

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 faithful souls, that toil and strive, To enter the more perfect life, Enduring every painful trial,

Ye faithful souls, that toil and strive, To enter the more perfect life, Enduring every painful trial,

Ye faithful souls, that toil and strive, To enter the more perfect life, Enduring every painful trial,

Ye faithful souls, that toil and strive, To enter the more perfect life, Enduring every painful trial,

Ye faithful souls, that toil and strive, To enter the more perfect life, Enduring every painful trial,

Ye faithful souls, that toil and strive, To enter the more perfect life, Enduring every painful trial,

Ye faithful souls, that toil and strive, To enter the more perfect life, Enduring every painful trial,

Ye faithful souls, that toil and strive, To enter the more perfect life, Enduring every painful trial,

Ye faithful souls, that toil and strive, To enter the more perfect life, Enduring every painful trial,

Ye faithful souls, that toil and strive, To enter the more perfect life, Enduring every painful trial,

Ye faithful souls, that toil and strive, To enter the more perfect life, Enduring every painful trial,

Ye faithful souls, that toil and strive, To enter the more perfect life, Enduring every painful trial,

Ye faithful souls, that toil and strive, To enter the more perfect life, Enduring every painful trial,

Ye faithful souls, that toil and strive, To enter the more perfect life, Enduring every painful trial,

Ye faithful souls, that toil and strive, To enter the more perfect life, Enduring every painful trial,

Ye faithful souls, that toil and strive, To enter the more perfect life, Enduring every painful trial,

Ye faithful souls, that toil and strive, To enter the more perfect life, Enduring every painful trial,

Ye faithful souls, that toil and strive, To enter the more perfect life, Enduring every painful trial,

Ye faithful souls, that toil and strive, To enter the more perfect life, Enduring every painful trial,

Ye faithful souls, that toil and strive, To enter the more perfect life, Enduring every painful trial,

Ye faithful souls, that toil and strive, To enter the more perfect life, Enduring every painful trial,

Ye faithful souls, that toil and strive, To enter the more perfect life, Enduring every painful trial,

Ye faithful souls, that toil and strive, To enter the more perfect life, Enduring every painful trial,

Ye faithful souls, that toil and strive, To enter the more perfect life, Enduring every painful trial,

Ye faithful souls, that toil and strive, To enter the more perfect life, Enduring every painful trial,

Ye faithful souls, that toil and strive, To enter the more perfect life, Enduring every painful trial,

Ye faithful souls, that toil and strive, To enter the more perfect life, Enduring every painful trial,

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. "The major is coming, and we shall have some music."

And he had even gone so far as to take the flute down yesterday and dust it with an old silk handkerchief.

He took it up now and put it to his lips, but the Christmas anthem which shivered out upon the silence was dolorous indeed.

"You poor little flute, I am sorry for you," murmured Father Salvator.

"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. In self defence, Father Salvator had to rub his eyes a little more.

"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 resemblance 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, 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.

THE 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!

Farther 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 Nifelhelm 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, Hessen, 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,

SEE THAT LINE It's the wash, out early, done quickly, cleanly, white. Pure Soap did it SURPRISE SOAP with power to clean without too hard rubbing, without injury to fabrics. SURPRISE is the name, don't forget it.

DIRECT LINES! Ticket Tourist Freight Forwarding GENERAL FOREIGN AGENCY 11 MULLINS ST., Montreal.

PASSENGER AGENCY FOR LINES Direct to Naples and Genoa for Rome. Direct to Gibraltar (Spain), Algiers (Africa). Direct to Plymouth for London. Direct to Cherbourg for Paris. Direct to Boulogne Sur Mer for Paris. Direct to Rotterdam, Amsterdam, for all points in Holland and Belgium and the Continent. Direct to Hamburg for all points in Germany, Austria, Russia. Direct to London, and rail to any part of Ireland. Direct to Glasgow for all parts of Scotland and England. Direct to Liverpool for all parts of England and Scotland.

FOR Vapo-Cresolene Whooping Cough, Croup, Colds, Coughs, Asthma, Catarrh.

FASTEST TYPEWRITER IN THE WORLD. FASTER THAN SHORTHAND. Greelman Bros. Typewriter Co. 19 Adelaide St. East, TORONTO.

FACE HUMORS Pimples, blotches, blackheads, red, rough, oily, mottled skin, itching, scaly scalp, dry, thin, and falling hair, and baby blemishes prevented by CUTICURA SOAP, the most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap in the world, as well as purest and sweetest for toilet, bath, and nursery.

CANCER! Tumors and all Blood Disorders conquered; set entire vegetable treatment at home. No knife or plaster. Full particulars by mail or at office; much valuable matter in 100-page book, all free. Write Dept. "C. R." The Abbot Myron Mason Medical Co., 577 Sherbourne Street, Toronto.

O. LABELLE, MERCHANT TAILOR 372 Richmond Street. Good Business Suits from \$15 upwards. The best goods and careful workmanship.

Between rem and looking for this day should Christians. It is of ination of cons examines in manner or one 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 y becomes habitu fact.

There are tw of conscience, One is done a arrangement u adhered to. In 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 excellen munition. St. the evenness tained, must consciousness of high degree.

Brethren, I thing of this, of I may tr tion of consc us will be th course, at co will produ of good sense at which we of the day. of all days in account of o and our neig make good r The fact is the old year rise tion. Some is gone." I such good th past could be the old year, ever. The book turned ness for a ge a favorite, let it.

Let us fac ren, and l twelve mo seasons of the begin the ol have mys make my E I attend Ma God through the Lord's I pickening a my tongue f for lust, my evil one? of my neigh been bruta sound like u no happy N we have others besid make good and Commu the future.

Conversions. Cardinal Vaughan reiterates 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.

Ask your grocer for Windsor Salt For Table and Dairy, Purest and Best NOW READY! THE... CATHOLIC - ALMANAC OF ONTARIO FOR 1898.... Profusely Illustrated. Published with the Approbation of the Archbishops and Bishops of Ontario.

Complete Liturgical Calendar, with explanation. Directory of the Church—up to date. Accurate Clergy List—official. Full-Page Portrait of Mgr. Merry Del Val, with sketch. Entertaining Original Xmas Stories. Sketches of the Basilians, with portraits. Copies News Notes of special interest to Catholics. Single Copies, 25 cts.; 12 Copies, \$2.50. Can be procured from CATHOLIC RECORD, London, or The Monastery of the Precious Blood, 113 St. Joseph Street, Toronto. Agents wanted everywhere. Liberal terms.

PROFESSIONAL. DR. WAUGH, 637 TALBOT ST., LONDON, Ont. Specialty—Nervous Diseases. DR. WOODRUFF, No. 185 QUEEN'S AVE., catarrh and troublesome throats. Eyes tested. Glasses adjusted. Hours: 12 to 4. LOVE & DIGNAN, BARRISTERS, ETC., 418 Talbot street, London. Private funds to loan.