "promise me two things before you leave. First, go and buy yourself an overcoat and some mittens, and second, don't try to sell any more mistletoe to night—it's too cold and you're too tired. Will you promise?"

"Bully crossed his heart. "Hones' ter Gawd, Miss. It's me for one fine coat, an' then I'll lug Ma out shoppin' fer ter kid the kids there's a Sancty Claus."

"But there is a Sancty Claus, Boy, dear!" objected Molly. Billy winked eloquently at Clotilda. "They is of you say so, Miss. An' I've seen some awfully doller ter Movies, but take it from me, they ain't no skirt nowhere that ever wuz in it wid you!"

Molly laughed. Merry Christmas, Boy! "An' a wallopin' fine one ter you, Miss—er, Mistletoe!"

John Henry Weston, with his tendoral boutonniere radiating its special brand of Christmas merriment, walked on a private aerial promenade entirely around Copley Square. The card on which Molly Mistletoe was scribbled sent wireless sweet-nothings to the Western Department of thrills. In vain he wrestled with his powers of description; in vain did he mobilize a troop of the most flattering adjectives in the ranks of the Century. Unabridged. Words—just words, poor, futile, inadequate words. Why, the English language was reduced to two words—just two, redolent of magic and mystery! Molly Mistletoe! What could be sweeter, tenderer, more caressing than Molly—unless it be Mistletoe!

John Henry Weston's circuit of the sacred square brought him back to the big footman who had kept the crowd in order while Molly Mistletoe had dispensed her wares. A greenback fluttered into the footman's hand.

"Will you be so good as to tell me if the young lady who sold the mistletoe is a guest of this hotel?" The footman took John Henry's measure.

"She is, sir. She took it off a little kid that was paddlin' it, while she sent him inside to get some grub."

"I suppose," observed the gentleman of the boutonniere, "that it would be impossible to learn her name."

"It would, sir, unless," with a twinkle, "the young lady herself was to take you into her confidence."

Weston laughed, walked into the hotel and reinforcing himself with a few magazines, sat himself in the lobby commanding a complete view of the elevators.

For two exasperating, hopeful hours John Henry Weston waded through a conglomeration of light literature with one eye, and with the other studied to the last detail the exits from the Copley Plaza elevators.

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The Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA

"Twenty-three again!" laughed Weston. "My lucky number, apparently. Twenty-three! For the love of St. Nick, if the Forbes' Drive on around Arlington and Beacon, and come back again," he instructed the driver. During the five minutes thus occupied John Henry Weston planned his campaign.

"Wait!" he commanded, as he ran up the steps of No. 23.

The door was thrown open and the butler stood in the entrance.

"Good evening, Nichols," greeted Weston.

"Good evening, Mr. Weston. Are you—"

"Sh! Not a word, Nichols!" hissed the visitor, drawing him mysteriously out into the vestibule.

"Tell me," he said, "what is going on this evening?"

"Just a little Christmas merry-making, sir. Dinner, and the Christmas tree later, sir. Just relatives, sir," added Nichols, apologetically.

"Thank you, Nichols. And don't mention my having called, will you?"

"No, indeed, sir. Though I'm sure it's delighted they'd be to have you, sir, and you a lonely bachelor, and it's Christmas."

"Thank you, Nichols, I've no doubt they would. In fact, I may look in later."

"Drive up to Galvin's storeroom in Boylston street," ordered Weston re-entering the taxi.

A dozen of Galvin's longest, loveliest American Beauties were placed tenderly in a box with John Henry Weston's card. "Address, sir?" asked the clerk.

"I'll write that myself," replied Weston, "and for safety sake I'll take them with me."

In a large, legible, unmistakable hand, John Henry wrote:

"Miss Molly Mistletoe, 'Care of Forbes, 23 Commonwealth Ave.'"

With a chuckle he seized the box and bore it to the cab.

"Now drive back to Commonwealth avenue and stop a few doors this side of the house we have just left. Then you are to take this package and deliver it at Number Twenty-three. I shall remain in the cab. If they ask any questions, you are just a messenger."

"I get you, sir. I know nothing!" Weston seated beside the American Beauties, smiled at the way back to the historic avenue. Occasionally he glanced wistfully down at the sprig of mistletoe which bloomed understandingly from the lapel over his heart. Several times he unearched from his card-case the wonder-card on which the mysterious signature—Molly Mistletoe—had been so charmingly traced.

"Molly Mistletoe! Lovely Molly Mistletoe! Clever Molly Mistletoe! Kindly Molly Mistletoe! If I were overheard," he smiled foolishly at the giant box beside him, "it might be inferred that I am rather strong for Molly Mistletoe!"

"Here we are, sir!" announced the chauffeur. "I'm to push the box in at 23, an' mum's the word for mine."

"Correct," replied Weston, handing him the box.

A moment's breathless wait, during which Weston could not resist leaning out of the cab to watch the flying messenger.

"O. K., sir. Party at the door took it, sir. Push to, sir?"

"Around the corner to St. Botolph Club, as fast as you can."

In his room at the club John Henry Weston made a lightning change into his evening clothes while his heart thundered a hopeful rat-a-tat-tat.

At the Forbes residence, Nichols had meantime created a pleasant excitement by bringing in, just before he announced dinner, the mysterious box addressed to Miss Molly Mistletoe.

"Beg pardon, Mrs. Forbes, but there's a box here, meant for here right enough, addressed to Miss Molly Mistletoe."

The lady in question, surrounded by a group of admiring, appreciative male cousins, blushed furiously.

"This way, Nichols," laughed Jack Forbes. "There is only one Molly."

"There is only one Molly Mistletoe!" dared Molly with a nervous little laugh.

"May I cut the Gordian knot, fair coz?" said Jack.

"You may," breathed Molly, prayerfully, hoping that disaster would not be forthcoming. She could see Aunt Marcella, piercing her with her lorgnette, from the depths of an opposite sofa.

"Mm-m, lovely!" exclaimed Jack, presenting Molly with roses. "And the eard—the magic card. I'll permit you to read it first, Molly dear, but I insist on a cousinly peek."

"Molly," announced Aunt Marcella magnificently, "has nothing to conceal! You may read the gentleman's name aloud, Molly."

Molly swallowed an embarrassed giggle.

"Mr. John Henry Weston," she read demurely.

Jack Forbes emitted a long, low whistle.

"Who," demanded Aunt Marcella's staccato voice, "is Mr. John Henry Weston?" You told me on the train, coming up from Washington yesterday, Molly, that you knew no young men in Boston but your cousins. I have never heard of Mr. Weston."

"You haven't?" asked Molly feebly, trying with that gentleman's roses.

"You haven't, Aunt Marcella?" demanded Jack Forbes. "Why, he's one of my best friends. One of the finest chaps in town. By golly, I have it! Since he's a perfectly good

friend of Molly's, I'll have him over right away. No doubt he's tearing his bachelor heart to bits at the St. Botolph."

Molly's heart skipped a beat and then raced off at a frantic gallop.

"Please, Jack! Please don't!" she begged.

But Jack had fled to the telephone. With cold extremities and a fast beating heart John Henry Weston responded to the telephone summons in the club.

"That you, Weston, old man?"

"Yes."

"This is Forbes. Say, Weston, we have a little Southern cousin here. Turns out she knows you. If you don't mind a family party just beat it over. We'll hold dinner while you're running. If you get here in time you may go in with her. I'll resign the honor reluctantly. Are you coming?"

"Am I coming? Is Christmas?" yelled Weston, as he jammed down the receiver.

In four minutes and a half John Henry Weston, without the aid of a taxi, was at the Forbes' door.

"Back again, Nichols," he smiled. "You haven't seen me before this evening, you know."

"Certainly not, sir."

"Am I in time?" he asked breathlessly, as Jack Forbes drew him into the drawing room.

"Sure," grinned Jack. "Molly, oh!" he called, "here's your John Henry!"

Molly rose. Her cheeks matched the roses.

Slowly she came forward. Twinkling and dimpling, and with a charming nonchalance, she extended her hand to the palpitating John Henry.

Out of a filial, yet well-trained corner of her eye, she noted Aunt Marcella seated stiffly on the sofa, her lorgnette poised pitilessly upon them.

"Allow me to present you to my aunt and uncle, with whom I live in Washington."

"Charmed, Miss Molly," and John Henry Weston offered his arm.

Molly led him to the dignified lady on the sofa.

"Miss Marcella," she said, "this is Mr. Weston. My aunt, Mrs. Randolph."

Weston bowed.

"Where," asked Aunt Marcella, stiffly extending her hand, "did you meet my niece?"

John Henry coughed slightly.

"My first meeting with your charming niece was most memorable. She was dispensing charity—"

"Ah, yes! Molly has many pet charities. I can scarcely keep track of them all."

At this juncture dinner was once more announced.

Molly suffered her cousins and her uncles and her aunts to precede her to the dining-room.

"In the name of all that is heavenly, tell me your name," begged Weston.

"Darling!" murmured Molly.

The arm upon which Molly Mistletoe's hand rested trembled noticeably.

"Angel!" retorted John Henry. "But your name—I shall have to know it, dearest lady. I will surely spill the entire situation if you don't tell me."

Molly blushed and withdrew her hand.

"Molly Darling, at your service."

It was John Henry's turn to blush.

"Molly Darling! Nothing, nothing in all the world could suit me better, unless it might be Molly Mistletoe!"

"And now—please hurry, they're sitting down; they'll notice we're lagging behind. But first, where, oh, where, did we meet? Aunt Marcella will ask the time, the place and the opportunity."

"Molly Darling, you may trust me to deal diplomatically with Aunt Marcella."

"But where, please, where, Mr. John Henry Weston, did we really and truly meet?" persisted Molly.

Mr. John Henry Weston affectionately caressed the sprig in his buttonhole.

"Molly Mistletoe, Molly Darling, we met by the grace of God at the Sign of the Mistletoe!"—Mary M. Finn.

BISHOPS WILL ISSUE

FIRST JOINT PASTORAL IN U. S. IN FIFTY YEARS

The meeting of the Administrative Committee of the National Catholic Welfare Council will take place at the Catholic University of America, Washington, on or about December 8, the feast of the Immaculate Conception, under the able chairmanship of Archbishop Hanna, of San Francisco, Calif.

This meeting marks one of the most important epochs in the history of the Church in the United States for it will be the first time in nearly fifty years that the Bishops of this country are issuing a joint pastoral letter concerned with the great issues of the day.

So far-reaching will be the deliberations and decisions arrived at by this committee at its conference that a movement is under way to have all Catholics in the country—men, women and children—receive Holy Communion for the intention of the Bishops, our Holy Father, Pope Benedict XV, and the Catholic Church throughout the world, on the Sunday when the joint pastoral letter of the Bishops will be read.

ANOTHER MANIFESTATION OF UNITY

This movement, it is announced, met with universal approval by the members of the committee, the priests and the various religious orders in the Church, and an effort

will be made to reach all Catholics throughout the country requesting them to pledge themselves to take part in this general Communion.

It is pointed out that the effect of this message from the Bishops of the United States will be rendered so much greater by the outpouring of spiritual force consequent upon this general Communion of our Catholic people; and the event will be very impressive to the whole world as a demonstration of the one underlying unity which holds Catholics of all degrees together.

This Administrative committee, which will meet at the Catholic University, is, in addition to its chairman, Archbishop Hanna, of San Francisco, composed of the following members: Archbishop Dougherty, of Philadelphia; Archbishop Dowling, of St. Paul; Bishop Canevin, of Pittsburgh; Bishop Muldoon, of Rookford, Ill.; Bishop Russell, of Charleston, S. C.; and Bishop Schrems, of Toledo, O.

It was organized for the purpose of conducting the business of the National Catholic Welfare Council, in the interval between its meetings, which are annual. In its work every important Catholic interest of a public or general nature is provided for, and all Catholic activities are assured of the immediate guidance and assistance of the entire episcopate.

PLANS AND ACHIEVEMENTS

The story of the National Catholic War Council will ever be of interest, for no sooner had the United States declared War in April, 1917, and the President appealed for the support of the country, than the Archbishops of the United States declared:

"We, our priests and consecrated women, and all the flock committed to our keeping stand ready to cooperate in every way with our President and our national Government. Our people will rise as one man to serve the nation—for the preservation and triumph of our beloved country."

In August, 1917, a War convention was called by His Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons, John Cardinal Farley and William Cardinal O'Connell for the purpose of forming a national organization to handle Catholic War activities, and out of this convention came the National Catholic War Council, universally known as the N. C. W. C.

Then came the Knights of Columbus, the great Catholic fraternal society, which assumed a foremost place in the welfare work at the outset of the War, laboring in Uncle Sam's camps at home and abroad, their services "bringing innumerable benefits to our boys, substantial assistance to our Government, and reflecting undying credit upon the organization, its secretaries and officers."

In the reconstruction, the keynote of the National Catholic War Council programme was the epoch-making announcement issued through the committee on special War activities by the administrative committee of Bishops.

Through all its labors the motto of the council has ever been: "Where will the light of hope and love and faith once more appear? Where, if not from the saving sign of the Cross of Christ?"—Stansard and Times.

CARDINAL MERCIER

SAYS RUSSIA IS THE KEY TO PEACE SITUATION

London, Nov. 22.—His Eminence Cardinal Mercier, who stayed two days in London on his way home to Belgium, gave out to the press an interview which contains statements of the greatest importance. During the interview the Cardinal said:

"I have been away from Belgium for two and a half months. As you know, I have been visiting America, most friendly and cordial. When I left Belgium the work of reconstruction was everywhere in progress as far as the shortage of material and labor allows. The people are most glad and anxious to resume work. Agriculture is again being taken up very thoroughly, and the generous gift by Canada of her horses has enabled the farmers to do wonders.

Industries of all kinds are seeking the fullest activity, but the shortage of iron, steel and brass—the Germans stripped us of it all—and the scarcity of machinery is a serious handicap. We are, however, being generously helped by England and by the United States in this respect. My belief is that Belgium workmen are most willing and ready to work, and if they are not working it is only because the means are lacking. Of course the conditions of life are hard and food prices high. The working people thought that as soon as peace was restored normal life would be resumed, and food would again be good and plentiful. In this they have suffered disappointment, and it is only natural, perhaps, that some of the Socialists and extremists are talking in terms of Bolshevism and thereby causing a certain amount of unrest.

THE RUSSIAN SITUATION

"This leads me to mention a matter of great and far-reaching importance. It concerns Russia. I do not wish to be thought of as interfering in the political policy of the Allies, or of any one country, but I feel it is my duty to say that I have read with pain of the decision to leave Russia.

"These appear to be certain elements—a group of men—who are reasoning thus: 'We have done what we can for Russia. We have spent some millions of money and lost many valuable lives. But the time

has now come when Russia must take care of herself!' Or, in other words, 'We have paid off our debt of honor! That is enough!'

"I must say that I take another point of view. If it was a debt of honor to endeavor to restore peace and order in Russia, when is a debt of honor satisfied—when does it terminate?"

"If we in Belgium had said: 'We have made enormous sacrifices for one year and have suffered grievous losses—now we must make a separate peace,' what would have been the position of the Allies? Surely the situation would have been materially altered. Surely people would have said, Belgium has failed in her duty!

"In my humble judgment we shall not and cannot have peace in the world until we have peace in Russia. The unrest and disturbances in Belgium, Italy, France and other countries are traceable to the upheaval in Russia. All the world over there is unrest and murmuring. So long as this great Empire of Russia is in the throes of revolution the disease will continue to be contracted by the whole world. It is a constant danger and menace to the peace of Europe and to the efforts of reconstruction.

"In my humble opinion the Allies are in duty bound to continue to support Koltchak and Denikin, or any other approved friends or order. All the Allies should help in this direction. If they do not do so, then as surely Russia will fall under the dominion of Germany. It is to Russia that Germany looks for her recuperation. All the wrongs which Germany has done to Russia will be forgotten if Germany is left free to restore order according to her own ideas and Germany will reap the reward.

"As you know, America has generously taken upon herself to restore Louvain University, and a committee representing all the universities of the world, among whom Oxford and Cambridge notably represented, have undertaken to restore the new Louvain with books, as far as our lost treasures can be replaced.

"Upon what lines the new Louvain and its reading room will be built I cannot say, but we are considering the plans and architecture of all the great libraries of Europe and America. Particularly do we want help in starting technical schools of the first order. Only place in the training of our workers in the technical schools and of our scholars at colleges and universities can we combat the evils of Bolshevism. Meanwhile I shall at all times be glad to welcome distinguished scholars and some day—perhaps next spring or it may be later next year—I may have an opportunity which I covet of visiting the great universities of Oxford and Cambridge and Edinburgh and Dublin, which have conferred degrees upon me. I cannot tell, Man proposes; God disposes."

The Cardinal mentioned an amusing outcome of the flight of the Belgian refugees to the British Isles. "My clergy in Belgium," his Eminence said, "tell me that one of the consequences of this sanctuary which your country affords us is that many of our small boys have returned home to Belgium speaking English fluently. Indeed some of them have forgotten their Flemish, I am afraid, and greet their pastor on the street in this way: 'Hey, Canon, I want to speak to you!' But this is all for the good of the Entente."

THE CHURCH AND RECONSTRUCTION

Under the above heading the Rev. Father Outhbert, O. S. F. of Oxford, has a very able article in the November number of The Ecclesiastical Review. The War has torn down many idols, and now is the time to gain allegiance for the true God. So far, indeed, the result of destruction has been rather chaotic than order. We are reminded of the days when, previous to the six days of creation, all the earth was a shapeless mass of confusion.

But as then the spirit was moving over the waters, so now the workings of the same Spirit are in evidence. "The situation today," says Father Outhbert, "is radically changed from what it was but a few years past. The change is not so much on the surface of men's conscious thought, where still the old prejudices and suspicions linger and will only be gradually abated; the change is beneath the surface in the passionate discontent with the fruits of a philosophy of life and its social and political systems, which were essentially anti-Catholic; and in the new constructive idealism yet vague and unformed, which is arising out of discontent."

The first thing after the ancient chaos of creation was the " fiat lux"—let there be light. And this is the very thing that is first wanted in the re-making of a shattered world. "A reconstruction," continues our writer, "of social, political and intellectual life on the recognition of the human soul and its spiritual values is what the more sincere searchers are clamoring for. They may have but a hazy and indefinite idea of what the spiritual values of the soul are; but of this both the industrial worker and the philosophic thinker are becoming more and more conscious, that man has a soul and that it is not by bread alone that a man lives. A new spiritual sense has thus emerged into the battle of the world's life, and it is in revolt against the old materialism and rationalism

of the centuries which lie immediately behind us; and to this new spiritual sense, as every Catholic believes, the Catholic Faith alone can give the right interpretation and an enduring satisfaction."

The Church, however, to be a guide to the modern world must read the problems of the modern life with a sympathetic spirit. There is to be, of course, no re-valuation of her essential teachings, because being divine, they are fit to fill the wants of all times; but there must be an accommodation to the temper of the modern world as far as the latter is good, and this in the spirit of St. Paul, who became all things unto all men that he might gain all for Christ. As the Church has from the beginning consistently fought for the abolition of slavery, so she will favor the emancipation of man from every yoke that is unbefitting to his human dignity. And she will insist that of all liberties, 'the liberty of the children of God' is both the noblest and the most fruitful of blessings.

Is there anything practical in all this for the ordinary Catholic layman? There is! The policy of the Church to be pursued in this reconstruction period here, of course, to be defined by the leaders in the Church, but the rank and file of Catholics have an important share in giving momentum to the policy of the Church. "Take any period," says Father Outhbert, "in which the Church has actively and directly influenced the world's reconstructive civilization and it will be found that side by side with her secular achievements there has been a renewal and intensifying of Catholic piety, a keener ardor for the Faith and more vitally energizing devotion to the Person of our Lord and to the Church as His mystical body." Thus at the present time every Catholic man and woman has a means of enhancing the saving influence of the Church by renewing and intensifying his or her Catholic piety. —S. in The Guardian.

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A New Boy's Story

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

Your light's reflected in their eyes, And in their eyes there is new youth; Your light on many a sad heart lies, And warms its core with love and truth.

O Star of Hope, you speak in light Across the space and through the dark; Your light is music. In the night There comes your message sweetly—hark!

"Peace be to you—to all whose will Is bent before the Babe new-born, Who, working, wait and love until Their night is changed into His morn."

Christ knows your weight of woe and sin, He sees the burden that you bear; Full joy you can not enter in, For strange misdeeds darken earthly air.

Great happiness you may not know, Or only for a moment brief, For 'tis the law for you to bow That joy is shadowed close by grief.

But peace you promise, lovely Star; And peace the angels sing to us, In pain your light will shine afar, Through turmoil peace-bells ring to us!

In peace she bids him for our sake At Bethlehem—great peace had she, Peace and good-will, with faith, they make On earth a blessed trinity.

—MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

TOUCHING INCIDENT

CARDINAL MERCIER GIVEN INVALUABLE BOOKS AT CHICAGO

Chicago, Oct. 30.—The University of Chicago called a special Convention, the first in its history, to honor Cardinal Mercier with the degree of Doctor of Laws. As the program was being carried out, President Judson asked for a momentary interruption. Then President Gonsaulus of Armour Institute stepped forward and in eloquence that brought tears to the eyes of the audience related the bereavement that came to the heart of the Cardinal at the loss of the Library of Louvain, and in attestation of abiding love that the University of Chicago and Armour Institute would ever have for the cherished Alma Mater of the Cardinal, Dr. Gonsaulus produced two priceless volumes, the proud possession of Chicago. From the University he gave to His Eminence the "Catholicism of Balbus," printed in 1542. Only six of these copies are in existence. From Armour he gave a first edition of "Euclid." The gift and the manner of the giving stirred the Cardinal deeply, and among the things which His Eminence will bring to Belgium none will be more welcome than these two precious books from Chicago.

We must cast away the gifts of the world before we can receive those of the Holy Ghost. The spirit of this world has its gifts—these must be abandoned, as they are incompatible with those of the Holy Ghost. We must surrender our whole heart to Him; beseeching Him to bestow His precious gifts upon us, and to preserve them in our souls even at the cost of all our affections. —St. Francis of Sales.

Oh, may once more the happy age appear

When words were artless and the thoughts sincere!

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LONDON, SATURDAY, DEC. 27, 1919

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR

"Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will." On every recurring feast of Christmas the glorious song of the heavenly host echoes through the world bringing its God-sent message of peace to the hearts and souls of men of good will.

There is in this fact something infinitely consoling to the care-worn and toil-burdened masses of the human race. Something that sweetens the bitter cup of sorrow and lightens the heavy load of duty until that joyous realization is reached that "My yoke is sweet and My burden light."

And on this Christmas Day, with as little heed of the humble Christ-child as the Roman world-rulers nineteen centuries ago, we see their proud successors wrangling over the spoils of a conquered world. There was no room for Him at the inn. There was no room for Him at the Peace Conference. His very name was excluded therefrom.

THE CATHOLIC EDUCATIONAL IDEAL

Without specific mention of the Catholic Church there has been for some time past a very chorus of approval of the Catholic educational ideal. That which the Church has always held as the essential thing, the vital thing, the one thing necessary in education is the training and development of the moral faculties.

hath joined together let not man put asunder.

He need not be very old to remember the scorn with which the secularists flouted this educational standard of the Catholic Church. These things, they emphatically averred, belong to the churches, the Sunday schools, the homes if you will; they have no place in the schools. And so schools, primary, secondary and university, State-aided or munificently endowed, or both, sprang up and grew into an immense educational system, in which moral teaching was given but an obscure place, and from which religion—it was their proudest boast—was rigorously excluded.

Now a change has come over the spirit of educational dreams. A dream, indeed, and nothing more it is now admitted, was the unquestioning faith that "education," as the secularists conceived it, was the infallible remedy for all the ills that flesh is heir to. For men have not become more honest, more public-spirited, more just, more charitable or more pure; but pari passu with spread of education has gone the increase in crime; and, most disturbing of all, the greatest criminals are those beyond the reach of the law, if indeed, they are not the most secure in the law's protection. Never was greed more rampant and oppressive, selfishness more naked, or impurity more shameless; never in Christian times was the sacred bond of marriage held more lightly or the right to life of the unborn child denied with such effrontery; never was superstition so widespread as now when spiritism and Christian scientism count their adherents by millions.

To all this men and women are not blind. They recognize that purely secular education has failed, dimly failed to fulfill its promise. And they are demanding something more; they insist that moral training be given in the schools. It was the dominant note of the inter-provincial educational conference at Winnipeg. Thinking men and women in every walk of life are so emphatic in this insistent demand that a lethargic press, and a pulpit which trims its sails to every popular breeze, have joined in the chorus.

Not every pulpiter utterance is of this latter class. And the following by the Rev. Dr. John R. Stratton of Calvary Baptist Church, New York, has the notes of fearless criticism that seeks better things by honestly recognizing evils it would be more popular to deny or ignore:

"The notorious infidelity and immorality in many of our centres of learning is a menace to our nation," he said. "The working out of an educational system which will educate the heart as well as the head, which will develop the conscience as well as the intellect and make men and women brighter in character as they grow brighter in brain, is one of the fundamental needs of our country."

Already the evil results of the abandonment of the church and Sunday school for the theatre are being seen. There is a condition of immorality among the children on the streets, and even in the Public Schools, that is almost unbelievable. "As a pastor going about I see on every hand, in the well-to-do and in the poorer sections, groups of small boys 'shooting craps,' gambling for money. When I stop near to observe them I hear them using the vilest language, not merely oaths but the pitrid speech of moral degeneration. In some schools there are conditions of insubordination and of gross immorality that are heart-breaking."

It is impossible not to sympathize with honest Protestants in their desire and effort to engrain on secular education some systematic teaching of morality. Their insistence on its necessity is a tribute to the Catholic educational ideal. For this is the reason for existence of our Separate schools; and the reason why in the States Catholics bear a double burden of taxes to maintain parochial schools. But we go a step further than our Protestant friends who are malcontent with education as it is. We hold that for any moral code there is no sanction other than religion. And therefore education must be suffused with religion. Frankly we can see no other basis on which moral teaching can possibly rest. Protestants recognize this, however obscurely, who would make the Bible—the Protestant version of course—the basis of morals; but we all know where the Bible with private interpretation has led them. The alternative is a code of ethics authorized by the State; but no sincere Christian, no honest modern pagan, would willingly revert to such desperate reactionism.

And what would State-made morals teach, for instance, on the subject of Christian marriage, the corner-stone

on which rests the Christian family? All-important surely, for the family, not the individual, is the unit in Christian society.

The difficulty is radical. Protestantism, has degenerated into rationalism, and modern morality and politics as well as modern education are rooted deep in rationalism.

Leo XIII, thirty-two years ago, pointing out the inevitable course of development of principles radically false and destructive of Christian society, said in his Encyclical on Human Liberty:

"The fundamental doctrine of Rationalism is the supremacy of the human reason, which, refusing due submission to the divine and eternal reason, proclaims its own independence, and constitutes itself the supreme principle and source and judge of truth. . . . From which arises that ethical system which they style independent morality, and which, under the guise of liberty, exonerates man from any obedience to the commands of God, and substitutes a boundless license. . . . A doctrine of such character is most hurtful both to individuals and to the State. For, once ascribe to human reason the only authority to decide what is good, and the real distinction between good and evil is destroyed; honor and dishonor differ not in their nature, but in the opinion and judgment of each one; pleasure is the measure of what is lawful; and, given a code of morality which can have little or no power to restrain or quiet the unruly propensities of man, a way is naturally opened to universal corruption."

Recognition of these truths is the light towards which Protestant advocates of moral education are confusedly groping.

MR. RANEY REBUKED

All too rarely do we read in the daily papers such an editorial as that of the London Free Press of Dec. 19th, reproduced elsewhere in this issue, entitled "A Task for Mr. Raney."

Probably not one per cent. of the people of Ontario have ever bet a dollar on a horse race. Ninety per cent. of what this small percentage of our people do bet goes back into their own pockets. They are mostly people who take to this form of relaxation of their own free choice and are quite able to take care of themselves. Many times the amount of money they spend for this sort of entertainment is spent on other forms of amusement—the movies for instance—which are much more demoralizing, effecting a far greater proportion of the people, and calling more insistently for the attention of the advocates of puritanical paternalism on the part of the Government.

The new Attorney-General grandiloquently challenges the infinitesimal proportion of our people who are "race track gamblers" to contest with him any constituency in Ontario. Then, visor closed lance at rest, spurring his Rosinante straight for the wind mill, he tells them that against him they will spend their MILLIONS in vain.

The editorial rebuke of the Free Press is as quietly effective as it was well deserved. In pointing out the necessity of protecting the investors of Ontario, actually a large number and potentially the whole population, the Free Press indicates very clearly the same and useful public service that Ontario has a right to expect from her chief law officer; a service that just now should claim some of the Attorney-General's thought and attention, for the investigation into the last of a long series of bankrupt investment companies is occupying the attention of the public. And the career of the Farmers' Bank ought to be fresh in the memory of a Farmers' administration though in this case the farmer investors received very special consideration.

"Mr. Raney speaks courageously," says the Press, "when he talks back to the race track gamblers. We hope sincerely that he is not under the assumption that the people of Ontario are going to be satisfied with public speeches like that uttered against the race track man." A pious hope; and one that more criticism as constructive and kindly as that of the Free Press would help mightily to realize.

By the way does any one know the result of Mr. Raney's investigation into the Kitchener affair? Surely we may expect that this disgusting outbreak of lynch law in Ontario will be fearlessly dealt with by the Attorney-General. Pussfooting on this question would be a more serious matter than heroics on horse-racing.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

COMMENTING ON a lecture by Prof. Maurice de Wulf on the Monastic Libraries of the Middle Ages, Dr. J. G. Hume, Professor of the History of Philosophy in the University of Toronto, gave expression to an aphorism which merits remembrance. "When you hear men speak of the Middle Ages as the 'Dark Ages,'" he said, "you can safely put the saying down as the reflection of the darkness of their own minds." The truth is that it would be well for the world of today if it enjoyed a light with even a fraction of the refulgence of that which shone steadily across the Ages of Faith.

THE GREAT Crusade for the redemption of the Holy Sepulchre may be of the past, but as one result of the Great War has arisen the cross of a Crusade of another sort, which may be destined to achieve what all the valor and chivalry and selfless consecration of those great movements of the Middle Ages fell short of accomplishing. The Knights of the Blessed Sacrament is not a society in the ordinary sense of the word. Neither is a sodality, a guild or a confraternity. It is, in the words of Bishop John S. Vaughan, "but a style of chivalrous life drawing its force and inspiration from the fires of the Tabernacle."

NOR is the new movement confined to one nation or to one state of life. It had its birth in the trenches, and, with the cessation of hostilities, has without special promulgation spread everywhere through France and Great Britain. In its inherent purpose it seemed like a heaven-born response to the needs of the hour, and as such thousands of faithful Catholics have without solicitation ranged themselves under its standard. Demonstrations there have been and these of a quite remarkable character, but such do not constitute the essence of the movement. One may be a Knight or a Handmaid, and be unknown as such to others of the brotherhood. Devotion to the Blessed Sacrament is the one all-embracing qualification for membership, and the one obligation which aspirants take upon themselves.

PARTICULARS of this new Crusade have not yet reached us in sufficient detail to be enlarged upon, but that it has already taken root in Canada we know. English exchanges to hand give inspiring accounts of a recent demonstration of the K. B. S. in Liverpool. A grander demonstration, it is stated, has never been seen in Catholic Liverpool. The day opened with a general Communion in all the churches for Knights, Handmaids, and Pages. High Mass was celebrated, and a special sermon preached in each church on the work of the Crusade. A procession of the Blessed Sacrament was held in the afternoon and in the evening a great demonstration in St. George's Hall which, vast as it is, could not begin to hold all those who sought to enter. It is estimated that fully 50,000 people were gathered in the surrounding square.

IN ADDRESSING this great gathering, the Archbishop of Liverpool, Dr. Whitehead, urged them to persevere in the great cause to which they had committed themselves. It was, he told them, the fulfillment of the desires of the late saintly Pontiff, Pius X., in striving after the renewal of all things in Christ by thus devoting their energy and their lives to their King in the Holy Eucharist. The real work of the Crusade is to be done in the private life of each individual. In quietness and humility the strength of the movement lies. We are likely soon to hear more of it in Canada.

IT WOULD startle the modern world to be told that the real founder of British democracy is a Jesuit. It was from Father Robert Parson's book, "Conference," that Milton, and the English democrats (as they loved to call themselves) drew their principles. The Anglican Church has always been the bulwark of royal autocracy. The principle laid down by Father Parsons (the book mentioned was published in 1594) was that

"The power and authority which the prince hath from the commonwealth is in very truth a power delegate or power by commission from the commonwealth, which is given with such restrictions, cautions and conditions as, if the same be not kept but willfully broken on either part, then is the other not bound to observe his promise neither, though never so solemnly made or sworn."

This principle was repudiated and anathematized by the Anglican Church of the day. Is there not a large fund of instruction for twentieth-century demagogues in the fact that the Jesuit author was included in the anathema?

ULSTER DIFFICULTY

THE HUMAN FRAILTY OF ULSTER BY PROFESSOR EDWIN MACNEILL National University of Ireland

Outsiders are asked to believe that the "grim determination" of the Ulster Unionists, whose great grandfathers supplied the Republicans and rebels of the pre-Union period, is a special temperament to be found nowhere else in the world. They are of an irascible and irrevocable temper, we are told, these descendants of rebel Republicans, Irish Volunteers, and United Irishmen. When they have once taken their stand, they will never be induced to abandon it. It is with them a matter of conscience, not of expediency. Let us see. If there was ever an occasion on which the Protestant Unionists of Ulster took a definite stand and allied their politics with their conscience, it was on that Sunday morning five years ago when they came together in their places of worship and solemnly declared their adherence to the Ulster Covenant.

Let us take the definition of the Ulster Covenant from its authors, and its interpretation from one of the presiding and subscribing clergymen. Before me lies a copy of a sermon, which was printed and published by its author. It is entitled "Convention or Covenant? A Sermon preached before the Organism in Lower Langfield Church, on Sunday, 8th July, 1917, by the Rev. T. L. F. Stack, B. D." Lower Langfield is near Omagh, in Tyrone, one of the Six Counties. The text of the sermon is taken from the 78th Psalm, verse 10: "They kept not the Covenant of God." In the course of the sermon we read as follows: "The Ulster Unionist Council published a Pamphlet, 'Ulster's Appeal,' circulating some ten thousand copies in Great Britain, the Colonies, and America. It consists of letters to the Press. In the first, the Covenant is defined thus:—'I would ask the electors of Great Britain seriously to consider what manner of men they are, who have sworn a most solemn and binding oath, to resist Home Rule to the very death.'"

In this view needs support, we have in the Covenant itself, and in its administration, 'Ulster's Solemn League and Covenant' declares that we take this pledge, 'Humbly relying on the God whom our fathers in the days of stress and trial confidently trusted. . . . In sure confidence that God will defend the right.' It was administered after Divine Service, ordered by the Church, with special Forms provided. Indeed, the Covenant might be termed a 'Sacramentum' or 'Mystery' with the Oath of the Covenant 'to resist Home Rule to the very death?' The *heri heri* demanded of the Fringe Counties, by the noble Six, for 'paramount imperial necessity was useless. None such existed. And those Counties, having been inveigled by misstatements into momentary surrender of the Covenant, now justly reclaim its aegis. There has been further breach of faith. Our leaders pledged themselves to the U. V. F. that while they served in the Ulster Division they would be no tampering with Home Rule. That pledge was broken, when last year the Council provisionally accepted Lloyd George's proposal to set up immediately Home Rule for four-fifths of Ireland. It is also broken by entering the Convention, whose task is Home Rule. . . . Can we implicitly trust our Delegates? . . . By what logic can those who agreed to surrender three Counties refuse three more, should imperial necessity demand? So long as the Covenant stands, our duty is to reject Home Rule, even if proved the only salvation of the Empire. 'This is shown by God's Word, above explained.' The sermon ends with the Orange motto "No Surrender." Nevertheless, the preacher himself, despite his denunciation of backsliding on the part of the others, bears witness to the fact that the Ulster Unionists are not that the pledges of the Covenant was "to resist Home Rule"—not to resist the application of Home Rule to any limited number of Irish counties, for no such proposal had as yet been laid before the Irish public or the Ulster Unionist public—but to resist the proposal then known as Home Rule. Yet even this most rigid of the Covenanters, himself implicitly abandons three-fourths of Ireland and puts in a special plea for the exclusion of what he calls "the Fringe Counties," Donegal, Cavan and Monaghan, which, by the way, at the recent general election returned six Republican representatives, one Self-determinist Home Ruler, and no Unionist, Cavan

returning two Republicans unopposed.

At all events, we have evidence here that the Ulster Covenanters are not a race of portentous supermen, but on the contrary that they are just children of Adam and Eve, like the Britons of Cape Colony, like Natal, and like their own forefathers who changed their political minds at various turns in history. We may be quite certain that they are not more exacting of their individual selves in matters political than they have been of the Ulster Unionist Council, the leaders, and the Delegates, whom the preacher has proved not to have been bound by the word and letter of the Covenant.

It is part of "the English interest" to make out that there is something specially admirable in the instrument, but history, ancient and modern, reveals nothing that is not quite human in the psychology of Ulstermen.

It has been proclaimed that the Protestants of Ulster are a progressive race, whereas the Catholics of Ulster and other parts of Ireland are not. I shall show that this contention cannot be based on a distinction of race. If it be contended that Irish Catholics, by reason of their religion, are less solicitous than Irish Protestants about what they shall eat or what they shall drink, or whereof they shall be clothed, it may be enough to answer that uniformity of temperament is no requisite element of national life. Facts, however, are more to the point than speculations. If one compares the conditions from which the two populations, the native Irish of Ulster and the colonists, started side by side three centuries ago, it will be found that the older Irish element has made much greater material progress in the meantime than the new. It is further to be considered that until the nineteenth century, Irish was almost the exclusive language of the older element and that they were, by English law, denied all education through its medium. Moreover, the new coming element obtained much more favorable terms of land tenure than were allowed to the older inhabitants.

ALWAYS "IN THE ENGLISH INTEREST" The idea that the Ulster Protestants are racially distinct from the Catholics has often been propagated. Like the other special pleas that have been put forward, it does not stand the test of inquiry. The Ulster Protestants are not Anglo-Saxons. Their ancestors came mainly from regions inhabited by the same race elements that inhabited Ulster before their coming, Celtic and Scandinavian. What, indeed, do all these special pleas amount to? That in Ireland and in Ulster, "in the English interest," a law of homogeneity in religion, in race, in temperament, in occupation, is to prevail which is not recognized as having any validity elsewhere in the world, except perhaps in savage or semi-savage communities. The rest of the "Ulster difficulty" consists of fears and prophecies. Under an Irish Government, the religion and industry of Ulster Protestants will be oppressed. The Protestant business men of Dublin, Cork, Waterford and Sligo furnish the best answer.

The truth is that Ulster Protestants have nothing to fear in the shape of either economic or religious oppression. There is no body of people in the world more free from intolerance in matters of religion than the Catholics of Ireland. On the economic side, the Irish Republicans have always favored the support of Irish industries without raising any question as to whether the employers or the workers were Catholic or Protestant, or Unionist or Nationalist.

It would be untrue to say that the Ulster Protestants as a body are not at present opposed to political union with their fellow countrymen in a self-governing Ireland. But history shows that this present sentiment of theirs is the calculated outcome of the persistent and unscrupulous policy of English statesmen pursued purely in "the English interest." This policy has degraded, corrupted, and embittered public life in Ireland. It has been carried on by innumerable devices, some crude and palpable, others subtle and indirect, since first tendency to make common cause with Catholics manifested itself among Irish Protestants. It is still in operation, nor is there any reason to expect that, while it enjoys any degree of success, it will be abandoned. The "Ulster difficulty," far from providing an argument against Irish independence, is rather a proof that a sane and wholesome state of society in Ireland will not be allowed to exist as long as "the English interest" retains any power of interference in the domestic concerns of this island. In an independent Ireland, there will be no "Ulster difficulty."

HOLY FATHER EMPHASIZES IMPORTANCE OF MISSIONS

PONTIFF APPEALS TO CLERGY AND PEOPLE TO PRAY FOR RELIGIOUS VOCATIONS

C. P. A. Caligram

Rome, December 6.—Pope Benedict has issued an apostolic letter on Catholic missions, in which he recalls the work of the Church in spreading the faith in times past, and urges the importance of making special efforts now. He says that the Congregation of the Propaganda has been studying the matter of providing seminaries in the most important missionary centres for native priests, whose training, constituting as it does such an influential factor

in the success of missions, must be thorough and complete.

SPECIAL PREPARATION

Missionaries are reminded that they should never allow themselves to be drawn from the work of spreading the truth and raising souls by national feeling and through the desire to gain any material consideration. They must also have special preparation for their special work—not only a knowledge of sacred things, but also of languages and such other profane matter as is necessary in their particular fields. The Oriental Institute of the Propaganda is establishing special chairs for the study of this training.

Finally, the Pope appeals to the clergy and the faithful to pray the vocations to support the missionary organizations.

IRELAND'S ATTITUDE DEFENDED

MR. MONAGHAN ANSWERS SIR FREDERICK WILLIAMS-TAYLOR

Mr. Michael Monaghan, a prominent and patriotic Irishman who has for the past quarter of a century made his home in Quebec, sent the following letter to the Montreal Gazette which had reported Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor's complimentary platitudes about Ireland's imaginary grievances. As Sir Frederick's remarks were apparently those parroted by every prejudiced, unthinking or uninformed critic of Ireland's cause, the paper-merchant of Mr. Monaghan's reply will produce many bubbles. The Gazette is invited to publish the letter if it is published in English by Le Devoir.—E. C. R.

Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor, honorary president of the Irish Protestant benevolent Society of Montreal in his remarks of greater weight being blended with some fine specimens of characteristic business stories as the Gazette reported, has made a few statements which though through his title, proud his pose, and for comment and correction, Sir Frederick contended that the Celt came into the world with an imaginary grievance against England, that (2) England for many decades has done her level best to make the Irishman content with his lot, but she has failed (3) that the Celt if he knew it has one real grievance only and that is that Ireland was not conscripted in the Great War.

I shall examine seriatim each of these three statements. Would Sir Frederick consider it no grievance of all if the United States being a greater world power than Canada, should send her emissaries through jealousy of Canada's trade and property to our Federal Parliament and by expending millions of dollars in bribery and corruption, by holding out honors and titles in one hand and threats of all kinds of punishment in the other finally succeeded in winning over a majority of Canada's M. P.'s to form a union with Uncle Sam and thereby harbor and betray their own country? The basic notion of such an eventuality would arouse to its very depths Sir Frederick's Irish scorn. This is not a parable, it is an exact parallel of what happened to the Irish Nation in 1800 when Cornwallis with English archbishop O'Connell secured about the extinction of the Irish Parliament—a pact which Sir Gladstone in a speech which he delivered in Plymouth in 1886 described as "a pact effected by the most shameful bribery, fraud, corruption and dishonesty," and perhaps the greatest historian an Irishman has, Prof. Lecky of Trinity College, Dublin, who described the Union by virtue of which Ireland is up to this day deprived of her self-Government as "a pact of the most shameful turpitude in history." This grievance because it has existed well nigh 150 years is in the eyes of Sir Frederick only "an imaginary grievance" although its repeal was vigorously fought for in vain by O'Connell for forty years, by Parnell for twenty and by John Redmond in succession for thirty years, eye, and by a few of the greatest statesmen England produced, by Gladstone, by Campbell Bannerman, by Asquith and even by Lloyd George as long as it suited his sweet will and his vaunting ambition. This act of Union as every student of Irish history knows brought about hundreds of emigration acts, rebellions, worse than any Prussian tyranny because more hypocritical and which today is flourishing in all its pristine, systematic, and ghastly vigour.

Secondly, Sir Frederick holds that England for many decades has done her level best to make Ireland contented. True, England has given back in part the land which she robbed through successive plantations from the true Irish Celt for which she deserved as much thanks as a burglar who through sheer necessity is obliged to disgorge his stolen goods. Parnell, Davitt, Dillon and Redmond agitated for years and were incarcerated like the Sinn Feiners and treated as murderers and as criminals in their day and generation by England when doing no doubt "her level best to make Ireland contented" in a very novel way, foremost to make people happy and contented. And lest we forget, Sir Frederick does remember, I am sure, The Times charges in its forged documents of "Parnellism and

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

By Rev. M. Borsari

THE SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS

SURVEY OF THE DYING YEAR

Today's Gospel ends with the words "The Child grew and waxed strong, full of wisdom, and the grace of God was in Him." We also ought to grow in goodness and virtue, and wax strong in the faith by leading truly Christian lives, and we ought to do our best to preserve within us the grace of God, or to recover it, if we have lost it. Are we doing this? Now is the time when we ought to examine ourselves on this point, as the year is so nearly an end, and the new year is just beginning.

1. Let us look back at the past and ask ourselves whether we have been growing in goodness. Can we truthfully say that we have improved during this year? Have we always resisted evil and aimed at doing right? Have we been careful to avoid sin and all occasions of sin? And, above all things, have we practised the virtues that as Christians we are bound to practise? Would that we were able to answer all these questions in the affirmative! Unhappily we must acknowledge that all is not well with us, and some will perhaps make the sad discovery that they have become worse, and not better, during the past year. They will have to say:

"Again and again I have altogether abandoned the struggle against evil, or have carried it on in a half-hearted way, so that I have constantly fallen into sin. I have not triumphed over evil, but evil has triumphed over me." Many others will have to confess that they have troubled very little about doing right; they have taken no pains to practise the Christian virtues; they often had an opportunity to say a good word or do a good action, but through carelessness and indolence they wasted all their opportunities. They have been careful to provide for the body that perishes, but they have done little or nothing for their immortal souls. How can men be so foolish!

2. How have you practised your religion during the past year. Have you always faithfully obeyed the rules laid down for your guidance? What about the great Commandments that Jesus Christ our Lord made binding upon all Christians universally? "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, with thy whole soul," etc. Have you observed the Commandments of holy Church? Have you heard Mass with devotion every Sunday and on all the festivals of obligation? Have you been careful to keep Sundays and festivals holy? Have you received the Sacraments often? Have you abstained from flesh meat on the days when it is forbidden? Can you answer "Yes" to all these questions? Or must you to your shame confess that you have seldom obeyed the Commandments of God and of His holy Church, that you often might have gone to Mass, but stayed away through want of zeal and lively faith? Have you fulfilled the duties of your position in life? As a father or mother, have you always taken care of your children, and tried to lead them to do right and to avoid evil? And you children, how have you behaved towards your parents? Have you always remembered the Fourth Commandment: "Honor thy father and thy mother, that they mayest live a long time, and it may be well with thee." How many will have to acknowledge their guilt and say, like the poor publican: "O God, be merciful to me, a sinner!"

3. Whether commits grievous sins loses sanctifying grace and ceases to be a child of God and an inheritor of the Kingdom of heaven. Being mindful of human frailty, God has given us the means whereby we may recover the grace that has been lost, and preserve it when we have recovered it. If, after baptism a Christian commits a mortal sin, he must have recourse to the holy Sacrament of Penance, in order to cleanse himself from sin and recover sanctifying grace. Have you done this whenever you have sinned grievously?

In order that we, poor, weak mortals, may not succumb to evil, but resist it, and so preserve sanctifying grace in our hearts, God has commanded us to pray: "Watch and pray, that ye fall not into temptation." Have you paid attention to these words of Holy Scripture? Have you been diligent in prayer? Have you prayed in the morning before beginning your day's work, and asked God for help, strength, and protection during the day? Have you thanked Him at night for all that He has done for you? If we all prayed regularly morning and evening, we should be much better than we are, and much happier, because we should always be in the grace of God. But by our own fault, our own carelessness, from indifference, we often fall into sin, and find it very hard to extricate ourselves from it. How sad will be the end of a man who habitually neglects prayer, if death overtakes him unawares, and he passes away, not being in the state of grace!

If we must now confess that we have in many ways failed in our duty, let us, and that we have sinned by breaking the Commandments of God, and of the Church, we ought not to lose courage. No, let us bestir ourselves at the beginning of the new year, and resolve to lead better lives henceforth. Let us

avoid evil and do good; let us live as true Christians, in obedience to God and the Church, let us above all be anxious for the welfare of our immortal souls, living in and working with the grace of God, and then our Lord will bestow upon us in abundance happiness and blessings for the new year. Amen.

GOD BLESS EVERYONE

"God bless us every one," prayed Tiny Tim, Crippled and dwarfed of body, yet so tall Of soul, we tiptoe earth to look at him, High towering over all. He loved the loveless world, nor dreamed indeed, That it at best could give to him the while, But pitying glances, when his only need Was but a cheery smile!

And thus he prayed, "God bless us every one!" Enfolded all the creeds within the span Of his child-heart; and so, despising none, Was nearer saint than man. I like to fancy God in Paradise, Lifting a finger o'er the rhythmic swing Of chiming harp and song, with eager eyes Turning earthward, listening— The anthem stilled—the angels leaning there Above the golden walls—the morning sun Of Christmas bursting down like with prayer, "God bless us every one!"

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

BISHOPS' PROGRAM

HAS WORKERS' BACKING

SUPPORT OF CATHOLIC CHURCH VALUED BY LABOR MEN IN SOCIAL BETTERMENT

John Fitzpatrick, president of the Chicago Federation of Labor and chairman of the National Committee for Organizing Iron and Steel workers, has responded for organized labor to the reconstruction program recently issued from the National Catholic War Council, welcoming and valuing most highly its expressed cooperation in the task of reconstruction to which labor line set itself. In a statement outlining the attitude of the laboring man toward this program of social reconstruction Mr. Fitzpatrick says:

"Nothing has appeared in a long time that will be of more substantial benefit to the cause of organized labor and of economic justice than the social reconstruction program of the National Catholic War Council. The four Bishops who have signed this program and issued it to the world are entitled to the highest thanks of every wage earner who has the interests of his fellows at heart, and both they and the Church will receive the thanks and appreciation in full measure. In the same measure they should receive the thanks of every good Catholic, for in hastening labor they have also given splendid proof that the Church is equal to the demands of the times and in applying its ancient and unchanging principles to modern conditions in a way that man is fit for the progress and general well-being of the race.

The program of the National Catholic War Council is virtually the program of organized labor as expressed by the official declaration of the American Federation of Labor and the program of the Chicago Independent Labor Party. Its declaration in favor of maintaining the present wage rate and progressively raising it and at the same time taking steps to reduce the cost of living and to control large fortunes, constitute the strongest possible support for the position taken by organized labor. It should be printed in its entirety in every labor journal in the country. Nothing will do more to strengthen the cause of orderly but fundamental economic reform as opposed to the plans of those who would destroy our justice in civilization at one blow in the hope of bettering the conditions of the masses. It is an adequate program provided it can be carried through as a program action. It is not a visionary program; it is not the picture of a Utopia to be realized in the far distant future. It is what labor demands now, and those who wish to avoid the excesses and dangers of a violent and bitter upheaval can do nothing better than to acknowledge its true conservatism and aid organized labor in putting it into practice. I must agree with its authors that conditions in America are far less disturbed than in European countries, yet I believe it would be a serious mistake not to realize that the workers and producers of America are in a mood for action.

"I nearly every respect the program of the National Catholic War Council is so comprehensive and so adequate to the needs of the times that I am confident its wide publication and its adoption by a political party pledged to carry it out would satisfy the needs of a large number who are on the point of breaking from their old moorings and joining with such hitherto inconsiderable groups as the Socialists. It is the sign which has been greatly needed that we can achieve the reforms on which our hearts are set without

breaking all the traditions of the past, good as well as bad.

"This program should be evidence to many who have oppressed labor's aims without understanding them that labor speaks today in the interests of all society, in the interests of true conservatism. We are not true have changed. We are not departing from the ancient principles of justice and right. We are merely applying those principles to new conditions that have arisen very rapidly—so rapidly that many have failed to realize them. It is sufficient for those who doubt the need to ponder the statement here set forth with unquestionable authority that a considerable majority of the wage earners of the United States, both men and women, were not receiving living wages when prices began to soar in 1915, and that since 1915 the average rate of pay has not increased faster than the cost of living. Labor knows these bitter truths and labor has reached the point where it is determined to change these rotten conditions, conditions which mean the destruction of Christian society if they continue. In performing the task of reconstruction to which it has set itself labor welcomes and values most highly the cooperation and support of the Church, and the Church will gain along with labor as a result of the splendid reconstruction of the four representative Bishops who have signed this report."—The Guardian.

HOLY FATHER URGES UNITY

GIVES PORTUGUESE HEMERARY PRINCIPLES TO INSURE RELIGIOUS FREEDOM

Lisbon, Oct. 17. — In the letter which the Pope sent to the Portuguese Episcopate the Holy Father speaks of the apprehensions and expectations that fill his heart in view of the religious and political outlook in Portugal.

The Pope insists emphatically on the need for thorough unity among the Portuguese clergy, which, he says, will alone make possible the restoration of conditions favorable to Catholicism in the country. The Pope exhorts the Bishops to send their young clerics to the Portuguese College in Rome, which was opened in 1880 through the liberality of a Portuguese nobleman, the Viscount of Penafiel. Under the Ministry the college was not legally recognized by the Government, and consequently there was every hindrance to the study of the clergy in the way of the present conditions the Bishops are able to use their discretion in matters of this kind.

The Pope also exhorts the Bishops to encourage the Catholic press, and to advise moderation and foresight. The Portuguese Catholics are by no means of one mind as to their form of government, and amid the conflicting opinions of Republicans and Monarchists the cause of religion is not likely to prosper. Since the tragic death of President Sidonio Pais it appears that the disputes among the Catholics have become more acrimonious to the great delight of the anti-clericals, who accuse the Catholics of conspiring against the Republic, and of being traitors to the fatherland.

The Holy Father stresses to be drawn into these conflicts as between political parties, but he commends to the Bishops the need for a good understanding between Church and State, and harmony between the civil and the ecclesiastical laws. He shows that the Church is not committed to any one form of Government, and views all forms indiscriminately, so long as they are not in opposition to the Divine law and the principles of the Catholic Church.

THE WORLD'S UNREST

Cardinal O'Connell recently gave an earnest and appropriate address on the world's unrest, as caused in large part by crime for amusement and the vices which are supposed to make for happiness, and by envy on the part of many of those who are richer than themselves. He held no pessimism for a just and national desire for one's share of the good things of this world, and a certain diligence in seeking them, so long as these do not disturb our sense of proportion, our realization of what are the better things. God has made us of soul and body, and we have a right to the goods of both.

He continued: "All this I wish to say merely to emphasize the fact that I have striven in my own way, as far as my powers reached, to inculcate among the people of our church that it is their right and due as far as their ability goes, as far as the true values of life permit, to gain and acquire and enjoy and use the good things of the world, the things that are really good of the world.

"God knows we do not want our people to be forever in a condition of semi-slavery. We want them to enjoy rights equally with those about them, and to attain to the positions in life which are due to their intelligence, to their integrity, to their labor and to their perseverance."

But His Eminence would also make it clear that the great bulk of humanity can be happy without luxuries; and it is no advantage to those who, in the nature of things, cannot attain riches, to have their minds poisoned by the breeders of class hatred. This is the work of the devil; and we see it in every

land. The world is going mad on the subject of riches and pleasure. It is teeming with bitter discontent. The Christian accepts material goods, in whatever righteous way they come to him, as blessings from God, and is grateful for them. The pagan principle is just to get them and to attach such an exaggerated importance to them as to be miserable without them.—True Voice.

THE SONG OF CHRISTMAS

Chant me a rhyme of Christmas—sing me a jovial song—And though it is filled with laughter, let it be pure and strong. Sing of the hearts inspired over with the story of the day—of the echo of childish voices that will not die away.

Of the blaze of the tassel'd baubles, and the tinkling chimes and beat of the drum that thrums to merrier accompanions of snapping feet.

But, O, let your voices fall quieter, fill, blend with a softer tone. You tomorrow yearn with the beauty of the gift Christ hath shown.

And sing one voice for the voiceless; and yet you see the song is done, A verse for the ones that hear not, and a verse for the sightless and.

For though it be time for singing a merry Christmas glee, Let a low, sweet voice of pathos run through the melody.

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

FRENCH COLLEGE IN ROME SHOWS BIG ENROLLMENT

Rome, November 6.—The ecclesiastical year is now opened, with good, made by the War, largely but not completely filled. All the college folk have returned, including a small band of German fugitives, who have, however, dropped their conspicuous red crosses.

Most of the institutions are picking up in numbers, the most remarkable going being registered by the French College, which jumped from fifty to its present figure of one hundred and fifty; and the English College which went from eighty to forty-five. The American increase is slight at present; but there is no reason why it should not regain its old figure of one hundred and fifty.

The teaching institutions are all in full swing, including the new Pontifical Oriental Institute, which enters upon its second year of life with a wide range of lectures and an excellent number of students, including those of the new Sapienza College and also two Catholic students, whose attendance, in order that they might learn the truth, was especially authorized by the Pope, in the decree by which he founded the institute.

ONE YEAR OF PEACE

Twelve months have rolled by on their courses into the night of obscurity, and the world still throbs from the lusts inflicted upon it by the perseverance of governments. One year ago the Central Powers gave up their dream of world conquest, and history shall record no successful rival to the old empire of the Romans.

Peace has brought dubious blessings to the nations at large. True, the horrors of War have been diminished or extinguished, to a great extent. Still, the fires are smouldering in various parts of the world, while the peoples of earth, many of them sick and helpless, cry aloud, How long, O Lord, how long.

America, suffering from minor wounds, possesses all the buoyancy of youth, and is quickly gaining her equilibrium. Comparatively few of our fellow countrymen have contemplated the supreme sacrifice. Our resources still are boundless and the energy of our citizens most commendable. America has much for which to thank God.

The world at large, however, has not fared so well. The Central Powers are still depressed by the horrors of defeat and of national disaster. The so-called new nations are quarreling among themselves about boundaries and privileges. Italy's side is pierced by the thorn of France. Russia is beset with the onsets of the revolutionaries and hordes for liberation from the thralldom of ages. Hunger, suffering, disease still stalk abroad in the ranks of men, and usually souls would overturn the established laws of sane governments.

In spite of all, the world is groping towards the light. There is a glimmer in the gloom and it leads towards the full splendor of day. The world's blow has been very severe and the recovery must needs be slow. If the final outcome of the upheaval which is a raising of the level upon which the peoples of earth have lived and struggled, then indeed will the present have not been in vain. Nations have come to know one another intimately, and they have acquired a correspondingly higher regard for one another. The complete brotherhood of man may never be reached fully upon this earth; but man who has come to look at their fellow mortals face to face, rather than to gaze down into the abyss or look aloft to the heights that formerly separated the children of the great human family.—Catholic Bulletin.

WHAT TO DO WITH MERCIER?

"SEND HIM TO THE POPE"

The Cardinal, Mercier, in responding to the ovation accorded him in Boston, told for the first time how Marquis Francisco de la Barre, Spanish minister to Belgium at the outbreak of the War, suggested to the netted German authorities that they "send Cardinal Mercier to the Pope."

A German hrazou called on the Marquis the Cardinal said, and asked: "What shall we do with Cardinal Mercier?"

"Well," replied the Marquis, "if the German Crown Prince committed an offense against the German government in Belgium, what would you

do? Would you seize him and put him in prison?"

"No," said the German baron, "we should send him to his father, the Kaiser, in Berlin."

"Well," responded the Marquis, "the Cardinal is a member of the Court of Rome. He is just as if he were a cousin of the Pope. Therefore, if the Cardinal has done something wrong, send him to the Pope."

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The Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA

SUBMITS TO POPE'S AUTHORITY

THE HEAD OF OLD ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH IN AMERICA SURRENDERS OFFICE

New York, Nov. 23.—Archbishop de Berghes of the Rache, Metropolitan of the Old Roman Catholic (Jansenist) Church of America, the highest dignitary of that religious sect in the Western Hemisphere, has submitted to the authority of the Pope, it was announced last night.

The formal reception of the Archbishop into the Church is being arranged. The ecclesiastical authorities are awaiting a similar reception from Pope Benedict regarding Archbishop de Berghes' former status in the Church, through direct orders of the acceptance of his submission. He had been received into the Congregation of the Holy Office.

Archbishop de Berghes of the Rache in the act of submitting to the Pope's authority, is the first of the Old Roman Catholic prelates to do so.

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Rome. It is an unusual situation, though thoroughly understood, Rome does not recognize the Orders of the Old Roman Catholic or Jansenist Church, although valid, but may regularize them.

My submission is complete and unqualified. As to my future plans, I shall in all probability enter one of the great active religious orders. How many of my former flock will follow me I cannot say, but I will advise all who are qualified to do so. It would not surprise me to hear that my Bishop in Chicago would return to the Roman Catholic Church.

Archbishop de Berghes of the Rache has more modest and has insisted on defining among the prelates of the Old Roman Catholic Church in America. The Archbishop was a captain in the British army when he was twice one year retired with the rank of a lieutenant-colonel. He was in the Indian and Egyptian campaigns with Kitchener and was twice in the trenches for distinguished services in the field.

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JOY TINGED WITH SORROW The earth had budded forth a Saviour. And that Saviour's Mother, kneeling at the foot of His crib, knew that one day she would be kneeling at the foot of His Cross. Maybe it is for that very reason that Christmas joy seems always to be tinged with a shade of sadness. We, who share Mary's happiness, feel such great measure, must feel some of the sorrow that that happiness brought her. We are a part of the sinful world that Mary's Son had come to save. The gladness we feel at His approach is tinged with the pain of our unworthiness. Mary, His Mother, could not forget. Her being in the world of His birth, she knew that the most precious gift that she held most dear, to atone for mankind's sin—from which she thought by God's mercy, had been kept safe.

Mary knew all this. She realized it fully. And then, like every mother, she put all care away from her and yet did in the stars of the night. Her heart was full of the thought of the child who was to be born. The night of the stars seemed more to her than the day of the sun. The stars of the night seemed more to her than the day of the sun. The stars of the night seemed more to her than the day of the sun.

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PITTIABLE BUT COMMON A pitiable scene occurred the other day in one of our juvenile courts. A father openly confessed that he had no control over his two boys, lads of ten and twelve years of age.

It is hard to tell who was most to be pitied, the father or the boys. Most men are inclined to say both. The decision of the court was that the father was incompetent. What a pity that boys should be entrusted to such parents. There is something radically wrong in too many homes today where boys and girls have no respect for the opinions of parents, and do not hesitate to openly contradict them. And this is the fault of the politicians. One is forced to believe that boys learning to be ruled by some neighborly children are not brought up, they simply grow up, and as a consequence, parents cannot have any control over them. We believe the saying "Father a child in the house, and you will be a child in the street" is not so far from the truth. One of the most common causes of juvenile delinquency is the lack of respect for parents. This is a matter of Government and Municipal Councils to be dealt with.

There was a lot of wisdom in the advice given by the old farmer to the young man, who was hitching up a walking horse. "You say 'Ave,' said the farmer, "a little difficulty in hitching out whether you're driving that line or he's driving you," but I expect you to let him know that you are the boss.

Our juvenile courts and probation officers are daily witnesses of the ruin wrought by parents who have failed in one of their fundamental obligations toward their children. Discipline need not be in excess, but it should be firm. Parents who do not live up to their word soon teach the little ones the art of disobedience. They know that just so much crying or resistance will insure victory for them and they do not hesitate to use it. An child grows older parents are divided in authority. What the mother permits the father prohibits, and vice versa.

The child who is not early taught obedience and respect for parents can hardly be expected to have respect for public authority or the laws of God. These weak, silly, incompetent parents are leading the country with boys and girls who are the bane of the household, and men and women who will do wrong along the pathway of life.—Innocent in Catholic.

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A MOTHER AND A MAID

By E. E. in The Tenth To the world at large, Christmas comes but once a year. And each year that blessed evening brings to all mankind the Christmas joy that all like to no other joy, and the memories of these past Christmas times that can never come again.

Poetically year after year we light our Christmas candles. They shine out as stars of Bethlehem years and years ago. And the blessed Christ Child, who found His way underneath the redness of that brilliant star, came to come again to the tiny glens of every Christmas and to light in His home.

It is no wonder that that every Christmas Eve brings a thrill of expectation to our hearts—and every Christmas morning a realization of that expectation. Who is there who hasn't felt it in the dark of the Christmas eve, when the hush of the Holy Mass is broken by the sound of a human voice singing "Adeste Fideles?" All our hopes and fears and joys and sorrows rush over us then and we wish with all our hearts that we had always been a little better and a little wiser at the Christmas that comes every year.

Yes, to us it comes every year—but to Mary, the Mother of God, Christmas came but once, and forever. The Blessed Virgin was only a young girl, brought up very carefully, and especially from the very knowledge of the sins of the world. She was like a beautiful flower, set in the midst of a thorny hedge, safe from the rude hand of any careless passerby.

A TOUCHING STORY

Our Holy Father, Pope Benedict XV, recently crowned at the Vatican the celebrated image of our Lady of Guadalupe venerated at Alhambra, Italy, in a shrine built in her honor. The story of the shrine and its image is a story like a gem, and is so true touching that the most stirring and soul thrilling words of devotion.

Some thirty years ago the famous organist, the well-known tenor, Signore Gombardi, was in the city of Alhambra, Italy, visiting the shrine of the Holy Father of the People. These Fathers of the Holy Father of the People, who found His way underneath the redness of that brilliant star, came to come again to the tiny glens of every Christmas and to light in His home.

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As little children, we revealed in the story about the beautiful Princess, sleeping in her enchanted palace, and awakening only at the coming of the Prince. But what beautiful Princess can compare to our Blessed Lady? What palace could treasure here so well as the fountain of God's Grace that encompasses her from all eternity? Her Prince was at the same time her God and her Son—a Prince of Peace, indeed. All her hopes and her dreams had come true at His birth, and Christmas had come to mankind.

"LA LIBRE BELGIQUE"

STORY OF HOW WAR PAPER WAS PRINTED AND DISTRIBUTED The story of how the Belgians endeavored to secretly issue their "mystery paper," La Libre Belgique, despite the constant efforts of the Germans to suppress it, was one of the most interesting incidents of the War which resulted in the admiration of the civilized world.

Cardinal Mercier tells the story of the underground printing of the paper, which was distributed to the people with extraordinary silence. The paper, La Libre Belgique, was published by a group of patriotic Belgians who were determined to keep the news of the world from the German press.

And while the tribunal was judging and sentencing these whom they thought the only citizens of the paper, the same paper, with the same articles, by the same authors, was published in another city. A good character is the best testimony. Those who loved you, and were helped by you, will remember you when festal-meets are without. Carve your name on hearts and not on marble.

SPALDING'S addressed to the undersigned and returned under the name of the undersigned, 1200 University Ave., Toronto, Ontario, Canada. R. C. Desrochers, Secretary, Department of Public Works, Ottawa, December 18, 1919.

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