HEMISTS

Baking Powder.

ch I purchased in the gredients. It is a cream contain either alum or L. G. Love, Ph.D."

ourchased by myself in my other injurious sub-citute of Technology."

The materials of which

y. gh, emphatic, and uni-entists, and Boards of

of the Royal Bakine

few cents per pound des, affords the advan-yder will convince any

N, Principal.

nas Gifts.

ols, Academies, Colleges, Families.

a Chromo Frontispiece, and black, and 51 Wood-

, Initials, etc. 25 cents. SKETCH OF HIS LIFE AND

the French by Miss Mary h. With Portrait. 40 cts. ES ON CARISTIAN

THE CATECHISM.

s de Sales. From the ss Margaret A Colton. l gilt side. 15 cts., per

TRESSEDIRELAND.

S. THIRD SERIES, h by Miss Ella McMahon.

THE CHRIST-CHILD.

Christmas Poems for the strations, Tailpieces. etc.

t side, 50 cents.
JESUS, SIMPLY TOLD

by Miss Rosa Mulholland, astrations and 17 Wood-

Cloth, 75 cts.
ARDON.
Cloth Time of the Time of the French by Cloth.

State of the French by State of the Time of the French by Cloth.

ISCHKIN, SISTER OF Vincent of Paul. From

adame Augustus Craven

LIVE IN CATHOLICS of Cardinal Ximenes-

—Samuel de Champlain unkett—Charles Carroll

SECRET OF THE RUE

SECRET OF THE RUE

1. From the French by
ddier. Cloth, \$1.25.
T OF NINE YEARS,
ch of Mgr. DeSegur, by
ahon. Cloth, 40 cts.
END OF THE POOR;

f the Life and Work of From the French by Miss

Good Faith of a Protest Defiance to the Reason

by Profession. By His nal Deschamps. Trans-emptorist Father. Cloth,

oquette, 35c. Cloth, 50c.

HAPPY MARRIAGE

BROTHERS. Holy Apostolic See, ND BOOKSELLERS,

Vestments, Statues, etc.

d Manufacturers of

roadway,

Cloth, 40 D A DEFIANCE.

N FATHER.

N MOTHER.

From the

EETINGS.

IE ALMANAC

solutely pure."
. A. Mott, Ph.D."

VOL. 6.

# FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, DEC. 29, 1883.

NO. 272

## CLERICAL

We make a specialty of Clerical Suits, and turn out better fitting and better finished garments than any Western House.

N. Wilson & Co.,

BY ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

O, to have dwelt in Bethlehem
When the star of the Lord shone bright!
To have sheltered the holy wanderers
On that blessed Christmas night;
To have kissed the tender wayworn feet
Of the Mother undefled,
And, with reverent wonder and deep delight,
To have tended the Holy Child!

Hush! such a glory was not for thee;
But that care may still be thine;
For are there not little ones still to ald
For the sake of the Child divine?
Are there no wandering Pilgrims now,
To thy heart and thy home to take?
And are there no mothers whose w
hearts

hearts You can comfort for Mary's sake?

To have inscreed the taught on Mountain, and sea, and shore!
While the rich and the mighty knew Him

not,
To have meekly done His will:—
Hush! for the worldly reject Him yet,
You can serve and love Him still.
Time cannot silence His mighty words,
And though ages have fled away,
His gentle accents of love dlyine
Speak to your soul to day.

O to have solaced that weeping one Whom the righteous dared despise! To have tenderly bound up her scattere

Whom the righteous dared despise!
To have tenderly bound up her scattere hair,
And have dried her tearful eyes!
Hush! there are broken hearts to soothe,
And penitent tears to dry,
While Magdalen prays for you and them,
From her home in the starry sky.

O to have followed the mournful way
Of those faithful few forlorn!
And grace beyond even an angel's hope,
The Cross for our Lord have borne!
To have shared in His tender mother's grief
To have wept at Mary's side,
To have lived as a child in her home, and
then

then In her loving care have died!

Hush! and with reverent sorrow still,
Mary's great anguish share;
And learn, for the sake of her Son divine,
Thy cross, like His, to bear.
The sorrows that weigh on thy soul unite
With those which thy Lord has borne,
And Mary will comfort thy dying hour,
Nor leave thy soul forlorn.

O to have seen what we now adore,
And, though veiled to faithless sight,
To have known, in the form that Jesus
The Lord of Life and Light!
Hush! for He dwells among us still,
And a grace can yet be thine,
Which the scoffer and doubter can
know.—

The Presence of the Divine.

Jesus is with Hischildren yet,
For His word can never deceive;
Go where His lowly Altars rise,
And worship, and believe.

## MR. DELORME'S CHRISTMAS.

From the Ave Maria

"Gently, gently, Madame Leno ir Heavens! how you shake it! One would think it were Muscat, at fifty cents a bottle! I will inform you that this Lunel is bottled gold, melted topaz, liquid amber, as my friend Desfourneaux, the poet, would say. I can inform you, also, that Desfourneaux is a connoisseur, who would detect the least alteration in his favorite wine—There, that is right! Now I want to impress the chicken upon your mind. Don't let Virginia cook that as though it were any common barnyard fowl. Tell her to wrap it round with buttered paper to keep it from cooking too fast. A chicken should be just golden, try to make her remember that. And what else was I going to say? Oh, about the coffee! forget that Giraud is very fastidi ous on that point. Victor must go to Corselet's for the very best. I don't want any more of that wretched stuff that Vir-

any more of that wretened stuff that Virginia buys at the corner grocery which is half made of chicory."
"Sir, do you think it possible?"
"You laugh, Madame Lenoir! You don't know what poison those people sell.
And what can be expected in these days, when certain manufacturers introduced. when certain manufacturers introduc pieces of black cloth instead of truffles in

their show pieces!"

After this indignant tirade, Mr. De-After this indignant titade, Mr. De-lorme broke the wrapper of his newspaper, and went to ensconce himself in his study. "Poor dear man!" murmured Madame Lenoir, her eyes following her master, compassionately. "How hard he tries to make it appear that the table has become his favorite hobby! Ah, what he has lost cannot be replaced by wine and chicken! To have had happiness at his hearthstone,

To have had happiness at his hearthstone, and to have sent it away like an interloper! May the Lord help us!"

There was a sharp ring at the bell, which interrupted the housekeeper's soliloquy. It proved to be Mr. Giraud's servant, who had come to say that his master had had a sudden attack of the gout, and could not come.
"Poor fellow!" said Mr. Delorme.

"Give him my respects, Joseph. Shall I send him the last Review to help him get through the evening? I shall be wretched in knowing that he is alone while we

in knowing that he is alone white we sup."

"Oh, my master will not be alone. Mr. Anatole is disengaged, fortunately, and has promised to come to dinner."

"Behold the utility of nephews incontestably proved!" said Mr. Delorme, with a slight tone of sarcasm.

He continued his reading, but there soon came a second pull at the tell. The latest arrival must certainly have met Mr. Giraud's servant on the stairs. It was the postman. He brought a letter, was the postman. He brought a letter, postmarked Paris.

"My dear friend," ran the letter, "I shall be very far from here at the hour when we proposed to sup together. A business takes my to Marsilla."

We must learn to bear these sudden turns of the wheel of fortune. The repast shall be the same; Lucullus dines with Luculshall be very far from here at the hour when we proposed to sup together. A matter of business takes me to Marseilles, where I shall remain for two or three weeks. So, then, we postpone until next year, kind friend."

"It is a perfect farce," said Mr. Delorme, aloud. "Madame Lenoir, only four plates will be wanted!"

Madame Lenoir had scarcely begun to fold up the napkins, paying due reverence to the fineness of the Saxony linen, when she was again interrupted by the sound of the bell. This time it was a telegram. "Obliged to remain at home," it said.

"Obliged to remain at home," it said.
"So sorry! Family arrived: children and grand-children. Entirely unex-

pected."
"Well, the devil has got a finger in this pie!" said the expectant host. "So I shall be reduced to the society of Desfourneaux! A nice kind of a supper! I shall be regaled all the evening with unpolished verses. And my ten dozen oysters, who will eat them?"

Mr. Delorme threw the luckless telegram into the five search.

Mr. Deforme threw the fuckless tele-gram into the fire, as though to make it feel the weight of his ill-humor; then he walked nervously up and down, treading underfoot the flowers in his rich Aubusson carpet.

It was not the sort of day in which to divert one's mind by looking out of the window. The street was almost empty; only a few travellers broke the solitude. They picked their way carefully through the snow,—not that beautiful white snow which clothes the country in a bridal robe, but a half-melted, dirty, muddy snow, such as great cities alone know the secret of. Add to this, a dull, heavy December sky, the clouds seeming almost to rest upon the chimney term. upon the chimney-tops.
"That must be Desfourneaux," said Mr.

"That must be Desfourneaux," said Mr. Delorme, suddenly. "He is looking up at my window, and blowing his fingers... What can he be doing here at this hour?" Yes, it was Desfourneaux. Who, then, except he would wear that large Quaker hat, and that clock of the last century? Who but he would say "Good day!" to the house-keeper in a tone loud enough to be heard over a large auditorium? "So. Madame Lenoir." says the sonor-

"So, Madame Lenoir," says the sonor-ous voice, "you are in the midst of grand preparations?"

"Not exactly, sir. This Christmas sup-per will not be much. Every one has failed us, and you will be alone with my

master."
"You don't mean it! Why this is dreadful! Poor Delorme! If I had known it sooner I should not have engaged myse.f—"
"What is it now?" said the head of the house, who had come to the half-open door.

door.

"The trouble now is, my dear friend, that you see before you a man furious with himself. What a history is this that Madame Lenoir tells me? Every one has conspired to defraud you."

"I think so. It is absolutely the counterpart of the Gospel feast. Without you, I should send into the highways and byways, and find the lame and the blind."

"Without me!" repeated Desfourneaux;
"but don't you understand that I am not
at liberty either?"

did in uttering the famous In quoque! "I can't say anything. I am wretched about it. To-morrow I will send you an elegy inundated with tears. But I certainly thought others would be here Just imagine that with my usual absent-mindedness I left that letter three days on my table without opening it. Read it and

Mr. Delorme read aloud, affecting to be calm, although inwardly very much put

see if I could answer no.

"MY DEAR UNCLE:—On Tuesday, the 24th, my play will be produced. I send you the prologue, feel-ing sure that you will be there to fortify a trembling author, and your neice, whose heart will be more agitated than her hus-band's. I hope I shall not be hissed; and in that expectation my wife has got up a little supper, which will not be complete unless you occupy the seat of honor. "Your affectionate and grateful nephew, "ARMAND LAYARD."

"Well, very well," said Mr. Delorme, folding the letter methodically and put-ting it in the envelope with the greatest

"Friend Benedict, I can tell by your calmness that you are furious with me."
"I? Not the least in the world. On the contrary, I am confirmed in my theory: mephews and neices have never brought me good luck."
"But what else could I do? The poor

"But what else could I do? The poor boy hasn't a doubt but I will come. I was his confidant, you know, when the Muse first awoke in him. Besides, I am godfather to the work,—I might almost say father: we read and corrected it together."

"Ah, if you begin to talk poetry, I acher," when the poetry is a proposition without the poetry.

knowledge myself vanquished without further contest. Do I not know very well that you would give all your friends

in exchange for a sonnet ?" nn exchange for a sonnet f' "Come, you are like Alcestis, and I am Orontes," said Desfourneaux, as he took up his enormous hat. "As a peace-offering, I invite you to my nephew's box and to our supper. Come, we shall be charmed."

"Certainly not; I would not go out in "Good-bye, then; and we part friends, do we not?"

Night had come on,—not that radiant night which preceded the dawn of Christianity, when the bright stars seemed to bend down from the heights of heaven to see the wonders announced on earth. Not the sky is dark, the snow is driven about in flurries by the wind, and from time to time violent gusts get caught in the chimney, rattling gloomily.

His feet before the fire, his eyes fixed on the flickering flames, the solitary man fell into one of those vague reveries to which the twilight gives birth.

What does he see on the red hearth-

the twilight gives birth.

What does he see on the red hearthstone? Is it not his native country, now lying wrapped in the white splender of winter? Yes: the village is there with its little, low houses, almost buried beneath the snow-capped roofs. There is the main street and the church. street and the church.

One day (it seems as though it were yesterday) he entered that church with Madame Lenoir. She bore in her arms a little being which scarcely did more than breathe. With what sweet joy he promised to be a father to the orphan!

Now the capricious play of the flames takes on a thousand new shapes!

takes on a thousand new shapes! He sees the child asleep in her little bed, white as a swan's nest, soft as down. She tries to walk, she trips on the grass, while he, a a grave man, the mayor, the counsellor-general, climes the old cherry tree to throw some of its fruit down to her. The dear old cherry-tree! He has not wished to see it now for eight years. Is the fault

How fast she grew! There she is on canvas opposite,—a chef d'œuvre of Jala-bert's, a smiling vision which never leaves his sight. How fresh and radiant she was

his sight. How fresh and radiant she was in that mass of white tulle in which she went with him to her first ball!—fresher than the rosebud in her hair.

"My dear uncle, you don't know about these things," she said with a laugh which still rings in his ears; "but you are a dear good uncle all the same!"

But away with your witching memories.

But away with your witching memories of a happiness which no longer exists! What is the good of calling to mind a past which is so unlike the present? I shall grow old alone, but I shall never yield.

No pardon for the ungrateful.

But what is this? By the light of the But what is this? By the light of the dying fire the dreamer sees beside him the figure of a frail little child. She is standing timidly. Is it a spirit evoked by the fire—some little household genius? No: in truth, there is nothing extraordinary about it. Madame Lenoir is talking. She has come back from the midnight Mass—already midnight! She is amazed that master should have let his lamp go out, and she wishes to introduce her little friend.

The little friend looks as though she were very cold. Now that the lamps are lighted, one sees that her hands are quite red, and she would like to warm them at the fire. "But the child is timid," says good Madame Lenoir. She looks with a ort of fright at the tall gentleman in a dressing-gown. His countenance is grave, but don't you understand that I am not it liberty either?"

"You, too!"

Mr. Delorme uttered these words in as ad at one of reproach as Cosar doubtless his eye scrious, and the lines of his face, sharpely cut, do not attract the confidence of the little one. He is good, however: he loves children! And in proof of it he himself takes off the little coat and the wet hood. Then there comes to light a forest of fair curls, soft as silk, and a little flute-like voice, which murmurs a timid

> "Really, Madame Lenoir, you have not shown common sense! said Mr. Delorme. "Do you think a midnight Mass is a suitable thing for a child of that age?"

Madame Lenoir humbly avowed that it was somewhat imprudent, "but the darling "Folly! folly! The child is half fro-

zen!"
So saying, he leaves his arm-chair, takes the child to the fire, and, wrapping her up in a great shawl, says, in a tone of authority: "Go to sleep now." And the child closes her eyes. She is not asleep, but she dares not open them, for fear of the tall gentleman.

gentleman.

The table is being set. A sudden idea seizes upon Mr. Delorme. He will not be alone, after all, at the midnight feast: the

"Quick, Madame Lenoir! take off the child's damp shoes, and dry them in your Poor little shoes! very clean, well

the favorite playhouse of his cherished child; here are the playthings,—the first doll, and all the others; the sheepfolds, and little shops, the Noe's arks. He gathers them all up in his arms. "These are to me so many painful thorns," he murmurs; they shall be to her so many flowers. I should like to be there to-morrow when she wakes and sees the morrow when she wakes and sees the chimney full."

And now supper is served in Mr. Delorme's quiet abode. For the first time, Madame Lenoir is seated at the same table with her master. She sits there straight as can be, in her wine-colored serge dress and her irreproachable anything in the world."

"Good-bye, then; and we part friends, do we not?"

Mr. Delorme accompanied Desfourneaux to the door of the antechamber.

"So I had better take the wines and the pates down cellar?" said the house-keeper.

"Not at all, not at all, Madame Lenoir."

"Not at all, not at all, Madame Lenoir."

"The water is just boiling."

"The water is just boiling.

Mr. Delorme does not eat much either, but he looks pleased and happy. He spreads most carefully some of the pate on a little piece of bread; he prepares the oysters; he peels the oranges; he piles the goodies on the little girl's plate. He laughs heartily when he sees her blowing on the varsheary is

on the raspberry ice.
"Oh, how cold it is!" she says; in a moment, "but how pretty it is,—the pink snow!"

The child's appetite fails at last; but, according to Mr. Delorme's express orders, all that remains of the dessert is to be wrapped up for her to carry away.

"I shallgive it to my brother Paul," she says gaily

says, gaily.

She is no longer afraid of the tall gentleman; she relates how she rocks her little brother, and how she feeds him, while her mamma paints fans in order to get some

money.

Mr. Delorme has taken the child on his

Mr. Deforme has taken the child on his knees; she settles herself down with an assurance that is touching.

"Poor child!" he thinks, "that is how her youth passes! Instead of playing on the hay, and running after butterflies in the sunshine, she is already occupied with household care. Poor little flower! she will fade in the heavy atmosphere of the household care. Poor little flower! she will fade in the heavy atmosphere of the

He looks into the blue eyes that she holds wide open in order to keep herself from falling asleep, at the little dress somewhat too short in the waist and sleeves, leaving the delicate wrists bare. He listens as she chatters like a linnet, for by this time she is completely at her case. She has lost that look of precocious intelligence and melancholy resignation; she has all the charming ways of the petted child. Her fair, white face has become rosy, ther eyes bright. Mr. Delorme is charmed. "What is your name, little one?" he asks, in a rare moment of

"Benedicta," she says.
"Benedicta! Then you are almost my god-child. And what is the name of your mamma?"

The child is suddenly alarmed. She hesitates, she stammers, and looks at Madame Lenoir, who makes a sign with her head. The sign is encouraging, no doubt, for the little one no longer hesi-tates. She looks at her godfather with an admirable mixture of candor and bravery, and, her eye flashing, her cheeks scarlet, she says, aloud: "Madam Paul Mayer."

Meyer."
"The aims which a moment before were so tightly clasped about her, fall at once; but she keeps her place, the brave little girl! She will not get down from the lap which had adopted her only a moment before; she clings to his shoulders, his hair, and his beard. Struggle is wholly reslers.

wholly useless.
"It is the children's feast," says Mr. "It is the children's least, says arr. Delorme, finally, turning his face away to hide a tear. "Stay there if you wish; have your own way, Benedicta,—the well-named, dear child of benediction!" And in spite of the snow, of the cold, and of the wind,—in spite of the tempest which was roaring without, that was truly a Christmas night. The pride of the man had bent beneath the child's innocence; he had allowed himself to be disarmed by a little one whom the Saviour loved; and as the angels once pro-claimed it from the skies, the peace prom-

## FROM OTTAWA.

ised to earth came down at last into the

heart of the man of good will.

THE GLOUCESTER STREET CONVENT. The Distribution Hall of the convent of the Congregation of Our Lady, Glou-

ester street, presented a brilliant appearance last evening. The occasion was the annual grand entertainment in honor of His Lordship the Most Reverend Joseph Thomas Dubamel, it being the eye of the from as Dunamer, it being the even the festival of his patron saint, Saint Thomas, which falls on this day. There was a large assemblage of the parents of the children and other friends of the institution, and amongst them were, in addition to His Lordship, Very Rev. Vicar-General Routhier, Rev. Fathers Labelle, Nolin, Campeau, Lady Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Lamgevin, Professor MacCabe and many others. On the raised platform at the southern end of the ball little one that sleeps yonder will taste dainties unknown till that day. More than that, she will have a Christmas like and dressed in white and wearing ribbon sashes and flowers. On it were six pianos, brought into requisition from time to time during the evening. The entertainment opened with a good instrumental Poor little shoes! very clean, well blacked, but patched in many places, like the little black dress, like the little wadded coat which is drying on the velvet sofa.

Mr. Delorme has left his study and is alone in his sleeping apartment. He sighs as he opens a great back chest. It was the favorite playhouse of his cherished child; here are the playthings, the first dell. a companion and gracefully presented the prelate with a bouquet. His Lordship prelate with a bouquet. His Lordship held quite a long conversation with the sweet little one, and as she retired the audience burst into a round of applause. Other recitations in English and presentations of floral offerings and instrumental performances followed, after which the French pupils took up the programme. The performance throughout was frequently greeted with loud applause, and deservedly so, for it was one of the most pleasing and interesting that has been pleasing and interesting that has been given in this city in similar circumstances. At the conclusion of the programme His Lordship in a lengthy and impressive speech in English returned his thanks to the young ladies for the honor they had done him, but whilst addressed to him he felt, and he referred them all to the untiring efforts of the devoted daughters of the venerable Margaret Bourgeon and to the venerable Margaret Bourgeois and to the glory of God. True, no institution of learning, no institution of charity could

be established, no chapel or church could be built, nor could any priest exercise his functions without the sanction of the it was very kind of them and it was an encouragement. Finally he implored the blessing of Heaven on the young people. He then repeated his remarks [in:French, and sat down amid loud applause.

A grand instrumental performance was

A grand instrumental performance was then given, and all left the room with the impression of the pleasantest hour and a half that they had spent for a long time.

FEAST OF ST. THOMAS.

For several years past it has been the custom of the faculty and pupils of the Convent Notre Dame du Sacre Cœur, Rideau street, to entertain annually His Lordship the Bishop of Ottawa, on the anniversary of the feast of his patron saint, St. Thomas. In doing so the young ladies of the institution have always been ladies of the institution have always been actuated by gratitude to the good Bishop for his unceasing efforts in the cause of

for his unceasing efforts in the cause of education.

Yesterday, [although only the vigil of the feast, was nevertheless for various reasons fixed upon by the pupils of Notre Dame to entertain His Lordship, and at 4 o'clock in the afternoon he entered the recreation hall to find the assembled young ladies and teachers ready to receive him. ladies and teachers ready to receive him. The appearance of the spacious room was made beautiful by the graceful entertwining of pretty festoons around the slender iron pillars which supported the ceiling, and various tasteful devices reflecting and various tasteful devices reflecting credit on the decorative ability of Mr. Joseph Beaubien. In the space nearest the entrance sat Bishop Duhamel with the following clergymen on his right and left, viz.: The Very Rev. Vicar-General Routhier, Rev. Fathers Pallier, P.P.; Coffey, editor Catholic Record; Sloane, Chaborel, Nolin, Balland, Charlebois, Leyden, Gendreau and Champagne. reau and Champagne.

A very attractive programme was pre-

sented, in which the performers all ac-quitted themselves so creditably that it would be invidious to make any distincwould be invidious to make any distinction. The following was the order of the morecaux:—Grand overture, three pianos; first piano, Misses J. Hagan and A. McGreevy; second, Misses G. Finley and E. Auclaire; third, Misses B. Murphy and A. Boucher, English chorus; harp solo, Miss A. Hagan; piano, Miss Cheney; overture, "William Tell," 1st piano, Misses M. Ryan and V. St. Jean; 2nd piano, Misses M. McGarritty and A. Hogan; 3rd piano, Misses M. Leblanc and N. Quinn; organ, Misse J. Hogan; vocal duet, Misses G. Kavansghand V. St. Jean. During the rendering of the foregoing an duct, Misses G. Kavanaghand V. St. Jean.
During the rendering of the foregoing an
interesting little dialogue, addressed to
His Lordship, was spoken in French by
five of the junior pupils, and the programme ended with the presentation of a
very appropriately worded address to the
Bishop, read by Miss Maggie Ryan.
His Lordship in responding to the
simple but beautiful sentiments contained
in the address, said it was always with

in the address, said it was always with pleasure he visited the institute, sometimes to see the studies conducted in the different classes, and at other times to make sure some of the pupils had advanced more than others. But no matter on what occasion he was always happy to come to see them, and they never failed to make his visit interesting at such times. Just then his pleasure was still greater, backed cars jingle up; farm carts, with because he now knew they did not only study to know human sciences but they them, jolt in, while horses of every set, study to know human sciences but they struggled to attain all virtues. Among the latter they would, doubtless, never fail to appreciate the virtue of gratitude. But if they showed so much gratitude to him (the Bishop) for what little he had done for them, they might show some to the good Sisters who made the present and future happiness of their pupils their special aim. For his own part, he re-turned them sincere thanks for their appre-ciation of his hundle afforts in their ciation of his humble efforts in their behalf. Their former teachers, now dead, had received their reward, and from heaven now turned their eyes to this institution, to watch its progress, in loving solicitude. To those departed he would pray for his hearers, whom he was sure had not for-gotten their memory. He would also pray to his patron saint for them, and, in concluding, exhorted all present to be faith-ful to the painstaking teachers, who would always do all that was possible to forward their education.

neir education. At the conclusion of His Lordship's remarks a few moments' pleasant conversa-tion was indulged in, after which the bishop and party departed much pleased with their entertainment at Notre Dame. -Ottawa Citizen, Dec. 21.

## UNION CATHOLIOUE.

The Second Siege of Quebec. Mr. P. B. Magneault delivered an in-Mr. P. B. Magneautt delivered an in-teresting lecture on the siege of Quebec, before a large meeting, in the hall of the Union Catholique, last evening. The lecturer, after referring to the discovery and colonization of Canada by the French, traced the history of the colony to the time when Admiral Phipps appeared before Quebec, in 1690, and demanded its surrender from the brave old Count de Frontenac. He then, in eloquent terms, contrasted the Canada of to-day with that of 1690, and gave a sketch of the life of Frontenac, whom he described as a man with good qualities, but also with great fau'ts—a veritable warrior and a diplomat, but also a man of unbending character, violent and tyrannical. He then gave a spirited sketch of the siege, referring in glowing terms to the bravery and patriotsim of the colonists, and, in concluding, urged upon his heavers that as their fathers were brave and loyal in the defence of their country, they should follow their example and shrink from no duty put upon them for the benefit of Canada.

CHRISTMAS IN IRELAND.

The Midnight Mass in the "North West."

A vivid feature in common with the festival of Christmas in "Old" Ireland is the midnight Mass, a function still celebrated in the remote, sad, lonely and lovely districts of that wild West which Charles Lever knew how to paint in the colors of an April shower—sunshine and

The poor priest, and he is very poor, has a hard life of it in those out-of theworld regions where the highways are boreens, and roads but sheep walks; and very irregular, uneven ones, to boot. His Reverence is, indeed, in luck if his means enable him to keep a rugged little pony; for his ministrations extend for pony; for his ministrations extend for many an Irish mile, and, hail, rain or snow, the sick call will find him tread-ing the mountain passes, bearing the Viaticum to some dying parishioner, or en route to hold a "station" at the thatch-covered dweiling of some "warm" farmer, perched on the shoulder of an almost inaccessible mountain, or standing in solemn isolation in a gloomy valley, silent—save for the bells, or the barking of a collie—as the

very grave.
To miss Mass under any circumstances, save they be of the most exceptional nature, is an omission of which the Irish peasant is absolutely incapable. No matter how often he may have visited the shebeen, or been lax in the general tenor of his uneventful life, to "miss Mass" is a crime that does not enter within the pre-cincts of his misdemeanor; and in the snow, in the rain, in the mud, Mass is attended with the same punctuality as on a bright May morning, when the hawon a bright May morning, when the haw-thorn-blossoms paint the hedges like perfumed snow. It is before Mass, under the lee of some friendly wall, or seated on the moss and ferncaressed stones, or daisy quilts covering the village fore-fathers as they sleep the long, last slumber, that the male portion of the congregation discuss Mr. Parnell, and Mr. William Corbet, M. P., and Mr. Healy, M. P., and others of the good men and true, who, possessing the courage of their convictions, dare to beard the British lion even in his very den. It is after Mass that Barney, in all the unspeakable newness of Lis Sunday suit—it is always new—seeks and finds his colleen, and it is after Mass that the old colleen, and it is after Mass that the old folk gossip over the olden and golden time, the weather, their ailments, and the

But the great event of the year is midnight Mass, the Mass that ushers in the mora when the Infant Saviour came in-to this wicked world for the salvation of sinners. Father Tom has a busy time of it hearing confessions, riding in hot haste from one end of the parish to the other, making sick-calls, urging backsliders to the chair of penance, consoling the afflicted, helping the needy. The midnight Mass takes old and young, the lame, the halt and the blind, from their "mud cabins." Over the mountains, across the bogs, some-times in the silvery moonlight, sometimes earthen floor kneel the pious multitude, in a silence broken only by the long-drawn sigh of some self-accusing penitent, or the muttered prayers of the older people. The priest, in a black cassock, flits in and out of the door attached to the vestry, atten the candles and generally arranging the altar for the celebration of the Mass. At midnight the Angelus bell rings forth, and the prayer is repeated by the priest in English, the congregation responding in pious and rapid murmuring. Thus the Mass begins, and save for an occasional coughing, or the humming of

earnest devotion, nothing disturbs the stillness of that midnight hour. The scene resembles a strange vision. The half-darkness; the whitewashed walls, with half-darkness; the whitewashed walls, with the Stations of the Cross like so many tiny windows; the kneeling and prostrate congregation; the women muffled in their shawls; the altar blazing with light; the priest in his gorgeous and glittering vest-ments; the strange silence,—all serve to render the scene more of a vision than anything appropriation to reality. An anything approaching to reality. An awed hush comes over all as the Host is elevated; and when the final Ite misse est is pronounced, and the Mass concluded, then there is an upheaval, a marmaring, increasing in volume each second; the holywater font is approached, those nearest to it sprinkling the outs; and then come the Christmas greetings in the chapel yard, the loud, honest laughings, and the shoutings between neighbors who are already as the control of their house in the already en route for their homes in the valleys, on the mountains, or in the bogs.

Nugent Robinson, in Leslie's Christmas

All orders for Catholic Family Almanacs, Price 25 cts., received last week will be filled at once. We would advise all who wish to get a copy to write immediately, enclosing price, the demand being such that we find it difficult to keep a stock on hand. See advertisment in another column.

Holy Water Fonts, Crucifixes and objects of devotion in endless variety at the CA THOLIC RECORD bookstore.