

Feast of the Presentation of Mary in the Temple.

BY FATHER RYAN.

The Priests stood waiting in the Holy place
Impatient of delay.
When suddenly the aisle there came a Face
Like a lost sun's ray.
And the child was led
By Joachim and Anna
Shone all about the child.
Simone looked on—and bowed his aged head,
Looked on the child—and smiled.

Low were the words of Joachim. He spoke
In a tremulous way—
As if he were afraid.
Or as if his heart were just about to break
And knew not what to say.
And low he bowed his head—
While Anna wept the while—he, sobbing
said:
“Priests of the Holy Temple, will you take
Into your care our child?”
And Simone, listening prayed, and strangely
smiled.

A silence, for a moment, fell on all:
They gazed in mute surprise.
Not knowing what to say:
Till Simone spoke: “Child! hast thou
Heaven's gift?”
And the child's wondrous eyes,
(Each look a lost sun's ray)
Turned toward the priest in earnest wait
(Did the veil of the Temple sway?)
They looked from the curtain to the little
child—
Simone seemed to pray—and strangely
smiled.

“Yes! heaven sent me here. Priests! let me
in!
(And the voice was sweet and low)
“Was it a dream by night?”
A voice did call me from this world of sin—
A spirit-voice I know—
Heaven's gift and love.
“Leave, Father, Mother—said the Voice—
(I see my angel now)
“The crown of a Virgin's vow:
I am three summers old—a little child—
And Simone seemed to pray the while he
smiled.

“Yes! Holy Priests! our Father's God is
great.
And all His mercies sweet:
His angel bade me come—
Come thro' the Temple's Beautiful Gate.
He led my hand and foot.
To this my Holy Home.
He said to me: “Three years your God will
wait.
Your heart to greet and meet—
I am three summers old—
(I see my angel now)
Brighter his wings than gold—
He knows of my vow.
The Priests, in awe, came closer to the child.
Simone an angel's look and Simone
smiled.

As if she were the very Holy Ark,
Simone placed his hand
On the fair, pure head.
The sun had set—and it was growing dark:
The robel Priests did stand
Around the child.
“Unto me, Priests, and all ye Levites I hark!
This child is God's own Gift.
Let us our voices raise.
In holy praise.” They gazed upon the child
In wonderment, and Simone prayed and
smiled.

And Joachim and Anna went their way:
The little child—she shed
The tenderest human tears.
The Priests and Levites lingered still to pray;
And Simone said:
“We teach the latter years
Of Solomon's wisdom—
Our Redeemer's love—
And some way the child
Won all their hearts. Simone prayed and
smiled.

That night the Temple's child knelt down to
pray
In the shadows of the aisle:
She prayed for you and me.
Why did the Temple's child kneel down to pray?
Why did the shadows smile?
The child of Love's decree
Had come at last—
The night-stars' gleam
And Simone did see in Dream
The mystery of love.
And in his sleep he murmured prayer—and
smiled.

And twelve years after up the very aisle
Where Simone had smiled
Upon her fair, pure face
Sho came again with a Mother's smile,
And in her arms a child.
The very God of grace.
And Simone looked on from her breast.
In glad tones and strong
He sang his glorious song
Of Faith and Love's everlasting Rest.
EKA REER, BLOOM, MISS, NOV. 21, 1881.
—Mobile Register.

PRESENTATION.

From the Annapolis Chronicle we learn
that the good people of Annapolis have
been of late presenting their devoted pas-
tor with a substantial mark of regard.
Father Chaine has spent himself in ser-
vice in the Ottawa Valley. During the
twenty years he has there passed every
one knows the sacrifices he has made, the
pains he has suffered. We have therefore
out of respect for this veteran priest much
pleasure in giving our readers the follow-
ing report:

A very pleasant surprise was arranged
for Rev. A. Chaine, parish priest of Annapolis,
by the members of his congregation on
Friday evening last, on which occasion
a committee consisting of Messrs. John
Tierney, James White, James Donnelly,
Peter McGonigal and Denis McNamara,
accompanied by several other gentlemen,
went to the residence of the pastor, and
tendered the reverend gentleman a pledge
of their affection and esteem in the shape of
a number of useful and substantial
articles. Mr. John Tierney was appointed
chairman of the deputation, who, in mak-
ing the presentation, read the following
ADDRESS.

To the Rev. A. Chaine, Parish Priest,
Annapolis.
REV. AND DEAR SIR—In behalf of the
members of your congregation, allow us
most respectfully to present you these two
buffalo robes, one set of bells, dinner
set, whip and mitts, as a slight memento
of the affection and esteem in which you
are held by us as our spiritual adviser, as
well as for your diligent labor as teacher of
our young men's brass band. Our prayer
is that Heaven's choicest blessing may
attend your every pilgrimage, and that
you may long be spared to labor amongst
us.

Signed on behalf of the congregation,
JOHN TIERNEY,
JAMES WHITE,
PETER MCGONIGAL,
DENIS MCNAMARA.

The reverend gentleman was thoroughly
surprised and pleased with this evidence of
the regard in which his congregation hold
him, and in a few choice and fitting words
thanked them warmly for the affectionate
sentiment contained in the address, and
for the elegant articles which accompanied
it. After mutual expressions of good
will and hearty wishes for the temporal
welfare of their pastor, the committee
withdrew pleased at heart with the knowl-
edge that they conveyed genuine Chris-
tian cheer to one whom our townspeople
of all creeds hold in high respect.

WHY CATHOLIC GIRLS ARE PURE.

An Interesting Experience.

EDITOR N. Y. FREEMAN'S JOURNAL:
DEAR SIR—A very interesting and edifying
little story in your issue of the 31st
December reminds me of an experience
of my own.

Some years ago I lived at a boarding-
house in London. Among my compan-
ion-boarders was an engineer, who,
though an unmarried and comparatively
young man, had seen a good deal of the
world. He was a member of a first class
English Troy family connected with a
ducal house. He was a man of ample
means and considerable ambition, served
on “The Irrigation of India,” the con-
struction of the Suez Canal; and, when
I knew him, was engaged on the under-
ground railroads of London. To me he
appeared, at first, simply a proud Protest-
ant, with very little in him of the mate-
rial out of which converts to Catholicity
are made. Knowing something of ap-
plicable mathematics, I became, before long,
more intimate with him than most of our
fellow boarders.

One Sunday, after breakfast, he ex-
pressed a wish to accompany me to the
High Mass at a neighboring Catholic
Church, if I had no objection. Of course
I had none, believing that if he did not
join in Catholic worship, he was too much
of a gentleman to act with anything but
becoming gravity while it proceeded.

We were not long in church, however,
when I perceived that my friend was
attentive to more than the ceremonies
and the music. He was much more oc-
cupied with the congregation, sometimes
turning almost right round to look into
the people's faces. After Mass, thinking
that perhaps it would be his last visit,
I refrained from offering him any re-
buke.

The next Sunday he again presented
himself at the church-door, and, though
he did not directly propose to accompany
me, I could perceive, from his remarks
and manner, that he desired to be invited.
I did invite him again, but, to my disgust,
I found his demeanor in church no way
improved. On the third Sunday he was
attentive to accompany me, as a matter of
course, when the following conversation
took place:

“Wilson,” I said, “it appears to me that
you go with me to the Catholic church
pretty much as you go to any ordinary
worldly spectacle—to look partly at the
proceedings, partly at the spectators, and
listen to the music.”

“You mistake my motives very much,”
he replied, blushing: “I long ago learned
to entertain a profound respect for your
Church.”

“Why, you look about you,” I said,
“as if, at all events, you had but little
reverence for the place. For my part, I
think a Protestant, earnestly saying his
prayers in his own place of worship, would
be making greater advances towards Cath-
olicity, than sitting in a Catholic church
to make a critical survey of its humble
worshippers.”

“I must confess,” he rejoined, “that I
exhibited an almost indecent curiosity
last Sunday. I forgot myself; but when I
told you what actuated my conduct you
will probably excuse me.”

“Go on, Wilson,” I said, relaxing: “you
have an indulgent judge.”

“I was watching the expression on the
people's faces,” he continued, “to judge if
they were really believers in the proceed-
ings at the altar. For the purpose I
turned round a little at the most solemn
part of the service. Probably that
annoyed you.”

“Well, just a little. You Protestants
cannot form an estimate of our feelings
at that awful moment. But let that pass.
What has given you such an interest in
determining the sincerity of our poor
people's piety?”

“I'll tell you that,” he replied with blunt
Saxon frankness: “I want to learn as
much as I can about your religion before I
commit myself to the study of books on
the subject.”

“Have you a mind to become a Catho-
lic?” I asked with some surprise.

“Yes, if I can get over my prejudices
regarding your worship.”

“Is it fair to ask you Wilson, what first
interested you in Catholicity?”

“I'll tell you that. It was the purity of
poor Irish servant-maids. I spent some
time in Ireland during the famine-period,
making surveys of projected public works.
I stopped with my assistants at all kinds
of inns. In the manner one of the serv-
ants was mostly poor girls, some of them
without shoes to their feet. They were
the most humble and obliging creatures I
ever met. Why, they would, if you asked
them, wash your feet without a remon-
strance. They could make and enjoy a
joke wonderfully well; but when any
of my party, some of them loose fellows
enough, made the slightest suggestion
that a poor girl understood to be a serious
tampering with her purity, she rose at
once to the dignity of a duchess, contemptu-
ously rebuking the fellow's assault. I
have, a hundred times, said to myself
that the religion that inspired so noble a
regard for virtue, despite ignorance and
poverty, must have something in it vastly
above superstition. I have been a much
thoughtful man, and have met no
people in this respect, like the poor Irish
Catholic.”

“Oh, well,” I said, “that all follows so
naturally from sincere devotion to the
Virgin Mother of God, and the practice of
Confession from childhood that we look
upon it as a matter of course. What you
deemed a heretic in those poor girls,
many of whom did not, at that time, re-
ceive one pound a year for their services,
themselves took little credit for.”

Shortly after this, Mr. Wilson, for
such I will call him for convenience sake
and other obvious reasons, though it was
not his name, was introduced to Father
Anderson, a very polished and pious con-
vert from Anglicanism. What followed
I never learned, for I left London the
next week. The great probability is that,
in a few months from that date, some
newspapers announced the going over to
Romanism of Mr. Wilson, C. J. E., etc.,
and that his change of mind was assisted
by the insinuating eloquence and untir-
ing zeal of the accomplished Father An-
derson. Nobody, outside of a few con-
fidential friends, ever learned possibly,
how much of the work was done by her-
e-footed Billy Slattery or poor Peg Mull-
owny, either of whom would wash the

feet of a strolling peddler, but who would
repulse the indecent freedom of an
imperial prince.

Verily, the Church has yet many silent
preachers. The “Go forth, teach all
nations” has an application wider than
most people dream of. All men and
women are missionaries for good or evil.
M. L. S.

CATHOLICS AND ANGLICANS.

How a Doctor, in Communion with
Canterbury, served a Mass in
Stockholm—and what it
led to.

From the Catholic Examiner.
The writer gives the following “True
Incident” very much in the words of the
narrator, Graf S—, priest of the Society
of Jesus:—

It was, I think, in 1871, when parish
priest Malmö, Sweden, that I received
one day a visit from an English family,
Dr. G—, his wife and children. “We
are Catholics,” said the Dr., after our
mutual greetings: “for some time we have
sought a Catholic priest; your address
was forwarded to us from Stockholm,
and we are now numbering ourselves
among your parishioners.”

I expressed my pleasure at so valuable
an addition, for, to say the truth, I had
feared my sermons would be delivered to
empty benches, and so after a few re-
marks our interview ended.

As time passed and the good doctor
served Mass so regularly and all were so
often present, my English friends rank-
ed almost the best of my flock. One thing
however there was wanting; they had not
yet received the Sacraments. Why was
this? Should I speak or wait to see
what the approaching Christmas would
bring? I was still in doubt, when a letter
arrived, the substance of which was some-
what as follows:—

Dear Father,—We have wished to re-
ceive the Blessed Sacrament at Christmas,
but before doing so, I think it right to say
that we are in communion with the Arch-
bishop of Canterbury. Should you con-
sider this an obstacle, we shall, of course,
submit to your decision.

“So then all is clear,” I exclaimed, as
with feelings of disappointment I laid
the letter aside: “that Catholics could
mean anything but Roman Catholics
never entered my mind. So my Eng-
lish friends are English Catholics, and my
best family is no longer mine! Still an
effort must be made.” And drawing on
my pelz I set off to see what could be
done.

But it was in vain that I spoke;
grace had brought them thus far, but the
way for its final success had yet to be
prepared by a noble act on the Doctor's
part.

Misfortune, it is said, never comes
singly, and on the loss of parishioners fol-
lowed the loss of my schoolmaster. What
was to be done?

A school without a teacher is even
worse off than a pastor without his flock.
Who could supply the place? I counted
and recounted all the possible substitutes.
There was no one but the Englishman.
Would he render me this service? Though
of noble birth, the family, I knew, had
suffered misfortune, and the Doctor was
now giving lessons in England; but then
the little that satisfied a village school-
master could scarcely be an inducement
to another for the sacrifice of so much
valuable time. Nevertheless I would try.

“Doctor,” said I, “I am in difficulties,
my school is without an instructor. Could
I venture to ask, if you would assist
me by taking charge until the loss
is made good?”

“Oh yes, with pleasure, I shall come and
do everything.”

“As to the remuneration”
“Not a word! none is required, I shall
do the work of my schoolmaster.”

But I was not to be satisfied, and in-
sisted on the Doctor accepting the little I
could offer.

So the school went on. Later in the
year the Doctor sent his family back to
England, he himself remaining, Christmas
came again, and the time found the
Doctor a true Catholic.

As one day after his conversion, we
were speaking of the past, “Father,” he
said: “do you know what you once did for
me?”

“No, what was it?”

“That day on which you gave me for a
school money was the second on which I
and my children had been without food.”

“Good heavens!” I involuntarily ex-
claimed “and in such distress you had the
courage to say I will take nothing, I will
do all for the love of God!”

Such are the characters in which grace
wins an easy victory; such the souls in
which the promises of the Saviour find
fulfilment. “Other sheep have I who
are not of this fold, them also must I
bring, and there shall be one shepherd and
one fold.”

New Year's Maxims.

Now that the New Year is here the fol-
lowing alphabetical arrangement of max-
ims for 1882, is prepared for persons in
need of a set of good resolutions. The
world would be much better if people
would adopt these rules and regulate their
conduct thereby:

Attend carefully to the details of your
business.

Be true to your religious duties.

Consider well, then decide positively.
Dare to do right.

Endure trials patiently.
Fight life's battle bravely.
Go into the society of the vicious.
Hold not into the sacred of the vicious.

Injure not another's reputation.
Join hands with the virtuous.
Keep your mind from evil thoughts.
Lie not on any consideration.
Make no rash promises.
Never try to appear what you are not.
Observe good manners.
Pay your debts promptly.
Question not the doings of Providence.
Respect the counsel of your parents.
Sacrifice money rather than principle.
Touch no intoxicating drinks.
Use your leisure time for improvement.
Venture not upon the threshold of
wrong.

Watch carefully over your passions.
Extend to every one a kindly salutation.
Yield not to discouragement.
Zealously labor for the right.
And success is certain.

IRISH AGRARIAN CRIME.

A Nationalist's Protest against Some
Great Outrages.

“Righteousness exalteth a nation, but
sin is a reproach to any people.”

Solemn, profound, and impressive are
these divine words, like the deep blue
sky of midnight, alive with the voice of
presence of innumerable stars. Look, and
reflect. They bear into the heart of a
man a mighty truth, if he will not close his
eyes against the angelic messenger. In
the solemn night hours, when projects of
violence may be devised, we implore the
people of the troubled districts of our
land to look upon the stars—God's bright
and watchful witnesses in the sky—and
to remember these His sacred words.

Is there to be hope for Ireland? Then
her honor must be guarded, and justice
ever identified with her name; for it is an
immortal and immutable truth that
“righteousness exalteth a nation.” It is
the consciousness of the justice of a cause
which gives strength to endure all suffer-
ings, and courage to persevere through all
obstacles. It is this justice which brings
upon a nation the blessing of the Most
High, and endows with a richer harvest
in its tribulations than others glean in
the false glitter of a mere material pros-
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Is there to be shame for Ireland? Then
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