RLD.

Druggists Sell



"CHRISTIANUS MIHI NOMEN EST, CATHOLICUS VERO COGNOMEN."-"CHRISTIAN IS MY NAME, BUT CATHOLIC MY SURNAME."-St. Pacian, 4th Century. LONDON, ONT., FRIDAY, DEC. 22, 1882.

NICHOLAS WILSON & CO., FASHIONABLE TAILORS.

VOL. 5.

A nice assortment of Imported TWEEDS now in stock. ALSO-

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A Legend of Christmas Eve.

EDITH M. COOK IN CATHOLIC WORLD.

As a child the world's Redeemer Clasps his Mother's hand to-night, And his infant brow is shining With that radiance, softly and bright, Making once in Bethlehem's stable cold and darkness fire and light.

As a child among the children
Of his Father's house he stands
When the Christmas-trees are kindled
By the busy angels' hands:
Swiftly on glad mission speeding, to and
fro, the white-winged bands.

Echoeth through the courts of Heaven Sound of unchecked childish mirth, Keeping, with a soft-voiced clamor, Holy day of happy birth When a child, to win man's loving, cam the Lord of Heaven to earth.

Stands his tree among the others,
Tall and strong and very fair:
Sweetest scent of earthly forests
Filling all the heavenly air,
Lifting, as it were, in incense, grateful
earth's adoring prayer.

But scarce lighted are the tapers
On the Christ-child's cross-boughed tree,
And the angels, as they pass it,
Scarcely seem its want to see
Through the myriad lights that sparkle
like the sun upon the sea.

And the hosts of little children. And the hosts of attie children.

Happy-hearted, scarcely mark
In the light of Jesus' smiling
That his tree alone is dark;
That where lights should burn the brightest, shineth but the tiniest spark.

Lovingly at Mary's feet— Finding thought of earthly mother In her hand's caresses sweet— Questioning words of childish wonder doth with grieving heart repeat :

Why bath none our Lord's tree lighted ! Soft he speaketh, unafraid. Then unto him Mary answering: "Tender heart, be not dismayed, Though thy tree like star be gleaming, and my Son's seems dark with shade.

"All thy taper God's dear angels Set with heavenly love aglow,
But the flames my Son's to kindle
Must be born on earth below,
Must ascend from each soul's altar bought
with love so long ago.

"Every thought of him uprising From a loving human heart Swift shall make dark-seeming tape Into golden shining start; So he wills his earthly brothers in his Christmas shall have part.

Every kindly thought for others, Every loving action wrought,
Every sigh of soul's contrition,
Shall with kindling flame be fraught,
And the burning candles symbol earthly
love in deed and thought.

"Lonely were my Son in heaven, And his Heart unsatisfied, Did to-night amid earth's gladness Rise no thought of Him that died, no thought of her that worshipped Bethlehem's manger straw beside.

"Royal gifts to men he giveth, And his angels on them wait But the Lord of men and angels Chooseth ever humblest state, And in lowliest heart that loves him seek

So he chooseth that not angels Light to-night hisChristmas-tree Heavenly service for his brothers,
For himself earth's charity;
And the brightness of his Christmas mea sure of earth's love shall be

On the Christ-child's tree the tapers With a glow, e'er deep'ning, shine Prayers of grateful heart ascending, Sin o'erthrown in some soul's shrine,
Loving thought in noble action grown mo
like to love divine.

Then the Christ-child, smiling softly,
Gazeth in his Mother's eyes,
Listening to the angels' singing
Sounding through the starlit skies.
Gloria in excelsis Deo"—as of old the

With the song of angels mingling Earth's glad Christmas harmon And the Peace of God descending In hearts warm with charity, While far down the streets of jasper shin the Christ-child's Christmas-tree.

BOOK NOTICE.

Maxims of St. Francis de Sales.

We have received that excellent and most readable as well as instructive of manuals-"Maxims and Counsels of St. Francis de Sales for every day of the year," translated from the French by Miss Ella McMahon and published by Benziger Brothers. It is a little book that cannot, if it is as widely circulated as it ought, fail) to do a great deal of good.

ONE CHRISTMAS IN ALICE LUT-TRELL'S LIFE.

Sarah T. Smith in Catholic World.

Sarah T. Smith in Catholic World.

Every one knows the "governess line" of story-telling. There is, first, the death of the heroine's father (usually sudden, sometimes tragical); secondly, the discovery that not only has he taken nothing with him, but that he has left nothing behind him; thirdly, the immediate disappearance from the scene of every decent Christian except one (generally the family physician); fourthly, the installation of the heroine, through his influence, as governess in some distant and hitherto unheard-of family; fifthly and lastly, the slow or swift but sure subjugation to her charms of the Great Mogul of the story, and the orthodox conclusion—a happy and prosperous marriage. Such is the outline, varied occasionally in minor points, and filled in the story and in the distance of the distance of the outline, varied occasionally in minor points. her charms of the Great Mogul of the story, and the orthodox conclusion—a happy and prosperous marriage. Such is the outline, varied occasionally in minor points, and filled in, according to the color of the heroine's hair and the number of her inehes in the stately, kittenish, pathetic, severely simple, or passionate and overwhelming style. We who read novels—and I fear our name is legion—are too familiar with each and all of them. Charlotte Bronte might possibly have lacked the courage to finish her portraits had she foreseen the caricatures, silhouettes, chromos, and "cheap and masty" wood-cuts to which they led. The idea was original, and at the same time easy to grasp—to the sorrow of the reading public.

Nevertheless, there are governesses and governesses.

Alice Luttrell was one of another sort than the stereotyped. She was young and pretty and light-hearted. She had a father, and a mother, and a home, brothers and sisters, hosts of relatives, and, fortunately, but one of them ever yearded a physician. She had not how and, fortunately, but one of them ever needed a physician. She had not, however, in these hard times, quite as much money as would have made her perfectly comfortable, mentally as well as physically. She had not enough to do at home to keep her out of misching and lacked the means her out of mischief, and lacked the means to pay for lessons, or purchase wools to bestow in charity. There were children younger than herself, and an invalid brother many years older. The idea came to her one day that it might be as well for her to work in the heyday of life as to play; and quite charmed with the thought, she held it up before her parents and her little world in her own bright, winsome, persuasive manner, until every one egreed with her and every one helped it on-notably the Lawrence-Lees, whose eldest daughter had been her "intimate" at school. They wrote eloquent letters to the county full of Lees, Lawrences, Lawrence-Lees, and Lee-Lawrences whom Lawrence-Lees, and Lee-Lawrences whom they had left, with regret, to plunge into the busier and more moneyed life of a great city, and these letters led up to the result upon which Alice had set her heart—namely, a situation. In the pleasant warmth and brightness of an October day she bravely set forth upon her search for fortune, a little tearful, a very little fearful, resolute, and, for a girl of twenty, philosophical. If things were pleasant she would be glad; if they were unpleasant she would bear it as long as she could and then—there was home and nothing

she would bear it as long as she could and then—there was home and nothing worse than she had known, at least.

But "things" were pleasant, very pleasant indeed. Mr. and Mrs. Courtney, of The Woods, were kindly, pleasant, gentle people, who had lost the daughter upon whom the hopes of their old age were set, and between whom and the two younger children there seemed, without the state of the and between whom and the two younger children there seemed, without her, a wide stretch of bare, dull life they shrank from travelling again. Miss Luttrell filled the gap and made a sunny ray of light, through whose medium they viewed the motes and fluttering, treasured worthlessness of the little lives so far behind them. She taught and worked, and rode and drove, was petted and scolded mildly, treated with deference and real kindness, and proved herself worth more than she had really hoped. It was a never-ending lesson, if an unconscious one. There were many young people in the neighborhood, with whom she mingled on the best of terms, and whom she studied more carefully and understood the better from the very fact of their newness and local peculiarities. The being thrown on her own resources, too,was good for her,and in all respects she had known her own needs best and gained

from following her own inspirations.

There was In all respects save one. There was no Catholic church within ten miles of The Woods, and the whole country-side were Protestants. How did it happen that a Catholic girl, of Catholic family, had placed herself in such a position? Truth to tell, they had given the matter but little thought. Accustomed all their lives to the convenience of a city home, living that strangely familiar yet wonderfully-removed life fully-removed life of so many upper-class Catholics with their Protestant friends and relatives, it had seemed quite in the order of things that she should take just the situation which offered, without a question as to relative faiths. They had, indeed, asked if there was a church and a priest, and been answered: "Oh! yes, not far off"—ten miles counting as nere nothing to the ready horsemen of that section. But ten miles, practically, to a strange young girl in a strange household proved equivalent to ten times ten in the egular discharge of her duty. Six weeks had slipped rapidly away, Christmas was near at hand, and the time had never come when it suited for Miss Luttrell to go over to St. Michael's. The habit of talking it, of planning it, had been formed at once, but—Alice was certainly a careless little thing, and laid a wonderful mosaic

a suddenly strengthened determination.

"O Mr. Courtney!" she exclaimed, meeting him in the hall and speaking with the true Virginian inflection she had caught, "do you know, I have been an awfully wicked girl. I really must go over to church. When will it suit, please?"

The old gentleman looked down at her with a quizzical smile beneath which she blushed. Some instinct told her a truth beyond dispute. Protestants can underblushed. Some instinct told her a truth beyond dispute. Protestants can under-stand but one thing less than the fact that a reasonable being is a Catholic at all, and that is the fact that he or she is a bad Catholic.

that is the fact that he or she is a bad Catholic.

"Well-oh! I don't know when they have the church open. Mrs. Courtney says she thinks it is not every day, nor even every Sunday. And it is too far to ride on a chance before breakfast."

"Before breakfast!" exclaimed Mrs. Courtney, who had joined them. Then Alice had to explain and lay bare certain sholy things to eyes which mocked politely. She grew hot and uncomfortable.

"I tell you what!" exclaimed the old gentleman suddenly, "you had better write a note to Dr. Lingard. He lives on the Mount, and knows all about it. He and his family are the best part of the church, in fact—a splendid man, too, and a loyely family. You know best what you wish to learn, my dear Miss Alice; so just write it, and I will send it over."

And out of the few lines Alice wrote in her pretiest style growt his best part of the court of the few lines Alice wrote in her pretiest.

And out of the few lines Alice wrote in her prettiest style grew the best reading Time gave of her life.

There came, in a day or two, a note from Mrs. Lingard—a Virginia note of cordial and yet stately hospitality. Christmas was near at hand, with its attendant box festivities. Du Linear dant holy festivities. Dr. Lingard begged that Miss Luttrell would make her home with them for a few days at least, when they would be most happy to explain to her the simple workings of a country-church life—not, alas! blessed with the advantages of that to which she was accustomed. The Courtneys, who seemed quite relieved at the prospect of getting through the investerious rites so easily, were equally accustomed to the free-handed invitation. So Alice accepted it with thanks for Christmas Eve, the following Saturday.

It proved to be a soft, gray day, snow lying everywhere in wet and heavy masses, the larged black rocks bearing up free, the larged black rocks bearing up free.

lying everywhere in wet and heavy masses, the jagged, black rocks breaking up from it on the steep mountain-sides of the narrow valley, and the swift, black river rushing over its shallow slopes far below the train on which she was speeding towards the little town of Sharon Junction. Mr. Courtney had placed her in old Golonel Brittan's charge for the short ride, and she enjoyed it intensely. The colonel was full of old time compliments and quaint courtesies that in him had a and quaint courtesies that in him had a grace and beauty of their own, spite of his well-worn coat and world-worn old face. When they reached the Junction Alice looked along the bare, rough platform with some slight tremor at the thought of her utter strangeness, but there was no one there to meet her. The colonel instantly surmised the cause—Dr. Lin-gard's detention at the bedside of a patient—and offered her his arm to con-

and trembling, so slimy, pasty, and treacherous was the snow upon them, but they led her safely to the second terrace.

The whole town seemed to cling to the face of the mountain in some mysterious manner. Houses six and seven stories high on one street faced the next above it with a three-story front of much superior aspect; and to call on the people who lived just under one's daily tread a walk of some half a mile in two or three direc tions would be necessary. The street they had come out upon led between a high, smooth, rocky precipice, on which stood the church, and a row of plain but neat and substantial old stone houses.

"This is Dr. Lingard's house," said the colonel, turning in at an open door on a level with the street, and treading the polished oak floor with such a ringing step that Alice paused embarrassed, "Come in, come in, Miss Luttrell. Have you not had time to learn our fashion of everopen doors and free entrance for our friends? Ah! madam, your most obedient. Allow me to present myself in the capacity of guide to Hebe in the person of Miss Luttrell. Miss Merrihew, Mrs. Lin-

The lady he addressed and introduced

came out of a distant door and hurried to them, with an outstretched hand and a wellcoming smile that was like a benediction. Alice thought her, on the spot, the most angelic looking creature she had ever seen, and few people realized that Elizabeth Merrihew was not beautifu. The expression of her lovely because so loving eyes, the purity of her sweet, sad mouth, the soft shadow of her plainly knotted auburn hair belonged more to picture or a poem than to a middle aged, unmarried woman in a mountain town of bustling America in the nineteenth cen-tury. Her very dress, beautiful in its adaption to herself, was of another age and place. It was of a rich, deep purple in color, soft and heavy in material, per-fectly plain and simple in make, a rolling collar and cuffs of black velvet alone ornamenting it. There was not even the little thing, and laid a wonderful mosaic floor of good intentions, which had a downward slope, at least. It was only careless-vers born of routh and in was hot even the was not even the was no ness born of youth and in experience, however, not deliberate and hardened. One morning she rose from her prayers with

heaven-due thought to herself.

"Miss Luttrell, I am truly glad to see you. My brother charged me to excuse him to you with my first breath, for he deeply regretted the necessity which called him away this afternoon. I must add his thanks to Colonel Brittan for taking his place, also." She turned as she spoke, still holding the girl's small hand, towards the colonel, who stood before her, hat in hand and reverence in his attitude. Alice saw and felt that his manner was different saw and felt that his manner was different and more real than she had ever seen it; saw and felt, with a young girl's impressible fancy, that this woman was not quite as other women in the eyes of those who knew her. She watched her closely and with growing interest while he "made his compliments," as the old servants expressed it, and took his leave. She was glad to follow her quietly to the upper drawing-room, and have her all to herself for a few minutes. What was there in her that so charmed? Who was she? What had she done or suffered? There was a mark upon her every one must see, but who could

her every one must see, but who could read?

"My sister is in her room to-day with an attack of headache; not very serious, but we begged her to keep quiet in anticipation of to-morrow. The girls are at the church finishing the few attempts at Christmas adon ings we have in our power. I waited, thinking you might wish to go over at once. You have been away from church so long, poor child!"

There was not a shadow of reproach in her tone, but a world of tender sympathy.

There was not a shadow of reproach in her tone, but a world of tender sympathy. One might speak to a child long parted from its mother, or a bride separated from her bridegroom, in just such sweet, mournful notes—if any voice but hers could compass them. Alice felt her face blush and her heart shrink with a sudden shame at her own was to of the sweet. shame at her own want of the sense of longing for the beloved Presence they expressed. Saints had known it; but expressed. Saints had known it; but surely if this sweet, every-day woman had it too, she was very wicked to be without it. She rose without a word, and went out at the side of her new conscience. Elizabeth was silent, too, but it was a happy quietness that had as many voices as speech. They climbed another set of steen stone steeps and went in through as speech. They climbed another set of steep stone steps, and went in, through a tiny arched porch, to the small white, intensely quiet church. There were unfinished wreaths about the windows and pillars, laurel crosses over the Stations on the walls, and some light, graceful bunches in various turns of the gallery. A few young people were swiftly and silently busy here and there about the altars, and an occasional seft sound of voices came through the open door of the sacristy. The star-like gleam of the altar-lamp seemed to leap higher as Alice glanced towards it, and the whole Catholic instinct of her nature (thank God, no nature lacks endowed her with that bright straightforward nature which only needed to see in

order to do. She spent a long, blessed time there.
was so good to be "at home" once more,
to see the altar and the simple, pure look-She spent a long, blessed time there. It ing ornaments and types on all sides of her. Everything seemed so holy and the girls were so reverent. Miss Merrihew came at last to dress the altar herself, moving to and fro about it with a step and manner hushed and timid with awe, yet oving and eager. The others had finished, and were kneeling near the confessional.

Alice went slowly out to join them, and a fair-haired girl drew her gently into the place beside her. Then all was still, and the shadows deepened and deepened around them for a long hour.

It was Belle Lingard who had welcomed Alice to the sacraments. When they went out into the star-lit night she introduced herself with a gentle cordiality which at once removed all restraint. Another little creature joined them in the darkness, her sister Bess, and they stood aside while the others went away with softly-spoken good-

nights.
"We are waiting for Aunt Elizabeth," we are watting for Attit Edizabeth, she said in explanation. "We must go home by the hill path. The steps are too slippery on such a night." And when Miss Merrihew came they all

And when Miss Merrihew came they an went silently down the winding path, which seemed very long to Alice, and quietly opened the hall-door as though the hushed reverence of the church folton the hushed reverence of the church folton the hushed reverence of the church folton will be reverence of the church folton will be reverence be a discovered by the same of the series of the same of t welcome their guest, but they, too, were like those who wa't some solemnly happy hour. Alice had never known anythin like it. The true Christmas spirit seemed to enfold the house with a tranquil bless-

ing that was peace indeed.

And so it was throughout the night and day so inexpressibly dear to so many Elizabeth's gentle greeting woke Alice in the early, early morning to join them at the first Mass, and the little church was filled, although many of the worshippers had crossed the mountains and forded the rivers. It was wonderfully beautiful and solemn before the altar-the more that Alice never lost the sense of the wide, dark, starred night without above the When they came out the sun was just rising far up the eastern valley, a rosy, adinting channel towards it,

yet one felt instinctively she dressed as it happened, and gave no precious time or heaven-due thought to herself.

"Miss Luttrell, I am truly glad to see"

"Miss Luttrell, I am truly glad to see" arm without a word, and Elizabeth, under-

arm without a word, and Elizabeth, under-standing, folded it in hers. "It never seemed so lovely to me before," said the young girl presently. "The world He loved! It looks like it, doesn't it? Oh! every Christmas is a happy day, but this is such a real Christmas every-where."

where."

"Even the pines and the laurel grow visibly to adorn," said Elizabeth. "Yes, every Christmas is a happy day indeed."

"Yet I have heard quite good people speak of it with sadness, and say everything was so changed to them through sorrow and care they dreaded its coming. I cannot understand that. I think Christmas will always be the same to memas will always be the same to me— always! Unless I grow very wicked, that is; and I do hope I will not!"

She said the last sentence so earnestly, yet so timidly, that Elizabeth looked at her with a tenderness born of understand-

her with a tenderness born of understanding.

"Dear child, I hope not!" she said fervently. "And yet we must never forget how easily some do fall away. It needs the life of the sanctuary for most of us—a home at the very altar-steps."

"Like yours," said Alice.

"Yes, like mine. I have been assigned to the happiest lot I ever imagined. Duty and necessity both agree with my desires. My health and my purse both forbid another home than this beneath the eyes of the church." of the church."

It was almost literally so. For only the

It was almost literally so. For only the narrow street lay between the windows of her "upper chamber" and the gable wall on the brow of the rock. Late that night, after a busy, quiet, happy day, Alice sat with her over her fire, pouring out her full young heart into the mild, searching light of those pure eyes. The fire burned low, and across the way, through parted curtain and Gothic arch, the lamp before the Blessed Sacrament glowed like a jewel from those mystical foundations or those matchless portals of the Heavenly City. Elizabeth's heart was kindled with the deathless flame it typified. She lived for the glory of God. She had given herself to him utterly, and had won the blessing self to him utterly, and had won the ble self to him utterly, and had won the blessing of perfect peace. Upon every life that touched hers she left the impress of her intense devotion, her single-minded, Christ-centered intention. The household yielded and went with her unconsciously; those who scoffed at religion believed in hers; those who neglected it felt for themselit instead of us-but of a real, living, every-day union and consecration, of a "fellowship with Christ" in a sense Alice "fellowship with Christ" in a sense Alice longed to know. Blessed Elizabeth Merrihew! How many, many times she woke that tender thrill in others which is a divine envy! How wonderful the un-written record, upon the yielding hearts she won, of her reality!

Alice went to sleep in her little "stranger's room" with a glow and warmth of feeling all about her that made her faith a new thing. She woke with the sense of "something good" to come, and a strong determination to hold to her new lesson. She went home to find to her new lesson. She went home to The Woods that morning, and took up her duties with an elevated standard by which to judge of their fulfilment. She must be real and true, she told herself. No more little shams of hard work to earn a lazy hour of self-indulgence. No more half-done tasks, with a comfortable consciousness that "nowadays" people did not expect as much of one as they used in the time of the saints. The time of the saints! How far off it used to seem! An indefinite "dark age," very uncomfortable and impossible for her! Ah! no. It was not removed from her by one day; it was beating out the moments with the puls ing of a heart she had felt against the careless expression of herself she had as yet known for her best, and Alice Luttrell grew rapidly toward the light.

She went once and again to St. Michael's on The Mount, and then she was called home to her mother's death-bed. After-wards she felt her place was at home. The wants she had labored to supply were dead within her, and from their graves a blessed troop of spirits rose, bearing her with them. The Courtneys missed her with them. The Courtneys missed her greatly and kept up a loving intercourse with her that proved her worth. Two years later she went down to them on a visit, and as she mounted the stone steps of St. Michael's with eager pleasure on her first Sunday the bell struck the first deep knell of a departed soul. The cursparkling, glinting channel towards it, upon whose level floor the river made a shining path. Westward the mountains stretched into the blue, clear shadows of spot where it was first revealed to her in price, are not surpassed in the Dominien.

all its wondrous power and sweetness, so far as human being may grasp it. When it was over she learned her loss. Elizabeth Merrihew had died the death, of His

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Merrihew had died the death of His beloved.

"But for that blessed Christmas visit I would have missed her out of my life," thought Alice, kneeling by her silent, beautiful form. "But I could not! God meant it always that we should meet, and she should teach me such wonderful things. Oh! what a thought. If only in the future some one is coming towards me I am to mean as much for as she did for me! To glorify God every day and all day, to show it in one's face, to tell it in one's tomes!—she did this. One could never think of such a life as anything but beautiful, and wonderful, and grand. Dear Elizabeth! the saints welcome you." Yes, she was right! To live such a life, to be a living flame amid the dust and ashes of to-day; how beautiful, how wonderful, how grand indeed! Thanks be to God! there are others than Elizabeth Merrihew upon the circling hills, in the busy valleys, beside the rushing streams, and even in our bustling marts, for whom Christ is a living presence, and Christmas an evernew festival of the birth of deathless love.

Interesting Ceremonies at Mount Hope.

On Friday last the solemn services connected with the Forty Hours Devotion was brought to a close in the chapel of the Mount Hope orphan asylum, by solemn High Mass, at which the Rev. Father Walsh was celebrant, Father Coffey deacon, and Rev. Mr. McRae, sub-deacon. When the High Mass of the deposition was concluded at 8:30, another interesting ceremony began, that of the profession of five religious. Mass for the occasion was celebrated by Mgr. Bruyere, and there were present, besides His Lordship the Bishop of London, and the celebrant, Very Rev. Dean Wagner, Rev. Father Tiernan and Rev. Father Walsh. After Mass the following ladies made their profession:

Miss Spring, in religion Sister M. Benedicta; Miss Higgins, in religion Sister M. Elizabeth; Miss Farmer, in religion Sister M. Elizabeth; Miss Farmer, in religion Sister M. Scholastica; Miss Williams, in religion Sister M. Scholastica; Miss Williams, in religion Sister M. Ocholastica; Miss Williams, in religion Sister M. of the Rosany.

Sister M. Scholastica; Miss Williams, in religion Sister M. of the Rosany.

His Lordship, before the close of the ceremony, addressed those present on the subject of religious vocation. He began by referring to the gospel narrative of the man who asked our Blessed Lord what he should do to procure everlasting life. To this man our Lord made answer; "If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments." Upon his having answered that ever since he had come to the use of reason he had observed the commandments. Our Lord declared to him that if he wished to be perfect he should sell all he had, who scoffed at religion believed in hers; bunches in various turns of the galery. A few young people were swiftly and silently busy here and there about the altars, and an occasional seft sound of voices came through the open door of the sacristy. The star-like gleam of the altar-lamp seemed to leap higher as Alice glanced towards it, and the whole Catholic instinct of her nature (thank God, no nature lacks it utterly!) rose at its bidding. She followed Elizabeth to the railing under it, and knelt down with a fuller heart than is half-hour she wondered how she could have parted with them so easily. Presently she slipped away into a quiet corner, and sat down with her rosary and her prayer-book, penitent but hopeful, and resolute of anendment. God had been very good to Alice Luttrell when he endowed her with that bright straightforward not are desired for the same yearn in her presence, the same yearn in her presence the same y defined the essential quanties of the religious vocation and life. His Lordship after a lucid explanation of the exalted character of the religious vocation pointed out how the professed were to correspond with its black. out how the professed were to correspond with its obligations. He showed that it was by a faithful observance of their vows of chastity, poverty and obedience. By a strict accordance with the obligations they had by their vows freely imposed on themselves, they would attain that perfection defined by Christ Himself, and by its means be forever happy in the bliss of Heaven.

Entertainment at the Sacred Heart.

On Wednesday, the 13th inst., the young lady pupils of the Sacred Heart Academy, in this city, entertained their friends of the Children of Mary to a most interesting and exceedingly well sustained dramatic entertainment. The drama presented was eittled St. Aloysius Gonzaga. The ROLES were borne by the fellowing ladies.

St. Aloysius. ... Miss Alice O'Brien Don Ferdinand, his father. Miss L. Nangle Dona Marta, his mother, Miss Heler Keegan Rodolph, his brother, ... Miss Ellie Murray Francis, his little brother, Miss Ellie Murray Francis, his little brother, aliss Annie Kearns Yolande, niece of Dona Marta, ... Wilkinson Dona Leonora, governess of Yolande, ... Miss Josephine Kearns Luan del Picator, Miss Josephine Kearns Chamberlain, Miss Josephine Kearns Chamberlain, Miss Josephine Kearns Chamberlain, Miss Josephine Kearns Chamberlain, Miss Loura Macadams Chamberlain, Miss Loura Macadams Chamberlain, Miss Leclin Du Hamel On Wednesday, the 13th inst , the young

Forty Hours in the Cathedral.

The Forty Hours Devotion began in St. Peter's Cathedral on Tuesday morn-ing, 19th instant, and concluded with High Mass this morning. sionals were crowded every afternoon and evening, and the number of communicants consequently very large.

PEMBROKE.

The young ladies' retreat was conducted The young ladies' retreat was conducted last week at the Convent of Mary Immaculate by His Lordship Bishop Lorrain. At the close of the spiritual exercises on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, His Lordship gave Communion to upwards of seventy-five young ladies.

Buy your Christmas presents at the CATHOLIC RECORD Bookstore. A beautiful stock to select from.

F. T. Trebilcock, Dundas street, offers articles in the jewelry line, suitable for Caristmas Presents, which for quality and