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JUBILEE BOOK, CONTAINING INSTRUCTION ON THE JUBILEE, AND PRAYERS RECOMMENDED TO BE SAID IN THE STATION CHURCHES; To which is prefixed the Encyclical of His Holiness POPE PIUS IX., For the ARCHDIOCESE of TORONTO, containing the PASTORAL of HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP LYNCH. For the DIOCESE of LONDON, containing the PASTORAL of HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP WALSH. For the DIOCESE of HAMILTON, containing the PASTORAL of HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP GRINNON. For the DIOCESE of OTTAWA, containing the PASTORAL of HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP DUHAMEL. For the DIOCESE of ST. JOHN, New Brunswick, containing the PASTORAL of HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP SWEENEY. For the DIOCESE of ARICHAT, containing the PASTORAL of HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP MCKINNON. For the DIOCESE of MONTREAL, containing the PASTORAL of HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP BOURGET. EACH DIOCESE has its Separate JUBILEE BOOK. Per Copy, 10c. | Per Dozen 80c. | Per 100 \$5 D. & J. SADDLER & CO., 275 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

CHRISTMAS MORN. Up, Christian! Hark! the crowing cock Proclaims the break of day! Up! light the lamp, upon the lock, And take the well-known way. Already through the painted glass Streams forth the light of early Mass! Our altar! oh, how fair it shows Unto the night-dim'd eyes! Oh! surely yonder leaf that glows Was pluck'd in Paradise! Without, it snows; the wind is loud; Earth sleeps, wrapp'd in her yearly shroud. Within, the organ's soaring peal, The choir's sweet chant, the bells, The surging crowd that stands or kneels, The glorious errand tells. Rejoice! rejoice! ye sons of men, For man may hope for heaven again! 'Tis but a step, a threshold cross'd, Yet such a change we find; Without, the wandering worldling toss'd By every gust of wind; Within, there reigns a holy calm. For here abides the dread "I AM!" T. D. McGee.

CHRISTMAS STORY. A STORY WITH A HAPPY ENDING. CHAPTER I. It was Christmas Eve. The snowy valleys of Concomara lay smooth and serene in the shadows that were just beginning to make mystery in hollow places, though the after-glow of an angry sunset had not yet died along the ridges of the eastern hills. Very quickly the night came down, the stars blazed out with frosty brilliance above the white crowns of the tall mountains, and a red large moon came up between two peaks of the twelve Bens, and gaz'd at its own solemn face in the broad Glenmore Lake. As the night darkened the lights from Glenmore Castle shone more steadily down through a clearing in the crowd of pine trees that separated its cultivated grounds from the wild path above the lake. Along this path a little band of figures was moving, men, a woman and children. They walked slowly, for the woman carried a baby wrapped in her cloak, and her broken steps did not betoken health, or strength. The children clung to the men's hands, and cried, for the cold pinched their bare toes. Some of the men bent their heads and looked on the ground, others fixed their gaze on the warm glare streaming from every window in the castle, and thought of the luxury within, and festive preparations of which these comfortable lights were the signal. They were bound for that castle in search of mercy, and perhaps they thought they should be likely to find it at the hands of Sir Miles Darcy, now, at this season of lavish hospitality and general rejoicing. Behind the screen of one of those well-lighted windows, Sir Miles Darcy was at that moment sitting in his library. Looking in, we find it a handsome and cosy room. The walls are well lined with books, the crimson hangings have a stately sweep, the wide grate glows with fire. Sir Miles' arm-chair is drawn to the verge of the hearth, and at the table Sir Miles is writing. The lamp sheds its tempered light over the crimson-cloth and the books and papers, that litter it; over the bird's nest and the pen as it moves in his quick fingers, and over his face. There are lines of thought on his brow, and the marks of an iron purpose set about his stern mouth. Very stern it looks now, though it can be pleasant, too; but, as the light of the morning glows, looks are only as they are. The sculptor's work has been carving about his features for the last forty years, and has

chiselled them to well nigh the perfection of grimness. Sir Miles writes; and stops and thinks; and writes on. Suddenly a hand upon the door interrupts the silence. Sir Miles looks up with a disturbed eye. "Sir, there's a man out abroad that'd be wanting to spake a word to yer honor." "Who is he?" "He didn't give any name, yer honor, an' it's mortal dark outley, but he said if it'd be a thing that yer honor'd give him the speech o' yew, he wouldn't bother yew more nor wan couple o' minutes." "Let him come in," said Sir Miles, and Pat vanished. In a few seconds the library door opened again, and a group, strangely out of keeping with the handsome room into which they seemed afraid to step, appeared in the doorway. Foremost, there was a gaunt, hungry-looking man, with a strong frame, brawny hands clutching his dingy cap, and with a craving fire smouldering in his sunken eyes. By his side was a pretty woman in a red petticoat, and a handkerchief tied under her chin, just such a pretty, dark-haired, dark-eyed woman as, under more happy circumstances, must have been the admiration of every tourist, and a goddess to every wandering artist who might chance to pass her cottage door. But now the merry, mischievous eyes were unnaturally large, and heavily dull, the mouth was wan and drawn, the cheeks were hollow; every feature was pinched with want and sickness. A baby was wrapt in the skirt of her scanty gown and held close to her bosom; but there was a pallor on her face, and a wandering dimness in her eyes that seemed to warn that the wasted arms must soon relax their eager clasp. Three or four little frightened children clung about her skirts, with cold blue faces, and red bare feet and legs. Sir Miles started at the picture thus suddenly thrust before his eyes, and a flush overspread his face. "What is your business?" he asked, harshly and hurriedly. "What brings you here?" The gaunt man shivered at the sharp tone; a tremor runs through his frame. He lifts his voice to speak, but the sounds that come are very husky. Another shock passes over him, and the cap in his hand is convulsively twitched. He clears his throat, and speaks again. "Master, for forty long years my father was a faithful servant to yer honor's father. God rest them both! nor iver went agin him or giv him a minute's trouble to the day of his death. Master, yourself was but small when I was a little boy climbin' the rocks, and findin' the nest that used to plase yew, and many's the time I risked my neck for the givin' o' yew pleasure, not that it fits the likes o' me to be reminding your honor of such things, and to keep my bones out of the grave I wouldn't do it; but mather, the thought of the childer, my nine helpless little waecens, makes me bold for to mention it. Since the day I got the bit o' land, and took the rint on my own shoulders, with Maury here, I always paid you faithful, an' niver was the shadow on your honor's path. An' if I swore agin yer that day in court, how could I help it, yer honor? What for did they bring up a poor man that was minding his business, and niver thinkin' on them, and put him on his oath? Sure I couldn't swear the lie? An' if yer honor has for me, there's them other poor fellows as niver crossed you anyhow, ten o' them yer honor, with long, wack families, with weenie girlsens, and on d' fathers and ould mothers that isn't fit to put the foot under them. Sure if it was only the young 'tise!'. And now, mather, if y'e'll be pleased to think on my hard case, an' not take the roof from over our heads, an' the bit out of our mouths, an' the snow fallin'. Maury kneel down, childer kneel down, down on yer knees, an' ask his honor to have mercy on yew." There was a silence broken only by the sobbing of the woman, and the whimpering of the children. If the lamp-light that gazed on Sir Miles Darcy's face had been anything human it might have told that for a moment there was a look upon it that was something like relenting. But it vanished, and the storm gathered in his eyes, and burst over the heads of the wretched suppliants. "All that I have to say to you," he cried, "I said long ago. I will have no more dealings with you. I have passed my word, and I not for hundreds like you will I break it. Monday morning shall rid me of your whining and snivellings. Begone!" The gaunt man rose from his knees, and looking wonderingly round the room, as if he strove to realize what was passing. Mechanically he took a child's hand in each of his, and followed his wife and her little brood from the room. The door was closed once more, and Sir Miles was left to himself. As the dreary little band passed out from the shadow of the castle into the moonlight, a number of dark figures emerged from the shadow of a wall and joined them. They were gloomy-faced men, and walked with a kind of spiritless doggedness. "Well?" asked the oldest and gloomiest of the band. The gaunt man shook his head in silence, and no more words were spoken. In silence the mournful party went on, winding along by the pine trees. The children cried again with the cold, and the men took them in their arms and soothed them roughly. There were tracks of blood upon the snow; but what of that? Little the children could care for this, when they were under shelter again, and at rest in their little poor beds. The shelter, and the corner to cover themselves up and sleep, were still left to them for three days to come. They are well off as yet—After Monday night it will be time enough to commiserate them. The children were soothed, and moved the little crowd by the dark lake and bright mountains, till Mary, the mother of the little ones, grew faint and dizzy, and began to strike her feet painfully against the stones, and to clasp her baby in a blind reckless way to her chilled bosom. One of the men took the child from her arms, and the next moment the woman fell, with a moan, and lay, the full length of her dark figure, stretched on the snow, under the moonlight. Her husband stared round on his companions like a madman, and then dropped on his knees, beside her.

"Mary avourneen!" he murmured, bending over her, touching her face, and feeling her hands. Then a horrible conviction seized him. "She's gone!" he shrieked, "she's gone. And by the Blessed Saviour this night I'll have the blood of her murderer!" "Whist, whist! Ned Mangan," said one of the men. "Sorra wan o' her's dead at all, but only wake she is, an' tired out with the cold and the frostin'. Hould aisy a bit, man, an' I'll git her in my arms, and we'll have her at home, an' in her bed, and the dhrop of something warm to her in less than no time. Whist, whist, man, an' be aisy!" "Stand by, Mick Coyne!" cried the desperate man, "it's well you mane, but niver a man shall lift her but the husband she shruv for an' died for. Come, Maury ashore, lay your cold head on my shoulder, and short be the time till my coffin is laid beside yours—but not till I have revenged you, Maury, a scushie machree!" Mick fell back, Ned strode on with his burden, and the gloomy procession moved forward as before, and passed away into the shadows of more pine trees. CHAPTER II. While Mary Mangan fell in the snow, Kate Darcy, the landlord's only child, stood before the glass in her dressing room, preparing for the ball which always celebrated Christmas Eve at Glenmore Castle. The blood flowed rapidly in her young veins, and her heart beat glad time to the music of her thoughts. No nipping frost had ever pinched her soft cheek, no rough encounter with hardship had ever chilled the generous impulses of her kindly nature. She was very fair to see, a creature richly gifted, and very sweet to dwell beside, she seemed created to dispense with lavish land the gentle charities of life. No wonder if she was the idol of her father's heart. The firelight crept with a rosy blush over her own pure face. Her eyes were dark and blue like the spring violets, and the golden hair which hung upon her neck seemed to have stolen its lustrous sheen from the summer sun, to gladden the dull sight of the dreary old man, Winter. Kate's little maid stood at the window, holding the shining wreath of holly which was to crown her beautiful mistress as queen of the Christmas festival. "Brideen," said Kate, "I cannot get this bracelet to fasten. Will you try it—closer to the light or it will not do." Brideen, who had been keeping as much as possible behind her mistress's back while she dressed her, approached reluctantly and bent her face very low over the young lady's hand while she performed the required service. "There, that will do," said Kate, and Brideen raised her head. "Why, child, you have been crying," exclaimed Kate in surprise. "Crying to night! What can be the matter?" "Oh, sorra, haporth's the matter with me, Miss Kate, nothin' in the world, only a little something that vexed me." "Crying again, Brideen! surely that something must be a good deal that sits so heavily on your merry heart. Why, Brideen, I never saw you cry before. I shall not enjoy this evening at all if you do not tell me what is the matter. Come, Brideen, tell me what ails you." "No, no, no," gasped Brideen, who was by this time sobbing bitterly; and throwing her apron over her face she darted from the room. After her went Kate, along the corridor and half down the stairs, where glancing over the balustrade she caught sight of Brideen's swift retreat, and heard the voices of two other servants who had stopped on the stairs as the little maid ran past. "No wonder," said one, "it's a sorrowful heart she has this night, an' small blame to her." "Aye, aye," said the other, "Ned Mangan was here but a bit ago, with Maury, an' four or five of Brideen's little sisters. Och! och! but it's the long wake family he has, the poor man! Sure it was to myself that Pat came in the pantry, an' says he, 'Nora,' says he, 'Ned has got word of the mather at last, says he, 'an' sure I am that he'll forgive him the blissid night that it is!'" "Not so sure, Pat agin," says I; "the mather's good to the likes o' you an' me as does his bidden, but he's hard an' bit-her to them that crosses his will. An' thrue were the words I spoke, for they woriat out to my mouth whin witra! we hears the mather's voice phillilughin up to the ceilin', and usin' goes the library door, an' out comes Ned an' his wife, poor soul, but it's sick my heart was from her, an' the weenie waecun in her arms, an' the wee bits o' girlsens rumin' among her feet." "Och! for's this? let's this? But it's many's the sore heart Monday night'll see, and many's the cold heartstone. Sure if myself could help them I wouldn't be long doin' it. But as that's not to be, sorra bit o' use in you an' me, Nora, standin' preachin' colliogin' here, and sich a power o' work to be got under afore to-morrow night." "It's thrue for you." "Faith it is." And bringing this conversation abruptly to a close, the two wiped away the genuine tear, from their eyes, and went on their separate errands. Kate left her retreat, and, swift as an arrow, sped down the staircase, not pausing until her hand was on the library door. Sir Miles sought the intruder with an angry eye, and no gentle greeting on the tip of his tongue, but the change that passed over his countenance was wonderful when his daughter entered the room. To no other visitor on earth could he have given a smile at that moment, but while the smiles lingers he will look and acknowledge that that face can look pleasant and genial; and speculate on the possibility of that iron firmness of character outstretching its strong arm to uphold the right cause of humanity. "Well," he says, with light still lingering in his eyes, "is 'my time up, darling? Are our guests beginning to arrive?" Kate has crossed the room with a quick step, and kneeling down by his chair, takes his hand, and caressingly between hers. "No, papa; it is not that. Papa, I want to speak to you, but I am afraid of making you angry." Sir Miles' face is grave now. "Why, my child, when was I angry with you? Am I ever harsh to you, Kate?"

"No, no, dear papa; never indeed, but I never have anything to do with your business affairs, and now I am going to speak on a subject which I fear will vex you." Sir Miles' face is growing very firm, but he does not interrupt. "Isn't it true that you have threatened to turn out some of the tenants on Monday night? I only heard it by accident a few minutes ago. Oh! father, you surely are not in earnest. You could not send the poor creatures out on the snow without food and shelter and we in the midst of feasting and rejoicing?" "Kate," and Sir Miles' face is very dark, and there is a storm rising. "I will not suffer any one, not even you, to call me to account for what I think right to do. I am responsible for my action and will not tolerate interference. Say no more, lest you have just cause to feel my anger." "O father, I implore you to hear me. For Christ's sake, who comes on this holy eve to bring peace and charity among men, be merciful and spare these poor people. Papa, I am your only child, and the only one you have to care for. In the whole world there is not one who loves you as I do, and I tell you you will break my heart, crush all my life with misery if you do this cruel thing." The storm is risen, but still Sir Miles listens and is silent. Strange gusts of anger sweep his face, strange lightnings are in his eyes, but still he is silent and listens. "Father, when my mother lived you did none of these cruel things. She loved these poor people, and you loved her, and you were both honored and blessed by the poor on every side. If she were here now she would plead as I do, and you could not refuse her prayer. Look at me, father, I am her child, you say I am like her, I am on my knees before you, you will not hear me? I am pleading for yourself, for your own soul. How awful on your deathbed, when this dear hand (passionately kissing it again and again) shall be growing cold, shall be unable to do one more good deed in this world, think how terrible then the memory of these poor shivering creatures turned adrift by you at the very season when he was born who urged us to love and cherish the poor. Think of them crowding around your bedside, laying their loads upon your soul, the loads of their suffering, perhaps death, their sins of hate and resentment and revenge. What, oh! what will it be to you then that you have enriched your lands, or swelled your purse, or gratified your pride? O father!" She pauses, but still he does not speak. His face is turned away, but his hand is trembling. She is afraid he is terribly angry, but she dashes on with desperate courage. "I know there are many who will applaud this deed for which the angels are weeping. They will sneer at your mercy, I know, and affect to think you weak minded and faint hearted, and afraid to do what you please with your own. But, dear father, though their destiny has been cast among the high places, the censure of such people is not equal to a just man's praise. Some of them will be here to-night, selfish, avaricious and cold hearted. You are too clear-sighted not to see that they are so, even while the world is trying to throw dust in your eyes. They are the only class who will condemn you. The whole world of right-thinking, God-fearing men, will bless and applaud your charity." "And father, dear father, have patience with me a little longer; think of your dying day to have the memory of this good action to smooth your pillow, of this conquest of your pride, of this rescuing your fellow creatures from suffering, perhaps crime, of this fit-birth-offering to Jesus, more precious than gold, than frankincense, than myrrh! Think of this good deed standing like an angel by your side! O father, for my mother's sake; she would plead, she is pleading with me—you must feel her in your heart—oh, will you not hear our prayer?" Her tears wet the hand she clasps, and it is not withdrawn, but the face is still turned from her. A deep silence reigns through the room. Kate can think of nothing more to say, and is quite still. The spent ashes fell in the grate, the lamp burns with its steadfast light, the busts that crown from the cornices, of great men who died centuries ago, gaze on with their white stare, as though the hidden workings of earthly things had not long since been made clear to their dissolved spirits. Kate arose and stole nearer to her father, put her arms softly round his neck, and laid her cheek against his. Sir Miles pressed his darling in his arms, and his voice was husky with emotion when he spoke. "My child, my good angel, you have conquered me. Let it be as you say." But Kate is on her knees again. "O father, pardon me if I have pained you, forgive me for ever distrusting your generous heart." "Hush, my child, I do not deserve your praise," and Sir Miles, the harsh, the inexorable Sir Miles, rose to his feet, and with wet eyes and faltering voice, prayed aloud: "Great God, I have sinned; I acknowledge it before the face of the angel Thron hast sent to save me. In her presence I promise to obey the promptings of that better nature which she has awakened within me." Sir Miles sat down at the table awhile, and shaded his face with his hand. Presently he looked up. "Kate, said he, 'the rod of power is in your hands; make what use of it you please. Kate took his hand again and kissed it, and laid her cheek against it." "Dear papa: And will you then listen to my little tiny bit of advice? Let us try to conciliate these poor people; they are wonderful creatures for forgiving and forgetting. Indeed I know them better than you do. I go more amongst them, and see many things you overlook. Grant them all a free pardon now for whatever offence they have given. Let them know that you wish their welfare. Go a little more amongst them, invite their confidence and awaken their trust. If you do this all will be well, for they have quick hearts to feel, and eloquent tongues to utter blessings that will echo at the judgment seat of God." In ten minutes after this Kate sprang briskly through her chamber door. "Brideen! Brideen! Where is my cloak? Run to the pantry, and fill a large basket with every eat-

able thing you can find, and follow me to the valley to your father's house!" And flashing a bright look into Brideen's bewildered eyes, the beautiful and accomplished Miss Darcy tucked up her white skirts, threw her cloak over her head, and vanished from the little maid's vision like a winter sunbeam. CHAPTER III. In distant cities the clocks were striking nine, but on the lonesome moors the hours come and go unannounced. In Ned Mangan's cabin eight men had gathered together. They sat in the dark, for the embers had burnt low, and were dying on the hearth, and they had furnished themselves with no other light. The moon edged the rude window-pane, with a binding of silver, and this was the only Christmas decoration about the place. Within the walls all was in deep shadow. No man could see his neighbor's face, nor did any man wish for light. The last ray of hope was extinct in their hearts, and the prince of darkness himself was doing his foul work within them. Why make visible the utter darkness of their souls by the flicker of a rushlight while they sat in kindled gloom, and held the dread counsel of desperate men? One amongst them was addressing the rest. It was hard to recognize Ned Mangan's voice, a cheery voice in good times, in the phrenzid, shrieking tones of the speaker; yet it was Ned Mangan who spoke. "Boys!" he cried, "we have thrived our last chance. We have knelt like slaves, only to be spurned like dogs. We have been called whiners, an' snivellers, and we will whine an' snivel no longer!" "Boys! I tell ye that the heart o' the rich man is harder than the rock, and colder than the ice to the poor titan that stands in his road. I tell ye that he will walk o'er the dead bodies o' our childer, an' o'er the gray heads o' our people; he will let the strongest o' us waste to the slow hungry death, that his fat cattle may graze in our bits o' gardens. Boys, there is only wan course for us now. The bullet that goes through the tyrant's body will free the lan', will give life to the dyin', and warmth o' the livin' hearthstone to the frozin', an' the bit to the cravin' mouth. Boys, is there any man that will dare call us murderers? Is there wan amongst us that hasn't a wife, or a child, or a sister, or an ould father or mother, an' would we spake the foul word to them? But work an' toil for them, an' be good husbands an' fathers, an' brothers an' sons while the breath was in us? If the tyrant thrusted us with his chistful o' gold, is there wan o' us here would touch an unlawful penny?" A groan ran through the assembly, and seemed to give answer in the negative. "Boys, there's not wan amongst us but has an inimy o' some time or another, an' if he had wrought us all the uneasiness he could, an' if he came to the door o' the wild night, is there wan amongst us would refuse him the honorable shelter o' the roof or harm a hair o' his head? No, boys; but this is not the inimy of wan, or two, or three, or a dozen o' us, but o' the whole downtrampled, starvin' country? Did yew niver hear o' the brave woman Judith, that with the strength o' fifty in her wan heart, killed the cruel king, an' how God Almighty put it in her heart, an' all good men praised her, an' glorified her—an' why? Because he was the inimy o' her country, an' we bringin' blackness an' desolation on her people. Boys, it must be done. It's not blood we thirst for, Christ himself was to send an angel o' light!" The door opened wide, and a slender white figure appeared upon the threshold. "Every man fall on his knees as with one consent." "Just God of Heaven!" murmured Ned, and a rush of smothered ejaculations followed this. Then a terrible spell fell upon the group. Every man's tongue clove to his mouth with awe. "Is Ned Mangan here?" asked a fresh voice that entered the gloomy walls as an errant summer beam might strike to the heart of a sunless forest. "There was no answer. The spell remained unbroken. Again the question was repeated. "If Ned Mangan is here let him speak, for I am the bearer of good things." This time Ned found courage to answer, and Kate advanced into the cabin. "Will you please get a light?" she said. "Some one blew a flame from the embers, lit a candle, one stuck it in a sconce against the wall. The feeble flame revealed a crowd of desperate looking men with gloomy brows and silent tongues; some sat on a bench, with folded arms and eyes sullenly bent on the ground, others half knelt and shaded their dark faces from the unwelcome light, each man avoiding his fellow's eye. If Kate thought it an odd state of things she did not seem surprised. Possibly she thought they had been praying. She walked up to where Ned stood, with nervous arms hanging by his side, with haggard cheeks, and loose hanging under jaw, and with eyes that were fixed on the opposite wall with a blank, idiotic stare. "Ned Mangan," said she, gently laying her hand on his arm, "I am sorry that you have been in trouble, but thank God your trouble may be at an end. My father has repented of his rash anger, and wishes to deal kindly with you all on this eve. He tells me that not one of you will be disturbed on Monday, and if all goes well I trust you will soon have good leases. All your offence against him, whatever it may be, is forgiven, and he asks you in Christ's name to forget any harshness he has shown towards you. He invites you all, with your wives and children, to spend to-morrow at the Castle, and have a dance in the large hall. I hope you will all come, dear friends, and taste the plum pudding and mince pies that are getting ready for you, and down care and old quarrels in a draught of good wine. And now, dear friends, will you shake hands with me all round in token of good will, that I may carry your friendship back with me to Sir Miles?" The rough mountaineers glanced at the generous, beaming face, and the little fair hand, so frankly extended towards them, and were conquered. As each advanced to offer his hand, brown hand, the tears that dropped on his face washed away all traces of bitterness from his heart. As for poor Ned, he caught in both his the soft