

CHRISTMAS.

CHIME out, O joyful bells!
All worldly discords drown!
Yield up your green, O trees,
To make a Christmas crown!
Give of your best, O earth!
Make room, O human heart,
That He who came this day
May never more depart!

—Mrs. M. F. Butts.

VIC'S ARMORY.

SELDOM was such a multitude seen in this Hall as at 5 P.M. on the 10th ult. The concert was held under the auspices of St. Patrick's Catechism. It revived all the glories of the past, and came nigh eclipsing them. Rev. M. Callaghan introduced in the happiest of styles all who figured on the stage, and well might he afford to be proud of his talent, programme and success. His entertainments are the rarest treats and unique in a diversity of ways. Ellie Lynch and Katie Prevost played on the piano a duet which reflected credit upon themselves and their distinguished teacher, Miss M. Reid. M. Brown, a lad of eight summers, was admired for his song. Adelaide Hunter made her debut as a pianist and was applauded. "Nellie's Blue Eyes" was sung by Maggie McElligott, who is seven years old, and by her sister Agnes, who is only five. Nothing could be done more cleverly or give greater satisfaction. W. Burgess was most amusing as a ventriloquist. The pupils of Mount St. Louis College appeared to great advantage in their calisthenic drill. W. Kennedy, who is reputed the favorite vocalist of the East End, has not his match in the city. He is not yet in his teens. Miss Hone executed on the violin "St. Patrick's Day" by Vieuxtemps. She is only twelve. Her proficiency is something marvellous. Everything points to the near future when she will be a star in the world of artists. Her father is Jules Hone—the eminent violinist, composer and professor. He studied music in the Conservatory of Liege, belongs to a European society of musical composers, and is now preparing for the violin variations on the most celebrated Irish airs. America is rich in possessing him. Frank Kelly and Harry Daoust carried the audience by storm in a comical song which they had to repeat several times. Joseph Wall and Harry Lawrence were inimitable in their sketch. The stage was decorated by A. Martin, the florist, and the piano loaned by Willis & Co. Everybody was pleased to see Prof. Fowler taking part in the programme. Miss Maggie McAnally and Miss T. McDonald rendered great service as accompanists. Early in 1893 the next concert will come off. It will be of a different kind, but none the less interesting or fascinating.

AN EARTHLY PARADISE.

WHAT an earthly paradise is a refined Catholic home! The parents belong to some of the church societies and the older children are members of the sodality. The sacraments keep them innocent, and the Sacrament of sacraments gives them the ineffable peace of Christ. Quiet, order, gentleness and kindness are the guardian angels of the household, and education brings in its accomplishments to add their charms to the ordinary monotony of life. The souls of all the members of the family are growing in grace; their minds are open to what is most choice in science and art; and in their material surroundings they enjoy all the comforts and some of the luxuries of nineteenth century existence. Troubles may come and troubles may go, but the hearts in such a home are tranquil.

PERCY'S CHRISTMAS.

MY SON, what would you like for Christmas?"
"Me! well, let me see. May I have whatever I want?"
"Yes, if I can give it."
"Well, papa, dear, I should like to have five hundred dollars!"
"Five hundred dollars! why, my dear boy! what in the world would you do with it?"
"Oh! I could use it; I should first love to have that much to do as I pleased with?"
"Well, my son, you surprise me, but if it will make you happy, you shall have it!"
"Yes, papa, I shall feel that I can do something nice if I really have the money, and can I do just as I please with it?"
Yes, I think I can trust to your good sense that you will put it to good use."
Poor Percy was a cripple; his limbs were almost powerless. A severe attack of scarlet fever, in his childhood, had left him in that pitiable condition. He was now about twelve years old, and was confined to his chair most of his days. It seemed hard for him to sit by the

much. He knew a great many of the children whom he wished to benefit went to the school over the way, and he thought he would ask good Father Dean to send him a list of those he thought would be glad to get a Christmas present, and also to ask him what would be best to give.

So he sent the good priest word and Father Dean wrote this answer:

MY DEAR BOY: I am glad you possess the kind heart which dictated the sentiments contained in your note, and I gladly comply with your wishes regarding the names of the children, but really, my boy, as to what would be suitable—there I am at sea—you might give a child the most suitable present, and still it might not be what the child would choose. How would it do if I should send some of the children to you, and let you get some ideas from them; do you wish to give to boys only, or to boys and girls? I shall be happy to assist you in any way I can, and I pray our dear Lord to bless you and pay you tenfold for the happiness you are trying to give our poor children. I am, my dear boy, yours sincerely,

JOS. DEAN.

Percy thought Father Dean's suggestion a good one, and acted on it. Father Dean sent some of the little folks to Percy, of course one at a time. And for some days before Christmas a servant was kept pretty busy ushering in Master Percy's callers. How happy it made Percy feel to see the faces flush and eyes brighten at the prospect of a nice present.

And Percy thought them a pretty wise lot of children. Many of them had nice new suits for Christmas, others would rather have playthings; among the last to come to Percy was a little girl who did not appear to be more than eight or nine years of age, and he thought she was the nicest child who had yet called. She was not very well dressed, but what she had on was nice and clean; her face was very pretty, her eyes were large and dark, and what he could see of her hair, as it peeped from under her hood, was soft and curly, and of a pale, golden shade. She seemed very timid as the servant showed her into Percy's room. He was alone, as he did not want to let the different members of his family know just what he was doing until Christmas day; then he intended to tell them all that he had done.

The child paused and looked rather frightened as the door closed behind the servant. Percy saw that she was confused; so he spoke cheerfully and kindly to her.

"Come little girl, take that chair, and sit down, I should like to hand it to you; but am sorry to say I am not able." She stepped closer to him and held out her hand toward him, her eyes nearly overflowing at the same time.

"Poor boy, I am so sorry for you."

"I believe you," he said, and thank you for your sympathy. Now sit down and tell me what you would like for a Christmas present. I suppose good Father Dean told you I wanted to give some presents to his children."

"Yes, Father Dean did tell me, and told me to ask my mamma if I could take a present."

"And she said you might?"

"Yes, she said I might, though she said she did not like to let me out to take a present, but as Father Dean did not object I might come, particularly as she could not buy me any herself."

"I am glad she let you come, and now may I ask your name?"

"Oh yes; my name is Nellie Linden."

"Well Nellie, what would you like?"

She looked earnestly at him, her eyes expanded and shone brilliantly, her cheeks flushed and her little hands trembled, so she said: "Can I have whatever I like?"

"Yes, if I can give it to you"; remembering his question and his father's answer. "Come, little Nellie, speak out."

"Oh! I should like—Oh! I don't think I can tell you."



THE TWO LITTLE SISTERS.

window and see boys of his own age having lots of fun as they ran to or from school. He was surrounded by every comfort, and dearly loved by father and mother, brothers and sisters, but sometimes he felt as though his heart would break, and he almost wished he were dead; but generally he bore his affliction pretty cheerfully. He was a good-natured boy, and took great pleasure in making others happy. He liked to sit by his pretty sitting-room window and watch the children passing, and he often thought he would give all the world if he could run about as these children did. It was while watching the children pass his windows that he formed the wish to possess so much money, for he thought how delighted he would be if he could give some of them a nice present.

It was now drawing near Christmas, and he feared he must give up the idea, but his father's question that morning had settled all.

So Percy had the money, and now how to spend it properly? He wondered how he should find out what each one would like. At last a bright idea struck him! Nearly opposite his window stood the Catholic Church. Percy knew the good priest, and liked his appearance very