

Propaganda of the Press.

We are told that there are now 305 Catholic newspapers in the German Empire with nearly a million and a quarter regular subscribers, and the influence of the Catholic press gives an impetus to Catholic thought which is beyond estimate, especially as parents in Germany oblige their children to read the Catholic papers at home. The extent to which these papers are read may be appreciated when we consider that there is at least one taken in every three families in the Empire. Faith would be strengthened and innumerable souls kept in the pale of holy Church did Catholics in America see the importance of supporting their own journals. Mark well these words of the present gloriously reigning Pope. He once wrote: "A Catholic newspaper in a parish is a perpetual mission. Let all who truly and from their souls desire that religion and society defended by human intellect and literature should flourish, strive by their liberality to guard and protect the Catholic press, and let every one in proportion to his income support them with his money and influence, for to those who devote themselves to the Catholic press we ought by all means to bring helps of this kind, without which their industry will either have no results or uncertain and miserable ones."

The Mass is not a mere form of words. It is a great action, the greatest action that can be on earth. It is not the invocation merely, but, if I dare use the word, the evocation of the Eternal. He becomes present on the altar, in Flesh and Blood, before whom angels bow and devils tremble. This is that awful event, which is the end, and is the interpretation of every part of the solemnity.—Cardinal Newman.

CHRISTMAS.

O Joyful Feast! with angel-music ringing,
O plaintive Feast! with sweet old memories
 clinging
 Around thee like the snow-flakes, stainless
 white.
O Feast Messianic! with ardent sighing
Of psalms prophetic—in the swift years fly-
 ing,
 We watch and wait for thy fair starry
 light.
And still "good tidings" thou art ever bring-
 ing,
And messengers of peace are gladly winging,
 In midnight silence o'er the white-robed
 earth.
Hark! through our spirit aisles are gently
 stealing,
Soft echoes of the sweet bells, silvery peal-
 ing—
 A Christmas chime to greet the Saviour's
 birth.
O Infant Jesus, poor and meek, and lowly!
O "Prince of peace," O "Wonderful" and
 holy!
 "Emmanuel!" within our hearts abide.
And bless each act and word, and varied
 feeling,
O hear each prayer of love to Thee appealing!
As by Thy Crib we kneel at Christmas-
 tide.

—ENFANT DE MARIE, St. Clare's.

Pope Pius IX. bequeathed, as a legacy to the faithful, this admonition: "Let the rosary, this simple, beautiful method of prayer, enriched with many indulgences, be habitually recited of an evening in every household. These are my last words to you: the memorial I leave behind me." Again he said: "In the whole of the Vatican there is no greater treasure than the rosary."

Unfortunately lack of space this month forces us reluctantly to postpone the publication of a beautiful story by that eminent writer, Francis W. Grey. The story will appear in our next number.