

## A Christmas Legend.

It was the holy Christmas tide  
In Ireland long ago;  
The hills and vales were covered o'er  
With newly-fallen snow.  
It was a Christmas in the days  
Of misery and fear,  
When it was death to say a Mass,  
And danger, Mass to hear.  
There stood a ruined abbey church,  
All open to the sky;  
Happy the brethren to whom God  
Had given the grace to die  
And rest within their quiet graves  
Before the day of woe.  
That saw their peaceful, holy home  
A prey to cruel foe.  
A peasant woman from her sleep  
Arose that Christmas day,  
And from her cottage window looked  
Out on the twilight grey.  
Forth from the ruined church there  
Streamed  
Across the spotless snow  
A brilliant light, and white-robed forms  
Were passing to and fro.  
The holy music of the Church  
Fell on her startled ear,  
She roused her children and went forth  
The holy Mass to hear.  
They knelt within the ancient walls  
Till Mass was three times said,  
But as they knelt in joy  
The glorious vision fled.  
No footprints save their own were seen  
Upon the new-fallen snow;  
They knew not whence the priest had come,  
They never saw him go.  
And whether he were mortal man,  
Or one come back from 'mong the dead  
To keep that Christmas day.

## DUBLIN LETTER.

DEAR SIR,—I hope you will pardon me for venturing to think that the following lines may find a place in your excellent journal; and being aware of your deep interest in anything Catholic, I trust my communication will meet a kindly recognition at your hands.

I propose to speak of the progress of Catholicity in the Irish town mission, comprising parts of the counties of Perth and Huron. In days long gone by, the pioneer days of Western Ontario, all the vast expanse of country, extending from Stratford on the east, to Godrich on the west, was embraced in our mission; and the administration of Catholic affairs within it was for a long time entrusted to a gentleman, who, though perhaps unknown to fame, was not unknown in the affection of hundreds of the sturdy and brave pioneers of those western wilds, the Rev. Father Snider.

The history of the early settlement of this district would furnish an interesting volume; many an old Irishman, who to-day is venerable with the frost of seventy winters, will tell you with evident, and we may add, pardonable pride of his early days in south Perth and Huron, then a howling wilderness, fit abode only for the wild denizens of the forest. They will tell you with a sparkle of that old fire, which has sustained them through so many trials and difficulties, how they travelled many long miles through snow and sleet to hear Holy Mass, and listen to the pious ministrations of the zealous and devoted Father Snider. What changes time has wrought!

Then night was rendered hideous by the howling wolf and bear; now it is the shriek of the railway engine, and the other sounds incidental to civilized life; then this magnificent stretch of country was covered by a primeval forest, where the lordly maple and the elm swayed in majestic grandeur over all their fellows; to-day, smiling fields and beautiful homesteads dot the landscape and greet the traveller's eye; the humble log chapel of long ago is replaced by the stately and tastefully finished edifice; and on every hand we find ample evidence that this district is really what it has been named, "The Garden of Ontario."

Thirty or forty years ago the Irish settlers of this district assembled once a month to hear Mass in a wooden chapel, the only place of Catholic worship between Stratford and Godrich; at present, thousands assemble weekly to worship in numerous and splendid churches, erected as civilization advanced and their means became more extended, a fitting tribute, indeed, to that imperishable faith, at once the glory and pride of their fatherland, whose children, here as elsewhere, are ever faithful to the grand old traditions and memories of the "Green Isle beyond the sea."

In the present year of grace the traveller will find in this fine region beautiful and commodious churches in Godrich, Seaford, Wingham, Blythe, Brussels, Mitchell, Kincora, Logan, and last but not least, Irishtown. Of late years this extensive tract of country has been divided into several parishes, the churches of Mitchell and Irishtown comprising the Irishtown mission, being the one about which I now write.

The present spiritual director is the Very Rev. Dean Murphy, from whom there is no more zealous and devoted clergyman in Ontario; nor, one whose life time of indefatigable labors and self-sacrifice in the cause of Christ and Holy Church, can be attributed grander results or more enduring memories. The churches in Wingham, Seaford, Blythe, Brussels, Mitchell, and Irishtown owe their existence (under God) to the untiring zeal and energy of Father Murphy; handsome and comfortable edifices they are, and lasting monuments, too, of a faithful priest's and people's devotion to God. In the good work here at present Father Murphy's efforts are ably seconded by his two assistants, Fathers Lamont and Sheridan, who also, it is needless to say, are earnest and active representatives of the grand motto of Mother Church—"Semper Parati."

With the mutations of time and the progress of things social and material in the Irish town mission, there have come also many changes indicative of spiritual advancement; but among them none more significantly marked the faith and piety of its people, than the one which we had the happiness of witnessing a few days ago, I refer to the Mission of the Jubilee, preached here by two of those vanguards of the church—the Jesuits.

The mission began on Sunday, 27th Nov., and continued eight days. All day long, and far into the night of each day, our pretty parish church was thronged with those anxious to comply with the regulations of the Jubilee, and in obedience to the injunctions of him who sits in the chair of St. Peter at Rome, the centre of Catholic unity. Besides the two Jesuits, Fathers Jones and Plante, and the parochial clergy, there were present Fathers Watters, of Godrich, Carlin of Woodstock, and O'Shea, of Seaford. Some idea of the labors of the rev. gentlemen may be formed, when I state that during the week there were over two thousand and fifty communicants.

The day of battle is not the day of preparation, if you wish or expect to come out victorious. Father Murphy, keen of perception, foresaw this, and both personally and through his assistants, made preparations for the fight of gaining souls, previous to the Jubilee week, by inculcating the importance of the occasion, together with the necessity and opportunity; and to this may be attributed in a special manner the great

number of communicants. Each day of the week there was a High Mass at half past nine o'clock, after which was a sermon preached by Father Plante, principally on the different parts of the Sacrament of Penance, which was beautified by examples throughout. Father Jones preached both at half-past three and half-past seven, p.m., the half-past seven discourse being specially intended for children. His discourses comprised the four great truths, death, judgment, hell, heaven. The end of man, the example of St. Peter and Judas, and a lecture on those without a reference to our choir. Its members certainly acquitted themselves well, and I believe there are among them voices that would reflect credit on more pretentious places than Irishtown. The playing of our accomplished organist, Miss Brown, was particularly noticeable; this talented young lady plays with an ease and finish that would grace a city church, and bids fair yet to make a mark in the musical world. During the Jubilee week they were assisted by several members of the Seaford choir, who sang remarkably well, the rendition of "Ave Maria" by Miss Killoran, of Seaford, being especially admired.

I would be doing violence to my own feelings, Mr. Editor, did I not sincerely thank you for placing so much of your valuable space at my disposal.

Yours gratefully,  
CATHOLICS.

## BRANTFORD LETTER.

THE LADIES are making great preparations for holding their Christmas tree next week. From present appearances this series of entertainments will be much more successful and interesting than that of a year ago, as much greater interest seems to be taken in it by the whole congregation. Already a very large number of gifts have been received, and many more have been promised. The ladies are working hard in making preparations.

SCHOOL TRUSTEES. Half of the present Separate School Board will retire in a few days, either to be sent back again or retire. The members who retire are: Rev. Father Bardon in the North Ward; Michael Mulaney in the King's; Wm. Harrington in the Queen's; Wm. Ryan in the Brant, and John Ryan in the East Ward.

THE CHURCH. Every evening this week there will be services in the church in connection with the jubilee, as an assistance to those who may not have complied with the requirements for gaining the indulgence, or who wish to renew it. Confessions will be heard daily.

MUNICIPAL MATTERS. The contest for the mayoralty this year is likely to be a close one. Mr. Wm. Watt, who ran against Dr. Herwood at the last two elections, and was defeated by a very small majority last year, is in the field again, against Mr. Edward Brophy. Both men have sat for years at the Council Board. There was been no warily warfare over the office this season, and the elections will be won entirely by personal work. In the wards the old members of the board will nearly all seek reelection. The only new men out are Mr. Slater and Mr. Bows in the North Ward, and Mr. Armistead in the East Ward. Mr. D. Hawkins and Mr. James Ryan, who both been spoken of as candidates in the North Ward, but so far neither are positively in the field.

NOTES. Miss O'Grady will sever her connection with our school here this week, after three years of hard and faithful work. This young lady while in Brantford made a record among the people as a very successful teacher, or rather sustained the recommendations she brought with her. The news of her resignation caused much regret. Mr. McGill takes charge of her department after the holidays.

Mrs. John Walsh, of Syracuse, is in Brantford, spending the holidays at her paternal home.

Brantford, Dec. 19, 1881.

Six o'clock, A. M., Sunday, Scene, Fourteenth Street, St. Louis. Protestant friend home from a party, meets a Catholic friend on the way to mass. "Halloa! where are you going at this hour?" "Catholic friend, 'Why, I'm going to church.' " "Well, thunder! have you got church at this time of day?" "Oh, yes; we have church every hour from this till noon." "Well now, that's curious; our preacher hasn't got up yet, and he won't shave for three or four hours. You Catholics beat the devil anyhow." "That's our object, sir; good morning."—The Homeless Boy, St. Louis.

"Am delighted," writes Lacordaire to a friend "that you begin to relish the 'Lives of the Saints.' They were the really great men of the human race, the loving hearts par excellence; all our romances are cold in comparison with them. One surprising thing that strikes us in reading their lives is the prodigious variety we find there in spite of the general resemblance of ideas and sentiments. They are the Thousand and One Nights of Truth."

## THE CANONIZATION.

Sketch of the Life of Blessed Benedict Joseph Labre.

The Holy Father, Leo XIII. formally canonized on December 8, the beatified servants of God, Benedict Joseph Labre, of Clairmont, and Laurence of Brindisi.

The holy St. Augustine used to pray, "Lord grant me to know thee and to know myself. To know thee, in order to love thee, to know myself in order to despise myself." And these words were frequently upon the lips of Benedict Joseph Labre, and God answered him in an inspiration which drew him to a life of singular poverty and penance as a means of crucifying all love of the world's esteem.

THE PARENTS OF THIS HOLY MAN were not poor. True, they had fifteen children, of whom Benedict was the eldest, but by his trade as a merchant, the father gained sufficient to maintain his large family comfortably. On the 27th March, 1748, the little Benedict was baptized in the parish church of Amettes in France, being then but a day old. From his earliest infancy it seemed as if the child was specially loved and favored by God, his disposition was so patient, so sweet, so docile. To his pious parents then it was an easy and happy task to instruct him in the holy Catholic faith, for he not only listened attentively, but seemed in his childish way at once to put in practice the lessons which he learned; and this wherein so many of us fail. We are taught the fear of God, we read and hear the maxims of our religion, we have before us the examples of our Lord, His Virgin Mother, and the Saints, and yet this good seed seems to drop into our hearts week by week, and year by year, without ever springing up into those beautiful blossoms of love, humility, meekness, and fidelity, which God is watching for. However, it was not so with Benedict Labre.

HE WAS A GOOD EARNEST LITTLE BOY, and had made such use of his mother's teaching, that at five years of age he was thought fit to be placed under the care of a priest who dwelt in Amettes. He soon learned to read and write well, and was so anxious to get on, that his mother often had to restrain him. Other children were being educated with him, and to them Benedict was always kind, bearing meekly any injury done to him. Once a little boy struck him, but he did not complain and when the master found it out and questioned him, Benedict tried to excuse the offense, saying that he had been done by accident. "Naturally," boys are fond of amusement and the little fellows used to play and loiter about the streets when school time was over, but Benedict walked straight home without loss of time, and resisted all the persuasions of his companions that he do as they did. This was his habit from his childhood.

A HORROR OF SMALL ACTS OF DISOBEDIENCE, quarrelling, untruthfulness, and such faults, to him they were not little sins as so many call them, but offences which were giving pain to his Lord, and which therefore were horrible to him. It is very possible that some of his friends would feel vexed and angry with his strict ideas of right and wrong, but at length they loved him all the more because he was so good, and his presence restrained their passions while his example became to many a model which they would strive to imitate. The little Benedict already began to do penances, trying hard to keep them secret from all but God. He would creep quietly out of his soft bed and rest his head on a piece of hard wood, and take that food which he liked least of what was provided by his mother. The child had made himself a small oratory, and at eight years old he would take a younger brother as server, and

TRY TO IMITATE SAYING MASS; not in jest, but with the deepest devotion of his little heart. It seemed, indeed, as if Benedict's young life was full of but one thought, the thought of God and His service. At all times in the day he loved to go to the church either to pray silently in some retired corner, or to serve the morning mass, with his hands before his breast, his eyes cast down, and his whole heart fixed upon God. From five years of age he went regularly to confession, for he was so early filled with contrition for every offense, that he could not rest without receiving the pardon of Jesus. He loved to be at catechism, to join in the processions and other exercises of the Church, and thus his innocent life was passed until his twelfth year. At that age Benedict's good parents placed him under the care of his uncle who was a priest, so that he might begin the study of Latin and other higher branches of learning, and for four years the boy applied himself to it with great industry and eagerness, not from indolence, but because his heart was turned to the knowledge of spiritual things, to the reading of books of devotion and the lives of the Saints; and above all, he loved the Holy Scriptures and for the rest of his life always carried a copy about with him. Benedict's uncle at first was much displeased at this sudden distaste for his course of Latin study, and ordered him to persevere in applying his mind; but though the lad tried to obey, he no sooner opened one of his books than the disgust for it became like a great weight upon his heart, and he longed more and more to be at home with his servants. At last Benedict told his uncle that he felt God did not mean him to pursue studies which would only be useful in the world, and

HE EXPRESSED A WISH TO GO INTO A CLOISTER the one which he had heard was more austere than any, La Trappe. The uncle represented the hardships of such a life, he told him truly that many far stronger men had been unable to do it, but all this did not serve to turn Benedict from his wishes, although the time had not come for him to seek to enter the cloister for which he longed. So, with this strong desire and hope in his heart, the young Labre went through his quiet routine of duty under his uncle's control. He rose very early, that he might pray in the silence and solitude of the morning hours; he served one or two Masses if he had the power of doing so, or, if another was

before him, he withdrew silently, bearing the disappointment with the sweetness of one who saw in the Will of God; he employed himself as much as possible in spiritual reading, was frequent in his recourse to the Sacraments, and withal, was so humble that at fifteen or sixteen years old he would place himself among the little boys for catechism, as if he needed the same instruction.

WHEN BENEDICT WAS EIGHTEEN his kind, good uncle died, and he then returned home to carry on the strict rule of life he had taken up. His great desire to enter La Trappe was still strong, but his parents refused their consent, until at last his patience and gentle persistence caused them to yield. Benedict was as much delighted as if he had received permission to enter some place of delight, and in spite of the inclement season he set out on a journey of nearly sixty leagues. Arrived there, the monks would not receive him; they looked at his young frail form, and bade him return to his home, until perhaps at some future time he should be more fit for a life of austerity. Benedict was deeply grieved, but the love of God in his heart was so strong, that he felt quite sure this disappointment had come for his spiritual good, and with that confidence he could not murmur, but returned to Amettes quite exhausted by the length of the journey. In less than a year the youth wrote to the Abbot of the monastery renewing his request to be admitted, but he was again refused; so his parents had given leave for him.

TO JOIN THE CARTESIAN MONKS, Benedict journeyed to their house near Montville, in the year 1767. He found from the Fathers that it was necessary for his first pursuit further studies, so for this purpose he placed himself for a time under the care of the priest of Amettes, and then again presented himself at the monastery of Chartreuse, because it was the desire of his parents, although his own heart remained steadily fixed upon La Trappe. For six weeks Benedict pursued his studies, but he was not long before he was calling him to a different state, so that he gave him neither peace nor content in the life, and at last the Father said to him, "My son, the Almighty does not design you to receive the habit of a Cartesian, follow his inspirations and leave us."

Benedict left the monastery, feeling quite sure the Divine Will had been clearly shown in his regard, and writing to his parents, told them that he should again seek admittance at La Trappe—the one Order which he desired to enter. But it was in vain. Perhaps God chose this way of perfectly annihilating Benedict's will and desire for a holy life. The Abbot still deemed him too weak for such a severe rule, and accepting the refusal with great humility, Labre went to the monastery Sept Fontaines of the Olierian Order, where he was without difficulty received. Scarcely had he entered that he was seized with violent illness of body, and still worse distress of mind, and after six months it was thought right to send him away, as God showed so plainly that he was not suited to that life. So Benedict had to put from him all those holy desires for the silent and austere cloister life, he had thought of and prayed for since childhood, and saying, "Not my will, but Thine be done," he turned with more fervent prayer to God, whom he implored to grant him a clearer light upon his future course. Thus by these many trials and severe disappointments Almighty God led Benedict Labre to the strange, almost repulsive life of a poor, dirty, miserable, and wretched man, who was loathsome in the eyes of the world, but very precious in the sight of heaven. The year in which he left Sept Fontaines Benedict started on a pilgrimage to holy places. He journeyed on foot in ragged garments, bearing the severity of winter weather and the burning heat of the summer sun; going by lonely ways where he met no other travellers, and thus was dependent wholly upon God for consolation. Whenever he came to a town or village, this holy man imitated the example of his Master, in doing good to the poor and sick and sorrowful, and at length his piety gained him such respect and admiration that he became afraid lest pride and vainglory might enter his heart and he departed from the company of men to seek more solitary places.

ELEVEN TIMES HE JOURNEYED to the Holy House of Loreto, where he kissed with affection those sacred walls, and felt his heart inflamed with a greater love for Jesus and His Blessed Mother; and the priests who observed his devotion felt sure he was a very holy man, and gave him leave to enter whenever he pleased. So here he would remain, kneeling motionless in prayer, weeping tears of joy and gratitude that God should suffer him to remain in a place where the Mother of Christ had dwelt. His food was any bread which was given to him, any cabbage leaves, fruit-peppings or useless things he might find in the streets; his clothes were rags, which were so dirty, that even people who felt kindly and charitably towards him hesitated to approach him, and even some confessors were compelled to forbid him to come to their confessionals, because their other penitents would not enter where a beggar so filthy had been seen to kneel. In this Benedict found his most severe penance; his poverty was his choice, for in his home he would have had every necessary comfort and convenience. The dirty rags which he refused to change were assumed, not because he was careless about cleanliness, but because he found in this way an extreme mortification, and a means of separating himself from the society and charity of those who might perhaps have taken some of his love from God.

IT HAS BEEN VERY DIFFERENT with many other saints. Poverty and penance they have sought and loved, but cleanliness has been as dear to them as to us, so that we need not think a state like that of Benedict Labre is part of the practice of holiness and austerity. It certainly was right for him. Who can doubt it when they read how constant and humble were his prayers to God for guidance, how faithful his resolve to subject his own will to the most holy will of God? With a heart so disposed it would not have been possible for him to pursue such a life had it not been the one path which was to lead him to heaven. We may wonder—we may not imitate him or any of God's saints, unless a divine voice speaks, and says to us as to them, "This is the way, walk ye in it."

it,"—but while we wonder, we may not condemn, but dwell more upon the humble, prayerful heart of this blessed man, which ever found peace and joy in God amidst all suffering, reproach and contempt.

IN 1872, WHEN BENEDICT MADE HIS LAST JOURNEY TO LORETO he was observed to be more than usually thoughtful, as if he had some sweetest hidden in his heart which absorbed him wholly. The fact was that Benedict knew he was going to die before very long and that knowledge made him so happy that he was always thinking of it. His longing for God seemed to grow daily more intense, and he would frequently murmur, "Call me, that I may see thee." His grief for what in his humility he deemed his many sins, became stronger than ever, and he approached the sacraments still more frequently in preparation for death.

EARLY IN 1873 this poor man looked like one dying; the very sight of him moved all to compassion. In Holy Week he could scarcely support himself on his feet, and yet he would drag his poor weak body to the church, and kneel there for hours before the Blessed Sacrament. At last one day a fainting fit obliged him to leave, and rest a while on the church steps, and there a crowd gathered round him. A man named Tacorelli felt great pity for Benedict, and calling him by his name, said his house was ready to receive him. Doubtless God was the author of this compassion, for Tacorelli forgot the dying man's condition, and raising him in his arms, bore him to his own house, where he was laid upon a bed in all his ragged clothing. A priest was sent for, who bent over the beggar and said, "Do you wish to make your confession? Is there anything that you want?" And with a great effort Benedict murmured faintly, "Nothing, nothing." It was known that the holy man had received communion a few days before, but the priest wished to give the help of the Sacrament, and that was too near for him to have that grace. His teeth were set together, his eyes closed and when they administered the Sacrament of Extreme Unction, Benedict was unconscious of all around. At eight o'clock in the evening they began to recite the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, during which his soul quietly passed away into the presence of God, at the very moment

WHEN THE BELLS OF EVERY CHURCH IN ROME

gave the signal for the "Salve Regina." He was thirty-five years old when he died, and in those years his life had been the one great act. For that he had given up the world, with all its enjoyments and pleasures; for that he had neglected his poor suffering body; and now, as his reward, God took that pure soul into his own keeping, while even his wasted human form was to be honored upon earth. People who had turned from the beggar of Rome came eagerly to look upon his calm sweet face in death; the clothes, which just before now would have been touched, were begged now as precious relics; the bed upon which he died, the room where he lay, were visited with reverence by persons of the highest rank, and he was known at last as one of God's true servants, one of those whose humility had drawn down Christ, the lover of humility, to dwell in their hearts, and fill them by His sweet presence with all virtue and all grace.

LAVAL UNIVERSITY, QUEBEC.

The annual banquet in celebration of this famous seat of learning, which is under the patronage of the Immaculate Conception, took place in the large building occupied as the students' residence, on the evening of the Festival. The attendance comprised, besides the students, the Very Rev. Rector, the Vice-Rector, the Professors of the various Faculties and clergymen of the Seminary. After dinner the company adjourned to the saloon, where a choice programme of music, vocal and instrumental, was gone through with, and a most excellent entertainment. It is satisfactory to be able to state that the increase in the number of students has been so great this year that in addition to the rows of benches hitherto occupied by them, when attending Divine Service in the Basilica, and which occupy the whole of the South aisle, an additional number, extending about two-thirds of the way down the North aisle, have been necessitated. The heating with hot water of the new buildings has been successfully accomplished by Mr. James Maguire. A test of efficiency was made on Saturday in presence of Messrs. Peachy, architect, Pye, Pléart, and other experts, as well as a number of the reverend gentlemen interested, and the utmost satisfaction was the result.

LOCAL NEWS.

Two men named Wolf Cohen and Jos. Seneau, entered the store of the wholesale house of John Green & Co., and while the clerks were engaged with one of them the other concealed about \$250 worth of silks. They were captured by Detective Wigmore and the property recovered.

One of the large pumps, weighing over 7,000 lbs., for the London Water-works, was successfully cast at Messrs. Burrow, Stewart & Milne's foundry, in Hamilton, on Saturday.

The Carling Street Police station is being razed to the ground to make room for a more commodious and airy place for the police force. It was used in olden times by the Phoenix Fire Company, and was erected as a fire hall over thirty years ago.

On Friday last, a farmer of the township of Caradoc named William Paddison, near Amiens, P. O., was found hanging by the neck to one of the cross beams in his stable, life being extinct. Deceased was buried the following day without an inquest being held to enquire into the cause of death. The unfortunate man was greatly troubled in mind by the loss of a son, and the giving up of his farm.

Pride elevates its eyes so high that it does not see the obstacles in its path until it stumbles over them.

Pity the man who estimates his worth by the length of his nose. The glitter of gold is both a delusion and a snare.

Speak well of the absent. There is no glory in harrasing a defenceless enemy.

## CHRISTMAS DAY.

Father Faber.

Love must be to us instead of mind, and heart, and spirit, in order that we may understand and feel and worship the cry of the Infant God, breaking the silence of the winter's midnight at Bethlehem. And what was it, first of all, that the Angels sang? Glory to God in the highest. Yes, this is the temper in which we must keep our feast.

I. God's glory the first thought. 1. To look out for God's glory was and is the habit of the blessed spirits. 2. So also must it be ours. 3. We lose half the joy of feasts by thinking only of ourselves.

II. But, God's glory is the same as man's happiness. 1. How touching and how beautiful is the thought? 2. How intensely it ought to make us love God, who is so mixed up with His creatures. 3. What a lesson it teaches of trustful submission to His will!

III. And God's glory in the highest is in His humiliations in the lowest. 1. This is the grand character of Jesus and of all His mysteries. 2. The discernment of the Angels saw the immense glory of His humiliation. 3. As it was our Master's glory, so it is ours.

IV. Now let us enter the cave. 1. Behold the Shepherds, humble men, adoring their newborn King, in humble simplicity. 2. Joseph, overwhelmed with pious humility as foster-father. 3. Mary had known the Incarnation by humility; so now she shall tell how she raised herself. 4. On that wisp of straw reposes the everlasting God. Oh! my dear brethren, we think too well of ourselves. We are less happy than we should be, because we are less humble. We do not advance because we do not keep ourselves down. We do not love God as we desire, because we do not despise ourselves. O, it is so delightful a thing to be humble, so full of joy, peace and love; let it be our practice at all times, but especially on the festival of the Incarnation. It is a devotion in which we can make no mistake, in which we can never go too far. Let us keep to the side of our Infant Lord, and sink with Him out of the sight of men and of self, into those depths of dear humility, which will gently leave us at the last, not in the poverty of Bethlehem, but in the boundless riches of our Heavenly Father's house above.

TO BE CONTINUED.

REV. P. P. COONEY, C. S. C.  
His Good Work in Bay City, Michigan.

During the fore part of November, St. James' parish, of Bay City, was the scene of extraordinary religious activity. Rev. P. P. Cooney, C. S. C., Vice Provincial and Visitor of the various houses of his order in the United States, went there to visit the Brothers of his order, who conduct the parish school, and the pastor, Rev. Thos. Hafter, secured his services to conduct a mission for the people of the parish. We quote the description of the work done from the Western Home Journal, of Detroit:

A very successful mission for the people of St. James' church was concluded here on Sunday night, 20th November, which was conducted by Fathers Cooney and Souhier, of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, Notre Dame. It opened on Sunday, 5th November, and during the two weeks St. James' church was the scene of the most constant and active faith and piety. The mission was conducted by Fathers Cooney and Souhier. The first mass commenced at 5 o'clock every morning, at the conclusion of which there was a short discourse for the special benefit of the working people. There was mass again at 7 o'clock and at 8:30, when another discourse was delivered. It was a matter of surprise to all, how, in such cold and disagreeable weather, so many people came from far and near. At the evening discourses the church was always crowded to suffocation—as many as 1,200 persons being in the church on many occasions. Over 2,000 made the mission, and the Fathers seem to be well satisfied with the results. It was a mission of the heart, and sympathies of the people, so much so that during his entire time outside of the public discharge of the mission duties and the confessional, he was kept constantly occupied assisting persons who sought his instructions in private. Several persons were converted, and were received into the one true Church, and others are now under instruction and will become Catholics in a few days.

On Monday evening, after the close of the mission, Father Cooney delivered a public lecture in the church, the subject of which was "The battle of life and the Irish race." It was a treatise of the subject of modern Irish history from an entirely original point of view, and showed to all who heard him that everything which Ireland has won from her Saxon rulers has been won by the might of her Catholic faith and under the guidance of her Catholic priests and bishops. On the Sunday after the mission closed, the solemn baptism of five of the converts took place. The names of the persons baptized were Mrs. Catherine Perkins, Mrs. Catherine Hewett, Mrs. Harriet Stewart, Mrs. Catherine Lee and Seneca Green. These conversions to the faith are the result of the brilliant mission conducted by Father Cooney, which closed Sunday last.

THEY say that the descendants of Count de Grasse's family are now all Americans. The same inscription that drove him also so many of the clergy of France drove also the descendants of this hero's family to our shores, and cast their future lot in this land. Two of the admiral's daughters rest in graves in the cemetery at Charleston, S. C.; and while the nation was doing honor to the admiral's name on Oct. 19, at Yorktown, the anniversary of his victory, the people of Charleston, S. C., were placing wreaths on the lonely graves of his exiled daughters. Other members of the family reside in Paterson, N. J., and one of them is a nun in the Convent of the Sacred Heart.—Catholic Visitor.

The work of reconstruction of St. John's Church, Quebec City, is progressing very satisfactorily. The zealous cure, Revd. Mr. Plamondon, is personally superintending the works with his accustomed energy.