Catholic Record,

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

VOLUME XVIII.

19, 1896.

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LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1896.

" Bellman, Speed Thee Up the Stairway." Bellman, see ! the hour approacheth !-Speed thes up the dim lit stairway of the belify gray and solemn, And the bells of rapture waken !

Bellman, tell them of the story Wonderful, though cent'ry olden— Benutful, though cht narrated— Trough a thousand times recited; Spell them with the annal golden; Thrill them with the legend truthful of the jubilant redemption— of the miracle of heaven.

Bellman, tell them of the Mighty, of mankind the great Creator— King of whom all kings are fearful ; of the Spirit aye existing— of the God of all the ages !

Of the God of all the ages : Tell them how this God all potent Took the flesh of His created ; How within a stable humble— When the stars, like lamps suspended From the firmament, glowed calmly In the stillness of the night time ; When the snow wreaths on the mountain Glistened like the dews a trembling On a drift of spray white blossoms ; How, when every white blossoms ; How, when every agent volceful— Steam and leaf, and flow ' and blossom, Wind and wave, and bird noeturnal, Beast that in the wild wood trackless Prowleth slow, at every motion Brambles sere and dry leaves crackling— Seemed as silent as the nation As it lay in fear prostrated, Walting the Divine pronouncement ; Tell them how, when earth and heaven Voiceless hung in expectation, Christ the Saviour was born— He, the promised One, was born.

Then, the magic tale recited, Cry, O Bellman ! full and solemn-Then, the magic take rectice. Gry, O Bellman ! full and solemm-Gry in accents load and rousing : "O, ye bells ! hey out your rapture In a past of heaven suggestive. In a myriad vibrations ! Till they, from their trainee of wonder By thy tones appealing roused. Ring in caulicles detailed ! "Great the works of God Elernal! He hath sent to all the nations pro-He hath sent to all the nations ! He hath sent to all the nations ! He hath sent the Unid Kienner ! He hath sent the Unid Kienner ! Giory to the Hob of Arest ! Giory to the Matof Arest ! Bellman seat the nur approacheth !=

Bellman. see ! the hour approacheth !--Speed thee up the dim lit stairway Speed thee up the dim fit stairwa Of the belfry grey and solemn, And the belis of rapture waken ! -T. C. Murray, in Cork Examiner

A STAR-LED JOURNEY.

A little Maine poet had written a star-song. A shimmer of starlight was in it, perhaps—she did not know—but she sent it to the local paper, as a I, too, -I, too, -I, too, o'er the sands to Bethle-

Christmas offering. The editor, on receiving it, growled out something a good way from grati-tude. But then, there ! Christmas was coming and his readers expected something for the season, he did not care what! So down it went to the printers. To say truth, his literary larder was pretty empty, as its like are

apt to be. The shabby hotel of this eastern town had lost its summer smartness. Kept especially for tourists, its winter patronage dropped with the mercury Therefore, the sudden ap to zero. pearance there of a Philadelphian young, handsome and apparently wealthy, with his fine clothing and city ways, drew more notice in December than it could possibly have done

the preceding August. "Name's Ashton. Been here be-fore !" drawled the lean landlord. "Business? Yes. - Ice business. Goin' daown the Kennebec." And a puzzled lot of native inquirers were pacified.

side room to avoid embarrassing inspection and look for a paper. The Boston Journals were all old ones. nd fish like smell," 'A very ancient a his overcoat. muttered the would be reader, flingences Still that melody haunted him. It ing them down, disgusted with the came from somewhere in a very remote literal aptness of his quotation. A past, when he was a small boy and his grandmother "toted him off" to prays He cleaner sheet lay beside them. that chap is !' opened it - and lo ! the Star Song ! er meeting, as he absurdly told himself. His wrath rose ; no news, no anything, But all the same, laugh or not-it wain this snow-buried hole ! Trains canmelody. celled on the new narrow guage road ! "I, too — I, too," it sang with strange pathos in the remembered strain. And why not he, too? He Snowed up at Mattabumpus," they told him. He raged inwardly ; then, suddenly, laughed at the mix of things. pushed off the idea, but it came back. What could be expected of a Maine poet, snowed up at Mattabumpus? But he had not come down into Maine That Oriental journey was purpose-ful, he owned that. How unlike his own projected tramp of wilfulness, into these woodlands ! They were men to be grinned at by the natives and read local "poems." Not he! He would drive over to the next station, of wisdom. But the sharp cold began to penetake Antoine, the silent Canadian, to guide him, and foot it, if need were, trate his fur trimmed overcoat, despite CRSAS. Comforted by this, he took up the lit is cold out in space "— his thought paper again, looking for time-tables. It is cold out in space "— his thought ran on — cold everywhere away from paper again, looking for time-tables. Alas, time and trains were missing; but there was the Star Song! This time he read it: responsibility. journeying away-into polar regions, into great desolation !" And he shiv-The Star of Fame, it shineth out Sharp on the wintry sky : Yet, through the purple rifts of doubt, A fairer I descry. For an, the poor and lowly ! What softly blesseth them ? But the stur Divine that to earth came down And shone on the Babe of Bethlehem. ered again. 'Confound this ride !" he shouted money to the silent Antoine, who gazed at him in pitying wonder. The Star of Love, it gazeth down With sweet entrancing eyes; It profers earth a passion-crown Of roses born to die ! Too soon their splendor falleth; O changeless diadem. Tis Thee I seek - I would journey on --I too-o'er the sands, to Bethlebem. "We sall arrive, in a leetle moment," answered the man in his soft men. The first resched will generate a start of a patois. Then, by way of encourage-ment, he shyly added, "And it ees soon

to look about him. He beheld a world in white. Long, exquisite, shadows lay in pearly tones on the snow-crust. He devised a fairy tale wherein he could put the shining road, the silver fields, the hills of pearl and the en-chanted pine forest. Now and then the wind sweeping in gusts, would toss the fir-boughs and pine tassels high in the air, whirling down their snow wreaths in dazzling, stinging spray. his heart and was caught by the re-Their giant limbs sprang into intense relief, black against white ; each cluster of needles proffered its tiny tuft of glitter. Here and there in the woods a sheltered spot, nearly bare, was beautiful with running evergreen and the miniature ground pine. Papery beech leaves still clung to their tough boughs tinting the white with a russet brown that was close to gold. He bethought him how he had once heard a keen critic say, "No wonder the Rus-sians crown their cities with gay tinted

domes and gilded spires. They know, with true instinct, that snow should be "It is for the blessed Christmas, Anwedded with color." The intense purity of it all was only toine," and with native feeling the deepened by these stray color-touches. And what was like it? A white dove? guide saw that words were needless. The rest and comfort of the little

a gull's wing? a child's innocence? Yes, a babe — the Holy Child Jesus! and His the whitest ever known on inn, where he stopped for the night this sin-stained earth. The Star Song to reverse his whole life, as it were in

a moment, in what seemed such an ab-At the next town he found Antoine surd, improbable way looked at from his old guide, who reported the drifts deep in the railway cuts and gorges, his old standpoint, but which now came to him as a white, star-lit exbut not impracticable across open country. So they set out again, with perience, not without power peculiar to itself. He had journeyed, heaven fresh horses, for the longer ride. had led him on and the Christ was They fairly flew over the snow. The found-as of one who sought Him not

every angle vanished, a pale, un-earthly softness held the world. It Early Early next morning he took train strengthened the nearness of the skies ; the steadfast blue seemed close over his head. He was restive, as under the

felt approach of One invisible. houses, sources of easy income to their They came to a small river, now a pale ice floor, the wind having swept capital. All around clustered small, off the snow. Pearly, translucent and silent, it lay outspread, and yet that calm crystal was vitalized by a sense the rudest sort for the great gangs of

caline crystal was vitalized by a sense of tidal throb below, swinging on sure-ly to the sea — a felt undertone in depths of darkness—one with the other unseen forces drawing round him. As the horses speed on, it seemed to him of life, this winged flight into the great white sil-winged flight into the great white sil-The young man had strolled into a "Do see him, Bill ! Ain't he daisy, though ?" "Hush, don't yer know? I tell ye he's the Ice Company, Paul Ashton also took in details, or protecting them from the sharp river wind, their worn shoes and pinched on the ice," said the older, in reply to a word of questioning. "And ma's a word of questioning. "And ma's sick, too," chimed in the other, yet were of the sort to be expected. "I'm glad I came," muttered Ash-ton. Our superintendent means well, but I shall have to supervise these He went at once to the superintendent, a genial man, whom he had met before and been pleased with. " A kindly optimist-a good manager and maker for the Company thought Paul as the personage in ques-tion proffered cordial welcome, glad to see him and glad to talk about the "Poor fellows! We have to turn a

"Thar goes a feller that don't know where he's goin'. Drifted daown to Bumpus past all tellin', Joe sez ! Jer-usalem ! hem cockerels dew take resks --big ones:" And he was shivering—act-usalem ! hem cockerels dew take resks

and for most of the way he had leisure to be add leisure to be add of the way he had leisure to be add up to be be add of the way he had leisure to be add up to be be add of the way he had leisure to be be add for most of the way he had leisure to be bed a word to the the tought of the way he had leisure to be bed a word to the the tought of the way he had leisure to be bed a word to the the tought of the way he had leisure to be bed a word to the the tought of the way he had leisure to be bed a word to the the tought of the way he had leisure to be bed a word to the the tought of the way he had leisure to be bed a word to the the tought of the way he had leisure to be bed a word to the tought to the the tought to the way he had leisure to be bed a word to the tought to the tought

house !" he whispered, as a tiny mis- and their offering be made complete, his heart and was caught by the re-cording angel. He turned to his companion with a swift thought of human brotherhoed. They were journeying together toward the Christ of the Christmas, perhaps eome of the gold might be effered now. He remembered that his comrades had called him impulsive-well, perhaps he was the sum of the second seco called him impulsive—well, perhaps he was ! A few kindly questions brought out the tale of Antoine's patient endurance of hardships and poverty. And the lief. "It is for the blessed Christmas, An-the tale of christmas, An-

rejoice!" The young man gave glad assent. It was too late to reach Philadelphia; besides, his duty was here. Yet the in 1868, and Rognonas in 1894, and inn, where he stopped for the night, brought unutterable cheer. A strange brightness had come over everything and a strange, new warmth. "Yes," he said to himself, "I bave indeed journeyed!" How little he had dreamed of this when he left home! How little even when snow-bound in How little even when snow-bound in

the data physical by the indiction of the set of the composition of these airs to the function of the set of the composition of these airs to the lands to find the blessed Christmas! good King Rene, whose happy rule ndeed, no! Far from it ! - But, my over Provence ended more than four centuries ago. Father, 1 have found it. The face of the other shone with

vmpathy as his benediction fell,-"The Lord be merciful to thee, my A CANADIAN RELIGIOUS ORDER. Final Approbation of the Order of the To his life's end Paul Ashton never

outlines of walls and fences took on a The blessed Christmas had come to meet forgot that Christmas spent with the blurred roundness as they passed, him. Was it not beautiful and gra-Lord's poor, the first his own bounty had helped to brighten. Again, he

heard the poet's song, for the nearest junction ; thence, mak ing his way down the Kennebec. But he finally reached the great white ice-and shone on the Babe of Bethlehem ?

son !

The Angelus rang out the seraphic greeting of peace on earth, good will to men, from the little chapel; the late-rising sun flung gleams of tender rose among the snow tints, and on poor Antoine and the mission priest, the little poet and the wealthy Philadelph-ican that Christmes blessing had alite.

A Flower of the Manger.

Did you ever hear the story Of the little Morning Glory ow it always bloomed on Christmas when the world was young and fair. White its chailee was, and slender In whose depths a dewdrop tender estied, waiting for the advent of the balmy morning air.

NO. 949.

Just one day it bloomed-then faded. But that happy day it shaded. Opping ore the lowly birthplace where the Fabe first laid His Hend. Planted there by angel fingers. Watched by lightest wind that lingers at between the earth and Paradise, when summer days are dead.

Appy task and hapy flower! Bioming thereformske abover it the biabplace of the Saviour-just one little day of earth: Then to fold its silver chaltee Leave a world of sin and malice. return again to Paradise where Beauty gave it birth.

But an ali n win I came stealing While the to want cabe stearing While the to tractant shells were pealing whispered and the prince challes of the world is wide and the cost of the stear And the soft, insidous story. Touched the little Morning Glory And it wished for one bricf instant, that its place might, too, be there.

Just a wish ! The answer meets us, Just a wish ! The answer meets us, Where the Morning Glory greets us,. riegated in its spiendor, now no longer pure and white. And the fickle winds, whose story Lored the little Morning Glory, iss no more its tender blossoms as they open to the light. -Nellie Moriarty in Catholic Columbian.

was formed to visit the different shrines that had been erected in every part of the convent. Processions seem to be the most natural means of expressing publicly the feelings of the heart. They appeal directly to us, hey affect us, they enlist our sympahies with their object as nothing else can, and a religious procession is wonderfully calculated to inspire devotion. The procession of the day was no exception.

The Sisters filed out of the chapel preceding the procession, their oprano voices chanting as they passed on through the house the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, while the refrain

a niche effectively surrounded by ruby-tinted gossamer clouds through which glowed the rea lights eloquent of burning love, was passed. Up into the corridor out of which the nuns cells open, a shrine was met from which hung scrolls bearing every in-vocation of the Litany and gleaming with lights. On the procession moves to the extreme east end of the corridor, Sisters of the Precious Blood-Cel-ebration in Toronto. where another shrine is erected, up another flight of stairs to the top story The unusual sight of a convent illuminated from every window might where two more brilliantly-lighted shrines are visited at either end of the corridor. The procession now have been witnessed by the wayfarer whose steps led by the convent of the returns downstairs ; a visit is made to the Refectory, thence upstairs again Precious Blood on St. Joseph street, Toronto, on the evening of December to the novitiate. Here the contre of the shrine is a representation of the Blessed Virgin as a child of three, when presented in the Temple by her parents. In the corridor outside stands an effigy of the Holy Father in

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4, London, Albien Block, President (P. F BOYLE,

his part, but with kindly scrutiny ; the shabby clothing of the lads, so poorly

faces. "My pa's lame. Awful? Got hurt

without excitement, as if both facts

It was again the call of human brotherhood, and, this time it definite-ly called him. This was his field ; hese were his own men, his own direct

THE ADORATION OF THE SHEP. having been founded in 1861 at St

HERDS. Among the pretty observances re-corded in Mr. Janvier's *Century* article Or Christman Christian Content in the present of the second with the second on Christmas observances in Provence but one left, Mother St. Joseph, superior is the adoration of the shepherds, which of the order in Toronto. It seems a is interpolated in the Mass. He says : special mark of divine favor that the By some means only a little short of rule of this community should have rea miracle, a way was opened through ceived so soon the final approbation of

the dense crowd along the centre of the the Supreme Pontiff, and it is a great nave from the door to the altar, and up happiness to the members to receive this way with their offerings real the Rule almost as it was presented to shepherds came-the quaintest proces. His Holiness.

Three days of special prayer, of ion that anywhere I have over seen. praise and thanksgiving have been devoted in every house of the order to In the lead were four musicians, playing upon the tambourin, the galoubet, the very small cymbals called palets, the celebration of this auspicious and the bagpipe like carlamuso ; and event-at the mother house in Hyacinthe, Que., at Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa, Three Rivers, Brooklyn, N. then, two by two, came ten shepherds wearing the long, brown, full cloaks, weather stained and patched and Y., Oregon, U. S. A. and the last mended, which seem always to have ner of celebration in Toronto may not come down through many generations

and which never by any chance are be uninteresting to our readers. The triduum began on Sunday, Mass new; carrying tucked beneath their being celebrated with Exposition of the arms their battered felt hats browned, Most Blessed Sacrament, Benediction being given at the usual hour in the like their cloaks, by the long warfare with sun and rain : holding in one

with sun and rain; holding in one hand a lighted candle and in the other a staff. The two leaders dispensing is were repeated on Monday. On a staff. The two leaders, dispensing Tuesday, the Feast of the Immaculate with staves and candles, bore garland ed baskets; one filled with fruit-mel. Conception, at 9 o'clock, solemn High ons, pears, apples and grapes-and in Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father the other a pair of doves, which with sharp, quick motions turned their treuil, C. S. B., deacon, and Mr. Sulli-

heads from side to side as they gazed van, sub-deacon. The Sisters' choir wonderingly on their strange surround-

of the community in commemoration of the event. Then back to the of the event. chapel, where the last prayer is said, the final hymn sung. Not all the shrines erected in the house have been visited by the procession ; that would be impossible, for in every single room used by the community shrines have been erected, and before them lights are burning.

But the great day must end even though prolonged for the nonce by the very special permission to the community of remaining up till 10 o'clock. Down at the mother house in St. Hyacinthe, in Catholic Quebec, day closes with a great nination of the convent, the illumination with wonderful transparancies of the Pope and the founders of the Order. There can be no such display here, but a voice asks why not some echo of such demonstration ? The word is given and from roof to basement, from turret to turret, the convent for brief hour is ablaze of lights, and then the celebration is over-History has been made.

\$100,000 for Bishop Keane's Sermon.

it.

Since Archbishop Keene retired from the rectorship of the Catholic Univer-sity, Mr. P. B. O'Brien, a prominent Catholic of New Orleans, has died, leaving \$150,000 to the university.