

# 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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## VOLUME XXXIII.

### GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO

And behold an angel of the Lord stood by them,  
And the brightness of God shone round about them,  
And they feared with a great fear,  
And the angel said to them: Fear not,  
For, behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy,  
That shall be to all the people;  
For this day is born to you in the City of David,  
A Saviour who is Christ the Lord.

### CHRISTMAS

At last Thou art come, little Saviour!  
And Thine Angels fill midnight with song;  
Thou art come to us, gentle Creator!  
Whom Thy creatures have sighed for so long.  
Thou hast brought with Thee plentiful pardon,  
And our souls overflow with delight;  
Our hearts are half broken, dear Jesus!  
With the joy of this wonderful night.  
Thou wilt stay with us, Master and Maker!  
Thou wilt stay with us now evermore:  
We will play with Thee, beautiful Brother!  
On Eternity's jubilant shore.

—FATHER FABER

### WEEKLY IRISH REVIEW

#### IRELAND SEEN THROUGH IRISH EYES

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THE REASON FOR MARTIAL LAW

Even while Cork city, in terrible tongues of flame, entreats Heaven's intercession to stay the savagery of Ireland's foreign masters, Lloyd George seems to have settled himself permanently into the role of petty trickster. When applying martial law to nearly a quarter of Ireland the other day he thought to throw dust in the world's eyes by at the same time announcing his readiness to open negotiations with what he called the "moderates" of Sinn Fein. In the first place the application of Martial Law can not mean anything more than what has been going on for twelve months. His military and Black and Tans' killing, by order, from end to end of Ireland, and no worse under martial law. Only as the English Government was beginning to feel the pressure that world opinion was bringing upon them for their outrageous brutalities in Ireland, they flatter themselves that by proclaiming martial law the brutalities will be legalized, and that world opinion will not so much blame them for torture and oppression practiced under the name of "Law." Also world opinion is expected to be soothed by the hypocrisy of announcing at the same time that they are open for negotiations. Lloyd George says that if the Irish Republic can army leave down their arms and the people give up their leaders, he will negotiate with those who are not fighters.

They will be innocent indeed who let themselves imagine that an Ireland laying itself absolutely prostrate at the feet of a Junker British Government after it had given up its leaders to the Government, could do any more negotiating with the English Prime Minister than merely to accept whatever terms he wished to sentence the country to.

#### LOYD GEORGE'S APOSTASY

Lloyd George was at one time undoubtedly a liberal and broad-minded man, with ideals. So it is sad to find such succeeding momentous announcements that he makes, piling proof on proof, that for sake of making himself the rubber stamp of British Junkerdom, and the mere puppet and mouthpiece of Carson and his clique. Both friends and enemies of Lloyd George in England agree that much of what he says and much of what he does and approves of himself—but that he must do as they as the Junker order—or else he is kicked out of office. And that would mean the end of him, for the liberals whom he deserted and betrayed would not have again, under any circumstances, one who has so repeatedly and so flagrantly dishonored his manhood, and disowned his former principles.

#### THE HOPE OF DIVISION

The promise to negotiate after Ireland has prostrated itself at his feet, has a second trick to it besides that of throwing dust in the eyes of the world. It is hoped by it to create a division amongst the Irish Nationalists. Lloyd George's Junker masters judge that after the long months' wild terrorism to which they have treated the country, there must be tens and hundreds of thousands of poor men and women sufferers, who have lost their property and lost

their health—and many lost their sons—who are ripe for accepting any, the most severe terms from England, if she will only call off her Black and Tans, and stop her burning, torturing and slaying.

#### FRIGHTFULNESS DRIVING PEOPLE INSANE

However one might deplore it, one could not have the heart to blame these thousands of men and women who have suffered so much that it is now admitted very many have been driven insane and thousands who have had their nerves completely wrecked are dangerously near the insanity line. This is not to be wondered at when we remember that for twelve months past hundreds of thousands of poor people have not had one secure night's sleep. Thousands of them for nights and for weeks at a time have had to take to the fields and to the woods, the ditches, and the hedges once darkness came down—and when they did venture to sleep at home, started in fright at every sound feeling that it was the Black and Tans stealing upon them. The wonder is, how under this fearful condition of affairs, Ireland has stood out so long.

#### A CONCRETE EXAMPLE

Just on the morning I am writing this I receive a letter from a friend in an Irish village, in a town which no English soldier or policeman was either assaulted or insulted—rather than tell them, the terrible condition of insecurity and fright to which the people even in the most out-of-the-way and peaceable places have been reduced by the systematic terrorism of George, his masters, and his servants:

"We had a sample of the Black and Tans' terrorism on the 9th inst. About 8:30 p.m. we in town had a message about five minutes before they were coming. We didn't know they were en route to K., but just thought they were coming to attack spotted houses and people although thank God there was no attack here upon policemen, or no cause given them to terrorize us. While I was thinking what I should do, or what I could remove, a hurried messenger came and told me to leave the house at once. Then I hurried them already shooting up the lower end of the village. I ran for Lenihan's. I had barely got there when a terrific bombardment commenced and all of us flew down the back steps to the cellar. Some of the little children flew to the fields, and did not stop till they were miles away. I didn't think it safe in the house as there was a wooden door cellops about the house against the rifle fire and bomb-bursting was fearful. I fancied that I could hear all the windows in my house being smashed. When the noise passed away I and all the others ventured up. I groped my way upstairs after Magin, and other people who will be killed, and attacked as light was still in the shop. I then ventured out and with the exception of Logans the town was in complete darkness. Brian and I spent the night upstairs. We thought the Black and Tans would return during the night. Before clearing the next morning military arrived from Donegal and halted opposite my house. They then got orders to march—marched upstreet and seemed to examine all the houses. From the noise on the previous night I suppose they thought the village was demolished. Five houses were badly shot up. Lizzie McGuinchee and Mrs. Gallagher had the narrowest escapes. They saw them in their houses, as they did not put out their lights. Fronts of houses and roofs were injured. As there was a report that the Black and Tans from Killybegs would come to attend the fair on the 22nd instant, many women have left the village, and are roaming in the hills."

#### THE TESTIMONY OF AN AMERICAN JOURNALIST

Before the latest and worst sacking of Cork the correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger on the ground, reported that as a consequence of the constant terror and savagery the doctors say "thousands of adults are completely unnerved, and very many of the little children are suffering from St. Vitus' dance. An epidemic of goitre has seized the grown ups, and in speaking no one raised a voice above a whisper." He says this is the result of a three months' reign of terror inflicted on the defenceless civil population by the emissaries of a foreign Government. We may imagine if we can the sufferings of the ill-treated people, now that Cork has been treated to its fiercest and greatest sacking.

#### A VOICE FROM ARABIA

Echoes of the effect upon the wide world, of Lord Mayor McSwiney's heroic sacrifice still reach us from the ends of the earth. It is truly interesting to hear the voice of Arabia speak upon Irish heroism. The Arabian Journal, Al Nizam, in the course of a fine article on the subject says: "You are worthy of our admiration, worthy of being mourned by us, worthy of being counted among the heroes, for your

endurance and strong will which have greatly touched us." There followed a number of verses the last reading: "If this world has become too small for you, the everlasting world records every day and in our country an everlasting trace, for though dead you are alive."

#### THE SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE LONDON DAILY NEWS

A characteristic incident of the British methods in Ireland which at the same time illuminates Sir Hamar Greenwood's House of Commons version of Black and Tan outrages is instanced by Hugh Martin, Special Correspondent of the London Daily News, who tells how, after Lixnaw crematory was burned down by the Black and Tans, the hair of four girls cut off, and six lads brutally beaten with rifle butts, uniformed men arrived next day to look over the damage and make formal report to Dublin Castle. "Several of the crematory employees," says Mr. Martin, "identified at least three of the same party as the men who had committed the crime." The British Government and Dublin Castle first instigate the men to "keep up the pressure" upon the Irish natives, and then to investigate and report upon their own outrages—which reports are to go to Sir Hamar Greenwood to enable him to answer awkward questions put to him on the subject in the House of Commons. Mr. Martin also tells how when they went to kill two Irish Volunteers at Thurles and found one of them in bed, dying of pneumonia, one of the Black and Tan gang held a candle over the bed to enable his comrades to take aim to shoot the dying lad through the heart. He also says that in the sack of Grenard the looting and burning of the town was carried out in "a perfectly quiet and orderly manner" under the command of an officer. And he reports that at another burning in Roscommon where shops, farms, and houses were burnt down, the same quietness and order prevailed, the men obeying an officer's order. "A sergeant," he adds, "apologized to some people for what he was doing, and said it was worse than anything he had seen in Belgium."

#### NOTABLES ATTEND

The Paris Conference, which lasted three days, met with a complete success. It was attended by men of highest standing in Belgium, Italy, Switzerland, Chile, Poland, and Czechoslovakia. The resolutions adopted were endorsed by such prelates as Mgr. Roland-Gosselin, who presided at the opening session; Mgr. Jullien, of Arras; Mgr. Deploige, of Louvain; such ministers as Mr. Van den Huevel, Secretary of State for Belgium, and Mr. Meda, Italian Secretary of the Treasury, such eminent clergymen as Fr. Scutellari, O. P., and Fr. de la Briere, S. J., and such diplomats as the Polish Minister to the Vatican, Professors of law, newspaper men, members of parliament, conservative Catholics as Senator de Lamarzelle, democratic Catholics as Deputy, Marc Sangnier have also attended.

After hearing the reports of Baron de Monteban, Federal Counsellor for Fribourg, Mgr. Deploige, Director of the Institute of Philosophy of Louvain; Fr. de la Briere, editor of the Etudes, and Mr. le Fur, Professor of Law at the University of Strasbourg, the members of the Congress reached an agreement on these conclusions:

#### BRITISH GOVERNMENT AND TRUCE OF GOD

We doubt that the British Government will accept the suggestion for a Truce of God between England and Ireland. We remember that our Holy Father asked the belligerent nations in the great War to observe a Christmas truce, but the suggestion was rejected by the British Government. Without much hope we pray that more Christian spirit may now animate.

The Truce of God was born of Christian faith in the Middle Ages. It dates from the eleventh century and arose and the anarchy and feudalism of the times as a remedy for the helplessness of princes to enforce respect for the public peace. During that century there was an epidemic of private wars. The whole of Europe was a battlefield, bristling with fortified castles, and overrun by armed bands. Not even the sanctuary of the clergy were respected. A Council of Elze, held in 1207, which legislated for the sanctity of the Lord's Day, forbade hostilities from Saturday until Monday morning. This was the first official recognition of what is known as the Truce of God. Later the prohibition was extended to the days of the week consecrated by the great mystery of the Ascension, Thursday and Friday in honor of the Sacred Passion of our Lord. It was then extended to include the seasons of Advent and Lent. The penalty for violation of this was excommunication. While the problem of public peace in the Middle Ages was not completely solved by this Truce of God, it marked at least a beginning.

Out of this Truce of God was born Christian Chivalry. These Truces gave opportunity to the clergy to exact from the rough warriors of feudal times a religious vow to use their weapons chiefly for the protection of the weak and defenseless, and especially women and orphans and children. The soldier bound by the vow of chivalry raised himself almost to the level of the monk in Medieval times. The Church ordained a special blessing for the knight. His sword was laid on the altar and the aspirant to knighthood must cleanse his soul by a good confession and spend the night vigil in prayer that he might be impressed with the purity of soul required of a knight. In the presence of the clergy he knelt and pronounced the solemn vow of chivalry. He renewed his baptismal vow and the sword was handed to him in the name of God and Saint George the patron of chivalry.

When we read the crimes that are being perpetrated in Ireland in the name of a Christian government we can appreciate what must happen when Catholic ideals are forgotten.

What a gulf between the Black and Tan, murdering innocent women and children, and the English knight before God's Altar ever to be willing to draw his sword to protect the weak and defenseless. We pray that the unexpected come to pass, that England once deaf to the appeal of Christ's Vicar may feel the approach of holy Christmas, and for the sake of the Christ Child show some of the good will of which the Blessed Angels sang.—Catholic Sun.

#### WANT THE LEAGUE TO APPEAL TO POPE

SAY POPE'S MORAL ASSISTANCE WOULD HELP THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

By N. C. W. C. News Service

Paris.—At the very moment when a number of Catholics were assembling in the Cathedral of Our Lady at Geneva to implore the Lord's blessing on the works of the assembly of the League of Nations, other prominent Catholics in Paris were laying the foundations of an international organization whose purpose is the study and the defense of international law.

The Paris Conference, which lasted three days, met with a complete success. It was attended by men of highest standing in Belgium, Italy, Switzerland, Chile, Poland, and Czechoslovakia. The resolutions adopted were endorsed by such prelates as Mgr. Roland-Gosselin, who presided at the opening session; Mgr. Jullien, of Arras; Mgr. Deploige, of Louvain; such ministers as Mr. Van den Huevel, Secretary of State for Belgium, and Mr. Meda, Italian Secretary of the Treasury, such eminent clergymen as Fr. Scutellari, O. P., and Fr. de la Briere, S. J., and such diplomats as the Polish Minister to the Vatican, Professors of law, newspaper men, members of parliament, conservative Catholics as Senator de Lamarzelle, democratic Catholics as Deputy, Marc Sangnier have also attended.

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#### PRINCIPLES AGREED UPON

The Catholics have no right to remain unconcerned as to the relations of nations among themselves and all organizations that may tend to the betterment of said relations.

No progress is to be expected in international intercourse unless the rules of a law of nations consistent with Catholic ethics be enforced among all nations.

It is necessary that the claims of justice be guaranteed in all international relations. Therefore, international judicial organizations are of paramount need. Said organizations should be empowered with the right to apply all necessary sanctions.

The Catholics should support all endeavors tending to the establishment of arbitration, instead of violence, in the settlement of quarrels among peoples.

The different orators pointed out that these principles are consistent with the constant directions of the Sovereign Pontiffs which were confirmed and specified in the last Encyclical Letter of Benedict XV, on Reconciliation and Peace. This appeal to brotherhood is to be found again in the telegram sent by Cardinal Gasparri to the Paris Conference in the name of the Holy Father.

The members of the conference were unanimous in expressing the wish that the League of Nations ultimately appeal to the Pope, and thereby secure the assistance of the highest moral authority in the world. The orators availed themselves of this opportunity to recall the public tribute paid to the universal authority of the Holy See, in the report presented before the French Chamber on the subject of the resumption of relations with the Vatican.

Some speakers laid great stress on Cardinal Gibbons' statement in favor of the League of Nations.

#### RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED

Governing principles having been agreed upon, practical resolutions were then passed as follows:

1. A meeting shall be called, every year, for the study, among Catholics, of various international questions, such, for instance, as international labor legislation, immigration regulation, national and international protection of Missions.
2. Scholars, theologians and professors are requested to study, collect and publish the teachings of the Fathers of the Church, and of the different Councils and Popes, on the law of nations and fraternity among peoples.
3. Catholic universities should organize the teaching of international Christian Law (a professorship was already in existence at

Louvain, another one has been created this year at Paris), and these plans should be built on a broad scale.

4. Catholic scholars shall be invited to participate in great numbers in the annual conference.

5. The Holy Father shall be respectfully asked to appoint a correspondent in the Vatican for the International Union of Study. The headquarters of the Union is to be located at Louvain, No. 1 Rue des Flamands. The office of the secretary will be filled by the Rev. Harnignic, Professor of Moral Philosophy at the Catholic University.

#### HOLY FATHER'S XMAS GREETING

The Press and Publicity department of the National Catholic Welfare Council has received by cable from His Holiness, Pope Benedict XV, the following Christmas greeting to the Catholic newspapers, to the faithful, and to the whole American people:

With the utmost satisfaction we take the opportunity of the approach of sweet Christmas time to send our paternal greetings to the newspapers adherent to the National Catholic Welfare Council of the United States of America, through them to the faithful, and to the whole American people.

We heartily wish that the said newspapers, under the wise and paternal guidance of the Episcopate, may develop ever more widely their action for the good of the people and the defense of the patrimony of doctrine and charity held by the Catholic Church for the benefit of humanity.

Well acquainted with the serious purposes of American Catholics and their devotion towards this Apostolic See, while we send to them our paternal benediction we express the wish that their activity in the fertile field of the press may bear ever more abundant fruits and, like the Evangelical mustard seed, grow into a strong and mighty tree which under the shadow of its branches will gather all the souls thirsting after truth, all the hearts heaving for the good.

BENEDICT XV, P. M.

#### CARDINAL O'CONNELL'S MESSAGE

SAYS CHRIST CHILD STILL LEADS THE WORLD ON CHRISTMAS

Over nineteen hundred years ago, in a cave in the heart of the hills of Bethlehem, Mary, the Mother of God, "brought forth her first-born and wrapped Him in swaddling clothes and laid Him in a manger." The Word was made flesh and came to dwell amongst us. The heavens shone with glory and resounded with the song of angel choirs. A few shepherds, to whom the Angel of the Lord had announced tidings of great joy, knelt in reverence to the Saviour of mankind. Heaven and earth were united in the angelic message of "Peace on earth to men of good will."

To the Infant Christ, in the humility of the manger, the shepherds gave full possession of their hearts for they were the children of God. The Little Child of Bethlehem came to His own and His own gladly received Him. There was no room for Him in the inn at Bethlehem, but there was welcome, peace and adoration in the hearts of those who had been awaiting the fulfillment of the Word of the Prophet.

Pity, indeed, it were, if that welcome, peace and adoration were but for a day, and that Bethlehem should grow cold to the hearts of men. But the coming of the Christ Child was not to be in vain. The Infant in swaddling clothes was to warm for all time the hearts of those who would but follow Him.

Down through the course of the centuries the host of shepherds multiplied and each recurring Christmas found at the crib of Bethlehem the increasing homage of a joyful world. The love of Christ was to endure forever for the gates of hell could not prevail against it. Man could not but surrender his heart to Him who was to bring redemption. Satan and the powers of darkness waged a constant war, and though at times victory seemed about to set upon their banners, the "light that shines in the darkness" has blinded and scattered them.

In our own time the world has felt the shock of Satan's cohorts. For a time she seemed stunned—hated, disension and envy appeared about to crush her, but once again she is turning her face toward Bethlehem and is picking up and weaving the threads of Christian charity and fraternal co-operation that once she may put on the mantle of her Creator.

May the coming Christmas bring to humanity a lasting recognition of the only hope of salvation and a complete conversion to "The Way, the Truth and the Life."

On Christmas the Christ Child is leading, it is the day of incarnate love, the day that has made us brethren in Christ, the day which fills our hearts with the peace of Heaven. That peace, and peace alone, has left the impress of true happiness on the world throughout the long long years. It will never fail to warm the hearts of the children of light and to be to them an inspiration and a benediction.

With the utmost satisfaction we take the opportunity of the approach of sweet Christmas time to send our paternal greetings to the newspapers adherent to the National Catholic Welfare Council of the United States of America, through them to the faithful, and to the whole American people.

#### CARDINAL GIBBONS' XMAS MESSAGE

SEES NEW LIGHT PIERCING THE DARKNESS OF THE AGE

We ought to rejoice particularly on this Christmas occasion because once again is the world reminded that Jesus Christ, our Saviour and our God, became man for our sakes, and lived for us, and worked for us, and thought for us, and prayed for us—and for us arose again from the grave, triumphant over pain and sorrow and failure and death, and ascended into Eternal Life, tracing His pathway for all of us.

We should thank Him and praise Him for that He shows us not only the safe way through the perils and miseries of time unto the bliss of everlasting joy, but also for that He points out the way whereby we may find a way through the crowding and baffling problems of the age and arrive at a just and stable condition of civilization here and now.

"Peace upon earth to all men of good will" was the message of the herald angels who announced His coming, and that promise has never failed, will never fail, and cannot fail for God's words are creative Truth.

God will it is which is the condition of peace upon earth; good will is the substance of the Christian religion on its human side; and good will means a true willingness to be just, and to be charitable. Justice and Charity are the twin pillars of Christian civilization. They are set up in the hearts and the minds and the souls of Christ's followers, and if Christians are true to the principles of Justice and Charity they will leave the whole world with the spirit of Christ; they will reflect the light of Christ throughout the earth; and will accomplish their own great duty in life, namely, to love the Lord God and His children, their fellow men.

Let us rejoice that the Great War's terrible aftermath of private sorrow and public calamity shows signs of being lessened, and that the light of hope may be discerned through the darkness of the age. Particular joy in our own dear land do we perceive in the fact that it is we who are to be inspired by what we extend its blessings to other nations less favored by Almighty God. I face our future not only without apprehension, but with unshaken faith in American institutions because these are based upon the message of Christianity.

#### GOOD TIDINGS

Feelings of depression and despondency almost akin to despair rest like a heavy incubus upon humanity. Fear and dread of evils unknown and never before encountered on so large a scale, harass the mind and hinder the emergence of the world. So much had been promised and so little was delivered that individuals and nations were distinctly disappointed. Disappointment is always hard to bear. With the price of the world's wealth and woman's tears and soldier blood, so generously offered as a sacrifice on the altar of altruism for the world's redemption, we had hoped to bring about universal regeneration. Alas, man are as self-seeking as they have always been. Greed dominates individuals and nations. Rarely is there preached, and still more rarely practiced, that fundamental law of human well-being, as basic law of Christianity: "Love thy neighbor as thyself."

But dark as is the outlook, great as is the disillusionment of humanity, hope springs eternal in the human breast and that hope is not in vain when founded on Him who declared: "Behold, I am with you all days, even to the end of the world." He commanded the winds and the sea and there came a great calm. Down the long vista of almost two thousand anniversaries, there comes to us in sweet Christmas time the oft-repeated but always welcome song of the angel: "Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy that shall be to all the world; for this day is to you a Saviour born."

Sweet Babe of Bethlehem teach us Thy humility, Thy docility, Thy love of man, Thy desire for man's welfare, Thy willingness to sacrifice all in order that man may be saved. Guided by Thee, the world's Saviour we shall not go astray, for Thou art the "Way." Taught by Thee we shall not be in the wrong; for Thou art the "Truth." Living like Thee we shall have life at its highest and best; for Thou art the "Life." "Glory to God in the highest; on earth: peace to men of good will." This we pray.—The Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

#### CATHOLIC NOTES

The Holy Father has nominated Mgr. Pizzardo, under secretary of the Congregation of Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs, Nuncio Apostolic to Roumania.

Prince George Margaritescu Greciano, member of a high family of Bessarabian boyards, was baptized and received the Holy Eucharist for the first time in the Abbey of Argueville in Savoy. The Abbe, Right Dom Marie, received the prince into the Church.

On Monday, Nov. 8, according to a cable dispatch from Berne, the capital of Switzerland, Monsignor Magliana, the papal nuncio, pronounced his credentials. This was the official resumption of diplomatic relations between the Vatican and Switzerland.

Brussels, Dec. 2.—The Catholic Hierarchy of Belgium has sent a collective letter to the Irish Bishops declaring that Belgian clergy share in the anguish and unconquerable hope of Irish Catholics, and announcing a subscription for them. The Bishops of Belgium personally gave 21,000 francs.

The election to the office of the mayors in Great Britain is not done directly by the votes of the citizens, but by the board of aldermen. Hence, it is known some time ahead who will be appointed to office. The borough of Lambeth, famous for Protestant conferences, in South London, is to have a Catholic mayor, Alderman Bishop.

Glasgow, Nov. 16.—A party of archaeologists who have been searching for some time in the Isle of Riga, in Loch Sunart, for prehistoric relics, have discovered what is believed to be a sacred site of a date long before Christian influence hereabouts. The rock sculpturing of the priestly leaders of long past ages have been found, and the lines of the walls of their homes and temples have been traced. The excavations reveal rows of black circular spots where uprights stood.

New York, Dec. 1.—The one hundred and thirty-fifth anniversary of the laying of the corner-stone of New York's first Catholic Church was celebrated last Sunday at St. Peter's Church, Barclay and Church Street. At the time St. Peter's was built in 1785, New York was chiefly Dutch and English in character and not only not Catholic, but decidedly anti-Catholic in its tendencies. However, the aid given America by Catholic France had a great deal to do with removing the prejudices of the day. The Spanish minister officiated at the laying of the corner stone.

Toulon, France, Nov. 21.—A religious confraternity of French naval officers with headquarters at Toulon has now spread from Constantinople to Copenhagen, where the French fleet is stationed. The fraternity has for its object the perfection of its members by means of the interior life and the love of God. Every member offers Communion once a month for the members of the confraternity. A monthly bulletin is sent to all the members and in every group a weekly meeting is held for prayer in common followed by conferences on the truths of Catholic faith and the spiritual life.

London, Nov. 25.—Four Catholic Mayors have been elected to office by various municipal councils. One of those so elected is a lady, a Mrs. Chapman, who becomes Mayor of Nomanburst, a little town on the south coast of England. The borough of Lambeth, south of Westminster, the town of Sudbury, in Suffolk, has elected its first Catholic mayor since the Reformation. The Mayor of Sudbury is an army officer with a distinguished military career of some forty-four years, Major-General, who in addition to his civic duties finds time to serve the daily Mass in the town of which he is chief magistrate. Major-General's first predecessor to the mayoral chair was installed in the year 1820.

The Catholics are proud to be able to number among their ranks the most brilliant orator of the French Chamber—M. Louis Guibal, batonier of the Montpellier baristers, whose genius is held almost to equal that of the late Albert de Man, whose eloquence heretofore was regarded as peerless. The great quality of several eminent members of the Catholic group have brought them to the fore both in Parliament and in the State. One of them, M. LeFebvre du Prey, is now vice-president of the chamber. The president of the Army Commission is General de Castelnau, the president and the vice-president of the Labor and Social Problems Commission are professors in the Catholic Institute of Paris. Finally, M. Isaac, a Catholic deputy of Lyon, and the president of the Catholics "Ouvriers" of that great industrial city, is the editor of the Catholic newspaper, La Croix. M. Louis Dubois, is now president over the Commission of Reparations established by virtue of the Treaty of Versailles.

THREE DAUGHTERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM

BY MRS. INNES BROWN

CHAPTER XVI.—CONTINUED

"All are busy enjoying themselves," thought the girl; "no one will miss me. Surely I may visit Our Blessed Lord and see Him that, though so merry and gay, yet we have not forgotten Him."

The little white figure flew swiftly along the long corridors, up the easy flight of stairs, and soon stood at the heavy oaken door of the chapel. All was still and quiet here. She paused to recover breath, and by the faint light near glanced once more over her programme.

It was all right. In the dim distance, as it were, she could hear the merry sound of music, and could detect that the same dance was still being prolonged, and yet she had the next one at liberty; then the one after that had a single "R" against it. Marie colored deeply as she realized how often on her card that single "R" occurred.

With both hands she pushed open the heavy door, and then entered the silent chapel. All sound of the music and revelry ceased as the door closed behind her.

It was very sweet to kneel there alone and give and consecrate to God the first moments of the New Year, and the girl felt extremely happy as she prayed earnestly for blessings on all those she loved so well.

She longed faintly but certain streams of light fell across the little stream, and Marie felt assured that the door had been opened, and that she was not alone. A tall manly form attired in military court costume moved quietly and slowly up the aisle, then stood with folded arms and bursting heart, gazing longingly and sadly at the little white vision before him.

On Lord Reginald's face were plainly depicted lines of the keenest misery and suffering. "Alas! I knew too well that he was hopelessly in love with Marie. He felt that without her constant help and companionship he could not live, and yet as he gazed upon her his conscience smote him bitterly.

What right had he to call this fair young flower from God's sanctuary? Had she not given herself entirely to Him? and had he not the prior claim? But why—oh, why—struggle as he might against it—why have she thus willed that his whole heart should have gone out to this girl, as he knew it had done? What was life to him now without her? And yet it must not be. Heaven itself appeared to have raised an insurmountable barrier between them, and he dared not try to force it down. No; he must bear his sorrow alone.

"O God, have pity on me!" he murmured, and his head sank lower upon his chest.

At that moment Marie turned her head; she guessed too well who was standing near, and in an imperative yet almost playful whisper she demanded, "How is this, sir knight? You have not yet paid your respects to Our Lady."

Lord Reginald strode hastily to a seat in front of her, but upon the opposite side of the aisle, and dropping upon his knees, buried his face in both hands, whilst big sobbing sobs shook his whole frame. Poor Marie was deeply moved and sorely troubled. She knew instinctively that she possessed wonderful power to soothe him, yet she argued, "Alas! dare I use it? Have I any right to do so?" Her kind heart as usual got the better of her scruples, and leaving her seat, she crossed over to where the young Lord knelt.

"What is the matter, Reginald? Do not fret so. I cannot bear to see it," she said kindly, laying her hand gently upon his shoulder. But at these words the sobs appeared to increase, and she heard him say— "O God, help me! I cannot endure it any longer." He did not look up at her, but took the little hand in his and pressed it to his lips. "Forgive me, if you can, just this once, Marie; but I have to face a life long trial, and, alas! I lack the courage and grace to do so."

"Can I not help you? Will you not tell me what it is?" she asked, so faintly that he scarce caught her words.

"Yes; come to the private entrance, I will tell you there. It will comfort me to think that you know, for you will then pray for me in the years to come."

He rose with more determination, and, taking her by the hand, led her outside the door into a broad arched way which led from a long passage straight into the private part of the chapel. A solitary light gleamed from a bracket on the opposite side of the passage, and played upon the rich gold lace on the young soldier's uniform, and lit up the silvery sheen of the little maiden's dress. Never had she looked more beautiful. In fact no framed picture of a young girl in courtly knight in all that abode looked more handsome or more winsome than did the young Lord Reginald and his little companion, as they stood side by side in that arched and gilded entrance.

He took both her trembling hands in his, and, looking down sadly and tenderly upon her, said, "Before I venture to tell you the cause of my grief, I entreat your pity and forgiveness. Marie, resting assured that however unjustly you may condemn my conduct now, in the years to come your kind heart

will pardon and exonerate me. Then be patient with me. Nay, do not start when I tell you that you, and you alone, are the cause of my lifelong sorrow; for I love and revere you, dearest Marie, with all my heart and soul! Nay, bear with me and hear me out—for Marie had withdrawn her hands from his, and sprung in evident terror from his side.

"Oh, not me! not me! Surely you cannot mean me!" she implored, in accents of unfeigned alarm. "What have I done that you dare to say this to me?"

"In justice and mercy to me bear me out," he cried. "God knows how much I have already suffered. Do not add to my burden by spurning me from you thus. Listen. I will never entreat nor implore you to bestow upon me what you deem belongs to God alone. But love you I cannot help, and never shall I love another as I do you, sweet Marie. But oh! if in the years to come you should discover that you have made a mistake; that God has not called you to that high destiny to which you aspire; that He has other designs, other work for you on earth, remember that there is one true and faithful heart who longs for your love, your help, your companionship, who values not existence without you. Remember also that by my side there is work for you to do, that as my wife you could accomplish much, very much, good, and I vow that none other shall ever fill that place."

Lord Reginald, said the girl, greatly agitated, "you must not speak to me like this, neither should I listen to you. You have taken advantage of my sympathy for your sorrow, knowing well that had I guessed for one instant the cause of your pain and grief, never should I have desired you to explain it to me."

"I know that full well," he answered mournfully, and you see totally innocent and free from all blame, and yet I hoped that you would forgive me. Have I wounded your kind heart so much and erred beyond forgiveness this time, dear Marie?"

No reply came from the closed lips, nor were the drooping lids raised ever so little, only a deep sigh escaped her, and Reginald gained courage.

"Unknown to you, Marie, you carry about with you this evening a talisman that—had I not known you as I do—might have raised my hopes and given me more confidence. Well I know it was placed there by the hands of a fond parent, who, though she erred in doing so, thinks almost more of my happiness than of her own."

"What can you mean?" she inquired hurriedly. "I wish a talisman of hope for any man?"

"That necklace, Marie; it was never yet worn by any one save by the wife or promised bride of a De Woodville. Nay, do not break it," he cried, seeing the girl seize the pearls as though to dash them from her. "They are of great value, and their history is a sad one, for many times have the tears of royalty fallen upon them. Elizabeth, mother of the poor young prince so cruelly smothered in the Tower, presented them to our family."

"And pray is every one aware of the conditions upon which they are worn?" demanded Marie, with some indignation in her tone.

"Far from it, I do assure you. It has always been a purely private wish of the family, and I am sure that both my parents know of but one whom they wish or deem fit to wear them. Certainly I will take them off if you wish it, but continue, neither will I vex nor trouble you more; but remember, Marie, that during my lifetime one alone shall ever wear them again."

He unclasped them gently from her fair throat, and ere he consigned them to his pocket, looked intently at them, and, as though speaking to them, he continued in a low tone: "Many eyes have gazed upon you, some filled with bitter grief, many with heartfelt joy; but never, never again shall mine look upon you until the hour arrives in which you may reappear to me from whence you have but now been spared."

Marie feigned not to hear, but in a troubled, plaintive voice requested to be led back to the ball-room.

He kindly but gently drew her arm once more through his, and as they walked along he whispered, "Perhaps before this new year has run its last hours out you may be able to forgive me the indiscretion I have committed during the first few moments of it?"

Still no answer. Marie but bent her head lower; she felt stunned, overpowered, her senses troubled, her face was crimson as if with burning shame, and her breathing felt short and difficult. Oh, what ought she to say? Why did her usually clear, quiet mind seem so suddenly clouded? Why was her heart so filled with perplexed and mingled feelings as not to be able to determine which was uppermost? Of course she was angry—dreadfully angry—that Reginald, of all people, should have dared to speak to her as he had done. And yet how gentlemanly and kind had been his words and manner; how unselfishly he had told her of his love—simply acknowledged it, and claimed nothing in return. Surely he had been full of consideration for her. And she—well, and almost infinite pity seemed to well up in her heart for him, which was not lessened as the night wore on and she noted how bravely and generously he acted his part, allowing no one to guess at his hopeless sorrow which lay locked in his own heart.

During the following day Lord Reginald appeared to avoid Marie. She was aware that he did it for her own sake, and tried to feel grateful to him for it; but, alas! his heart was not always under our own control, and it was with a pang of almost scorch that she heard the Earl address him thus on the second evening after the ball— "Are you obliged to leave us so soon, Regie? I am sorry not to have seen more of you, my boy."

"I also am grieved, father, but fear I must go," he answered slowly. "They appear to think at headquarters that my time of leave has already extended long enough. It has passed all too quickly—like a dream, in fact, to me."

Marie felt that as he spoke he turned and looked towards her, but for the life of her she dared not raise her eyes from her book, lest the tell-tale colour should betray her, and convey to him the sorrow she really felt at the news of his sudden departure; so seizing the first opportunity she left the room.

"I shall leave early in the morning, even before you are up," said Reginald a few hours later, as he stood near the door of his sister's boudoir and wished Marie good-night. "Do we part as friends, Marie?"

"We do," said the girl in a low tone, raising her eyes bright with tears to his, for she felt she was driving him from his home, and— "I will never forget you in my prayers—never!"

"God bless you now and always, dearest Marie; whether I die in peace at home or on the dreary field of battle, the bright memory of the one pure, good girl that I have met shall ever be my shield and buckler. Farewell, then, until God wills that we should meet again. Once more he gallantly raised her hand to his lips, and with one long last look was gone.

Reluctantly, but forcibly, the girl withdrew her tear-dimmed eyes from the vision of that tall receding form, and turning into her own room, which was in darkness, she closed the door firmly behind her, and groping her way to the window, drew the handsome curtains to one side and gazed with a sigh of relief upon the faithful and steady light opposite.

"Sweet little flame!" she whispered; "more true, more steadfast than my poor heart, you burn with a rare and gentle constancy, whilst strange and contending feelings tear asunder my poor unstable heart! Then clasping her hands tightly together, she cried with passionate earnestness, "Teach me to do Thy will, my God!—Thine, and Thine alone."

Ab, Marie! for the first time in your life you have uttered that prayer without the least thought of feeling of self.

TO BE CONTINUED

LED BY A LITTLE CHILD

By A. Raybould, in Ave Maria

It was Christmas Eve. Charles Roland pushed aside his books. Study was beginning to pall on him. Wisdom is an exasperating mistress, and the ante-chambers leading to her royal presence seemed on that day to be full of a particularly stressful atmosphere.

Charles went over to the window and looked out. The snowflakes drifted steadily through the bare trees in the square, opposite his window, and fell softly on the pavement before the house. Two or three poor children, oblivious apparently of the dazzling influx of their scanty clothing, were talking with childlike earnestness near the open door. One, a little girl, five or six years old, was clasping a tawdry dressed doll. To the two baby boys by her side, innocent of the mother's instinct to which such ecstasy might be due, who surveyed critically enough the object of her adoration, she too appeared to offer unthoughtful victims of play and pleasure.

Charles looked down and smiled. The little scene was not without its humanizing effect; and it brought back to his mind with a rush many things which he had forgotten, among others that it was Christmas Eve. Gazing out at the snowflakes and down at the children playing under his window, he reflected rather bitterly that Christmas held no meaning for him anyway. He was an exile and alone, and to give or to receive presents was a joy he could not hope to share. He had drifted away from family and friends, he had also drifted away from his childhood's faith; yet the thought of Christmas now recalled memories which he could not lightly set aside—recalled the need of human sympathy and human kindness, made him feel acutely the necessity of taking some human being to his heart, or of sharing with some fellow creature that love of his kind which, in spite of all his sophistication, had not quite died out of his heart.

Charles put on his hat and great coat and went out. The children he had watched from the window had disappeared, but he knew other children would be easy to find. The words, "and a little child shall lead them," kept repeating themselves in his mind, without any conscious acquiescence on his part; though he knew himself to be now in search of a little child.

He walked on towards the church and the schools, and looked at his watch to see if it was past the time when the schools would discharge

their inmates. No, it still wanted a quarter of an hour to the appointed time. He walked slowly towards the girls' school. In the porch the Cure was waiting. Charles knew the appearance well enough. The Cure, belonging as he did to the meek of the land, waited patiently, something even of a smile upon his russet face. Charles took note of the old man's kindly expression, it was childlike, and it was pleasant.

Charles did not like priests; he particularly objected to their meekness and good-will. But at that moment the patient figure standing in the porch, waiting evidently to surprise the children by some act or word of kindness, fell in with the young man's passing humor, and seemed to be part of a desired fitness of things.

He walked up to the priest. "Monsieur le Cure," he said, "when the children come out, will you let me have the very poorest of the lot, just for an hour or so? I promise to take good care of her."

The Cure's eyes wandered over Charles' face with one shrewd glance which left him apparently satisfied. "At that moment the school doors opened and the children came tumbling out in mad disorder, like a stream of water which had broken its dam, and was free to flow where it would. The Cure stood aside, but he watched the children. He knew personally every unit in that motley whole. Presently he seized one child and separated her from her companions; then another and another, until a little group remained in the porch with Charles and the priest.

"Make your choice, sir," said the Cure. "You are not the only one who has designs on these youngsters today. Providence is always very busy in their behalf at Christmas time."

Charles looked at the children, and, as many a man in his place would have done, chose the prettiest—a dark-eyed, curly-headed mite of six, who, in her dingy, threadbare coat and faded cap, and broken shoes and stockings, was still a pleasant object to look upon. Charles thought with pleasure of the transformation which could be effected in her appearance by pretty clothes.

The child trotted by his side, quite unabashed by her sudden change of circumstances; and, taking it for granted that the young man was to be her special providence that day, expressed to him with frank simplicity all the desires nearest to her heart.

"And a doll to open and shut its eyes, and with pink clothes to come off—real clothes with buttons and things."

"A nature baby?" suggested Charles, vainly trying to remember where he had got hold of the terms or its significance.

"No! Me like a real doll, with a nice face, and blue eyes and yellow hair."

She was evidently an epicure in dolls. Well, you can choose for yourself. But first you must come and have a bath."

"I'm not dirty."

"But a nice, warm bath," said Charles, soothingly; "and your hair curled—"

"And tied with blue ribbon? Den I won't mind the bath."

He gave the child in charge to one of the bathing women at the public baths, and then went his way, with the intention of procuring a complete outfit for his protégée.

He took the child's hand and she started on a tour of inspection of the shops. He was altogether indifferent now about meeting his fellow-students or anyone else. The child looked as if she might really be a cousin or any kind of conventional relative. The young man felt proud of his little companion; she, still prouder of her newly found protector, bounded gaily by his side, chattering unceasingly all the time, as if the bliss of the occasion needed an overflow of words.

Her imagination had evidently never strayed beyond the merest necessities of life, or such luxuries as a few pence could procure. Charles' generosity appeared to her the wildest prodigality, and she sought to restrain him. Only on one point was she exacting—that of the doll, which was to be her own particular possession; a doll with blue eyes, a pink dress, and yellow hair. The exact shade of the hair presented a difficulty; but at last she was fully satisfied.

"And it's my own—my very own, forever and forever? And Marie is not to take it away from me?"

"No; but Marie must have something, too—something for herself. What would she like?"

"Marie would like a book—a big book with lots of stories in it; and then she can read the stories to me. Oh, it'll be lovely!"

"And you will let her play with your doll sometimes?"

"Yes, pwaps on Sundays after catechism, and nights when we have a fire. Den we's awfy good and quiet, 'cause mother goes to sleep."

The book was bought, and some other things—for mother and father, and Aunt Louise, and even the baby. At last when Charles and his little companion had ended their purchases, he asked her where she lived.

"Oh, it's not far from the church! Won't you come to see me when you come on Sundays?"

Charles did not tell her that he did not go to Mass on Sundays or any other day; but she seemed to have some misgivings on the subject for she repeated her invitation.

"Yes, I'll come to see you. But you must go home now."

She saddened visibly, and trotted on in silence by his side.

"Everything stops," she said at last. "I want something that keeps on all the time. Dees things stop up in heaven, too?"

"You mean do things come to an end in heaven? No; in heaven things last forever and ever."

"Don I want to go to heaven; and I want you to go, too! Don't you want to go to heaven?" Charles blushed and hesitated.

"I believe I do now for your sake, girlie."

"And you'll come to the Crib tomorrow! Oh, it's lovely! Lots of ligats and flowers and things! And the little Infant Jesus—oh, He's so wunful! You'll come to see Him, won't you?"

They had reached the dingy street, and at the door of one of its poorest houses the child stopped.

"I lives here, up at the top of that big house where you see the clothes drying in his window."

"Then I must say goodbye here, but I'll come to see you."

"You'll come soon—very soon? And you won't forget the Crib tomorrow, will you?"

He transferred the parcels from his arms to those of the child. She could hardly hold them all. As he stooped to kiss her, her eyes filled with tears.

"I'll come very soon," he promised.

"And you'll come to the Crib tomorrow? Yes, perhaps—"

"Say really, truly!"

"Yes, I'll come."

She brightened at once.

The little Jesus will give you lots of presents, she whispered.

"I'll ask Him, 'cause I's got nothing to give you any more."

He watched her toiling up the dusty stairway of the wretched house. Halfway up she turned to call a last adieu; and he saw her sweetness—a flower fresh from the hand of God, blossoming in the midst of decay and dirt and ugliness. And he thanked Heaven for that flower which seemed to have sprung up along life's dusty highroad just for him.

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In the Country of Jesus

Catholic Record LONDON, ONT.

atheist, I practically a parvert. But when our child was born and he refused to have it baptized my slumbering faith began to rebel. One night I came from the theater, after a grand success, to find my child dead—and unbaptized! That was my last appearance. I became ill; he would not let me return to the stage—and here I am.

"But does he not relent?"

"On the contrary, he is more insistent. I argued at last, finally gave it up, and am now settled down into an obedient, loving wife."

"But your soul, Alice."

"Never at peace, Josie, and that is why I am going back to the stage. My voice is better than ever, and it will give me something to think about. But I detain you. I will ask my husband, though I fear he will refuse."

She ascended the stairs slowly, thinking deeply and formulating her argument. Dr. Johnson was reading when she entered his study, but quickly laid aside his book, as if to conceal it.

"Oh, it's you, Alice. You startled me."

"And now I will startle you still more. Mrs. Dillon, my old convent companion—you remember our charming hostess at Naples—comes to press me to sing."

"Sing where, Alice?"

"At St. Jerome's church."

"Roman Catholic, of course."

"Yes."

"You know, dear, I do not approve of such things. How can you desire to mingle with such people?"

"You are so proud, Herbert, and this is the season of humility."

"Of humility?"

"Yes, it is the season of the Babe of Bethlehem." She wondered at her boldness as she spoke. "It is Christmas, when all differences should be forgotten. Herbert, may I not ask a small favor from you now?"

"For this one, Alice, yes. I see you are still sighing for Egypt. You may tell Mrs. Dillon yes."

She could scarcely believe her ears. Was he relenting? Or was it the presence in his house of Mrs. Dillon and the fear that he would seem bigoted? She could not tell. She only knew that hitherto he had railed at God and religion as hypocrites, and now—she could not explain it, but a smile was forced upon her face as she rejoined Mrs. Dillon.

To Alice Johnson it was the most beautiful Christmas morning she had seen for many years. She was in feeling a girl again as she stood waiting for the car to take her to church. It seemed to Dr. Johnson as he came down the stairs that she had never looked so beautiful, so happy, since the gala night at the Metropolitan when a great city gave homage to the American nightingale.

"I wish you a great success this morning, Alice. The revelation will come from the wrong part of the church today."

"Thank you, Herbert, but revelations do not come from sinners."

"I do not so classify you."

"But I do; a Catholic who is false to her conscience can hardly be called a saint."

He laughed, but there was no ring of merriment in the sound.

"These are serious thoughts for a merry Christmas, Alice. But really your voice will astonish them today. I'd like to see your triumph."

"Why not come, then?" she asked, timidly.

"It's against my principles, dear. But here's your car. Good-by."

He stood at the door till the car disappeared down the long driveway. Then he returned to his study, and again took up the book that fascinated him. It was Father Faber's "Bethlehem."

"Whatever Marx told me to read this for, it beats me," he said to himself, "yet I confess I am interested. What should she say if she knew that two atheists like Marx and myself are reading pious literature? Well, it's peculiar." He read on from where he had stopped when his wife came to make her strange request, but his heart was running after a car, bearing to a despoiled temple all that he held dear. In vain he tried to be interested in the book, and after a little while he dropped it, and summoning a servant, asked:

"Has Jones returned from the church yet? Yes? Well, tell him to drive around for me. 'Adeste Fideles'—unconsciously he sang the old hymn as he prepared to go out.

"To St. Jerome's church."—"Yes," he repeated to the man who stood amazed, doubting if he heard aright. "Can't a man go to church if he wants to?" But he was forced to smile when he entered the car, as he recalled the expression on the chauffeur's face.

No one noticed the wealthy Dr. Johnson as he took a seat in the last pew; he did not come to court notice, and besides he would have a better vantage ground to observe the effect of his wife's solo. He sat stolidly while others knelt, an unintentionally cynical smile upon his handsome face at all this apparent mummery and hypocrisy. He smiled as he heard the unmusical voice of the priest—poor Father McGee was never noted for his musical attainments—he sneered at the efforts of the small choir to render Gounod's great Mass, he thought the sermon long and tedious, yet he was conscious of little till the offertory, and then he was all attention, for she was singing.

It was the "Holy Night," with the Latin words which old Lustrini had arranged to the beautiful melody. It was her voice, beautifully sweet as

ever, and yet so unlike. There was a sentiment in it, a passion there he had never heard before. He had heard her in opera, on the concert stage, and he had wondered at her talent. Then it was the voice of an artist, but here in the little church it seemed like the voice of an angel, with a joy, a pathos beyond description. A sigh escaped from him as the last notes died away; he was trembling, he knew not why. Her voice had gone down into his soul with a pleading, a touch of heart-break in it that filled him with a dread, a fear lest he had been unjust to her, unjust to himself, unjust to the dead child, in all his pride of life, in his disdain of such common notions as the responsibility of a creature. He smiled at his thoughts, but there was no longer a sneer upon his lips as the bell of the Sanctus sounded, and he knelt with the others to await the great Mystery.

Dr. Johnson paced up and down the vestibule of the church after the congregation had dispersed. He had been oblivious of the glances of the happy throng that had passed him as he sat in the last pew, wondering at his own heart and all that had transpired there within the last hour. He was waiting for her, as impatient to see her as if they had been separated for years. Yet she did not come. She had not gone home, for the car was still outside. He would go for her and surprise her. He ascended the dark stairway quietly. Yes, she was there. She was kneeling with her head bowed on her hands, and—! It smote his heart to see it she was weeping.

"Alice."

The woman started at the half-whispered sound, and looked in astonishment at her husband, who came nearer and took her trembling hand in his.

"Alice!" There was an inexpressible tenderness in his voice. "You are weeping—why?" "For all the past, Herbert, for the peace of Christ. He has brought me here today. He demands my heart. You won't take away this peace from me?"

"God forbid, Alice, for that peace is mine, too. Do not question me. I can't explain it. I only know that I was blind and now I see. Come, let us thank Him for it."

And, united indeed, a man and a woman knelt in the place where but a few moments before a woman had sung like an angel.—The Monitor.

**GROPING IN THE DARK**

The Fortnightly Review of November 15, after giving a short sketch of an international congress of philosophy recently held at Oxford and stated, with the London Universe, that a great progress was noticeable among the scholars from the atheism and materialism of twenty years ago to views more in conformity with religion, dismissed the subject with this remark: "It is a pity that sincere men should thus grope in the dark, but it is a matter of thanksgiving that they are even growing."

"This groping in the dark, characteristic of non-Catholic philosophy on a growing scale ever since the Reformation, is owing to the extinction of some very important lights. The first light extinguished was the teaching authority of the Catholic Church, the second the divine inspiration of Holy Scripture.

"But what has the denial of the Church and of the Bible to do with the fate of philosophy? Is not philosophy a science of the natural order depending on the light of reason alone? It is true, indeed, that philosophy is concerned with truth of the natural order and expects us to accept none of its conclusions on faith, but at the same time its subject matter is both beyond the horizon of the senses and happens to coincide, to a large extent, with the domain of knowledge that appears in full splendor in the light of Revelation. Those philosophers, therefore, who shut out the light of Revelation are like men who attempt to decipher a difficult manuscript in the light of the moon while they might have the use of the light of the sun. Is it astonishing that, under such untoward circumstances, they are making mistakes or are hesitating when no mistakes or no hesitations have no misgivings at all?"

Besides, if these modern philosophers merely ignored the light of Revelation their plight would be bad enough. For is it not a pitiful handicap to be compelled to work in the twilight when you might have at your disposal the flashing light of day? But the real tragedy of the situation lies in this that these philosophers have a positive distrust of the teachings of Revelation and pervasively believe that they must find the truth in a different direction. Hence they are worse off than the old pagan philosophers who had an open mind for all truth and no antagonism against a divine revelation to lead them on a false track in their researches. And, as a matter of fact, we find much more sense and much less nonsense in Plato and Aristotle than in the average modern philosopher.

However, it is gratifying to notice that these philosophers are beginning to realize the bankruptcy of their philosophy. May we not, perhaps, discern in their former aberrations and their gradual return to the truth the working of that Divine Providence which St. Paul unveils before our astonished eyes in his Epistle to the Romans? God left both the unbelieving Gentiles and unbelieving Jews to themselves that in their voluntary estrangement from

God they might find out, by sad experience, their proper insufficiency, and thus become disposed the more sincerely to return to their God.—S. in The Guardian.

**A DESIRE**

Oh, to have dwelt in Bethlehem  
When the star of the Lord shone  
To have sheltered the holy wanderer  
To have kissed the tender wayward  
On that blessed Christmas night;  
To have kissed the tender wayward  
To have tended the Holy Child!  
Hush! such a glory was not for  
thee;  
But that care may still be thine;  
For are there not little ones still to  
aid

For the sake of the Child divine?  
Are there no wandering Pilgrims  
now,  
To thy heart and thy home to take?  
And are there no mothers whose  
weary hearts  
You can comfort for Mary's sake?  
O to have knelt at Jesus' feet,  
And to have learnt this heavenly  
lore!  
To have listened the gentle lessons  
He taught  
On the mountain, and sea, and  
shore!  
While the rich and the mighty knew  
Him not,  
To have meekly done His will—  
Hush! for the worldly reject Him  
yet,  
You can serve and love Him still.  
Time cannot silence His mighty  
words,  
And though ages have fled away,  
His gentle accents of love divine  
Speak to your soul today.

O to have soled the weeping one  
Whom the righteous dared despise!  
To have tenderly bound up her scathed  
head,  
And have dried her tearful eyes!  
Hush! there are broken hearts to  
soothe,  
And penitent tears to dry,  
While Magdalen prays for you and  
them,  
From her home in the starry sky.  
O to have followed the mournful  
way  
Of those faithful few forlorn!  
And grace, beyond even an angel's  
hope,  
The Cross for our Lord have borne!  
To have shared in His tender  
mother's grief,  
To have wept at Mary's side, as  
to  
have lived as a child in her home,  
and then  
In her loving care have died!  
Hush! and with reverent sorrow  
still,  
Mary's great anguish share;  
And learn, for the sake of her Son  
divine,  
Thy cross, like His, to bear.  
The sorrows that weigh on thy soul  
unite  
With those which thy Lord has  
borne,  
And Mary will comfort thy dying  
hour,  
Nor leave thy soul forlorn.

O to have seen what we now adore  
And, though veiled to faithless sight,  
To have known, in the form that  
Jesus wore,  
The Lord of Life and Light!  
Hush! for He dwells among us still,  
And a grace can yet be thine,  
Which the scoffer and doubter can  
never know—  
The Presence of the Divine.  
Jesus is with His children yet,  
For His word can never deceive;  
Go where His lowly altar rises  
And worship and believe.

—ADELAIDE A. PROCTER

**THE AGNOSTICISM OF THE PIOUS**

The little ironies of life puzzle the simple minded and give great food to the humorous; but the open and logical contradictions often make the sensitive despair, especially when one finds one's self accepting these contradictions as part of one's temperament and being greatly surprised when they are pointed out. A robust pious, for example, seems to be an American trait. You find piety among men in other countries of course; but I do not think there is any country in the world where you would find a gentleman of great business experience, standing high in what are called "financial circles," not an "intellectual by any means or a "contemplative," telling you that he could not go to the opera on one night a week because he always spent the hour from nine to ten in adoration of the Blessed Sacrament in his parish church in New York!

In France, a man who would say a thing like this would be set down as a bigot; but this man made his excuse as a matter of course and everybody at the table, half of them were non-Catholics, accepted it as a matter which was his own reasonable and legitimate business. In Italy, only a very pious and distinguished noble would have dared do it, and it would have been there set down by the other guests as a suitable expression of a fading traditionalist. In Austria, it might have been done by a very distinguished person, but even there, it would have been looked on as a breach of taste, and rather an unnecessary parading of private devotion. In the United States, the gentleman explained his occupation as a matter of course. It must be admitted that, for one-half of the

guests at the table an announcement that one of them could not go to the opera because he wanted to get up early and chant from the top of a Turkish Mosque would have excited no more interest. Somebody might have asked whether the Mosque was on Fifth Avenue or not, and wonder might have been expressed that the Turks had been so extravagant as to build a house of worship during the present reign of high prices for bricks and mortar!

The gentleman who made this assertion was not one of a small group; he represented much more than a small group of men, who have grown accustomed to take their religion in a public vehicle, or to bleed themselves ostentatiously at a public banquet; but when it comes to announcing part of their daily routine, which means the spending of a certain time in meditation, they do not see the necessity of concealment. It is simply a matter of course with them that at least an hour every day should be given to self-examination and thanksgiving.

All the disciples of the New Thought recommend this practice; the late Mr. Emerson believed it necessary to the interior life. The Rev. Dr. W. T. Manning of Trinity Church, New York, constantly tells the men of business in the downtown districts that the old church is open to them, and looks with approbation on the stream of people who go into St. Peter's in Barclay Street during the noon hour. "And nobody present at this dinner seemed to think that our really pious friend had made any very great sacrifice in declining to open 'Faith' at the Metropolitan, to spend his hour in complete quiet and adoration."

But we Catholics have, as a rule, neither the frankness, the simplicity nor the experience in the world of our friend. For instance, we all believe in the intercession of the Saints, and each of us no doubt has a Saint to whom he has a special inclination. That this special inclination is tinged with a certain indifference is due very largely to the fact that he has been led to believe, through a lack of knowledge of the real value of his Saint, that he does not really sympathize with the present condition. There is an "honest doubt,"—a quality of agnosticism,—as to whether St. Joseph, St. John the Evangelist, or St. Peter really understands modern conditions.

To be frank, one feels a better understanding with Abraham Lincoln or perhaps Alexander Hamilton or, if you are really a good Democrat, Andrew Jackson. Of course, you cannot depend on the celestial assistance of these patriots. There is no Dante to tell you, even in a posthumous sense, just where they are. If you know well the Epistles of St. Paul, you cannot but have a feeling that he is very much down to date; but then St. Paul was so evidently ecclesiastical, he might sympathize with your desire to be a Bishop, and so, you cannot help feeling that, if you are a married man, he merely tolerates you. Of course, this is all wrong, it is not agnostic; but it is, somewhat agnostic. I have always found St. Paul to be a very good friend in need; and if you are going to trust a Saint at all you must remember that he has the documents before him, the real documents, and that he knows more than you do.

Irishmen, as a rule, swear by St. Patrick; there are some of them who seem to think, though they do not confess it, that they ought to have been made Pope; but, it is remarkable that they seldom pray to him. St. Anthony is much more popular than St. Patrick, as a helper and a confessor, and this neglect of the great Irish Saint by the Irish as a person of understanding is probably due to an unexpressed belief that he knows too much about them! An Italian Saint is likely to overlook the character of who the Celtic might not approve, while St. Patrick might doubt is not peculiar to the Irish in their relations to the Saints.

The Welsh pretend to have a great respect for St. David and the Scots will permit no stone to be cast on the benevolence of St. Andrew; but it is notorious that, since the unfortunate appearance of John Knox, they prefer to look at both these patron Saints from a purely academic point of view. In their hearts they distrust these Saints thoroughly, while they claim them, because they were "Romanists"; the English in their relations with St. George are the most blatant agnostics; they are worse than that, they use the symbol of their great and potent Saint merely for spectacular purposes. St. George and St. Andrew and St. David have with the English, the Welsh and the Scots become merely symbolical, fairy princes, though during one of the battles of the World War some G. S. soldiers testified that St. George was more than this.

It is a sign of a kind of agnosticism to look on the word "pious" as applied to a man as a deadly insult;

one may call a man a liar under certain circumstances, and he will not resent it so quickly as if you called him "pious" in public; and yet Virgil and other Latins had a great respect for the term. It ought to be for the honest believer a title of honor and it has probably degenerated in male public opinion because it has come to represent the ideas of people who are devoted to the luxuries of religion, who sometimes consider its necessities, such as the keeping of the fifty-two Sundays, as rather ordinary and common compared with a series of celebrations in honor of the latest and most fashionable cult, for culte, like that of the Infant of Prague, admirable as they are, come and go; but there is no doubt that their multiplication tends to make piety seem rather less robust and manly. Now, the devotion to St. Joseph, who certainly knew something of the difficulties of the world, is something more than a mere luxury of religion; it implies a manly contemplation of all the essential virtues of modern life. It is not especially attractive to the ascetic, who has the tastes of a recluse, or to the esthetic, who prefers a Saint who wore Gothic vestments. We Catholics, I fancy, are all really pious at heart, and it does seem strange and illogical to be ashamed of being pious. This shame denotes doubt and even agnostic indifference. It is perhaps a protest against the ostentatious show of religion which used to be a kind of cant among the deacons of our separated brethren, a kind of cant which existed among some of our own people about the Court of Louis XIV., which Moliere satirized so acidly in "Tartuffe."

Our Saints are either capable of helping us or not; as there is no doubt that they are capable and willing, let us not dilute our piety with a tinge of illogical agnosticism, but rather win their favor by our childlike confidence in them.—Maurice Francis Egan in America.

**NON-CATHOLIC PRAISES WORTH OF CATHOLIC CHURCH**

A high tribute to the worth of Catholic priests is paid by a recent non-Catholic visitor to some of the scenes of devastation on the western battle front of the great War. He paid a visit to one of the military cemeteries of the region, and came into close contact with the Catholic clergy, and has written a remarkable tribute to Catholic priests and Catholicism in general.

Writing on "A Village in Flanders" in The Tablet of England, the observer says, in part:

"They are wonderful, those priests. I am not a Catholic, but I know no other branch of Christianity that is so Christian. I spent nine months in close contact with Catholics, and no sect of any religion I have come across so ministers to every imaginable everyday need of humanity. It is all blended into the everyday life, and I have seen no attempt to proselytize beyond their wonderful example."

The writer tells how hospitably he was received and treated by a Catholic clergyman in a devastated part of the war zone, in spite of the very few facilities the Curé had beyond the bare necessities of life.—The Pilot.

**GREAT REPUBLIC UNDERSTANDS IRELAND**

"But there is another nation that understands Ireland, and has proved that she understands Ireland; whose statesmen have always spoken words of bright encouragement, of tender sympathy, and of manly hope to Ireland in her darkest days; and that nation is the United States of America. . . . In that future, which we cannot see today, but which lies before us, America will be to the whole world what Rome was in the ancient days, what England was but a few years ago: the storehouse of the world, the great ruler—the Pacific ruler—of the destinies of the

whole world, the great manufacturing power, dispensing from out her mighty bosom all the necessities and all the luxuries of life to the whole world around her.—Father Tom Burke, 1872.

"Judge not and you will not be judged; condemn not and you will not be condemned," is one of the lessons Jesus teaches.

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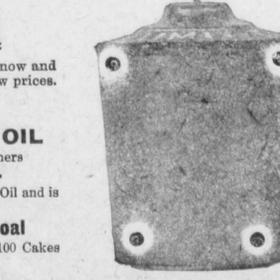
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LONDON, SATURDAY, DEC. 25, 1920

**CHRISTMAS**

And it came to pass, that in those days there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that the whole world should be enrolled.  
 This enrolling was first made by Cyrinus, the governor of Syria.  
 And all went to be enrolled, every one into his own city.  
 And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth into Judaea, to the city of David, which is called Bethlehem; because he was of the house and family of David.  
 To be enrolled with Mary his espoused wife, who was with child.  
 And it came to pass, that when they were there, her days were accomplished, that she should be delivered.  
 And she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him up in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.  
 And there were in the same country shepherds watching, and keeping the night watches over their flock.  
 And behold an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the brightness of God shone around about them; and they feared with a great fear.  
 And the angel said to them: Fear not; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people.  
 For, this day, is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord in the city of David.  
 And this shall be a sign unto you. You shall find the Infant wrapped in swaddling clothes, and laid in a manger.  
 And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly army, praising God, and saying:  
 Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace to men of good will.—Luke ii., 1-14.  
 In these words, sublime in their simplicity, does the inspired writer describe the first Christmas. The tremendous event there recorded each succeeding Christmas recalls and commemorates.  
 The angelic message of peace on earth to men of good will permeates the Christmas season and gives it a spirit and religious significance all its own.  
 It is only where this mighty and fundamental truth of Christianity possesses the hearts and minds and souls of men that the real joy of living is felt, and the festive celebration of religious holidays is entered into with whole-hearted zest.  
 It is materialism, cold and calculating, that destroys the joy of life, robs even feasting of that reasonable enjoyment, befitting rational beings animated with Christian hope.  
 To all subscribers, readers and friends THE CATHOLIC RECORD wishes the graces and blessings of the holy season; and to each and all a Merry Christmas.

**TAXATION WITHOUT REPRESENTATION**

On Friday evening last the boys of De La Salle school gave an entertainment in honor of Bishop Fallon who recently returned from Rome in good health and in exceptionally good spirits.  
 The entertainment, which was an exhibition of the ordinary school work, caused many a thrill of heartfelt gratitude that the training of the Catholic boys of London was in the hands of those world-famous educators, the Brothers of the Christian Schools.  
 The feminization of education, as the passing of the teaching profession into the hands of women has been termed, has caused the deepest concern to thoughtful and observant educationists who have little or no interest in religion. The growth of the Christian Brothers and the consequent expansion of their activities afford Catholics a two-fold ground for deep satisfaction and grateful pride. It solves the problem—insoluble to non-Catholics—of the feminization of education. And it does so without sacrificing the dearly cherished ideals of religious education.  
 We could say much on this subject near to the heart of every thinking Catholic. We shall add but this one pregnant consideration: The remuneration and social standing of teachers do not and will not attract to the teaching profession laymen of first rate ability. The all-compelling motive of consecration to a life-work worth while, here and hereafter, will and does attract the best minds and the noblest spirits. Therefore with the desired development of the Christian Brothers we are assured of the best teachers for our Catholic boys. And, as Bishop Fallon remarked, we give to them the best and cleanest of raw material.  
 These considerations are, quite obviously, of more than local interest.  
 But the entertainment of the Christian Brothers' boys was the occasion of a pronouncement whose interest and bearing is provincial-wide.  
 Recently in London the Collegiate Institute building was burned down. This has given rise to a question, discussed with the keenest interest by the people of London, as to whether the old building should be replaced by one or three new schools.  
 To this discussion His Lordship made a contribution the value of which will be appreciated most by those best informed on educational affairs.  
 But what we wish especially to call attention to in the Bishop's pronouncement is the matter already dealt with in the CATHOLIC RECORD some weeks ago. (Nov. 13.)  
 Bishop Fallon sustained our position without qualification.  
 After discussing the merits of the various proposals with the keen intelligence, wide information and experience, and warm interest which always characterizes his treatment of educational subjects he added after a dramatic pause:  
 "But I have no recognized right to have or express an opinion on this matter: neither have you."  
 "Of course you may talk just as I am talking, but no one will pay any attention to you or to me, for not one of the men or women of voting age in a Catholic population of six or seven thousand will cast a single vote in the coming election to the Board of Education, and it is in this election that the matter will be decided."  
 Lucidly, cogently, Bishop Fallon drove home to his hearers the anomalous, inferior and unfair position in which Catholics are placed by the present law governing secondary education.  
 Dealing with the representatives appointed to the Board of Education by the Separate School Board he showed clearly that this did not relieve the Board of its thoroughly unrepresentative character. Even if no single Catholic were elected, so long as each and every member had to get the approval or run counter to the opposition of the Catholic ratepayers the Board would be thoroughly representative and entirely satisfactory from this point of view.  
 But so long as twelve members out of fourteen are elected exclusively by the Public School ratepayers, so long as Catholics have no vote and no influence in determining the character of the Board or its policy, just so long would he protest, and protest vigorously against the unfair and un-British principle involved—that of taxation without representation.

**Bishop Fallon made another emphatic declaration which sustains the claim made by the CATHOLIC RECORD.**

The Separate Schools Act was passed in 1863. The British North America Act, which is Canada's Constitution, was enacted in 1867. And this Act gave Catholics the constitutional guarantee for Separate Schools.  
 In 1870 the schools were divided into elementary and secondary. There is not the shadow of ground to maintain that this legislation confined or restricted Catholic school rights to elementary schools. It could not deprive them of existing rights, for the Constitution expressly limits the jurisdiction of the provinces in matters educational; expressly puts beyond the power of the provincial legislatures to interfere with the rights enjoyed by law with regard to denominational schools. And our schools did the work of secondary education before 1870.  
 That these rights, constitutionally guaranteed, extend to secondary education was the important claim emphatically and unequivocally made by His Lordship, Bishop Fallon.  
 In conclusion he made this suggestion: "Give us, Catholics, one of these three schools, give us our own taxes, and we will build, equip, maintain and staff this school over which we shall exercise the democratic control of full citizenship, while submitting loyally to every law, complying with every regulation, and meeting every standard the Department of Education may deem fit to impose."  
**POLITICS DIVORCED FROM VERACITY AND GOOD FAITH**  
 In his "Inside Story of the Peace Conference" Dr. Emile J. Dillon, the best informed man in the world on present day politicians and political problems, makes these illuminating if fairly obvious remarks in the chapter on Censorship and Secrecy: "Never was political veracity in Europe at a lower ebb than during the Peace Conference. The blinding dust of half-truths cunningly mixed with falsehood and deliberately scattered with a lavish hand, obscured the vision of the people, who were expected to adopt or acquiesce in the judgments of their rulers on the various questions that arose. Four and a half years of continuous and deliberate lying for victory had disembodied the spirit of veracity and good faith throughout the world of politics. Facts were treated as plastic and capable of being shaped after this fashion or that according to the aim of speaker or writer."  
 "It was not the Governments only, however, who after having for over four years colored and refracted the truth, now continued to twist and invent facts." The newspapers, with some honorable exceptions, buttressed them up and even outstripped them. Plausible unvarnished thus became a patriotic accomplishment and a recognized element in politics."  
 It is only one who, like the author quoted, had a very intimate knowledge of the falsehoods circulated and of the true facts suppressed that is able to "realize the depth to which the standard of intellectual and moral integrity was lowered."  
 The foregoing considerations may help to explain many things. But only a profound conviction of the political degeneracy, the genesis of which is here outlined, that can make intelligible that most repulsive of modern politicians—Sir Hamar Greenwood, Chief Secretary for Ireland. With him unvarnished need not be plausible to be a recognized element in politics. As the tool of the faction still uppermost in the British Cabinet, despite the rising tide of honest British condemnation, it is his special business to scatter with lavish hand the blinding dust of half-truths cunningly mixed with falsehood to obscure the vision of the people of Great Britain and of the world. But small as is his regard for the exact fractional parts of truth employed, and while his admixture of falsehood is clumsy rather than cunning one can hardly withhold a modicum of admiration for his thick-skinned mendacity and naked, unashamed hypocrisy; until one recalls the aforementioned process of political decadence and degeneracy that has made possible Sir Hamar Greenwood as Chief Secretary for Ireland. With him lying has not even the poor excuse of being a patriotic accomplishment.

**Long before the standards of English public life had been lowered so far as to make Hamar Greenwood a possibility he was notorious as a persistent and irrepressible office seeker.**

Though in the more wholesome public life of pre-war days he was regarded—or disregarded—as a bouncer the time came when he was considered. There was dirty work to do. Greenwood would crawl on his belly and eat dirt to worm his way into public office. The work could not be openly avowed. The thickskinned arriviste would conduct continuous and deliberate lying on an easy price to pay for the opportunity to gratify an obsessing ambition.  
 So we have had provarication and unvarnished, denial of notorious facts and suggestion of shameful falsehood every time Sir Hamar Greenwood feels called upon to make a pronouncement about Ireland.  
 He had the effrontery to simulate indignation and resentment of the charge that the city of Cork was burned by force of the crown!  
 There was no evidence to this effect, said the Chief Secretary for Ireland.  
 There is good care taken that no evidence is forthcoming. Coroner's inquests are forbidden in the greater part of Ireland. That makes Sir Hamar's "explanations" more plausible.  
 Recently the London Daily News printed the following letter from a non-commissioned officer in the English army who signed himself "Fed up" with his work in Ireland: "Sir—I am a British non-com. serving in Ireland. I fought a clean (I hope) fight during the 'Fight to end all fights.' I am now engaged in the dirtiest campaign since the Boer War, but let that be as it is. You seem to know a lot about it already but there is just one point you seem to have missed so far. You have probably heard Hamar state in the House that several men ('Shriners') have been shot 'whilst trying to escape.' Now, how can men hand-cuffed, and often kicked into unconsciousness in the bottom of a lorry, try to escape? I ask you."  
 When this excuse was put forward by the brutal revolutionaries of Mexico it was the universally accepted subject for newspaper derision, but put forward now, it is gravely recorded as good and sufficient reason for constantly recurring brutal murder.  
 At long last, however, one murder is admitted.  
 And the Associated Press despatch starts out by lauding the generous candor of Dublin Castle. "The frank admission," so runs the despatch, "that Rev. Canon Magner, killed yesterday at Dunmanway, County Cork, was shot by an auxiliary cadet was made by Dublin Castle today. A statement issued by the Castle says that the cadet was one of a lorry party which was ambushed near Cork on Saturday night, and intimates that he became insane as a result of that experience. It confirms the report that the cadet also killed Timothy Crowley, a farmer's son. P. S. Brady, a magistrate, who witnessed the tragedy, came near suffering a similar fate."  
 Note that the "frank admission" does not give the name of the Black and Tan cadet; that it "intimates" that he was insane.  
 Later the "frank" statement is interrupted and the despatch interpolates this:  
 "At this point a Castle official explained that the report was not clear as to just what had led to the shooting."  
 The awkward and unaccountable negligence of the nameless and insane cadet in leaving Magistrate Brady a living witness created the occasion for this extraordinary "frankness." Had he suffered the same fate as the seventy year old priest and respectable young farmer who took no part in politics, then Sir Hamar's "explanation" would have been of the usual official character.  
 But why omit the name? Well the names of many "cadets" in Ireland are enrolled on the registers of English jails, and there are imperitiously curious newspaper men in England.  
 Again, a name hastily given might embarrass the framers of the "frank" statement from Dublin Castle in other ways should it turn out that the bearer was not in Cork at the time of the ambush which drove him insane.  
 The Associated Press despatch from Dublin which carried (in part and with interpolations) the "frank" statement of Dublin Castle was followed by another A. P. despatch from

**Cork which we subjoin without further comment:**

Cork, Dec. 16.—(Associated Press Cable).—The Bishop of Cork today received the following telegram dated Dublin Castle:  
 "Please accept my deepest sympathy on the appalling tragedy of the death of Canon Magner, and kindly convey to his relatives an expression of my deep sorrow and sincere sympathy."  
 (Signed) Inspector General, "Royal Irish Constabulary."  
 To this the bishop replied:  
 "I should accept sympathy from the inspector-general of the old R. I. C. The verbal sympathy of an inspector general, whose men are murdering my people and have burned my city, I cannot accept or convey to the relatives of the murdered Canon Magner."  
**CATHOLIC LABOR CIRCLES IN QUEBEC**  
 A subscriber writes to inquire "if there is any Union headed by a priest in Quebec, which Protestants could join but had no voice; where strikes were forbidden, the priest settling all disputes."  
 Social Welfare, in its issue devoted to Labor, (August) referring to the same matter has this editorial note on the same subject:  
 "An interesting development, which, though of much previous origin, seems to have gathered cumulative strength this year, is that of restriction of membership in certain unions by religious distinctions. In 1912 Chicoutimi formed a Roman Catholic union of R.C. workers alone, and who were not connected with International bodies. So rapid has been the growth within Quebec, that in 1919, at the Three Rivers Conference, 123 delegates from 63 unions spoke for 31,000 members, and were present to form a national federation. This union is independent, and will not attempt to affect unions not embracing its principles.  
 "The absolute subordination of material to spiritual affairs is the outstanding significance of these unions. The Church's teachings on labor matters is to be accepted without question; strikes, as weapons to attain ends are condemned, and all disputes are to be referred to arbitration.  
 "A chaplain, the appointee of the diocesan authority, is selected to watch the deliberations of the unions, and though not voting, he may participate in all debates. He has the further great power of demanding that any resolution before adoption be referred to the diocesan authority for his approbation. If any resolution passes in his absence, it does not become effective until communicated to him.  
 "Two points occur to one's mind in studying the Roman Catholic Union in Quebec. Firstly, will it not tend, in a largely R. C. Province, to the complete disintegration of the International Union? (There are now 88 locals with 35,000 members.) And secondly, is there another religious communion existing today that possesses the power to so insist upon the correlation of the temporal life and spiritual relations of its adherents?"  
 Now the information of our inquiring subscriber and the impression of the Social Welfare writer are at one on the matter of strikes. Both are mistaken.  
 As to Protestants joining Catholic Labor circles, there appears to be nothing to exclude them further than what may be implied in the frankly Catholic nature of the Catholic Labor unions.  
 The following constitution adopted by each subordinate council indicates quite clearly the purpose and spirit of these unions:  
 (1) The . . . council, union or fraternity is a labor organization openly and frankly Catholic.  
 (2) It recognizes, consequently, that all its acts are dependent on the tribunal of conscience: that they should be ruled by justice and Christian charity, and that, moreover, they should be in conformity with the teachings and the directions of the religious authorities in this diocese.  
 (3) The . . . council, union or fraternity undertakes not to declare strikes without having first exhausted all means of conciliation within reach.  
 (4) The . . . council, union or fraternity will ask His Grace the Archbishop of Quebec for the services of a chaplain. Appointment of the latter will be in the hands of the religious authorities of the diocese.  
 (5) The chaplain is a member, by right, of the executive committee of

**the general assembly of members. He takes part in all deliberations, but does not vote. He may require that a resolution be submitted to the Archbishop of Quebec and approved by him before coming into effect.**

Every resolution adopted in his absence must be communicated to him before taking effect.  
 It will be seen that strikes are not absolutely condemned or forbidden; but they are to be resorted to only after all means of conciliation have been exhausted.  
 If Protestants or other non-Catholics wish to join them, they do so knowing that the Catholic Church is recognized as the supreme and final arbiter in all matters involving moral principles of right and wrong. Beyond this there is no restriction so far as we know.  
 The object is evidently to protect the Catholic workmen of Quebec from those revolutionary and anarchistic teachings that, as has been freely charged, have inspired themselves into secular labor unions in many places.  
**THEIR VASTNESS AND THEIR SANITY**  
 BY THE OBSERVER  
 The Regina Post had recently an article on Mr. Asquith and Ireland, in which it undertook to interpret the views of "the vast and sane majority of the people" of Canada.  
 That is a difficult thing to do. A majority may be vast without being particularly "sane" in the sense of the word as used by the Regina Post. It is, however, not very hard to see what idea that paper has as to when people are sane, and when foolish on the Irish question. Let me quote "The vast and sane majority of the people on this side of the Atlantic realize that the disorders at present prevailing in Ireland cannot be ended overnight. They are anxious to have peace within the bounds of the Empire, but they are not anxious to see the Empire disrupted for the sake of a trace that could only be precarious. They would welcome just and generous concessions to Irish sentiment, but they would view with regret any yielding to a campaign of murder and intimidation. They know that if Ireland were to be given Dominion status at present the result would be a triumph for methods of terrorism, that assassins and these responsible for assassinations would be placed in power with unlimited opportunities for mischief. They can read history, and have learned from history, and especially from the story of recent events in Ireland, that leniency towards crime is the fatal mistake. Has Mr. Asquith forgotten the regime of the amiable Mr. Birrell in the Irish Office, with its disastrous culmination in the Easter rebellion? Has he forgotten the effect of forgiveness on the leaders of that treacherous rising, leaders imprisoned, freed, imprisoned and freed again, and now more than ever bitter towards their liberators? He is greatly mistaken if he thinks that the citizens and ex-soldiers of Canada have forgotten these things."  
 This vast and sane majority are apparently very well informed concerning part of "the story of recent events"; whilst at the same time very ill-informed, or very forgetful concerning other parts of the same story.  
 I do not know exactly to what part of "the regime of the amiable Mr. Birrell" the Regina Post intends to refer; but I judge that it has no reference to the fact that under that regime took place all the extraordinary toleration of the "Ulster" rebellion; that it was under that regime that 50,000 German rifles were landed in "Ulster" for Carson's army. It was under that regime that the London Times announced that those rifles had been shipped at Hamburg on board the ship "Fanny." It was under that regime that those rifles were landed, despite the Times' announcement in advance; with the evident connivance of the English army and the English navy; for they could not otherwise have been landed without being seized.  
 The Birrell regime was, indeed, remarkably "easy" for traitors. If the Post really wants to puzzle Mr. Asquith, it might ask him why he allowed Carson to flaunt his treason for two years in the face of the whole public of the United Kingdom; including, (and the Post might emphasize this part of its query), all the millions in Ireland who had been fighting for half a century by parliamentary methods for self government which is today conceded in principle by all public men, even by Carson himself.

**What produced the present conditions in Ireland? The foundations of it were laid when Carson was allowed to defy the English Government.**

And when the same Mr. Asquith, whose business it had been to put Carson in jail, put him, instead, into the office of Attorney-General of England, and at the same time suspended the Home Rule Bill of 1914, it became almost certain that revolution in some form would break out in Ireland, and not this time in the fragments of a few counties which are absurdly called "Ulster."  
 Only one thing more was required to make that quite certain; and that was that the Irish people should be made to understand that Home Rule was gone once more, not until after the War, but until the contingency should again arise of a deadlock between the two English parties. That was made clear to the Irish people in 1915, when the Coalition Government was formed.  
 There followed the Easter week insurrection; and in that less than 2,000 people were concerned. The Birrell administration had brought things to that situation; but, as the Post will see, by a route different somewhat from the one imagined in Regina.  
 Up to that time, Mr. Birrell had been regarded as a pretty fair Chief Secretary for Ireland; but now his usefulness was ended. So long as it had been merely a question of a Protestant revolution; of Protestant appeals to the Kaiser; of Protestant purchases of rifles in Germany; of a Protestant Separate Government; why Mr. Birrell was a perfectly good administrator. He let the game of Protestant "Loyalty" alone; and the "vast and sane majority of people on this side of the Atlantic" were delighted with his forbearance; no less so than the "Tory statesmen" who threatened him; than Sir Edward Carson (who called at the King's Palace, as Colonel Repington tells us) and left a message for His Majesty that he was going to seize all the Customs Houses in Ulster.  
 Yes, indeed, Mr. Birrell was, up to Easter 1916, a "sane" administrator of the bureaucracy which is called the Government of Ireland. But now the scene was changed; and Mr. Birrell would no longer do; and he had to go.  
 For, bless your soul, don't you see the difference? It was now the case not of "a loyal rebellion," but of "a Popish rebellion." Is it not part of the peculiar sanity which speaks through the Regina Post and all of that ilk, that treason is a virtue when directed to Protestant purposes; never a crime save when it may be supposed to come from "the Pope of Rome" or from some of his minions; for instance, the Jesuits.  
 When Sir Edward Carson dined with the Kaiser "sane" people saw in the occurrence merely a proper meeting between the "mighty Protestant ruler" to whom "Ulster" preachers were then appealing, and "the uncrowned king of Ulster" as the London press hailed him.  
 But, passing that, Mr. Birrell had to go. What was wanted now was men who would do what Englishmen have always done after they had provoked rebellion; to administer a policy of "frightfulness." The murder of Sheehy-Skeffington, the murder of Thomas Ashe; the wholesale imprisonment of men and women without accusation, the deporting of men without trial; the raiding of private houses by drunken soldiers; the handcuffing of prisoners in the church at Holy Communion; that was the policy now wanted; and "the amiable Mr. Birrell" was not the man.  
 Other men were found. Mr. Lloyd George has himself characterized their work as a policy of "malignant stupidity." But Mr. Lloyd George is an English politician; and while he fittingly branded the job, he has let it go on, under pressure of the London financiers and the Tory landlords, and the bigotry which is represented by Carson; for he is not now a Liberal, and he can't carry England without those forces supporting him.  
 Thus has come about the present condition of Ireland. What other results did the "sane" people for whom the Post speaks, expect?

**NOTES AND COMMENTS**

THE VISIT of the King and Queen of Denmark to the Vatican and their cordial reception by Pope Benedict may prove to be another milestone in the resumption of active relations between the Holy See and the nations. The Great War has taught more than one of them that a proper

understanding with the Fishermen makes more for international peace than huge standing armies.

ST. MARY'S Cathedral, Halifax, which has just celebrated its centenary, is, historically, one of the most venerable and interesting churches in Canada. Beginning with Bishop Edmund Burke its presiding prelates have without exception been men of distinction.

IN A series of addresses in a Toronto Presbyterian church, on the book of Jonah, an American minister of reputation called a halt to the process of destructive criticism characteristic of present day religious teaching among non-Catholics.

THE ADDRESS was reassuring in that it shows that there are still many who, though visibly external to the Church, cling firmly to what has come down to them of old orthodox teaching.

THE EXTENT to which this principle may be carried is brought out clearly in a contribution in one of the daily papers on the much discussed question of church union.

Deciding Christian doctrine "on its merits" is certainly the last word in the "comedy" of unbelief.

THAT THE spirit of distrust between the English speaking and French-speaking people of Canada which has been so sedulously propagated by incendiaries in this Province, is not of Quebec's making, comes out quite clearly in an address before the Montreal Canadian Club by Premier Taschereau, who speaks with the authority of his antecedents and his position.

"CHRIST, HOME AND CHILD"

IMPRESSIVE SERMON BY ARCHBISHOP HANNA

The following impressive sermon on the menace of divorce to the American home and family was delivered in St. Mary's Cathedral, San Francisco, by Most Rev. Archbishop Hanna.

CHRIST, THE HOME AND THE CHILD

To all who throw their souls into the late War, and to all who in high hope, dreamed of a better world, the outcome has brought pain and disappointment. This is especially the case of those who risked all, even life itself, that justice and right might in the end prevail.

When thoughts like these come thronging home; when we realize the appalling lack of leadership, and when we see the future looming threateningly, the boy and girl of today, the man and woman of tomorrow grow in interest, grow in importance; for upon the children of today, not upon us, will come in the end, the task of restoring the broken world to sanity, of preserving it in peace.

THE HOME IS UNIT OF SOCIETY. In keeping with Catholic tradition, the family, the home is the unit of society. Modern Social Action is often unmindful of this great truth and is very prone to neglect the family group, as it thinks only of the individual.

Our whole social program of recreation is calling the children, yes and the parents, too, away from home to find their relaxation in playhouses and in the great social centers established by our lordly munificence.

When the disciples thought this a hard doctrine, and even asserted that under such conditions it were better for man not to marry, Jesus answered: "All men take not this word, but they to whom it is given."

quarrels because of the heightened value of land, the increased cost, either of rent or of possession. And, finally, the refusal of woman-kind to accept the old honored task of home-making, the willingness of woman-kind to accept the slavery which industry compels instead of the home service which was once her ideal, is making the ideal home more difficult than ever.

CHRISTIAN IDEAL OF HOME. But we must go even deeper if we are to find the reason why the home has no longer its honored place in our social fabric.

THE QUESTION OF DIVORCE. Are there no cases, then, when it were better to allow both parties to remain? Christ says "No."

WEAKENING OF MARRIAGE BOND. In no place in the Christian World has the strength of the marriage bond been so weakened as with us, and of a consequence, we see here a disruption of home life unparalleled in the history of Christian civilization.

THE SACRAMENT OF MATRIMONY. INTO a union thus sanctified comes in time the child of love, the joy of the home, the pledge of immortality. But with the child comes a new burden, a new obligation.

THE CHILD WHO HAS SUCH INHERITANCE is confided unto a mother's care; she must nourish and clothe this small body, and as the years run on, begin to make impressions, you the most lasting impressions on his growing spirit.

THE TEACHING OF CHRIST. Christ's position is clear to every believer. When the Pharisees would tempt Him, asking "Is it lawful for a man to put away his wife for every cause?" Jesus, wishing to meet the thought in their minds, asked "What did Moses command you?"

THE GREAT INTEREST of today, the hope of the morrow, are with the child; and the child is the product of the union of father and mother. In Christ's wisdom, this union, only in death can sever, and the history of Christian civilization attests the farseeing wisdom of Jesus Christ, for when men and women have revered the marriage bond, and in fact and in love of God, have reared their children unto a realization of the noble things of life, civilization reached its greatest height.

that under such conditions it were better for man not to marry, Jesus answered: "All men take not this word, but they to whom it is given."

In spite, however, of this Jewish tradition, which had simply mastered the minds, even of the Disciples, Jesus pronounced with a finality, even rare in Him "Whoever shall put away his wife and marry another, committeth adultery."

In Christ's mind, therefore, the great purposes of the Father are served by the performance of the marriage bond. Every modern, every ancient argument about unhappy homes, unconsensual tempers, differences of temperament, newly discovered love, Christ answered by a simple phrase—"What God, for His mighty purpose, has joined, let no man dare put asunder."

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WORDS OF PRACTICAL WISDOM

My words have no value, unless they can be made practical in the lives of our people, and I can only exhort my priests, the heralds of Christ's wisdom, to be insistent, to preach this doctrine of the Christian home, in season and out of season.

I can only pray that Christ's light may shine into the minds of our rulers and of our people, and that this light may guide them back unto the ways of Our Father, who better than we, bore the sweet yoke of Christ, and who, better than we, made home the place of our dreams, and the shrine of all that was noble and pure and true.—The Monitor.

CHRISTMAS AND IRELAND

The golden stars give warmthless fire, As weary Mary goes through night: Her feet are torn by stone and briar; She hath no rest, no strength, no light.

O Mary, weary in the snow, Remember Ireland's woe! O Joseph, and for Mary's sake! Look on our earthly Mother, too: Let not the heart of Ireland break With agony, the ages through: For Mary's love, love also thou Ireland, and save her now!

Harsh were the folk, and bitter stern, At Bethlehem, that night of nights, For you no cheering hearth shall burn: We have no room here, you no right.

O Mary and Joseph; hath not she, Ireland, been even as ye? The ancient David's royal house Was thine, Saint Joseph! therefore she, Mary, thine Ever Virgin Spouse, To thine own city went with thee: Behold! the child's no down The heir of David's throne!

Nay more! The Very King of kings Was with you, coming to His own: They turn'd Him forth to lowliest things; The poor mock boasts of toll alone Stood by, when came to piteous birth The God of all the earth.

And she, our Mother Ireland, knows Insult, and intonies of wrong; Her innocent children clad with woes, Her weakness trampled by the strong; And still upon her Holy Land Her pitiless fumes stand.

From Manger unto Cross and Crown Went Christ; and Mother Mary pressed Through Seven Sorrows, and sat down Upon the Angel Throne at last. Thence, Mary! to thine own Child prey, For Ireland's hope this day!

She wanders amid winter still, The dew of tears is on her face; Her wounded heart takes yet its fill Of desolation and disgrace. God still is God! And through God she Foreknows her joy to be.

The snows shall perish at the spring, The flowers pour fragrance round her feet: Ah, Jesus! Mary! Joseph! bring This mercy from the Mercy Seat! Send it, sweet King of Glory, born Humbly on Christmas Morn!

—LIONEL JOHNSON

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

THE MISSIONS AT CHRISTMAS

With the Feast of Christmas but a few days off we are doubtless in the midst of our immediate preparations to celebrate fittingly the memory of Christ's birth. We are busy on the Christmas gathering, on the home needs and the thousand and one little demands of kindness or gratitude. Nor can we leave out the more sacred needs of holy faith.

But we reflect that it is difficult to separate our thoughts from those who have no priest to minister to them, no prescriptive altar to adorn and no crib whatever to recall the Child Christ to them. Perhaps when the missionary who serves the scattered families committed to his care does come, it is but to a shanty or at best a large room in some home. What a difference it would be if he had but a small chapel! We perhaps have banks of flowers, he had but a pair of ordinary candle sticks, on an improvised altar table. True he speaks the Word of God,

offers the Holy Sacrifice and administers the sacraments but under what conditions! What of those too who for lack of any missionary must wait until the New Year is well begun to celebrate their Christmas Feast.

WHAT WE SHOULD DO

1. Help Supply a Missionary. The greatest of all needs is the missionary himself. Without his presence the Word of God, the Holy Sacrifice and sacraments are all wanting. The Church owes her life and her presence to the missionary.

2. Donate a Chapel. Next in order of need is the Mission Chapel. The Memorial Chapel has been a happy suggestion. It is a memorial to the dead and a benefit to the living. It is a little home for the celebration of Mass and the fitting administration of the Sacraments.

3. Aid the Ruthenian Fund. One Ruthenian fund is for the education of the young. Brother Ansbart has clearly shown the scope and nature of that great work for the children. If love of the Child Christ leads many to think of the poor, what more deserving case could we point out than that of the Ruthenian child when we seek to educate in order that later on these people may have a priesthood to minister to their spiritual needs.

4. Support and Encourage the Catholic Press. Support also our Catholic papers. Through their pages are made known the needs of the missionary dioceses in Canada. Do what you can to have them placed in Catholic homes.

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

PREVIOUSLY ACKNOWLEDGED \$4,099 88 Mrs. M. Dobson, Chicago 1 00 M. McK. Cleveland 1 00 A Friend, Stratford 10 00 P. T. O., Ottawa 25 00 L. M. McK. 1 00

PREVIOUSLY ACKNOWLEDGED \$2,211 53 Mrs. McAllister, Toronto 2 00 Reader, Halifax 6 00 Reader, Record 1 00 Helena Brennan, Lewisville 2 00 Mrs. S. A. Brennan, Lewisville 2 00 A Friend, Kingston 2 00

PREVIOUSLY ACKNOWLEDGED \$1,633 62 Church Extension Society 2 00 L. M. McK. 1 00 Annie MacNeil, Joggin Mines 5 00 Joseph L. Brennan, Lewisville 1 00

TRULY APPALLING

A Protestant contributor to the Nation sends this interesting item: "In Mallow anyone can see, as I did, with their own eyes, the large handsome houses burned to the ground; there they are and it is useless for any Hamar Greenwood, or Carson, or Lloyd George, to deny it. There is a magnificent milk factory all in ruins, thousands of tins of preserved milk on rubbish heaps, all the newest, finest American inventions and machinery (many of them just installed) broken to bits, everything black, charred, and burnt to cinders; 500 people in Mallow thrown out of employment for the winter, most of them women and girls. I visited many of their homes and they are in blank despair, with starvation staring them in the face, no food to cook and if they had, no fire to cook it with, and all this done by the forces of the Crown, the man who are sent here to keep order."

And the Irish correspondent of the New York World draws this picture which is far worse: "Combined with ruthless dragonnades of the country, the policy is to bring about food and coal famine.

Railroad services are being steadily withdrawn. The plans framed by the Dublin Corporation and other local bodies throughout the country to meet a food shortage have been simultaneously seized by the military and police, new restrictions on motor vehicles are framed to prevent the moving of supplies to areas where famine is expected, while systematic destruction of crops, cattle, fodder and live stock has been in operation for weeks throughout the south and west of Ireland by armed forces of the Government. It is not surprising that trade is rapidly coming to a standstill throughout the country. Ireland's need of food in a few weeks may be more acute than that of Belgium during the War."

To add to this misery, murder and looting are still frequent. Last week, for instance, in the space of forty-eight hours thirty-eight persons met with violent deaths, seventy-nine were injured and thirty-eight were tried by courts martial. Of these twenty-nine were convicted and nine acquitted. Of course, Sinn Feiners are still "killed trying to escape," a significant expression meaning "were murdered." Wholesale arrests are the order of the day. According to press dispatches over 1,000 Sinn Feiners are now in jail, among them Arthur Griffith.

Of course, Mr. Lloyd George expressed great and unfeigned surprise at Griffith's arrest, and an enterprising press agency announced to the American cousins of the British that Mr. Griffith had appealed to the British to protect him from Sinn Fein. Hence the arrest. It has not yet been explained why the palace of the Archbishop of Dublin was raided, nor, yet, why another priest has mysteriously disappeared.—America.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINA MISSION FUND

APPEAL FOR FUNDS There are four hundred million pagas in China. If they were to pass in review at the rate of a thousand a minute, it would take nine months for them all to go by. Thirty-three thousand of them die daily un baptized! Missionaries are urgently needed to go to that remote.

China Mission College, Almonte Ontario, Canada, is for the education of priests for China. It has already twenty-two students, and many more are applying for admittance. Unfortunately funds are lacking to accept them all. China is crying out for missionaries. They are ready to go. Will you send them? The salvation of millions of souls depends on your answer to this urgent appeal. His goodness the Pope blesses benefactors, and the students pray for them daily.

A Bursar of \$5,000 will support a student in perpetuity. Help to complete the Burses. Gratefully yours in Jesus and Mary J. M. FRASER

QUEEN OF ANGELES BURSE

PREVIOUSLY ACKNOWLEDGED \$1,046 45 E. T. 2 00 Miss M. G. Hebert, Sherbrooke 1 00 L. M. McK. Gloucester St., Ottawa 1 00 A Friend, Ottawa 11 00 Bernard Brennan, Lewisville 1 00

ST. ANTHONY'S BURSE

PREVIOUSLY ACKNOWLEDGED \$2,211 53 M. McG., Cleveland 1 00 A Friend, Stratford 10 00 P. T. O., Ottawa 25 00 L. M. McK. 1 00

COMPOSER OF THE AFFLICTED BURSE

PREVIOUSLY ACKNOWLEDGED \$833 50 L. M. McK. 1 00

ST. JOSEPH, PATRON OF CHINA BURSE

PREVIOUSLY ACKNOWLEDGED \$1,633 62 Church Extension Society 2 00 L. M. McK. 1 00 Annie MacNeil, Joggin Mines 5 00 Joseph L. Brennan, Lewisville 1 00

BLESSED SACRAMENT BURSE

PREVIOUSLY ACKNOWLEDGED \$562 05 L. M. McK. 1 00 A Friend 25 00

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PREVIOUSLY ACKNOWLEDGED \$244 80 L. M. McK. 1 00

HOLY NAME OF JESUS BURSE

PREVIOUSLY ACKNOWLEDGED \$220 00 Church Extension Society 2 00 L. M. McK. 1 00

HOLY SOULS BURSE

PREVIOUSLY ACKNOWLEDGED \$826 25 M. T. 5 00 L. M. McK. 1 00 J. S. M. 1 00 Friend, North Sydney 10 00

LITTLE FLOWERS BURSE

PREVIOUSLY ACKNOWLEDGED \$482 19 M. T. 5 00 L. M. McK. 1 00

SACRED HEART LIAISON BURSE

PREVIOUSLY ACKNOWLEDGED \$1,144 70 Thos. O'Regan, Parreboro 2 00 L. M. McK. 1 00 Thos. Sullivan, Kirk's Ferry 25

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

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

THE GOODNESS OF GOD But when the fulness of the time was come, God sent His Son, made of a woman, made under the law; that He might redeem them who were under the law, that the might receive the adoption of sons. Gal. iv., 4, 5.

How good God is! He made man out of His mere goodness. Man failed to respect this attribute of his Maker and offered a great insult to Him. His goodness again was manifested in this noblest of earthly creatures. In His justice He was bound to punish man and his posterity for the sin committed against Him; but He laid the plans for a new means of redemption. What true and great goodness! In the face of man's ingratitude, He shows His love and concern for him.

This redemption was to be worked not by man only, but by One who was at the same time God and man—by His own Divine Son, Jesus Christ. The offense committed against God could not have been fully atoned for by mere man. How helpless, therefore, was man after he did the wrongful deed in the Garden of Paradise! God had pity on him, however, and announced to him in a prophetic way that "in the fulness of time" One would appear upon earth who would offer Him a satisfaction in proportion to the offense committed against His own divine majesty. How incomprehensibly great the wisdom and goodness of God! His favors and benefits to man are without number. His solicitude is almost inexplicable.

This Saviour came upon earth and set man an example to follow. He suffered and died a cruel death upon an infamous gibbet. By this horrible end He consummated the great work of Redemption. Man, however, was not left free of obligations. He is a rational being, and hence accountable to his Maker for his every human act. What Christ accomplished, man must apply to himself. Christ made the means for doing so comparatively easy for him. He founded a Church, the head of which possesses the keys to His eternal kingdom. He instituted the sacraments, which are so many channels through which God's grace may flow into man's soul. All the merits He gained for man by His passion and death, may come to him through this Church. She will be his abiding guide and companion if he remains faithful to her. She follows him from the cradle to the grave, strengthening him, encouraging him, correcting him, enriching him, and finally saving him. All she demands of him is respect, love, and obedience. These she has an inherent right to ask of man.

What more could God in His goodness have done for the human race! How ungrateful is man in the face of it all! It is true that many are serving God, and showing a grateful appreciation for His favors to the human race; but, on the other hand, there are many who are not. How few, outside of the true fold, admit the whole truth concerning Him and His Divine Son! How weak is the faith in Christ of so many! They would have a Christ, not the Christ that God has sent, but one to their own liking. As a consequence, the adorable person of our Divine Saviour is no longer treated with the respect due Him. He is analyzed, as it were, and anything found in Him not suited to their taste is eliminated. What unwise proceedings! Christ is what He is. The opinion, dislike, and wickedness of man will not change Him. He is "Jesus Christ yesterday and today, and the same forever."

Instead of submitting to the truth, and accepting Christ whole and entire, men, in their pride and other moral weaknesses, will try to mold Him to fit in with modern methods. Were these demands just, He would answer them. But laden as many are with injustice, and wearing but a semblance of truth, He who is the "Way, the Truth and the Life," can not submit to the world's demands unless they partake of His truth and wisdom.

There is, however, a class of people who believe in Christ in His fulness and entirety. These are the faithful members of the Catholic Church. In their hearts they believe, and with their lips they profess, that Christ is the Saviour of mankind, the real Son of God, true God and true man. How much joy, humanly speaking, must the allegiance and fidelity of these bring to the Heart of Jesus! He sees that, at least in them, His work, His sufferings, and His death have had a beneficial effect. How much He must love to dwell in their midst and to come into their individual hearts! For them He is the Redeemer. They have become His adopted children. They are heirs to a share in His kingdom.

Oh, how blessed are these! They are solving life's problem correctly. For this their merit will be great. For the mortification they suffer now they will be given a special share in the eternal delights of the world beyond the grave. For their courage in facing a mocking, unbelieving, and often malicious element among men, they will be given an extraordinarily clear vision of God and His kingdom. The angels and saints, no doubt, will give them special honor for their courageous and victorious fight.

Let us continue to give Christ the homage, faith, and love that is due Him. Anything we shall do for Him will be rewarded. We can become His chosen children. With us He will love to dwell. His delight is to be with the children of men; His special delight to be with His faithful children. Nor will He come alone. The True God will dwell in our midst and abide with us. "If any man love Me, My Father will love him, and We will come to him and take up Our abode with him."

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AS SANTA CLAUS DRAWS NIGH

There's somethin' I can scarce explain a pullin' me today, A-tuggin' at my heart strings in a tender kind of way, And I seem to hear a voice, kind of gentle-like and low, Sayin', "Come, there's someone waitin' and it's time for you to go."

I have roamed the streets in sadness, and I've mingled with the throng, Tryin' hard to join the laughter, but somehow there's somethin' wrong; I have gazed into the wine glass, hopin' thus to drown my sighs, But I saw within its sparkle just two tender, pleadin' eyes.

And I poured it out untasted, gloatin' o'er it as it ran, Feelin' stronger for the conflict that had made me more a man; But the tuggin' will not leave me, and still the voice I hear, Pleadin' gently with the cadence of a softly fallin' tear.

Oh, I know the folks are happy, and that Christmas is at hand, Yet I'm feelin' like an alien in a strange and foreign land; And it ain't the town nor people—it's the voice within my heart, That's a beggin' me to listen and a callin' me apart.

I can hear it softly sighin', like the cooing of a dove, And it's filled to overflowin' with the tenderest kind of love, And I long to up and answer, and to shout across the world, 'Till it echoes back my message, "I am comin', little girl."

That's the reason, too, I'm thinkin', why I'm lonesome like and sad, And why Christmas joys approachin' somehow fail to make me glad, 'Cause I just keep on a list'nin' to that voice so sweet and low, Sayin', "Come—there's someone waitin' and it's time for you to go."

—ALLEN GRIFFIN JOHNSON

AT THE MANGER

The stable door is very low, And mean and small—stoop down, proud head! Nor dare, with thought of self, to go into that humble, roadside shed.

No light save that of starlit skies, And Joseph's lantern, old and dim, The Babe within the manger lies, While Mary, kneeling, worships Him.

The poor, dumb beasts, tho' void of faith, And reason, stare at Him with awe; Upon His face their soft, warm breath Is blown across the coarse, sweet straw.

And Joseph near the manger kneels, And clasps his roughened hands in prayer; And looking on the Infant, feels That God Omnipotent is there.

Dear Mary! ere the shepherd brings His bleating lambskins through the cold; And ere they come, the Eastern kings, With frankincense and myrrh and gold,—

Oh! may we, by Saint Joseph led, Not formally, nor as a stranger, But keeping close to Jesus, spread Our Christmas gifts before the manger.

And may the love we proffer there Be pure as shepherd's offerings: More precious than the treasures rare Reserved for Oriental kings.

And when the world's rude Bethlehem Shall on thy dear ones close the door, Oh! may our hearts make room for them, And Christ therein be born once more!

—ELEANOR C. DONNELLY

"HYMN ON THE NATIVITY"

It snowed this cold and silent night, The starry world seemed glorious bright, One benedictus star gave light till day, To guide the shepherds' wondrous way.

An humble stable bathed in light A King did shelter on that night, A Babe Monarch, sweet and fair, With Angels hovering in the air.

The Mother watched with eyes of love Her Babe Divine, from Heav'n above, The three Kings came—their homage given, Left there the Babe—their sins all shrun.

—RITA McMARTIN

Composed by a child of fifteen, being her first attempt at verse, which is here given without any correction.—Rita's Teacher.

THE CHILDREN'S FESTIVAL

"We must look to Christmas as the festival of the children," says Cardinal Manning. It is so because it is the festival of the Child Jesus—it is the festival of home, of father, mother, and little ones. And at this Christmas time all who have children ought to lay to heart the responsibility allotted them in respect to them. They were the children of fathers and mothers by nature, but they were the children of God by adoption and grace. Let parents take care how they bring up their children. Let them not be lured by any of the attractions of great intellectual culture to send their sons and daughters out of the light of faith which, turned upon them, made them disciples of Jesus Christ. Then they had duties to perform to their homes. They ought to take account of them on Christmas day. How had they ruled over their households? And had the light of faith shone in their homes? Had fathers lived with their children as if they were endeavoring to bring them up as St. Joseph brought up the Child Jesus? Had mother endeavored to imitate the Blessed Virgin in her love, care, and tender watchfulness over the children committed to them. There were others besides their children in their households, who served them and to whom they owe duties of love and care, because servants in their houses were just as if they were the children of the family. Did they treat their servants with kindness, generosity, with due watchfulness and care for their moral welfare? Did they do all they could to enable their servants to serve God? Did they afford them time to go to divine services? Did they, when they sat down to their regular meals, ask God's blessing upon them and give thanks for them?

That was the practice of the forefathers when the light of the Incarnation spread its brightness over the land; but now, unhappily, "There is a darkness over the land and a mist over the people."

DIVINE GRACE

MEANING OF GRACE

The word "grace" signifies in general, a gift, a favor, a benefit of pure liberality, which is in no manner due us. God grants us some for this life, as health, use of reason, beauty, strength, temporal goods, etc. In the sense, however, in which we here understand the term "grace," it is a supernatural gift of God, freely bestowed upon us through the merits of Jesus Christ, for our salvation. It is something that God, out of His bounty, showers upon us; something to which we have no right whatever; something for the salvation of the soul. It may be likened to the ether, the invisible fluid, that ceases our investigations but is known by its effects; it is an invisible influx of God upon our souls; it surrounds us, fills our lives, stimulates us to action; it is a breathing, a gentle wind of persuasion which we can reject.

ACTUAL GRACE

There are two kinds of God's grace. One is called Actual Grace, the other Habitual or Sanctifying Grace. Actual Grace is a transient movement of supernatural influence, which enlightens the understanding, and strengthens the will, directing us towards some good action and helping us in its performance. It is referred to as actual grace since it gives us the power to produce acts. It is a transitory help to perform some special act or virtue. It may come to the sinner urging him to repent, it may come to the saint urging him to become better. Thus a thought comes to pray to God, to do some work for God, for our neighbor, these are actual graces, gifts of God to us, for our salvation.

HABITUAL OR SANCTIFYING GRACE

Besides Actual Grace, the transient help to do good and avoid evil, there is another kind of grace, that is referred to as Habitual or Sanctifying Grace. This is a supernatural gift of God that permanently adheres in the soul, by which one is immediately and formally made partaker of the divine life, and pleasing to God, the adopted son of God, capable of eliciting works meritorious of eternal life. As Actual Grace signifies a passing gift, Habitual Grace means a permanent gift, lost only by mortal sin, it is a State of Grace, or a permanent quality infused into the soul by God, vesting it like a garment.

RHEUMATISM FOR OVER 16 YEARS

No Return Of The Trouble Since Taking "Fruit-a-tives"

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NECESSITY OF ACTUAL GRACES

While we may be inclined to consider unduly the dignity of our nature as surpassing all other creatures of this lower world, we should not forget the weakness of the human reason and the human will. Our natural knowledge falls short of the higher state which God calls man to enter, natural knowledge is insufficient. "No man can come to Me, except the Father Who hath sent Me, draw him." (Jo. vi., 44). "Without Me you can do nothing" (Jo. xv., 5). "Not that we are sufficient to think anything of ourselves, as of ourselves, but our sufficiency is from God" (2 Cor. iii., 5).

The teaching of the Church on the necessity of actual graces is, that without it we can neither commence, nor continue, nor achieve any salutary work—that is, any work proportioned to our salvation. In a state of pure nature, that is without supernatural gifts, and without sin or the wounds inflicted by sin, man by his natural strength would be able to perform all actions proportioned to his nature, but he could not wish and perform any supernatural good. Without grace, man is able to execute some moral good of the natural order, to love God as the Author of nature, to overcome slight temptations. Without grace man is unable to do anything that will lead him to eternal life, to persevere in good, to observe all the precepts of the natural law, to love God with a perfect love, to overcome grave temptations. This shows the necessity of actual graces.

DISTRIBUTION OF ACTUAL GRACES

Since we are so helpless in the supernatural order, and since God has died for all, and wishes all to be saved, it follows that God offers to all the necessary grace for their salvation. This is the teaching of the Church, also for sinners, since God speaking of sinners says, "As I live saith the Lord God, I desire not the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his way and live" (Ezek. xxxiii., 11).

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The first effect of Habitual Grace is that it remits the guilt and the eternal punishment of sin. Not merely is sin wiped out, eradicated, but the inner man is so renovated that from being an enemy of God, he becomes a friend of God. Sins are not merely ignored, or overlooked, or covered, they are actually removed. "As far as the East is from the West, so hath He removed our iniquities from us" (Ps. cii., 12). This effect of justification and sanctification does not proceed from repentance; no, this action which destroys the virulent activity of sin in our souls, is supernatural and beyond all our power. Grace and sin are incompatible. Either we are in the state of mortal sin, or we are in the State of Grace.

The second effect of Habitual Grace, is that besides making us just and holy in the sight of God, it renders our acts worthy of reward. It means that good works, performed in the service of God, deserve a supernatural recompense.

MEANS OF OBTAINING GRACE

The principal means by which we can obtain this grace of God are through the seven Sacraments and through prayer. These will form the subject matter of our instruction for the coming year. Truly precious are these supernatural gifts of God. They are gentle whisperings, and the terrible part of them by reason of our free will we can refuse to accept them; we can spurn them. To abuse God's grace is to endanger our salvation. He who has the warning to abandon evil, no matter how this comes, by a sermon, by sickness, etc., he who has the inspiration to lead a good life and refuse, will have to account for this to God. To offer that grace it cost the blood of Jesus Christ. And the one who abuses it really tramples upon the blood of the Saviour. Grace, once gone, like time, never returns, and may in the end will be our undoing. "He that condemneth small things, shall fall little by little."—The Tablet.

FIND RELIC OF BISHOP LOST IN SHIPWRECK

APPEARS TO BE BREVIAIRY OF MGR. JALABERT, LEADER IN AFRICAN MISSIONS

A relic has just been found which seemingly testifies to some of the activities and projects which were in the mind of the late Rev. Mgr. Jalabert, Missionary Bishop of Dakar, a leader in the African missions, who with thirteen of his fellow apostles, perished in a shipwreck off the French coast.

The relic appeared to be a Breviary, though it was so water soaked that its pages formed a jelly like substance. In the book was found a plan of the future cathedral of Dakar. There were also found pictures and prayers written out by hand. On the binding was printed the name which thrilled the fingers—Mgr. Jalabert.

The catastrophes in which the Bishop and his companions perished occurred last January. They were members of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost. The book was found recently by a fisherman near the Sables d'Oronne, on the western coast of France. The tide had carried the relic to land. The discovery was made not far from the place where the vessel went down. The book is said to be all that remained of Mgr. Jalabert's worldly possessions, nothing having escaped from the wreck.—The Pilot.

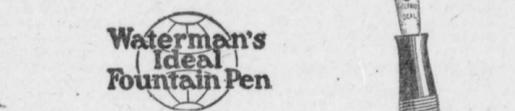
To the one who thinks clearly, truth never grows old. It is eternal in its clear-voiced demands. Certain truths, to be sure, may lose their appeal to us. At such times we would do well to inquire whether our hearing has not become dull or our sight dim through disobedience.

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Put a spoonful of Bovril into your soups, stews and pies. It will give them a delicious new savouriness, and you will be able to get all the nourishment you require without making a heavy meal.

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LEAVES ON THE WIND

New Volume of Verse by Rev. D. A. Casey AUTHOR OF "At The Gate of The Temple" Editor of "The Canadian Freeman" \$1.25 Postpaid Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA

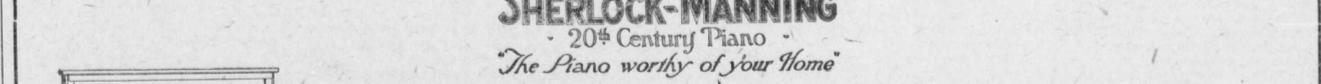
FATHER CASEY writes with sincere and deep feeling. His uplifting heart-sonnets carry many weary winged messages to the earth-worn weary children of men. Many chords are touched to which the heart strongly vibrates; tender chords of Erin's love and sorrow; chords of patriotism and chords of piety; chords of adoration and homage that lift the soul to the very Throne of the Most High. "More convincing than Sygne and Lady Gregory, perhaps because the poet knows better and sympathizes more deeply with the people of whom he writes," was the comment of Joyce Kilmer in "The Literary Digest." In the pages of this book religion and art are mingled with happiest results.

The Importance of True Tones for the Beginner

If your children were educated from inaccurate text books, what a handicap that would be to their education.

The same principle applies to musical education—a faulty-toned piano creates a false sense of tone.

Have your children begin lessons on a



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LONDON CANADA

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

A CHRISTMAS GREETING

A merry Christmas greeting To each and every one! The rose has kissed the dawning And the gold is in the sun.

LITTLE HAND TO HOLD

Just a little hand to hold, and life sets laughter free; Just a little hand to hold, and that's enough for me.

CHRISTMAS

There is no day in all the year which brings such joy as Christmas. It stands out conspicuously above all the feasts of the year.

THE TRUE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

Are you willing to forget what you have done for other people and remember what other people have done for you?

Are you willing to stoop down and consider the needs and the desires of little children; to remember the weakness and loneliness of people who are growing old?

Are you willing to believe that love is the strongest thing in the world—stronger than hate, stronger than evil, stronger than death?

SPIRITUAL DISCERNMENT

The other day a traveling man in a railroad coach made the remark: "Christmas is nothing to me."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

KIDNAPED BY SANTA CLAUS

My dad sez once they lived a boy 'U bound that he would see Old Santa Claus—an' had no joy For thinkin' how 't'd be To hide behind a screen an' wait Till Santa come around.

Well, Christmas Eve, this boyleton

As he was sound asleep, An' when he knowed the rest had gone Downed he went a creep To bed, he went a creep

ually defective, a born idiot in regard to matters of religion. Is Christmas to become something to him, he must begin with humble acknowledgment of his own nothingness; he must seek and search and pray for the light he is lacking; he must combat his vices which obstruct the light.

And, vice versa, where deeds are beginning to vanish in the paralysis of indifference, religious light will begin to decline until complete darkness settles upon the soul.

There is no day in all the year which brings such joy as Christmas. It stands out conspicuously above all the feasts of the year. It is the birthday of the God-man and the great feast of Christianity.

On Friday, December 6, the Church celebrates the feast of the great wonder-worker of the Greek Church, Saint Nicholas, Bishop of Myra.

The name of Nicholas has been honored in the Church at Rome for a thousand years. He was born at Parara, a city of Lycia in Asia Minor about the beginning of the Fourth Century.

The Christmas spirit, which Christ brought to a selfish world, is the love of God above all things for His own sake, and the love of our neighbor as ourselves for the love of God.

Man's most characteristic trait is selfishness, and the little babe on a pallet of straw in a wretched stable, without even the ordinary comforts of life, is God's lesson of unselfishness to the sons of men.

For thirty years He labored, sanctifying honest toil and the common duties of life; for three years He preached, as no man ever spoke before, confirming His doctrine with signs and wonders, curing the sick, raising the dead and forgiving sinners; so that it was truly said of Him: "He went about doing good."

Having given the world His example and His teaching He consummated the sacrifice by giving His life for the redemption of mankind.

The Son of God, to show His love for man, has left us, as a model, a life of unselfishness, of service and of self-sacrifice. Let us ponder the Christmas story. Let us have the Christmas spirit; and when we have learned the lessons of unselfishness, of service and of self-sacrifice we shall enjoy that peace which the angels promised to men of good will.

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An' you bet I ain't gonna take No chance like that—not quite! You'll find 'at I won't be awake When Santa comes tonight.

THERE IS A SANTA CLAUS

The following beautiful reply of Charles A. Dana, late editor of the New York Sun, to little Virginia O'Hanlon who inquired concerning the truth about Santa Claus has become a classic of American literature:

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.

THE FIRST SANTA CLAUS

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Nicholas to be waiting at the church door; they took him, and to the incredible delight of all, made him the Bishop of Myra.

He befriended widows and orphans by money, by advice, and by every service in his power. So zealous a defender was he of all who suffered oppression, that, on one occasion, three tribunes having been condemned by the Emperor Constantine, who had been deceived by calumny, and having heard of the miracles wrought by Nicholas, they recommended themselves to his prayers.

ASTHMA Chronic Bronchitis and Catarrh Conquered by the World's Only Two-Bottle Remedy.

WHY WE SHOULD READ A CATHOLIC PAPER The necessity which present-day Catholics are under of studying their religion, in order that they may not lose their hold on it—lost the information they acquired in school-days should be lost, and the religious feeling they had as children should fade from their hearts—is admirably lucidly and tersely explained in a pastoral letter of the lamented Bishop Hedley, states the Ave Maria.

God's science finds no room. That is the reason why educated Catholics in these days have to learn their religion well.

"True, a Catholic can be a good Catholic and yet be quite unlearned. The poor and the workers are not expected to sit over books or to go to school again. Yet it must not be forgotten that in these days even the unlearned read. And if they read at all, they must not neglect to read about their religion, or else they lose their hold on their religion."

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HUMAN NATURE AND THE INCARNATION

In his famous lectures on "The Varieties of Religious Experience," delivered in Edinburgh some years ago, the late Professor William James of Harvard presents two great truths or principles which he declares to be common to all religions. The first is a consciousness in man that "there is something wrong about him as he naturally stands," and the second, that "he is saved from the wrongness by making proper connection with the higher powers."

It would be difficult to find a statement from a non-Catholic which puts the matter in a clearer and more concise form, and we can but marvel that a mind which discovered so much did not discover more. But we have perhaps in this very inability an illustration of the fact that the acceptance of real Christianity is not merely a conclusion of the intellect, but also an act of the will—a will yielding itself to the operations of God's grace.

Respecting the first point of Professor James's analysis little need be said. There is probably not a man living who does not realize—at least in moments when he is honest with himself—that there is certainly "something wrong about him as he naturally stands." He would perhaps have a difficulty in defining in what that wrongness precisely consists; but the experience itself is there. All human nature bears witness to it. The ancients spoke of it as the "sædium vitæ," and they suggest a variety of means for its relief. The modern man has undergone no change in this respect. On the contrary, it may be said that his sickness has assumed an even more acute form. It is to this sickness that we must trace the restlessness of the modern world, the insane craving for amusement and diversion, the absorption of the mind in the temporal and passing interests of life. All these are but the struggles of the soul to free itself from its disquieting experiences and to forget the sickness from which it knows itself to be suffering.

Man's miseries, "are those of a dethroned monarch." We might justly add that he is a sick monarch as well as a dethroned one. But admitting the correctness of the learned professor's analysis, are we not also constrained to admit that it is in the Catholic doctrine of the Incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ that there is provided for this age-long sickness of man the only effective and permanent cure? And it should be helpful and profitable to many minds to contemplate this all-important matter from this point of view at a season of the year when the great truth of the Incarnation is once more brought to our serious attention. What, we may ask, are all the solemn and philosophic utterances of man by the side of this soul-moving and soul-healing truth? Has any one of them ever really solved the mystery of man's "wrongness," or provided him with a means by which that wrongness can be righted and by which connection can be made with the higher powers? Is it the Babe of Bethlehem, the Son of God become incarnate for us, who alone has accomplished this, and who has, by that very fact, proved to us the divine character of His Person and of His mission? The entire history of Christianity bears witness to the fact. Every saint and every martyr is a living illustration of it.

"The perfect union of the divine and the human," writes a thoughtful student of the subject, "has been in all ages the object of every religion; for the essence of all religious need lies in the ardent desire of the human spirit to partake of the fullness of God. In Christianity alone does this need find a complete and unconditional satisfaction. With one sole exception all religions present the union of God and in a defective form; either the two sides remain separate, or there is absorption of one into the other. The sole exception is Christianity, which finds the perfect union of the two, without fusion and without separation, in the person of Jesus—God and Man."

There is, of course, a sense in which the world admits this fact, but what the world admits is the circumstance that the admission has so little influence on human life and that it leaves the large mass of mankind so strangely cold and indifferent. It is not because they do not reflect upon the deep significance of the truth presented and do not study it in the light of their own inward moral experiences? They believe it merely in the sense that they do not deny it and as being perhaps a more or less acceptable philosophy of life.

"The low standard of virtue which we observe and deplore in some Catholics," writes a great master of the religious life, "arises not from want of faith, but from neglect of meditation upon the truths of religion. The Catholic votaries of the world do not deny a single one of the truths the Church teaches, but they give no thought to them and consequently they live as if they believed them not."

Before many days have passed the Christian world will be standing once more beside the lowly manger. That world has of late passed through some bitter and almost crushing experiences. It has realized as perhaps never before that there is most certainly something wrong about it as it naturally stands. A very large proportion of it has sought and is seeking earnestly to

make connection with the Higher Powers to find Him who alone can set that wrongness right.

Our prayer at this Christmas time should be that those who thus seek may find—that they may find at the manger of Bethlehem health and healing for their souls and with these the peace of God which passes understanding.—Catholic Union and Times.

A CHRISTMAS WISH

Wherever there is sickness, May Santa Claus bring health; Wherever there is poverty, May Santa Claus bring health; Wherever one is weeping, May tears to smiles give way; Wherever sadness hovers, May joy come Christmas day.

To every heart that's aching, May peace and comfort come, And may an outlook rosy Supplant each outlook gloom; May friends now separated Soon reunited be, And everyone find gladness Upon this Christmas tree.

—EDGAR A. GUSTE

GREAT SOCIAL WORK

FRENCH PRIEST-DEPUTY IS PRAISED BY POINCARÉ

(By N. C. W. G. News Service) Paris, Nov. 28.—In the course of a meeting recently held in Paris in the presence of the most prominent among Catholic philanthropists and sociologists, M. Poincaré, former president of the Republic, and Mgr. Julien, Bishop of Arras, paid high praise to a man who, single-handed, was able by means of intensive propaganda and strenuous work, to be of greatest service both to the working class and his country. This man is a Catholic priest, the Abbe Lemire, who represents the Department of the North in the French parliament. The work undertaken by him is "L'Oeuvre des Jardins Ouvriers" (Gardens for working people).

MME. HERVIEU'S CHARITY

Of course, Father Lemire is not the initiator of those gardens. Long before he started his campaign, there were quite a number of such gardens being raised in various parts of France. At Sedan, for instance, kind-hearted woman, Mme. Hervieu by name, who owned an important local industry, had been greatly worried about the fact that the money given by her to the needy was a mere momentary relief, and, for quite a number of them, an encouragement to laziness. Thereupon she decided to help the poor in a more satisfactory way, providing them at the same time with seeds and all needed implements.

By being thus enabled to obtain larger help from the help granted them, and this in proportion to their work. Afterwards Mme. Hervieu had the idea of extending the benefit of a similar institution to those working men who, although not altogether destitute, might, however, welcome every help afforded them to bring up their families. In 1891, at Sedan, 21 workingmen's families were thus benefited by such gardens. In 1897 there were 90 and now there are 399.

Once known, the success achieved by the Sedan "Oeuvre" found other imitators. In 1906, at St. Etienne, a Jesuit Father was already at the head of a similar organization which comprised 700 gardens. But Father Lemire was really the man who, by strenuous work, intensive propaganda and judicious methods was destined to bring this idea to a fruitful and grand realization. As early as 1896, Father Lemire in order to promote his campaign, had founded the "Ligue du Coin de Terre et du Foyer" (League of the Morsel of Ground and of the Home). Sociologists, clergyman and municipalities took an interest in his undertaking. Father Lemire delivered lectures and wrote books in furtherance of his work. At last, he had a bill enacted by parliament which provided the necessary measures to facilitate the organization of the "Oeuvre des Jardins Ouvriers."

HOW THE MOVEMENT GREW

In 1908, there were in France 134 local organizations of workingmen's gardens, which cultivated 6,000 gardens, by which 64,000 people were benefited; in 1912, 281 organizations, with 18,000 gardens and 189,000 beneficiaries (of whom 65,000 were children). During the five years of the War, the "Oeuvre" plan remained at a standstill, and its very existence was threatened. All the able-bodied men, almost all the heads of families, having been killed, it was feared that the gardens would be neglected. But a great endeavor in mutual solidarity was witnessed. The men and women who had remained at home to lend a hand to one another, and the truck gardens were kept in good condition. Thus at the end of the War, the "League of the Home" claimed all the gardens cultivated by the soldiers in the vicinity of their encampments. These gardens were then altogether neglected. There are certainly at the present time 30,000 gardens for workers, helping 300,000 people. The local groups were formed sometimes by the pastors, sometimes by the St. Vincent de Paul conferences (especially in Paris) and sometimes also by either manufacturers or municipalities. The gardens are selected in fertile grounds affording great facilities for cultivation, and within

easy reach. They are usually located within a distance of one kilometer from the last houses of the town.

In compliance with the regulation of the organization the gardens are rented to families whose morals have proved satisfactory; the first to benefit are the heads of numerous families and those who find it more difficult to balance their budgets. As a rule, the gardens are not given absolutely free of charge. In order that the tenant may take a greater interest in the ground he is cultivating, a small yearly rent is exacted. The rent being applied to the purchase price, the workman, in time, becomes the owner of his piece of ground.

MORAL OBLIGATIONS ASSUMED

The tenant agrees to keep his garden for at least four or five years. This obligation is additional assurance that he will maintain his ground in good condition. Families who are given gardens must promise to behave decently, live in good terms with their neighbors, and abstain from doing work on Sundays not absolutely essential. The area of each garden is, for most groups, in proportion to the number of children in the family.

The organizations supply the gardens with all necessary implements and seedling. M. De Villorin, who is the greatest seed dealer in France and a strong backer of all Catholic "Oeuvres," gives out, every year, all the seedling required for a number of gardens.

Courses in vegetable garden cultivation are given, and also courses in housekeeping for the women. An annual feast of the gardens is usually celebrated on St. Francis's day (August 30). Prizes are awarded for the best-tended gardens. Nothing, in a word; neglected to bind the workman to his little piece of ground. As for the advantages afforded by the organization, they can easily be realized.

A garden of 600 square metres can supply the vegetables necessary for a family of seven persons. Furthermore, the workingmen's gardens increase the general production and keep away from the markets a number of consumers, thereby contributing to the lowering of prices.

The workingmen's gardens also prove to be an efficient and cheap remedy against alcoholism and tuberculosis. "It is the home sanatorium," says a member of the Academy of Medicine.

KEEP FAMILIES TOGETHER

The gardens equally afford a healthful occupation during leisure hours, and a diversion from other works; they keep the families together and lead them away from expensive and very often objectionable pleasures.

Lastly, they are a social blessing. By binding the worker to the ground, by providing him with a kind of work in which he may see the result of his efforts looming ahead, by making him a landowner, this institution prevents the increase of the number of discontented and revolutionary lazy fellows who sow hatred among the various classes of society. On the contrary, it turns them into an element of tranquillity, of wisdom and social peace.

As Mgr. Julien said in speaking of the social work: "Presenting a man with a small piece of ground is, in fact, to give him a broad stretch of blue sky."

THE TWOFOLD MISSION

With good reason has the Church selected St. John the Baptist to be the preacher of her Advent message to the faithful. Through the words of Our Lord's Precursor she speaks to us in the Gospels of the Sundays of Advent. John the Baptist was a stern and rugged character. A man of robust strength, of uncompromising principle, of austere penances, he stands out among the contemporaries of Our Lord as the living flaming symbol of the soul purification that our Lord demanded as the preparation for His entrance into the hearts of men.

The Baptist had a twofold mission to accomplish. He was to announce the coming of Christ, and he was to prepare the way before Him. He was a herald. But he was a herald of Heaven not of earth. There is nothing worldly in the character of John the Baptist. To the maxims of the world, to pleasures, to greed, and to ambition he opposed the weapons of the spirit, bodily penance, mortification, and self sacrifice.

He bore the mark from the hearts of the hypocritical Jews and showed them the intrinsic hollowiness of their religion. And then he demanded a fundamental change in their lives. The axe should be laid at the root of the trees of pride, lust, and avarice and the valleys of omission should be filled up and the mountain growths of evil should be leveled. And not content with preaching he himself gave the example.

Needless to say St. John the Baptist was not a popular figure among the Jews. No doubt he was despised as a reformer, a dreamy visionary, or an egocentric misanthrope. But he cared not what people thought. He clung to principle, he performed his task even though it cost him his life, and he left the world with his Master's eulogy ringing in his ears. "Amen I say to you that there hath not arisen among them that are born of women a greater than John the Baptist."

ing after His resurrection. She announces during Advent the coming of Christ at Christmas, and she declares that we must prepare for that coming by penance and the searching of our hearts. She declares the love of pleasure in the work and tries to raise men's hearts and minds from the things of earth to the things of heaven.

Through her many saints and holy people she too gives the example of what she preaches. Yet like John the Baptist, the Church is not popular with the world that does not think as she thinks. The world will not accept her doctrine, because they are too hard, or savor too much of penance. What a different world this would be for the Jewish people if they had hearkened to the words of the Precursor and prepared for the coming of Christ as he exhorted them.

What a different world this would be in the year 1920 if the world would only listen to the Church, accept her doctrine, and follow her teachings! Then the coming of Christ at Christmas time into the hearts of men would bring an era of universal peace and good will to nations and to individuals.—The Pilot.

OBITUARY

MRS. ELLEN O'BRIEN

The funeral of Ellen Conghlin, relict of the late Jeremiah O'Brien, took place in St. Carmel, on the 26th of November, from the home of her daughter, Mrs. P. Havelin, Centralis. Solemn High Mass was celebrated by the pastor, Rev. Father Tierney, assisted by Rev. Father Ronan, St. Mary's, and Rev. Father Hogan, Lucan.

The deceased estimable lady was one of the oldest residents of this locality and her exemplary life and her love for Holy Religion was an inspiration to all who knew her. She is predeceased by her husband, two sons and one daughter, and those left to mourn are two daughters, Mrs. P. Havelin, Centralis, and Sister M. Gertrude of the Sacred Heart Convent, London; a son, Mrs. G. J. O'Brien, of Centralis, and D. L. O'Brien of St. Mary's; and one sister, Sister M. F. Xavier, Mt. Hope, London. Among those who attended the funeral were a number of friends from a distance.

HOLIER OF HUMAN RELATIONS

A news item records that all records for divorce cases in Suffolk County were broken this fall when approximately 800 cases were listed in the Superior Court. So far nearly 600 have been disposed of, and to hear the others it is necessary to draft an additional judge. This increase in the divorce rate is not peculiar to this one county. The same story is told in other counties. For example, recently a judge of the Westmoreland County courts in Pennsylvania made some pat observations about the astonishing increase of divorce in his county. In the year 1909 he says that there were but 61 labels filed; in the single month of September, 1920, there were 90 cases. During the year 1920 the total number of divorces granted in that county will amount to nearly 257.

All over the country the same danger signal is being. According to the figures of a former Commissioner of Labor the number of divorces in the United States for the twenty year period from 1897 to 1898 increased 157 per cent, while the population increased only 60 per cent. During the next twenty years was from 1897 to 1906 the number of divorces was nearly tripled, namely 945,625 against 323,716. In 1870 there was one divorce for every 3,441 persons in the United States; in 1905 there was one divorce for every 1,218 persons.

According to the figures collected by a private organization in Washington this country now is the leading divorce nation of the world. Japan which recently held that unenviable distinction has 109 divorces for every 100,000 persons; the United States has 112 divorces for every 100,000 persons.

In the light of these facts well may organizations be formed to offset this growing evil. Emphasis on the Catholic position is not needed. The Church's attitude has been from the very beginning clear and unmistakable. Separations have been allowed for grave reasons, for certain irremediable, the nullity of invalid marriages has never in twenty centuries has the Church departed from Christ's teaching and set her sanction upon divorce.

In view however of the increasing laxity of divorce laws, and of the agitation that has been appearing recently in some states for uniform divorce laws it is well to recur again to the statement of the Bishop's Pastoral in regard to what is fast becoming our national disgrace. That document says: "We consider the growth of the divorce evil an evidence of moral decay and a present danger to the best element in our American life. In its causes and in its results for those who are immediately concerned and its suggestions to the minds of the entire community, divorce is our national scandal. It not only disrupts the home of the separated parties, but it also leads others who are not yet married, to look upon the bond as a

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