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How The Christ Child Became An Orphan At a Chinese Mission A MISSION MANGER

Relating the Christmas Adventures of Little Teresa

By PAUL ROBERTS
"and some night very soon after the standing in a doorway as many tiny grains to your eyes that you couldn't possibly open them before morning the Christ Child's mother and father will wrap Him up in the lovely soft blanket you made for Him and He'll be a Holy Family all go home to Heaven."



A little native pays a visit to the Christmas Crib at Maryknoll's orphanage in Loting, South China.

Sister Richard, the Maryknoll Sister Nurse to whom was entrusted the care of the children under seven years of age at the Loting Orphanage in China, was happy that these youngsters had grown to love the Divine Babe their "little fellow" and fearing they would be loomed after the Crib was dismantled thought it better to prepare them for it a few days in advance.

"The children the world over they seemed more to tire of the 'Christ' than to love it, but just now Sister thought that little Teresa Ming, the love of the family was growing a bit restless, usually a girl as to some mischievous creature on her part.

"Sister Marie for door. It was too bad that Sister did not probe further into the innocent mind of the child, it was concentrated on one phrase in the narrative that everything said thereafter was unkind to her. But she did not mind thinking to herself the waning interest she spread to the others. Sister used the unseasonably mild weather as an excuse for breaking off abruptly.

"Wouldn't you all like to go out and play while it snows before the sun melts it?"

A wild scramble for the door was the emphatic answer and Rose, the senior in the group, who watched her little sisters could be heard exclaiming to them: "Let's play hide and seek!"

All agreed, and the game progressed in the conventional manner until it was Teresa's turn to be "IT." Her trusting companions ran to distant banks unaware that in so doing they were aiding Teresa to further her rapidly forming plot for as soon as they were out of sight that young lady ran as quickly as her short legs could carry her in the direction of the convent.

There she cautiously opened the door of the Chapel and a little gurgle of glee pronounced her delight in finding it empty. More boldly then Teresa ran to the Crib, and sitting down quietly, informally on the floor, she pondered it. She took the wooden slats to kneel the Babe. She wanted Him to know she was there. Imagine a young girl of the orphanage, infant doubtless as to her objective.

Santa in Second Place
During these past two weeks Teresa was beginning for the first time in her brief six years to understand a little of what the Christmas season means. The Christ Child was growing very real to her and as a consequence Santa Claus was relegated to second place, a very close second to be sure!

"Wake up, Jesus! They" (with a suspicious glance at the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph) "are going to take You away from here very soon. You poor little thing, just when you were having such a good time too with lots of candy-canes because it was Your birthday! I hope they'll let You sit here better up there, but say, and this in her most wheedling and coaxing tone, "wouldn't You rather stay here and be like the rest of us who are a father and mother?"

Poor Teresa, what did she know of the indescribable tenderness or the heroic selflessness of a mother's love that compensates for friends who honor, and falls only in the sublimity of the all-embracing love of the Mother of Mankind!

Nothing the unthinking might say and yet from the moment when the Maryknoll Sisters had found her as an infant of only a few days, a dying condition by the edge of the West River, Teresa, in company with hundreds of other orphans had enjoyed the benefits of a Catholic home.

Smile of Assent
To return to the Crib Teresa saw the Christ Child smile in assent and that was all the encouragement His little visitor needed. (Teresa's youth and innocence still excited her to citizenship in that delightful realm of make-believe). Leaning familiarly over His cradle, Teresa cooed: "You won't have us up there, at least not for a long time, maybe. And your mother and father are so big, I'm sure they couldn't get down on the floor and play with You."

Alas, for the generosity of the American benefactors who had failed when donating these statues to take into consideration the probable size of the infant they were to guard!

"Maybe," continued Teresa, "You can tell me how to save You from them just the way You saved me when You showed the Sisters where I was hidden down by the river."

Was it this thought of her own rescue gratefully weaving itself through her active little mind that suggested the solution, or did the little fellow, weary of waiting and hoping so long for millions of other dark-skinned tots to come and play with Him, whisper an answer to Teresa's confident, though unusual

prayer? "Whenever it was when Teresa raised her head, an excited glow colored her face and brightened her eyes.

Her subsequent movements were quick and decisive. A swift glance around the Chapel assured her it was still empty. She passed out the rear door, and flew up two flights of stairs.

Unhesitatingly, she removed three of the best sheets from the linen closet and then in half the number of steps she was in the Chapel again. The Babe was still smiling. One look at His parents however, convinced Teresa that they suspected her of something not good. But they couldn't have heard her, they were too far up, too high to catch her whisperings. Where was Teresa when Sister had told the class that Mary's ears are attuned to the faintest breath drawn in honor of her Divine Son?

Nimbly Teresa hoisted herself up on the altar rail and with the dexterous movements of an experienced window-drafter, threw the sheets over the two large statues. Then, ever so gently she lifted the Babe over her head and with an instinctive maternal gesture, wrapped His Body in the clean linen. Did His face grow a little red because He was thinking of other sweet "around a lifeless Form goes strangely cold!"

Teresa interpreted the glare as a sign of disapproval. She knew the toy sheet so she ran back to get it. Sister Richard thought the animal's breath kept the Babe warm but Teresa knew it was the white sheets that were to pull Him up there, fingers through its tangled fleece.

A Previous Bundle
Hiding the precious bundle under her cape, Teresa trudged down the Street. The Infant was heavier than she thought. If she were only sure that He would hold on, she could carry Him more easily on her back. But the white children never seemed to understand that way of traveling.

They came to the stream that connects with the West River and Teresa was glad to be able to drop her burden in a spot not too close to the water, entering the white "Now please little Jesus, get to sleep and don't wake up until I come to see You tomorrow and I'll bring You some milk and candy. He was to have a balanced, if not a course dinner!

ELECTION SET BY HOLY NAME MEN, AUBURN

Two Other Holy Name Societies Elect New Slate of Officers

By M. R. BLANCHARD
Catholic Centre Service

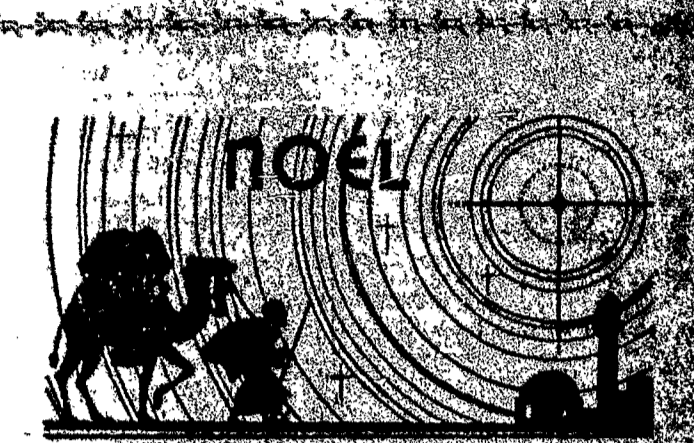
Auburn—According to reports both the Holy Name Society and the Young Ladies' Sodality of St. Alphonsus Church will have a full calendar of events for the winter months.

At a meeting held on Tuesday evening, Stephen Bates, President of the Holy Name Society, announced that the annual election of officers is scheduled for Jan. 10. Candidates for office include: For president, Francis Marshall and Alfred McGrath; vice-president, Earl Gamble and Pasquale Rainone; recording secretary, Joseph E. Helek; financial secretary, Alvan J. Lunnebach; treasurer, Stephen Klantins.

A committee was appointed to make arrangements for a "45" tournament to be staged directly after the holidays. Plans were also advanced for a poultry sale, musical program and 45 match which the society will sponsor on Tuesday evening, Dec. 23, with the following committee in charge: Francis Marshall, Stephen Bates and Stephen Klantins.

The Young Ladies' Sodality is already planning the society's annual New Year's dance. Miss Betty Dearing has announced that the "Rhythm Ramblers" will furnish the music. An added feature of the party will be the presentation of a distinct and novel floor show, which will be staged under the direction of Miss Joan Lee and members of the Entertainment Committee. In another portion of the hall a basketball game will be played between the popular loan teams. This is expected to attract a considerable number of non-dancers.

Miss Betty Dearing, general secretary, will be ably assisted by Rita Ryan, Marie Kemp, Mary Wilbur, Mollie Gamble, Rita Fennessy, Mildred Kahl, Carol Clifford, Rose Eyrns, Doris Hunt, Rosemary Toubant and Jane Stiller.



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Christmas Music At Old St. Mary's

Special Christmas music will be sung at Midnight Mass at Old St. Mary's Church South Street

PROGRAM
Organ Prelude Christmas Cantata
Before Mass the choir will sing Silent Night arranged for chorus by V. E. Becker
The complete music for the Mass will be taken from the Mass by Arthur Turton's Mass in honor of St. Cordis Jesu
For Offertory—Adeste Fideles arranged by Novello
Proper of the Mass: Roschini Recessional—Gesu Bambino by Pietro Yon
Soloists and choir members: Sopranos: Mrs. G. Seibold, Miss Elmer Cleary, Miss Alice Burke, Miss Mrs. F. Temmerman, Mrs. L. Hamill Fenner, Mr. Edward Reilly, Mr. Roy Brasheira. Basses: Mr. Charles Van Roo, Mr. Heinrich Wlehn.
Organist: Elizabeth N. Scutley
Choirmaster: Heinrich J. Wlehn.

OPEN HOUSE AT K. OF C. ON NEW YEAR'S DAY

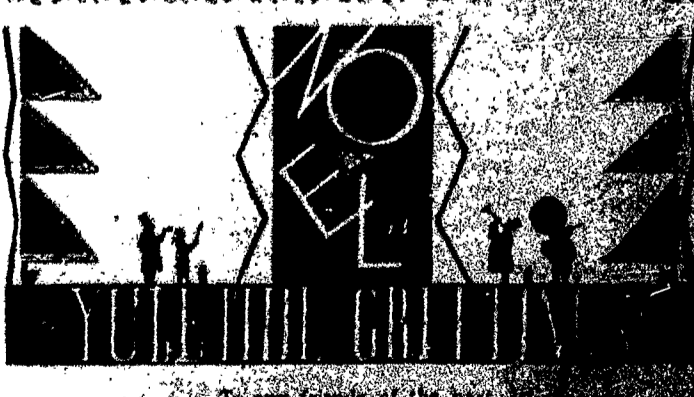
Members of Rochester Council, Knights of Columbus, will entertain their families and friends at the annual open house on New Year's Day in the newly decorated club rooms.

A program of entertainment is being arranged under the direction of Lecturer Joseph P. O'Brien and general chairman Gerald J. Mahon.

Officers of the Council headed by Grand Knight Leo P. Rombaut and all past officers of the Council will comprise the reception committee.

A double concert of the Knights of Columbus Choral Society will sing several selections.

TWO BISHOP'S NEPHEW DIES
London—The first Bishop of Newfoundland, and the first Bishop of Armidale, Australia, were the uncles of the Rev. David Joseph O'Connor, who has died at St. Paul's, Yorkville.



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