

The Catholic Record.

"CHRISTIANUS MIHI NOMEN EST, CATHOLICUS VERO COGNOMEN."—"CHRISTIAN IS MY NAME, BUT CATHOLIC MY SURNAME."—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

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NICHOLAS WILSON & CO
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Legend of the Infant Jesus Serving at Mass.

Some children, all whose joy it is
To serve at Holy Mass,
And hear what once in days of faith,
In England came to pass!
It chanced a priest was journeying
Through that ancient London town,
And there, where few came passing by,
A lonely chapel stood.
He stayed his feet, that pilgrim priest,
His morning mass to say,
And put the sacred elements on
Which near the altar lay.
But who shall serve the Holy Mass,
For all is silent here?
He kneels, and there in patience waits
The priest's hour of prayer.
When lo! a child of wondrous grace,
Before the altar steals,
And down beside the lovely priest,
The infant kneels knee!
He serves the Mass; his voice is sweet
Like distant bells in choir,
With downcast eyes and ready hand,
And foot-hill hushed and slow.
"Et verbum caro factum est,"
He whispers all he hears,
Then turning he to Mary's knees,
In glory disappears.
So round the altar, children dear,
Press gladly in God's name,
For once to serve at Holy Mass,
The Infant Jesus came.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

A TALE FOR THE YOUNG.

"How I do like Christmas," said little Minny Grenville, on the Feast of the Nativity, which was the day of her first communion.
"Come now, Minny," said Mrs. Grenville, laying aside the book she had been reading, (she, too, had been at communion on that day.) "I want to hear you, Minny, why do you so like Christmas?"
"Because it is such a nice time; and this Christmas especially. You know I received our dear Lord this morning, and soon afterwards the sister carried me to put the little dress, which I made myself, on the image of the infant Jesus in the crib. Sister Martha says I am to light the lamp in the little star over the crib, and that no one else must do it. Then I am to give that fine big cake as a Christmas-box to widow Morley, and the two large handkerchiefs, which I hemmed myself, and the pair of gloves and new pair of boots, to her son, little Willy,—how glad he shall be. Then I am to get a little crib of my own on New Year's day, and a new work-box, and a new doll; how I do like Christmas!"
"Well, Minny," said Mrs. Grenville, "your reasons for liking Christmas are not so selfish as I expected. I am very well pleased indeed, but listen!"
The last portion of a Christmas carol was being sung in the street, by a voice which, though tremulous and tender, was wonderfully sweet and clear; the accents were unmistakably Irish. Suddenly the voice stopped, as if the singer had been stricken down. Both mother and daughter ran to the window, and there the little songster—a child between eight and nine years old—was crying bitterly, and looking up and down the street.
Mrs. Grenville's house was the last of a fashionable row, near the outskirts of Bristol, and the inhabitants of all, except hers, were Protestants. Suddenly the little fellow passed unheeded from house to house, he still kept singing on. Even when he came to the last of the row, he tried to continue, but it was in vain, and the long pent tears gushed out. This was why the voice so suddenly stopped. Mrs. Grenville went out for him, and gave him some bread and tea. The tea he refused, but the bread he seized with avidity, and stuffed into his pocket when she left. He then suddenly struck him, (for ingratitude is seldom found among Irishmen,) he said: "Will I sing for you, madam?" Receiving an answer in the affirmative, he commenced his Christmas carol, in a clear voice. When over the name of Mother occurred during the song, the tears would rush to his eyes, and his voice become quite husky; so much so that he was compelled to cough frequently, each time to hide his emotion, under pretence of clearing his throat. But Mrs. Grenville noticed it, though she said nothing. When he had finished, she asked him why he had cried so bitterly in the street. "My poor mother, ma'am," said he, "ate nothing since yesterday morning; she is too sick to go out; I have been rehearsing this song for the last week, and I was quite sure that I had lots of things to carry home to my mother; for at home, in our own old country, if any person were singing a Christmas morning, he'd be hardly able to carry home all that would be given to him. So I was thinking of all the fine things I would give to poor mother, and how glad she would be. But I have been singing in vain all the morning, and it is now after eleven o'clock. Though no one would mind me, I still kept singing on, but when I came to this house and found it was the last in the street, I tried not to cry, but I could not help it. I was so terribly disappointed. Oh my poor mother," and again the little fellow burst into tears, for he loved his mother well, and his heart was warm—what Irishman's is not?
"Why did you leave Ireland, and where is your father," asked Mrs. Grenville.

CHRISTMAS IN THE "OLD COUNTRY."

(Written for the Catholic Record.)

BY THE REV. AND M'DAWSON, L. L. D., & CO., OTTAWA.

Throughout the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Christmas is generally observed, as a religious Holiday, all denominations, especially Church of England people and the members of the Roman Catholic Church, regard the anniversary of our Saviour's birth. Only in the colder North does there prevail, to any extent, an opposite view. Presbyterianism has always held in abhorrence days that are sacred to Christian memories. It will have none but the Lord's day or Sabbath, and some fast days of its own making. The festival of Christmas, nevertheless, is pretty generally observed in Scotland, such are the numbers and influence of the Episcopal church there, as well as of the old Catholic communion. At times, even, Presbyterians have been awed into a keeping of the day. It is within our recollection that some seventy years ago, the rigidly orthodox Presbyterian people of a fishing village who paid no attention to Christmas, were almost all lost at sea, when pursuing their every day avocations on a sea-storm, for common-sense, and that part of the "old country" called Ireland, Christmas is hailed as a festive and joyous time. It is looked forward to with pleasurable anticipation from the time that "chill November's" sultry blasts make fields and forests bare; and when it comes, it is welcomed not only as a delightful break in the long, dull and dreary winter, but also as an occasion for recalling many cheering social as well as sacred memories, for restoring mind almost to settled melancholy by the world's onerous cares, for reviving friendships, long departed, which, but for the season of peace and joy, would have been for ever lost.

To children what a time is not Christmas! They are in ecstasies at its approach. It comes not alone; but with Santa Claus and his train of Stockings of all sorts and sizes are pressed into the service of the juveniles and distended to their utmost capacity, lest they should fail to receive any of the gifts which the liberal saint so profusely dispenses, as he descends by the chimney to the festive hearth. More advanced youth seeks other delights, more worthy, as it seems, of its growing reason. It must dive into the future.

"Growth to the wood the young men go
To hear the minstrel's sweet song."
To what mystic or superstitious uses the ancient Druids applied this evergreen which twined around the venerated oak, it need not now be inquired. It is pleasing to youth more as an emblem of hope, than as indicating by its modes of application the destinies of those whose dwelling it affords a lively and cheering decoration. What, we should not give here in Canada, to be able to cover our roofs and floors with the endless varieties of evergreens which adorn the woods and forests of "Merrie England," to behold our doors and windows festooned with the holly and the mistletoe. We might then, indeed, find an excuse for superstition, if it might be called, and rejoice that we possessed the presage of prosperity and happiness.

On Christmas eve the bells are rung;
And why, dear grandma, why so much ringing of bells at Christmas more than any other time? Why, my dear, just because it is Christmas. And why because it is Christmas? Do now tell us all about Christmas. And so, the aged dame, in reply, gives lessons in her own good homely way, which neither age nor excess of adverse or prosperous fortune, nor care, nor sorrow, nor sin, ever can mar efface. In the long Christmas evenings the granddame sings her favorite songs and recites the national ballads with all their curious histories. But shall we not learn history at school, say the youngsters. No doubt you will, my pets, and in due time and form, but these will be your first lessons, and they will never be forgotten. Schoolboys are fond of toils, so hard for them, who enjoy their many out-door sports, in being held and strength in the keen winter breeze whilst they learn in the family circle, in one week, more than in the course of a whole year they can acquire in their academic prisons, where their intellects as well as their bodily powers are too often cramped.
And not they, only, but also the youth of the land, disengaged by Christmas from work and business and worldly cares enjoy a variety of culturing and invigorating games. Social distinctions are laid aside on such occasions, and without injury to social order. The man of quality and the strong ploughboy, the peer and the peasant mingle together in the friendly play. Now to and fro is driven the foot-ball between two contending hosts. Now club ball claims favor in the hardy north whilst many rejoice in base-ball or the favorite English game of cricket. We are not aware that lacrosse, so much in vogue here in Canada, is known to the British Isles. But, to make amends, they can curl. Curling has long been a fashionable sport in the north. In our younger days we have known some gentlemen who became so passionately fond of it that, when there was not sufficient ice, they arranged the floors of their dining rooms as curling grounds and there enjoyed with their friends the pleasures of the roaring game in defiance of the open winter. This favorite Scottish recreation is beginning

to obtain in Canada. It is well known that our popular ex-Governor, Lord Dufferin, enjoyed many a bonspiel with his friends of the North Country. These enthusiastic curlers presented to his Excellency, on occasion of his departure, a splendid tea set, made of Canadian silver, in the form of a curling stone. It was an appropriate and acceptable gift, the noble recipient remarking playfully, as it was presented, that it would not only keep him, harmlessly of course, in hot water, but would long be a pleasing souvenir of the happy years he had spent in Canada; and that in after times, when he and Lady Dufferin would be sitting on their breakfast table, it would recall to his memory on bygone days, the recollection of the bonspiel he had played and the happy hours they both had spent in Canada.

"For sweetest o' them memories jave hit."
In families of good standing there is a succession of festivities from Christmas till twelfth day, or the Epiphany. The patriarchal grandfather, or great-grandfather, as in some times the case, claims the first honors and invites his family and friends to his hospitable board on Christmas day. Such of the descendants as are heads of houses enjoy the like privilege and extend their hospitalities on the succeeding days. As in old times, many still adhered to the unrefined calendar of old style, there was *old yule* (Christmas) and *new yule* and not a few, to make sure of being right, kept both, and thus had for two or three days of feasting instead of twelve. It was a jargon time. Song and tale went round. Toasts and speeches too, were in order, and even cards, but no gambling. The serious indulged in a hand of *umber* or *rabby* or *whist*, whilst the youth of the circle sought recreation more to their taste, and singled in the mazy dance or laughed over those numberless contrivances which everybody had recourse to, but in which nobody believed, but showed as in a mirror, the lot in life of each inquiring juvenile. These were more properly the pastimes of *Hallowe'en*. But the Christmas festivities could not be complete without them.

While the families on whom fortune smiled thus enjoyed the society of their friends together with the good things of this life, they were not unmindful of the poorer neighbors. And it was invariably resolved that these humbler members of the community, whose fare was of the plainest throughout the year, should dine as comfortably as their more wealthy fellow-countrymen, at the Christmas season. At this time, moreover, it was held to be impossible to refuse any application for relief. Such aims giving not unfrequently the occasion of making war on ignorance. It is related of an elderly lady in the old country, that one day as she was extending her benevolence to a very poor and aged woman, who asked her, as it was Christmas, to bestow liberally for her relief. And why on account of Christmas! Inquired the worthy dame; can you tell us what Christmas is? She was not very sure but believed it was the birth-day of some great man who had done good to the country. On this the excellent lady asked if she would be pleased to learn what Christmas really meant, and all in explaining to her the nature of the festival, described so feelingly all that the Blessed Saviour had suffered for the salvation of the world, that her hearer was moved to tears and inquired in a doubtful tone, if it were long since all that happened. Well, said the lady, it is now well on to two thousand years. "That's a long time, but must hope it's no true." We too would fain hope and believe that such instances are few and far between in our Christian land. But there is no denying the sad fact that we need not go so far away lands, in order to find, as the illustrious Dr. Chalmers would have expressed it, heathen to excavate. With all the imperfections to which we must plead guilty, we can, nevertheless, take to ourselves the comfort of saying that, in no land where Christmas is unknown, are the charities of life so dominant, or the social fabric, with its stern duties and charming amenities, so firmly maintained.

LEO XIII. AND THE JUBILEE.

The following extracts are taken from a Roman Journal and a letter about St. Peter's:
"The painting destined for the Holy Father, as a Jubilee offering of the Religious of the Sacred Heart, is 'Judith,' at the time she returns, in triumph, from the tent, and is met by the High Priest. She holds the head of the tyrant, Holofernes, and her maid stands by her; warriors come forth to meet her, the priest is in an attitude of prayer and thanksgiving. Ears and torches are lighted on the walls of the city, and great confusion reigns in the enemy's camp. The six and six metres high and seven metres long, and so far, is considered a masterpiece. All who have seen the picture are unanimous in its praise; it is at present in the palace (Vatican) awaiting its place in the Exhibition Hall."
The Holy Father has given the artist, M. Haldi, permission to put the painting in the best place, so that it may be seen to advantage; the other gifts given by the order are to surround the above. The children of Mary of Madrid, attached to the convent of the Sacred Heart, have presented a chalice ornamented by jewels, and is an exquisite piece of workmanship. On the pattern is the Agony in relief, on the base of the chalice East Indian carbuncles from the breast pin and earrings of the Duchess of Pastrana, a large one, almost the size of a pigeon's egg is in front, surrounded by a cross of diamonds, and at the foot a shell in gold, holding a large pearl, and rows of diamonds around it, also the coat of arms of the Pope, tiara, etc.

On the sides two smaller stones, also

diamonds; the Sacred Heart and the Holy Heart. On the back on blue enamel, the monograms M. A. in diamonds.
On the ball upon which the chalice rests are large stones of various kinds. Around the stem of the chalice are statues of the four evangelists, about one and a half inches high, covered by a canopy in gold, in grotto arches, full of small diamonds.
On the front, in relief, the figure of our Lord, His hand raised, as if instructing, so often seen in pictures of the Last Supper.
Around His sacred Head is a profusion of diamonds sheaves of wheat, full of the same gems, are on both sides of our Lord.
The value is estimated at \$16,000. What renders this gift most precious is that it is made entirely of gold bracelets, rings, gems, etc., given by the Children of Mary themselves.

LETTER FROM THE HOLY FATHER.

TO ALL THE FAITHFUL WHO MAY READ THESE PRESENTS, HEALTH AND APOSTOLIC BLESSING IN THE LORD.

On the first day of the coming year we will celebrate, with God's helpful grace, Our Sacrosanct Jubilee. All the nations of the earth and all classes of society, as having but one heart and one soul, are now rejoicing, and in the midst of these critical times wherein by the will of God we occupy the August See of Blessed Peter, they testify to us in a most admirable and solemn manner their faith, their love, their respect and their felicitations. These testimonies we accept with pleasure, referring all the glory to God, who comforts us in our tribulations, and to whom we address incessant supplications that He may bless all Christian peoples and accord them that peace and concord which they have so long desired.

Moved by these genuine manifestations, of solid piety and of attachment to our person, and in compliance with petitions addressed to us to the effect, that all our children may derive from this feast day of the Common Father some spiritual benefit conducive to their eternal happiness, we have resolved to unlock the treasures of the Church of which God has appointed us the dispenser.

Wherefore, relying on the mercy of the Omnipotent God and upon the authority of His Apostles Saints Peter and Paul, we, hereby, in the Lord, grant a plenary indulgence and remission of their sins to all and every one of the faithful of both sexes, who will come on a pilgrimage to Rome on the occasion of a golden jubilee—to give a public and manifest testimony of their attachment and piety in the name of their respective nationalities and to offer their homage and obedience to this supreme authority with which God has invested our person.

Likewise to all Christians of either sex, who accompany and follow in spirit and heart these pilgrimages to Rome, and to all those who in any manner whatsoever abstain and favor the success of those pious journeys—if, before the day of next Jubilee, that is, before the first of next January—they make a Novena, by reciting every day the beads, or one third of a Rosary, and if they perform this novena during the time appointed for our granting audience to the pious pilgrims, and being truly contrite, they confess their sins and receive Holy Communion, and visit their parish church or some other church or private oratory, and offer up pious prayers to God for peace among Christian princes, for the extirpation of heresy, the conversion of sinners and the exaltation of Holy Mother the Church. We grant in the Lord a plenary indulgence and remission of all sins on the day of our Golden Jubilee, as also on the feast day immediately following the second Novena, according to the choice of each one in the time appointed as above mentioned.

Moreover, to those also who, at least being contrite of heart, shall perform those Novenas, we grant in the usual form of the church, for each day of the Novena a remission of three hundred days of penalties which they might have incurred, and for which they may yet be indebted on account of sin.

We grant all and each of these indulgences, remission of sins and dispensation from canonical penalties in such a manner that they may be applied to the souls in purgatory; and our will is that such be granted for this year only.
In fine, we direct that, all things to the contrary notwithstanding, the extracts and copies even in print of these our present letters, signed by a notary public, and authorized by the seal and signature of any ecclesiastical dignitary, be received as if these very present letters were themselves produced and exhibited.

Given at Rome at the tomb of St. Peter, under the seal of the Fisherman the 1st October, 1887, in tenth year of our Pontificate.

S. M. CARD. LEBOCOWSKI.

Complimentary.

To the Editor of the Catholic Record.
REV. AND DEAR SIR:—Permit me to offer a few words in praise of your admirable paper, which, I may add, gives me and all those whose opinions I have heard expressed great pleasure and edification. Indeed it should find a place in every Catholic family, as its tendency is to elevate the hearts and instruct the minds of its readers. Catholic parents should see that their children enjoy its benefits, as it could not fail to aid them materially in furthering the spiritual welfare of those so dear to them.
Yours respectfully,
EMILY CHOWN.
21 Montcalm street, Montreal.

LATEST PHASES OF THE IRISH QUESTION.

Parliament will meet in London on February 7th. There is much activity among members in preparation for the lively debates which must ensue, especially in regard to the Irish question, frequent trips are being made by members of both parties into Ireland for the purpose of ascertaining the working of the Crimes' Act, so that the information thus obtained may be used in the debates.

Warrants are out for the arrest of T. Healy, John Dillon, and T. P. Gill, members of Parliament, and Michael Davitt, an Irish jailer. "However, there will be people enough outside to carry on the fight, even if the prisons are crowded."

Mr. Wm. O'Brien's term of imprisonment will expire on Christmas Eve. Mr. Gladstone, in a letter to a Liberal meeting at Dunoon, Scotland, says: "Shocking and painful discord is being created in the name of the Union, as at one time the worst crimes of the working of the Crimes' Act, so that the information thus obtained may be used in the debates."

The ladies of Belfast have instituted a League to rival the "Primrose League." It is called the "Daisy League." Its object is to promote the cause of Home Rule for Ireland, and its motto is "Faith, Hope and Charity."

The London News, commenting on Mr. Bright's abuse of Mr. O'Brien says: "Mr. Bright has never, unless of his own free will, seen the inside of a jail. If he had been an Irishman he would have been imprisoned forty years ago, and Tory landlords would have written of him exactly as he now writes about Mr. O'Brien."

The Times states that Dr. Hamilton Williams succeeds O'Donovan Rossa in the leadership of the extreme Nationalists in New York, and that he has £200,000 at his disposal to organize assassination and dynamite explosions. It states also that two hundred weight of dynamite is stored in London for the carrying out of these purposes, and warns the police that they should endeavor to discover the dynamiters. The statements are regarded as inventions, for the like of which the Times is notorious.

A mass meeting of the Dissenting Ministers of England, held at Manchester on the 15th inst., protested against the action of the British Government in relation to Ireland. This is another forecast of the certain doom which awaits the bunglers.
Senator McPherson of New Jersey, gave a dinner on 18th December, in honor of Sir Thomas Grattan Esmonde and Mr. Arthur O'Connor, the envoys of Ireland. Secretaries Lamar and Whitney, Col. Lismont, Senators Ingalls, Hawley, Beck, Vance and Kenna, Speech, Carlisle, and Representatives Randall, Breckenridge, Coussins, McAdoo and Springer were also guests.

J. J. Hooper, member of Parliament for Cork, has been sentenced to two months' imprisonment for publishing reports in the Cork Herald of meetings of suppressed branches of the National League.

MISSION AT GODERICH.

On Monday, December 12th, Right Rev. Mgr. Bruyere, V. G., proceeded to Goderich, where he was announced to hold a mission for the members of that excellent association, the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary at St. Peter's church, of which Rev. R. J. Waters is the esteemed pastor. On Tuesday and Wednesday the Right Rev. gentleman gave instructions at ten o'clock, a.m., and in the evening vesper were held, together with the recital of appropriate prayers. The retreat was concluded on Wednesday by the celebration of High mass by the venerated Vicar General.

On Wednesday evening, after Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament the members of the sodality, about fifty in number, went into the vestry, where Miss Florrie Doyle read the Sodality's address to Mgr. Bruyere, in which the young ladies thanked him in eulogistic terms for leaving the Palace at this season of the year to prepare them spiritually for the beginning of a new year in their lives. The right rev. gentleman returned them thanks for their seal in attending the retreat so faithfully and for the pretty gifts presented him by the Misses M. Ryan and Florrie Traunch.

Dedication of the New Catholic Church in Essex Centre.

The Church of the Holy Name of Jesus, just erected by the few resident Catholics of Essex Centre and vicinity, will be opened and blessed on New Year's day next. This church is completed and has a fine gilt cross on its steeple which attracts the attention of all beholders. At present we are informed that, unless some unforeseen circumstance arise to prevent their attendance, that the Rev. Dennis O'Connor, Superior of Assumption College, Sandwich, will perform the dedication services, the Rev. J. P. Molphy will celebrate the Mass, and the Rev. Father McBrady, also of Sandwich College, will deliver the sermon. The choir of Amherstburg and Maidstone churches, as well as a number of other well known singers, have been invited to form a choir for the occasion. In the evening vesper will be sung and a sermon preached by the Rev. J. P. Molphy. The building committee will take measures to get up a concert if possible on Monday evening in Peck's Hall; the proceeds to be devoted to the building fund, which is some three hundred dollars short as yet.