Christianus mihi nomen est, Catholicus vero Cognomen."-(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname.)-St. Pacian, 4th Century.

VOLUME XVII.

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NO. 894.

The Three Kings of Cologne. BY EUGENE FIELD.

From out Cologne there came three kings
To worship Jesus Christ, their King,
To Him they sought fine herbs they brought,
And many a beauteous golden thing;
They brought their gifts to Bethlehem town,
And in that manger set them down.

Then spake the first king, and he said:
"O Child, most heavenly, bright and fair!
I bring this crown to Bethlehem town
For thee, and only Thee, to wear;
So give a heavenly crown to me
When I shall come at last to Thee!"

The second, then, "I bring Thee here This royal robe, O Child!" he cried; "Of silk 'tis spun, and such an one There is not in the world beside; So in the day of doom requite Me with a heavenly robe of white."

The third king gave his gift and quoth:
"Spikenard and myrrh to Thee I bring,
And with these twain would I most fain
Anoint the body of my King:
So may their incense sometimes rise
To plead for me in yonder skies!"

Thus spake the three kings of Cologne,
That gave their gifts and went their way;
And now kneel I in prayer hard by
The cradle of the Child today;
Nor crown, nor robe, nor spice I bring
As offering unto Christ, my King.

Yet have I brought a gift the Child May not despise, however small; For here I lay my heart to day, And it is full of love to all. Take Thou the poor but loyal thing, My only tribute, Christ, my King!

REV. FATHER McISAAC'S GOLDEN JUBILEE.

High Mass Celebrated in St. Mary's Cathedral, Halifax — Grand Sermon by Father O'Bryan, S. J., on "fie Priesthood."

At 10 o'clock yesterday Father Mc-Isaac celebrated High Mass in St. Mary's cathedral. The Rev. Father Underwood, of Dartmouth, acted as deacon, and Dr. Foley, of St. Mary's, as sub-deacon of the Mass. His Grace the Archbishop occupied the Episcopal throne, having on his right Rev. Father Doherty, S. J., and the Rev. Dr. Murphy on his left. Rev. J. B. Moriarty was master of ceremonies.
Within the sanctuary were the Right
Rev. Dr. Rogers, Bishop of Chatham,
N. R. Boy, Estham, County, 19 N. B.; Rev. Fathers Campbell and Carrol, of St. Mary's; the Very Rev. Mons. Carmody, of St. Patrick's; Rev. Thomas L. Daly, of St. Joseph's; Rev. Fathers Grace, of Herring Cove; Holden, Kentville; Young, Enfield, Kennedy, Windsor, and Ray. Fathers W. McDonald, Rod, McDonald and Beaton, of the diocese of Antigonish. After the gospel had been sung the jubilee sermon was preached by Rev. J. Gregory O'Bryan, S. J., who is a native of Halifax. It was eloquent and most impressive. The following is a summary:
We are assembled to-day to do honor

two powers completed their priestly office and constituted them the perpetu ators of Christ's work. Their powers and their office they by ordination be-stowed upon their successors to the end of time. Christ's priesthood is the office He assumed for the redemption of mankind by the oblation of Himself, and so all priests under the New Law, having the same calling and laboring for its fulfilment, are made one with Him and share in His own priesthood. There is but one priest and one sacrifice. In Christ it is fulfilled and by the priesthood on earth united to Him and perpetuated. The priest's dignity, then, nes from the place he holds towards Christ, to whom he must be conformed, and from the appalling power of con-secration and absolution with which he is endowed. In virtue of the one he utters the awful words, "This is my Body," and brings upon the altar the sweet presence of the Incarnate Word In virtue of the other He brings anew into souls seared and stained by sin, the brightness of eternal life, the joy and gladness of God's grace. With such powers what must the priest be? Another Christ, with Christ's large charity and deep pity. He, like the Master, must ever go "about doing good." What glorious titles does not this relationship of the priest to Christ bestow upon him! Steward over Christ's household, to give to every man meat in due season; an ambassa dor with commission to treat and conclude in His name; a fellow-worker with God in the field of the world and in the vineyard of the Church,—a plougher, a sower, a reaper, a builder in rearing on high the temple of the Holy Ghost on the one only foundation which Christ the Mas-ter-builder has laid—a Father to all who are born again of water and the Holy Ghost; a judge and a physician too is the priest. "In these things" well may the apostle ask "who is sufficient?" All in all with Christ

Like St. Paul separated unto the gos-pel of God, "Without father, without seems to have been to hide from the mother and without geneology, having eyes of men the noblest deeds with neither the beginning of days nor end which his life is replete. Loyal to his of life, but like unto the Son of God, a Master, devoted to his work, for fifty priest forever." (Heb. vii. 3) In all years he has gone on bringing joy and things modelled upon the Master he peace and the kindly light of Christ's serves, the motive power of all he does presence to countless souls. For thirty must be a love of God and of the years and more he has been to me the

souls God loves. A consuming thirst for souls; a longing desire to bring all to the knowledge and practice of God's truth; a helpful, patient charity towards his frail fellow man; a repression of mere worldly ambition; a withdrawal from interests exclusively secular; a geninetests exclusively secular; a geninetest exclusively secular; a geninetest exclusively secular; a geninetest exclusively secular; by the surpressed his tolks no lurgent sould be set to be demanded. eral devotedness to the demands of his but has witnessed his toils, no burden but has witnessed his toils, no burden however heavy that he has not borne. With the sacred unction still fresh on his priestly hands he hesitated not at

of the Old Law, and as the priest-hood and sacrifice of the Old were but the shadow of the substantial priest-hood of the New Law, so much more holiness does the Christian priesthood demand of him God stamps with He demand of him God stamps with His sacred character. His work is vast and arduous, his responsibilities enormous, his burdens heavy. Ever face to face with what is noblest as well as what is basest in the life of man, his heart is often saddened by the knowledge that he was advancing the Master's kingdom, he labored on midst cold and heat, in poverty and forgetfulness of self, happy in the comfort and peace he could bring to others. During all this time the steady progress of religion in this discess has been a source of inverse. man, his heart is often saddened by the seeming preponderance of evil in the world Christ died to save. Discouragement and despair press upon him at times, and temptation to give up the struggle that seems so hopeless, against sin. Men prove false, those on whom he relied failed, friends and felnecessary, are enough to make the purest a man of sorrows as the Master himself was the "Man of Sorrows." Alone, as far as human aid goes, he has to face the corruption and waywardness of the fickle and the frail; alone as to human sympathy he has to bear the heats of the day. Alone he enters the homes of sin and shame, alone he returns to his solitary dwelling; in the world, but not of the world, friendless as men understand iriend-

friend of all. How beautiful is the fol-"There is in every parish a man who has no family but who belongs to each, a man who is called upon to act in the capacity of witness, counsel, or agent in all the most important acts of life, a man without whom none can takes the child from its mother's arms of the reception of the great Cardinal and leaves it only at the grave, who into the Catholic Church, fifty years blesses the crib, the bed of death, the ago. Here it is: - a man that little children love and fear and venerate, who, even un-known persons address as "Father," - at the feet of whom and in whose keeping all classes of people come to lay their most sacred thoughts, their most hidden sin, a man who is by profess ion the consoler and healer of all the ills of soul and body, through whom the rich and poor are united, at whose door they knock by turns, the one to deposit his secret alms, the other to receive it without being made to blush because of his need-a man who, being himself of no social rankbelongs to all indiscriminately, to the lower ranks of society by the unosten humble birth and parentage, to the upper class by education. Often by superior talents and by the sublime sentiments his religion inspires and commands—a man in fine who knows everything, who has a right to say everything, from whose hallowed lips to them, reiterating this view, and above the hub-bub could be heard, "Treason!" "Apostasy!" "Don't give up your principles!" "It is disgraceful!" "What would Luther days disgraceful!" "What would Luther thave thought of this?" "Has Prohave thought of this?" "Has Prohave thought of this?" "Will you testantism no meaning?" "Will you testantism no meaning?" "Will you testantism no meaning?" "Will you waring badges, bearing banners and to them, reiterating this view, and above the hub-bub could be heard, "Treason!" "Apostasy!" "Don't give up your principles!" "It is disgraceful!" "What would Luther have thought of this?" "Has Prohave thought of this?" "Will you testantism no meaning?" "Will you testantis everything, from whose hallowed lips words of divine wisdom are received by all with the authority of an oracle and

pond with such a dignity how perfect the priestly character. Difficult and must the priest's life be.—The outcome delicate, I say, because of his native of the re-incarnation of Christ Himself. modesty he has ever shrunk from of Protestant Tourists in Rome.

unthinking and perhaps unbelieving men are some of the attributes that must mark the man God has chosen for the high office of the Christian wars, on three different occasions, he testified to the poor Irish emigrants stricken with ship fever. In after years, on three different occasions, he testified the high early and brayed took his life in his hands and braved I say nothing of the exalted sanctity of life necessary for the conscientious and worthy discharge of his sacred duties. "Be ye holy as I am holy" was the command to those who drew near Him in the protections of death to continue his priority. who drew near Him in the priesthood bed of death to continue his priestly this diocese has been a source of joy. Under four Archbishops he has seen Catholicity grow-grow through the labors of devoted priests like himself. Under the guidance of enlightened and pious chiefs, quickened by the grace of God, the Church of Halifax is blessed with temples, institutions, dethe thought of his own unworthiness, be he what he may, the sins of those who in spite of the love of Jesus wound His heart, the lack of interest on the part of good men in the one thing necessary, are enough to make the voted priests and religious and all else among the most responsible of all that fall to the lot of priests, the formation and guidance of devoted souls who have consecrated their lives and the fruit thereof through the love

of God to the service of humanity. We gather therefore around the altar to day to thank God for the favors and blessings He has showered down upon His chosen one, and to thank the godly priest for his constant labor for the souls of all. His boast to day, if he cared to boast, might be that in the to one whom God has honored and to give thanks to the Most High for His amiable condescension in conferring on man the sublime dignity of the priesthood. From the priestly effice we learn the priest's greatness, for as no act can be more excellent than the consecration of the body of Christ, so no dignity can be conceived greater than that of the priesthood. Christ ordained His apostles priests by the words, "Do this in commemoration of me," and conferred on them the power of absolution. These two powers completed their priestly office and constituted them the power of all who in their day at the service of all who in their day at the service of all who in their day at the service of all who in their anguish cry to him for help. Sorrow. Sorrow anguish cry to him for help. Sorrow anguish cry to him for help. Sorrow. And here let us pause, standing and looking backward through the vista of fifty golden years ——years golden with the harvest of souls, golden with the harvest of souls, golden with labor and grace, we reach the day so long ago, when an humble Levite he hearkened to and answered the Master's call, Amice, as zende superius ("Friend, to them the power of absolution. These two powers completed their priestly offize and constituted them the priestly of the world besides. He is in touch, it is true, with his friendship of the world besides. He is in touch, it is true, with his so look, his brether in the priesthood. Christ who can give him more than all the vista of fitty golden with merit, solden the vista of fitty golden with merit, solden the vista of fitty golden with the vista of souls, golden with

assuage his sorrow, to sustain him in And as the golden years that are, weakness, to inspire him in doubt, to console him in disappointment, to re-ward him in labor. While so alone in are to be, he may, we pray, be lent us ward him in labor. While so alone in the world and friendless but for the friendship of Christ, he is himself the friendship o

friend of all. How beautiful is the following picture of the priest from the pen of a French writer:

Choir, Professor Compton presiding at the organ. At the conclusion of the Mass Lambillotte's beautiful "Te Deum" was rendered with grand effect.

Newman's Entry to the Church.

An undergraduate friend of the late man without whom none can Cardinal Newman writes in the New the world or go out of it, who Budget a most affecting little account

ago. Here it is:
"The 9th of October, 1845, was a day of pouring rain at Littlemore, the little village two or three miles from Oxford, whither Newman had gone to be quiet. It was not weather fit for a cat to be out in. But if any Little-morians were about they might have met a remarkable-looking man, evidently a foreigner, and shabbily dressed in black. This was Father Dominic, a Passionist priest, who had begun life as a shepherd boy on the Apennines, and who even then dreamed of a spiritual conquest of England. He entered the little parsonage house—as Newman called it at Littlemore, and the Vicar - for so Newman was still named, though he

We always consider life as a fairy tale, in which every good action must with an entire submission of faith and be rewarded by a visible wonder. We judgment-such a man is the priest." do not accept as payment a peaceful The most difficult and delicate part conscience or a good name among subject of the Roman Church; and the well may the apostle ask "who is sufficient?" All in all with Christ must the priest be, and every priestly beauty of the divine life must find its perfect reflection in his. To corres-

KNEELING TO THE POPE.

" How many want to go and see the

It was 5 o'clock of a warm Saturday afternoon in Rome, and our party of American tourists had just come in from one of their daily drives through the ruins of the Eternal City. I stood up on a sofa in the drawing room of the hotel to ask the question, and thumped violently on the floor, for our party was large and vivacious, and to get their undivided attention, even for a moment, was no easy matter. question was repeated twice before its purport was generally understood. Then there was a merry shout of ac ceptance and a demand to hear more. I told them that the Pope had invited

them to drop in and see him. I then rehearsed the episode of the afternoon which had given rise to the question. At 3 o'clock a message was sent to our hotel by the Papal secretary, that if somebody representing the American vacation excursion would come to his office an arrangement might be made by which its members could attend Mass at the Pope's private chapel next morning, on the occasion of the reception of the Catholic pilgrims from America. I immediately drove down to his office, and was received by a handsome gentleman, gracious in manner, who spoke English perfectly. He said he had received two or three applications by mail from members of our party, and thought there might be others who would wish to see the Holy Father. I said that probably all would like to see him, if it were possible, but that no general request had been made because it was felt that to attain access to his presence was extremely difficult, and for strangers almost impossible.

LEO NOT A HERMIT.

He answered with a smile that the Pope was by no means a hermit, and asked how many were in our party. I said one hundred and twenty-four that he had not room for half of them, and then asked, "How many are Cathtwo, and perhaps three. He laughed much more heartily at this, and said : Father?

I answered that they were not all Protestants; some were agnostics, who cared just as much and just as little for Supreme Pontiff would be pleased with cared just as much and just as little for one religion as another. But they were all moved, I continued, by respectful curiosity. They wanted to see a man whose talents had raised him to so great an eminence, and who wielded such a powerful influence in the world. He replied that the motive was creditable, and added, "The Pope has not the slightest objection to re-ceiving Protestants. He then suggested that I return to the hotel and find out how many wanted to attend the celebration of the Mass at the Pope's private chapel at 8 o'clock next

morning. This is the incident that preceded the asking of the question, "How many want to go and see the Pope?" The response made is obvious that such a desire was almost unanimous, and entire party at once signed nearly the a request to that effect.

This petition I carried to the Papal secretary, visiting him after dinner.
As he handed me a bundle of tickets of admission, it occurred to me to ask him what were the rules or conditions of attendance-a question that proved quite important.

He said that all gentlemen must dress in frock coats and white cravats, and all ladies must be customed in black, and wear, instead of bonnets, black veils upon their heads. There must be no fans or jewels. And all admitted to the presence would be expected to kiss the Pope's hand, to conform conventionally to the ceremonial.

When I returned to the hotel again the noisy buzz in the parlor was followed by a hush of expectancy, and the general question, "Did you really get any tickets?" An exhibition of the generous package increased the exand applications came in citement, from all sides.

Before distributing them, however, it was considered proper to state the conditions of attendance, and these immediately produced an uproar of re-monstrance. The six or eight Protestant clergymen who were present de clared that they would not go, and that no good Protestant could go, for to kiss the signet ring was to acknowledge allegiance to the Papacy, and to repudiate all Protestant principles. three of these gentlemen made excited speeches to such as would listen

secure? It was insisted that to kiss the signet ring on the Pope's hand was to acknowledge oneself a Catholic, and a

tyrdom in preference. think she was a fool," was the comment of one of the ticket holders. The contest waxed very earnest, and one tall and fervent clergyman, who was a good singer, went to the piano and filled the hotel with "My Country, 'tis of thee!" sung as a rousing solo.

SIXTY WILLING TO GO. Amid the turbulent roar of his singing and the hand-clapping that succeeded it, could be heard arguments as to the real significance of the cere-monies—those who took the tickets generally satisfying themselves with the declaration that to bow to Queen Victoria at a reception at Windsor Castle, and to kiss her hand, would not be acknowledging her as sovereign of the United States. Some gladly ac cepted tickets, and then sadly brought them back after listening to the remonstrances of their ministers; more than sixty were disposed of, nearly all that had been granted.

Then came the question of the costume required—the "official garbage," as a youthful joker insisted on designating it. The problem of veils seemed difficult to solve, because it was late on Saturday night, but a dealer in headgear speedily heard of the dilemma, and invaded the hotel with boxes of laces and black tulle. For an hour the ladies bought veils ranging in price from 50 cents to \$15.
The gentlemen of the party hustled to find frock coats and white ties. Some hired them from the waiters, from tailors, and one or two had the audacity to borrow the necessary toggery from disgusted clergymen who had conducted the patriotic exercises and sung themselves hoarse in opposition to the fearful signet ring. Some of these crusaders will probably preach next Sunday in coats that have done supplicant homage to the Pope of

Next morning there was hot haste. Dreams were cut short. Breakfast was at 7, and as each hypothetical penitent appeared in the breakfast room arrayed in mournful toggery borrowed for the occasion, there was a greeting of good natured laughter and that he had not room for half of them, and then asked, "How many are Catholies?" I said there were certainly two, and perhaps three. He laughed much more heartily at this, and said:
"What is the purpose of the Protestants in wishing to see the Holy Father?" greeting of good natured laughter and ironical applause. There were undoubtedly miserable sinners, but their most conspicuous sin seemed to be bad dressing. Everybody had on sometom the stants in wishing to see the Holy Father?" victims of the rules of the Vatican, the salutation of such a lot of misfits whose appearance would exclude them from any respectable society. It was a hot August morning, but some of the gentlemen were smothered in heavy overcoats, while the ladies were completely trans-formed. After a hasty breakfast we started forth in open carriages, as grotesque as Falstaff's followers.

We arrived in five minutes at the foot of the Royal Staircase which marks the boundary between the Kingdom of of Italy and the Papal Dominions. On the outside was ranged a file of King Humbert's soldiers, and on the inside a file of the Pepe's body guard. The latter, who were very much in evidence in all parts of the Vatican, evidence in all parts of the Vatican, were in a startling uniform of brilliant yellow and black—a military coat en livened with a dash of red, and the ring on his hand, and almost all his fulness of yellow knee breeches accen-tuated by broad stripes of black hang-ing loose from belt to knee. The coat sleeves and stockings were similarly striped with longitudinal stripes of black and yellow, giving them a very pictorial appearance indeed. Hanging obliquely across the painted war-rior was a baldric embossed with gold On the whole he was very pretty.

THE SCALA REGIA,

at the foot of which we stood, consists of seventy eight steps and leads only up to the first floor; but the architect has succeeded in giving it the appearance of tremendous length by resorting to an ingenious trick. This stair case is only half as wide at top as the bottom, and all the parts of it are diminished in the same proportion. The supporting columns at the bottom, for instance, are two feet in diameter while at the top they are only one foot. This device increases the apparent dis tance by false perspective, creating the same deceptive impression on the eye that is produced by a painted picture. To make the distances in the Vatican longer, however, seems an unnecessary attention, for it contains twenty open courts and parks and eleven thousand rooms; to inspect it thoroughly is as fatiguing as to walk

over a city.

Not far from the top of the Scala
Regia we came to the Pontifical Antechamber named on our tickets; and here at an open door an officer relieved

arms parcels of various articles for the Pope to bless. On each side of the altar they set their two large and handsome American flags—which measured at least four feet by six—and were given seats in front. We restrained an impulse to jump and give three cheers for the flags, and sat still. While waiting for the Pontiff to appear

we had time to observe the surround

We were in a hall perhaps a hundred feet long by fifty wide. It was hung with crimson brocade from ceiling to floor. On the sides, framed in this tapestry, were four large paint-ings of memorable events in the life of Christ, and the frieze was composed of frescoes of holy places - Jerusalem, Bethlehem, etc. In the lofty ceiling were deep set panels of gold. In front of us was the high altar, with handsome candelabra and six candles and various rich equipments; over it was a tall canopy of crimson silk. This was evidently to be a Low Mass, as there was no organ, and no arrangements for singing, but through one open window was faintly wafted to our ears the music of the High Mass being celebrated in St. Peter's.

Presently the heavy crimson curtains over the portal nearest the Pope's apartments were drawn aside, and two members of the Swiss Guards entered, bearing halberds or long axes, followed by four of King Humbert's soldiers. The latter were in handsome uniform, and wore plumed hel-mets, which they did not remove until the elevation of the Host. They ranged themselves about the altar. Ohers of the Papal body guard entered, and were immediately followed by feur Cardinals, and two chamber-lains supporting the Pope between

The appearance of the latter did not seem to justify the current report that he is still strong and vigorous.

he is still strong and vigorous. His eighty six years seemed a heavy bur-den to carry. He was much bent, con-siderably emaciated and evidently feeble; and the white cassock, white belt, white slippers and the little white zuchetto on his scalp emphasized his paleness and feebleness. He tottered to the front of the altar and began the long ceremonial of the Mass-standing all the while, though he had fasted

since the night before. It is not necessary to describe the details of this familiar eucharistic service. The voice of the Pope was thin and weak, and at times was scarcely heard at all; it was obvious that he was much fatigued. After he had finished the half hour Mass a chair was set for him, and he participated in

another long Mass by one of the Cardinals. At the close of the Mass the Pope's chair was placed on the platform fac-ing the audience. At his immediate left stood the tall, handsome tutor of the Prince Royal of Italy, in plain black, and around were assembled the Cardinals and chamberlains. One of

PRESENTED THE AMERICAN PILGRIMS as they approached, generally by name. Each one knelt, reverently hissed the Pope's hand, and then prostrated himself and kissed his foot, rising to receive his benediction. Several presented articles to be blessed by the Holy Father and most of them, if not all, left an offering in gold, of which one of the chamberlains took

charge. When the pilgrims had all rendered their homage and retired, some mem-bers of our party went forward and white satin slipper embroidered with a red cross. There being a moment's hiatus, a Cardinal stepped forward and said that the Pope was sorry that his extreme fatigue would prevent his receiving any more, but that he blessed them all from his heart, and assured them of his deep interest in America.

Meantime a palanquin or sedan-chair, covered with crimson silk, had been brought in and set on the floor. At the conclusion of the audience the Pope came down from the dais, slowly get into this, and seated himself. It got into this, and seated himself. It was a small box, constructed like a carriage body, with four horizontal handles to carry it by. Two strong men took hold of these and bore him away, the procession closing in behind. In spite of the Pontiff's extreme releases and fachlances it, was plain paleness and feebleness, it was plain to see that he had the intellectual face of a scholar, a bright and penetrating eye, and an expression habitually pleasant and benignant.

And when we got back to the hotel there was wailing and gnashing of teeth by those who did not go. The Puritans were disgusted. They had missed one of the sights of a lifetime They might have seen the ruler of the greatest empire of the world, without kissing his little satin slipper or his mystical signet ring, without performing any osculation or pledging any allegiance whatever; and they loudly declared that papistical trickery was unfathomable, and that Conscience, as a universal conductor and local guide, had gone back on them.

W. A. Croffut.

The Carmelite Review.

None of the magazines which come to our "Exchange" table is more welcome than the Carmelite Review, a monthly Cathelic magazine devoted to Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel, published at Niagara Falls by the Carmelite Fathers, with the approbation of Cardinal Gibbons, Mgr. Satolli, Archbishop Walsh, etc. With the December number this excellent magazine closes its third year, and during all that time it has grown steadily and surely in the favor of a discerning public. That the magazine may continue to prosper as it deserves is our sincere wish.

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