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The Catholic Register.

"Truth is Catholic; proclaim it ever, and God will effect the rest."—BALMEZ.

VOL. VI.—NO. 51.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1898.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

CHRISTMAS.

If we are to speak of the great festival at all, how or where shall we begin? The best we can say is so mean that it were, perhaps, entirely the wisest to be silent altogether.

Joseph and Mary are not recorded to have opened their lips that august night, the shepherds adored without a word, and it appears as if it was only enough to fulfil their mission of showing the way to the sacred crib.

Shall we not do well to copy such example, and be content to listen in spirit to where we may find the Child and worship Him?

The stillness of the midnight hour when Christ was born, and the darkness all around that rude manger wherein He was laid, are symbols to us of the mute and quiet adoration with which we ought to approach Sp. cel., it there is to be any, should be not noise of the tongue but the breathing of fervent hearts. Happy true love's silence.

And who can think of the things of Christmas with a rapture? To touch might can dazzle and mislead as well as darken, and when God is so near that He can be touched and handled, when His brightness shines round about us it is difficult to see the things that are in their right relation.

Great and small lose their distinction in a presence which uplifts all things.

We will, however, be guided right, here as elsewhere, if we follow her who, better than anyone else, understood the mysteries in which her life had its eventual centre.

When our Blessed Lady, in the Magnificat, ventured to speak her mind, the motive she alleges was the wonder she felt that God had deigned to notice her at all. Why should He, from the heights of His infinite glory, in which for a whole eternity He had been supremely happy, look down upon such insignificance. But He had. "He hath regarded the humility of His handmaid" (Luke I, 48); and therefore her soul did magnify the Lord, and her spirit rejoiced in God her Saviour.

Here we have, at once the reason of all praise, and the key to its true, God's infinite, loving condescension is the first, and the second is the thrill of the spirit filled with deep acknowledgment of so in ineffable a gift. On which if these it is more fitting to think: "the divine goodness or our obligations springing therefrom?"

How can creature intellect, I don't say estimate this goodness, but even form some such little idea of it as it is good to dwell upon?

To take in a mountain, or even a lofty tree, it is well to stand at some distance, to get from under it and let it sink into the mind by different aspects.

The same is true when the object to be seen, if not great in itself, is at least many-sided. Our Blessed Lady in her thanksgiving illustrates this rule, when she says of God "He hath regarded her humility."

Now, to regard means to look twice, or many times, at the same thing. What is of no interest is dismissed with a glance, what we love we hate to take our eyes off, and the long lingering look, so hard to break and painful to interrupt, is at once the evidence and the measure of how dear its object is.

This was the image of God which Mary had when she sang her Magnificat. She saw Him only, or at least chiefly, under the one aspect of His regard for His fallen children, and how when that regard had led Him to send over, and prophet, and law-giver, more or less in vain, the splendor of His glory, (for so St. Paul calls the eternal word) arose in the bosom of the Trinity and with the proclamation "Sacrifice and oblation Thou wouldest not, thou beheld I come," (Hobrows, 10. 6. 0.) the only begotten Son leaving the throne of His Father, stepped, if we may dare so to speak, down into the regions of sin and sorrow and anguish to do what only He could. Nay, not merely stepped down to it, but most wondrous of all, assumed it unto Himself, became its heart and its life, by a union that is henceforth to last for ever, a union that is personal and enables us to say with perfect truth in His case that God is man and man is God.

No wonder indeed, with such a view before her our Blessed Lady sang with sweeter than angels' melody her exulting Magnificat. No wonder her spirit leaped and danced with joy in contemplating God thus so wondrously become her Saviour.

Yet not even she comprehended the height and the length, and the depth and the breadth of the love that is shown in the Incarnation. And what do we know about it?

True every day at Mass, and it is to be hoped at many other times, we say in faith "The Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us," but too often, it is feared, pass along as if what we had just said were not the most wonderful thing. I don't say the earth, but the very heavens themselves ever saw, or heard of.

"Omnipotence in Bonds" is the truthful heading of a great sermon by Newman. "The Eternal in Time." "The King of Kings, a slave." "The infinitely High, clothed in swaddling clothes, and laid in a manger"—these and a thousand others equally startling are just as true, and are now offered as fit food for our reflection at Christmas time.

Let us study them with the heart, rather than the intellect. They are beyond-reason, but they are not beyond love. In and from love they have their origin and continuance, and it is to create returning love on our part they have been granted us.

The great fire of infinite charity burns throughout the creation, since Christ entered it, that all may be kindled into flames of purity and holiness. It is our fault if we fail.

The helplessness of the infinite Redeemer disarms fear, His sweetness attracts, His arms are outstretched in mercy. Not for Himself is He there upon that poor pallet, but for us, that we might hasten to His crib and offer, even if we have nothing else, at least the gift of our fullest love.

It is a cheap return for all that has been done for us.

True Christian Education.

IV.

In the United States Census Bulletin, of May 6th, 1892, we find that nearly 62 per cent. of the criminals imprisoned for murder are re-educated. In respect of the Pennsylvania state penitentiary for 1893 we find that out of 17,924 prisoners who have committed crimes against persons and property, 14,185 or about 82 per cent. are persons of education. By the return of criminal statistics of the past year for the Dominion of Canada we learn that over 74 per cent. of convicted criminals have been educated.

In an article on the "Increase of Crime" written in 1894, the editor of "The Interior," Chicago, deploring these facts remarks that: "The education that neglects the moral nature of the pupil does him and society as well a great injustice. The expert criminals of to-day

are not the brutalized duncions of the alms, they are fairly well educated, as the numerous instances of forgery only too plainly attest. The education that leaves the moral sense untouched is too often a dangerous power."

What do these facts and testimonies prove? They prove that so-called secular education that trains the mind and leaves the heart untouched, that crams the intellect with stores of scientific facts and truths, and teaches the principles of religion and morality which ought to direct them, is not only a useless factor in the regeneration of society, but is as positively hurtful to the individual as it is detrimental to the community.

If, according to the evidence of thinking men in every nation, crime has notably increased with the last ten years and has assumed more cruel and inhuman aspects, it is plain that the result must be attributed to the fact that the powerful influence of education has been placed in the hands of the youth of the land without the principles

of religion and christian morality to direct and govern the use of them.

We often hear that the Catholic church is opposed to the modern secular education of the day. This charge is very true. The Catholic church is not opposed to genuine intellectual culture, or any system of education that awakes for the true development of human nature. But she is opposed to a system of education that treats the head and leaves the heart untouched, she is opposed to a system of education that treats every science in coldness, but the knowledge of God she always has been opposed to a system of education where the word of God is never heard, where the true christian principles of morality are

never inculcated and where scientific morality and false worldly culture are substituted for the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Perish every system of education, perish all science and knowledge from off the face of the earth, let our children grow up rude and illiterate like the sons of the desert, let them be blind to all the glories of science and art, let them be deaf to all the music of this beautiful creation rather than give them an education without religion, a culture without God.

For it is better that they should live and die in ignorance rather than imperil the salvation of their immortal soul with a godless education.

J. P. T.

CHRISTMAS LYRIC.

Come and adore! For lo! the Saviour's Star
Gleams with its usure the Judæan skies.
Hearken the spirit hushes, that swell afar
O'er Mamre's plain, whose wakening flocks arise.
Now are the Prophets' prophetic fulfilled,
High Heaven and Earth alike with wondering joy are thrilled.

Come and adore! From Shechem's stony street,
By Kedron's torrent see the Magi go,
Dust of the desert on their camels' feet,
Weary their bodies, but their souls aglow.
For we have seen His Star-Sign in the East,
"So on the God-Child's face our longing eyes shall feast."

Ye drowsy shepherds, by Gibeah's slopes
Wake to the glory of this mystic night.
Now is the crowning of your dreams and hopes;
Lo! above Gedor's peak the flaming light!
Glad vision!—hear the Seraph anthems ring,
"Peace on the earth to men; Glory to Heaven's King."

On Lebanon, low bow the cedars' boughs
To greet the new-born Saviour-Child below!
Rich Gilead's grove its precious balsam sheds,
And Siloa's wicket warble as they flow!
Come and adore! When Nature utters praise
Let Man his accents too in rapturous measures raise.

Come and adore!—ye faithful ones of God
In Galilee and wide Samaritan land,
And you, ye Gentiles where the palm trees nod
By Indus' shore and scented Samariland;
Ye too, whose Roman palaces surround,
Or bowing billows lash the stern Hesperides.

High Mystery of Love: in awe we bow
Here in the stable at an Infant's feet!
Vouchsafe, oh Lord, that as we worship now
In vigil with Thy Mother mild and sweet,
Strength we may find and solace on our way—
Led by Thy burning Star—to Heaven's Eternal Day!

J. B. DOLLARD (Shav-na-mon).

Toronto, Dec. 15th, '98.

Death of Sister Loretto (O'Leary.)

General sympathy, not only among the ladies of Loretto, and friends of the family, but also among the Catholic community generally, has been occasioned by the death of Sister Loretto (O'Leary), at St. Michael's Hospital, on Sunday, Feb. 18th, 1878. The deceased had been afflicted by cancer for a year or more, and had undergone an operation at the hospital. She had been for twenty-two years a member of the community, living in Irish and Canadian convents.

Alice O'Leary was born in Lindsay, March 25, 1847. She received her early education there and afterwards attended the Normal school, Toronto, from which institution she received her certificate. Returning to Lindsay she took charge of the Separate School. During that time Father Stafford erected a magnificent convent and had the Loretto nuns take charge of it. Alice O'Leary was the first young lady to become a Sister. She entered Feb. 18th, 1878. She was removed to Toronto after a short time and then to Ireland, where she remained a number of years, returning in 1889. She taught in Hamilton, Guelph, Niagara Falls and Stratford. Her career as a teacher was most successful. Owing to ill health she was unable to resume her position in Stratford where she taught for three years. After care it was decided that an operation was calculated to prolong her life. She was taken to St. Michael's Hospital on the 7th Dec. and died on the 11th after undergoing a painful operation. Her remains were removed to the Loretto convent where Requiem High Mass was celebrated on Tuesday morning. The chief mourners were her brother Mr. John O'Leary, Toronto, Mr. Hugh O'Leary, O. O., Lindsay and her sister, Mrs. Berry, Lindsay. The pallbearers were her six nephews, five from Toronto, one from Lindsay. The scene at her death bed was most edifying surrounded by her beloved Sisters of Loretto and St.

Joseph. Father Ryan said the Mass and the last prayers for the dead. Many of the city priests were present including the Very Rev. Administrator Father McCann, Fathers Treacy, Dollard, Rohleder and others.—R. I. P.

The "Priest of Perth."

To the Editor of The Catholic Register.

DEAR SIR—In your issue of the 24th ult. I found a curious mistake made, to which I desire to call the attention of whoever may be responsible for it. In looking over the paper, I came upon a short poem entitled "The Priest of Perth" (Dr. Deady), and attributed by you to The Cork Examiner. Now, as I had the honor of editing the poems of my lamented friend and follower, Hon. T. D. McGee, I desire to call your attention to this matter. The poem in question is one of the best-known Canadian poems of our great statesman and orator. It is said, indeed, after the lapse of thirty years since his tragic death, to see one of the productions of his graceful muse ascribed to another.

As regards this particular poem, it has a special and tender significance for myself and any other friends of Very Reverend J. H. McDonagh of Perth, Ontario, Vicar-General of the diocese of Kingston—in his time not yet an archdiocese—few, indeed, I fear they are now.

Father McDonagh as we loved to call him was "The Priest of Perth" so affectionately and so truthfully described in McGee's noble verses, and on the occasion of the Vicar-General's death they were written and sent to me personally—a very dear mutual friend—for publication in The New York Tablet. In the columns of that paper they immediately appeared, and in the volume of McGee's poems edited by me they may be found among "Poems of the Afflictions," on p. 403. Alas! such is fame! Pray excuse me dear Mr. Editor,

BLANTYRE.

WRITTEN FOR THE REGISTER.

The Kingston Road car brought us to the somewhat baronial-looking avenue gate of Blantyre, and in a few minutes we were in what the boys, if they were vain of style, might call the "court yard." On one side the old-fashioned mansions, and a broad high hedge of evergreens, but looking now like a massive parapet of marble, thanks to the plentiful supply of snow. Facing this ideal winter scene, they might, with a little embellishment, have furnished a frontispiece of a Christmas number, is the trim looking brick building of the St. John's Industrial school, and the third side of the square is formed by the row of workshops, beyond which is the wood. A stranger would be likely to receive an incorrect impression of the place. If there were high fences around, the natural curiosity of boys would impel them to climb in. But there are no fences.

There are forty boys here, confined or imprisoned according to law, but not by stone walls or iron bars. Both the wood and the high road are accessible almost at a bound; but the Christian Brothers in charge of the school are able to say that there are fewer attempted escapes from Blantyre than from any institution of the kind in Canada. A dozen or more of the boys are picking, on a rink at the further corner of the square as we enter. There is nothing, in their dress, behavior or surroundings that would suggest the restraint of a public institution. The probable impression upon a stranger would be that these were college lads at recreation.

Walking across the yard to the workshops we enter without knocking, and find six boys making boots and shoes. They are robust, intelligent lads, of fifteen years of age perhaps. With them is a practical instructor, and an examination of their work shows they are not playing at their trade. Both new shoes and mended shoes are better suited for the snow and cold without than a great deal of the footwear purchased in the city. The boys work for the Sunnyside Orphanage and for other Catholic institutions of charity. Their services are in demand at good wages in the shops of Toronto as soon as they leave the Blantyre school. That is the best testimony to the practical and thorough knowledge of the trade they receive in the school.

Leaving the boot and shoe shop we are met by the Brother Superintendent, who has been informed of our visit in the meantime. He would like to give us an idea of what has been done in the line of gardening, flower culture, and poultry raising; but this is not a favorable time of the year; and we decide to see more of the apprentices at their trades, as well as the boys in the school classes.

Brother Urbanus has a spare, active figure, with quick, kindly eyes. In his company it is possible to see many things in a little time. He deprecates the insufficient equipment of the library and gymnasium, realizing the inclination of the boys towards them. But he says with animation that they take to military drill with satisfaction. A Q. O. R. instructor gives them a special lesson once a week. They are also nimble on the rope fire-escape, and can come down from the top windows with the celerity of salt-water tars. While he is talking we enter for a moment's prayer in the pretty chapel, brightened by glowing plants and softened near the altar with stained glass.

In a bright room facing the south several boys are at work with sewing machines, making the uppers of boots and winter clothes. While inspecting these articles and looking through the boys' wardrobe, Brother Urbanus explains that the clothing material which the boys work upon and wear is Halifax tweed, a cheaper and better article than the product of the Central Prison, besides being preferable from a sentimental standpoint—a standpoint that boys like for the same reason that they like liberty. Blantyre dispenses with a uniform, except for military purposes, for the same excellent reason. It is sometimes said to be impossible to keep boys in a public institution without a uniform by which they may be identified if they escape. But Brother Urbanus tells of at least one experience not uninteresting in this connection.

A little lad of eight had been held irregularly, at Mimico and other places of detention for juvenile misdemeanors. It can do no harm to mention that his name is Danny, since he achieved a great public notoriety by escaping on one occasion as far as the Pacific coast, traveling upon freights and picking up sleeping cement for body and soul as best he could at prairie and mountain stations. After having been caught that time, the little fellow was "written up" in a leading city daily to the extent of a column, under the sensational headline "DANNY IS A BAIL 'UN"; and as all who had previously been concerned about his reformation held exactly the same opinion of him, and as one of Danny's parents was a Catholic, there was no objection that Blantyre should take charge of the desperate baby. Danny was brought down in charge of one of the burliest members of the police. We found him in the junior school-room writing from dictation in a neat hand. He is the youngest and smallest boy there, and it is making no reflection upon his companions to say that not one of them had a more open and attractive face. It was hard even to think of the sufferings of this pretty little child, floating across the continent from the face of men, as if he were Cain.

Brother Urbanus said with a tender smile that Danny had been a good boy since his arrival at Blantyre, showing kindness and sympathy much more than reformation. He had quickly become the pet of the school, and whenever favors were wished, for Danny was the petitioner for the boys.

In the senior class room, we found the boys well advanced in their studies as they attend the schools of the city. But the inspection was not completed until the dormitories, refectory, pantry, kitchen and wash rooms had all been visited. Every where the same evidences of order and scrupulous cleanliness prevailed, and it was correspondingly profitable to listen to Brother Urbanus, as he explained the careful and exact system from which this order arose.

The boys sent to Blantyre from the Police Court, or by the St. Vincent de Paul society to be held for examination by the Police Magistrate, are not only the arabs of the city but oftentimes the sadder types of the towns and villages.

Yolo language is their habitual vocabulary all round, but their knowledge of wickedness varies according to environment and natural capacity. The great thing needful is to break their habits of word and act. Kindness and example will not accomplish this alone; the constant presence of the teacher is essential. The tongues must be guarded in the dormitory, in the dining-room, play room and work-shop as well as in the school-room. A brother sleeps in each dormitory, which is never without a light at night. The Superintendent reads during mealtime, when conversation is forbidden. Apart from sleeping and eating every minute is occupied with work, recreation or schooling; and through the constant routine there penetrates without an atmosphere of individual liberty and restraint equal to that which all school boys enjoy. In other words the system, while it is one of constant restraint upon all, does not press in any particular way upon one boy more than another. The school is doing a great work and the Catholic people of Ontario should be proud of it.

for troubling you in this matter but do so with the fullest conviction that both THE CATHOLIC REGISTER and THE CORK EXAMINER will be pleased to correct the error.—I remain, dear sir, very truly your friend,

M. A. SARDIER.

96 Boomside Place, Montreal, P. Q. December 10th, '98.

attention to it. In the issue of Dec. 1, Mr. James G. Foley, of Ottawa, vindicated by exact reference A. Roy McGee's rights as author of the poem. Ed. C. R.]

Regiopolls College, Kingston, Ont.

The business and Shorthand Department of Regiopolls re-opens Jan. 8, with a Chartered Accountant in charge. The yearly Scholarship costs only \$30, monthly payments. Diploma courses are completed in three to six months, unaided instruction. Write for Calendar, it without delay, several readers calling

Some Anglican Controversialists.

Rev. Dr. Langtry, of Toronto, and Rev. J. F. Gorman, of Ottawa, two Anglican missionaries have broken out simultaneously on the same subject, and have been firing the same arguments against "Rome," having borrowed them from the same source—Dr. Littledale's notorious "Plain Reasons." Answers to Dr. Langtry sent to the Mail and Empire have been denied publication; but the Ottawa papers publish the following letter from Father Fallon, of Ottawa University:—

It is scarcely credible that Anglicans in Ottawa or elsewhere can be altogether satisfied with the defence of the Church of England set up by the Rev. Mr. Gorman, nor have they any reason to feel particularly proud of his alleged arguments. Controversy such as the Rev. Mr. Gorman indulges in can scarcely be called scholarly, it is, indeed, influence and embitter the ignorant and uninformed; yet Rev. Mr. Gorman need not have addressed himself to them, for he was in no danger of losing them. It is not amongst such persons that converts are made to Catholicity. It is to the enlightened that discussion of this kind appeals, and with that class of people, even in his own congregation, I venture to say, that Rev. Mr. Gorman has done his cause irreparable injury. Persons looking for his species of scriptural and historical argument might have found it, and in a less mutilated form, within the covers of Dr. Littledale's "Plain Reasons Against Joining the Church of Rome," a book that was born of the fright occasioned by the numerous secessions from Anglicanism to Catholicity.

Rev. Mr. Gorman's sermon is a tissue of misstatements from beginning to end. I shall make no attempt to catalogue all of them, but shall restrict myself to setting down a modest half dozen. Here they are, numbered for convenience of reference.

- 1. "The old fable of the creation of the Church of England by King Henry VIII. was once again resurrected."
2. "To confess their Popes to be in the wrong, the Roman Church would deny their infallibility and honor."
3. "For a thousand years after Christ the Church everywhere affirmed that the Virgin Mary was conceived and born in sin."
4. "It is universally confessed that after three hundred and fifty years of reformation England in a far healthier moral and religious condition than any Roman Catholic country in the world."
5. "There was one exception," Mr. Gorman said, "to this high standard of morals in the British empire, and this was Roman Catholic Ireland, where assassination, public plunder, mutilation of living animals and the cruel persecution of innocent persons is either actively encouraged by the Roman Catholic clergy or acquiesced in with rare exceptions."
6. "The Roman Catholic Church has fallen scandalously as a religious and moral teacher everywhere in this country."
These statements are all false; some of them are calumnious, and are far more discreditable to him who used them than to those against whom they are directed. They recall nothing so much as the empty but vicious vapourings of the pagan Romans against the primitive Christians.

In his "Essay on Hallam's Constitutional History," Lord Macaulay is still clearer. "The basis on which Henry attempted to establish his power was too narrow to be durable. It was plainly necessary that the government should form an alliance with one or the other side. To recognize the papal supremacy would have been to abandon the whole design. Reluctantly and hesitantly he joined the Protestants. From this compromise the Church of England sprang."

ANOTHER MACAULAY QUOTATION.

Macaulay in the same "Essay" gives us in a comprehensive sentence a description of those who established the Church of England: "A King, (Henry VIII) whose character may be best described by saying that he was despotism itself personified, unprincipled ministers, a rapacious aristocracy, a servile Parliament, such were the instruments by which England was delivered from the yoke of Rome. The work which had been begun by Henry, the murderer of his wives, was continued by Somerset, the murderer of his brother, and completed by Elizabeth, the murderer of her first husband."

"Florence in his 'History of England' appears to have arrived at the same conclusion. 'The Anglican Hierarchy,' he says, 'was a child of convulsion and compromise, it drew its life from Elizabeth's throne, and had Elizabeth fallen, it would have crumbled into sand. The Church of England was as a limb lopped off from the Catholic trunk, and the life of it as an independent and corporate existence was gone for ever.'"

Lecky, "Eminent Men of the Eighteenth Century" seems to have no doubt as to when the Church of England was founded "Italian intervention," he writes, "had been for centuries a source of perpetual irritation to the national sentiment, while the Church that was founded at the Reformation was of all institutions the most intensely and most distinctively national." And Sir Wm. Vernon Harcourt evidently shares the views of the above historian, for in a recent letter of his to the London Times occurs the following passage: "It is truly said that the national Church of England in its foundation was a compromise between conflicting opinions. It was precisely to extinguish such pretensions on the part of the prelates that the Reformation was made and the Church of England by law established."

I have presented here a few historical and fairly respectable authorities; and they are all in favour of the point at issue. And the list might be extended. In fact it never occurred to the historians of England to question, what they themselves say, that the Church of England, as we know it, did not exist before the sixteenth century.

LETTER FROM ARCHBISHOP BRUCE. Montreal, Dec. 12.—The New York Herald, a few days ago, published a sensational article concerning the so-called religious community under the direction of Dr. Tracy in this city, the slurs which too much has already been said and written. The article referred to has called forth the following letter from Archbishop Bruce, which speaks for itself:—

To the Editor of the New York Herald, New York:—Several parties in New York have sent me a copy of your paper of December 4th, containing an article under the heading—"Child Nuns of Montreal." The "Holy Face Convent," enquiring as to whether its contents be accurate. At all events, it was in the main but a reproduction, with a few details added thereto, of a previous correspondence on the same subject that appeared in the columns of the World in its issue of November 20th. I deem it most regrettable that such an article should have been published, together with illustrations whose imagination plays the greatest part. Illustrations most extravagant in character, and liable only to discredit religion. The truth is that a few years ago several young girls of unquestionable piety united, in Montreal, with the view of serving and honouring God in prayer and penance. But I may add that they were never approved of, or recognized by ecclesiastical authority. No one has ever been appointed to direct them. It is wrong, therefore, to call them "nuns," to speak of their "superior," their "convent," or their "monastery." There is no "monastery" or "Convent of the Holy Face" in Montreal. I consider it most unbecoming and most indiscreet to refer, as your correspondent has done, to the life they lead, their devotional exercises, and penance. The Bishop is judge in these matters. It is his right to investigate them, and then approve or disapprove, and doubtless will discharge his duty in all presence and charity, however delicate the task may be. Accordingly I ask you, sir, most kindly to publish my letter in your journal, and remain, Yours, most respectfully, PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.

IN TEMPTATION'S PAIR.

(A Christmas Story.)

(Written for the Register.) It was Christmas morning. The silver-tongued bells of the chapel pealed forth the welcome news. Thrillingly sweet and melodious, with their lullabies of holly and mistletoe, they heralded the approach of the great festival of the year. The happy, light-hearted people seemed to bring forth the deep meaning of the angels' words: "Peace! Peace on earth to good-willed men." Everywhere the blithe "Yule" of "A Merry Christmas" folk like the twinkling of silver bells upon the ear.

All sorts of pain seemed vanished from the earth. But alas! It was not so for a maiden with her poverty and refinement were strange to her. She sat a woman, whose wretched face spoke only too plainly of care and grief. Beside her, with her arms around her mother's neck, May Darce was weeping. Her beautiful face was filled with tears and her hands trembled nervously.

"At last, Mrs. Darce spoke to May, my little daughter! Promise me to do this, and I shall be happy." "I promise, mother dear," said May, faintly. "Never forget your religion, never go out grandfather's way. If ever you meet your mother, you must love her right." "Mother!" "Yes, my dear, my mother! Never, never, did I forget my religion!" "You are a good and faithful daughter," said Mrs. Darce, as she bent over and kissed May's rosy lips. "Now to prove what you say come this Christmas with me to Mass."

As mother and daughter knelt in the church and prayed so devoutly to God they did not know this was the last time they were to pray together.

Two years previous to the opening of our story, Mrs. Darce died suddenly. Poor Mrs. Darce struggled on, and as a last resource appealed to her unrelenting father for help. In answer to her pleading he sent her a letter, curt note couched in these words:— "Madam—I will help you if you let your daughter come and live at the Laver house. If you decide otherwise, do not reply.—E. J. Laverliver."

Poor Mrs. Darce, urged on by privation, was forced to yield, and on this bright Christmas morning May left her grandfather's. When she reached the grand old homestead of her ancestors, she was shown into a luxurious apartment. By the time she had changed her dress and arranged her tumbled hair, the maid told her to come to her grandfather's study. May's heart beat fast, and her cheek paled as she entered her grandfather's private sanctum. But what was her intense astonishment when a tall, white-haired gentleman arose and said kindly, "Welcome, my dear!" He drew her into a low seat, and imprinted a kiss upon her pale cheek. When he said:—"My dear, I know you are surprised by my kind manner. You expected to meet an stern, bigoted old man, did you not, my child?" "Oh, no, sir! I never thought of you as unkind, but I never thought any too kindly of you. Grandfather, do I beg of you, forgive my poor, dear mother. Do take her back, and—" "Hush! I cried the old man sternly and haughtily: "I have no daughter now. I once had a daughter, but she is dead to me. Never mention her name again, for she is nothing to me. Why ask me to have pity on her. She who disgraced me by her marriage, and then to return all turned against me and my religion. And yet," his voice became low and tender, "I love my darling Marguerite, for she was my hope, my pride." "Forgive her, grandfather, and love her still," pleaded May. "Say no more. I cannot break my vow, but good-bye, my darling; run off and prepare for dinner. Bye the way, dearest, this is Christmas day, and I must give you a present." He drew from his pocket a lovely little box, and on his opening it a lovely diamond ring blazed forth. He placed it on her finger as he said:—"A Merry Christmas, my darling child." May bent over and touched his aged cheek, with her ruby lips, and then left the room. When the day was over, May thought her grandfather was not so bigoted and stern as she had imagined.

The next day Edward Laverliver was all kindness to his beautiful granddaughter. He called her to him and said:—"My dear, I have a proposal to make to you. If you remain a Catholic you can get your clothes and everything you require, until I die, then you shall go forth a penniless girl, to work for your living. But wait, dear, there is an alternative. The day you embrace my religion you become my heiress. To-morrow another granddaughter of mine, Ada Laverliver, is to come here and be your companion. In case you choose the former she is my heiress. Now, Marie, do not be hasty, but take your time and choose whichever suits you." May's cheek flushed with anger, as her grandfather concluded. "Grandfather, I choose the former. I want no title to decide. I shall live and die a Cath-

olic, and may possibly do so to the day of my death. I do not desire to be a Protestant, and I do not want my title. I must be going, and he left the room.

Next day Ada Laverliver arrived. She was a beautiful girl, so tall and stately, that she awed everybody around her into silence. She answered May's cordial greeting with a haughty smile, and went on to her own apartment. From that day the two cousins were rivals, but May soon saw that her haughty cousin had the advantage. Every Sunday she went to church with her stately grandfather, while May went to mass in the quiet little church.

Weeks elapsed into months, and May began to feel that the Protestant religion was not so wrong as she had once thought it was. In fact, she thought it made no difference which church a person attended. The next Sunday she missed mass, and her grandfather's attention was redoubled. The succeeding Sunday she was again at home, and a jealous dash mounted to her cheeks, as Ada Laverliver and her grandfather started out for church. Poor girl, she was fast going to ruin. It was the first of August, and a bright Sunday morning. Four months had now gone by since May had bent her knee at the foot of the altar to receive our dear Lord. As her grandfather and cousin were going out to church, May came up and said slowly, "Grandfather, may I accompany you?" "Certainly dear," said her grandfather, joyfully, "but inwardly rejoicing. "How did you like the service?" asked her grandfather, when they were returning. "Oh, it was lovely, the choir sang so well. The English hymns sound much nicer than the Latin hymns of—" May Darce hesitated. Her cheeks paled. She thought of her mother at home, and of her broken promise. Then she thought of her cousin's superiority, and she suppressed her grief, and determined to do it. Next day, Ada and Mr. Edward Laverliver had some petty quarrel, and Ada returned home. Always after that May accompanied her grandfather to church. The months passed, and it was now three days before Christmas. May was sitting near the window, when the footman entered and handed her a telegram. Something seemed to tell her that it was from home. Her hand trembled as she opened it and read as follows:—

Mrs. Darce—If you wish to see your mother alive, come without delay. J. J. KING, M.D. Mrs. Darce's sorrow now burst forth. She thought of her broken promise, and of her poor dying mother. Oh! her heart was fit to burst. When she reached the home a subdued silence had fallen over it. The servant met her at the door, and brought her in. How is mother? she asked quickly. "Oh! my dear girl your dear mother is at rest. She is dead." With a wild shriek, May fell senseless to the floor. When she recovered she felt her loss, and a pang of fierce sorrow shot through her heart as she remembered her broken vow. When she came to look at her mother and saw how angelic and peaceful she looked "Oh!" she cried, "could she look so peacefully if she knew what a sinful girl her daughter was? Oh! mother! my mother! do forgive me," she cried, as she kissed the cold, still cheek.

Mrs. Darce was buried on Christmas day. STAMMERING CURED TO STAY CURED! Address LINTON ORTHOPHONIC INSTITUTE, Brockville, Canada. High class. Fully endorsed. Est'd 91. The representative institution of other countries for the cure of every form of defective speech. This only school requiring no fee unless cure effected. Open always. Free prospectus free. 15-17

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das and as May knelt in the little church that Christmas morning, her thoughts wandered back to the preceding Christmas, when she knelt by her mother's side in the very place where she was now. "Oh, my God! My God!" she murmured, "how wicked I have been. Do forgive me. My God, my God! I swear here, by mother's ineffable love, never to leave the Catholic Church again, and never to set my foot into my grandfather's house."

And May kept her word. Her home now is in a convent, and she is known as Sister Mary. She often meets the proud, naughty girl, Ada Laverliver, who is now mistress of the Laver house.

NELLIE ADAMS. Lord and Lady Minto at Ottawa University.

The students of Ottawa University last night tendered an enthusiastic reception to Lord and Lady Minto on the occasion of their Excellencies' first visit to the University. The reception was given in the Academic Hall, and besides the students there were present the members of the faculty and a large number of friends of the institution. Their Excellencies occupied seats near the front of the stage, and groups around them were the members of the faculty, dressed in their academic robes. Among others in attendance were Archbishop Dumont, Hon. H. W. Scott, Hon. John Costigan, Baron de Farnoul, Major Elphinstone, Rev. Canon Boncompagni, Dejean, and Pruthi, Rev. Fathers Grand, Beaussol, Humbert, Portelance, Jacques, Cole, de Boyssaw, Myrand, d'Albignac, Lacombe, Lacasse, de Maillet, and Comber, of Montreal.

The entering of the Montreal party was greeted with "God Save the Queen," followed by the Varsity cheer. Several selections were given by the band, and the students sang choruses. Addresses of welcome were read in English by Mr. J. E. Doyle and in French by Mr. L. E. O. Payment. The English address was as follows: "To the Right Honourable Sir Gilbert John Murray Kynmound Elliot, Earl of Minto, G.C.M.G., Governor-General of Canada. "The students of the University of Ottawa beg to assure you that they appreciate very highly the honour of this visit from Your Excellency and the Countess of Minto. "To any representative of our Sovereign Lady the Queen our welcome would be most loyal, but that welcome we feel should be more than usually cordial when it is extended to one who merits Her Majesty's esteem and confidence by connections and services like Your Excellency's. The records of the last century and of this show that upon your distinguished family, eloquence, poetry, and statesmanship have shed their threefold lustre. Of Your Excellency's loyalty to a soldier's duty in our own land, as well as in more distant fields, we have all heard. We pray the King of Nations from whom comes down every perfect gift that the wisdom, prudence, and success betokened by your illustrious ancestry and past career, may attend your administration of this vast and important portion of the Empire. TO LADY MINTO. "To the noble Lady Minto we feel it an honour and a pleasure to tender a hearty welcome, and to offer the homage of our kindest wishes. Like Your Excellency she has already won the high personal regard of the people of Canada by residence in their midst, and all are pleased to see her return as First Lady in the land. We hope and trust that her stay in Canada may be a pleasant one, and that when she leaves our shores she may take away with her none but kindly and fond remembrances of the Dominion.

The students of the University are to-day enjoying a holiday in honour of the Governor-General's visit. Infants and young children are particularly subject to this terrible disorder, and if not promptly arrested it will eventually become chronic. Dr. Chase has made a special study of Eczema and disease of the skin, and we can confidently recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment to cure all forms of Eczema. The first application soothes the irritation and puts the little sufferer to rest.

THE INSTITUTION which Your Excellency honours this evening was granted the privileges of a state University, but little more than a quarter of a century ago, and she is still within the decade of her recognition by the Sovereign Pontiff as a "Catholic University. Benefactions to her have not been as munificent as those received by some of her sister institutions, but the untiring energy and devotion of her founders, and their successors have gained her a reputable place. Our Alma Mater has for some years provided full courses in Arts, Philosophy, and Theology, and already her graduates occupy many elevated positions in the Church and in the liberal professions. STUDENTS FROM ALA. QUARTERS. All parts of the Dominion are well represented in the University at Ottawa, and among those who are happy to welcome Your Excellency are many students of the highest reputation, and a few from far-off Mexico and even the Old World. The use of proficiency which the country is enjoying has added many names to the registers of our college, and improvements both in the material and academic order are assured for an early date. We sincerely thank Your Excellency and the Countess of Minto for this gracious visit to our Alma Mater, and we assure you we hope without presumption that it will cause us the greatest satisfaction, as you are present at any of our future commencements or academic assemblies that it may please you to attend."

LORD MINTO'S REPLY. Lord Minto replied in English and in French. In English he said:—"I thank you, gentlemen, for the cordiality of your reception and for the flattering allusions you have made to the history of my family. It is very pleasant to me to recognize that the services of my ancestors have not been forgotten, and it will be my earnest endeavour to follow as worthily as I can in the footsteps of those who have gone before me. My past services to Canada, to which you have so kindly alluded, have indeed been small. I hope that it may be in my power to add something to them in the next five years. This is, as you are aware, my first visit to the University of Ottawa. I hope that I may have many opportunities of visiting it again. The objects which you have in view will always have my heartfelt sympathy. Your University is still young amongst the Universities of the world, but you have established your reputation as a centre of instruction, and are attracting to your ranks students from many parts of the world. A WORD OF ADVICE. "I, too, have been at a University, and shall always remember the time I spent there, as the happiest time of my life. You gentlemen, have the world still before you. Remember the instruction you have received here. Go forth to the little of life trusting in the Almighty Providence who directs all things, determined to uphold the honour of your University, and to do your best in the service of your country. Remember that the Alma Mater you are leaving will rejoice in the success of her sons. "Lady Minto asks me to express to you the pleasure it has been to her to be present to-night. Canada is not a new country to her. She knows the health-giving influences of its bright and cheerful winter, and we both look forward to a happy time at Ottawa, and we shall always both remember with pleasure the reception which you have given to us here."

The addresses were prettily engrossed by Mr. A. Frappier, of the university, whom His Excellency desired to have presented. The students of the University are to-day enjoying a holiday in honour of the Governor-General's visit. Infants and young children are particularly subject to this terrible disorder, and if not promptly arrested it will eventually become chronic. Dr. Chase has made a special study of Eczema and disease of the skin, and we can confidently recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment to cure all forms of Eczema. The first application soothes the irritation and puts the little sufferer to rest.

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THE OLD STORY

Written for the Register

What time was it the night?
What time was it the night?
I see a wondrous light.

Watchman, how's the night?
What time is it in the air?
The echoes of the Lord.

Watchman, how's the night?
And tell me what is there?
A child and maid most fair.

Watchman, look again!
Tell what you see there!
Kings and shepherds there.

Watchman, look again!
Tell what you see there!
Kings and shepherds there.

Watchman, look again!
Tell what you see there!
Kings and shepherds there.

Watchman, look again!
Tell what you see there!
Kings and shepherds there.

Watchman, look again!
Tell what you see there!
Kings and shepherds there.

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Tell what you see there!
Kings and shepherds there.

Watchman, look again!
Tell what you see there!
Kings and shepherds there.

Stimulated by adroitly...
his data on the...
the...
the...
the...

The voice had ceased...
place to a sweet...
the...
the...
the...

Another instant...
in darkness, and the...
of the...
of the...
of the...

It is Christmas Eve...
cathedral is almost...
The...
The...
The...

Some such feeling...
at least, must have...
of Raphael St. John...
of the...
of the...

For a moment the...
gazed fascinated...
at the scene, then...
of memories swept...
and carried him...

Our Lord has...
instituted seven...
sacraments for the...
of our souls. These...
seven sacraments...

By unnecessary...
we do not mean that...
these means of grace...
are not required...
because they are...

Now both sacraments...
of the living and...
sacraments of the...
dead. Baptism and...
penance are the...

Now what is grace?
Grace is a supernatural...
gift, above the...
capabilities of nature...
which prepares the...

Now what is grace?
Grace is a supernatural...
gift, above the...
capabilities of nature...
which prepares the...

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in the sanctification of others...
For example a Christian may be...
endowed with the gift of tongues...
with various powers of leading souls...

ST. MARY'S SANCTUARY SOCIETY
The regular monthly meeting...
of St. Mary's Sanctuary Society...
was held in the school-room...

Rev. J. N. Vanatter, of Albion, Wis.
WRITES A LETTER ON DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.
He says: My wife was...
most terribly afflicted with...

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OFFERS THE...
Best Plans and Rates and the Most...
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for accumulating money.

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THE NEW INGREDIENT IN RYCKMAN'S KOOTENAY CURE
Cures Rheumatism, Kidney and Skin Diseases
4000 Canadians testify to its Merits. Physicians use it daily in their practice...

Marriage in the Catholic Church.

The following article from The London Tablet states the attitude of the Catholic Church on an important subject, and explains some things that have not been clearly understood by many Catholics:

"The recent divorce case of Laubonquo vs. Laubonquo, in which both parties are Catholics, has attracted some measure of notice and has occasioned not a little mischievous comment on the part of certain organs of the non-Catholic press. Yet the proceedings will have been found uninteresting to all who are at all acquainted with Catholic teaching concerning the indissolubility of Christian marriage and the constant practice of the Roman Chancery. The Church in dealing with the bond of matrimony has consistently considered that bond in two stages; first, the bond as inaugurated by the ceremony or celebration in which the parties lawfully express their mutual consent, and secondly, the same bond as completed by the consummation of the marriage and the parties living together as man and wife. In the language of the Church, the first is marriage ratum, and the second is marriage consummatum. The point which non-Catholic writers appear so often to miss or ignore is that in Catholic teaching and practice founded on Divine law, from which the Church herself has no power to dispense—attaches not to marriage merely ratified but to marriage consummated, in which the parties have lived together as man and wife. If a marriage has been lawfully celebrated before the altar, it is, indeed, indissoluble by any private or secular authority. But so far, and while the parties have never yet lived together, and while the bond remains uncompleted by consummation, it is not so indissoluble that the Church may not, in good and sufficient reasons affecting the happiness or spiritual welfare of the parties, exercise her authority and dissolve the uncompleted bond, and leave the parties free to contract another marriage. Cases of dissolution of such a kind, called, marriage ratified but not consummated—have been readily recognized by the Church and dispensations to that effect are of not infrequent occurrence in the well-known practice of the Holy See.

THE INDISSOLUBILITY OF THE BOND OF MARRIAGE AN UNALTERABLE CANONIC DOCTRINE

"On the other hand, the absolute indissolubility of the bond of marriage between parties who have once lived together as man and wife—and this, after all, is the practical case for society—is unalterably and unflinchingly maintained by the Catholic Church with the whole weight of her immutable authority. The Church, moreover, teaches that the indissolubility of the marriage bond thus completed is a matter of divine law, and that neither she nor any power upon earth has any power to dispense with it. The Church dispenses from her law, but not from the laws of her Master. And in the historic case of Henry VIII. she has given proof of her sincerity and inflexible integrity in being ready even to sacrifice the allegiance of a whole kingdom rather than betray this sacred and saving principle. The case of Laubonquo vs. Laubonquo is the simple and ordinary one—(there are dozens such on the lists of the Sacred Congregation of the Council)—of a dissolution of matrimony ratum and non consummatum—marriage ratified but not consummated, or, in other words, marriage celebrated but in which the parties have never lived together as man and wife. The facts are quite romantic enough to make excellent copy for a Catholic school girl of sixteen, and of good position, makes the acquaintance of a distinguished foreigner who has a coronet on the corner of his pocket handkerchief and can produce grapes grown at his ancestral chateau in France. After the usual difficulties, the consent of the young lady's father is secured, and the parties are married in the Catholic Cathedral at Edinburgh. At the conclusion of the ceremony, the father very properly insists that the bridegroom before claiming his bride shall go to Paris and obtain the authorization of his marriage. The bridegroom goes, but never returns. Moreover, he turns out to be an adventurer, in the sense of having grossly deceived the lady and her parents as to his position and prospects. And further, according to the evidence, he enters into a liaison with another person, and declines to return to the bride left at the altar.

A MARRIAGE NOT CONSUMMATED MAY BE DISSOLVED.

"Under those circumstances the proceedings which the Catholic family have taken are precisely what we should have expected. The father, before the court of the Archbishop of Edinburgh, and passed them, in the ordinary course, to the Holy See. The evidence furnished proved "that she and the respondent had never lived together, and that the marriage had never been consummated." Those who are best acquainted with the ordinary procedure of such cases know well the scrupulous care, the searching inquiry, and the elaborate provisions which, according to the constitutions of Benedict XIV. the Holy See brings to their investigation and solution. Finally, on the strength of the proofs that the marriage remained unconsummated, the Pope, on the advice of the Congregation, granted the usual dispensation dissolving the marriage as ratum and non consummatum. As the authority of the Church herself had thus set the lady free from the marriage ceremony which she had entered into, and as the civil law is in accord with this, and was done by taking proceedings in the ordinary divorce court. Such a recourse for mere legalization of a decision already

pronounced by the highest Church authority does not, of course, mean any recognition of the secular divorce court, or of the principle of divorce. It is nothing more than a conscientious method of removing the obstacles which the civil law might place in the way of giving full effect to the Papal decision.

THE CASE OF HENRY VIII. AND CATHARINE OF ARRAGON.

"A writer in The Daily Chronicle, in commenting on the case, portrays himself, among the Pope's dispensation, the marvelous observation that 'Henry VIII. would have given half a kingdom for that.' That is a fair illustration of what we have described as the look in certain quarters of knowledge of the ordinary Catholic teaching, and what is less excusable, a readiness to draw conclusions quite as light-heartedly as if that knowledge were wanting. Every canonist and theologian knows that had Henry VIII. been able to prove to his marriage with Catharine of Arragon had never been consummated (he had lived with her twenty years and had several children) there would really have been no difficulty in granting his petition, presuming, of course, that he had had just and sufficient reasons to support it, and there would have been no need to give either a half or any portion of his kingdom for the purpose. Had the writer of The Daily Chronicle studied even cursorily the divorce decrees, and the arguments pleaded at the time, he would not have failed to find for himself the utter irrelevancy of his comparison. On the other hand, a clear study of the records of the Roman Chancery would have shown him that the dissolution of marriages ratified but not consummated—matrimonia rata sed non consummata—were an ordinary procedure of the Roman court, and that a dispensation to Henry VIII. and dating as far back as the days of Martin V. or earlier Pontiffs. It is needless to say that such a case and provident dispensations of the Vicar of Christ can never, by their nature and import, impair for a moment the sacred character of marriage which the Church and the Holy See have so deeply at heart to defend and maintain, and that they only serve, if anything, to set in clearer relief the sacred seal of irrevocable indissolubility, founded on divine and immutable law, which the Church declares and defines to attach to the bond of ratified and consummated matrimony.

C. M. B. A.

On December 6th Bro. W. P. Killackey, Grand Organizer of the C. M. B. A. held a very successful re-organization meeting of Branch 85 when a number of members were initiated. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year of 1899: Spiritual Director, Rev. Father West; Chancellor, Jos. Kidd; President, D. P. McCarthy; 1st Vice-Prec. A. Becker; 2nd Vice Pres. F. J. Shannon Recording Secy. O. Shanahan; Assn. Secy. J. D. O'Connell; Treasurer, J. J. Doyle; Marshall, James Dean; Guard, M. O'Connell; Trustees, Judge Doyle, E. Campion, Q. O. M. J. Farr, Capt. Traubert and Charles Moss, C. V. Shannon, Exec. Secy.

If it's Hay Fever that is the bug-bear of your life, you won't know the pleasure of freedom from it till you've tried Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure.

It becomes more the fashion every Christmas season to give useful presents.

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Novelties in wearables, for man or boy—they don't call want toys and etchings. Jump at the size, whether suit, overcoat or truser. We'll make it right after Christmas. Men's Fine English Black Waxed Suits, sack or frock style, any size, \$12.00. The finest of Men's Scotch Tweed Suits, in heather patterns, 14.00. Canadian reproduction of the best Scotch patterns; in all wool fabrics, 10.00.

Overcoats? Plenty of them, at all prices to suit your purse. Reliable qualities, 5.00 to 20.00. A line of Men's Frieze Ulsters, usually sold for 10.00 special price, 8.00. Another Special—Men's Fine all-wool Double-breasted suits, in the choicest patterns, all sizes, worth more, marked 8.50. Fancy Vests? Your choice of over a dozen sorts for 2.00, regular 2.50, 3.00 and 3.50. Boys' Reefers—Lovely ones at 3.00 and 3.50, better still at 4.00 and 4.50, best of all 5.00. Boys' Vests Suits, mainly clothes for the little fellows, 3.00. Big Boys' Knee Pant Suits, How much more than you can buy, you must be sure, 8.50, 4.00, 5.00. Sizes 27 to 32. Do you like double-breasted suits better? Elegant patterns and good cloths, 4.00, 5.00 and 6.00. All sizes. House Suits? Yes, plenty of them in sizes 22 to 26. Your choice of nifty suits between 1.50 and 5.00.

Oak Hall, 115 King St. E. Opposite St. James' Cathedral, Toronto.

TWO IRISH POEMS.

To the Editor of The Catholic Register. Sir—In the issue of your ably conducted journal of the 16th inst. under the caption, "The Trest of Irish Novelists" occur the following lines attributed to Charles J. Kichham, "She lived beside Anner" are not Kichham's, on the contrary that beautiful song or ballad was written by "Shamrock" (Richard Dalton Williams) and was, with many other poems contributed by him to the Dublin Nation, all of which were published in book form by Mr. T. D. Sullivan in 1882. If you can find room for the song in extension to your very ably conducted journal, The Catholic Register, I will feel obliged by your inserting it to fill in your issue of the 22nd proximo. It is as follows, and is a gem.

THE GEM. From a Munster vale they brought her, From the pure and balmy air, An Aramond peasant's daughter, And she sang in her golden hair. They sought in vain the city, And she faded slowly there, Consumption has no pity For blue eyes and golden hair. When I saw her first reclining, It was ere she moved to pray'r, And the setting sun was shining On her raven tresses gray. When our lady glances met her, I had seen that which was her eye, And she said that she would be true, While we know that she must die. She speaks of Munster valleys, The pattern, dance and fair, And her thin head with feebly falling, With her scattered golden hair, When sweetly she listened, To her breath with quiet care, Her eyes with wonder glistened, And she asked us what was there. The poor thing smiled to ask it, And her pretty mouth laid bare, Like gems within a casket, A string of pearls rare! We said that we were trying, By the quaking of her blood, And the time she took in sighing, To know if she were good. Well, she smiled and chatted gay; Though we saw in minute despair The hooded brighten dawn her hair, And oft her wasted fingers Boasting time upon the bed, Or some old tawny hair's end, And she bade her golden head.

At length the harp is broken, And the spirit in its strings, As the last decree is spoken, To the source exulting springs, Down the river of our troubles, Her angel guardian came, He struck God's lightning from her eyes And bore him back the flame. Before she had risen Through the lark-loud morning air, Her young soul left its prison, Undeveloped by sin or care. I stood beside the couch in tears, Where pale and calm she slept, And thought we had months for years, I blush not that I wept. I checked with effort pity's sighs, And left the matron there, To close the curtains of her eyes And bind her golden hair.

Honor to whom honor is due, sir Both poets are good to the land of the lost, the faithful and the true, and either of these patriots and poets were they living, would scorn to claim the work done by his brother, as his own. And the late Hon. D'Arcy McGee, another poet and true patriot, wrote a lament over the untimely death of his friend R. D. Williams who died in 1882, and over whose grave was erected in the village of Thibodeaux, Louisiana, a stone of poetry. Careless and weighty one with a pedestal of the same material which was placed over his grave, by the officers and men serving in the 8th Regiment, New Hampshire Volunteers:

Sacred to the Memory of Richard Dalton Williams, The Irish patriot and poet, Who died July 6th, 1882. Aged 40 years. This stone was erected by his countrymen serving in companies, C and K, 8th Regt. N. H. Volunteers. As a slight testimonial of their esteem for his unsullied patriotism and his exalted devotion To the cause of Irish Freedom. And the lamented D'Arcy McGee wrote a beautiful poem to commemorate of the early death of his friend, of which I give you the concluding verse: "While leap on high Ben Hoad the wild waves, While through the winds through storied Aberlour, While Sydney's victims from their troubled graves O'er Mullaghmast at midnight come and go, While Marcy's sisters kneel by Misory's bed, Thou art not dead, O Bard thou art not dead."

The article contributed by your correspondent in THE REGISTER of the 15th inst., in eulogy of Charles J. Kichham is very creditable indeed to him and he will be sure to thank me for correcting the error into which he inadvertently fell and give to "Shamrock" (R. D. Williams), and not to Kichham, the honor of writing "The Dying Girl." I remain, Mr. Editor, Yours faithfully, MOORE A. HIGGINS.

[Mr. Higgins has written an interesting letter, which has a claim of its own upon our space, although it is so, and not the writer of the article on Kichham, who is in error. "The Irish Peasant Girl" and "The Dying Girl" are two distinct poems, the one by Kichham, the other by R. D. Williams. The words quoted from the former in our last issue do not occur at all in the

following stanza: We append the words of Kichham's poem to further display their entire and distinct separation, in all but rhythm. E. C. R.]

THE IRISH PEASANT GIRL. (By Chas. J. Kichham.) She lived beside the Anner, At the foot of Sliav-na-moon, A gentle peasant girl, With mild eyes like the dawn Her lips were rose and rosy, Her teeth were pearls rare; A snow drift' north a beechen bough Her neck and nut-brown hair. How pleasant 'twas to see her On a Sunday, when the bell Was filling with its mellow tones Lone wood and grassy dell; And when, at eve, young maid, As strayed the river's banks along, The widows in their twilight, Were loveliest of the throng.

Oh brave, brave Irish girls! We will may call you brave, Sure the best of all your perils Is the stormy sea and wave. When you leave your quiet valleys And cross the Atlantic foam, To board your hard-won earnings For the blisses east or home. Write word to my dear mother, Say we'll meet in Heaven above, And tell my little brothers That I send them all my love. "May the angels ever guard them To the bright gates of pray'r" And folded in the latter Was a brand of nut-brown hair.

Altho', and well nigh callous, This weary heart has grown, For thy hapless fate dear Erin, And for sorrows of mine own. Yet a tear may eye will moisten, When by Anner side I stray, For the Lear of the mountain's foot That withered far away.

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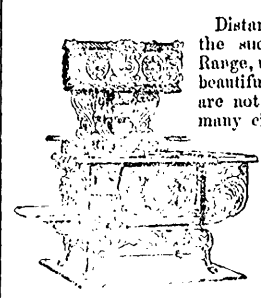
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