

## The Flight Into Egypt.

By Rev. Francis Mahoney (Father Prout).

There's a legend that's told of a gipsy who dwelt  
In the land where the Pyramids be;  
And her robe was embroidered with stars, and her belt

With devices, right wondrous to see  
And she lived in the days when our Lord was a child  
On his mother's immaculate breast;  
When he fled from his foes when to Egypt exiled,  
He went down with St. Joseph the blest.

This Egyptian held converse with magic, me thinks,  
And the future was given to her gaze;  
For an obelisk marked her abode, and a sphinx  
On her threshold kept vigil always.  
She was pensive and ever alone, nor was seen  
In the haunts of the dissolute crowd;  
But commune with the ghosts of the Pharaohs, I  
wren,  
Or with visitors wrapped in a shroud.

And there came an old man from the desert one day,  
With a maid on a mule, by that road;  
And a child on her bosom reclined— and the way  
Led them straight to the gipsy's abode;  
And they seemed to have travelled a wearisome path,  
From their home many, many a league—  
From a tyrant's pursuit, from an enemy's wrath,  
Spent with toil, and a course with fatigue.

And the gipsy came forth from her dwelling, and  
prayed  
That the pilgrims would rest them awhile,  
And offered her couch to that delicate maid,  
Who had come many, many a mile;  
And she fondled the babe with affection's caress,  
And she begged the old man would repose:  
Here the stranger, she said, ever finds free access,  
And the wanderer balm for his woes.

Then her guests from the glare of the noonday she  
led  
To a seat in her grotto so cool,  
Where she spread them a banquet of fruits—and a  
shed,  
With a manger, was found for the mule;  
With the wine of the palm tree, with the dates newly  
culled,  
All the toll of the road she beguiled;  
And with song in a language mysterious she lulled  
On her bosom the way-faring child.

When the gipsy anon in her Ethiope hand  
Placed the infant's diminutive palm,  
Oh 'twas fearful to see how the features she scanned  
Of the babe in his slumber so calm!  
Well she noted each mark and each furrow that  
crossed  
O'er the tracings of destiny's line:  
"WHENCE CAME YU?" she cried, in astonishment lost,  
"FOR THIS CHILD IS OF LINEAGE DIVINE!"

"From the village of Nazareth," Joseph replied,  
"Where we dwelt in the land of the Jew;  
We have fled from a tyrant, whose garment is dyed  
In the gore of the children he slew;  
We were told to remain till an angel's command  
Should appoint us the hour to return;  
But till then we inhabit the foreigner's land,  
And in Egypt we make our sojourn."

"Then ye tarry with me?" cried the gipsy in joy,  
"And ye make of my dwelling your home;  
Many years have I prayed that the Israelite boy  
(Blessed hope of the Gentiles!) would come."  
And she kissed both the feet of the infant and knelt,  
And adored him at once; then a smile  
Lit the face of his mother, who cheerfully dwelt  
With her host on the banks of the Nile.

## The Music of Christmastide.

Hark! the waits are playing, and  
they break my childish sleep. What  
images do I associate with the Christmas  
music! Known before all others, keep-  
ing far apart from all the others, they  
gather round my little bed. An angel  
speaking to a group of shepherds in a  
field; some travellers, with eyes un-  
lifted, following a star; a Baby in a  
manger; a Child in a spacious temple,  
talking with grave men, a solemn  
figure, with a mild and beautiful face,  
raising a dead girl by the hand; again,  
near a city gate, calling back to life  
the son of a widow, on his bier; a  
crowd of people looking through the  
opened roof of a chamber where He  
sits, and letting down a sick person on  
a bed, with ropes; the same, in temp-  
est, walking on the water to a ship;  
again, on a sea-shore, teaching a great  
multitude; again, with a child upon  
His knee, and other children around;  
again, restoring sight to the blind,  
speech to the dumb, hearing to the deaf,  
health to the sick, strength to the lame,  
knowledge to the ignorant; again, dy-  
ing on a cross, watched by armed  
soldiers, a thick darkness coming on,  
the earth beginning to shake, and only  
one voice heard—"Father, forgive  
them; for they know not what to do!"  
—Dickens.

## A Beautiful Gift.

An unknown lady presented a most  
beautiful and costly crucifix to the  
church of the Holy Innocents, New  
York, with a request that when the  
congregation looked at it "they would  
pray that the one great cross of her  
life might be lifted." A mission for  
women was terminated in the church  
recently by the Paulist Fathers, and  
during the services the beautiful  
piece of art was unveiled and  
blessed. It took up a position at the  
head of the right row of pews, where  
lights from a hundred candles beamed  
upon it. Father Youman, C. S. P., re-  
ferred to the delicate religious senti-  
ment of the unpretentious giver in con-  
cluding his sermon, and Father McOabo  
dwelt upon the subject specially before  
concluding the ceremony of unveiling  
and benediction. "Let everyone who  
beholds it," he said, "offer up a prayer  
for the devout person who has thus  
sought to describe the weight of woe in  
her heart. Let us ardently ask that  
the trouble may be soon removed."

## Gladstone's Policy.

To the Editor of the Catholic Register.

Sir—Could I trouble you for space in  
your truly patriotic paper to say a few words  
on the above subject, and at the same time  
to apologize to you Mr. Editor for having  
caused such chagrin by expressing views  
which are apparently antagonistic to yours  
on the Irish problem. By no means do I  
mean to be at variance with any person who  
may deem it an incumbent duty to criticize  
and comment on the inconsistencies and ac-  
tions of public men, I think otherwise. In  
1886 Mr. Gladstone was converted to the  
Policy of Home Rule for Ireland. Well, in  
justice it may be asked, what caused Mr.  
Gladstone to accept the doctrine of concilia-  
tion and abandon that of coercion? This  
may appear of little consequence to many  
of your gentle readers, but yet, the fact re-  
mains. In 1886 the late Mr. Parnell stood  
at the head of a United Irish Party, and by  
his tact skill and ability as a Statesman with  
a United Ireland behind him marching in  
one solid phalanx forced the hand, aye, the  
big right hand of Mr. Gladstone and his  
Liberal following to grasp the Irish Question  
in right earnest, or, sacrifice his spoils of  
office. As a matter of expediency, and  
thirsting for office and its emoluments, the  
cause of Home Rule was espoused and came  
within the domain of practical politics; and  
as a consequence, thenceforward, "Ireland  
blocked the way." That so much has been  
said on the merits and demerits of the Home  
Rule Bill it is needless I should enter at any  
great length in laudation or otherwise, of  
the Bill. Suffice it to say, though ugly and  
venomous as it is, it wears yet a jewel in its  
head. It contains the vital spark, the prin-  
ciple of Home Rule for Ireland. On analy-  
sis of the Bill what do we find? The great  
questions which most affect the welfare of  
the nation, and which is conducive to the  
people, i.e., the Land question, the Judicial  
ary, and the Police are retained in the hands  
of the Imperial Parliament for a stated defi-  
nite period, and furthermore, the right of  
the Revenue of the country, and as a guide  
pro quo for this right it does out to the  
Irish people the munificent sum of £500,000  
annually. Let it be granted, this vaunted  
measure of Home Rule is firmly established  
in the old House in College Green, what  
then? These Legislators cannot touch the  
Land question, they have no control over  
the Police, and the judiciary is far in a  
way beyond their reach. Am I within my  
rights in asking an opinion? How is the  
Irish nation to live and thrive under such a  
form of Government? Let me take another  
point of view of the situation. If, instead  
of the Irish Representation being torn as-  
under by petty squabbles and internal dis-  
ensions they acted as a unit, would the  
Bill be what it is? I emphatically say, no.  
Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues in the Lib-  
eral Cabinet would make England ring with  
his oft repeated motto, "Ireland Blocks the  
Way," and it is very questionable whether  
that Hereditary Chamber, the House of  
Lords, would offer such determined oppo-  
sition to a just and ample measure of Irish  
autonomy. And now, forsooth, those who  
hold Independent views in Irish politics,  
and who warn the people of the threatened  
danger hanging over them, by placing im-  
plicit confidence in English Statesmen who  
have generation after generation shamefully  
and recklessly broken faith with the Irish,  
are to be denounced in all the moods and  
tenses. It is certainly amusing. It must  
be admitted the present government could  
not hold office, but for the Irish whig M.P.s.,  
who pledged themselves up to the hilt that  
the "Evicted Tenants" were to be reinstat-  
ed, the political prisoners released, and that  
Home rule was assured. Have any of those  
pledges been fulfilled? Echo answers, no.  
Then it may be inferred, the real foes of the

"Evicted Tenants" and the political prison-  
ers are those who are covering and intrigu-  
ing with a so called Liberal Government.

I am sir, yours truly,

JOHN O'S. BANNON.

Montreal, December 23d, 1893.

The remains of Mr. William Pelin,  
Ballindrum, were interred, on November  
21st, in the family burial place at Kilrush,  
after the Requiem Office and High Mass at  
Kilroad Church. The celebrant of the  
High Mass was the Rev. R. Quinn, C. C.,  
Kilmead; deacon, the Rev. Philip Ryan,  
C. C., St. Laurence O'Toole's; sub deacon,  
Rev. Father Fennelly, C. C., Rathmines.

A WONDERFUL CURE.—Mr. David Smith,  
Coe Hill, Ont., writes: "For the benefit  
of others I wish to say a few words about  
Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY.  
About a year ago I took a very severe cough,  
had a virulent sore on my lips, was bad with  
dyspepsia, constipation and general debility.  
I tried almost every conceivable remedy,  
outwardly and inwardly, to cure the sore  
but all to no purpose. I had often thought  
of trying Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE  
DISCOVERY, so I got a bottle and when I  
had used about one half the sore showed  
evident signs of healing. By the time that  
bottle was done it had about disappeared  
and my general health was improving fast.  
I was always of a very bilious habit and had  
used quinine and lemon juice with very  
little effect. But since using 3 bottles of  
the VEGETABLE DISCOVERY the biliousness  
is entirely gone and my general health is  
excellent. I am 60 years old. Parties using  
it should continue it for some time after  
they think they are cured. It is by far the  
best health restorer I know."

B. H. McCorkell, Esq., Richmond, Derry;  
Frank G. C. Stevenson, Esq., Knockan,  
Derry; and Frank Watney, Esq., Land-  
more, Aghadowney, have been named for  
the office of High Sheriff of Derry.

Recently, Most Rev. Dr. Croke, Archbis-  
hop of Cashel, attended at the Presentation  
Convent, Cashel, to receive the final vows  
of Miss Norris O'Connell, daughter of Mrs.  
O'Connell, Tipperary, and niece of Dean  
Kinane, P.P., of Cashel. After the cere-  
mony the clerical and lay friends of the novice  
were sumptuously entertained by the hospita-  
ble nuns.

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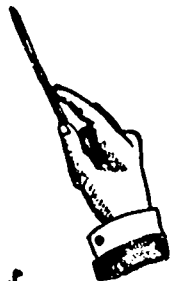
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