

# The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est, Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname.)—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

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## FOR THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

**Christmas.**  
Again He cometh the Infant God, all love,  
To woo a heartless world—heaven's light  
To darkest earth down wins His flight,  
And gladdens all with radiant smile,  
O'er Zion's hills, amidst shepherds' lot,  
The bending skies with angels' songs re-echo,  
In hearts erst sad and peace and joy abound,  
And earth and sky and love and truth have found.  
Christmas, all hail! again the morning chime  
In glad carillon summons young and old,  
Through gathering snow and winds blown  
From yonder North, and glad and cold,  
Onward they press absorbed in thought  
And hushed, the shepherds heaven taught, left  
The fold.  
To seek the Child God promised in olden time,  
They through cathedral aisles in homage meet  
And pour love's treasures out at Jesus' feet.  
He came to give a dying world life,  
Dark Error's mists He came to roll away,  
And lead all souls to Wisdom's gentle way,  
When shone His Star, grim Discord ceased his strife,  
Came hid his head, the sun of Peace arose:  
The world burst blossom as a Rose.  
The Shepherds' faithful Faith he our reward,  
The Wisemen's triple homage let us bring,  
And deepest adoration as our Lord,  
A crib, a cross of earth, a manger,  
Our guardian—Christmas joys for evermore.  
W. F.

## THOSE PRELIMINARIES.

**N. Y. Freeman's Journal.**  
McAllister.—The third general council met at Ephesus, Asia Minor, A. D. 431. This council was also called by imperial edict independently of the Bishop of Rome, although a Western associate emperor, Valentinian III., cooperated in calling it with the Eastern emperor, Theodosius I.  
Freeman.—As we said in reference to the Council of Constantinople, it is enough that the convocation by the emperors had the sanction of the Pope. That the convocation of the Council of Ephesus had the Pope's sanction is evident from the fact that he sent legates to it. Pope Celestine wrote to the Emperor Theodosius, May 15, 431, saying that he could not be personally present at the Synod, but that he would take part in it by commissioners. (Hardouin Tom. I, page 1,473.)  
It is well here to note a few facts that preceded the calling of the Council of Ephesus. About four years previous to the council a discussion concerning the nature of the Incarnation arose between Bishop Cyril of Alexandria and Bishop Nestorius of Constantinople. This discussion greatly disturbed the peace of the Church in the East. Both Cyril and Nestorius appealed to Rome. Cyril in his appeal wrote: "It would be more agreeable if we could keep silence, but God demands of us watchfulness, and ecclesiastical custom requires me to inform your holiness."  
This appeal from the prelates of the Eastern empire to the Bishop of Rome, in the Western empire, is a positive recognition of the primacy of the Roman See. This recognition is still more strongly evidenced by the proceedings of the Council of Ephesus, which were practically dictated by Pope Celestine. As we have already said, this recognition of the primacy of the Pope carries with it the acknowledgment of the necessity of his approbation before the decrees of a council can be binding on the whole Church. It is only in virtue of the fact that the decrees of a council are binding on the whole Church that the council is ecumenic or general.  
On the appeal of Cyril and Nestorius to Rome the authorities there took up and examined the doctrines as respectively set forth by these two prelates. The doctrines of Nestorius were declared to be heretical, and the Pope wrote to Nestorius, informing him of the fact and requiring him, under pain of deposition, to retract and condemn the heresy he had been teaching within ten days after receiving the letter. The Pope at the same time wrote to Cyril of Alexandria, in Egypt, commissioning him to see that the required retraction was made or the sentence of deposition published. While Nestorius strove by various explanations and expedients to stave off the Roman sentence, he never at any time denied the Pope's authority in the case. If the Pope's supremacy had not been the common belief of the Eastern churches at that time it would have been repudiated that supremacy, as an impertinent claim and a groundless assumption of authority, and protested against it as an innovation. He would have appealed to the faith and traditions of the people of the East against the usurpation of authority by them, a foreign, Western Bishop. He would thus have maintained his position against both the Bishop of Rome and the Bishop of Alexandria. But Nestorius did none of these things. Why? Because he knew the faith of the people, knew that an appeal against the recognized authority of the Bishop of Rome would be vain. No more convincing proof of the belief of the Eastern churches in the primacy or headship of the Pope need be offered than the conduct of Nestorius on this occasion, which meant so much to him.  
Just prior to the assembling at Ephesus Bishop Cyril wrote to Pope Celestine asking whether Nestorius should be allowed to appear at the Synod as a member, or whether the sentence of deposition pronounced against him, after the period of time allowed for retracting had elapsed, should now still have effect. Reflect for a moment on this. Here is the patriarch of Alexandria in Egypt writing to the Pope of Rome to know if the Bishop of Con-

stantinople would be allowed to appear as a member of a council to be held at Ephesus, in Asia Minor. Why did not the patriarch write to the Emperor on the subject, since both Constantinople and Ephesus were under his civil jurisdiction? Why should not the Emperor determine the rights or privileges of the Bishop of his own imperial city, and in a council of his own calling?  
The Pope, in reply to the patriarch's question, wrote that God willeth not the death of the sinner but his conversion, and that Cyril should do everything in order to restore the peace of the Church and to win Nestorius to the truth. In consequence of this reply, Nestorius, at the assembling of the council, was invited by Cyril, who was president, to take part. He declined, however, under various pretexts, to be present or to retract his errors, and the council reaffirmed the Pope's condemnation of his doctrine and sentence of deposition.  
McAllister.—Candidian, the representative of Theodosius, presided over the council, together with Cyril of Alexandria.  
Freeman.—Candidian, who was captain of the imperial bodyguard, did not preside, and if the doctor had read Candidian's commission he would have known better than to say so. In the edict which Theodosius addressed to the council on the subject he said that Candidian was to take no immediate part in the discussions on the contested points of faith, for it is not becoming that one who does not belong to the number of bishops should mix himself up in the examination and decision of theological controversies. His duty was to protect the council in its deliberations and preserve order in the city. His functions were purely civil. From the beginning Count Candidian was an enemy of the council and a partisan of Nestorius. John, Bishop of Antioch, and Nestorius, with a few followers, got up at Ephesus what is called a council, or little council—we would now call it a side show—in opposition to the council over which Cyril presided. They held their meetings in another part of the city. In this side show Candidian made himself very conspicuous, and complained in it of how Cyril had ousted his right to be present at the council over which he (Cyril) presided, and how Cyril had opened the Synod against his (Candidian's) protest. He did everything in his power to discredit the council under Cyril by misrepresenting its proceedings to the Emperor and by other inimical acts. It must be remembered that this conciliarism, in which Candidian made himself so conspicuous, was not the council afterwards recognized as the General Council of Ephesus. This title belongs to the Synod over which Cyril presided. It is not true, then, as the doctor erroneously states, that Candidian presided over the Council of Ephesus.  
It is true, however, that Cyril, Bishop of Alexandria, presided, as Dr. McAllister admits; but he does not state the important fact that it is expressly stated in the acts of the council that Cyril also represented the Pope.  
Besides Cyril, who was the principal, the Pope sent other representatives. In his instructions to these subaltern representatives he said: "You will in all things consult our brother, the Bishop Cyril, and you will perform whatever you see to be in his power to decide, and we command that the authority of the Holy See be respected." They were not to mix in the discussion (between Nestorius and his opponents), but to give judgment on the views of others.  
In his epistle to the prelates at Ephesus Pope Celestine wrote: "On account of our solicitude, we have sent you our brother priests, the Bishops Arcadius and Proclus, and the priest Paulus, who are of one mind with ourselves, who will be present at all that is done, and who will execute what we have established. . . . The legates are to be present at the transactions of the Synod, and will give effect to that which the Pope has long ago decided with respect to Nestorius, for he does not doubt that the assembled Bishops will agree with this."  
The Pope was not disappointed. In the first action of the council the bishops said: "Compelled by the Holy Canons, and by the epistle of our Most Holy Father and Co-minister Celestine, Bishop of the Roman Church, and covered with tears, we necessarily come to the sorrowful sentence against Nestorius." At the second action of session of the Synod, Firmus, Bishop of Cappadocian Caesarea, said to the Pope's legates: "The Holy Apostolic See, through the letters of Celestine, sent to the most religious bishops, Cyril of Alexandria, Juvenal of Jerusalem, etc., before the present business, prescribed the sentence and the rule which we have followed. . . . Since Nestorius has not appeared when cited by us, we have put into execution that form, pronouncing against him the Canonical Apostolic judgment."  
In reply the legates said, among other things: "We request that you order to be made known to us that which has been done in this Holy Synod before our coming in order that, in accordance with the decree of our blessed Pope, and with that of this holy company, we may also confirm it. That following the formula of the Most Holy Celestine, who has committed this task unto us, we may confirm the judgments

of your Holiness." The fathers of the Synod acquiesced, thus recognizing the superiority of the Pope over them all.  
We have given these quotations to show that the commanding and controlling personage in this Greco-Asiatic council was the Pope of Rome, and not the Emperor of Byzantium or his captain of the guards, Candidian. For the quotations we refer the reader to vol. III, page 10, and following; and also to Parson's Studies in Church History, vol. I, page 276, and following.  
Dr. McAllister admits the evidence of the Papal power here, but refers to it as for the first time making its appearance. But he fails or rather does not attempt to account for the phenomenon that when, according to him, it first appeared it was universally recognized, submitted to and obeyed. He does not account for the strange fact that the Bishops of Greece, Egypt and Asia Minor suddenly woke up at Ephesus in the year 431 and found themselves Roman Catholics or Papists, and the still stranger fact that they appeared to be unconscious of any change had taken place in their faith, customs or traditions.  
His theory of a first appearance makes it necessary for him to account for the sudden, universal and unconscious acceptance of Papal supremacy in the first half of the fifth century—a doctrine, according to him, unheard of before that time. If the Council had been held in the West or anywhere within the ordinary jurisdiction of the Western Patriarchate, the doctor might account for the first appearance of the primacy by referring it to the intrigue and local influence of the Bishop of Rome. But it was in Asia Minor, and composed almost exclusively of Greek, Asiatic and Egyptian Bishops. Their unhesitating acceptance of the Pope's superiority can be accounted for in but one of two ways. Either it was the common belief of the Eastern churches up to that time, or the Eastern Christians had their memories of the past utterly blotted out, and were suddenly and unconsciously converted to the belief in the Pope's supremacy, and had it pressed in upon them that they had always so believed. This, of course, would be a miracle. It comes then to this, that they had always believed in the primacy, or a miracle was wrought to induce them to believe it. If they had always believed in it, the primacy is established by the faith of Christendom. If a miracle was wrought, then the primacy is established on a miracle, a divine interposition. In either case the primacy of the Bishop of Rome, the successor of St. Peter, appears to be safe.  
**LECTURE BY REV. FATHER ROSSWINKEL, S. J.**  
"The Duties of Children."  
Catholic Witness, Detroit, Dec. 17.  
"Order is heaven's first law." And this confessed it is seen that some are higher in authority than others; some more rich, some more wise. This relation exists throughout all visible creation. Everywhere is manifested the submission of the inferior to the superior. Each member of the human family discharges its proper function and owns the will its sovereign. Supposing a revolution to take place in creation. Suppose the sun, released from present laws to wander aimlessly throughout space; here ever scorching by its proximity, there killing by its distance all vegetable life. Suppose the heavenly bodies, colliding, and the winds ceasing or roaring in a perpetual tornado; the earth refuses to yield her produce. Devastation ensues and terror. Creation is released from the fixed laws that govern it of gravitation, by rebellion against a higher authority.  
Imagine a simple case in the human body—the eye refusing to exercise its sight, the hand declining its functions, the ear to close itself to pleasant sounds. Cast your eye on a land where anarchy prevails: a scene more horrifying cannot be. All laws are overthrown, all power is destroyed, the ties of friendship are broken, and the tocsin of alarm arouses the frenzied mob, and what a century has built up a moment destroys.  
Remove authority and you change the earth into a den of ravenous tigers released from their confinement, and engaged in a struggle of life and death in which the superior might of the stronger alone will decide against the sacred rights of the weaker. There will be tyranny from above and slavery from below; oppression and war against the weak will result from perversion of authority.  
God is the God of order and peace, not of rebellion and disorder. Therefore He has assigned fixed laws for the material creation; everything is in harmony, union and concord. And He holds the moral world in subjection and unites it into one common family by His supreme authority, which He communicates to His visible representatives for whom, in His name and for His sake, He requires reverence and honor, obedience and love.  
"I am the Lord thy God. Thou shalt have no other gods before me." So runs the commencement of the Ten Commandments, which contain the only system of happiness. And He

has delegated the supreme authority to visible representatives to whom reverence and honor is due. "Honor thy father and mother, as the Lord thy God commanded thee, that thou mayest live a long time, and it may be well with thee in the land which the Lord thy God will give thee." By the fourth commandment God has created a barrier against social disorders which would be inevitable, and by it has transmitted certain powers to parents such as He wishes to be transmitted throughout society. Pope, Bishop, priest, president, governor, parent or subject, child. The law of order and harmony must ever remain the same, and whoever attempts to change it, destroys society and happiness. Such is the full meaning of the fourth commandment for the entire race.  
These leading sacred duties imposed by the commandment on children would be only discussed to-night. "Cursed be that honoreth not his father and mother; and all the people shall say Amen." "The eye that mocketh at his father and that despiseth the labor of his mother in bearing him, let the ravens of the brooks pick it out and the young eagles devour it." These are a few of the many passages of Holy Scripture in which the sanction of this law is commanded upon children to pay honor, respect, love and obedience to God's appointed superiors over them, His representatives. How many a war has arisen from some insult, real or imagined, to an ambassador or representative of some foreign potentate? Can it be wondered then that God so jealously demands the honor, love and obedience for His representatives, the parents of children and the cause of their life and being. Parental faults, even gross crimes, do not prevent the observance of this law. They may sadden the heart of the Christian child and render the fulfillment of the law difficult. But in spite of all this reverence and respect is due to the author of their being. It should be remembered the commandment is not "Honor a worthy father or a saintly mother." There is no qualification. Be the parent rich or poor, learned or ignorant, of high position, refined or coarse, a deceiver, a blasphemer, a scoffer, though he die the death of a felon; even with aching heart, prevent the observance of this law. "Cursed be that honoreth not his father and mother; and all the people shall say Amen."  
All this, no doubt, is not in the nineteenth century tone, but they are nevertheless truths. The person of the parent is sacred and entitled to respect and honor under all circumstances, as the representative of God. An insult to him is an insult to Almighty God Himself. Whether he does his duty worthily or not, whether he is a faithful administrator of God's property or not, the observance may be rendered difficult, but there can never be any release from the obligation of paying him honor, respect and reverence.  
The non-observance of this commandment is a notorious fact among the children of this land. A genuine respectful child was the exception. Children now are bold and impertinent, disrespectful to parent and old people. It is a matter of every day comment and cannot be denied. How different from some years ago. The question how has the change been brought about can receive no infallible answer. But a close observation and study of little people might lead one to suppose that the training and education of children at home and school lacks the careful assiduous development of a God given natural trait, namely reverence. Disrespect is unnatural. Notice the expression of reverence in the countenance of a young child, the folding of the hands, or movement of the lips, as he hears of earth, of the Infant Jesus in the crib, or of the Guardian Angel. Notice his reverent silence as he listens to an Aloysius, an Agnes, a Catherine, or one of the many heroes or heroines of the Church. And compare this with his excited interest in the narration of some secular event. As Guizot says, the Catholic Church is the greatest school of reverence in the world. In season and out of season, she presents high and noble models to the admiration and veneration of her children in Mary, Joseph and the child Jesus, with the apostles, martyrs, virgins, friends of Jesus Christ. A respectful deportment in God's house is insisted on; her sacraments are holy, and a holy preparation is required. Bishops and priests are entitled to honor and respect and she ever impresses the young minds of children with a proper idea of the honor and reverence due to him, the representative of God and therefore sacred in the eyes of the child.  
In education recourse is had to "object" lessons; but what low, common, ordinary models are held up for the instruction of children; how unlikely to inspire reverence and veneration! No wonder, then, that reverence is wanting in children when nothing is held up to develop it, but all the opposite. Let parents see to it that the children never see, hear or read anything that tends to destroy or diminish this natural trait of reverence. Silly papers

and story books, fables and sensationalism will destroy this one of the best traits that God has given to man. And parents must show honor, respect and reverence to those deserving. Then will they receive honor and respect themselves. Honor to whom honor is due, and the children will not refuse it. In passing one remark, as to a Christian audience: remember to watch your conversation. Walls have ears. Children are attentive listeners; though unable to give expression to them, they think big thoughts, and as the seed is sown so it will spring forth. In conversation be reverent and respectful; never ridicule anything unworthy, and as at home so at school, and a general improvement will result.  
But yet children exist who do pay reverence, respect and veneration to all entitled to it and who are not ashamed of their parents, and do not call them the "old man" and the "old woman," and reverence the aged authors of their being. Would to God this were the rule and not the exception!  
A second duty of children towards parents is love. But what is love! Only one other word, liberty, has been so profaned. As of liberty, so of love: it might be said "Oh Love, what crimes have been committed in thy name." There is only one true definition of love and that is taken from the Holy Scriptures. "Deus est Caritas"—"God is love." There is not and can not be love apart from God, without God as its foundation. Hence, St. John says: "Dearly beloved, let us love one another; for charity is of God." Where God finds love, He finds Himself. The intensity of love is so great that it could melt the hearts of all men into one, as intimately as the union of God, the Father, and the Son. Thus the Father has communicated to the human race a bond of love by which they may be united and a brotherhood of mankind formed, which charity alone can accomplish.  
The love owed to parents should be an active and ardent effort on the part of children to become united with their parents in all things possible. Therefore, the child should share all the sorrows of their parents, thus relieving them of half the burden. The child, too, should share all his joys with their parents, thus doubling their pleasures. In all events and under all circumstances, the interests of the child should be the interests of the parents. And why? Because the parents are God's representatives, and love for God's representative must be founded on love for God. Parents have merited it. The produce of their blood, they have been supported by the toil and sweat of the parent; their material frame developed. They have received a prudent, tender watchfulness and the result of the parents' toil labor. There should be a deep instinctive feeling of filial gratitude on the heart of each for the discharge of those sacred duties.  
How sad it is to notice these fundamental principles disappear. The father's toil and sweat in providing a livelihood, an education, perhaps a competency; the mother's sacred care over their childhood, her vigils in sickness, are forgotten when the sun of their life is setting, and the shadow of the grave is upon father or a tender young girl. There are terrible crimes committed in this regard. No wonder no blessing, but a curse rests on such outrage. And gratitude is possessed by all the animals.  
You will always be in debt and can never liquidate the obligation to your parents. But show good will and all ways have a warm, affectionate heart for your old father and mother. Externally show your love for them by always being near them. Do not weary of being at home and spend your time upon the streets at night, or company, leaving your parents alone at home; but be to them a constant source of joy, that they may point with pride to your manly conduct and behavior. The scene enacted in the story entitled the "Smiting of the Rock" should never be enacted, a story which contained the pathetic and beautiful moral, "He who loves his mother is not quite lost."  
The last and most important duty is obedience. What is obedience? The traveler who hands his money to the highwayman does not obey the latter's command; he yields to force. They who obey externally, because they must, but grumble thereat, do not really obey. Obedience is the voluntary submission of the will to the authority of one who has the right to command. Look at the Holy Child Jesus: He came down from heaven, and was subject to his parents; Jesus Christ the omnipotent subject to weak creatures; obedient as God, the creator of heaven and earth, subject to two creatures. "I have given you an

example that as I have done to you so you do also." Our Lord was subject to his parents. Disobedient? Did Jesus Christ, the highest type of mankind ever do anything debasing? Yet He was subject. You plead advancing years; you are no longer a child. For 30 years our Lord was obedient, even to the death on the cross.  
Cast your eyes upon your model, the Lord Jesus Christ. There is no higher nobility than to know how to obey. It implies self-conquest. Obedience opens heaven; it is attendance closes it. Like wisdom, it is attended by all good things. But why obey? Because it is submission to the will of God, for the parent is the representative of God. Let parents arise to the dignity of their position. Let children love their parents and display a filial gratitude. Let them feel it an honor to be near their parents and when their needs are greatest, assist them. Never let them raise the standard of revolt or enlist under him whose banner bore "Non Serviam." "I will not serve," but rather under the standard of St. Michael, which proudly bore the motto "Who is like unto God." God says "Honor thy father and mother" and the Christian child fervently responds "Amen. So be it!"

## QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

Can a man of average intelligence, who believes not in the personality of God or the truth of the religion of Christ, be held accountable because he cannot revolutionize his mind, and cause it to accept what is naturally repulsive to it? Is the mind not master of the mind?  
1. If we met a man who says he does not believe in the personality of God we would assume on the start that he did not understand what is meant by personality, and that his idea of God was hazy and indefinite. Before attempting to explain we would require him to state what he meant by the terms God and personality. It is probable that a clear idea of the meaning of these terms would show the man of average intelligence that there is no incompatibility between God and personality. Personality does not imply necessarily matter, extension or limitation. It implies absolute unity or oneness and intelligence, and this oneness and intelligence is as compatible with the infinite Being as with the finite. The man of average intelligence who admits the existence of a finite person has no longer reason to deny the existence of an infinite person, possessed of infinite intelligence.  
2. The truth of the Christian religion is established by evidence of such a character as to demand the assent of a healthy mind that knows the evidence. The trouble is that some men are apt to reject Christianity off hand and in ignorance. With prejudice as their architect they construct a fabric that is revolting to human nature and common sense, label it "Christianity," and shout, "Behold! Do you ask us to accept that? It is revolting. Reason rejects it." Quite true, but the thing which reason rejects is unreal, having no existence but in the mind that fabricated it, a house in the brain, or a bluebeard castle in the air. They naturally shrink from the monster their brain has conjured up and called Christianity—shrink as the fever patient or the victim of delirium tremens shrinks from disease created visions, because in his abnormal condition he has lost that delicate touch by which the mind distinguishes its own internal creations from external objective realities.  
3. To say that a man cannot revolutionize his mind is the same as to say that if he be in error he can never get out of it. A man in such a state of imbecility would certainly not be a man of average intelligence. Men's judgments are formed from data, and every judgment presupposes the truth of the data. If on further information the data prove false the mind must revolutionize its judgments on the basis of the newly acquired information. The mind that does not claim the capacity to do this is humble indeed.  
4. No truth is repulsive to the intellect; only the false, the unreal, the abnormal is repulsive to it. It never rejects truth as truth, though it may reject it believing it to be error.  
The truth may, however, be very repulsive to our feelings or sentiments. The truth that he must die tomorrow must be repulsive to the criminal. But we must not confound mind or intelligence with sentiment or volition. To many every truth that induces obligation or curbs the passions is repulsive. But this sentimental impulse that repels the uncomfortable is not to be confounded with that intellectual impulse which rejects the false. In the former it is the will that is concerned; in the latter it is the intellect pure.  
The mind is master of the man only in the sense that the intellect should direct the will in the way it apprehends to be right. But unfortunately when the will surrenders itself to what inventor Keeley calls a sympathetic outreach it can give the intellect an enforced leave of absence from the pilot house.—New York Freeman's Journal.  
Pray for the dead, and the dead will pray for you.



**Boyhood's Christmas Night.**  
Back through the mist of vanished years fond  
Memory wings her way  
To friends and scenes I knew and loved in  
childhood's blissful day;  
To comrades true who played with me around  
The bright and cheerful  
O memory! let me live with them again this  
Christmas night.

Oh, let me take my father's hand and press it  
to my lip!  
And lay my head on mother's breast, her hon-  
oured kisses sip!  
With six or seven brothers steal from bed to place  
the candle light  
In every window, as I did on boyhood's Christ-  
mas night.

And dream again of Santa Claus—the things I  
wished he'd bring,  
And sleep the sleep of innocence untouched by  
sorrow's sting:  
Wake to behold my hopes fulfilled—a new day  
dawning bright:  
A day of joy as once I did on boyhood's Christ-  
mas night.

The stranger land may freely give all things  
The world has to give,  
And all eyes place the lord and slave in law and  
freedom's eyes:  
But, ah! it never can restore the peace and pure  
peace of night  
The exile knew in native land, on every  
Christmas night.

There is within the Celtic heart a something  
Half divine,  
Most tender, true and passionate—no stranger  
can define,  
That fits the exile to the land—wherever he  
may roam,  
But claims his love, through weal and woe, to  
native land's home.

I have my share of bliss and joy—I know the  
peace of woe,  
And hope still leads me to the steep where  
glory's baubles glow,  
But I would lay me down to-night, nor wake to  
life and light,  
If I could restore my boyhood's Christmas night.

—J. T. Gallagher, M. D., in the Republic

**LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD**  
An Historical Romance.  
BY M. M. D. BODKIN, Q. C.  
CHAPTER VII.  
THE PANGS OF DESPISED LOVE.  
—Hamlet.

And writers say, as the most forward but  
E'en so by love the young and tender wit  
Is turned to folly, hissing in the bud,  
When he is wedded to his prime,  
And all the fair effects of future hopes."  
—Two Gentlemen of Verona.

"How you doth breed a habit in a man,  
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,  
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns."  
—Two Gentlemen of Verona.

To all outward seeming there was no  
change in Lord Edward Fitzgerald. His  
life ran its old routine course from day to  
day. In society the smile and gay jest  
were still constant on his lips. It has  
happened to men in the hunting-field,  
having fallen heavily and suffered grievous  
injuries, to remount and ride to the  
death, conscious only of a dull pain. So  
it fared with Lord Edward now. The  
savor and sweetness had gone out of his  
life. There was a dull, aching sense of  
something lost forever in his heart, of  
which he was vaguely conscious even  
when he seemed most gay. Yet ever and  
again remembrance forced itself to the  
surface of his mind in a throbbing keenest  
agony.

Slowly the news filtered through society  
that Lady Gertrude had "captured" Lord  
Dulwich. So society ladies were unkind  
enough to express it. Men and women  
were curious to see how Lord Edward  
would bear the news; for his passion had  
been no secret. It was hard to have curi-  
ous eyes watching his face, and curious  
ears listening to his lightest words, but  
he never winced. His color never  
changed, his voice never faltered, while  
all around him society prattled of the  
coming marriage.

He bore his wounds bravely, silently,  
alone, making no sign; but day by day it  
grew harder to bear. Close observers  
might see that his eye was losing its  
brightness and his cheek its color. In  
quiet despair he faced and fought his sor-  
row as resolutely as he faced the enemy  
in the field; but he struggled without  
hope. Life had no longer a purpose or  
enjoyment for him. He had the longing  
that the wounded bird or beast has for  
solitude and rest.

Without a word of warning or parting,  
even to his mother, whom he tenderly  
loved, he slipped down by coach from  
Dublin to Cork, got on board the good  
ship Adventurer, and turned his face once  
more to the New World, in whose lone  
wilds he thought his sorrow might find  
breathing space.

It was a breezy, sunshiny morning  
when they cleared the harbor. The fresh  
breeze blew out of the east. The gallant  
ship spread wide her woven wings, and  
glided over the bar, out across the mea-  
sureless expanse of ocean. Swift and  
smooth she sped, as the sea-gull when he  
cleaves the air with motionless wings  
outstretched.

Very dismal was the contrast to Lord

Edward between his outward and home-  
ward voyage. Then everything delighted  
him—no nothing. His youth was  
struck down and stunned by the fatal  
blow. All its intense perceptions were  
dulled to careless apathy. The beauties  
of the sea and sky brought him not plea-  
sure, but pain. Since he loved he could  
see no beauty with his own eyes only.  
Then was ever the thought of her by his  
side, sharing his admiration and delight.  
The ghost of that lost love tortured him.  
At times as he gazed out over the flash-  
ing expanse of water, when the sun shone  
in unutterable glory, filling the hollow  
globe of sea and sky with light and color,  
he would turn to look into her eyes; he  
would stretch his hand to touch hers;  
Then sharp remembrance smote him, and  
his delight perished in pain.  
A thousand dreams which he had  
dreamed of a happy home with Gertrude  
by his side made his waking more miser-  
able. Home joys—a loving wife, the gay  
prattle, the tender touches, the fearless  
love of little ones—must never be his.  
Utter loneliness was his lot. Lord Edward  
found solace from all troubles in books. His  
imagination made poetry and fiction a  
reality to him. He passed at once from  
the world of dull fact to the world of  
bright fiction. He left his troubles be-  
hind him when he opened a pleasant  
book, as the prince in the Eastern story  
could stir a finger in resistance they were  
seized and bound.  
They were not treated cruelly, nor  
even roughly, except so far as haste  
caused roughness. The Indians were  
plainly in a hurry to be gone. Taking no  
trouble to conceal their trail, they pushed  
rapidly forward for some miles under the  
dark roof of the tangled forest, through  
which only a stray sunbeam glanced.  
The eyes of the captives were dazzled  
by the sudden flood of sunshine when  
they came at last to the borders of a wide,  
lone prairie, which stretched away to the  
horizon's brink, its green floor thickly  
sprinkled with wild flowers. Here and  
there a few dark, round clumps of trees  
showed like islands in this limitless  
ocean of brilliant coloring, on which the  
noonday sun beamed down from a sky of  
cloudless blue.

But Lord Edward had no thought or  
desire of escape. He rather enjoyed the  
excitement and uncertainty of his position.  
It stirred the dull apathy that lay  
so heavy on him, as the mist is stirred  
and broken by the fresh breeze. The  
long, swift gallop across the boundless  
prairie roused in him more of the spirit  
and buoyancy of youth than he had ever  
felt since his high hopes were laid low  
that fatal night.

All day his wild steeds stretched for-  
ward with untiring speed. As evening  
drew on apace they still galloped in the  
red light of the sinking sun, the soft,  
western wind blowing fresh in their  
faces.

At length a low bank, as it seemed,  
of dark clouds showed up against the clear  
sky line. It grew and took form and  
color as they rapidly approached. Soon  
they found themselves once more within  
the circle of the forest.

The wood was more open here, and  
they could walk their horses through  
without dismounting.  
They heard the refreshing murmur of  
running water through the trees. A few  
moments more brought them to the edge  
of the chief village of the Great Bear  
tribe, to which the party belonged.

It was a primitive and a pleasant scene  
they came upon set in the great circle  
of green woods, and lit by the red rays of  
the setting sun.

The lesser trees had been cleared away  
from where the village stood. Only a few  
of the giants of the forest remained to  
shelter the dome-shaped huts of the tribe,  
which showed like huge beehives scat-  
tered thickly over the clearing.

In front, the ground sloped down to the  
banks of a clear stream, which came  
gushing out of the dark woods to plunge  
into darkness again a little farther on.  
Along the river banks the young Indians  
sporting—now in the water, now out—like  
creatures of both elements. Their gay  
cries filled the summer air as they shot  
their arrows, or sang their lasses, or  
sent their birds canoe gliding over the  
shining surface of the stream, or plunged  
fearlessly into its cool depths. The sound  
went with the river as it ran, and mingled  
pleasantly with its plaintive murmurings.

Lord Edward, as the party rode slowly  
by, thought he had never yet seen child-  
hood so unrestrained, so filled  
with the joyous spirit of youth. It  
cheered him to watch their sports. How  
different he thought, from the pale and  
squalid spawn of humanity which he had  
seen in the back slums of great cities,  
where sunshine never came.

They heard no harsh task or sordid sur-  
render to crush the life out of young  
beasts. Here was nothing of the heavy  
burden which unquitting civilization lays  
on the shoulders of poverty. Their life  
from first to last was undiluted enjoy-  
ment, lived out in the free air of heaven.  
The sports of their youth was the occupa-  
tion of their lives.

He had scant time for moralizing, how-  
ever. The party rode straight through  
the opening glade of the very verge of  
the wood on the further side, where, larger  
than the others and more artistically  
constructed, stood the wigwam of the chief.  
It jarred strongly on the peaceful thoughts  
which the sylvan scene inspired, to mark  
the festooning of dishevelled scalp-locks  
—fair, and black, and grey—upon the door  
posts of the hut.

The chief received the party and their  
captives with face as stolid as a bronze  
statue, though he had had no warning of  
their capture, or their coming.

His braves had not been on the war-  
path. They were at peace with the pale-  
faces. The canoe and its occupants had  
been captured in that same spirit of wan-  
tonness which makes the kitten catch  
what it sees moving.

At the very first moment of entering,  
Lord Edward noticed a strange figure  
standing in the shade, a little way behind  
the chief, with a long rifle resting on the  
hollow of his arm. He was a man of  
huge frame, but gaunt as a greynoddy.  
The tallest Indians seemed boys in com-  
parison. He had no weapon but his rifle,  
and his dress of tanned deer-skin was free  
from all Indian frippery. His features  
were finely formed, but seamed with in-  
numerable wrinkles, so deep and clearly  
cut that they appeared carved with a  
chisel's edge on stone. His hair and  
beard were iron grey, and his keen blue  
eyes peered out from under a thick thatch  
of grey eyebrows.

A wild strange figure, yet sadness rather  
than sternness was the impression he  
conveyed. Though the sun had burned  
his skin brown his features betrayed his  
race.

He moved a little forward as the chief  
spoke in his own tongue, the Indians  
making way for him respectfully.  
"The chief welcomes the stranger," he  
said, speaking to Lord Edward. "You  
are brothers."  
He spoke English clearly and with the  
unmistakable accent of culture, but he  
spoke slowly and with something of hesi-  
tation, as if unused to the sound of his  
own voice.

Lord Edward bowed his acknowledg-  
ments as gravely as if he were in a Dub-  
lin drawing-room.

Meanwhile, the chief had been speak-  
ing somewhat angrily, as it seemed, to the  
leader of Lord Edward's captors.

But in a moment he turned to his young  
captive, with a courteous dignity that  
seemed strange amid such surroundings.  
The gaunt old man again interpreted.  
"Great Bear," he said, "is at peace with  
the pale-skinned. But his young men are  
rough and foolish," here he glanced  
angrily at the leader of the expedition.  
"They mistake friends for foes, and men  
for deer and fishes. My brother will for-  
give. He is free to go, as you wish. The  
doors of the wigwam or the paths of the forest  
are open to him. Let him choose. The  
horse is ready at the door, but the veni-  
son is cooked within. My brother will  
stay."  
Lord Edward staved. The thought of  
that wild, strange life had an overpowering  
fascination for him. Excitement  
raised him from torpor.

There was something, too, in the voice  
and manner of the old man that caught  
his fancy. Lord Edward had the strange  
feeling that every one has sometimes felt  
—that all this had happened to him be-  
fore.

The surroundings of the wild forest and  
Indian village seemed curiously, vaguely  
familiar. The whole scene appeared to be  
some fragment of a half-forgotten  
dream, which might vanish in a mo-  
ment. Lord Edward feared to move or  
speak, lest he should destroy the wonder-  
ful delusion.

No dream, however, but pleasant and  
substantial reality were the smoking-hot  
steaks of venison served to them later on,  
whose tempting savor needed not the per-  
suasive eloquence of a long day's fast in  
the open air to commend it. No dream,  
but a pleasant reality, were the cushions  
of soft skins stretched on the floor of the  
hut reserved for their use.

The fatigue and excitement of the day  
were atoned for by the sweet sleep that  
succeeded weary brain and limb. They lay  
in the quietude and unconsciousness of  
death, to awaken to renewed life and  
vigor with the glint of the sunshine, and  
sparkle of the water, and the fresh breeze  
that came rustling from the woods in the  
first glow of the morning.

TO BE CONTINUED.

**QUESTION BOX.**  
Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

The questions placed in the box at  
St. Teresa's and answered by Rev.  
Joseph V. O'Connor are increasing in  
number and variety. The non-Cath-  
olics are making use of both the lecture  
course and the question box to arrive  
at a better understanding of the  
Church. Some of the notes show a  
tendency to dispute the doctrines of  
the Church rather than a desire for in-  
formation, but the reverend speaker  
answers even these in the spirit of  
Catholic charity, recognizing, no  
doubt, that a positive character, while  
slow to accept the truth, is steadfast in  
adhering to it when once embraced.

Lizzie J. M., who expressed a fear  
of offending, but denied any desire to  
do so, and who said her brother is a  
regular attendant at the lectures, fired,  
a regular battery of questions:

(1) "Did not God give us the Bible  
and say His word is the light, and did  
not St. Paul praise Timothy and the  
Bereans for reading and searching the  
Scriptures? The Church is a good in-  
stitution, I admit, but the Bible is  
above. I prefer to follow God's word,  
the Bible, and not man's, the Church."  
The Holy Ghost inspired the writers  
of the Bible, but before it was written  
the Church existed, and on the Church's  
authority the Scriptures are accepted.  
The unwritten Word of God, that is,  
tradition, is also binding as a rule of  
faith. Those who accept the Bible as  
the Word of God, must, if they wish to  
follow that word, hear the Church  
(Matt. xviii, 17). St. Paul's commen-  
dation applied to the Old Testament,  
as the New was not then written. By  
searching the Scriptures you will learn  
the folly of private interpretation if  
you cannot already see it in the num-  
berless conflicting Protestant doctrines,  
every one of which claims to rest on  
Scriptural authority. See II. Peter, I,  
20 and III, 16. The unwritten Word  
of God is also commended in Scripture.  
See Acts, IV, 31; Romans, x, 8  
and 17; Col. II, 23; I. Thes. II, 13.

(2) "To learn the truths of the  
Catholic Church we must study the  
acts of nineteen councils and the let-  
ters of three hundred Popes, all  
written in Latin."  
Not all the acts of councils and  
letters of Popes are doctrinal. Almost  
all the truths necessary for salvation  
could be taught at the good Catholic  
mother's knee. It is not necessary to  
understand all the details, even of de-  
fined doctrines, as an act of faith such  
as is in the Creed, "I believe in the  
Holy Catholic Church," or in an act of  
faith such as "I believe whatsoever  
the Catholic Church proposes to be be-  
lieved, and this because God, who is  
the Sovereign Truth, who can neither  
deceive nor be deceived, has revealed  
all these things to His Church," will  
include all.

(3) "The name of Pope was given to  
all priests and Bishops in the fifth  
century, when the Pope of Rome  
usurped it. No one heard of the Pope  
in the early Church."  
The Bishops of Rome, beginning  
with St. Peter, were the Popes or Chief  
Bishops; the title is a matter of indif-  
ference. The office has existed since  
Christ said, "Thou art Peter, and  
upon this rock I will build My Church."  
(4) "The Catholic Church keeps its  
people in ignorance of the Bible. You  
never hear the priest read any part of

the Bible, but the same Gospels year in  
and year out."  
In addition to the Gospels and Epistles  
read in the Mass and published in  
many prayer-books, other parts are  
read at times. The Vespers service is  
almost entirely from the Scriptures, so  
also the Solemnity Office. The Gospels  
are made to fit the ecclesiastical year,  
which is divided so as to represent  
parts of the history of our Lord. Thus  
the present season, Advent, is one of  
preparation for His Nativity, and the  
Gospels relate to that. The Gospels of  
Lent relate to His sufferings. It is  
true Catholics do not read much of the  
purely historical books of the Old Testa-  
ment in their churches, and it is just  
as true that there is a tendency in some  
denominations of Christians to neglect  
the New Testament for the Old.

L. B. McC., who heard one Irish  
woman call another a "far down,"  
wanted to know what it meant.

She was told that it was a term ap-  
plied to those in the north of Ireland  
by those in the south. In the old coun-  
try it is not a term of reproach, but in  
clashes between bodies of laborers from  
these respective sections; in this coun-  
try it was for years considered an  
epithet, but it is now happily dying  
out, except as a joke.

"A Protestant Gentleman" asked  
during a Catholic "why have all the  
Popes and nearly all the Cardinals been  
Italians? Does not this look like pack-  
ing a convention?"

Rome being the site of the Holy See,  
it is natural that the Pope's advisers  
should be mainly from the adjoining  
country, being selected for their  
ability. It is but a mere incident that  
the Pope, therefore, is more likely to  
be an Italian by birth. His nationality  
has nothing to do with his selection.  
All Popes have not, however, been  
Italians. At least thirteen were  
Greeks, the same number French, six  
Germans, four Spaniards, four Syrians,  
three from Africa, two Jews, one  
each from England, Sweden, Portugal  
and the Netherlands, and others from  
smaller countries.

W. J. S. asked regarding the pro-  
cess of canonization of a saint. This  
was recently described in these  
columns in connection with the cause  
of Venerable Bishop Neumann.

"A Protestant" said that in most of  
the lectures the speaker had main-  
tained that the Church should not be  
held responsible for the acts of its in-  
dividual members. In some cases this  
is not true, as, for instance, the case of  
the jury of Bishops and Joan of Arc,  
also in the cases of the ecclesiastics en-  
gaged in the trials of Bruno and Savonarola.

The Bishop is representative of the  
Church only when performing func-  
tions of a ministerial character. If he  
holds civil or judicial positions, then  
he is the representative of the State,  
not the Church. The Church is not  
responsible for the bad acts of any in-  
dividual member, high or low, any more  
than the Apostles were for Judas.

Pearl W. (1) said she had been asked  
by a gentleman friend, who is a  
"strict Catholic and a perfect man  
every way," to attend the lectures, so  
as to become convinced of the truth of  
the Catholic religion. She expressed  
her intention of becoming a Catholic,  
as she supposed she "must," to secure  
this friend. She gave a reason for  
mixed marriages, thus: "Catholic  
girls (not all) are so modest and shy  
\* \* \* that men are afraid to speak  
to them \* \* \* That is why so  
many of them are left and Catholic  
men are marrying Protestant girls."  
Her Catholic friend says "quiet girls  
make the best wives."

Pearl was told that while it was not  
wrong for her "gentleman friend" to  
desire her to become a Catholic, yet it  
would be wrong for her to become one  
for any material motive. She should  
only become a Catholic to secure her  
eternal salvation, not to secure her  
gentleman friend, be he ever so per-  
fect.

"Amelia" is "acquainted with a  
very nice Catholic gentleman, who  
says he admires her," but that he will  
never marry anybody but a Catholic  
girl. She asked: "Don't you think  
that a kind of mean and selfish?"

The gentleman sees further into the  
future than the lady in this case.  
Something more than admiration is  
necessary for happiness even in this  
life, and the eternal welfare of both  
and of others may be destroyed by a  
mixed marriage. The gentleman's de-  
cision is just the reverse of selfishness,  
if he admires the lady very much.

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two little boys, employing doctors and  
trying every kind of patent medicine we  
ever heard of. At this time we did not  
know of Dr. Chase's Linsseed and Turpen-  
tine until after the 30th, when our young-  
est darling died in spite of all we could do.  
Sometimes in February the doctor told us  
our other boy couldn't live till spring.  
We were about discouraged, when I got  
my eye on an advertisement of Dr. Chase's  
Syrup of Linsseed and Turpen-  
tine. I tried at once to get some, but none of  
the dealers here had it. A neighbor who  
was in Kingston managed to purchase two  
bottles which he brought straight to us,  
and I believe it was the means of  
saving our only boy."

"One teaspoonful of the Syrup stopped  
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Our boy is perfectly well now, and I  
would not be without Dr. Chase's Syrup  
of Linsseed and Turpen-  
tine in the house."  
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**PATSY'S CHRISTMAS**  
Margaret M. Donovan in the  
I was the day before Christ-  
mas, very cold. As the  
Christmas, with its  
ground, to which Nature  
impartial, having clothed  
ble object with a garb of  
in honor of her Master and  
birthday she would so  
Then with her magic wand  
her gentle zephyrs lute  
breaze that polished  
river mirrors, and kiss  
of her loving children so  
health to every face.  
As a direct gift from  
each heart was thrilled  
unusual joy, which year-  
pression in little gifts of  
commemorating the gre-  
would dawn with the mo-  
It was about 4 o'clock  
of shoppers were surging  
stores on one of the prin-  
large city.  
On the street everyon-  
with a bundle; the women  
smiling and happy as the  
the pleasant surprise in  
dear ones at home, and  
clared "they would rather  
than carry a bundle."  
formed, as it were, in  
Santa Claus, and in-  
down any of the back-  
proud, it seemed, to be  
by the happy throng, a  
acquaintance happened a  
really pleased to meet  
heads held high—"I wish  
Christmas, wish you a  
mas!" was the salute  
side.  
On the corner of the  
store of one of the late  
Christmas novelties, she  
looking at the toys dis-  
the windows.  
One glance at the toy  
several sizes too large,  
almost bare feet, would  
that he was an uncon-  
poverty.  
People had seemed  
papers to-day, and they  
courage at trying to  
of even his regular cus-  
the task, and with a  
stared looking at what  
heads to wish for.  
Another newsboy se-  
and seeing him gaze  
the pretty things, blur-  
Patsy, what's yer do-  
was a slight of hand pe-  
guess business was be-  
day; but you ain't o-  
never take out so man-  
mas Eve, 'cause peop-  
what's goin' on, the  
'bout themselves." He  
being riveted on the  
window, "Some dandy,  
ain't they? I wish  
gun, what'd you like  
"Well, I don't know  
the thought had not  
—but I do think I'd  
book; see the little bar-  
and all the cows; som-  
a barn, and I guess  
maybe they'd like me-  
The other looked at  
open eyes, while the  
face was one of min-  
disappointment.  
"Well, you beat me  
saw."  
Just then the crowd  
and being separa-  
the following, each step  
On the way to his  
little Patsy could not  
crying. He seemed  
strange to-night.  
Until recently he re-  
grandmother in a re-  
poorest houses in the  
city.  
The poor woman  
the early part of the  
want of proper care  
weeks before. As she  
the child had ever  
lonely, now that she  
He brushed aside  
cended the rickety stool  
home, a single row  
never seemed so dis-  
night. A bed of old  
ner, two broken chairs  
old stove comprised  
Taking off his ca-  
close the fire, and  
closet only to find

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"Was Christmas night. The tree was bare. The lights burned low, the rooms were still— The children clustered round my chair—

all gone, and as he had not sold his papers, his very heart strings seemed to snap in twain. Throwing himself on his bed, he wept as he had never wept before.

he heard a scream, saw the crowd gather, and then a pale-faced girl caught his arm and cried: "O Doctor Greene, help him!"

Dr. Greene and his family. They were about to depart when they observed this little child approach the rail with softened tread, and partly out of curiosity, they remained to see what he would do.

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PATSY'S CHRISTMAS.

Margaret M. Donovan in the Rosary Magazine. It was the day before Christmas, and very, very cold. As the knowing ones had predicted, this was to be an ideal Christmas, with its snow-covered ground, to which Nature had not been impartial, having clothed every possible object with a garb of fairest white in honor of her Master and King, whose birthday she would so soon celebrate.

As a direct gift from the Most High, each heart was thrilled with a strange unusual joy, which yearned to find expression in little gifts of love, thus fully commemorating the great festival that would dawn with the morrow's sun.

On the street everyone seemed laden with bundles; the women and children smiling and happy as they thought of the pleasant surprise in store for the dear ones at home, and men who declared "they would rather go to Jericho than carry a bundle," were transformed, as it were, into a veritable Santa Claus, and instead of dodging down any of the back streets, were proud, it seemed, to be carried along by the happy throng, and when an acquaintance happened along they were really pleased to meet him, and with heads held high—"I wish you a merry Christmas, wish you a merry Christmas" was the salutation on every side.

On the corner of the street, near the store of one of the largest dealers in Christmas novelties, stood a little boy looking at the toys displayed in one of the windows. One glance at the torn coat, old cap several sizes too large, bare hands and almost bare feet, would convince you that he was an unconscious victim of poverty.

People had seemed too busy to buy papers to-day, and the poor child, discouraged at trying to catch the glance of even his regular customers, gave up the task, and with a saddened heart stood looking at what he didn't even dare to wish for.

Another newsboy soon came along, and seeing him gazing so intently at the pretty things, blurted out: "Say, Patsy, what's yer doin'—wishin' yer was a slight o' hand performer? Say! guess business was bad all round to-day; but you ain't onto their game; never take out so many papers Christmas Eve, 'cause people don't care 'bout what's goin' on, 'ther only thinkin' 'bout themselves." His attention now being riveted on the contents of the window, "Some dandy things in there, ain't they? I wish I could have that gun, what'd you like?"

As she was well prepared for her final journey, our dear Lord having come to her a few hours before by one of the Fathers, she closed her eyes on this world with all its misery, only to open them on the shore of eternal life. This scene and many others passed through his mind, and sitting up, he wiped his eyes with the sleeve of his coat, and going to the table drawer, took out the old beads and began to look them over.

"Granny used to say that anything I'd ask my Father in Heaven for, He'd give it to me," he mused. The old candle had now burned low, and as the room began to darken, he knew that soon he would be unable to see, so kissing the crucifix, decided to say his prayers and go to bed.

Knelling down and blessing himself, he said: "It's awful lonesome down here, Father; I wish you'd take me up there with Granny. People don't like me now, 'cause I don't belong to nobody. I heard some of the little fellers as live in nice houses sayin' how they was goin' to hang up their stockings, and that Mr. Santa Claus was comin' round and bring nice things. I wish I knew him, 'p'raps he'd bring me that book I saw in the window, and a pair of mittens, and—jesse, what else: one of those boxes what has a little feller in it, pops out his head every little while; there's lots of things I'd like to have, but—" Just then a gust of wind swept through the old room, which was now quite dark; the fire had gone out, and as he looked around, he said: "I guess I'll go to bed now, God, but I'll hang up my stockin', and if it wouldn't be too much trouble, won't you please put somethin' in it; 'course I don't know what you have for little fellers up there, but 'p'raps the little Jesus will pick out somethin' nice for me."

As he had dropped a bead after every few words, he concluded that as he had gone through them all, his Rosary was said. And who knows but what his simple prayer was a chapter of the most perfect roses, as it is not so much the words we say, as the faith with which they are uttered!

After saying devoutly his regular night-prayers, he blessed himself, and arose from his knees. Taking off one of the old stockings, he hung it on the corner of the shelf, and placing the rosary beads around his neck, laid him down, and as the wind howled through the cracks, the sad day went through his mind: the happy throng, the unsold papers, the bitter thought of being hungry and alone, and with a sigh he buried his face in his little arm, and cried himself to sleep.

It was Christmas Eve, and the home of Doctor Greene was ablaze with lights. Inside all was warm and bright, and as the family gathered around the tea table, it was a pretty sight. Dr. and Mrs. Greene were a young couple, and with their only child, a boy of twelve, lived very happily. The doctor's sister, a young lady noted for her many fine qualities, was spending the holidays with her brother, and with Leo and his mother had been shopping the early part of the afternoon. Each one had a secret, and not until the morrow were they to let it be known. For months each had been busy trying to think of something that would surprise the others, and to-night every mind was at ease.

he heard a scream, saw the crowd gather, and then a pale-faced girl caught his arm and cried: "O Doctor Greene, help him!" He recognized her at once as the daughter of one of his poor patients, an old man who was subject to sudden sick spells. The poor girl, after working hard all day, thought it would cheer his heart to go with her to buy their Christmas dinner, and also the coat which, through her noble self-sacrifice, was to be his Christmas present. Immediately hailing a cab, the doctor, who understood the situation at a glance, assisted both of them in, and before entering himself, ordered the man to drive to their home, one of the worst houses in the slums. By the aid of simple restoratives he had almost completely recovered by the time they reached home, and after lying on the bed a short while, he was as well as ever.

It had been brought on, the doctor thought, by the unusual excitement; and now that it had passed away, he was quite happy. After admiring the nice warm quilt, into the pocket of which he had quietly dropped a coin, he wished them a very happy Christmas, and started for home. As he descended the stairs, he decided, as he had a long walk before him, to light a cigar. Stepping to do so in one of the long entry ways, he thought he heard a moan. Holding the lighted match above his head, he peered into an old room, the door of which was open. Stepping in, he looked around, and the sight made his brave heart ache with pity.

Lying on a bed of rage was a poor child with a rosary bead around his neck, the crucifix held tightly between his fingers, and a tear apparently frozen on the little cheek. He thought he had seen sad sights, but now he was obliged to wipe away a tear. Turning to go, he saw the torn stocking hanging on the shelf, and a bright idea struck him. Taking the toys from his pocket, he soon had the stocking bulging out, and placing it again where it was, with a heart somewhat lighter, started homeward.

Christmas morning dawned bright and clear. The bells were ringing merrily, and while the heavenly hosts with their divinely musical voices made the walls of Paradise ring with their song of praise, the earthly choirs were adding their tribute of love and adoration. The early Mass was over, and while the majority of the congregation still knelt in silent prayer, others were gazing into the little crib where the Christ Child takes us on the anniversary of His birth, that high and low may find food for the day's meditation. But few remain now, and among them is little Patsy.

On awakening at the first dawn of day, his eyes turned immediately to the shelf, and there hung his stocking, not empty now, but filled to the brim. Was he awake? He rubbed his eyes, and looked around the room to see if anything had happened. No, everything else was unchanged. His stocking had been filled, his prayer was answered!

Jumping on his feet, he quickly took it down, and from it took first, a jack-in-the-box—just what he wanted, but could not stop to examine it; a bag of candy, an iron engine, two oranges, a jack-knife, and sure enough, there was the very book he had been looking for. The poor child was completely overcome, and after looking again and again at each article, and counting them, he dropped on his knees, and if ever a thanksgiving was offered, it came from his lips at that moment. What matter if he had not a crumb for his breakfast? God had given him a happy Christmas, and what more did he want? Sitting down on the floor, he began to look at the gaily-colored pictures in the book, but the one that pleased him most was that which represented the Infant Jesus in the manger. That picture seemed to recall something; what was it? Granny used to tell him about it, and she took him to see it once. Laying down his book, he tried to think.

It was Christmas morning, last year, says the London Christian World, is much greater than Anglicans care to admit. People who have been conducting along nine tenths of the road to Rome, if they have a logical mind, very naturally ask themselves why they should not finish the journey. Mr. R. E. Dell of Cardiff, a very energetic Church D fence organizer, has been asking himself the question, and the answer was read on a recent Sunday in St. Peter's Roman Catholic Church, Cardiff, by Father Hawde. The letter says in part: "I am going to be received into the Church in two or three weeks, and it would be a great comfort to me if I could be remembered at the altar of St. Peter's, and also my wife, who has, I am glad to say, just made up her mind finally to be received too, and is now under instruction. Perhaps you can also obtain prayers for three Anglican clergy-men and four laymen who are in doubt about their position, that they may have grace to embrace the truth."

Leakage to Rome. The leakage of Anglicanism to Rome, says the London Christian World, is much greater than Anglicans care to admit. People who have been conducting along nine tenths of the road to Rome, if they have a logical mind, very naturally ask themselves why they should not finish the journey. Mr. R. E. Dell of Cardiff, a very energetic Church D fence organizer, has been asking himself the question, and the answer was read on a recent Sunday in St. Peter's Roman Catholic Church, Cardiff, by Father Hawde. The letter says in part: "I am going to be received into the Church in two or three weeks, and it would be a great comfort to me if I could be remembered at the altar of St. Peter's, and also my wife, who has, I am glad to say, just made up her mind finally to be received too, and is now under instruction. Perhaps you can also obtain prayers for three Anglican clergy-men and four laymen who are in doubt about their position, that they may have grace to embrace the truth."

THE ONLY True Blood Purifier prominently in the public eye to-day is Hood's Sarsaparilla. Therefore get Hood's and ONLY HOOD'S.

The Brightest Flowers must fade, but young lives endangered by severe coughs and colds may be preserved by DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL. Cures whooping cough, bronchitis, in short all affections of the throat and lungs, are relieved by this sterling preparation, which also remedies rheumatic pains, sore, bruised, piles, kidney difficulty, and is most economic.

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SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

The Catholic Record. Published Weekly at 484 and 486 Richmond Street, London, Ontario. Price of subscription—\$2.00 per annum.

London, Saturday, December 25, 1915.

THE PEN.

The first number of this interesting literary venture, published by J. K. Foran, Ltd., 11 B. St. Milton Street, Montreal, has been received.

DIVORCE IN ENGLAND.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has issued a pronouncement against the remarriage of divorced persons, declaring at the same time that his Vicar-General will not issue licences for such marriages in future.

NEED OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

A horrible murder arising out of the old Pagan superstitions of the Indians of the North-West has been perpetrated recently at Borens River, about two hundred miles north of Winnipeg.

UNION ONCE MORE.

There appears to be now some hope of a reunion of the Irish Nationalist factions, as Messrs. Dillon and Redmond have spoken recently in a more conciliatory tone of each other's policy than at any time since the unfortunate dissensions occurred between the different Irish parties.

that there is a likelihood there will be a conference between the parties to agree upon a line of action. Mr. Dillon said in November, when speaking in Dublin, that it was not expedient to ask for a renewal of pledges by the Liberal party on the Home Rule question, as this would imply that the Liberals are suspected to have abandoned the promises which they have constantly made to continue to support the demands of Ireland.

THE REFORMED EPISCOPAL SECT.

Sunday, the 12th inst., was the anniversary of the organization of the Reformed Episcopal Church, which is an offshoot from the Church of England. In several cities of the United States and Canada the day was celebrated.

A REPENTANCE.

On the eve of the departure of Mgr. Bruchesi for Rome, the journalists of Montreal presented him with an address. All of them, without distinction of creed or political opinion, spontaneously offered the newly elected Archbishop their congratulations, and they also promised to support his generous efforts on behalf of the public welfare.

has recanted. Every step in the direction of creating good feeling amongst Canadians of all classes is a step forward. The action of the Witness editor is a step in the opposite direction.

AN OBJECT LESSON.

A curious spectacle was witnessed a few days ago on Shaw street in Montreal, from which an instructive object lesson on temperance may be derived. An express wagon was delivering a barrel of beer at a saloon on the street and during the operation the head of the barrel was stove in, and the result was a dispute between the hotel keeper and the driver.

CHRISTMAS.

Christmas and Easter are and always have been recognized as the two greatest festivals of the year among Christians. The reason for this lies in the fact that both feasts are inseparably connected with our Redemption, one as the beginning, and the other as the accomplishment of this great work.

CATHOLICS AND THE BENCH.

The Globe of Saturday discusses the article in last week's RECORD on the above subject, and quotes therefrom the paragraph where the liberality of the English Government in conferring positions of the highest grade is in glaring contrast to the niggardly spirit which has actuated some of the so-called Canadian statesmen.

no other purpose that we know of did Christ come into the world than to restore to us the inheritance we had forfeited.

The prophets of the Old Law all had Christ in view, and the hopes of the people of God were centred in the coming of the "expected of all nations" through whom "sin may have an end, and iniquity may be abolished, and everlasting justice may be brought; and vision and prophecy may be fulfilled." (Dan. ix.)

It was for this end, therefore, that Christ became incarnate, and that His birth was announced by a multitude of the angelic host who appeared at Bethlehem on the occasion, when first one angel announced to the shepherds who were watching their flocks: "Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy that shall be to all the people. For this day is born to you a Saviour who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David;" and the multitude of angels, taking up the joyful strain, praised God, saying: "Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace to men of good will."

The Incarnation of God the Son must always remain a mystery which the human mind cannot fathom. How can it be that God should so humble Himself as to take a human form?

We believe this because God has revealed it, and He cannot deceive nor be deceived, but we cannot understand it, nor can we expect to understand or penetrate the mysteries of God. We know only that Christ's Incarnation was necessary as the means of our salvation, and His infinite love for mankind led Him to adopt this wonderful means to restore to us what we had lost by sin.

Their is no pomp of royalty in the surroundings of Our Blessed Lord on the first Christmas day, though He is of the kingly race of David whose lineal descendant He is. He is born in a lowly stable with no attendants to wait upon Him but His immaculate mother and St. Joseph, his reputed and legal father, and two animals, an ox and an ass, which were the occupants of the stable before the Holy Family found a refuge there.

Jesus elevated human nature by taking it on Himself, and for this we owe Him a debt of gratitude, but still greater are our obligations to Him because it is for our sake that He undergoes so great a humiliation. Christmas must be, therefore, to us always a time of rejoicing and grateful thanksgiving, and as the angels pray for peace and good-will among men on this grand occasion, we must do our share in the accomplishment of that prayer.

THE GLOBE BY PUBLISHING THE ARTICLE

would have presented to its readers a shield exhibiting the broad liberalism, the fair and open-handed treatment of the small Protestant minority by the Catholics of Quebec; and the obverse of the shield would have shown a picture of the narrowness and almost proscription of the Catholic minority by the Protestants of Ontario.

The first to secure recognition from the Government were not the Catholics who had been fighting the Reform battles. E. E. Sheppard, who traversed Haldimand shouting "Mowat must go;" who proclaimed with the voice of a prophet that Grit misrule and incompetence was at an end, and the dawn of Tory rectitude and transcendent ability was at hand; who stood on the platform in this city with Esery, and identified himself with a cause that respectable Conservatives helped to stamp out of existence—this man Sheppard was the first to receive the right hand of fellowship and a lucrative office from those whom he had been denouncing as corrupt and incapable Grits and who ought not to be entrusted with the government of the Province much less of the whole Dominion.

When the discussion as to the judiciary was commenced the Globe's reply to the Register was that the Reform party during recent elections had to contend against the charge of the Opposition that the Catholics had been unduly favored by the Reform Government in the matter of appointments.

We do disclaim the interpretation attempted to be put on our protest. We showed how unfairly Catholics were treated in appointments to the bench here, and with what liberality the Protestants were treated in regard to like appointments in Quebec.

The Protestants of Quebec have had eight of their number on the bench until 1895. When the number was about being reduced by one, Bishop Bond and a number of the Protestant clergy protested against the reduction, although that would leave them about one-fifth of the judiciary, while they form one-seventh of the population.

Both dead and buried long ago, and even the memory of the society would soon have descended into oblivion had it not been revived by the unaccountable appointment of Busby by a Liberal Government to a position in the Customs.

When the discussion as to the judiciary was commenced the Globe's reply to the Register was that the Reform party during recent elections had to contend against the charge of the Opposition that the Catholics had been unduly favored by the Reform Government in the matter of appointments.

This charge, as the editor of the Globe well knew, was foundationless, and yet it resorted to that unsubstantial defence when the charge was made that Catholics were ignored and their creed made a barrier to advancement.

What we object to is the proposition that there ought to be a correspondence between the proportion of Catholics in the population and the proportion of Catholics on the bench; that because one out of every six of the population is a Catholic, therefore one out of every six Judges shall be a Catholic.

We must here state again that we gave utterance merely to our own views on this subject, so that our presentation of the case is not to be considered as emanating from the authorities of the Catholic Church.

The rev. gentleman states that we appear to have a false impression as to the exact object of the society, as the members do not intend "to submit themselves to a majority vote."

We did not assert that these things were intended by the gentlemen who compose the association, for we are not sufficiently acquainted with their intentions to form a judgment on this point, but we meant to point out that as it is the general practice in associations where the members meet on equal terms, to submit to majority rule, the same thing would naturally be expected in the association here outlined, and that Catholics could not agree to such conditions under any circumstances, as the deposit of faith in the Catholic Church is a sacred trust handed down from generation to generation, and derived from Christ Himself, the Founder of our religion.

It is not within the power of men, therefore, to change that sacred deposit in the slightest degree.

Of course, there can be no objection to a friendly talk over the question of the reunion of Christendom, but it should be understood, that as far as the Catholic Church is concerned, her doctrines are unchangeable.

We are satisfied that the gentlemen who have begun the present movement are sincere and honest in their intentions, and we hope that their plan may be fruitful in good results.

But we are convinced that there is but one mode by which these good results can be attained, which is by accepting unreservedly the authority of the Catholic Church, which has never changed her faith since it was committed to her by Christ in the beginning.

She is described by the Apostle St. Paul as the "pillar and ground of truth," and thus it is implied that her faith cannot change, as divine truth is immutable.

Our esteemed correspondent must therefore not be offended if we point out honestly our convictions on this point.

We do not mean to insinuate that these reverend gentlemen really intend to force a change of faith upon Catholics by a majority vote, but the

proviso contained in the we published it two we seem to us to imply that this kind is to be feared special provision in the effect that no denomination dominate in the proposition. This seems to us to imply the absence of the majority, or at least the majority may come to this belief. It will be many months of it our duty to call a feature, the more the majority in the association all represent a majoritarian world, nor even a Catholic Christians; non Catholics who believe mysteries of Christ majority would sustain doctrine which Catholic which is called in a minor sect.

It may be also that whose names are appealing have no thought away doctrines of condition of reunion. ing against such a tempted, we did not which is but an im The like of this has frequent occurrence there was no stretch of our supposing that our kind might be cont present movement. proper to point out the not be parties to any kind.

That these remarks understood, it is well that though the doctrine Catholic Church are immu the case as regards laws. These laws, su tion of fasting days, d and feasts, the rites used in the celebration administration of the material and form o ments, and even the cellary is enjoined disciplinary. The C reason for her presen these matters, but the reason under certain modify it to a greater but this she would justify of the circ justify a change, or able.

The Rev. Mr. She follows: To the Editor of the C Dear Sir—As a member of the Canadian Society would like to thank you for your letter and for your kind do one thing more. I would like to see corrected which we seem to have in as to our exact object. We out to a majority vote and less do we aim at any b trines. We can represent ourselves individually as Christians, voluntarily g for furthering the desire. There is a wide difference not; and we hope in an to learn more of one another well as to help in some d a more widespread feel divided conditions. It is members of the society y their principles most firm representative of the necessary legislation. Again thanking you I remain, Yours,

St. Thomas, Toronto, We thoroughly Shortt's view that the state of Christendom was evidently Christ Church should be on shepherd, and announced a most sev against those who His Apostles whom commission to prea every creature. T division must rest u refused to accept the Apostles and their and especially of St. Peter, the chief

DIocese of CH The New St Charlottetown E The new cathedral construction in this city being one of the best specimens in the Dominion; the exterior is in a grand one can observe the proportions of the edifice to the height of about a building, is certainly a copper covering and to its beauty. The facade simply grand and ad impressive inscription catrinals, which for administration of the interior of the ed promises to be equally than the exterior. The tending from the main immense superficial p rize capacity will be v sides the organ gallery galleries which may be into two parts, one of chapel for ordinary ser The other is for Sunday also for a lecture hall, made of brick and con but construction, being of the building by tich the rear end of the room, already furnish steam boilers for heati The entrances to the front and by the re the front a spiral stair main vestibule desc towers to the basement galleries. Stairways s to the basement chapel



Christmas Carol.

Ring out, ye bells, sound every chime, Ring in the blessed Christmas time!

Ye angels that the shepherds greet, Shout forth your tidings glad and sweet!

Ye faithful souls, that toil and strive, To enter the more perfect life,

Ye pious souls, that love and trust, A Helper comes in heaven to assist!

Ye pious souls, that love and trust, A Helper comes in heaven to assist!

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and a branch of lilies from another; and they were very sweet to him when one considered that Mrs. Kendrick was the one and Agnes la Garde the other!

He took a lily in his chilly fingers, and peered at it through dusty spectacles.

"A lily is not an overcoat," he said sadly.

"Be sure to bring your flute," Mrs. Kendrick had written.

"You love gay tunes and light hearts at Christmas. You are used to the yule log and holly, and you have not been wont to scorn a little drink of eggnog—and to think that to night you will not see your dear old friend the major's flute. What a jolly little thing the major's flute is!

You would almost think it had white curls and red cheeks and a well rounded waist-coat, like the major! Well, is not imitation the subtlest flattery?"

"Are you like me? Do you play my wrinkles, and my fierce black curls, and my heart ache sometimes? Poor little flute!" He laid it down and rubbed his eyes.

The door was thrown open and Mrs. Kendrick appeared, with an army of invaders behind her.

"Which was it, your shoes or your coat?" she asked.

"My coat," he answered, startled out of his usual reserve.

Mr. McCaffrey appeared, holding up a coat and a pair of shoes.

"We knew it was one or the other," said Mrs. McCaffrey.

For a moment, then, they all stood silent. It was an invincible little rodent—Mrs. Kendrick, with her lovely brown eyes bent reproachfully on the guilty one; Mrs. McCaffrey, smiling her happy smile, which seemed never to have known a refusal; Mr. McCaffrey, who was very gay when others felt grave; and Rory McCarthy and Agnes la Garde, "seen and not heard," but always to be found in the face of the first.

"The major is waiting," said Mrs. McCaffrey, as Rory held the coat for Father Salvator.

"Follow the Little Corporal," said Mrs. Kendrick; and Mrs. McCaffrey was proud of Mr. McCaffrey's resolute glance to Napoleon, if he was not.

So Father Salvator, dazed and happy, was carried away like a king. He marched along the snowy streets with his noble guard.

"Merry Christmas, Father!" the ladies said as they passed.

"Christmas gift, boss!" said the darkies.

Little children in sleighs shook branches of holly at him.

"Now aren't you glad you came?" said Napoleon, twinkling his mischievous gray eyes.

"Yes," said Father Salvator very softly, "but it is not the coat which warms me."

"Is it the love?" murmured Mrs. McCaffrey.

And Father Salvator only smiled.

Empty Stockings.

Oh, mothers in homes that are happy Where Christmas comes laden with cheer, Where the children are dreaming already Of the merriest day in the year,

As you gather your darlings around you And tell them the "story of old," Remember the homes that are dreary! Remember the hearts that are cold!

And thanking the love that has dowered you With all that is dearest and best, Give freely, that from your abundance Some bare little life may be blessed!

Oh, where the stockings hang empty, Where Christmas is naught but a name, And give—for the love of the Christ child!—Twas to seek such as these that He came.

—Ellen Manly in Christmas Ladies' Home Journal.

How many old recollections, and how many dormant sympathies does Christmas time awaken! Many of the hearts that throbbled so gallily then have ceased to beat; many of the looks that shone so brightly then have ceased to glow; the hands we grasped have grown cold; the eyes we sought have hid their lustre in the grave; and yet the old house, the room, the merry voices and smiling faces, the jest, the laugh, the most minute and trivial circumstances connected with those happy meetings, crowd upon our minds at each recurrence of the season, as if the last assemblage had been but yesterday!

Happy Christmas, that can win us back to the delusions of our childhood days; that can recall to the old man the pleasures of his youth; that can transport the sailor and the traveller, thousands of miles away, back to his own fireside and his quiet home!—Charles Dickens: Pickwick Papers.

Grace Ella Aiton, Hartland, N. B., Cured of Eczema.

I do hereby certify that my daughter, Grace Ella, was cured of Eczema of several years' standing by four boxes of Dr. Chase's Ointment.

LEGENDS OF THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

Nearly every Christian nation claims the honor of having given to the world the custom of the Christmas tree.

Yet its origin is so obscure that no man may rightly say whence or when the beautiful usage began.

A Scandinavian myth of great antiquity speaks of a "service tree" sprung from the blood drenched soil where two lovers had been killed by violence in their innocence.

At certain nights in the Christmas season mysterious lights were seen flaming in its branches, that no wind could extinguish.

The French have their legend as well. In a romance of the thirteenth century the hero finds a gigantic tree whose branches are covered with burning candles, some standing erect, the others upside down, and on the top the vision of a child, with a halo around his curly head.

The knight asked the Pope for an explanation, who declared that the tree undoubtedly represented mankind, the child the Saviour, and the candles good and bad human beings.

Wolfram von Eichenbach, the famous minstrel, sings of a prevailing custom of welcoming guests with branches ornamented with burning candles.

BEAUTIFUL GERMAN LEGEND. The most beautiful legend is of German origin and comes from that border land of history between pagan and Christian days:

"Hearken, ye sons of the forest! No blood shall flow this night save that, which pity has drawn from a mother's breast. For this is the birth night of the White Christ, the Son of the All-Father, the Saviour of mankind!

Father is He than Baldr the Beautiful, greater than Odin the Wise, kinder than Freya the Good. Since He has come sacrifice is ended. The dark Thor on whom ye have vainly called, is dead. Deep in the shades of Niflheim he is lost forever. And now on this Christ night ye shall begin to live. This Blood tree shall darken your land no more. In the name of the Lord I will destroy it."

He grasped the broad axe from the hand of Gregor, and, striding to the oak, began to hew against it. Then the sole wanderer in Winifrid's life came to pass. For, as the bright blade circled above his head, and the flakes of wood flew from the deepening gash in the body of the tree, a whirling wind passed over the forest. It gripped the oak from its foundations. Backward it fell like a tower, groaning as it split asunder in four pieces. But just behind it, and unharmed by the ruin, stood a young fir tree, pointing a green spire toward the stars.

"Winifrid let the axe drop, and turned to speak to the people.

"This little tree, a young child of the forest, shall be your holy tree to night. It is the wood of peace, for your houses are built of the fir. It is the sign of an endless life, for its leaves are ever green. See how it points upward to heaven. Let this be called the tree of the Christ-child; gather about it, not in the wild wood, but in your own homes; there it will shelter no deeds of blood, but loving gifts and rites of kindness."

"So they took the tree from its place and carried it in joyful procession to the edge of the glade and laid it on one of the sledges. The horse tossed his head and drew bravely at his load, as if the new burden had lightened it. When they came to the village Alvoide bade them open the doors of his great hall and set the tree in the midst of it."

IN HISTORY. Historically the Christmas tree can only be traced back to the sixteenth century. During the Middle Ages it suddenly appears in Strassburg.

A valuable authentic manuscript of 1608, by a Strassburg burgher, now in a private collection in Friedberg, Hesse, describes the holidays very much as we are used to celebrate them.

The manuscript of a book entitled "The Milk of Catechism," by the Strassburg theologian Danhauser, mentions the same subject in a similar way. During the next two hundred years the Christmas tree could only be met along the Rhine, when suddenly, at the beginning of this century, the habit spread all over Germany, and fifty years later had conquered the world.

The first description of a Christmas tree in modern literature is to be found in "The Nutcracker," a fairy tale by Fougue and Hoffmann.

In 1830 the Christmas tree was introduced by Queen Caroline into Munich. At the same time it beat its path through Bohemia into Hungary, where it became fashionable among the Magyar aristocracy.

BROUGHT TO THE TUILERIES. In 1840 the Duchess Helena of Orleans brought it to the Tuileries, but it took many years before it became popular in France. Empress Eugenie also patronized it, but by the middle class it was still considered an intruder of Alsatian origin. In 1860 the German residents of Paris could procure a Christmas tree but with the greatest difficulty. However, nine years later they were regularly sold in the market.

In 1870 the German army celebrated Christmas in the city of Notre Dame, and to day Paris uses 50,000 trees each year, of which only about the fourth part are bought by Swiss, Germans or Alsations. The French plant the entire tree, with its root in a tub, so as to be able to preserve the tree until New Year, when it is "plundered."

Also London became acquainted with the habit through the royal palace. The Prince Consort brought it to St. James and it was quickly adopted by the nobility and well-to-do citizens. Also in other English cities it is fre-

quently met with, though in a different manner. Immediately after dinner a little fir tree is handed around the table, with a present of the host to each guest. Scotch and Irish children know but little of the enjoyment a Christmas tree is sure to bring.

At the beginning of our century the custom was entirely unknown in Scandinavia, though they used to ornament their thresholds with fir tree branches. On the Islands Dago and Worms the inhabitants put five little candles on every branch of the Christmas tree, which is known to them almost as long as to the Strassburgers.

In America it has been introduced and quickly spread by the sturdy German emigrant, and of late years has become a universal custom.—New York Herald.

A CHRISTMAS DREAM.

Paul Tyson, a young medical student took home with him last Christmas eve, a book written by an author who professed to doubt Christianity.

The young man read its pages until long past midnight, and then laid down the book with a sharp stab of his heart.

"What if this author is right? What if there is no Saviour, no merciful Father in heaven?"

He fell asleep, but seemed to retain the consciousness that his doubt was true. There was no God, no Christ, no future life, and the world knew it.

He dreamed that he rose and went out into the street. The churches were tumbling into ruin, or had been turned into halls for pleasure-seekers or for riotous gatherings. Mechanically he made his way to the hospital in which he attended the free clinics, but it was closed. He met one of the physicians, a man whose grave, benignant manner and lofty character he had always revered.

"All the asylums, hospitals, free schools and other charitable institutions are closed," he said. "Why should the rich care for the poor, or any man put out a hand to help another? That was the doctrine said to have been taught by Christ. There is no Christ now. Our motto is, 'Every man for himself!'"

Paul saw that the man had been drinking heavily.

"Why should I not drink?" the old physician demanded, answering the suspicion in the younger man's face.

"It is pleasure to me. Why should I not indulge myself?"

"Because vice must be hateful to a man like you, and virtue dear."

"Ah, you forget! There is no vice and no virtue. There is no God to make laws, or to make one action right and another wrong."

Paul dreamed that he walked down the street. At every turn he found proof that men no longer believed in right and wrong. A filthy bully dragged a delicate woman from her carriage and drove away in it.

A stout young fellow, reeling out of a saloon, was met by his gray-haired mother, who threw her arms about him, begging him to come home. He struck her to the ground and went on his way. The crowd passed by, heedless of the white head lying at their feet.

Little children passed him, screaming out blasphemous words. It was God and Christ whose teachings he demanded reverence to parents, decency and purity in human lives, and there was no longer a God, no Christianity in the world.

Paul thought in his dream that he hurried horror-stricken to his home. There, at least, would be peace and comfort. He found a strange woman with a bold, sensual face in his mother's place by the fire. His father met him. The marks of fierce, uncontrolled passion were on his face.

"I found that I preferred another woman to your mother, and I sent her away. The marriage of one man to one woman is a Christian institution," he said. "I do not accept it. It makes no difference, however, in your mother's case, she died a few days after she left me."

"Then she at least is happy!" cried her son. "She was a saint. Thank God, she is with Him!"

"Thank God, you say!" exclaimed the father. "There is no God! There is no future life! Your mother is but a lump of decaying matter! Go and enjoy yourself in any way you choose, for you, too, at the end will be as she is."

Was it true, then, that the Christ, the heaven that his mother believed in, were lies? The Christ that had lifted this modern world out of brutality, that had filled countless myriads of struggling souls with strength; and made their lives pure, had been a lie—a fraud?

Paul started up from his dream,



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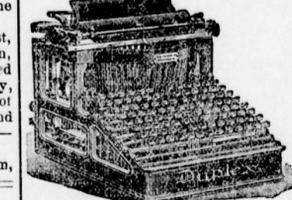


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cold with a sweat of honor. The sun was shining on the snow-covered roof, from every church spire came the glad sound of Christmas bells. In the streets were happy children, their arms loaded with gifts. In every face, even of the lowest and most vicious, was the sign of a great thought, which the day had brought, that of the God-Man who came on earth to redeem mankind. There was a tap at the door. His mother came in, her pure face bright with happiness. As she stooped to kiss him, he heard the pealing of an anthem in the neighboring cathedral. "Glory to God in the highest," they sang, "peace on earth to men of good will."

Conversions. Cardinal Vaughan reiterates that the latest statistics show that the conversions from Anglicanism to Catholicity vary from six to seven hundred a month. "We must bear in mind," says the Cardinal, "that one conversion brings about many more. At present there is not a single English family which does not number a Catholic among its relatives or next of kin, and thus prejudice against Catholicism diminishes every day."—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

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Between rem and looking for this day should Christians. It c ination of cons examines the manner or other so vividly in G scrutinize ever this is what it is scientific. C cultivated is no conscientiousness of We know, to be are over partic conscience, and pulvis. But t pulvis enough conscience ten of the Divine p becomes habit fact.

There are tw of conscience, One is done a arrangement u adhered to. Ination is spon case the consi an hour, or e undergoing so case you exam in the latter y you. I have v who need new sciences when sion: they live presence and to perform the I think it was who was kno bread for the rang for Com received our sticking to he back to her b was excellent munition. St. the evenness tained, must consciousness of high degree.

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He met a M who told m I happened souri, on G Catholic ch was surpr kneeling th Henry W preacher. on this occ service. T that time, Beecher pe made awar invited hi dentally th pect very fully. It fully that period He found look for it. meal and for his hosp What a pit viously g grace for measurabl more and a cath specul orthodox y to have le Brooklyn however, I day, and I to piously Catholic b cises. Po

Catarrh, blood and blood with

FIVE-MINUTE'S SERMON.

Sunday Within the Octave of Christmas.

RETROSPECT.

Between remembering the old year and looking forward to the new year, this day should be a busy one for the Christians. It ought to be a day of examination of conscience. Good Christians examine their consciences in some manner or other daily, and some are so vividly in God's presence that they scrutinize every act of their lives; and this is what it is to be thoroughly conscientious.

There are two kinds of examination of conscience, both of which are good. One is done at fixed times by some arrangement with one's self honestly adhered to. The other kind of examination is spontaneous. In this latter case the conscience won't let you pass an hour, or even a minute, without undergoing scrutiny. In the former case you examine your conscience, and in the latter your conscience examines you.

Brethren, wish all of you had something of this high gift. But for most of us it may truly be said that the examination of conscience which will benefit us will be that made at set times; of course, at confession. But no practice will produce better results for persons of good sense than having fixed times at which we shall go over the actions of the day. And on New Year's Day, of all days in the year, we should take account of our conduct towards God and our neighbor and ourselves, and make good resolutions for the future.

Let us face about, therefore, brethren, and look back over the past twelve months, and question the seasons of the old year. How did I begin the old year and how did I behave myself last winter? Did I attend Mass regularly and worship God through the summer, or did I make the Lord's Day one of carousing and picnicking and drinking? Have I used my tongue for blaspheming, my body for lust, my soul for slavery to the evil one? Have I unjustly gotten any of my neighbor's property? Have I been brutal to my family? These sound like ugly questions. But there's no happy New Year for you or me till we have answered them and many others besides, repented of our sins and made good resolutions for confession and Communion, and for a good life for the future.

Henry Ward Beecher.

I met a Maryland man the other day who told me this story: "Years ago I happened to be in Kansas City, Missouri, on Good Friday. While at the Catholic church, during devotions, I was surprised to observe reverently kneeling there no less a person than Henry Ward Beecher, the famous preacher. I was told that every year on this occasion, he attended Catholic service. The Bishop of Kansas City at that time, happened to know Mr. Beecher personally and, having been made aware of his presence in the city, invited him to dinner, stating incidentally that he must, on that day, expect every lean fare. Mr. Beecher accepted the invitation gladly and gratefully. It touched his heart, for, at that period, he was under a cloud. He found charity where he did not look for it. He enjoyed the very plain meal and thanked the Bishop cordially for his hospitality and Christian spirit. What a pity that the brilliant and marvellously gifted preacher did not pursue what seemed to be a preliminary grace for conversion. He clung measurably to his idols but went on more and more into the abysses of theological speculation. He had not much orthodoxy when he died, and he appears to have left a skeptical legacy to his Brooklyn congregation. To the last, however, he paid homage to Good Friday, and having no other church to go to piously on that day, he joined his Catholic brethren in devotional exercises. Poor Beecher!—Jas R. Randall.

Catarrah, like scrofula, is a disease of the blood and may be cured by purifying the blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Did you ever receive a present that was given in such a begrudging fashion or with so little grace that you would have liked to hand it back to the donor if your innate politeness had not held you in check? Gifts thus received have no value in them even though they be of surpassing worth in the eyes of the world. A single rose presented with a little graceful air of compunction and pleasure in the act is more appreciated than a string of priceless pearls that are doled out with indifference in a manner that speaks more loudly than words of the ungracious sentiments of the giver.

The season is at hand when an interchange of offerings will be the order of the day and let us all, just for once, see if the true spirit of Christmas cannot enter into the giving of our gifts, whether they be great or small. Let love and good-will prompt whatever we may see fit to bestow, and let no thought of the return gauge the cost or the quality of our own offering. To be a cheerful giver is a quality that is most desirable. True generosity does not lie in the lavishness of the donation, but in the sweet spirit that dominates and permeates, whether it be great or small.

Obedient and True.

Here is an old and a good story from the Orient, retold by Andrew Lang: A Persian mother gave her son forty pieces of silver and made him swear never to tell a lie.

"Go, my son," she said; "I commit thee to God's care, and we shall not meet again."

The youth left the house, and the party with whom he traveled were assailed by robbers. One of them asked the boy what he had, and he said: "Forty florins are sewn in my clothes."

The robber laughed, feeling certain that the boy lied. Another asked him the same question and received the same answer. At last the chief called him and asked him what he had. The boy replied:

"I have told two of your men already that I have forty pieces of silver sewn in my clothes."

The chief ordered the garments to be ripped open, and the discovery of the money proved the boy to be more truthful than most men.

"How came you to tell this?" asked the chief.

"Because," said the boy, "I would not be false to my mother, whom I promised never to tell a lie."

"Child," said the robber, "are you so mindful of your duty to your mother, and am I so forgetful at my age of the duty I owe to my God? Give me your hand that I may swear repentance on it."

A Clever Dwarf.

The king's "fool" of olden times was generally wiser and wittier than his royal master. Albin, the Lombard usurper, held his court in Verona, in the latter quarter of the sixth century, and his jester was Bertholde, a dwarf, of whom Mary S. Roberts writes in St. Nicholas. When Bertholde made his first appearance at court King Albin asked him what he was, when he was born and of what country.

"I am a man," replied the dwarf, whereupon the attendants went off into fits of laughter. "I was born when I came to the world and the world itself is my country."

King and courtiers now began to realize that they had a shrewd little imp before them, and they commenced to ply him with questions of all kinds. The asking of conundrums was a sort of trial of wit to which sovereigns were much given at this period of history.

"What thing is that which flies the swiftest?" asked one.

"Thought," replied Bertholde promptly.

"What is the gulf that is never filled?"

"The avarice of the miser," was the ready answer of the quick-witted dwarf.

"What trait is the most hateful in young people?"

"Self conceit, because it makes them unteachable."

"How would you bring water in a sieve?"

"I'd wait till it was frozen," answered the dwarf, readily.

The King was delighted.

"For so clever a rejoinder," he said "you shall have from me anything you may desire."

"Oh, no!" cried Bertholde, with a mocking laugh. "I shall have nothing of the sort. You cannot give me what you do not possess. I am in search of happiness, of which you have not a particle. So how can you give me any?"

"How!" exclaimed the King, "am I not happy on so elevated a throne?"

"Yes, you are, if the happiness of a man consists in the height of his seat."

Albin retained the clever dwarf, although the Queen and her ladies very much disliked the witty little man. Once the ladies desired to be admitted to place in the King's council. Albin was troubled; he did not want to counsel women, and yet he feared to offend them by a direct refusal. Little Bertholde came to his master's aid with a clever contrivance.

He bought a live bird in the market place, and in the King's presence imprisoned the little captive in a rich casket. This casket, by Bertholde's advice, the King delivered into the keeping of the court ladies who wished to be councilors, telling them that it was not to be opened until the next day.

"What it contains," said the King, "is a secret. If it should by any

means be let out, you would see that the best interests of the kingdom require your request."

The women were greatly impressed by these words, so greatly impressed that they at once began to wonder what the secret could be, and at last their curiosity became so great that the one who had the box in her keeping thought she would just look in for a minute—when, whir! out came the bird and away he flew through the window.

The next day the fair petitioners did not come to court to press their claim. For they saw that the king had made them show themselves unable to keep a secret.

For this crafty ruse Albin commanded his treasurer to give the dwarf a thousand crowns.

"I hope Your Majesty will not be displeased if I refuse to accept your gifts," replied Bertholde. "He who desires nothing and has nothing has nothing to fear. Nature made me free and I wish to remain so, but I cannot if I accept your presents, for the proverb says, 'He who takes sells himself.'"

"How then," asked the King, "am I to show my gratitude?"

"I have heard that it is more glorious to deserve the favors of a prince and to refuse them than it is to receive without deserving them," was the answer. "Your good will is more agreeable to me than all the gifts in the world."

Little Boy Blue.

The little boy dog is covered with dust, But sturdy and staunch he stands; And the little boy soldier is red with rust, And his musket moulds in his hands.

Time was when the little boy dog was new, And the soldier was passing fair, And that was the time when our Little Boy Kissed them and put them there.

"Now don't you go 'til I come," he said, "And don't you make any noise."

So toddling off to his trundle bed, He dreamt of the pretty toy, And as he was dozing an angel song Awoke our Little Boy Blue.

Oh! the years are many, the years are long, But the little toy friends are true.

Aye! faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand, Each in the same old place, Awaiting the little boy's hand, The smile of a little face.

And they wonder, as waiting these long years through, In the dust that little chair, What has become of our Little Boy Blue, Since he kissed them and put them there.

—Eugene Field.

Things I Have Seen In Church.

At the Church of the Franciscans there was a mere scattering of people in the pews. Every one seemed to be going to confession. Far up in the church a grotesque little figure stood before the first station. As he approached the third station a woman started to make the way of the cross.

At the seventh station they were beside him; he was slighter, shorter than either of the women. Now the women were ahead of him; they passed the box near which I stood, glancing calmly at the people in the line on each side. Three more confessions had been heard when the boy stood within a few feet of me. Without a look at the waiting penitents, he passed to the twelfth station, "Jesus Dies Upon the Cross." How thin and white the lad's hands were, too fragile almost for the weight of the heavy black prayer book he was trying to read in the dimness.

There was something noble in the poise and shape of his small head with its clustering black curls. He finished his prayer and stood looking up at the scene of the crucifixion. As he raised his great, black eyes, they were like the eyes of St. John standing at the foot of the cross. In them was the same mute anguish, the same helpless, unseekable compassion. Gradually his delicate Italian face grew more agitated—the sensuous lips trembled and the beautiful eyes filled. Without completing the stations he knelt down in the nearest pew, his weeping face on his slender hands. I thought I was the only one watching his devotion, when the woman back of me murmured, with foreign accent, "Poor little Antonio! isn't it sad he can never be a priest?" He thinks of nothing else. When they tell him he will die of grief.

"Why can't he be a priest?" I asked her.

"Didn't you notice? It is so dark here perhaps you couldn't see his crooked shoulders. A hunchback may not take holy orders."—Written for the Chicago New World.

It is in the Nature of Things.

That, as age advances with its concomitants of wear and tear, some parts of the delicate machinery of the body, upon which health and vigor depend, should suffer derangement. Feelings of weariness, listlessness, or despondency are the signals that Nature throws out to warn, and to him who neglects these warnings, for severe are the penalties she exacts. To quicken into new vigor the falling energies, to impart, with certainty, to the nervous system; to renew its one-time force; these are the special tendencies of the wondrous tonic and nutrient, Maltine with Coca Wine. It gives strength to the nervous system and is thus a "nerve restorer"; it increases nutrition, and is, therefore, a "blood builder." Maltine with Coca Wine, by its power to add to nerve force and to increase weight, will be found by the debilitated and weak a veritable "life-giver."

Maltine with Coca Wine is not a patent medicine. Its composition may be known to you, as it has long been known and subscribed to by the medical profession. Maltine with Coca Wine gives strength, vigor and health. Sold by all druggists.

Free and easy expectoration immediately relieves and frees the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm, and a medicine that promotes this is the best medicine to use for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all affections of the throat and chest. This is precisely what Hickle's Anti-Consumption Syrup is a specific for, and wherever used it has given abundant satisfaction. Children like it because it is pleasant, adults like it because it relieves and cures the disease.

WONDERFUL are the cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla, and not only are simple and natural. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes PURE BLOOD.

CHIATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Amidst the vastness of eternity is allotted a little space for each individual. That is, the little space called life. It is daytime for that individual; all the rest of the endless ages are night. It is, therefore, his chance, his opportunity, his acceptable time. It is filled with potentialities, possibilities and opportunities which far surpass the imagination of the most optimistic. —The New World.

An Unexpected Response.

It was growing late. The tide of humanity that earlier in the evening had ebbed and flowed through the streets of the great city had swept onward, leaving the strange and almost appalling sense of desolation that comes when the noises of the town are hushed. The electric lights flared and noticed at the corners; the street cars passed at further intervals; now and then a night worker hurried by, his footsteps ringing out loud and clear in the stillness. In front of a saloon whose lights shone out bright and ruddy across the pavement stood a tramp, unshorn, ragged, dirty, disgusting. He watched with envious eyes the men who passed in and out through the swinging doors, and then he turned his eyes toward two young fellows in evening dress who were coming down the street toward him. They had been drinking deeply, and they stopped before the saloon door and looked curiously at him.

"By Jove," said one, "think of having a thirsk like that and not the price of an extinguisher in your pocket! Beats old Tantalus all to pieces, eh? Liquor, liquor, everywhere and not a drop to drink."

He ran his hand in his pocket and proffered the tramp a dime, but before it could be accepted the other young fellow interposed.

"Say," he said, "let's do the good Samaritan and set Hobo up to a good drink."

The other hilariously consented, and the tramp slouched into the saloon at the heels of the two gilded youths. The barkeeper set before them glasses and liquors, and with a hand that shook the tramp poured out a brimming glass and raised it to his lips.

"Stop," cried one of the young men, drunkenly, "make us a speech. It is poor liquor that doesn't unloosen a man's tongue."

The tramp hastily swallowed down the drink, and as the rich liquor coursed through his blood he straightened himself and stood before them with a grace and dignity that all his rags and dirt could not obscure.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I look to-night at you and at myself, and it seems to me I look upon the picture of my lost manhood. This bloated face was once as young and handsome as yours. This shambling figure once walked as proudly as yours, a man in a world of men. I, too, once had home, an friends and position. I had a wife as beautiful as an artist's dream, and I dropped the priceless pearl of her honor and respect in the wine cup, and Cleopatra like, saw it dissolve, and quaffed it down in the brimming draught. I had children as sweet and lovely as the flowers of spring, and I saw them fade and die under the blighting curse of a drunken father. I had a home where love lit the flame upon the altar and ministered before it, and I put out the holy fire, and darkness and desolation reigned in its stead. I had aspirations and ambitions that soared as high as the morning star, and I broke and bruised their beautiful wings, and, at last, strangled them that I might be tortured with their cries no more. To-day I am a husband without a wife, a father without a child, a tramp with no home to call his own, a man in whom every good impulse is dead. All, all swallowed up in the maelstrom of drink."

The tramp ceased speaking. The glass fell from his nervous fingers and shattered into a thousand fragments on the floor. The swinging doors pushed open and swung to again, and when the little group about the bar looked up the tramp was gone.—Catholic Columbian.

On Doing One's Best.

Young men frequently run away with the idea that if they can get over a given task, in a certain time, that is all that is required of them. They do not care how slovenly and unfinished the work may be, if they succeed in covering up the defects so that they may not be readily discovered by supervising eyes. Their object is to get through the period of labor with as little output of intellectual and manual strength as possible. They dawdle away the time, looking continually at the clock until the dinner hour arrives, and gazing at it quite anxiously, when they return to labor in the afternoon, until the hour of closing approaches.

At least half an hour before this you will find them preparing to leave their desks or their work benches, by doing a thousand and one things not directly connected with their employment so that they may waste minutes that rightfully belong to their employer. This may seem over critical, but it is not. These young people really do more harm to themselves than they do to anyone else. They get into a shiftless, aimless way of doing things, that will have a direct influence in retarding their success in life, if it does not prevent their progress altogether. Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well, is one of those old maxims which the wisdom of the past evolved for our benefit, and it can not be laid too closely to heart by the young fellow just starting out in life.

I have seen so many fine fellows go to the dogs, as the saying goes, simply because they would not make an effort, that I cannot emphasize too strongly the importance of doing one's best. Many a boy of good natural parts, who has shone at school because he could readily acquire his lessons, has never fulfilled the promises of his youth, simply because he did not recognize the fact that in a world of fierce competition more exertion was needed to succeed than was required in the school. It is constant, persistent application that commands success, and the slow tortoise often outruns the sleeping hare.

One may pity the person who throws away his opportunities, but no one can respect the man who belies his possibilities. The latter wastes the talents that God has given him, and for a little fleeting pleasure, often of a disreputable kind, or from a love of ease, makes himself a nobody or a shining example of a man who might have done nobler things. The young fellow who has no aspiration to be something better than this has but a pitiful ambition, and one that I should dislike to have any of my readers nourish. I want them all to be respected citizens with a purpose to do right from which they cannot be swerved—in short, happy men who take an interest in their work and in their play. The idler is never happy. The time hangs heavy on his hands. The busy man never notices its flight. Indeed it seems all too short for the accomplishment of his worthy ends. He is, too, less liable to temptation than the one who finds both occupation and recreation a bore, and who is constantly saying, "there is nothing in it," like Sir Charles Coldstream, who had exhausted all the pleasures of life. "There is nothing in it" because there is nothing in him. He is a rapid pretender who floats' on the surface of life and who never looks below it to discover its hidden meaning. Do your level best, my young friends, at all times and in all places. You owe this much to your friends, yourself and to the Higher Power that created you. Then, whether your earthly existence be long or short, you will achieve as much happiness as the world can offer, and will be well prepared for the bliss that has no ending. Follow the poet Longfellow's advice and be up and doing, with a heart for anything.—Benedict Bell, in the Sacred Heart Review.

Family Worship.

In an article on "Family Worship," the Central Presbyterian has this to say: "So far as family, systematic training of children in devout habits, by the precept and example of parents, is concerned, a distressing conviction is impressed upon us that this fountain of Christian influence is rapidly falling in our own as well as in other churches." Just so, and why? Undoubtedly because the Christian education of the parents of this generation was neglected in the least; because the godless training of the Public schools is altogether impotent as a means of Christian education; because children who hear nothing of religious truth in the school-room are not particularly likely, when they become fathers and mothers, to furnish their own children with the requisite precept and example. In a word, the old dictum that religion should be taught in the church, the Sunday school, and the home, not in the daily school, is being demonstrated as mockery and an illusion. If God and morality have no place in the Public schools, they can not long retain any footing of practical importance in the family. Non sectarian schools are a menace to the Christianity of the nation, and the years are proving it superabundantly.—Ave Maria.

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