The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, DEC. 21, 1918

CHRISTMAS

Once more we approach the season of good will with trembling hearts. for we know that we who profess and call ourselves Christians are caught in a network of incongruity, if not of palpable inconsistency. The ideal represented by the great festival is so terribly opposed to the actual as administrators. Over and above the we envisage it through the pictured duties to which the approaching horrors in the blood-stained fields season gives emphasis we should of Europe that it almost seems as give special heed to the needs of the though silence were best. Yet while little ones. cynics are sure to scoff and the songs of Zion sound out of tune when the air is rent with reverberations of recent destructive warfare we needs must fall back upon the golden vision which hopeful in the future. To feed and so long ago set the joy-bells ringing clothe and give pleasure to them is with the magical message, Gloria in much; to shed rays of light and Excelsis Deo, in terra pax. How dis-sweetness upon paths that are too cordant are the echoes of violence often shadowed and grief-stricken is and racial hatred that fill our ears more. Let us not withhold the joy today! Milton's famous Ode to the which is the bread and wine of life quest Nativity reflected the pious tradition from those who, apart from our of his age. When the Babe of Beth- laying on of hands, may lack the lehem was born—so ran the legend— "Meek eyed Peace" waved her mystic them access to a higher world of wand over land and sea. "The idle trust and hope—the heaven that lies spear and shield were high up-hung. about us-wherein youth becomes The hooked chariot stood, unstained wise and age puts on the child with human blood." Alas, the likeness which is the quintessence of Miltonic cartoon left many sad con- saintly growth this side of Paradise trasts in the background; the Roman regained. So, after all, we can close armed peace became the pattern for on a rising note, though the sadness Emperors and the great captains to of this day of battle and loss lay copy, and we are reaping the whirl- heavily upon our spirits at the start. wind then and thereafter sown in | The Angels' Song is still valid, and

THE POOR

Indeed as later generations develop triumphs over death. Our loved wider needs and more acute sensi- ones are but lost to sight; it is we bilities social duty becomes more complex. Cain's question, "Am I they. What better pledge can we the position of the President from my brother's keeper?" was an have than the never-failing succesimpertinence in simpler times, when sion that takes up the duties they people's wants and misfortunes were laid down when their call to go up closely observed and could be easily higher came? We will meet the chilministered to by neighbourly care; drea-those anconscious inneritors today it is a crime of the first magni. of lapsed opportunities here belowtude to affect indifference to evils with bright faces and words of cheer. which lower the common standard of In them we shall see the promise of health and efficiency—to be blind to the Good Time Coming. They will be made to the sufferings of the unprivileged be learning the great lesson of this hector and bully the Government in members of the community or awful loss and waste. Be assured callous to appeals for aid in the in- that they will not swell the war-cry evitable crises of their fate. Today, in the future ; rather will they seek squalid principles of vengeance and as in the past, it is still our pleasant | peace and ensue it, knowing that the | avarice. We must relentlessly set privilege to press upon our readers beroisms of life saving far exceed the our faces against that." the claims of children to participate in merits of brute courage in victory or the joyousness which is appropriate defeat. Truly the Child in the to the season. Occurring in mid- midst shall yet lead the passing Junkers of the press, clamoring for winter, when the privations of the generation to the border of the the adoption of struggling masses who live more or promised land, where the anthem of Germany which differs from the inless on the poverty line the year the celestial host shall at last be justice which marked Germany's through, are intensified by weather heard in its full significance, when through, are intensified by weather heard in its full significance, when conditions, Christmas is apt to wear brothers shall no longer main and In the first bitterness of resentment, an ironical look. The signs of an abundant prosperity meet them on shall feel after and find that middle of victory, some Americans have every hand. The shops are full of term which reason and goodwill calmer moments they will wish noting wares. Everything that prescribe To all-those money can buy is flaunted before the sorrow, not hopelessly, and those press is demanding, in "an attempt wistful gaze of people by whom the who have not yet had to mourn over to bully and hector the Government," barest necessaries of life alone are lives cut short and cherished hopes obtainable. Only at their peril can blighted-we pass on the old, old they indulge in little luxuries when wish—a happy Christmas and a pros- and drawers of water for the rest of he climbed up into the steeple of his some family event breaks the mono- perous New Year. tony of their daily tasks-haply a wedding, a christening, a funeral, or the unexpected visit of a distant relative compels them to draw upon their slender resources to do justice to the occasion. It is easy for those of us who have rarely, if ever, felt the pinch of circumstances to preach self-denial to men and women whose pleasures are on a lower level than our own. Just now how much righteous indignation is being poured forth concerning the lavish expenditure of our soldiers' wives and relatives and other phenomenally-paid lan of California The signatories infolk upon dress and recreation ! But is it really wonderful that long spells of compulsory economy should be followed by outbursts of extravagance ? Most of us are just as susceptible to these cross-currents, of the Dominican order.

Before President Wilson's departments and these alternations of carefulness and these alternations of carefulness and lavishness; and we can all recall him from every part of the country. instances when a small windfall has One of the strongest was that from provoked a wild passion for indulgence in some costly fad-an old edition of some favourite author, a framed engraving long coveted, perhaps an ornamental article to mark a household anniversary. What matters the particular form of personal indulgence ? In any case that will express the need for a display of wide.

ups and downs of circumstance will be confined within reasonable limits; in war-time even the poor safeguards of public criticism prove unavailing. War is waste, alike in the reckless demolition of glorious monuments in ancient cities, the flinging of millions into the dustbins of civilisation. and talk about economy that marks the uneasy conscience of disillusioned determination for Ireland.

THE CHILDREN

The children stand for all that is

consecration which alone can give the desolated lands, East and West, even those who bewail the cruel sacrifices entailed by the struggle against evil powers may lift up their heads and believe that their redemp-The poor we have with us always, tion draws nigh. Life ever more who suffer the extreme penalty, not who

ALL-AMERICAN MOVEMENT

FOR IRELAND'S CAUSE

During the past week President Wilson received petitions from al-most every diocese of the country asking his support for the claims of Ire-land to, be a free and independent nation. The first of these petitions. that from the Archbishop, Bishops and priests of the Province of San Francisco, was presented to the Presi dent on Wednesday by Senator Phealuded the Rt. Rev. Edward J. Hanna Archbishop of San Francisco; the Rt. Rev. Thomas Grace, Bishop of Sacra nento; the Rt. Rev. John J. Cantwell, Bishop of Monterey and Los Angeles. and the Rev. J. Mc Mahon, Provincial

the Archdiocese of New York, which was signed by more than one thousand priests. Buffalo's petition was forwarded on Saturday. It bears the signatures of Msgr. Nelson A. Baker, Administrator of the Diocese, Bishop Walsh of Trenton, and more than two

hundred priests of the Diocese.

The movement for the independence of Ireland has become nationwill express the need for a display of unusual interest in a gratifying ex. arranged everywhere by Friends of

held in various parts of the country, and others will follow in the course of the coming week, which will be known as "Ireland's Self-Determina-

tion Week."

One of the most successful meetings of the past week was held in Boston on Sunday afternoon, when four thousand members of Irish societies stood for three hours on Bos-ton Common in the bitterest cold weather of the season and applauded each reference by speakers to self-

A resolation was adopted appealing to President Wilson and congress to have the American delegates to the Peace Conference demand complete freedom for Ireland. A letter from Carinal O'Connell was read in which he declared he

would do everything that was legit-mate and just, within his power, for the cause of Irish freedom. At Columbus five hundred prominent men of Irish descent adopted resolutions requesting President Wilson at the Peace Conference to stand out for a strong, free, united Ireland, The resolutions asserted that the principles of self-determination must be applied to Ireland and that the on could be put off no longer. Buffalo's Self - Determination meeting will be held on Sunday evening, December 15th.—Buffalo

JUNKERS AT HOME

The wisest spirits in the United States and in the Allied nations are agreed on the principle that no peace can be lasting, unless it is founded on justice. To our own people, who have made supreme sacrifices, must we first of all be just, for there is an order of precedence in justice, but we must also be just to the vanguished make full reparation for his misdeeds, and he must be placed under such restraints as will forever make impossible a repetition of the tragedy which for four weary years drenched the world with blood. Yet that reparation should not be exacted, no restraints be imposed, in a spirit of revenge or hatred. This has been the beginning, and it has recently been stated with clearness and vigor by Mr. Lloyd George. "No settlement that contravenes the principles of eternal justice," writes the Premier, can be a permanent one."

We must not allow any sense of revenge, any spirit of greed, any grasping desire to override the fundamental principles of righteousness. an endeavor to make them depart from the strict principles of right, and to satisfy some base, sordid,

The war is now over but in the

words of a naval authority, much a policy towards treatment of Belgium only in degree, unsaid. To demand, as our Junker a "crushed and forever broken Ger many" and to insist that the Germans must now be made hewers of wood the world, is to ask for a course of action that is not only unworthy of a civilized people, but is also utterly absurd from the political and econslate by a sponge in the hands of a child. The people of that now distraught and unhappy country yet remain, human beings, with aspira-tions and possibilities for good, as well as for evil. We must destroy German militarism, the doctrine that might makes right, down to its last poisonous roots, but not the German Many among them regard that philosophy with an abhorrence equal to our own, and as for the others, it is our privileged mission to lead them to the truth. Hatred only breeds batred, and injustice must look to a sure day of punishment. Not only justice and charity, but self-interest, must prompt and demand an Allied policy which will align the German people as willing and valuable factors in a world rebuilt on the principles of righteous-

It was a supremely great American who fifty years ago conceived that it was his task to enter upon the reconstruction of This Government with charity towards all and malice towards none. May the Almighty Who has vouchsafed us victory, keep far from the hearts of our people that hateful un-American spirit of revenge which the Junkers of the press, happily few, are now endeavor fan into a consuming flame. We have poured out the wealth of our country and have not spared the best blood

perience. When regular employment and something like a regular income become the common heritage in a well-ordered society these words of Grant, spoken in the hour of the priest crawl amid the wreckage his triumph, "Let us have peace"; until he could extend the water to peace with God, peace with the priest crawl amid the wreckage until he could extend the water to peace with God, peace in our nations of the earth, peace in our own hearts. We wish to win the more. There was a grinding crash, friendship, not the rankling batred, of the new German people. We are great enough to be generous. The whom he had risked his life." world will not be the gainer, but all of us will be immeasurably poorer in the things that make life worth living, if the pagan philosophy which we have learned to abhor as "Prussianism," simply transfer its home from the once militaristic Germany to the counsels of the Allied nations.

PATRIARCH IS SAFE

FINAL DETAILS ABOUT PATRIARCH OF

Some anxiety has been expressed as to the safety of the Latin Patri-arch of Jerusalem, and it was reported that the Vatican had made repre sentations to the British government to make inquiries as to his place of abode and to secure his release. The Patriarch is safe, and a Catholic officer in the British forces in Palestine

We were able to rescue the Patriarch from the clutches of the Turks and Huns. When these gentry had to leave Jerusalem last winter the Patriarch, who is over seventy years of age, was taken to Nazareth. During the summer months he was given leave to go to Haifs. As soon as our advance took tlace he was ordered by the German commander in chief to leave Haifa and join him in his rapid retreat. The Patriarch replied by a medical certificate, and before further action could be taken we were in Haifa, and he was rescued. He is, however, not at all well, and is staying at Haifa until he is some-what recovered, and means of communication have been improved .- St.

IRISH CARMELITES

NOW ESTABLISHED IN ROME WITH CHURCH AND HOUSE

There is now another Irish church and house in Rome. The Provincial of the Irish Carmelites has been there and brought a small batch of students, whom he established at St. Celso. This is a small church and house just this side of the Ponte St. Angelo, a very populous part of the

Of Irish establishments in Rome there are the Irish College itself; the Irish Dominicans at San Clemente, which recently saw the consecration of Rt. Rev. Dr. MacNicholas Bishop of Duluth: the Irish Franciscans at St. Isidore's; the Irish Augustinians at St. Patrick's, and now the Irish Carmelites at San

Then there are, in a different category but occupying a very important position and doing a magnificent work, the Irish Christian Brothers. with their school, Colonna," and there is always the Church of San Silvestro for all English speaking Catholics in Rome

CHILDREN OF YPRES

Abbe Delgere the cure of Vores was the last civilian to leave the city. After months of hardships in this shell ridden hold, during which time church to extinguish fire-brands Abbe Delaere gathered up more than omic standpoint. Germany cannot be wiped out, like the writing on a slate by a sponge in the hards faithful Sisters are teaching and caring for the children. Abbe Delaere's charges are called "The Children of Ypres." Their fame is widespread bit. Lovable in many ways, they are throughout what is left of Belgium. highly emotional withal and suspic

AN ITALIAN PRIEST'S HEROISM

Mr. Thomas Curtin in his recent of man"? Phrases never yet stopped a rising passion, and the recent war

I moved on to where a building strive to benfit man for only just opposite the church had been hit so that the back had crumbled in completely, while the front seemed fit man for only man's sake end by completely, while the front seemed ready to fall if a good-sized splinter were pulled out from one of the prop beams. Beneath the wreckage a man was pinned, face downward, the international from the beginning, and man was pinned, face downward, the weight on his legs and spine. The agony which he suffered almost drove him mad and his shrieks cut me like saws and knives. A fireman was about to attempt to crawl through to him with a glass of water, when a priest came across from the church, took the glass of I take influence of this religion to he water, when a priest came across from the church, took the glass of water, exclaimed that he was going to crawl through to give the last rites to the doomed man, and turned majestically with a motion for the

It is, of course, " all in the day's work " for the Catholic priest in the discharge of his sacred duties to take such risks as the foregoing. If all the similar acts of heroism he has performed during the four dreadful years of the present war were known and published, the account would be a splendid record of courage and devotion.-America.

THE POPE AND PEACE CONFERENCE

The Peace Conference will soon begin, and there is no word about the Pope in connection therewith. Nobody is surprised at this, for the temper of many of the conferees is well known, and the famous Fifteenth Article of the secret treaty is still fresh in the minds of thoughtful men. His Holiness, therefore, will probably not be represented in Paris; and this is a calamity. True, he will lose nothing except some unstable prestige, but the world will be depriv-ed of a benefit great beyond measure. In the first place, the Conference will need intimate, accurate knowledge of many strange peoples about to be erected into sovereign States. Not this alone, but there will be need too of ready, impartial information about of ready, impartial information that the attitude of their former masters toward these people. Who better able to furnish this knowledge than the Papal Secretary of State? time of peace his office is a clearing house, as it were, for the diplomacy of the world; in time of war, especially of this war, it is the only office where uncolored information of all the struggling nations can be had. During the past four years Papal delegates went freely into many of the afflicted countries: Bishops and other prelates traveled in turn from these nations to Rome and documents passed and repassed without hin-drance. The Holy See, in short, is the only reliable depository of infor-mation concerning all great events of the conflict. Is this necessary know-ledge to be lost to the Conference?

More than that, the peace table should have the confidence of the world. It will get this and hold it only when and in the measure that ns are convinced of the impartial justice of the conferees. And, sad to say, not all the peoples concerned are persuaded of the impartiality of the present master nations. The Poles for nstance, are skeptical of fairness to their claims and, truth to tell, their misgivings are not ungrounded. The presence of a Papal delegate in Paris would remove the fears of some and give an added guarantee to others that justice, not greed or spite, had been set up by the Conference as the norm of action. During all the terrible conflict, the Papacy has been the greatest moral force in the world.

Condemning false principles and atrocities, it yet retained the friend-ship of the conflicting nations and spent itself in the interests of the suffering people, in a way unparalleled in the world's history. Hence, despite vulgar clamor against him, the Pope has the confidence of the world f that imm of it which is now emerging from autocracy into democracy. Catholic all or nearly all. No other power, not even the United States, enjoys this confidence. Is the Papacy's influence to

But there is a still more serious

aspect of this problem. Millions of

Catholic people have just been released from bondage and are about to begin life under a republican form of government. For many a long year these folk have borne the yoke and gyves and have eaten the bitter bread of thralldom. As a consequence, their characters have been warped a ious of one another. In the heydey of new found freedom emotions and suspicions will need a check. trouble will follow trouble. Whence the check? From the "brotherhood of man"? Phrases never yet stopped sands," thus describes the heroic death a priest bravely met while Padua was being bombarded from Besides, to aim at philanthropy only, is to miss the target. Ladies who sake end by erecting hospitals for outcast cats : men who strive to bene

making a grave mistake in excluding His Holiness from their deliberations. May they not have another Congress of Vienna?-America.

"TRUTH" ON IRELAND

No one could read Sir Edward

Carson's two Belfast speeches with out coming to the conclusion that he is now the dictator of the Govern-ment's Irish policy; which is a Home Rule Parliament in Dublin at some remote time, with the six counties, Armagh, Antrim, Down, Fermanagh, Londonderry, and Tyrone, excluded. When that comes, if ever it does, the trouble will start in Ireland. The Prime Minister and the ex-Premier have both agreed that Ulster must not be coerced. Presumably this means that the Home Rule majority in Fermanagh and Tyrone, the Home Rule half of the population of Armagh and Londonderry and the substantial Home Rule minority in Antrim, Down and Belfast will not be coerced into remaining under the Imperial Parliament and outside the

In Sir Edward Carson's speeches there were the usual sneers at what the South and West of Ireland did to help to win the War. When all the facts are known, they will show how unjustified were such sneers. The Leinsters, Munsters and Connaughts rushed to the firing line at the beginning of hostilities without waiting for Mr. John Redmond to enter into a sordid bargain with the Govern-ment, as did Sir Edward Carson before he told the Ulster Volunteer force to join up. Undoubtedly there was a decline in recruiting afterwards, but that was due to the gross mismanagement of the War Office, and the decline was as pronounced in Unionist Ulster as it was in Nationalist Ireland. The frantic appeals from the Ulster Division to those at home to go out and fill the gaps were answered not with men but with speeches made by slackers and shirkers telling the world how well the Ulster Division had fought. If the Carsonites had possessed one hundredth part of the patriotism they claim, the division would have been full of the natives of the province. Sir Edward Carson's excuse that the men declined to go because their places would have been filled by others from the South and West were puerile. The same excuse for not oining could have been made thousands of Englishmen, Welsh men and Scotchmen whose jobs were tched by Carsonites from Ulster. -Truth, (London, Eng.) Nov. 20, 1918.

ORDER OF MERIT FOR MARSHAL FOCH

KING GEORGE BESTOWS HIGHEST

COMMANDER-IN CHIEF Paris, Nov. 30 .- Following the dinner given at the Elysee Palace in honor of King George, a reception was held at the British Embassy. During the reception King George be | a native of Lowell, and the city has stowed upon Marshal Foch the Order of Merit. Marshal Foch is the only French holder of this decoration. In bestowing it, King George said:—

tinction of which I can dispose to late, standing in the centre of the the eminent soldier who has conduct- thoroughfare, is the gift to the ed the Allies' armies to victory.'

victory in Paris. The gay colored toilettes of the women and the scar-let robes of Cardinal Amette, Archbishop of Paris and Cardinal Bourne. ed strikingly with the khaki and horizon blue uniforms of officers and the black dressed clothes of civilians. It was a picture which had been almost forgotten in Paris. Marshal Joffre wore black tunic and the red trousers of the epoch of the Battle of

POPE SHOULD HAVE PLACE AT JONFERENCE

"Now the powers of the world are soon to gather to arrange the terms of peace, surely in that gathering the Pope will have a hearing and a rightful place." Cardinal O'Connell declared at a meeting of the League of Catholic Women of Boston a week although there were several Catholic

At that conference," the Cardinal continued, "will be represented all the Governor elect Smith is a practical material interest of the world. There will be generals and admirals, bankers and merchants lawvers statesmen. Is it conceivable that the greatest united moral force in the orld today, the greatest spiritual innow that the war between the nations is ended, as the greatest bulwark against internal disorder, anar chy and lawlessness—is it conceivable that that tremendous influence will be

CATHOLIC NOTES

General Mangin, hero of the Marne, is a descendant of the Kerry Mangans, who with the other "Wild Geese," flew to France in the seventeenth century to escape persecution.

The Holy Father has appointed the Apostolic Delegate to Turkey, the Most Rev. Archbishop Dolci, to act as Apostolic Delegate to Persia in his inquiry into the recent massacre of Bishop Sontag and several pricets, all members of the congregation of the

The Right Rev. Arthur Drossaerts, D. D., Bishop of San Antonio, will take possession of his See on Sunday, December 15th. Most Rev. John W. Shaw, D. D., Archbishop of New Orleans and formerly Bishop of San Antonio, will honorthe occasion with his presence. his presence.

So serious was the Spanish influenza epidemic at Montrose, Colo., that the charitable pastor, Rev. C. F. O'Farrell, threw open the Catholic Church as a hospital. So far as is known, this was the only city in which it was necessary to open a population died.

The tenth annual Pan-American Mass at St. Patrick's Church, Washington, was attended by representa tives of twenty-one American repub lics and diplomats from other countries. Secretary of State Lansing, Attorney General Thomas W. Gregory, Postmaster General Burleson, Secretary of Agriculture Houston and Secretary of Commerce Rerepresented the United States.

More than one priest is said to More than one priest is said to have gone down in the Irish mail boat tragedy. Dom Ildelphonsus Campbell, O. S. B., is amongst the victims. He was on a visit to his native land from Coventry where he was in late John Campbell, of Dublin, who was on two occasions Mayor of the city, and two of his brothers are priests, one being a Benedictine, like himself, the other a Jesuit. Father Campbell was in his sixty first year.

A solemn service of thanksgiving was held at the famous Church of Sainte Gudule in Brussels on Saturday, November 23, according to a delayed report received this week. Cardinal Mercier celebrated the Pontifical High Mass. The royal family, members of the Cabinet and the diplomatic corps were present. The service was one of the most impressive ever seen in Brussels, most of the great congregation being moved to tears

Copped Hall, near Finchley, England, the house in which Cardinal Manning was born, and the former home of the Mannings, is being sold by auction. It is a fine old Elizabethan mansion standing in grounds of 100 acres. It passed from the Manning family on purchase by Lord Lytton, and it is believed that "The Last of the Barons" and other novels were written there.

The thriving manufacturing city of Lowell, Mass., was the scene of an unusual celebration recently, when the Cardinal O'Connell Parkway was formally dedicated. The Cardinal is paid tribute to him by giving his name to its newest parkway, situated opposite the group of municipal buildings. A large fountain, sur-'Am happy to give the highest dismounted by a bronze bust of the pre-Cardinal of the people of Lowell.

The Y. M. C. A. Secretary, Cass Connaway, who has just sailed for France, took the following message from Cardinal Gibbons to the American soldiers overseas: "We regard you as the saviors of your country," said the message. We earnestly hope that you will come back to your beloved America safe and sound Or if you have wounds, they will be honorable wounds, which you will exhibit with pride to your mothers and families, and in years to come show them to your children and grandchildren. Keep a clean heart and a clean body, and may God be with you."

Alfred E. Smith, who has been elected Governor of New York, is the first Catholic ever elected to that position. Gov. Dongan, the Colonial Governor, was an Irish Catholic, but since the establishment United States no Catholic has been candidates, such as Francis W. Kernan and Martin H. Glynn. Catholic and is a Knight of Columbus
—St. Paul Bulletin.

From far-off Alaska comes the report of the heroic achievements of a former divinity student of St Louis University, the Rev. Frederick Ruppert, S. J. The dreaded influenza so violently ravaged the city of Nome, that, of the 3,000 inhabitants, all the adult male population, with the exception of one deeter and Father Ruppert, are either dead or dying. Father Ruppert, who is sacrifleing himself to the utmest to check the epidemic, formerly taught in California and is well known in the West.

A DAUGHTER OF THE SIERRA

BY CHRISTIAN REID

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CHAPTER X ARMISTEAD IS CONFIDENTIAL

Stop, Lloyd!—you are going off surely! Isabel, why don't you make him stay to supper? This was Mr. Rivers' cheerful shout

from the rear, when he saw Lloyd taking leave of Miss Rivers at the door of the house which contained under one roof the offices of the Car-ided Company and the residence of

its General Manager.
"Is all right, papa," Isabel assured Mr. Lloyd is going after Mr. Ar nistead. He'il be back presently."

"Be sure and bring Armistead with you! Mr. Rivers called after the departing Lloyd. "Tell him we won't take any refusal."

pace; for the Caridad house occupied a position midway between the the mine. From its door the road her, an enchanting vision to the man an slightly downward for several hundred yards, between stone walls, beyond which lay green fields; and which such a woman is the fluest then, crossing by a bridge over a small stream that in the season of the rains grew into a raging torrent, became of a child in her own.

"It is a great change, isn't it?" she said. "And you can't imagine making it, and how I

plaza of Tophia; for it is a perfect ower of green foliage and hedges of roses, that fill the air with rich fragrance. Here, as Lloyd had anticipated, he found Armistead seated on a sench under the shado w of the church, which, with its wide, ever-open door, occupies one side of

I've been wondering what had the form of dining when we came

There is a much better one." Lloyd replied; "and I've been requested to take you to it. It is the Casa de la Caridad, which well deserves its name from the wide ex-tent of its hospitality."
"Casa de la Caridad! That's a

charitable institution,—what we call an asylum, isn't it? I don't care to go to a place of that kind."

You'il care very, very much to go de la Caridad in this case means the Company house of the Caridad Mine. It's an old joke of the employees to refer to it as an institution of chari-

Armistead remarked that poor jokes did not in his opinion gain in numor by being in a foreign language; and then having made his protest against trivial jesting, professed his adiness to proceed immediately to

You seem to have lost no time in presenting yourself there, went on, a little suspiciously, as they walked up the street together.

I did not present myself there." Lloyd answered. "But while were in the hands of the bark " But while you strolled up to the mine-you know used to be on the staff,—and there I met Mr. and Miss Rivers, who insisted on our coming to take supper

She must be getting tired of this

She didn't express any feeling of

the kind." "Oh, she must be? What on earth is there here for a woman of her stamp? I can't imagine how she has endured it even as long this, and you may be sure she's dying to

to get away."
Lloyd did not feel called upon to contradict the opinion. Miss Rivers, he reflected, was able to answer for herself : and, after all, it was neither his business nor Armistead's whether she was or was not dying to get

away. The young lady, however, gave the contrary assurance with convincing positiveness when they found her in her sitting-room a little later.

the old room in which we used to camp," answered Lloyd. "You have The little story seemed also to

uries. Now there were not only may not arise during years of interwindows, but these windows were course, or it may arise within the windows, but these windows were hung with the draperies which even first hour of meeting a new acquaint from the outside he had remarked; rugs were spread on the floor; in one then he looked at the bookcase and then he looked again at the face to Topia, it was by that before here did not be the collection was converted with corner a broad divan was covered with a gaily-striped Mexican blanket and heaped with cushions. In another corner a bookcase stood; a large table loaded with magazines and papers bore in its midst a tall brass lamp, with a crimson silk shade. Pictures, photographs, a tortoise-shell kitten curled up in a work-basket,—Lloyd took it all in, and then turned his gaze on the girl who Topia

had created it. For up to this time he had never seen Isabel Rivers except in outdoor costume; and charming as she had been in that, and well as it had seemed to sait her, he saw now that she was one of the women who are supremely at home and supremely charming in a woman's own realm—the drawing-room. Gowned in some soft, silken fabric, in which blue and white were mingled, her slender waist clasped with a silver "There's not the least probability girdle, the whiteness of her neck and of a refueal," Lloyd answered with a laugh, as he strode on at a rapid which covered them, she was, in her arms gleaming through the lace which covered them, she was, in her pace; for the Caridad house occu-pied a position midway between the village and the mountain which held the faint fragrance which hung about

houses, until the plaza which forms the centre of every Mexican town ally one doesn't think of furniture: one takes carpets and tables and contains the contains the centre of every Mexican town ally one doesn't think of furniture: one takes carpets and tables and contains the centre of every Mexican town. has had to create them, one's point of view radically changes. I am as proud as a peacock of my little comforts and prettinesses."

"So you ought to be. You must

have worked very hard to create all

these.' "Oh, no-there were so many will ing hands to help me! But I think am most proud of my book-case. become of you," he observed, in an injured tone, as Lloyd walked up. "You must know this place,—isn't there any better fonda to be found than the one where we went through the found than the one where we went through the found than the one where we went through the found than the one where we went through the found that he was simply delighted. 'That is my trade—cabinet making,' he said. You will see. I will do a nice job for you, and I shall take pleasure in doing it' He did take pleasure in it, I am sure; and I would go to the carpenter's shop and talk to him as he

worked. He was very interesting." Lloyd laughed as he thought of the odd, irascible old Frenchman. "I should not have credited him with that quality," he said

Perhaps you never talked to him. when you understand that the Casa de la Caridad in this case means the interesting when they really open themselves to one. He told me about his youth in France, and how he intended, as soon as he had made enough money—as soon as he sold a mine he had out in the Sierra,—to go back and visit his childhood's home

in Burgundy."
Lloyd shook his head. I am afraid be will never visit Burgundy if he waits to sell that mine." he said. "It is a prospect into which, when I was here, he was putting all his savings; though your father told him there was nothing in it and advised him to deop it. The old fellow was obstinate, however,

"He wanted to go back to Burgundy, you see," Isabel said. "His life was hard and without satisfaction; so he cherished one beautiful dream—to go back to Frauce before he died." She paused a moment, and Lloyd did "It is certainly very kind of them, and—ah—charitable too. I begin to appreciate the point of that joke.

Miss Rivers?"

Inout underse.

It is by its sweetness and sadness. "It is a good thing, perhaps, that he did not a good thing, perhaps, that he did not a good thing, perhaps, that he did not a good thing." would, no doubt, have been disap-pointed there. Things would not have been so beautiful as they seemed to him by the light of memory. so it is well that he was called, instead, to go on a far longer journey

to a country more remote "Do you mean that he is dead?"
"Yes, he is dead. The bookcase
was his last work. I am glad that I gave him the pleasure of doing it, and of talking to me the while of his memories and dreams. He died sud-denly, just after he finished it."

There was a short silence. What was there in this girl's voice which seemed to give such exquisite mean ing to very simple words? Lloyd did not know; he only knew that as she spoke he had a comprehension of things which would have been veiled Tired of Topia !—anxious to go from many eyes and minds. What ay !" she exclaimed in reply to had he, for instance, ever seen in the Armistead's condolences. "But on old carpenter but a good workman the contrary I am enchanted with and eccentric man? But Isabel Topia. Life hear is an experience I Rivers had not only discovered in would not have missed for anything; him the ability to do fiver work than and I shall certainly not go away un- any one else had ever suspected his til after las aguas, as the people call the rainy season." call the rainy season."

"It's hard to understand how you can possibly be contented in such a place." Armistead wondered with evident incredulity.

"I have always said I had a dash."

"I have always said I had a dash."

"I have always as a least disappointment." of the gypsy in me," she laughed.
"And yet I like civilization too. I see you are looking at the room, Mr. tribute of a feeling so kind, so gentle, Lloyd. Don't you think I have civi- that Lloyd felt as if it should make the old Frenchman rest more easy in I am trying to recognize it as his foreign grave out in the Campo

before him.

before him.
"Do you always understand like this?" he said. "It is a rare gift."
"I think," she replied simply, "there is a great deal in taking interest enough to understand. You see I always take interest—but here comes Mr. Mackanzie, with the mail. comes Mr. Mackenzie with the mail! I am sure you haven't forgotten what an event the arrival of the mail is in

Mackenzie entered as she spoke followed by a *mozo* carrying a large sack over his shoulder. Mr. Rivers turned from the examination and discussion of ore samples with Armistend, and directed the pouring out of the contents of the sack on the table, where it formed an attractive pile of matter under the lamp.

"The carrier is very late in get ting in to day," he observed. "I an afraid it is your fault, Isabel, for making the mail so heavy. Here are two packages of books for you, besides a dozen or so other things."
"How delightful!" exclaimed Miss

Rivers. She came forward with sbining eyes and stood by the table, the softened radiance of the lamplight falling over her graceful figure and charming face, and catching a gleam of jewels on the white hands untying strings and tearing open wrappers. Involuntarily all the men, except Mr. Rivers, found themselves watching her, with a sense of pleasure in her beauty and grace. "Could anything be more delightful than to get half a dozen new books all at once, when one is so happily situated as to be in Topia with any amount of time to devote to them? asked, glancing up at Armis-

There are not many people who would describe themselves under such circumstanes as 'happily situa-

" he answered, smiling. But how it teaches one the value of books !" she insisted. What do people live within easy range of libraries and booksellers know of the thrill with which one opens a pack-age of volumes that have been ught on a mule two hundred miles

To hear you, one would think the gave them a special value," said her father.

And so it does," she answered. "To a person without imagination— and I regret to say that you haven't, a bit papa,—the thing is indescribable; but, as a matter of fact, the mule add a value."

It is a pity he couldn't know it : for I am sure that if he were able to express himself he would wish that you had less taste for literature. Won't you look at some of these papers, Armistead?—and you, Lloyd? The 18th—you've seen nothing later than that in the way of a paper from the States.

So the little group gathered round the table, reading letters, glancing over papers and books, for a pleasant half hour, until Lucio appeared in the curtain hung doorway, and, with his most impressive air, an-

Ya esta la cena, senorita l'

At Topia, from its comparatively noderate elevation, the temperature of the nights is much milder than Las Joyas; so when supper was over, the party found it pleasant to linger in the corridor running alo rear of the house. Its arches framed at all times a wide and beautiful picture of the valley rolling away to the towering eastern heights; but at night, either bathed in floods of silver onlight, or in the still more exquisite radiance of the stars which shore with such marvellous brightness out of the vast field of the violet

The corridor which commanded this wide outlook over valley and mountains and sky was itself a delightful place: and in one of its corners Miss Rivers had fitted up a nook, where swung the Moorish lantern which had done duty before the door of her tent on her journey up the quebrada, and where long steamer-chairs invited to lounging. Here the group of men, with cigars and cigarettes lighted, gathered around her; and there was much gay talk and laughter, chiefly about people and events in the distant world which they called home. But suddenly Miss Rivers paused, and, turning her graceful head, looked out over the silent valley, where only a few lights gleamed here and there, toward the great encircling ramparts of the cliff crowned hills, their mighty outlines cut against the

star set heaven.
"We are frightfully frivolous," she said with a little sigh, " in the face of anything so grand as this scene." What would you have us do?

quote Wordsworth?" asked Thornton. "I contess I've never tried living up to scenery; but if I should select something less elevated than the Sierra."

Sea-level would about suit your apacity, I should think," remarked Mackenzie, with gentle sarcasm. This is a very good distance from

which to admire the Sierra," said Armistead, leaning comfortably back in his chair. "At nearer range one's sentiments toward it are not exactly those of admiration."

found myself in the sierra-'pura

route, and I thought I should never reach here. Such mountains! such canons! such woods! Why, for days we travelled through forests where the trees shut out the sun!"

"It's a way trees have, Mackenzie," id Thornton. "I don't wonder at said Thornton. "I don't wonder at your surprise, since you come from a region where they are very scarce and quite incapable of such conduct. But if that is the worst you can charge against the Sierra-

TO BE CONTINUED

LED BY A LITTLE CHILD

It was Christmas Eve. Charles Roland pushed aside his books. Study was beginning to pall on him. Wisdom is an exacting mistress; but the antechambers leading to her royal presence seemed on that day to be full of a particularly stressful at mopshere.

Charles went over to the window and looked out. The snowflakes drifted steadily through the bare trees in the square opposite his win-dow, and fell softly on the pavement before the house. Two or three poor children, oblivious apparently of the damping influences of the scene, and in spite 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 towridly dressed doll. To the two baby boys by her side, innocent of the mother instinct to which such ecstacy might be due, who surveyed critically enough the object of her adoration, the toy appeared to offer unthought of vistas of play and

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 be could not hope to share. He had drifted away from family and friends; he had also drifted away from his child hood's faith; yet the thought of Christmas now recalled memories which he could not lightly set aside, -recalled the need of human sym pathy 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 his appearance well enough. The curé, elonging as he did to the meak of the land, waited patiently, something loveliness,—a poetic suggestiveness and majestic repose impossible to express in words.

Charles took note of the old man's kindly expression, it was childlike, and it was research.

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 Curé," he said, When the children come out, will you let me have the very poorest 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

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

The curé 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

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

camp," answered Lloyd. "You have simply transformed it."

The little story seemed also to make him comprehend herself better than a long acquaintance might believe that it was the same place with which he had formerly been familiar. It had been a large, brick floored, windowless apartment, almost as devoid of comforts as of lux.

The little story seemed also to make him comprehend herself better than a long acquaintance might best would have done, chose the prettiest may sentiments of admiration."

Charles looked at the children, and, as many a man in his place would have done, chose the prettiest—a dark-eyed, curley-headed mite of six, who, in her dingy, threadbare contain faded cap, and broken shoes and faded cap, and broken shoes and stockings, was still a pleasant object to look upon. Charles Charles looked at the children,

thought with pleasure of the trans-formation which could be effected in her appearance by pretty clothes. The child trotted by his side, quite

nabashed 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 simcity all the desires nearest to her

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

"A nature baby?" suggested Charles, vainly trying to remember where he had got hold of the term of "No Me like a real doll, with a

nice face, and blue eyes and yellow She was evidently an epicure-in

Well, you can choose for yourself. But first you must come and have a

"I's not dirty." "But a nice, warm bath," said Charles, soothingly; "and your hair

And tied with blue ribbon? Den won't mind the bath. He gave the child in charge to one of the bathing women at the public aths, and then went his way, with his arms to those of the child. the intention of procuring a complete

outfit for his portégé 3.

He was beginning really to enjoy his whim. Going into a large store, he gave an order for an entire suit of ised. clothing for a girl of six, naming approximate price. But so general an order could not be carried out without some personal choice; and when it came to selecting between ace befrilled garments the of which he hardly suspected, he felt that it was time to draw the line. Compromise, he saw, must enter into the hest intentions; and he decided choice confiding the whole matter to

a competent and motherly looking saleswoman, whose sympathy saved the young man from further embar-rassment. At last only the coat and hat and the inevitable blue ribbon remained for his personal taste to decide upon; and, these being chosen Charles emerged from the shop with a goodly sized parcel and a freshly grown crop of parental feelings in his heart. He now smiled indulg ently at what, a week ago, seemed

utter folly. Somewhat ashamed of his parcel. he returned to the baths, reflecting that even if he did meet any fellow students they could not possibly know what was in the parcel. It was duly given to the bathing woman and a quarter of an hour bathing later the little girl emerged so transformed as to be hardly recognizable. Her dark, damp curls glistened under the blue cap; her eyes and cheeks glowed with new life; the blue coat set off her well knit little body; and the brown shoes and stockings showed to advantage her straight, shapely legs and feet. Charles' taste had made no mistake: as she was now dressed, the child was really beautiful. She sprang in his arms

and kissed him on both cheeks. "Isn't I fine? And I has lace and fwills inside! I's just lovely now, I

know!"
She kissed bim again before he put her down. Charles was unaccus tomed to such demonstrations, and the child's embraces produced on the child's embraces product to a beautiful program to him a strange effect. He could not say if it were pleasure or pain, but he felt more human, nearer to the that no greater trouble is impending.

had felt for years.

He took the child's hand and they started on a tour of inspection of the shops. He was altogether indifferent Dr. Johnson, of Wheeler Street? now about meeting his fellow-students or any one else. The child looked as if she might really be a cousin or any kind of convenient relative. The young man felt proud of his little companion; she, still prouder of her newly found protection of her newly found protection of some?" Father queen of some?" Father queen of some?" Father queen of some?" tor, bounded gaily by his side, chatting 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 the 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, pwap 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 pur-chases, he asked her where she oriental magnifience about her with

"Oh, it's not far from the church ! Won't you come to see me when you enhood, and the simple rooms of the comes on Sundays?"

Caarles did not tell her that he did

"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 t. "I want something that keeps on all the time. Does things stop up in heaven, too?"

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

Den I wants to go to heaven and I wants 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 lights and flowers and things! And

the little Infant Jesus-oh, He's so won'ful! You'il come to see Him,

They had reached a 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 dwying in his window." Then I must say goodby here, but

I'll come to see you."
"You'll come soon—very soon?
And you won't forget the Crib to

orrow, will you?"
He transferred the parcels from could bardly hold them all. stooped to kiss her, her eyes filled

I'll come very soon," he prom "And you'll come to the Crib to

morrow ? "Yes, perhaps-" "Say really, truly!"
"Yes, I'll come."

She brightened at once. The little Jesus will give you lots of presents," she whispered.

give you myself.' He watched her toiling up the dusty stairway of the wretched house. Half-way up she turned to call a last adieu; and he saw her there as a thing of beauty and sweet ness-a flower fresh from the hand of God, blossoming in the midst 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

. ALICE M'CAFFREY

A CHRISTMAS STORY Father McGee was worried. His sual cheery smile had given place to a troubled expression, especially evident at this season of Christmas. Mrs. Dillon noticed it immediately when she came to him to get the names of the poor whom she was to make glad at this joyous time.

"You look worried, Father," she said, as she was about to go on her

errand of mercy.
"Dear me, and it is so evident? Indeed I am worried, and yet to you it may seem a trivial matter. It's about our Christmas music. You know the pride I have taken in the music always—this may be my pun-ishment—and how hard we worked at it, and here at the last moment most of the singers are sick, and it's too late to get others, and so on And that's my trouble; not as bad as a fire or an earthquake, but bad enough, and the people are so used to a beautiful program at Christ-

orld of his fellow-beings than he But about your music. Do you know course not, he came here only month ago. His wife is a beautiful sirger, in fact a star of the first mag nitude up to three years ago when he married her. Possibly you know

The queen of song ?" Father McGee trembled at the prospect. The same, known in all the civil-

And you think she would sing for

Undoubtedly, if I ask her. She and I were classmates at Notre Dame and bosom friends for years. She is a Catholic then?

"Nominally so. I fear the prac-tical faith is weak. Dr. Johnsonenormously wealthy you know-is an avowed atheist, a sort of iconoclast, an anti-everything, and I fear that Alice has borrowed many of his

" Hardly a suitable person to sing at the Mass—do you think so?"
"I know Father, but then—it may stir up old memories. Who knows?
"True, Mrs. Dillon. Dear me

what a providential body you are Always ready when you are needed most. See Mrs. Johnson if you will We'll have the finest music in the

And so it was agreed that Mes. Dillon would ask the celebrated singer to assist in saving from destruction the musical efforts poor parish priest. She felt that she had a good cause to plead, and without a fear of defeat she drove immediately to the grand home which the doctor had built for the happiness of his celebrated wife. As she sat in the reception room awaiting the entrance of her old friend the humble little cottage in which Alice McCaffrey had grown to maid convent of their school days. In the wildest dreams neither had imagined not go to Mass on Sundays or any other day; but she seemed to have some misgivings on the subject, for on music, Mrs. Dillon could fancy the rich rooms transformed into the ex

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day when Alice had sung like an angel and won the plaudits of an outside world. She remembered how happy Alice had declared her-self, and how she manifested her intention of returning after vacation to enter novitiate. The dear Sister, smiling at her impulsiveness, had said: "It may be different when you see the world, poor child. Sometimes I translate to recover or see the second of the second times I tremble for you—you are so beautiful, so talented." Alice had laughed at the Sister's fears, and then-Mrs. Johnson entered the

"Josie! You have returned my call at last! One feels doubly a stranger when one's friends are almost next door and remain there.'

"A thousand reasons, Alice, for such apparent neglect. And yet I wonder what you will say when yo know my errand."

"Charity, of course. They tell me you are the busiest woman in town, and all for others. Compared to you I am a useless butterfly."

I should rather call you a hum mingbird, especially tonight, when a saint.

I come to ask you to sing for char. He la

That request is readily granted. I sang for money so long, it is only right that I should do something for pure charity. You are going to have a concert for the poor, I pre-

"No, not exactly. I want you to sing at the High Mass at Christmas." Mrs Johnson blushed and looked

That is different, Josie, I am

Why, Alice, you do not mean

"My own church, yes, but not our church, and there is all the difficulty. am so glad you came tonight, osie. I have been doubly unhappy this evening, and it is a comfort to wife came to make her strange reme to have a friend of the old days

There were tears in her eyes as she arose and brought her chair he tried to be interested in the book, close to Mrs. Dillon.

'Why are you so unhappy, Alice ? You have everything to live for." Yes, and still nothing to live for. I have fame, wealth, a devoted husband, and yet unhappiness. Your presence intensifies it, by contrasting the present with the old convent Dear Sister-how often she told me that she had fears for me on account of my voice; but God gave me that voice, and when I saw how people were charmed by it my soul was fired with an ambition to make the whole world listen. You do not know what ambition is, Josie. To me it was wealth, fame, everything earth can give, and it inspired me to You remember when I went to Italy to study with Lustrini friend of my father made it possible. Another pupil was Mrs. Johnson, my husband's first wife, a beautiful, amiable woman who took a deep interest in me, and made her husband also interest himself. You know my leap to fame, my debut, my laurels everywhere. The Johnsons were as pleased as I. Mrs. Johnson died the next season, when I sang at the Metropolitan. Two years after, he asked me to marry him, and I did willingly, for I had come to love him dearly. But there was a cloud over my happiness, for I had married out of the Church. I did not mind it out of the Caurch. I did not mind it then, my heart was in the world, He had been a Catholic, but now was an atheist, I practically a pervert. It was her voice, beautifully sweet a certain task—and that task was refused to have it baptized my slumbering faith One night I came from the theatre, after a grand success, to find my

e—and here I am." But does he not relent?" On the contrary, he is more in. an obedient, loving wife."

She ascended the stairs slowly, thinking deeply and formulating her argument. Dr. Johnson was reading when she entered his study, but with the others to await the great Mystery.

to press me to sing."
"Sing where, Alice?"

At St. Jerome's Church,

Roman Catholic, of course." You know, dear, I do not approve

of such things. How can you desire

Of humility ?" Yes, it is the season of the Babe of Bethlehem." She wondered at her boldness as she spoke. "It is Christ-whispered sound, and looked in mas, when all differences should be

forgotten. You have given me many gifts. Herbert, may I not ask a hand in his.

"Alice!" There was an inexpression his voice. "You

bigoted? She could not tell. only knew that hitherto he had railed at God and religion as hypocrisies, 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 mos 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 nomage to the American nightingale

"I wish you a great success this norning, Alice. The revelation will come from the wrong part of the church today."
"Thank you, Herbert, but revela-

tions 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

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 to day. I'd like to see your triumph.

Why not come, then?" she asked, 'It's against my principles, dear.

But here's your car. Goodbye."
He stood at the door till the car disappeared down the long driveway. Then he returned to his study, and afraid I cannot. You see—Mr. John again took up the book that fascin-son—well I should have to consult ated him. It was Father Faber's

Bethlehem.' Whatever Marx told me to read "Why, Alice, you do not mean that you must ask nim for such a service as that? To sing in your own church?"

"My own church, yes, but not our "Whatever Marx told me to read this for, it beats me," he said to him self, "yet-I confess I am interested What should she say if she keew that two atheists like Marx and myself were reading pious literature?
Well, it's peculiar." He read on
from where he had stopped when his after a car, bearing to a despised temple all that he held dear. In vain and summoning a servant, asked, Has Jones returned from the hurch yet? Yes? Well, tell him to church yet? 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 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 unnusical voics of the priest—poor Father McGee was never noted for his musical attain ments-he sneered at the efforts of the small choir to render Gounod's great Mass, he thought the sermon long and tedicus, yet he was con-scious of little till the offertory, and then he was all attention, for she was singing.
It was the "Holy Night," with the

But when our child was born and he as ever, and yet so unlike. There the decorating of the graves of it baptized my was a sentiment in it, a passion began to rebel. there he had never heard before. He had heard her in opera, on the concert stage, and he had wondered cap; and I kept it off all the while I full ty the hands of a French woman child dead—and unbaptized! That at her talent. Then it was the voice was there, for even before I had been angel, with a joy, a pathos beyond description. A sigh escaped from him as the last notes died away; he was trembling, he know not him as the last notes died away; he was trembling, he know not him as the last notes died away; he was trembling, he know not him as the last notes died away; he was trembling, he know not him as the last notes died away; he was trembling, he know not him any sanctuary. was my last appearance. I became of an artist, but here in the little told the full story of what went on there ill; he would not let me return to the church it seemed like the voice of an I knew. I stood in the presence of a sistent. (argued at first, finally gave was trembling, he knew not why. it up, and am now settied down into soul with a pleading, a touch of heart-But your soul, Alice."

Never at peace, Josie, and that dread, a fear lest he had been unjust is why I am going back to the stage. to her, unjust to himself, unjust to My voice is better than ever, and the dead child, in all his pride of it will give me something to think about. But I detain you. I will ask my husband, though I fear he will and the responsibility of a creature. He smiled at his thoughts, but there

quickly laid aside his book as if to conceal it.

Dr. Johnson paced np and down the vestibule of the church after the Oh, it's you, Alice. You startled congregation had dispersed. He had And now I will startle you still happy throng that had passed him more. Mrs. Dillon my old convent companion — you remember our charming hostess at Nagles—comes transpired there within the last hour. He was waiting for her, as impatient to see her as if they had been separ ated 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. to mingle with such people?"
"You are so proud, Herbert, and this is the season of humility."

Yes, she was there. She was kneeling with her head bowed on her hands, and—it smote his heart to see hands, and—it smote his heart to see it-she was weeping.

The woman started at the half-

presence in his house of Mrs. Dillon is mine, too. Do not question me. I of clay beneath were quite covered and the fear that he would seem can't explain it. I only know that I up and hidden from sight; so now was blind and now I see, Con us thank Him for it."

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

DECORATION DAY IN FRANCE

On the day before Decoration Day of this year I was in a seaport town on the northwestern coast of France, which our people had taken over as which our people had taken over as a supply base. The general in com-mand of our local forces said to me as we sat in his headquarters at dinner that evening:

"I wish you'd get up early in the morning and go for a little ride with me out to the cemetery. You'll be going back there later in the day, of urse, for the memorial services; but I want you to see something you probably won't be able to see after nine or ten o'clock." What is it ?" I asked.

"Never mind now," he answered.
To tell you in advance doesn't suit my purpose. But will you be ready to go with me in my car at seven

"Yes, sir; I will."
I should say it was about half past I should say it was about half past seven when we rode in at the gates of the cemetery and made for the section which, by the French Gov-ernment had been set apart as a burial place for our people. For more than a year now, dating from the time I write this down, a good many thousands of Americans become many thousands of Americans have been stationed in or near this port, and many, many times that number have passed through it. So, quite naturally, though it is hundreds of miles from any of the past or present battle fronts, we have had some deaths there from accident or disease.

We rounded a turn in the winding road, and there, before us, stretched the graves of our dead-soldiers sailors, marines, and members of labor battalions; whites and blacks and vellow men; Jews and Gentiles, dans-for there were four followers of the faith of Islam taking their last sleep here in this consecrated ground row upon row of them, each marked. dans, by a plain white cross bearing in black letters the name, the age, the rank and the date of death of him who was there at the foot of the

Just beyond the topmost line of crosses stood the temporary wooden platform, dressed with bunting and flage, where an American admiral an American brigadier, a group of French officers headed by the major general, a distinguished French official, and three chaplains representing three creeds, were to unite tribute to the memories of these three hundred and odd men of ours who had made the greatest of all

the peculiar devices uprearing slant wise at head and foot of the four graves of the Mussulmans, or the brave play of tricolored bunting upon the sides and front of the platform youder which caught my attention. For at that hour the whole place was alive with French neonle-

Americans.
As we left the car to walk through

done in any sanctuary.

We walked all through this God's acre of ours, the general and I. Some of the women who labored therein were old and bent; some were young: but all of them wore black gowns. Some plainly had been drawn from the well-to do and the wealthy elements of the resident population; more, though, were poor folk, and evidently a few were peas villages or on farms near the city.

Here would be a grave that was heaped high with those designs of stiff, bright hued immortelles which the French put upon the graves of their own dead. These are costly, too, but there were a great many of them. Here would be a grave that was marked with wreaths of simple field flowers or with the great frag-rant white and pink roses which grow so luxuriantly on this coast. Here would be merely great sheaves of loose blossoms; there a grave upon which the flowers had been scattered broadcast until the whole mound was covered with the fragrant dewy offering : and there, again, I saw graves where fingers patiently unused to such employment had fashioned the long stemmed roses into the form of shields.

THE GENERAL EXPLAINS

Grass grew rich and lush upon all narrow graveled walks between the

only the seams in the green cover-lids distinguished these two from graves that were older by weeks or

Alongside every grave knelt a woman, alone, or else a woman with children aiding her as she disposed her showing of flowers and wreaths to the best advantage. Mainly the old men were putting the paths in order, raking the gravel down smoothly and straightening the bor-derings of shells. There were no soldiers among them; all were civilians, and for the most part humbleappearing civilians, clad in shabby garments. But I marked two old gentlemen, wearing the great black neckerchiefs and the flowing black broadcloth coats of ceremonial days,

in what to them must have been a unaccustomed labor.

Coming to each individual worker would halt and formally salute in answer to the gently murnured greetings that constantly marked our passage through the burying

who seemed as deeply intent as any

When we had made the rounds we sat down upon the edge of the flag-dressed platform, and he proceeded to explain what I already had begun o reason out myself—only, of course, did not know, till he told me, how it had started.

"It has been a good many months now," he said, "since we dug the first grave here. But on the day of the funeral a delegation of the most influential residents came to me to say that the people of the town desired to adopt our dead. I asked just what exactly was meant by this, and then the spokesman explained:

'General,' he said to me, 'there is scarcely a family in this place where we live that has not given one or more of its members to die for France. In most cases these dead of ours sleep on battlefields far away from us, perhaps in unmarked and unknown graves. This is true of all parts of our country, but particularly is it true of this town, which is so remote from the scenes of actual

So, in the case of this brave here among us, we ask that a French family shall be permitted formally to undertake the care of his grave, as though it were the grave of one of their own flesh and blood who has fallen, as he has fallen, for France and for freedom. In the case of each American who may hereafter be buried here we ask the same privi as these Americans shall rest here in our land, their graves shall be our graves, and will be tended as we tend the graves of our own sons.

'We desire that the name of each family that adopts a grave may be registered, so that, should the adults die, the children of the next generation, as a sacred charge, may carry on the obligation which is now to be laid upon their parents and trans mitted as a legacy to all who bear their name. We would make sure of this, so that, no matter how long your fallen braves rest in the soil of France, their graves shall not be as the neglected graves of strangers to us, but, symbolically at least, may be as the graves of our dead sons.

"'We wish to do these things for more reasons than one: We wish to do them because thereby we may express in our own small, poor way the gratitude we feel to America. We wish to do them because of the thought that some stricken mother across the seas in America will perhans feel a measure of comfort and whose home, also, has been desoform that same office for theirs.'

A BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE

The general cleared his voice, which had grown a bit husky. Then he continued:

"So that was how the thing came about; but it doesn't altogether ex-plain what you see happening here today. You see, the French have no day that exactly corresponds in its spiritual significance to our Decoration Day—our Memorial Day. All Souls' Day, which is religious rather than patriotic in its purport; is their nearest approach to it. But weeks today, were even announced, the word somehow spread among the townspeople. To my own knowl-edge, some of these poor women have been denying themselves the actual pecessivies of life in order to be able to make as fine a showing for the graves they have adopted as any of the wealthier sponsors could make.

"Don't think, though, that these graves are not properly kept at all times. Any day, at any hour, you can come here and you will find anywhere from ten to fifty women down on their knees smoothing the turf and freshening the flowers they constantly keep upon the graves. But I knew that at daylight this morning astonishment at her husband, who came nearer and took her trembling the sides of them and edged the here, doing their work before the crowds began to arrive for the services, and I wanted you to see them at Small favor from you now?"

He was silent for a moment, as it meditating.

"For this once, 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

"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!"

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"God forbid, Alice, for that peace!"

"Alice!" There was an inexpressible tenderness in his voice. "You are weeping—why?" "For all the parish solices, and I wanted you to see them at it, in the hope that you might write something about the sight for our something about the sight was the member of the parish solices, they something about the sight for our so rows. We came to two newly made constructions and I wanted you to see them at graves. Their occupants had been it, in the hope that you might write

He stood up, looking across the semetery all bathed and burpished as

"God !" he said under his breath "How I am learning to love these

So I have here set down the tale; and to it I must add a sequel: Decoration Day was months ago, and now I learn that the custom which briginated in this coast town is spreading throughout the country; and that, in many villages and towns where Americans are buried, Frenchwomen whose sons or husbands or fathers or brothers have been killed are taking over the care of the graves of Americans, bestowing upon them the same loving attention they would visit, if they could, upon the graves of their men-folk.—Irvin S. Cobb in Saturday Evening Post.

NO ROOM IN THE INN

Pootsore and weary, Mary tried Some rest to find; but was denied, 'There is no room," the blind ones cried.

Meekly the Virgin turned away, No voice entreating her to stay: There was no room for God that

No room for her, round whose tired Angels bowed in transport sweet, The Mother of their Lord to greet

No room for Him, in whose small hand
The troubled sea and mighty land Lie cradled like a grain of sand. No room, O Babe Divine, for Thee,

That Christmas night; and even we

Dare shut our hearts and turn the key. In vain Thy pleading Baby cry Strikes our deaf souls, we pass Thee

by, Unsheltered 'neath the wintry sky. No room for God; O Christ, that we

Should bar our doors, nor ever see The Saviour waiting patiently. Fling wide the doors. Dear Christ, turn back :

Of light and warmth a total lack How can I bid Thee enter here, Amid the desolation drear Of lukewarm love and craven fear

What bleaker shelter can there be Than my poor heart's tepidity, Chilled, wind tossed as the wintry

Dear Lord, I shrink from Thy pure еуе: No home to offer Thee have I. Yet in Thy Mercy, pass not by.

THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM

-AGNES REPPLIER

O cruel manger, how bleak, how bleak;
For the limbs of the Babe, my God Soft little limbs on the cold, cold

STRAW; Weep, O eyes, for thy God. Bitter ye winds in the frosty night

Upon the Babe, my God.
Piercing the torn and broken thatch Lament, O heart, for thy God.

Bare is the floor, how bare, how bare, For the Babe's sweet Mother, my God. Only a stable for Mother and Babe

How cruel thy world, my God! The shepherds have come from the hills to adore
The Babe in the manger, my God;

Mary and Joseph welcome them

But I alone may not come near The Babe in the manger, my God. Weep for thy sins, O heart, and plead With Mary, the Mother of God!

'May I not come, oh, just to the door, To see the Babe, my God? There will I stop, and kneel and

And weep for my sins, O God! But Mary smiles, and rising up, In her arms the Babe, my God; She comes to the door and bends her

With the Babe in her arms, my God

"Her sinless arms in my sinful arms Place the Babe, my God; He has come to take thy sins away ; Break, O heart, for thy God : -CONDE B. PALLEN.

CATHOLICS AND NEAR CATHOLICS The Newark Monitor has a vivid

picture of those who may be termed near-Catholics. The Monitor says: There are Catholics and, we are sorry to say, there are near-Catholics. There are Catholics who are Catholics in every fiber of their being. The chords of their heart thrill and vibrate with the spirit of Catholicity ence, in opinion, in word and deed. They are dutiful children of the Church. They attend Mass every Sunday; they frequent the sacra ments; they are present at the devo tions; they send their children to the

music of heaven. But alas! there are women who were born Catholics, who received into their keeping the precious jewel of the Faith. But they have grown away from the Church. They are Catholics mere-ly in name, Catholics by a vague tradition which is not strong end

even to touch them with remorse.

They were cold and indifferent as they grew up. Perhaps, indeed, their home was far from Catholic, and their home life soon became the arid naturalism of those around them. They remained away from Mass at will; they did not even trouble to seek the shadow of a reason. The Mass meant little to them. They went to Confession at long and accidental intervals, which They knew not the state of the Heavenly Bread; they were satisfied with the husks of the swine. They early sought Protestant accident gradually lengthened into early sought Protestant society, and of course entered a mixed marriage. Years cams and went and they Years came and went and they were swept into the coldest indifference. Their children grew up around them untrained in the faith. The snows of age fell, and they stood facing death. Even then there was delay in sending for the priest. They were near Catholics and the thought of the priest was forcing itself through the barrier of the years. They hesitated to propose their They hesitated to propose their desire to those around them. They grew weaker and weaker. was hurriedly summoned. was a halting confession. It is diffi cult to gather up the broken and confused threads in a few agitated moments. The curse of their careless life is upon their dying hours. They trust in the magic of mechanical Sacraments. God has surrounded His Sacraments with conditions. They produce grace where there are no obstacles. And Oh! the obstacle of years of sin and indifference! The

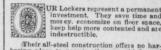
obstacle of spiritual impotence be-gotten of the faithless life. He is dead. The near Catholic stands before the judgment seat of God. The requiem is sung. Some of the mourners- aye, some of the children - sit through the solemn ceremonial of the Mass. The dead man has left behind him dead branches! - Catholic Bulletin

WHY DO BELLS FOR CHRISTMAS RING

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



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ydney, N. S., single copies may be pur-at Murphy's Bookstore.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DEC. 21, 1918

FAS EST ET AB HOSTE DOCERI The Great War was yet young when it was felt that the easy-going and boastful optimism based on the theory of ever increasing human progress was an opiate dream. The Evolutionistic philosophy of life, the pernicious narcotic which induced this illusion, was shattered. "Christianity has failed" cried out, with unparalleled effrontery, those who

had banished Christianity from the schools, from the universities, from the legislative halls, from their philosophy, and largely from the homes of Christian civilization. That criticism, loud voiced as it was for a time, died of its own insuition. There was even a time when there seemed reason to believe that a great Christian revival was to be one result of the War. We believe, in the long run, that will be the result. But that is another story. In the later stages of the great conflict everyone was telling everyone else that this was a War to end war; if this struggle were crowned with victory there was to be a new heaven and a with victory, overwhelming and complete victory, we hear little, and that little in much less confident tone, of the metamorphosis of the world. Then, it may be asked, is this unparalled struggle with its untold suffering and sacrifice to have no effect other than saving the world from barbaric Prussian domination? That in itself is a stupendous result; but it is not all that the prophets of the new era so confidently promised. These prophets may have done endless harm by raising hopes not soon to be realized. Even the individual seldom undergoes a complete and sudden transformation; much less the great complex entity of civilized society. Those who look for immediate results in the way of radical amelioration of social conditions can hardly fail of disappointment; but He knows the Gospel of Christ, chism. those who look for immediate duties understands about repentance, about made clear by the Great War's revel- any fault of his own, but from our one of these immediate and pressing of this as a reality.

belonging to the Established Church | perspective. Dogma, which is mereof England discussed with commend. ly the teaching of definite revealed able frankness and moral courage truth, has made religion real to the the religious condition of the millions | Catholic soldier; the effect of the they had come into closer personal con. ing in the case of the Protestant sol- to govern herself, to determine her discovery of the later stages of the tact than ever before, and their testi. dier is now deplored by those who mony shows that for immense num. are most competent and in the best national development? This is a greatest tactician long before the bers of English people religion is position to judge. something of a very vague and rudi-Anglicanism, one of the chaplains the front: thus summed up the result of his

"The great bulk of the men appear more or less indifferent to the claims of religion. There is a certain shyness in speaking about it. But below the surface there is a real spiritual movement going on, though it would be a gross over-statement to say that or their village priests in their child-

holding facts, just because they become unpleasant reading for the in time of trouble. No shadowy subkeen Christian : and it must be ad. stitutes, no compromises, would give mitted at once that organized religion makes little appeal to many of the men, and that there is no universal desire to worship God and hold communion and intercourse mother's k with Him through the recognized the outstretched hands of the Man of ernment dominated by Unionists will sadly the Christian Church has failed

nore vague and indefinite.

any great renewal of the desire to worship Him," there is some revival of faith in prayer, and also of "faith in human immortality." This can hardly be called Christianity; but with religious instruction banished from the schools for more than a public prints over the fundamenta facts of Christianity, the appalling ing.

Another Anglican chaplain tells that after giving instruction to some soldiers one of them said to him You are telling us things we ought to have learned when we were children."

The Archbishop of York, two years ago, summing up the impression derived from the chaplains' reports wrote:

"One cannot suppose that the multhrough religious awakening. chaplains' reports show appalling ignorance of the Church's Sacraments and faith on the part of great numbers of men, who describe themselves as members of the Church of

And a chaplain writes:

"It is hopeless to find a Christian theory of life or any theory in the ordinary soldier. Many a time our ordinary soldier. Many a time our scantily attended services stir one to indignant speech against the irrever al indifference and carelessness out here."

The Rev. B. H. Berlyn served first as a chaplain of the Established Church in a large garrison at home and later at the front. In the garrison he found that of 18 000 Church of England men only sixty took any interest in religious matters. At the front, in dealing with the sick and wounded, he found them utterly uninstructed, and he was startled at the contrast between them and the Catholics. He found the latter crowdnew earth. Now that we have peace ing around their priests eager to receive the Sacraments and "knowing exactly what to do and what they expected their chaplain to do for them." He was impressed, too, with "the real Catholic spirit of the Church, the French, the English, the Belgians and even the German prisoners all receiving the same sacra. ments from the same English priests.

> Mr. Barlyn became a Catholic and served later in the War as a combatant officer.

> This is the testimony of another chaplain:

"The almost entire ignorance of the average soldier of the elements of religion, the paucity of confirmed men or regular communicants is simgly appalling. A Roman Catholic grace. Our poor Tommy, not from

Two years ago Army Chaplains authority are now seen in their true sixtyfold, and some thirtyfold.

A Scots Presbyterian Member of We have not the slightest hesitation Ferdinand Foch was made associate mentary character. In the Church Parliament gives this account of his in the world in saying that the real-professor of military history, strategy,

gregations at all hours, prostrate in prayer and intercession. They were not moved to such devotion by any indeterminate. Nothing is to be gained by with. of the Incarnation and the Atonethem the courage they needed in the trenches. Under the shadow of the government. guns, or stunned with grief, they turned again like children to their

Sorrows.'

tive religion had become more and in contrast with Protestants, Catholics are well instructed in religion; He goes on to say that there is a still Catholic chaplains tell us that marked revival of faith in God's too many Catholic soldiers show a existence, but "this revival of faith lack of adequate religious instrucin God does not manifest itself in tion. Many of them had this lack supplied in thearmy. There is something for us, Catholics, to learn from the experiences above recorded. On thing that stands out is that definite religious teaching is necessary to preserve even the essential doctrines which God the Son became incarnate generation, with little or no definite to teach mankind. And doctrine is religious instruction either in the the lamp to the feet of practice. ome or in the church, with the very This too is evident and outstanding. doctors in Israel disputing in the The Catholic school where religion pervades the very atmosphere surrounding Catholic childhood here ignorance of the basic doctrines of receives its ample justification. Government would have to work out the anti-clerical who supplanted him gates the superiors of seminaries to leaving the elementary school should taking as a basis the report of the not be plunged into an atmosphere of Irish Convention, and if necessary to Minister of War, in spite of the fact official call to orders, in which he is religious indifferentism on entering put troops in Ireland to impose that that his brother was a Jesuit, sent the secondary school or college, but settlement on all recalcitrants." continued in schools permeated by Even if these recalcitrants were conreligion. Where this is impossible fined to Ulster no sane Irishman then there is a duty incumbent on | could view with complacency such a all of us to see that the ignoring of solution of the Irish problem. The religion does not produce the appal- elections, if the number of accla- time blacklisting military officers if the judges of the incipient marks of growth of His mystical body, the chaplains deplore. Where the Cath- tion, are likely to wipe out Mass! olic secondary school or college is the constitutional party replacing it beyond the reach of Catholic boys by Sinn Fein representatives. It is throw some light on the sensational who consult him in making a deci. This perpetuating of the Incarnacare should be taken to counteract the undoubted right of the Irish statement of Premier Clemenceau. the negative influence of secular schools. That this can be done is advisable. Constitutionalism, they proved in the most effective way

> Then there is that very real part of the child's education which goes by the time honored name of the Catechism. The experiences of the War have proved to the hilt its importance and its efficacy. If from the testimony of non Catholics we feel only a self-complacent pride and satisfaction then we have not the humility to learn the lesson which the passages quoted above are intended to drive home. Speaking generally the teaching of Catechism leaves much to be desired; much that shoulder their full share of responsimay be supplied by pastors, parents and teachers. It has been said that less lawlessness. where there are Separate schools the burden of the teaching religion to the young is shouldered off upon the Catholic teachers. Whereas the pastor and the parents are often more fully to their duty in this respect when the children attend a school in which

There is doubtless a modicum of truth in the assertion. There should be no color of reason for it. The priest is the teacher of religion especially to the lambs of the flock. And fathers and mothers can never shirk their first and most essential duty to the children God has given them by sending them to Catholic

Catechism is not taught.

The duty that the War experiences and Protestant, point out with stern emphasis to pastors, parents and institution of slavery. teachers is the faithful, conscientious and intelligent teaching of the Cate-

Many a scheme for the betterment of the world put forth by the prophets ations have not far to seek. It is neglect is quite unconscious of most of progress and uplift and social service will have been relegated to ceau and Marshal Foch, the French duties, incumbent more or less on The flippant and contemptuous the limbo of elequent and vague Premier we are told created a sensaevery one of our readers, that we references to dogma with which we enthusiasms when the seed sown in tion by saying in reference to the wish to speak about in the light of are so familiar even from clergy the teaching of the Catechism will Great Commander in chief "but for men who should speak as having bear fruit some an hundredfold, some me he would have had no com-

of Englishmen with whom as soldiers lack of such clear and definite teach the world will Ireland enjoy the right In the democratic readjustment of explanation since. question that many are now asking. War began. On Oct. 31st, 1895, Times, the organ of High Church experiences amongst the French at ization of Ireland's hopes is certain and applied tactics, at the Superior and inevitable; but that it will be School of War, where all the higher "I have seen regiments and battal immediate is another matter. The officers of the French Army received ions bowed in worship, silent con- certainty, the inevitableness of such their training. The next year he adequate measure of self-government | was advanced to the head professoras will satisfy the aspirations of the ship in those branches. That was in indeterminate, undenominational, Irish nation follows inexorably from 1896. In 1916 speaking at dinner to new fangled theories of a higher life. the principle which is now accepted the principal leaders of the governand powerful. That principle accept- impossible. ed must inevitably work itself out in universal application in all cases

> That there will be delay is almost mother's knee, and clasped in faith | equally certain. The present Gov-What is the object of recalling question. Millions of Irish origin

powers then proposed to be conferred through so many years of study that the Irish Government could never no war situation could disturb him. have financed the gigantic land measure by which the ownership of pointed out the goal to be reached greater part of the land of Ireland and the means to employ, and each In the debate a few weeks ago on

T. P. O'Connor's resolution Mr.

people to do this if they deem it claim,-and with reasons too conpossible by its being done in some vincing—has been killed in Ireland. By constitutional means Ireland won its constitutional right to self government. Carson in the name of a small and arrogant minority flouted the constitution, defled the authority of King and Parliament and organ. ized open rebellion. He was shamelessly and recklessly supported by the Unionists of England, the party ing gentlemen who welshed when answer is Sinn Fein the law-andbility for the outcome of their shame

Time and more civilized spokesman for the "dominant partner" favorable for settlement of the Irish question.

Millions of people are yet living on other human individuals.

The time is not far off, if the whole ism, when the claim of one nation to own and control another nation will conscience as the recent respectable

> "WOULL HAVE HAD NO COMMAND"

While London was giving enthusmand." And right there, in spite of the sensation that it vouched for, the cable became eloquently mute. Not another word, nor a word of

World's Work, writes :

1893 passed into law and been We owe to him in time of peace that he has attained the use of reason he all commensurate with the hopes of him the highest lessons of intellect-Irishmen at home or abroad. One ual discipline and moral energy. thing is certain with the restricted . . . His mind was trained

has passed from landlord to tenant. one of us felt that it must be right."

In 1901 the anticlericals-whom we are accustomed to see landed in Ascurin Williams, whose labors on the Canadian press as the champions behalf of one oppressed nationality, of liberty—retired Ferdinand Foch the Armenians, entitled him to speak the great military teacher and with authority on a question of this dumped him at Laon as Lieut Col. wise, either personally or through a settlement of their Irish question, may be left to rot in deserved decide upon the qualifications of the oblivion. In 1907 Clemenceau, then young men under their care, and his Foch back to the Superior School of constitutes the ultimate mark of a War as its commander. This is to be marked up to the credit of the fore, why parish priests, who offici. nothing undone to provide for the Masonic political clique were at this respective parishes, should not be tion of His Incarnation through the they allowed their wives to go to a vocation in the boys of their mis. Church, and the multiplication of

And the circumstances of his light.

General Foch succeeded Marshal Joffre as head of the General Staff on May 15th, 1917. On March 21st. 1918, came the great and expected German offensive, the line was broken and the British in France were threatened with envelopment. On March 25th representatives of the Allied governments met at Doullens and Foch was empowered to do whatof law and order, the party of sport- ever he thought advisable to prevent the threatened disaster. Not howthey lost their bet. If Ireland's ever until Oct 30th was the official announcement made that Foch was order Unionists of England must Commander in Chief of the Allied armies. In the meantime unofficial statements to this effect were contradicted by the extreme Tory organs in England. They asserted that Foch was only will bring about conditions more empowered "to coordinate" the work of the Allied armies. ' Not from our press agencies but from English papers one learned that the old Torythis continent who remember that Junker Military clique had held dog. civilized white men claimed that it gedly to their grip on the new citiwas economically necessary and zen armies of Britain. That was the morally justifiable for them to work class which engineered the mutiny their cotton plantations with slave of the Curragh of Kildare, and compelabor. So short a time is it since the tence of their military tools was illusclaim of individuals to buy and sell, trated by General Gough, who was disown and control, as absolutely as we missed in disgrace immediately after own and control beasts of burden, Foch took over the supreme command But this clique all-powerful though it was in peace and maintaining its world is not given over to Pharisa dominance during the War, could not withstand the pressure of President Wilson nor brave the opposition of of Army Chaplains, both Catholic be as great an outrage to the world. Lloyd George who was clothed with the civil authority of England : when hanging over the jagged edge of the abyss they perforce consented to subordinate everything to Foch's command. How strongly Lloyd powerful class is evident from Foch's

response to the British Prime Min-

which I occupy today." the Allied armies.

the "old tiger" of France.

Irish nation follows inexorably from 1896. In 1916 speaking at dinner to fourteen year old altar boy who had tion is different. Many of our boys interviews with the survivors and No, they were just practising the religion taught them by their mothers by the civilized world that small and ment and of the army, Marshal August, "you will pack your trunk attending a Separate school. If one be perused by nobody without carryweak nationalities have the same Joffre declared that without the and go to St. Michael's this Sep. of them goes to a Catholic college it ing conviction of the deliberate inhood, a religion based upon the most definite, the most dogmatic principles tion as have nations howsoever great at the Marne would have been question, and today he is a zealous of the congregation that it is decided who planned and those who perpeinalienable right of self-determina. Superior School of War the victory tember." Johnnie obeyed without is often presumed by the members tent and foul motive of both those General Requin of the French doubt if the priest had asked Johnnie does not there is a stigma attached the best instincts of humanity. General Staff, now of the French if he thought he was called to serve to him. He is pointed to as a pretre where the people are capable of self- High Commission to the United at the altar he would have hesitated manque. This difficulty is obviated the author of the pamphlet, "every States, in a recent number of the and demurred. Most Catholic girls, in Quebec, and would be obviated circumstance connected with the in-"Foch has been for forty years the conceived the idea of being nuns, availed themselves of a course of light of the cunning murderer who incarnation of the French military and they have no hesitation about training in a Catholic college; or if employs every foul means of destroydo nothing toward settling the Irish spirit. Through his teachings and consulting their pastors on the it were understood that those who ing all trace of his despicable crime." example he was the moral director of matter. But a boy is different. Be- were sent there on the advice of these things? To boast of our suc- throughout the world are impatient the French general staff before be- fore he has reached the age of six their parish priests were selected By "The Christian Church," as cess and gloat over the failure of of delay. Yet it may be all to the coming the supreme chief of the he has perhaps many times pro- because there was a reasonable hope of the affair which Canada will will become clear later on, he means Protestants? That were a mean and good in the long run. Had Glad. Allied armies. Upon each one of us claimed that he was going to be an that at least the majority of them cherish with legitimate pride for all

the depleted ranks of the clergy recourse must be had to some more drastic measures than the self-initiapriesthood and general exhortations from the pulpit. The Gospel for the feast of St.

sition. Our Lord did not say to the young fisherman " Would you like to follow Me ?" but " Come follow Me." Why should not our Bishops, who guided by their recommendations, vocation. We see no reason, there-"old tiger" as the anticlerical and ally represent the Bishop in their salvation of souls and the perpetuasion. Of course the confessor is His real Body wherever there are The foregoing considerations may the judge in the case of volunteers souls to worship and to be nourishedsion; but we would be in favor of tion is the work of the priesthood. going farther than that by empower. There must, therefore, be an increase appointment may afford further ing the parish priest to draft those of candidates for the ministry; otherwho give promise of having the wise there will be a loss of souls and necessary qualifications for the min. a dwarfing of Christ's mystical Body. istry. His intimate knowledge of the Catholic boys and Catholic parents candidates and of their family his. should realize their responsibility tory renders him competent to make and understand that a vocation to a wise selection. Other things being the priesthood is not some mysteriequal, the draftee often makes a ous thing that is accompained by more valiant and more capable extraordinary signs, but consists soldier than the volunteer. In the in possessing, in the prudent military sphere a young man may judgment of superiors, the necessary hesitate to volunteer for service, physical, mental and moral qualities not through cowardice or a lack of coupled with a willingness to respond the spirit of self-sacrifice but because to the invitation of the representahe is undecided as to whether his tive of Him Who said to St. Andrew duty calls him to remain at home or join the army. When, however, that decision is made for him by competent authority, he devotes all his energies to becoming an efficient soldier. Now that pecuniary obstacles that stood between many young Day" in the United States was memmen and the priesthood in the past orable. It marked the rebirth of factions, we see no reason why a great English speaking nations. Its

It goes without saying that no coercion should be used as is the case with those drafted for the arny. The young man should be left perfectly free to answer the call or not. The point is that the matter of his having a vocation should be decided for him before he is moved to ask for a decision himself. As we have already intimated, if we are to depend solely upon the initiative of of many, who would have made excellent priests, will be lost to the Church. Christ's words to His apostles "You have not chosen Me but I have chosen you and have appointed George asserted himself against this you" would argue this manner of procedure.

fidently made that so late as June of their classical training and study upon. The public, however, will not this year there was powerful and Philosophy on the same benches with fail to note at the outset this inalienmenacing caballing to oust General those who are preparing for the able characteristic of Lodge proce-Foch from the supreme command of priesthood. These young men have dure as it has been known and prac-The sensation created by Clemen- whether or not it is the will of God from time out of mind. ceau's remark might assume mighty that they should become priests. proportions if we knew all that lies They mingle with those who are behind it. At any rate if but for aspiring to the sacred ministry. June 27th last, of the Canadian him "Foch would have had no They learn what obligations it im- Hospital Ship, Llandovery Castle, command" the world owes much to poses, what dangers beset it, what just issued by the Director of Public abundant graces are attached to it, Information at Ottawa, constitutes a what are its joys and its dignity. In record which will forever stand as a the meantime they are acquiring witness to German barbarity and in-DRAFTING RECRUITS FOR THE excellent training for a position in humanity throughout the War. The the world if they decide to devote information contained in the pam-"Johnnie," said a venerable priest, themselves to some secular calling. phlet, which should be read by every laying his hand upon the head of a In other parts of Canada the situa- Canadian, was obtained by personal served his Mass one fine morning in have not even the opportunity of verified from other sources. It can member of the diocesan clergy. No that he is to become a priest. If he trated that wanton outrage upon all at some period in their lives, have elsewhere if more of our young men cident reveals the German in the those sects whose teaching of posi- unworthy aim. And besides though, stone's Home Rule bill of 1886 or he has imprinted his strong mark. Archbishop or Pope; but soon after would enter the ranks of the clergy.

It may be objected that in comparcarried into effect it is questionable unity of doctrine which was our becomes very reticent in regard to ing Our Lord's action with that of if the benefit to Ireland would be at strength. Since the War we owe to his spiritual aspirations. To fill up His representative the parallel is only a limited knowledge of a young man's dispositions and cannot contive of possible candidates for the fer upon him, as Christ could, the necessary qualifications for the sacred calling. Those whom Our Lord personally invited to follow Him had Andrew prompts a suggestion which the necessary qualifications. Nor was Judas an exception, albeit he we offer as a merely tentative proposubsequently abused the graces of his state. Of course, since the decision rests on the fallible judgment of a human agent in the case where are Christ's representatives, do like. a Bishop or a priest selects young kind, said that he "believed that the to the 29th Artillery. The name of their deputies? The Bishop dele priesthood, there can be no absolute certitude that all have a divine vocation. It should, therefore, occasion no surprise if prudent judgment of future promise does not always find its fulfilment.

> The Divine Babe of Bethlehem, Who does all things well, leaves "Come follow Me."

THE GLEANER

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE CELEBRATION of "Britain's have been removed by generous benedracial fraternity between the two parish priest may not say to a effect in the direction of world peace promising boy in his parish "Come will become manifested as the years go on. Meanwhile, as reciprocating the good fellowship thus shown by the United States why should not an 'American Day" be held in Canada? The idea is respectfully commended to the consideration of the Dominion Government.

THE GUELPH Novitiate affair is not to be allowed to pass into oblivion. The dauntless cohort of notoriety-seeking parsons and political prospective candidates the services axe grinders of the far famed Order are not content to be thus deprived of the fruit of their labors. Even infamy is better to some minds than reputable obscurity. Hence the Government at Ottawa is besieged to institute an official open investigation. It will be noted of course, that the visit to Ottawa was not "open," and In the Province of Quebec there that notwithstanding the Governister's birthday greeting last October: has always been an abundance of ment's wish to the contrary, the "I do not forget that it was to your candidates for the sanctuary. One delegates had unanimously favored insistence that I owe the position of the chief reasons for this is, we exclusion of the press. The reasons believe, that a very large percentage for secrecy will transpire presently We have heard the assertion con- of the youth of that province receive should an "investigation" be decided an excellent opportunity of judging ticed in the Canadian political arena

> THE ACCOUNT of the sinking, on "Deliberate in its conception," says

of the little body of nurses who went LETTER FROM FATHER the faith and were all baptized on down with the ship, and to the last sustained in their persons the best traditions of the race. "Unflinchingly and calmly," says Sergeant Knight, one of the survivors, " as steady and collected as if on parade, without a complaint or a single sign of emotion, our fourteen devoted nursing sisters faced the terrible ordeal of certain death—only a matter of minutes-as our lifeboat neared the mad whirlpool of waters where all human power was helpless."

FOR MANY months, in the case of some of them for two years, these nurses had endured all the hazards of the shelled areas in France. splendidly contributing to that efficiency of the Canadian Medical Service which Bishop Fallon has characterized as one of the outstanding features of the War. They had embarked on the Llandovery Castle, still on their errand of mercy, the caring for sick and wounded soldiers. How magnificently they faced the final ordeal, coming, as it did, so suddenly and unexpectedly, on that awful evening of June 27th, is simply yet graphically related by Sergeant Knight, the non-commissioned officer who had charge of the lifeboat in falling on me during Mass in the old which the fourteen nurses were placed when the ship was on the point of going down. The story should be rehearsed at every fireside and perpetuated as a source of inspiration to future generations. This is our excuse for briefly re-telling it

"OUR BOAT was quickly loaded and lowered to the surface of the water. Then the crew of eight men and myself faced the difficulty of getting free from the ropes holding us to the ship's side. I broke two axes trying to cut ourselves away, but was unsuccessful. With the forward motion and choppy sea the boat all the time was pounding against the ship's side. To save it we tried to keep ourselves away by using the oars, and soon every one of the latter were broken. Finally the ropes became loose at the top and we com. menced to drift away. We were carried towards the stern of the ship. when suddenly the poop deck seemed to break away and sink. The suction drew us quickly into the vacuum, the boat tipped over sideways and every occupant went

WHAT FOLLOWS deserves to be printed in letters of gold, contributing as it does to the glory of Canadian womanhood. "I estimate we were together in the boat about eight minutes," relates the Sergeant. "In that whole time I did not hear a complaint or a murmur from one of the sisters. They were supremely calm and collected. Every one was perfectly conscious. There was not a of fear. A few seconds later we were drawn into the whirlpool of the submerged after-deck, and the last I saw were thrown over the side of the All were wearing life-belts, and of the fourteen two were in their nightdresses, the other in uniform. It was doubtful if any of them came to the surface again, although I myself sank and came up three times. finally clinging to a piece of wreckage and being eventually picked up by the captain's boat."

THE MEMORY of these nurses should and doubtless will be perpetuated in some enduring form. It is fitting, however, that they should be mentioned here. They represent practically every Province of the Dominion. Two at least, and probably more were Catholics. The fourteen heroines are: Christine Campbell. Carola Josephine Douglas, Alexina delay in seeking the necessary in-Dussault, Minnie Follette, Margaret struction and finally converted his Jane Fortescue, Margaret Marjory Fraser, Minnie Katherine Gallaher, Jessie Mabel McDiarmid, Mary Agnes
McKenzie. Rene McLean, Mabelle

seized upon his wife who fell to earth Sampson, Gladys Irene Sare, Anna Irene Stamers and Jean Templeman Requiescant in pace.

FOCH AND CLEMENCEAU GIVEN TERRIFIC WELCOME

London, Dec 2.—An overpowering demonstration greeted Marshal Foch and Premier Clemenceau on their arrival in London yesterday afternoon. The crowds were as dense as London ever has seen. They shouted, sang and roared; the bands played and bells rang. Many thousnds of troops lined the route of the journey from Charing Cross station to the Claridge Hotel.

Both Marshal Foch and M. Clemen ceau manifestly were deeply moved. It was a most spontaneous and striking outburst of popular appreciation and of gratitude.

FRASER

Almonte, Ont., Dec. 11, 1918.

Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD: I have good news from Taichowfu. my former parish in China. In leaving there to engage in the greater work of commencing a Mission Col-lege in Canada, I was afraid the work I did in China would go down, but my Chinese curate writes me in good Latin under date of Oct. 18 as follows :

"Dear Father, - Through your prayers to the Good God many prom-inent persons have come to me to embrace the true Faith; many more will come among the higher classes and merchants, and I hope, with the help of God and your prayers that the whole city of Taichowfu will be converted to Our Supreme and Good sacred heart in mercy to the people God, because the Catholic Church in of China, who still sit in darkness Taichowfu has a very good name, and the ordinary citizens, seeing many prominent persons enter the Catholic Religion are moved to follow; hence the great hope of the conversion of Taichowfu to the

With the money I left another church has been built in the town of Da Zie (Great Stone) dedicated to the Immaculate Conception, ten miles north of Taichowfu. That is the place, you remember, I spent a very cold Sunday and had the snow shack that served as a chapel. It is a consolation to think that my converts have now a cosy place to hear Mass in. This church is the gift of the good pastor of Mabou, N. S. curate tells me also that enother church is being erected in Da Die (Great Field) in another town of the parish with funds I left for that pur-

The Vicar General, who also takes a hand in the mission work of the district I left, tells me there is great hope of conversions in the country that several villages are coming over en masse. I know well the places he mentions. I remember asking the first convert there what induced him to enter the Church. He said that he and some friends went on pur-pose a distance of twenty miles on foot to see the church I had built in countryside. They were amazed at beholding the height of the facade, and "simply dumbfounded" at the perfection of the interior, with its perfection of the interior, with its back to the ages when the Catholic Church built houses of mercy at the beginning of its foundations, would find the stamp of that Faith and its devoted and faithful Sisters our children, to our loved ones away and to those of our neighborhood. colored windows; all of which they had never seen before. They argued place of worship must ous are the ways that God leads converts into the Church.

Father Aroud, an intimate friend of mine, and missionary in the next parish to Taichowfu writes: "Siae-ti a beautiful village of some 500 ne in the form of a huge monkey, at lic ancestors gave them. another time it was his children.
On each occasion the devil was sure to exact a tribute from poor Tong in fectly conscious. There was not a the shape of a pig or rooster that cry for help or any outward evidence had to be offered to him in sacrifice. habit of the evil spirit when leaving of the nursing sisters was as they and hour of his next visit. At one such departure he declared his indouble the usual sacrifice.

"Wishing to avoid complete ruin, Tong swore that he would rid himself of the devil by procuring the protection of a spirit more powerful than he. Accordingly he set out to consult the Bonzes, and the magi-It was thus that Tong of the land. assistance. It was thus that Tong happened to come across a Catechist while visiting one of his friends at Wa-ie. Tong naturally spoke of his trouble and of the expense he was put to in order to protect himself against the visits of the devil. Catechist then began to tell him about the true God of the Christians. It was a revelation to the poor pagan who at once declared his intention to become a Christian. He made no whole family.

On the 13th of October the devil true to his threat, visited the houseunconscious, foaming at the mouth Tong at once summoned the Catechist living at Utchy who hurried to the spot. Having recited some praters, he sprinkled the prostrate@form with holy water and forthwith she began to recover. The devil, however ,was not to be cheated, and straightway took possession of Tong. The Catechist repeated his prayers. In the meantime relations of Tong were is a barren place at best. A good preparing a sacrifice for the devil, when suddenly Tong recovered and absolutely forbade them to proceed. But the best dog that ever wagged a basic tail cannot fill the lonesome place in Instead he fell upon his knees and the heart of the childless woman;

been able to build a little chapel there. It is poor but the hearts of the faithful who worship there are rich in fervor and virtue. I have enjoyed my stay among these zealous Christians. They are well instructed and full of devotion. They make.

little prayer for the conversion of China. To the following prayer which appeared in the "Far East" there is an indulgence of fifty days attached. "O Lord Jesus Christ who didst come on earth to save the and in the shadow of death, and shower Thy graces on them that they Thee of countless souls." Amen.

The next step in the College for China has been taken—the first priest to join me has come to head quarters, and the first student is to

Gratefully yours in Christ, J. M. FRASER.

CATHOLIC PRINCIPLES MUST PREVAIL

SAYS THE BRITISH UNDER SECRETARY OF STATE

London, Nov. 20.—That Catholics have their share in the shaping of the world's future, and that they have their share in that shaping of the world's destinies in the past, was pointed out in a public meeting by Under Secretary of State for the Colonies, Professor William A. S. Hawing a prominent London Catholic

If the British people would take their minds back, the Colonial Under-Secretary said, to the origin of many of the principles which governed the the city of Tientai, as the "wonderful structure" was the talk of the whole countryside. They were amazed at side, they might very naturally ask British constitution, which had been that a religion that could build such initiated by every civilized country schools.

No one could read through the ancient ordinances of the Guilds, the tants, Tong ging-seng, a poor but the Statute Law of the Realm up to the awake pagan, was converted to the faith in a rather strenge way.

Tong's family was frequently religion. regulations of the municipalities, and Tong's family was frequently visited when in this War they said they and molested by the devil. At one were fighting for Western civilizatime it was his wife who was tion, what they were fighting for was possessed and harassed by the evil what remained of what their Catho-

rangements did not disappear. To a very large extent many of them were This procedure was fast bringing even improved. For instance, the to financial ruin. It was the regulations affecting the relations of employers and employed were actually codified and applied more general-ly in the reign of Elizabeth than before, and it took a very long time—several generations—before the ininsisted that then he must receive fluence impressed, on the country by the Catholic Church failed to expres itself in the legislation of the country. The religious revolution was followed by an industrial, and they had only to consult the old rolls of the recusants to find that the strength of the Catholic religion cians. He sought everywhere for after the Reformation was amongst the great spirit that could bring him the yeomen and the working people

BETTER THAN THE GOLD OF OPHIR: A LITTLE CHILD

The Health Commissioner of New York City recently announced that child ought to have." Why then should there be childless hearts and hearths while there are so many little ones hungering for love. "Is it that you are willing to give everything but yourself ?" she asks.

" A home without children in it

the faith and were all baptized on the same day as Tong and his household. Thus through the mistaken zeal of Satan the church at Siac times the same day as Tong and his household. Thus through the mistaken zeal of Satan the church at Siac times the same day as Tong and his household. Thus through the mistaken zeal of Satan the church at Siac times to sent of satan the church at Siac times to sent of satan the church at Siac times to sent of satan the church at Siac times to sent of satan the person singled out for so much honor and attention at the hands of the Vicar of Christ. It vacancy by your fire that death has the hands of the Vicar of Christ. It made—there is a child waiting for was no other than the veteran Cathyou, and no work is too great, no task too small to perform for this bit of humenity that you can bring into the light and love of the real home that he will help you

> Why idly mourn when there are To the heart that hungers for the sound of little voices and the patter of little feet, and yet hesitates to take the necessary step, the writer suggests the experiment of borrow-ing an orphaned child for just a month. "I warrant that in the average case, by the time the thirty days were up, that little one would have a clutch upon your heart strings that you wouldn't break for all the gold of Ophir." Besides Christ tells us that in receiving such a little one in His name, we in truth receive Him.-America.

OWES ALL TO CHURCH

" The Protestant Church owes all that is best in it to the Catholic

Church It I could destroy the Catholic Church tomorrow as easily as I could turn over my hand, I should not do so for it has a great mission to perform and it performs it as the Protestant Church could not do. Its writers and theologians. Thomas Aquinas, for instance, are a font of inspiration to all Christianity and its organization is the most perfect in

Protestantism owes much to the Catholic devotional literature. I admire, also, the firmness of the Catholic Church in asserting her authority. We ought to thank God that in many regions this Church can hold masses of men, whose sudden release from the bondage would threaten society. I honor the Catholic Church for its enforc-ment of the sanctity of the marriage

vow and stanch opposition to divorce.
"It has only been a few years

The Catholic Church will never disintegrate. Dynasty after dynasty in the world, was almost a transcript has fallen into dust, and the lines of se the true religion! Many and vari-bus are the ways that God leads con-tutions. The English universities tinue to flour h, and in the ages to the Popes go ov. And it will con- protection of the Divine Infant may were founded by Catholics, as also come should Macaulay's New Zeal were the great endowed public ander stand on London bridge and view the ruins before him, he would still find the Catholic Church.

We ourselves as Protestants own our best church music to the Cath-olic Church. The fact is that of the six hymns sung at the service Sun-day evening all but two were written by Catholic writers."-Rev. A. M. Courtney. (Methodist.)

USE OF CEREMONIES

Reflections on the recent country wide celebration of victory and of peace has led the editor of the Denver Register to call the attention of his readers to the reasonableness of the ceremonies of the Catholic Church, which unthinking individuals so frequently show themselves ready to attack. Says our contemporary ; When men's hearts are express it. They parade and sing of children of school age (5 16) were and shout. Spontaneously, they have that more than 221 000 or fine Gardiner Street Church, which knows human nature better than does any other institu-tion on earth, realizes this fact and incorporates it in her worship. Her rituals give men the opportunity to express, by action and song and word, the spiritual exuberance cre-tated by her dorstrings. When parts ated by her doctrines. When a war is ended or a great victory has been won, men do not sit silently at home court in that year were neither and ponder over it. They show by employed nor attending school. In won, men do not sit shently at delle and ponder over it. They show by and ponder over it. They show by their actions that they appreciate their actions that they appreciate schools were granted exemption from what has been done. Likewise, schools were granted exemption from the city and throughout ireland. and liberates him from the power of discumstances, and this was less then the devil, she surrounds the occa- one-quarter of one per cent. of the 400 fatherless and motherless child- the devil, she surrounds the occa ren had been left adrift by the influenza epidemic. In view of the home a lesson and which shows children of foreign parentage are the lesson to the sea, till you can change day into t already over crowded conditions of that she has really done something, the institutions, he was seeking for Had Christ so desired, He could "ready-made families" to take have had His children liberated from these orphans into their home. We sin without cermony of any kind. need not look for an epidemic, says But He knew that if He did; human Prudence Bradish in the Evening nature would not fully realize what Post: There is always right at had happened. It is natural for hand for you, if you will turn your man to celebrate. It is in accordeyes that way, some little chap, some little girl, whose lonely little heart aches for the love that every normal of rites and vocal expression,"

BENEDICT XV. AND A CATHOLIC LEADER

Three or four months ago the Holy Father was making the round of a is safe. large number of Catholics in the First sistorial Hall, whom he was reabsolutely forbade them to proceed. Instead he fell upon his knees and recited prayers from his little catech ism. On that very day Tong and his wife were completely delivered from the molestation of the evil one, who never again returned to bother them.

"As a result of this event which was soon noised abroad, nine fam- and so the season of the village were converted to a season of the village were converted to a season of the childless woman; the heart of the childless woman; makes sacrifices without number that our children—all of them—may have at least a good elementary school to attend. If the foreigners give trouble it is not because of the opposition of the Quebec clergy who repet that kind of a heart, why are you trying to satisfy yourself with even that his daying ack one his ring to kiss, and makes sacrifices without number that our children—all of them—may have at least a good elementary school to attend. If the foreigners give trouble it is not because of the opposition of the Quebec clergy who repet that our children—all of them—may have at least a good elementary school to attend. If the foreigners give trouble it is not because of the opposition of the Quebec clergy who repet that our children—all of them—may have at least a good

olic leader, who was on the point of finishing his fiftieth year as a professor in the University of Pisa, Professor Toniolo, a name to conjure with in Italy.

fields. A man of extremely holy life, the aged professor has been well said to have had the heart of Fredrick far has not been needed by the Ozanam and the head of Contardo Ferrini. Only a week bifore his death the Italian Government had decided to grant Professor Toniolo decided to grant Professor Toniolo wided and appreciate its value. decided to grant Professor Toniolo the decoration of Grant Official of decided to grant Professor Toniolo the decoration of Grant Official of the Crown of Italy in recognition of his services as teacher in the Universities of Pisa, Modena, Vanice and secure the attendance of those who

One of the first wires of sympathy received by his widow was from the Holy Father.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH of the make shifts. EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

The days dedicated to the commemoration of the Infant Saviour are at hand. In honor of that Sacred Child we remember in a very special manner the children. ousy in preparation and many are the means used to find out what the little ones hope will be their special gift on that day. Signs multiply that box as of unknown contents are being stealthily secreted to be brought out for the day of pleasant surprises. The Church having inspired the idea of remembering the Holy Infant seized on the plea of St. Francis of Assisi to make an image of the manger in which Christ was born and have it set up in a conspicuous place in the church to be visited by old and young. It would unite all hearts in the love of God who having become man dwelt among and the Church exhorts us to gather about that image of peace which God Himself proclaimed as His birth-day gift if only we have the good will

Let us break in with the wish that our little ones who are far from you but whom we have placed under the not be forgotten. We plead again for them because they need our care and yours.

During the week we read the following very significant note in The Christian Guardian, a paper published in the interests of the Methodist body in Canada. We think you ought to know what these people have in mind.

"SCHOOL ATTENDANCE IN QUEBEC"

"An educational movement is now under way in the Frovince of Quebec to try, if possible, to improve the situation there and assist in educating the youth of the province. At present Quebec has no system of compulsory education, and there seems to be considerable opposition to anything like compulsion. Whether opposition can be overcome remains to be seen. One thing seems to be taken for granted, that if the Roman Catholic priesthood favored it it would soon become law. Here are the facts of the educational that, more than 221 000 or 42½%, were out of school every day school was open. Less than 25% of where I have been spending the St. JOSEPH, PATRON OF CHINA, BURSE before the Montreal Juvenile Court could neither read nor write, and 45% of all the children before this children of foreign parentage are can change day into night, growing to manhood and womanhood it will be useless to talk about with no school rights. It is no wonder that some of Quebec's statesmen are anxious to see some improvement in regard to this matter. wish them all success."

The object of course of these ecople is to appeal to the antipathy of the English speaking Provinces where all their readers are, against that ignorant (?) Province of Quebec. The argument is plain—Quebec has no compulsory system of education, the foreigners who, or of what people they are, it is not stated—are crowding into the East and they are uneducated-what a possibility for trouble -force them to school and lo, Canada

First of all no man who is reason able will doubt the value of education ceiving in collective audience. As and all in this country desire that it

immigrants doubtless are poor and have not means to attend, a certain percentage are careless and leave their children neglected. Why are either of these classes admitted ous Christians. They are well instructed and full of devotion. They make."

Two days ago came news to the very position becomes the port of variety of the death of the great old many and after Mass I baptized eleven of the most fervent catechumens."

I beg you, dear readers, to say the left entirely childless. I beg you, dear readers, to say the left entirely childless. without question? Montreal by its very position becomes the port of entry for these people. But the

> go there in order that we may know what sort of citizens they are to be We do not want there those who are so poor that none of our conditions give them a reasonable chance to succeed and certainly it would be a wretched policy to add to the number

This compulsory cheme however is often urged by those who have other than patriotic Why do our Methodist friends insist so much upon its value? The reason is not hard to find. There is always the hope that the great public school with bible reading in the morning, prayer at opening and closing, in addition to other influences will prepare all our foreigners to

become good Methodists. Our practical question is what are we to do for the children of Catholic foreigners who are new to the condi-tions they have to face and the dangers to their faith? We have to provide them with Catholic teachers for their schools. Manitoba, and British Columbia bar the Separate school altogether, the other provinces do not, but the question of proper teachers is always at hand. For this reason we are busy with the organization in the Catholic schools the East, interesting them in the West and appealing to them remember at Christmas, our Child Jesus Fund for the education of Ruthenian children.

Donations may be addressed to: REV. T. O'DONNELL, Presidens. Catholic Church Extension Society 67 Bond St., Toronto. Contributions through this offs. should be addressed : EXTENSION.

CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE London, Ont. DONATIONS Previously acknowledged....\$1,042 0 A Friend, E. Kootenay .. MASS INTENTIONS E. G. P..

FIDELITY OF IRISH

LOYALTY TO CHURCH DEEPLY WOVEN INTO TEXTURE OF THEIR BEING

The latest testimony to the fidelity t the Irish people comes from the English Jesuit Father Vaughan. recently was asked the pointed "Do you think that the question: lrish people are as religious as they were?" Without hesitation the emin ent Jesuit answered:

innocence of their children, Ireland | Angus O'Handley, Barrachois does not seem to be falling away from Holy Communion on one morning. I cite the example of Gardiner Street. I am a guest here, but St. Francis

"Till you can wipe the sun out of the heavens, till you can stop the want of faith and fervor ia the Celtic race for their relig-They are just steeped in it, saturated in it, it is bubbling up all over them. Faith is woven into the very texture of their being. Spirituality is their meteor.-Catholic Sun.

THE FAITH THAT MAKES HEROES

Bourke Cockran, the brilliant orator whose keen perception of great trends has not been dimmed by comparative retirement from the bustle of public life, draws a stirring picture of the Catholic In an address to a great mixed audience at Madison Square Garden New York, recently, he summed up the martial strength of the flighting which will not bear words, may in

"You have never had a child, you | Pontiff lead the old gentleman into | with lands to sell or schemes requir- | to see, that the Catholic soldier, who receives what he believes to be his God Himself, his Creater, not an effigy, or a representation of Him, but the Creator of the earth, on which he stands, of the heavens above his head, of the planets cir ling around the sun, could never dis honor that God, and there is no way by which he could dishonor Him so grievously as by displaying lack of

courage in the face of the enemy.

"So, this vast concourse realizes that the Catholic soldier can never be guilty of cowardice in the teeth of the enemy who has no fear of death, because he believes that he was to dump in that Province the foreign population coming to the country. Compulsory education thus has just effected a mystical union with the God Who will judge him if hanness to fall in battle. And it does not prevent him in the slighest degree from the closest co operation with all his comrades in arms who do not share his faith. Between him and every other soldier there can be but one rivalry, and that is to will first be over the top, and which will show the greatest prowess the enemy is reached behind the trench.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINA MISSION FUND

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

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

I propose the following burses for subscription :

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A Friend, B. C..... HOLY SOULS BURSE Previously acknowledged..... \$52 00 A Friend, B. C., 5 00 LITTLE FLOWER BURSE Previously acknowledged \$33 50

In thanksgiving, Rexton..... A Friend, B. C....

The Church is the poet of her children; full of music to soothe the sad and control the wayward; wonderful in story for the imagination of the romantic; rich in symbol and imagery, silence intimate their presence ommune with themselves. Her very being is poetry. Every psalm, every petition, every collect, every versicle, the cross, the miter, the thuriple, is a fulfilment of some dream of child hood or aspirations of youth.-New-

FOURTH SUNDAY OF ADVENT

THE VALUE OF OUR SOUL What exchange shall a man give for his

Advent, my dear brethren, teaches us how Almighty God values the souls of men, for the burden of the message of Advent is—the coming of the Saviour. It was for the souls of their rescue, their sanctifica-their salvation—that the

Behold, then, the value that God set on our souls, for it was for their sake the Son of God came down from heaven and became man. For their sake the Infant was born at Bethlehem, and the stable was His first church, where He was worshipped by Mary and Joseph and the shepherds. For their sake the Saviour sanctified poverty, daily toil, and a humble home at Nazareth. Thirty years, for their sake, were spent to teach us how to live; and, then for three years, wondrous by His kindly words and deeds and miracles, each one a lesson to us, revealing what the good God does for our souls by His great and well hovering in our very mid-time. He taught and preached that our souls might know Him and believe in Him. And His public life was made deeds and miracles, each one a lesson to us, revealing what the good God does for our souls by His graces and His Sacraments. Then, to crown it what manner, old or new, they may all, to impress the stamp of Divine love upon His life, of His own will love upon His life, of His own will Passion, and was scourged and crowned with thorns, nailed to the cross, and on it He died to parely

be that God has so loved us as to give His only Son the price and re-demption of the souls of men. And belie the profession that we make.

for heaven, redeemed, enriched with graces; that all the world and all that it can offer of pleasure, happiness, glory, can never satisfy its yearnings, for our soul is meant for God. He is its first beginning, and its last end. The possession of God and the blessed vision of His majesty can alone be

its eternal happiness. But alas ! in act. in practice, how sadly different are we! how our lives contradict our profession! Our voice proclaims, repeating our Lord's blessed words, "What doth it profit a blessed words, man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul? Or what exchange shall a man give for his soul?" And our daily actions, with a meanness and a pettiness inconceivable, defile these souls with the selfishness and negligence of venial sins. And, alas! deluded by the tempter, we have bartered away our souls for some mortal sin—a shameful, short lived pleasure or profit! Like Judas, we have said to the devil, the world, or the flesh, when we have consented to sin,
"What will you give me and I will
deliver it to you?" Look back, and
deplore for what you have betrayed your own soul! Have all our past sins together any equivalent to offer us in exchange for our soul? anything they can offer in exchange for his soul. Look through history, and you will find not one. Ask amongst the lost from the successful in this world, who won fame and money and glory and everything they thought that they could desire, and their answer would be the same sad lament, "Alas! what can a man give

worth-those who, like blessed Peter, have said, "Behold, we have left all things and have followed Thee" (Matt. xix. 27); those who, like Mary, have chosen the better part, and consecrated their love to Him Who lived and died for love of them; those, the blessed martyrs, who endured dungeons, fire, and sword, rather than lose their soul by deny ing their faith or being ashamed of all those who have persevered unto death, have practically and heroically despised the world and all that it can offer in exchange for their souls. All that the world could offer would pass away, and their souls were made for eternity. All that the world could offer was a lie and a delusion: and shatters hopes, this is accepted there was no guarantee of truth; as a matter of course. The goal and were their souls to be satisfied with that? Satisfied? No; they despised all that this world could boast of, for the God of heaven had nurchased their souls for the king om of heaven. Helped by their example and their

prayers, let us wisely treasure and value our immortal souls. Let us bring them to Him Who purchased them with His precious Blood—pur chased as well as created them. The Saviour came for our souls' sake. So the very offering He would love that each should make Him at Christmas time is the soul that He created, the soul that He redeemed, the soul that He has loved so much. the soil that He has loved so much.

Let us prepare it for a home for Him.

Repentance can cleanse it, devotion can warm it, humility sweeten it.

All else can be driven out, and the door kept open for His coming.

And the has loved so much.

Impossible for God's poor to live, while even those possessed of moderate in the planted in a humbled heart; we can be driven out, and the door kept open for His coming.

And the has loved so much.

Impossible for God's poor to live, while even those possessed of moderate in him, and the ladder which Jacob saw in his dream in order to reach heaven, it must be planted in a humbled heart; we can be driven out, and the ladder which Jacob saw in his dream in order to reach heaven, it must be planted in a humbled heart; we can be driven out, and the ladder which Jacob saw in his dream in order to reach heaven, it must be planted in a humbled heart; we can be driven out, and the ladder which Jacob saw in his dream in order to reach heaven, it must be planted in a humbled heart; we can be driven out, and the impossible for God's poor to live, while even those possessed of moderate little power to draw them away from the little power to draw them away from planted in a humbled heart; we can be driven out, and the ladder which Jacob saw in his dream in order to reach heaven, it must be planted in a humbled heart; we can be driven out, and the ladder which Jacob saw in his dream in order to reach heaven, it must be planted in a humbled heart; we can be driven out, and the ladder which Jacob saw in his dream in order to reach heaven, it must be planted in a humbled heart; we can be driven out, and the ladder which Jacob saw in his dream in order to reach heaven, it must be planted in a humbled heart; we can be driven out, and the ladder which Jacob saw in his dream in order to reach heaven, it must be planted in a humbled heart; we can be driven out, and the ladder which Jacob saw in his dream in the ladder which Jacob saw in his dream in the ladder which Jacob saw in his dream in th

FIVE MINUTE SERMON with the help of the Angels, who sang at His birth, and of the Saints, whose souls give Him homage in heaven, we may hope to give Him a welcome when He comes at Holy Communion —the welcome of a soul which dedicates itself to His love and

THE SERVICE OF MAMMON

It is still clutching at the hearts of men, relentless in its grasp, death-dealing to the soul, this passionate greed for gain. War may rage, brave-souled men may give their lives in holy sacrifice for a wondrous cause, pestilence may gather in a blighted harvest, yet they care not, those gold-ridden worshippers of Mammon. Their cult goes on apace. They stand with open maw like beasts with appetite whetted at the sight of new prey. "Gold and more beaets with appetite whether at the sight of new prey. "Gold and more gold," is their shrill cry. Gold, yes, if it cost even the life-blood of the starving, shivering poor.

crowned with thorns, named to cross, and on it He died to purchase our souls from sin and helt. This is the value the Saviour set upon our swindle? Why, worst of all, must our cities hold families almost without course when the very neces-How proud and grateful we should out number, to whom the very necessaries of life, could they be secured would come as a luxury?

That the cost of living should indo we reverence, treasure, value our crease during a crisis such as the souls as we should? My dear brethren, in replying to this we must distinguish. We all know what faith teaches us about the value this country, but also to give the of our souls, but we must own that best we have for the support of the our lives frequently, in practice, millions we have already sent overseas, to say nothing of our valiant For we know and profess that our soul is a spirit, created to the image center their effort upon destruction of God; that it is immortal, destined for heaven, redeemed, enriched with such conditions we should naturally look for unusual increase in the price of the necessities of life. price of the necessities of life. The demand is extraordinarily increased, while the source of supply, although decidedly extended beyond normal, is not by any means adequate. It is not to excess along these lines that twe refer, but rather to the deliberate endeavor on the part of certain men to take advantage of any turn of events, in order that they may make water that they are the construction of the millions of the same that they are they are the construction of the submarine warfare. The heart turns sick at the thought of the care they are they events, in order that they may make the need of the people an occasion for swelling an already excessive thousands of tons of bananas and

income. An example or two will illustrate my meaning.

During the recent influenza epidemic, the price of camphor was more than trebled. This change, while rather unimportant, seemed peculiar and so, as a matter of cur-iosity, I made a little investigation. As a result, I found that people were buying the camphor under the oldfashioned impression that by keeping it about their person they would be protected against the disease. To such an extent was this true that less message that biddruggists who might not sell an ing destruction go on. ounce of camphor in weeks were disposing of a pound and even more have entered the nests of the sub-each day. Upon further inquiry at that there was an abundant supply of that for which a man sins he has made his soul a slave. Let envy, hatred, impure love, the joys of life, avarice, ambition, point to anyone who has made a good bargain with cornered the market and was really no need for the exorbitant price, save ety, preying upon our poor? Vast that some money leech, with the sums of money are being disbursed in the endeavor to search out those who has made a good bargain with cornered the market and was using the cornered the market and was using the cornered the market and was really no valutures, birds of an unclean variation.

price of oranges began to soar until by furnishing poorer qualities of it was four times as great as it had food, clothing and other supplies to But the Saviour has had faithful that four carloads of oranges billed death? Surely it would be producones, who have understood and for that city had been diverted elsevalued their souls at their proper where and allowed to rot in the

yards because no market was found.

These examples, chosen because of their simplicity, are only instances of what is occurring daily on a larger and more vital scale. Men have gone money mad. Their one idea is the acquisition of wealth. With their minds intent upon reaching this goal, there is no place for higher wealth. Their only concept of order distance between self and wealth is a straight line and the money-snatcher will not deviate from this path even by a hair's breadth, come what may. It it cost a human life, yes, even thousands of them, the human lives must go. If it spreads desolation and misery on every hand, this matmust be reached although only self and wealth may survive the ruin.

We shudder when we hear and read what our heartless antagonist has done in this terrible War. Our hearts burn within us and are eased of their pain only by the stern deter-mination of our honored President and his counselors who voice the sen-timent of the nation when they inform

refined, when men, either singly or is God, that the longing in their banded together, make it well nigh hearts is to find rest in Him, and the

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German has left the stamp of his iron heel. But what of the hundreds of thousands at home, who wonder from day to day, how long their scanty supply of resources suffice to keep life within them? The Germans did not do this.

other fruit and vegetable products flung into the West Indian waters or the waters outside our greater sea ports, or, if brought ashore, left to decay on the wharves or in the store houses lest, perchance, the market price should be lowered by too abundant a supply? Destruction and waste, view them as we may, are still destruction and waste. Criminals are none the less criminals because, forsooth, they sit in richly appointed offices dictating the wire less message that bids such unpity-

We rejoice that the Allied armies have entered the nests of the subbeen at the beginning of the epi-those brave boys of ours who are demic. Meanwhile it was proved toiling for us overseas, even to the only the devious paths of these wrong doers were traced out by the Secret Service; then there would be frequent and profitable employment

this goal, there is no place for higher wealth. Their only concept of order and purer thoughts. The shortest is such an adjustment of affairs as will give them an increase of gain. They are quite as skilful in bringing about such an adjustment as they are in evading the payment of their full income tax.

How to reach these men is a prob-lem of difficult solution. Appeal to the feelings is vain. Their sensibil ity to sympathy for their fellow man has been stunted in its growth and dulled by the pressure of greed. They do not or cannot perceive that they are kindling in the masses the

fires of Socialism and anarchy.

For the present generation there seems little hope. For the future, there is one bright prosp provided only the education the youth now in our schools be dir ected along its proper path. Edu-cate them to be citizens of the City the authors of these grave misdeeds that they must cease; that the nation's lifeblood, to the very last drop, if necessary, will flow until these wrongs be redressed.

But is it less an atrocity because refined, when men, either singly or handed together, make it well night to the state of the citizens of the city of God and they will be true and loyal citizens of the city of God and they will be true and they will measure rightly the goods of time. Show them that their highest and last end is God, that the longing in their hearts is to find rest in Hum and the

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS DAY

Winter had thrown its robe of spotless white over the fair face of Na-ture; the strifes of contending hosts and the din of arms had for the first time in centuries died away. The victorious Eagles of the Imperial Caesars had taken their loftiest flight and spread their wings over a conquered world.

When, on a cold, bleak December night, the stars drifting unconscious ly across the sky and shining serenely through their azure homes, out apor the midnight air and silence envelop ing a slumbering world, behold. He was born whose Word pierced the realms of ancient night. He whom myriads of angels adore, born in a poor stable, holding court with the shepherds, He who could form creation from naught, He who hurls the thunderbolt, was wrapped in swad-dling clothes. He whom the heavens cannot contain was peacefully slum bering in the arms of the Virgin of Nazareth. How feeble the effort when man attempts to describe this solemn yet lovingly tender Mystery!

The angels, appearing in the solemn stillness of midnight, chanted their heaven-born canticles, which were heard by the ravished ears of were heard by the raviehed ears of the listening shepherds. Suddenly the vision disappears! The mystic symphony is hushed into stillness. The midnight watchers hear naught but the sighing of the wind or the bark of the watch dog-which ever and anon disturbed the solitude of slumbering Bethlehem. Wrapped in wonder and amazement, the shepwonder and amazement, bed adore herds go over to Bethlehem to adore

Looking into the cave in order to assure themselves that they had reached the end of their nightly pilgrimage, these "Men of Good Will" discovered Him who came to preach the Gospel to the poor and to abolish the curse of slavery, there reposing under the form of a little babe peacefully resting in His humble cril

The Infant God was next visited by the Magi, who had followed the guiding star from the far Orient to the "hallowed hamlet of Bethlehem." They found Him not wrapped in soft garments, nor reposing in the cradle of luxury surrounded by numberless worldly attendants, but they found Him occupying His throne of perpetual poverty, protected from the chilling cold blast by the breathings of the humblest of beasts. What a sight must have met the gaze of the Magi skilled in ancient lore! The feeble light of the lovely luminary enabled them to percieve an aged patriarch, a tender Virgin and a help less Infant-whom they recognize

What a spectacle! The King of Eternal Ages born in time, adored by the Wise of earth. The cradle of Him who came to abolish cacrifice was not to be covered with blood. Hence, the Magi did not offer Him either spotless lambs or white heifers. They offered Him gold as an earthly prince, myrrh and incense as God.

'Oh!" exclaims Chateaubriand, "how antiquity would have expatiated in praise of this wonder! What a picture a Homer or Virgin would have left us of the Son of God in a manger, of the songs of the shepherds, of the Magi conducted by a star, of the angels descending to the desert, of a Virgin Mother adoring her new born Babe, and of this scene of innocence.

enchantment and grandeur!"
What pleasing recollections the time of Christmas brings with it. Again the family gathers round the domestic hearth and recalls the memory of bygone days. The absent dear ones are present in spirit. relate the many soul-stirring events that time, in his hurried march, has wrought upon their checkered career.
The aged sire and venerable matron whose locks have been whitened by the winters long ago, are as young again, and their countenances are lit up with the joys of youth. The weath er-beaten sailor, far away on the seething sea, whose frame has become inured to the blasts of perpetual winter, has joyful visions of his far off happy home on Christmas Day. Even the poor exciled soldier, who wears the badge of his adopted country, thinks tenderly of the violet vales and sparkling streams of his native land; and his heart warms, his pulse beats quicker, as he hears the booms of musketry and the chimes of a thou sand bells - proclaming that it is Christmas Day. Joy seems to permeate all classes; the young are doubly cheerful, and their joy seeks expression the effulent beams that light their innocent faces. What does all this joy, this universal gladness show but that God Man by Hiscoming brought "peace and joy to men of good will."

It does but re echo the strain heard centuries ago on the plains of Palestine when the angelic hosts sang in clear, liquid resonance to the astonished shepherds: "Glory be to God in the highest and peace on earth to men of good will." O Christians from the depths of your ransomed souls, pour forth your sincerest hymns of love and praise, and with gratitude offer your new-born King the gold of charity and the incense of prayer.

Ye heavenly powers, chant your gladsome, harmonious hosannas before the throne of the Omnipotentfor this is Christmas Day.-My Mes sage.

Our life in this world is like the ladder which Jacob saw in his dream in order to reach heaven, it must be



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CHATS WITH YOUNG

" A MERRY CHRISTMAS' "A merry Christmas" is the wish I nd thee from my heart, A life all full of love, in which no sorrow finds a part,

MEN

Or, if some pain fall to thy lot, love guarded though it be, May He who came at this glad time then make it bless'd to thee. Sound over all waters, reach out

from all lands The chorus of voices, the clasping of They're acting mighty funny up at hands; our house nowadays.
Sing hymns that were sung by the They're different than they used to

stars of the morn; Sing songs of the angels when Jesus was born ! -WHITTIER

HOW TO MAKE A MERRY CHRISTMAS

A merry Christmas will be yours if you forget yourself in service to your

neighbor.
A merry Christmas will be yours if you keep within your means by not yielding to the love of display in the giving of gifts.

A merry Christmas will be yours if you do not live in enmity with your neighbor, nor goesip about the kinks in his character.

A merry Christmas will be yours if

ou give to the Lord in the person of They all exclaimed: His poor. A merry Christmas will be yours if

you bring your best society manners

to the home circle.

A merry Christmas will be yours if you can say, "Tuy will be done," and mean it A merry Christmas will be yours it

you begin the day in the spirit of the Church by a worthy recep ion of the Sacraments.—Catholic Columbian.

WHAT A YOUNG MAN CAN DO FOR XMAS

What can a young man do for Christ at Christmas? There are a thousand and one ways that a young man can use, so as to please Jesus. He can be industrious, self denying chaste, sober, kind, generous, consid erate, truthful, etc., etc., for the Lord's sake. He can make sacrifices of his own earthly inclinations. He can give up hope of temporal advan-tage. He can look to eternity for his

A young man who resolves to lead a clean life and to save his soul, cost what it may, has two principles of right conduct that will help him to get to Heaven. His course will run straight to that goal, if he is faithful to his principles. He will make progress in the practice of the virtue of purity and will let nothing lead him off the high road that goes straight to everlasting life. Everything else is second, subordinate, of little importance. The main thing is to love and serve God and to lay up treasures of good works.

THE COMING OF THE KINGDOM "Thy kingdom come," we pray and honestly wish its peace, its justice, and its rightness might rule in this

troubled world. But the only route by which we can help to bring it nearer, is through our own hearts, our own homes, and our own daily actions. Suppose, for a minute, that everyone who this morning utters the petition. "Thy kingdom come," should really try to put into every act and word of the day, the spirit of the Kingdom of a change it would make in the

The kingdom of God is within you," said the Master, but we lift our dull eyes to the sky for some sign of its coming, and then go disappointed. ly on our way, be anding the wrongs its blessed rule would set right, but with no thought of the possibility of working it out from within,—Catho-

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; to ignore what the world awes you, and to think what you owe the world; to put your rights in the background, and your duties in the middle distance, and your chances to do a little more than your duty in the foreground; to see that your fellow-men are just as real as you-are, and try to look behind their faces to their hearts, hungry for joy; to own that probably the only good reason for your existence is not what you are going to get out of life, but what you are going to give life; to close your book of complaints against the universe, and look around you for a place where you can sow a few seeds of happiness—are you willing to do these things even for a day? Then

you can keep Christmas.

Are you willing to stoop down and consider the needs and the decires of little children; to remember the eakness and lonsliness of people who are growing old; to stop asking whether your friends love them enough to bear in mind the things that other people have to bear on their hearts; to try to understand what those who live in the same house with you really want, without waiting for them to tell you; to trim your lamp so that it will give more

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

" JES' 'FORE CHRISTMAS"

be an' changed in many ways;

Not long ago, if I should want some toy upon a shelf, They used to make me get a chair and hunt for it myself! Las' night I wanted building blocks, and went to get 'em, too;
An' three of 'em, got up an' said: "I'll

get 'em for you.' I used to have to hunt for things, that - somehow went astray; They let me open bureau drawers

without a word to say; Ma would sew and sis would play, an' pa would read his book,

chairs to help me look.

But las' night, when I started in to find my 'lectric sar,
They all exclaimed: "We'll hunt for it; you stay right whire you are

've never known 'em be so kind in all my life before; They'll jump to wait on me an' find the things I'm huntin' for ;

Although they used to grumble an' to say I was a pest, I'm not a bother any more-but why. I haven't guessed.
I only know that, when I want some

toy that's on a shelf, They're mighty quick to see that I don't hunt for it myself. -EDGAR A. GUEST

CHRISMAS LEGENDS

son in his 'Sketches of Upper Canada" is full of comparative in terest. He mentions meeting an lindian at midnight, creeping cautis reason replied: "Me watch to annihilation of these sacred relics! his reason replied: "Me watch to see the deer kneel. This is Christtheir veneration for the nativity by

THE INCARNATION

On this day Our Saviour is born : let us rejoice, for there should be no life removes all fear and gives us the joy of a promised eternity. This day the last of the inhabitants, near the joy of a promised eternity. This day should be a day of joy to all, because death, has come to deliver us. saints rejoice because grace and perseverance are secured to them; let sinners rejoice, because pardon has been purchased for them; let the Gentiles be filled with confidence; for they are called to eternal life. The Son of God—in the fulness of time, which He Himself in the inscrutable which He Himself in the inscrutable of fire.

The part of the bombs, which fell in the process of the torrents, had neally all become invendow, and now his silken white hair, which escaped from under his respecting his sublime stubbornness, let him remain there in the proximity of fire. which He Himself in the inscrutable designs of His infinite wisdom had determined—took human nature to determined—took human nature to that he had to leave, and he took becomes magnificent; one feels that which he had caused .- St. Basil.

The Divine Child. He Who is the splendor of Heaven, lay in a crib. A little straw formed a bed for Him to Whom the earth and all it contains belong. And she who is Queen of heaven and earth is near that crib.
There she watches and is attentive to all the wants of her Divine Son. With what respectful care she touches Him, and holds Him, knowing Him to be her Lord and her God! With what joy and confidence she embraces Him and presses Him to her see the great gate before you."

"the Archbishop, yes, he is here, at the charless. Keep on going up, and the fury of the charless. Keep on going up, and then turn to take left, and you will braces Him and presses Him to her see the great gate before you."

Set against the plain say, had already resisted for many months the fury of the barbarians, he replied to me with a smile:

"Lacework? Do not deceive yourbosom! She was the most humble of creatures, she was also the most prudent and watchful. She was never wanting in the most tender care for Him, and during His whole life upon earth she never failed in the least in the fulfilment of any duty toward Him .- St. Bonaventure.

IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS? How many times has the question been asked? There was once a little girl whose name was Virginia who peared, whom I believed I recognized;

wrong. They have been affected by the skepticiem of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. there and in the same places. The They think that nothing can be Cardinal Archbiehop, who was sealed which is not comprehensible to their toward the further end, at his desk, little minds. All minds, Virginia, arose, and then a ray of light fell in whether they be men's or children's to illumine the snowy whiteness of minds, are little. In this great uni his hair, which escaped from under waiting for them to tell you; to trim your lamp so that it will give more light and less smoke, and to carry it in front so that your shadow will fall behind you; to make a grave for pour ugly thoughts and a garden for your kindly feelings, with the gate open—are you willing to do these things even for a day? Then you can keep Christmas.

Are you willing to believe that love is the strongest thing in the world—stronger than hate, stronger world stronger than hate, stronger dreary would be the world if there the weight of a grief too overwhelm curred the unmeasured anathema of

than evil, stronger than death-and were no Santa Claus. It would be as that the blessed Life which began in Bethlehem nineteen hundred years There would be no childlike faith ago is the image and brightness of then, no poetry, no romance, to keep Christmas. And if you can keep it for a day, why not always?
But you can never keep it alone—
Dr. Henry Van Dyke.

make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be according to the control of the cont get your papa to hire men to watch in all chimneys on Christmas eve to catch Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not : but that's no broof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world. and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the tion; perhaps he imagined that I was and abiding. No Santa Claus? of a respectful sympathy.
Thank God! he lives and he lives forever. A thousand years from now Virginia, nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.'

THE HEROIC CARDINAL OF RHEIMS

PIERRE LOTI INTERVIEWS FAMOUS CHURCHMAN

"Look! Rheims is hurning!" was crying an old woodcutter in a tone of mournful idiocy, as he came up the road bending under a fagot of larch-tree branches.

THE GLORY THAT WAS RHEIMS Alas! alas! to see Rheims burning An anecdote related by Mr. Howi- and to be unable to do anything! O Rheims, what name was more fit to recall our marvelous past, our

ously along in the stillness of a beautiful moonlight Christmas eve.

The Indian made signals to him to delicium of his senile rage, has been

see the deer kneel. This is Christmas night, and all the deer fall upon their knees to the Great Spirit and crime, to have dared this deed, as imlook up" In some parts of Eugland beetle as it is montrous: to burn bees are popularly said to express Rheims! . . . And for many moments I looked,

"singing," as it is called, in their to the northern horizon, upon these hives at midnight upon Christmas doleful fumes, in which the soul of old France seemed to be breathed out

THE GOOD SHEPHERD REMAINS

It is known that the Cardinal Arch. sadness where life appears. This bishop of the martyred city obstincrumbling basilica, in order to bring and consolation, courage, hope, not only love he recalls its image! "I have into the depths of narrow caves, but been its priest," he said, " and I per also in the streets, and in the open shall remain its witness before his also in the streets, and in the open places where bombs were reaping their harvest. And even until the A little of the sun, which had

order that the demon, the author of cather that the demon, the author of death, might be vanquished by that secure, where one could still hear nave as with the sound of organs; thunde:

It is to this retreat that I have gone tod y to ask of him the honor

the manner of the old days, where the green all fresh, stands out clearly

against the somber clouds. A wing of the chateau presents itself to me, the doors also open in evident confidence, without bells or knockers, and I am afraid of not

per:
"Virginia, your little friends are rather manorial simplicity, with its

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nor even the united strength of all ing, and at first spoke very low, in a all Christians formulated here by

supercal beauty and glory beyon!. charged with some mission toward Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all him, while in fact I had come of my this world there is nothing else real own accord, in the glow of a feeling

PIETY OF HIS FLOCK He then told me of the pious solic itude of his flock, who, even when it rained bombs, were employed under his direction in gathering gether and carrying to the deep cesses of subterranean vaults the debris of the incomparable stained glass windows of the fifteenth century. And a demoniac like the German Emperor had to appear upon the earth to dare to annihilate these treasures of art which the wars, the invasions had respected for so many centuries. Not all the windows are shattered; perhaps they will fell in great pieces like those which are eing conserved in a chimerical hope of restoration, . . . later, in the frightful times to come. And the lead in which the glass was set, it mostly drops off, all twisted, melted by the fire, in shapes so intricate that one thinks of a pine thicket:

then, with an infinite patience, it flattened out, with blows little hammers, and put back into shape, always in the same obstinate hope that days might come in which one might try to repair the irrepar-

"And the statue of Jeanne d'Ara Monsignor, which was so strangely intact the last time I saw it? act, yes; at least it was still when I

REMAINS TO BE ITS WITNESS

The Archbishop grew more animated as he spoke and as he acquired confidence in the religious attention of the one who was listening to him.

A saintly indignation is now visible in his eyes, which have a way of enlarging and becoming youthful. O, his Cathedral, with what desolate

nave as with the sound of organs; I have indeed, before me the Archthe bombardment on the flanks I have indeed, before me the Archmaking the noise of its continual bishop of Rheims as my imagination had conceived of him.

TALK ABOUT THE CATHEDRAL

of an interview.

I asked my way of some good people: "The Archbishop of Rheims,"

I asked my way of some good peothe agony of which tore his heart,
and, when I expressed my astonishple: "The Archbishop of Rheims," and, when I expressed my astonishment that this "lacework of stone," spectful tone in speaking of him;— set against the plain sky, had already

WHERE THE CARDINAL LIVES self. . . . At least it is a very self tracery. . . Its lightness is chiefly an illusion that it creates by reason of its great distance away from you in the air when you look at it by just lifting your head. At close view, all that wh cb, seen from below, seems aerial and almost im ponderable. It is made of enormous stones resting upon truly cyclopean foundations. Likewise these vaults, to Charles A. Dana, editor of the New York Sun, saying: "Some of my friends say there is no Santa Claus. Please tell me the truth. Is there a Santa Claus? "The famous editor or was pleased to tell her the truth. This was his reply, printed in his paper: "Yard."

It was he who, with his great big keyes, used to open the doors of the basilica for me of old, where even at their fealest point, at the middle still more than 60 centimeters thick; at the time of the bombardment each stone which feil from above was a block so heavy that its fall graphs.

THE CARDINATE. which at their height affect your eyes as having the delicacy, in a way, sprend the noise of this formidable destruction. . . Ah, the architects who built this were marvelous men, who worked as though for eternity. . ANATHEMA LIT!

"O, to think," he said, "that they did not even understand, these poor savages, to what degree they were

CATHOLIC PRINCIPLES SHALL PLAY AN IMPORTANT

PART IN TASK-OF SOCIAL RECONSTRUCTION

CARDINAL BOURNE, OF LONDON, GIVES EIGHT POINTS TO ENGINEERING FRATERNITY OF GREAT BRITAIN

The Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, London, England, has been further invited to contribute a message on a cial topics by an important firm of engineers in England, the Mesers, Beardmore & Sons. The message of His Eminence, which is addressed to the whole engineering fraternity of Great Britain, consists

of eight points for consideration:
(1) "Human life, a gift from God. must be protected and developed according to God's purpose. Every individual, endowed with an immortal soul, is of supreme worth and digaity, and must never be used as a mere means to the production of wealth.
(2) "Man has a right to such

return from his honest labor as will provide a reasonable standard (3) "He should have a home to

live in, not a hovel ; and such opportunities as will enable him to lead healthy human life and develop his body and mind. (4) "Education should not aim merely at making men better instru-

ments of production : it should bring out what is best in them, physically, mentally, morally and spiritually. The rights of the individual must be jealously maintained against

undue State interference or class There can be no rights without duties, and no healthy society without authority and discipline. We should support rightful authority and maintain discipline, not from fear or favor, but because it is the right

thing to do. Society should not be a struggle of competing individuals or classe, but a close-knit human brotherhood of mutual service.

(8) "The aim of that society should be human welfare, and not merely the production or acquisition of wealth.

Such are the principles," con cludes the Cardinal, "toat should guide us in our great task of social reconstruction. If they were sincerely adopted the effects would be far-reaching. The foundations of society would be secure. We could then erect a social and political fabric such as the world has never

CHRISTMAS IN DEAR OLD IRELAND

Christmas in dear old Ireland, Fain would this lone heart be Back in that hamble cottage Down by the silvery Lee. Land where my young life flourished, Nurtured by thoughts of God, Land where my aged parents Slumber beneath the sod.

Christmas in dear old Ireland, Ah !'twas but yester year! Crushed with the grief of parting, Wearily I landed here. E en though a land of promise, Riches, aye, wealth galore, Erin, it lacks thy verdure, Exiled. I love thee more.

Christmas in dear old Ireland, Ah! how the seasons pass, Well do I now remember Hearing the Midnight Mass. Maureen and Kate and Eily Knelt with me side by side, block so heavy that its fall crushed Asking the Christ Child's blessing, Turice happy Christmas tide.

> Christ nas in dear old Ireland, Visions arise tonight; Ivy and holy berries, Yule logs that sparkle bright, Time honored Christmas candle, Emblem of God's own star, Innocent childish laughter Echoing from afar.

Christmas in dear old Ireland. Joy-bells are ringing near, Ever amidst their music Voices I seem to hear Calling me back to Erin, Nor shall they call in vain : Soon, in the glorious future Loved Isle, we'll meet again.

- MRS ISABEL BURKE ROCKSAVAGE.

To learn how to think and to think right is the end and aim of all edu-cation.—Joel Chandler Harris.

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The Catholic Record

GOLDEN WEDDING AT NORWOOD

On Dec. 5 Mr. and Mrs. John Fitz-patrick of Asphodel (Peterborough County) celebrated the 50th anniver-sary of their wedding. They were married Nov. 3, 1868; on account of sickness the celebration was post-poned until Thursday last. The event was remarkable in that there were present not only the bride and bridegroom of fifty years ago, but also the groomsman and bridesmaid, Mr. Patrick Fitzpatrick, brother of the bridegroom and Mrs. Honora Moher, sister of the bride.

Mass in thanksgiving was sung for tnem at St. Paul's Church, Norwood, at 9.30 o'clock. Dinner was afterwards served at Mr. and Mrs. Fitz afternoon spent by a large gathering of relatives and friends. Four daughters were present, Sister M Inez, of St. Joseph's Convent, Peter-borough, Mrs. Cornelius Quinlan of Norwood, Mrs. Maurice O'Leary of Norwood, Mrs. Maurice O'Leary of O'Neil, Portage La Prairie, Man. Douro, and Mrs. Elerick White of May his soul rest in peace. Peterborough; four sons, Philip, Michael, Joseph and John of Norand twelve grandchildren. Josephine of St. Joseph's Hospital, Peterborough, daughter of

the bridesmaid, was also present.

To mark the day a beautiful set of gold vestments was presented to St.
Paul's Church by Mr. and Mrs. Fitz
patrick's children. The vestments
were used for the first time at the
Mass or Thousado manning. Mass on Thursday morning.

Mr. Fitzpatrick has always taken a deep interest in parish affairs. He enjoys the distinction of having drawn, the winter before his mardrawn, the winter before his mar-riage, the first load of stone for the building of St. Paul's Church. His participation in municipal affairs has been no less active. For four years he was member of the Asphodel Ottawa, widow of the late James Township Council, and for five years Dowdall, Almonte. May her soul Deputy Reeve and member of the rest in peace.
County Council.

OBITUARY

REV. ANDREW SPETZ Kitchener News Record, Dec. 6

The intelligence was received here today of the death of Rev. Andrew Spetz in St. Louis, Mo., a brother of Rev. T. Spetz, city. His death occurred this morning and was due

to heart failure.
The late Rev. Spetz was born Dec.
16th, 1858, near Waterloo town and he received his earlier education in the Separate School of this city. Subsequently he studied at St. Jerome's College, and theology at the Gregorian University, Rome. He was ordained at Adrianople, Turkey, July 4th, 1884, where he labored till 1888. He became vice-rector of the Polish Seminary, Rome, which posi-tion he held until 1898. He was professor at St. Mary's College, Kentucky, until 1896, at St. Stanislaus Church,

Rev. Theobald Spetz, a brother, Mrs. Matthias Kiefer and Miss Josephine Spetz, sisters, all of this city.

sphere of his divine calling and his doctrine and government is essential death causes general sorrow among to the Church of Christ. This is not death causes general sorrow among the untold number of his acquaint-

STEADFASTNESS

"He died climbing" is the striking epitaph engraved on the tomb of a fearless Alpine guide. With his eyes on the distant peak which was his goal, he toiled steadily upward, planting each foot firmly as he advanced and heartening by his words and ex ample those who followed him. But suddenly a great mass of snow rushed down the mountainside, swept across the guide's path and he was never seen alive again. "He died climbing," name for the Advent season.

But this year there is need of a particularly earnest preparation for Christmas because, eince the first coming of the Prince of Peace, no anniversary of His birth has perhaps meant more to Christian people through out the world. For the greatest war in history is over at last and both vic-

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tors and vanquished are now binding up the nations' wounds. Just as the fulness of each soul's Christmas joy and peace is measured by his steadfastness in prayer during Advent, in like manner the permanence of the world's peace, now in the making, cer-

tainly depends to a large extent on the Christ-month prayers of the Faithful. If they are the persistent humble petitions of steadfast Christians who, however steep and rugged their path may be, are constantly climbing upward, like the Alpine guide, and liv-ing lives of cheerful self-denial and joyful faith, God cannot refuse to heed heir prayers but will make the coming Christmas a most memorable one in the world's history, for it will be the beginning, let us hope, of a new era of lasting peace on earth to men of good-will.—America.

O'NEIL.—At Bridgeport, Ohio, Dec. 2, 1918, Peter O'Neil, son of James

RYAN.-At the residence of her sister in Sydney, Nova Scotia, on November 26, 1918, Miss Alice, youngest daughter of Mrs. Mary Ryan, of Norton, N. B. May her soul rest in

years. May his goul rest in peace.

HALLISEY.-At St. Joseph's Hos pital, Hamilton, on Nov. 28, 1918 Miss Hattie, only daughter of Mr. the thought that all we do is for and Mrs. Wm. Hallisey, 172 Forest His name's sake how much truer and Ave. May her soul rest in peace.

Dowdall.—On Nov. 2nd, 1918, Mrs. Onagh, G. Dowdall, 91 Stewart St.

THE TABLET FUND

Toronto, Dec. 11, 1918. Editor CATHOLIC RECORD: I thank Editor CATHOLIC RECORD: I thank you for giving space to the Appeal for the Tablet Fund for the Relief of the Belgians. So far I have received because of this appeal:

A GOOD BRIGHT CATHOLIC BOY WANTED in every city and town in Canada to act as our representative in soare time after school and on Saturday. For full particulars apply to The ceived because of this appeal: Previously acknowledged... \$1,621 49 John Buckley, River st..... Father Trainor, Copper Cliff,

donated by the late Mrs. Green in aid of Belgian children ..

omen's Institute, Clayton If you would be good enough to acknowledge publicly these amounts in the columns of the RECORD I

would be very grateful. W. E. BLAKE, 93 Pembroke St.

ROME SPELLS UNITY

Chicago, until 1914 and he was again with St. Mary's College, Ky., till 1915. Since last September he has been rector of the new House of Studies of the Congregation of the Resurrection at St. Louis, Mo.

To mourn his loss there survive the Resurrection at St. Louis, Mo.

To mourn his loss there survive the Resurrection at St. Louis, Mo.

To mourn his loss there survive the Resurrection at St. Louis, Mo. It is rather amusing to read in the come anything that makes for an

approach to Christian unity. There are millions of good people The deceased Reverend Father was who desire unity, who are praying the widely known both in and out of the surprising since Christ so frequently and plainly spoke of it as a distin-guishing mark of His Church. The surprising thing is that they can close their eyes to a fact which stares

them in the face. This is the significant and unques tionably historic fact that there has been for nineteen centuries a great Christian body presenting just such unity as Christ prayed for, and the sundered sects are striving for at the present time. This Christian down the mountainside, swept across the guide's path and he was never seen alive again. "He died climbing," however, and thus teaches from his grave a lesson of steadfastness which always well becomes the days of "Christ month," that beautiful old name for the Advent season. Pontiff. For many centuries this Church, with its centre in Rome, was practically the only Christianity. Its children have brought every nation which today owns the sway of Christ under the standard of the

Here is an outstanding fact which demands explanation, on the part of those who profess to be anxious to bring about the unity for which Jesus prayed on the last night of His mortal life. It is impossible to see how they can account for the fulfil-ment of his prayer in the Catholic Church, and the very contrary in their own scattered fragments. It would be difficult to maintain with a serious face that the majestic and world-wide unity of races and tem-peraments of the most diverse character under the pastoral crook of the Pontiff now, as in the days of Peter, a prisoner, is a work of human policy and that the sects united by every material tie yet continually falling to pieces are of divine origin. — The Catholic Sun, Syracuse.

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from this world this has been without a divine purpose. God permits the peoples who have set their thoughts on things of this earth to be punished by one another for the ontempt and carelessness with which they have treated Him.— Benedict XV. from this world this has been with-

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