# The Urne



# Witness

### CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT-DECEMBER 23, 1891.

### CHRISTMAS EVE.

The children dreamed the whole night through of stockings hung the hearth beside; And, bound to make each dream come true, Went Santa Claus at Christmas-tide

Black stockings, red, brown, white and gray-Long, little, warm, or patched and thin-The kindly Saint found on his way, And, smiling, popped his presents in.

in as he felt his hoard grow light, A tear-drop glistened in his eye: · More children on this earth to-night. than stars are twinkling in the sky."

I pon the white and frozen snow He knell his empty bag besidesome little socks must empty go. Alis "-said he-"this Christmas-tide

er, ough I their stockings may not heap With gifts and toys and Christmas cheer,  $g_{\rm ho} + 600$  comes from sorrow keep : Toronch, dear Lord, to Thee is dear

- 15.00 wort a little Child like them"-prayed he-"For whom I would provide port years ago in Bethlehm. T. a first and blessed Christmas-tide!

...y. soothe Thee then Thy mother's kiss. And all her comfort, sweet and kind. Some them love lest they may miss r - gitts I know not where to find!

ωγ<sub>ESC</sub> sweetest gift, dear Lord, hestow or, all the children for and wide: Alt ave them hearts as pure as snow "go god Santa Claus-"at Christmas tide i" MARGUERITE MURINGTON.

on Cheistmas Night was bright and clear, we watched a child both rich and dear "The little lonesome cell; avoicome sang to the "Tesus Child," on cett her heart so pure and mild, as sue loved her Lord full well,"

BRENEYNO.

MHE part used a poet's heense inon nan might not inaptly be styled fore her, answered; alld, for in her heart she had ever sor of the innocence and sweet sim-

. Ids involving the Benedicting monas-"Vallis Resarium," or "the ey of Roses, in Louvain, in the v part of the thirteenth century, legend, as related by the colebrated unti poet. Bretatano, muo as follows : ogens Christmas Night the relief the memistery was fri hant'y minated before the approach of mid-degree lit. And the fine were all in choic. ther matins. Beautionly, and with butt day gooding to believe believed.

a Chemical and the West Control Novel in were seen and any restriction of the streams of the stream of the second West second because would have been sortly district the second between the second of the stream of the second of the secon investigated the rate (Declare Well) for emild to desire, compliates has tool wheel and released in the considered herself to accept

that I had the longues of Ange is! I sing the sweetest, sweetest songs to Thee, it ell to all how full or joy and gladness, is out that loves Thee pertectly may be, here not how to praise Thee, O my Saviour! et my heart is jubilant with melody."

Then she offered the Divine Child the nomage of her silent suffering—bowing her head in meck submission; bending mer knee in grateful adoration; playing and singing and making joyful melodics in her heart, which resounded throughout her lonely little cell; caressing and cherishing with her tenderest yet reverend endearments the Infant, her immortal Kung and God.

Now. He whom she so loved above al else could no longer delay to reward His faithful servant. For, behold! a wondrous thing came to pass. When the priest who was saying the Midnight Mass in the church elevated the Sacred Host, it appeared to Ida, in her far-distant cell that she saw the altar, and the priest holding up in his hands a lovely Infant act of stepping down from her throne, Child who sweetly smiled upon her.

A feeling of terror and awe filled the soul of Ida as she beheld this vision; she feared it implied that she needed sight to confirm her faith, whereas she had never asked or wished to see our Lord in bodily appearance in the Blessed Sacrament; she had always desired to believe,

But the Lord, who knew the strength of her faith, told her to banish this fear from her heart, since He deigned to apply the faith. pear to her, not to strengthen her faith,

but to reward her love.
At the same time He touched the chords of His Sacred Heart, and a most great Isabella, to whom Castile owed Gra- than for the handsome, dashing Signor exquisite melody resounded, filling the | nada and the Indies and history; the fairsoul of the Blessed Ida with perfect hapest model of a wife, a mother, and a diminished, his temper grew execuble, piness and the most blessed peace. In Queen." Yes, I hear that Isabella has and he vented it on Helen. Submissivethis sweet song the Lord told her that, in reward of her entertainment of Him, it should be given to her to rock Him, the Divine Infant, to sleep within her leads to the divine Infant, to sleep within her leads to the Divine Infant, to sleep within her after all; and so, I doubt not, will she.

pure heart, with a like devotion as His Blessed Mother had done at His birth, That, also, she should receive a heart all of heavenly joy in which to cherish Him, and that she should be taught how to sing His praises with a heavenly melody and a jubilant gladness, that should glorify Him more than all the songs of the created universe.

Transported with rapturous delight at these sublime promises, the blessed Ida remained in her cell, rejoicing with our went with the other sick nuns and took

lovely Child was before her in the Sacred serve and morality. They had lived a Host? Therefore she becought our Lord formal, eminently respectable, somewhat police, and traced ber husband (as she police). Solling every to withdraw the vision, that she might inhospitable life, and had not altered be enabled in Holy Communion to resolution when their ways even when their only daught available bit of personal property left to the possession of them; and the gnardian available bit of personal property left to ceive Him into her heart. But the ter Helen had become a fair, tall girl of her, with the scanty sum thus obtained angels wept among themselves. But lord, wishing to bestow still further unneteen. Lord, wishing to bestow still further nineteen.

Proofs of His favour mon His beloved Miss Dalmayne had not seemed to be learned that Perugino had accepted an sponse, did not immediately accede to her request.

Thus Ida remained until the third she saw descended from the altar a Child sure, she was content, with the homely

to thee in the Host, not because I found to develop spontaneously where doubted of thy faith, but to make known habits, and heredity should have faid to thee My love.

"Do not ask that, My daughter, because none during their mortal life can of simblificed before her Heaven'y behold trac Godfread. When I shall for his visits to the Manor.

chords of the letter of the specific and the specific and

His holy grace.

## Isabella the Catholic.

The following letter dated at Romefrom Harriet Hosmer, who is engaged by the forwarded through a solicitor, they requinder her thin shawl, she placed her own Queen Isabella Association to design a statue of the patroness of Columbus for the Women's Pavillion at the World's They suffered cruelly. Their harshness Fair, has been received in Chicago:

DEAR Mr. DICKISSON:-II you will raise your eyes from this paper you will see Queen Isabella in the act of offering Helen's absence. They shrank from her jewels: that is to say, that is what I see; and so would you if your eyes were of their severity, the sight of the place here instead of the other side of the once gladdened by the young girl's prewater. I have been thinking of reportsence became intolerable to them. see; and so would you if your eyes were ing myself for a long time, but then reflected that, as the greater interest must centre in Isabella, it were well to wait until I could tell you exactly how she property was put in a house-agent's looks. I have represented her in the because the action gives greater play of to them as if she had never been born. Inc and movement; and she wears her The girl's romantic dream of bliss had crown because it was in the character of the usual rude awakening. If Perugino Queen that she befriended Columbus. had loved her, he had loved the prospects of an heiross still more and respects. The aged priest, silencing the excited is the ornamented cross which we see in the prompt relenting of the Dalmaynes all her portraits. I shall soon now be toward their only daughter. With the leaving Rome, taking "Isabella" with me, conviction of his mistake, when Helen's of course, and after a little stay in Eng- repeated supplications, prompted by him land shall set sail, and be with you in the early autimn. I will add that I am attitude towards her changed. Things very well pleased with the model, and to were going wrong with him. He was no those who would like to see it done better, I will say, let them try. Here is one neglected him; his pupils seemed to of the inscriptions I have selected: "The care less for a married singing master

# CHRISTMAS EVE.

let for a term to a stranger in the county be no marriage at all, by so eminently conservative and old-Heleo's cup of m fashioned a person as Mr. Dalmayne.

These questions had been freely and Blessed Lady over the Divine Infant the eagerly discussed by the little world of she remain passive under her wrongs? whole night through. When at day- which Manor House was a not unimbreak the second Mass was sung, she portant part, but they had never been |-Luigi's child. Should it come into the quite satisfactorily answered, although world with a heritage of shame-nameher place in a retired corner of the choir. by common consent a flavor of scandal less, fatherless, branded with the stain of Again at the Elevation she beheld the attached to them. Then the interest had dishoner? No, no; not if its mother boly Child Jesus in His unspeakable and gradually died out, merged probably in could help it. There must be justice on charming beauty, and the vision lasted some tresh and less mysterious gossip earth, tribunals who would protect her, so long as the Sacred Host temained on and the former occupants of the Manor She would, in spite of his threats, seek were wellnigh forgoiten. Even when and follow Luigi, and compel him to Were welling forgotten, riven when and ionow ling, and comparison to which she knelt; for Low dared she apwere welling forgotten, riven when and ionow ling, and comparison to own her as his wife.

Helen had still to learn how weak is a woman battling against the world single handed; but she never wavered in her reand ionow ling, and comparison to own her as his wife.

Helen had still to learn how weak is a woman battling against the world single handed; but she never wavered in her reproach the Holy Table so long as the sharing his prim puritanical ideas of no solve. With infinite perseverance she

affected by the uncongenial atmosphere shade, as some dowers do, sweet and Thus Ida remained unti, the third shade, as some dowers do, sweet and grees, husbanding her last pence, she Mass without having communicated, bright, without yearning for a more erept on. At Avignon she was taken ill, During tals, which was the High Mass, brilliant sphere of worldliness and plea-ST, IDA'S CHRISTMAS NIGHT, she saw descended from the altar a Child stre, she was content, with the none of most wonderful and charming beauty, life and parsuits; and, she love I music, song came to her naturally, and with it the secret instructs of poetry, romance, sweet voice, spoke to her and said: "My beloved. I showed Myself visibly (and half-my-ticism which are sometimes only the seeds of stern practicality. To baby God speed, swered quickly.

"O my dearest Lond, how indicately and expense on their daughter's education of the full bloom of although in the full bloom of any went and holy Cistuan maight not inaptly be styled.

Swered quickly.

"O my dearest Lond, how indicately no expense on their daughter's education; they were proud or her talents, and had given her the best masters and governesses. Even now, whenever an occasion offered whenever the old matter.

The lovely Child desire with musical artist, they allowed Miss Dab mayne to receive Dutten from him on her. At nightfall snow began to drop whatever terms he wished to mention

South of the vering gire had been stable by strond, and not not seed where. If we disconline formeous from cold and fathe new recoversed made representation of the characteristic presentations from cold and far the levellest angels of heaven came to never recoversed made representations as she stagged duling were as the world on Christmas morning.

In the control warmer, for the control of the characteristic presentation of the control of the control

toreigners and papists with British vizor, ther. She was alone, and the sound of the dreading notoriety of any kind. Mr. and belts came to her car hushed and reas-Mrs. Dahaayte were incensed at what belts came to her car hushed and reas-they termed a shameful and disgraceful ling diagers, she loosened the scanty exposure. They turned a deat car to clothing that covered her child, and re-Helen's appeal, and, in a curt answer, moving the waxen figure, which she hid nonneed her forever, and benceforth refused to hear her name mentioned, and, without looking back, hurried from was in proportion to the heaviness of the blow received. They could not combel themselves to own the truth respecting facing inquiries; and, perchauce, in spite Without warning, they left the Manor House; nor did they inform any one of their future plans. Some weeks later the hands, and a new tenant took possession They disappeared, and Helen was as dead

longer the fashion; his English patrons Perugino of former days. His resources

self alone and deserted in two shabby rooms in a small London back street. Luigi had gone, leaving behind a few / HAT had become of the owners curt words of explanation, by which he of the Manor House? Why had the large country house him, as he was returning to Italy, where on the outskirts of tiloucester she would find that a stolen marriage, stood cupty for a time, and then been contracted in England, would prove to

Helen's cup of misery was full. Surely, if she had sinned against her parents, they were avenged. But could

engagement at the Casino of Nice. She that surrounded her; six grew in the determined to go thither. By slow deand was received into a house of refuge for women, where her son was born, and where she struggled back to life. A few weeks later, the kind Sisters of Mercy. pitying her weakness, but compelled by the rules of their house to let her go, gave her a little money, and with gentle, compassionate words bade her and her

The season was far advanced. Even in the South, winter will assert itself with sudden fury, and these spells of unexpected cold and frosts are more cruel than in the North. Helen, unable to pay the railway fare, and yet blindly determined to reach Nice, had wandered on, on foot, in the direction pointed out to softly and heavily. When it ceased the rested in my Father's bosom, for man short December day was drawing to its bare made all things new, then will I. The last musician who made a stay in close; still the earth kept a silvery light become to Mysca, and thou shalt. Glonce-ter was a Signor Perugino, one from the reflection of its white mantle, ochold Me in My divinity face to face. Then upon the Lord touched the whose guidance Heier had made worder showed the ferforn woman that she was

is notified in the control of the best of the best would be left alone at the control of the con the first of the f third, then He will also reward your Sternly respectable, uncompromising whem, soft cradic in which a baby lay love with the rich and restly presents of in their reddiness and virtue, hating enadled. Furrively she glanced around living child in the manger of the creche, the church unseen. A few minutes later, with the last strokes of the bell, the priest appeared at the door of the sacristy, and the villagers trooped in for the midnight

service. The aged cure had just faced his congregation, and pronounced the "Ite missa st" that ends the Mass, when, from the lateral chapel, a faint cry fell upon the devont silence. It was twice repeated, and all eyes turned to the spot whence it proceeded; then, simultaneously, in a wed wonderment, men and women rose to their feet, with half-suppressed exclamations of "miracle! miracle!" for in the centre of the creche the "Bambino" was

villagers with an authoritative gesture, passed from the high altar to the chapel Instead of the waxen figure he had reverently placed in the manger that morning, according to the religious custom of the day, he saw a lovely little child moving its naked limbs in the straw. He lifted it gently in his arms. bent his white head over the little form, and, wrapping it in the folds of his linen sur-plice, placed his wrinkled hand on the downy head, uttering a short silent prayer. Then he turned again, and once more facing the kneeling, wondering crowd, he spoke :

under the protection of the Virgin, and leave it to her mercy and our charity. We accept this Christmas gift, you and I. We adopt this foundling, and shall rear him for the service of God."

In the cold winter dawn, under a hedge at a short distance from the hamlet, a woman was found crouching on the frozen ground, rocking in her arms a waxen image, and singing in sweet, clear, but tremulous tones, an English lullaby. She allowed herself to be led away with passive wonder, but obstinately refused to part with her burden. Before Christmas Day had ended she was dead. - Donahue's

And the litany began.

Magazine.

## THREE CHRISTMAS ANGELS.

THEN God created man He commanded His angels to visit him on earth and guide him in his ways, so that he might have a foretaste of the bliss of the life to come. But man sought after sensual joys, in the place of those in heaven, and growing greedy of the worldly fruits, hegan to quarrel with his neighbors for when the strong oppressed the weak and took from them by force the product of their toil, Justice rose up sorrowing and, leaving earth, flew back to heaven. And when the weak overcame the strong with treachery and deceit, and got from them by cunning what they feared to take by force, Truth rose up sorrowing, and leaving earth, flew back to heaven. And when the injured went forth to slav their injurers, and crimsoned the plain with their brothers' blood. Peace rose up sorrowing, and leaving earth, flew back to heaven.

Thus each bad act scared some good angel from the world, until Forgiveness, the most beautiful of all, alone remained behind. And when she heard Anger and Revenge whisper dark deeds in men's ears, and counsel them to repeat what had been done to them, she rose up sorrowing and said:

"I will oot leave the earth. While my sister angels were here I might have needed me not; but now that they have fled, I will seek to make man listen to my voice, telling him that as he cherished forgiveness here, so that forgiveness will cherish him hereafter."

tiful star blazed in the heavens. It was character the inhabitants gathered round | Forgiveness said, "Behold, the light of which no latter words to litted to an inasterprose, and writen impurited so their fires, were waiting for the to ling of the world. It shines as a promise that I sterpret movel a claim, to the purity and corrects the large name uning them to the Mass of will ever dwell upon the earth." And less of yer tones. It seems to so it to Christmas eve. and have never since left the earth. So the leveliest angels of heaven came

without control.

I suggested that we kneed down and page the Temple of Love, stands the Charten of the Ara Colli.

There exists a legend to this of the Love by which can the control. A the Capite ince Hill, whate was cosed the Temple of Jove, stands the Charge of the Ara Colliof Our Lady, in which an inchanged W. D. mayor a heavy current and found nesser in the "First Begotten or God." It is said to be enclosed in the Capella Santa under the octagon baldachino, in the centre of the north transept. It is said that Augustus Cesar, clared with joy, asked the Sybil if anyone living exceeded him in happiness or power, and if he should allow the obsequious Senate of Rome to enrol him among the gods of the city. The inspired woman, shrinking not from call of duty, told him that one was now born, whose power should oclipse even that of Casar himself. Then she led him at dawn to the Temple of Jove, and showed to him, amid the glowing disc of the rising sun, a vision that startled the eyes of Angustus. It was the Virgin seemed to pierce the clouds, and that Mother seated and holding her Child in certainly reschool in the hollow basin her arms. The pions Emperor, then and there, called for incense, and on his knees sacrificed to the "First Begotten of God" thus revealed to him. This subject is seen in the paintings of the Pitti palace, Florence, one especially by Garofalo shows the Sybilla Tiburtina, pointing to the image in the sun, and the Emperor bowed with clasped hands before the altar. Whatever be the origin of the legend, the words of Virgil's Pollio (Eclog iv.) are certainly strange:

> Magnus ab integro sacculorum nascitur orde Jam redit et rirga, redeunt Saturnia regna. Jam nora progenies corlo demittitur alio." The lines inspired Pope's "Ode and Milton's glorious "Nativity:"

> Runs through the archer (ceiving, Apollo from his shrine Can no more divine With hollow shrick, the steep of Delphos

> In support of this a very curious oracle, carved upon a stone, is said to have been found among the ruins of the old temple in the Capitol. These are the three hexameters of the Delphian Python.

lile puer Hebræus Divos Deus ipse gubernans, Cedere sede jubet tristemque redire sub oreum, Aris ergo, dehine tacilis, abscedite nostres."

In this church of Ara Ceeli, the famous Bambino is placed in a splendid crib, and every morning little children give each a discourse of three or four minutes on the Mystery of the Incarnation:
"From the mouths of infants and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."-Pittsburg Catholic.

When the teacher asked what was the feminine of tailor, a small boy on a front seat in a public school promptly ex-

# A Sick Call at Night.

WAS roused out of my sleep the other night by a loud noise outside the gate, I raised the window and listened. There was the noise of voices and of footfalls: and soon a knocking—a quick, violent knocking—took place. My senses were all confused, yet I hastened to find

out what was wrong.

"O Father, my father is dying! Will you hurry, for the love of God! He got a fit—he's dying!" And the messengers began to weep aloud.

It took me some seconds before I could

It took me some seconds before I could understand what was going on, I was so confused from being taken suddenly out of a deep sleep. I looked at the clock: it was half-past one, and I had been

sleeping only a short time.
"Very well," I said, "I will be with you in a moment."

We went out through the fields. The moon was still in the sky, and a soft breeze beat on our faces. As I looked at the moon I began to think how quietly all God's works go on, whether we are beholding them or not; and I thought what a world of wondrous beauty is rerealed outside, while we are in our beds.

The two boys, I noticed, lagged behind; they must have run when coming for me, and were now tired. I could see their dark figures when I turned back; and, far as they were from me, I could hear, in the calm night, the cough of one.- a cough that seemed to tell of consumption.

Soon I saw female forms on the way, "Is that Willie?" they asked. "Is that John?

"No," I answered : "it is I."

"O Father, he's dead!—our poor father is dead!" And a long, low, suppressed wail escaped her. "Whisht, Mary Annel whisht! Here is Willie." And the sitter went over to

meet her brother as he came up.
"O Willie," she cried, "he's gone!" A heartrending cry from the young

man broke on the stillness of the night.

"() Willie, don't!" pleaded the sister, between her sobs. O Willie, don't! You will kill mamma." He checked his cries, and we moved

toward the house. A simple incident will show how confused they were. One of the younger children, a little girl of about ten or eleven, came over near me, and, putting her hand through my arm, leaned on me, as if I had been her elder sister. Of course I said nothing to the poor child. What could I say?

When we went into the house all began

to cry together. I stood in the midst of a group as sad as ever I beheld. Death will ever dwell upon the earth. And laid come as a double stroke,—death, Peace and Love, repenting, flew back, ever terrific, was here swift and sudden and unprovided for.

"O Father." the mother cried. "our prop is gone! What shall we do?" Mother, don't weep so; oh, don't!" her daughters pleaded.
"Whisht, manual." said her youngest

girl, in piteous tones; but with the poor mother's ery they all burst out, almost without control.

ad there. At the second swoon we arose and put her in a sitting posture. I never fest how little we are in presence of strong emotion as at that moment. I saw that it would be of no use trying to restrain their grief, and that it was better nature should take its course. So, after saying some words of consolation, I turned to go hem?

The white, fair moon was still shining in the heavens. I could see my shadow on the ground moving along in company with me. The soft breeze blew on my back. I had not gone far when something moved me to look behind. Figures apppeared on the white road, as if they had filed out from the humble cottage; and a chorus of sorrow went up, in which a woman's voice was leader, that certainly re-echoed in the hollow basin of land all around. It was an awful cry. and never to be forgotten. I stood on the road and looked up to heaven, craving in dumb show for pity and peace for those who were so terribly stricken. As walked slowly on my way home, the light breeze every nowand again brought me a fresh burst of sorrow from that house of woc. Christ save us all from such a cross!

He was ill only from nightfall, and they thought nothing of it. Not for years have I witnessed anything so sudyears have I witnessed anything so stidden and so sad as that death. I could not sleep when I got home for hinking of that Hill of Calvarye for ever the Christian home is a Charly inite. There is a sadness over mestill. The

bright sunshine warms but it does not enliven me to-day. The birds sing, the rabbits sit still and hearken with ears erect for a moment, and then pop, pop, to their holes; the green leaves and quiver; soft breezes blow, and fleecy clouds float in the blue firmament; but for once I am indifferent to all I see around me. My heart is heavy. Human sorrow is a sacred thing. But praise be to God for His will!—R. O. K. in Ave. Maria.

# WIT AND HUMOUR.

In a crowded restaurant none but the

brave obtain the fare. A friend in need is a friend who touches you for a half crown.

It is the man on the fence who rails at humanity generally.

The most popular morning paper in the

was the a front It is the champion chose likely who has cause of complain of ruis discovered.