

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XIV.

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The Catholic Record.
London, Saturday, Dec. 24, 1892.

All who are interested in the cause of Catholic journalism are watching with painful anxiety the course of the *Freeman's Journal*, of New York. Its columns are filled with articles and letters as unseemly as they are undignified. Surely it has deviated from the line of march traced out for it by one whose memory is enshrined in the love and admiration of all impartial readers of American history—the late McMaster. Once it was in the front rank, battling with dauntless energy in the cause of Catholicity, and, to-day, it turns aside from the conflict, to concentrate its attention upon ill-timed controversies. Its aim is, perchance, the defence of a principle, but it should not ignore a greater and more sacred principle—respect for authority. A singleness of purpose and a spirit of self-denial should characterize the Catholic editor. He should be ever mindful that the duties of his noble mission call upon him to promote the interests of his faith, and to carry the teachings of his religion into Catholic homes. He will give no space to clerical disputants, for that comes not within the legitimate sphere of a Catholic newspaper. Right or wrong, he will never permit his columns to be sullied by one word, no matter from whom, that can lessen the veneration that Catholics have for their ecclesiastical superiors.

EMILE ZOLA, the apostle of realism, has been touched by his visit to Lourdes. He admired the unaffected piety and simple faith of the multitudes that thronged to visit that far-famed shrine. The sordid wrappings of the soulless life that he loves so much to depict in his widely read romances fell from him, and he saw for an instant the beauty and the purity of a Catholic life. May the ever Blessed Mother of God intercede for him, and his admirers may not see his remains deposited in the Pantheon.

The signs of the times betoken a gradual distaste for the arguments which our separated brethren once pressed into service against the Catholic Church. The ordinary mind, unwarped by prejudice, has too keen a perception of the truth to be misled by the mere assertion of the minister of any religion. The cultured mind has an innate delicacy that shrinks from feeding on calumny, just as a master musician would refrain from touching an ill-tuned instrument. And so, with hopes of better things, we notice with pleasure that topics more or less edifying now form subjects of ministerial Sunday discourse. Now and then, however, we read sermons equipped with the controversial armament, that has time and again been shattered by Catholic dialecticians.

The much vaunted charge that Catholics are poorer than Protestants is adduced to prove the falsity of Catholicity. This is an objection passing strange in the mouths of those who are forever boasting of their purer and more spiritual form of worship. And if worldly prosperity and the successful pursuit of wealth and power are arguments to demonstrate the truth of Protestantism, then it is not the religion founded by our Divine Redeemer. Never for a moment did He impress upon His disciples the necessity of striving after the riches of the world. His life and teaching were opposed to such a doctrine. He declared that we cannot serve God and mammon. He repressed the ambitious longings of His disciples, and He sent them forth to combat a world immersed in sin and luxury, with no weapons save His protection, with no argument save His teaching, with no distinction save that of outcasts, and with no passport to human favor save a most miserable poverty.

We might prove that London, so proudly called the "workshop of the world," is a city where meet the two great streams of wealth and pauperism. Statistics could be adduced to demonstrate that for every one who can call a palace his home in London, there are ten thousand human beings who are, from birth to death, clothed in poverty's shabbiest raiments, and whose ideas of life consist in unremitting

toil and a deprivation of every comfort. The Protestant clergyman who professed to find in the fact that the Greeks and Syrians celebrate their services in Greek and Syriac, an example for the use of the vernacular, was sadly mistaken. A little investigation would have shown that the ritualistic language of these people is very different from that in daily use.

Bad books furnish hell with countless victims. This is a trite saying, but one that may well, in this indiscriminate reading age, claim attention from any reflecting mind. We have, to our astonishment, seen upon the shelves of Catholic booksellers, novels permeated with the spirit of licentiousness, and representing passion as working out its ends successfully, even at the sacrifice of duty. Do they recollect—these booksellers—the solemn words of Jesus Christ threatening woe to the scandal giver: "Woe to that man by whom scandal comes." With regret have we beheld young men purchasing these miserable volumes, which rob them of their purity, the most precious jewel that may adorn a Christian manhood; and corrupt the well-spring of enthusiasm, so necessary to success in life; and unfit them for serious business, by filling the mind with a baneful love for trifles and unrealities. Beware, young men and women, of endangering the salvation of your immortal souls by the reading of pernicious literature!

A FEW THOUGHTS ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

Christmas Day is come, and the good tidings of great joy are ringing throughout the world, bearing holy peace to the good and pure, and reminding those that have grown hard and cold in the service of the world of the happiness that would be theirs would they celebrate worthily the birthday of Christ our Lord.

Christmas Day is come, and the prayers of Mother Church sound forth the note of rejoicing. Her exultant canticles betray her happiness, and her majesty and splendor which adorn her ceremonies manifest alike her joy and her spirit of adoration. In storied cathedral and in poor missionary chapel the glad tones of praise and love are borne by hands of ministering spirits up to the throne of God, Who so loved the world as to give His only begotten Son.

"What an incomprehensible mystery of love!" exclaims St. Thomas. Yes, incomprehensible! But created things through which, as through a glass "darkly," we behold the perfections of God, can give us some slight idea of the divine love for men. Who, then, in meditating on the mystery of the Incarnation, has not beheld Him of the love that lives deep down in the heart of a mother, who, like a visible angel, is ever at our side, to counsel us in trouble and to partake of our joys. Her children, heedless of her commands and entreaties, may run swift in the path of degradation and destruction—outcasts and condemned by man they may be—but the mother will banish the dark shadow of the present by the light of those pure and holy memories of our innocent childhood, and her heart will yearn for them with unutterable love; and when they return to the old home, the same loving arms will clasp them round, and words, true and tender, will teach them how unending is a mother's love—a feeble image of the love of God for man; for what is the love of all mothers united compared with the love of God for man! For man He descends from His heavenly throne and appears on earth in the form and similitude of a slave—a little child in a stable—to break down the barrier which stands between earth and heaven, and to exhibit in His own person the spectacle of a life devoted to the service of His Father and to our instruction and salvation.

"Therefore I announce to you good tidings of great joy." The world was in sad need of these good tidings. From the day that Adam cried out in the words of the rebellious angels, "I will not serve Thee, my God," and stripped himself and his posterity of habitual sanctifying grace, mankind lay under the curse wrung from the Divine Justice. Farther and farther it receded from

the path of virtue; deeper and deeper it sank in the mire of the most degrading superstition and idolatry. Passing their lives in the most debasing heathenism, men were fast forgetting they had immortal souls. "The Lord looked down from heaven on the children of men—they are all gone aside and the way of peace they have not known." Even the Jews, the favored people of heaven, though still retaining a knowledge of the true God, had again and again fallen into idolatry. Their ancient glory was but a thing of the past and a prey to envy and pride; they cared not to remember the day when the mercy of the Most High had overshadowed them and His power had vanquished their enemies. Truly, in the words of the prophet, "Darkness had covered the earth and a mist the people."

But the inspired words of another seer come to us pregnant with love and promise, "A star shall arise out of Jacob and a sceptre shall spring up from Israel." Nearly twenty centuries ago that prophecy was fulfilled. Mary and Joseph go, in obedience to the mandate of the Roman Emperor, who was enumerating his subjects and taking the census of his provinces, to the little town of Bethlehem.

The earth has beheld many a wondrous sight, but it has never witnessed such a scene as Mary and Joseph and the Eternal Word seeking a shelter in Bethlehem. Timidly they go from house to house, imploring a shelter from the cold breeze of the winter night. Throngs of people, with other garb and other ideas than our own, but with the same human hearts, lulled, perchance, to joyous rest by the happy present, or weighed down by the loadings of future peril, or a prey to the buffetings of angry and sinful passions—jostle them rudely as they push on their way.

In not one of all the hearts that night at Bethlehem dwelt a feeling of compassion for Mary and her gentle spouse. There is no room for her! "There is no room for God, even in His own world! Mary and Joseph depart from the town, leaving a blessing behind them. Patiently they go on their way till they find a stable occupied by an ox and an ass, and therein we see our God a little child. The Mother is kneeling in lowly adoration before the newborn Infant. With what solicitude does the Virgin Mother watch Him; with what reverence does she touch Him whom she knows to be her God; with what affection and tenderness and veneration does she embrace and kiss Him.

The angels are there in myriad bands singing in strains of divinity triumph the inconceivable love of God. Out over the sleeping city rings the jubilee of praise and glory to the Most High and peace to men of good will. How they rise and fall, the waves of heavenly harmony, bearing terror to the damned souls, and happiness to those in Limbo, and hope to the sin-laden earth. It is heard even on the hills of Galilee, where the shepherds, men of peace, are watching their sleeping flocks. With awe are they listening to the angelic chorus, when, lo! a bright star appears in the sky and sheds its radiance at their feet. Down from heaven, clad in robes of dazzling whiteness, descends an angel in rapid flight until he stands before them, and "the brightness of God shines round about them, and they fear with a great fear."

"Fear not, said the angel, "for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy; for this day is born to you a Saviour." And the gentle shepherds of Galilee rise up at the sound of the angel's voice, and say: "Let us go over to Bethlehem and see the Word that has come to pass.

They behold the Divine Child shivering with cold in that cheerless stable. Tears are trickling down the beautiful Infant face. And that Child is God! Is He, so humble, the God who framed this universe, with its millions of stars and countless worlds,—who holds the mountains in the hollow of His hand—who directs the storm where He will? Is that speechless Infant the God of boundless wisdom? Is He, so weak and puny, with a human soul and body, with a human heart and will, the uncreated Eternal God? Yes, the very same: "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us," so

that we who died in Adam might be raised up and strengthened and made to live unto God.

Christmas Eve.
God bless the little stockings,
All over the land to-night,
Hanging in the choicest corners,
In the glow of crimson light,
The tiny scarlet stockings,
With a hole in the heel and toe,
Worn by wonderful journeys,
The darlings have had to go.
And heaven pity the children
Whose home is empty and still,
Who wake at the first grey dawning,
An empty stocking hanging
Left in the faith of childhood
Hanging against the wall,
Just where the dazzling glory
Of Santa's light will fall!
Alas! for the lonely mother
Whose home is empty and still,
Who has no scarlet stockings
With childish toys to fill!
Who sits in the swamy twilight,
With her face against the pane,
And grieves for the little baby
Whose grave is out in the rain!
Oh, the empty shoes and stockings,
Forever laid aside,
Oh, the tangled, broken shoe string
That will never more be tied!
Oh, the little graves at the mercy
Of the cold December rain!
Oh, the feet in the snow white sandal
That never can trip again!
But happier they who slumber,
With marble at foot and head,
Than the child who has no shelter,
No raiment, nor food, nor bed,
Yes? heaven help the living
Children of want and pain,
Knowing no food nor pasture—
Out to-night in the rain.

KICKED OUT OF THE BOARD.

The following article from the Philadelphia *Catholic Times*, of which Father Lambert is editor, relating to the A. P. A., will be found particularly interesting to our Canadian readers, as an attempt is being made to plant the roots of the dirty concern in the fair soil of our Dominion:

It is a bit of interesting history that comes from Toledo, Ohio—one of those little chips that, drifting in the current, indicates its direction; a straw or a feather in the wind that tells whither it is blowing. For some time past a species of Orangism has been rampant in the West under the initials A. P. A., which mean, when interpreted, "American Protestant Association." It seems to be a political affair, that tries to utilize degrading bigotry as enterprising economists are trying to utilize garbage—for the money that is in it. The association has its roots in ignorance, its inspiration in stupid bigotry, and its purpose in the gain of a few shrewd unprincipled schemers, who are shrewd enough to play for their own advantage, political or otherwise.

It does not represent the great mass of American Protestants, who, as a rule, are liberal and well disposed towards Catholics. They are therefore not responsible for the disgraceful antics of the A. P. A., although some good people are seduced into helping it on with their money, thinking it is a zealous adjunct to Protestantism. This iniquitous association tries to stir up bad blood, for this product of human passion is what it lives on, as medical students tell us that certain micrococci thrive on the deceased blood of the leper. This A. P. A. hires played-out preachers, whose characters or temperaments prevent their permanent abiding anywhere among respectable Protestants, to go about and lie about Catholics and spread doubt and suspicion among good neighbors.

This A. P. A. had a high time in Toledo some time ago at a municipal election. It played its trump card—anti-Catholic bigotry—for all it was worth, and succeeded in electing the City Council and School Board. The newly elected City Council dismissed every Catholic official it was in its power to dismiss. The School Board undertook to do the same things with Catholic teachers, but, like thieves who quarrel about their plunder, they could not agree among themselves as to the division of the spoils, and some of them "peached" on the others. The result has been the exposure of characteristic A. P. A. work.

A fellow by the name of Elmer E. Scott has, as a result, been kicked out of the Board as a disgrace even to that Board of Education. This ignorant and malicious Scott proves to be a very fine specimen of an A. P. A. After his election to the School Board he laid it down as a principle that "them Catholic teachers has to go." He determined also to get rid of a Jewish teacher, "as he hated a Jew as bad as he did a Catholic." By these sentiments he showed his animus and his grammatical fitness to be a member of the Toledo Public School Board. This ignorant fellow went to work to carry out his idea by trying to induce the ex-animators to give the Catholic candidates for positions so low a mark that they would be rejected, and by trying to induce the principals to give false information about Catholic teachers.

Considering that these teachers were young ladies who were trying by hard work to make an honest living, Elmer E. Scott deserves the spurs of a chevalier of the order of the A. P. A. He had some pets he wished to put in their places, but, unfortunately for him, some others of the chevaliers had pets for the same situa-

tions. Hence the row and the exposure. This precious A. P. A. School Board found themselves in a bad fix in view of the public disgust aroused by the exposure. So, to have a scapegoat, they put Dr. Scott—we had forgotten he was a doctor—on trial. This much must be said in the Doctor's favor, he really makes an excellent scapegoat. He was proved to be a dishonest, bigoted sneak, and was dismissed in disgrace. All this must have been very edifying to the children of the Public Schools of Toledo. When the author of "David Copperfield" met Uriah Heep in prison, wearing delicate slippers in a beautifully carpeted cell and eating better bread than was provided for the soldiers and sailors of England, he said to himself: "The harder a bad hobby is ridden the better, for the sooner it is ridden to death."

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Pittsburgh Catholic.
One of the coldest and most heartless sermons we have ever read met our eyes the other day. Of course it was not preached in a Catholic church. Its theme was "Heaven," and its dreary burthen was that the blessed had no thoughts of the ones left below. They were so wrapped up in their unspeakable happiness that there was no time for earth. What a hard and heartless heaven that must be! Is death a Lethe, where all is forgot, everyone and every thing; and heaven is gained without knowing why and wherefore, and all the past a blank? This preacher makes God a moral icicle that, coming anywhere near Him, checked every kind and helpful thought, and deadened every tender feeling. We believe in the communion of saints—consoling devotion. We are remembered ever before the throne of God. We know that when our hour comes, if we have been faithful, taking our sheaves with us, our redeemed ones will come to meet us rejoicing.

Buffalo Catholic Union and Times.
The Anglican monk, "Father Ignatius," was finally at last pursuing the shadow, has finally clutched the reality. He has just been received into the Church at Wales.

The published will of Jay Gould with all its bequeathed millions does not leave one farthing for a charitable or benevolent purpose. It is not likely that any Lazarus-tears will be shed over the grave of this buried Divis.

N. Y. Catholic Review.
Plymouth Church, which was made famous by Henry Ward Beecher, will give no more money to the American Board of Missions, because the latter insists that its missionaries shall teach that all the heathen, who have died without the knowledge of Christ, have perished for ever. This is a horrible doctrine. The truth is that God does not demand what is impossible; the heathen, who have not heard of the Gospel, will be judged by the grace given them. If we, with the Sacraments and the Sacrifice, are so apt to fall into sin, how hard it must be for the pagans to be faithful to natural virtue. Not some of them, no doubt, have been true to the voice of conscience and are to-day in Heaven. Having the disposition to do right, they had the implied desire for baptism, and St. Thomas says that if actual baptism had been essential for their salvation, the Almighty would have sent an angel from Heaven to pour the cleansing water on them. They are few, probably; but few or many, they manifest the mercy of God, and show that nowhere was salvation made impossible. No wonder that Plymouth Church revolts against the contrary propositions.

Ave Maria.
A somewhat unusual honor was accorded a few months ago to a zealous Jesuit missionary in Jamaica. To perpetuate the memory of his fruitful apostolate, a monumental statue of the Rev. Joseph Dupont was erected in the Parade of Kingston, the capital of the island. Among the speakers at the ceremony of unveiling the statue were Mr. Ogilvie, Mayor of Kingston; and the Anglican rector, the Rev. Mr. Downer.

Boston Republic.
The intolerance of a few Protestant fanatics in Detroit has precipitated a humiliating condition of affairs. A lot of Orangemen and others from Canada have succeeded in dividing citizens of different religious beliefs into hostile camps. Protestants and Catholics do not trade with each other. Against this scandalous and un-American bigotry a Detroit preacher named Woods spoke as follows in his pulpit: "There is now a religious boycott in every phase of life. By and by we won't have Mr. Jones' store or Mr. Browns' store, but a Protestant store and a Catholic store. Won't you hang your heads in shame when you go by a Catholic store to buy Protestant gloves. Some brothers are now standing in shame on the platform of the church, and instead of preaching the words of Jesus Christ, are telling their congregations where to buy things. I had information last night from a prominent member that such was the case. This is disgraceful. We haven't long to live. We shouldn't quarrel in this way. Before any church standard

say manhood and womanhood come first. If you have Catholic neighbors begin to talk to them to-morrow."

Catholic Standard.
Recently one of our exchanges gave the number of applications for divorces that were pending in one of our cities, and also the number of divorces that has been granted within a year. We cannot recall the exact figures, but they were appalling. They revealed a condition of society which is terrible to contemplate. They show that belief in the sanctity and indissolubility of marriage is rapidly fading out of the public mind, and that as a people we are fast approaching the social condition of pagan Rome at the period of its deepest corruption. Referring to this subject, brings to mind a mistake quite common among those of our Protestant friends who oppose the present system of divorce laws. Many of them seem to imagine that these laws cause the present laxity of ideas and morals as regards the marriage relation, and imagine that more stringent divorce laws would cure the evil. They are radically in error on this point. The laxity of the laws permits and fosters indulgence in the evil, and more stringent laws would check that indulgence to some extent. But instead of the laws causing the evil they are the result of it. They are a truthful index of the extent of this public demoralization, of the general prevalent demoralization of public opinion on the subject; for the legislation which makes legal divorce so easy, is but the practical expression of public sentiment. Where sound principles on the subject of marriage are held, such legislation would be impossible. The laws are loose because a corrupt public sentiment demands their looseness for its own gratification; because it is unwilling that the Christian law of marriage should be enforced. The evil can be radically cured, therefore, only by bringing back the public to belief in, and adherence to, the Christian idea of marriage. Where that belief is not held, violations of the marriage relation, as a matter of course, will abound, and divorces will continue to increase.

Catholic Citizen.
Does the fact that the games are played in a resort maintained for that purpose make up the surliness of gambling? Or has the fact that the game is poker rather than pool, faro rather than croquette, or roulette rather than shuttle-cock, the decision bearing on the question of its vice? There is no need to answer these questions. The gist of the vice consists in putting up the wagering money or other valuables on the chance of some occurrence, not in the ordinary process of legitimate industry. Gambling is betting on out-comes and contingencies, whether in games, in elections, or in prices. There is no moral difference, so far as the special act is concerned, in winning \$100 at poker and winning \$400 on the elections. You are no less of a fool if you lose money in either case; no less a knave if you win it and take it, and no less of a gambler and a lawbreaker, whether you win or lose. Similarly in dealing in lottery tickets. The gambler instinct is not confined to the night hawks who frequent gambling halls. There are lottery cranks who, in the matter of wasting their money and starving their families, are preparing for themselves a deeper damnation than even the worst of the gambling fraternity.

New Theory as to Conversions.
If brilliancy of imagination be one of the chief requisites for the post of high-priestess of Theosophy, Mrs. Besant will certainly have no difficulty in carrying off the palm from all competitors. Here is a story she has woven of the manner in which the Jesuits win converts for the Church. We assure our readers will be grateful to us for laying before them a tidbit so highly interesting. "It is one of their (the Jesuits') practices to gather together, and, sitting in a circle, to concentrate on a particular person, and 'will' him or her into an agreed-on line of action, working by hypnotic suggestion with all the strength of their trained and united wills." Here is the explanation of some of the strange 'conversions' of highly-placed persons that have marked the last few years. The victims are marked down and hypnotized into belief. Another of their practices is for a small group to attend a lecture given by any well-known and 'dangerous' speaker, and to endeavor to hypnotize him or her sufficiently to confuse, or, at least weaken the argument. In a pamphlet on the Jesuits, which Mrs. Besant has just published, there is such an ample store of these intensely amusing fictions that we are seriously thinking of reproducing a few each week, and doing away with our usual column of jokes.

"A snake in the grass" is all the more dangerous from being unsuspected. So are many of the blood medicines offered the public. To avoid all risk, ask your druggist for Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and also for Ayer's New Year, which is just out for the new year.

NO!
Florida, but take
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in Cod Liver
sophites.
WEAK LUNGS,
AND CHECK all
A remarkable
almost as Palat-
get the genuine
wrappers.
Dove, Belleville.

WANTED.
THIRD DEPART-
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second or third class
teaching qualifications
in teaching, accom-
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VERY REV. N. C. A. K.
Keokuk, Iowa. 730-1

H. HALDIMAND,
Class. For 1892, Ap-
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730-1

SCHOOL, PROTON,
second or third class
teaching salary, and
Rev. P. J. 730-2

FOR 1892, CATHO-
lic second or third class
teaching salary, and
supply, Gratford, Ont.
730-1

HER, MALE OR
second or third class
teaching salary, and
French and English.
D. M. 730-1

FOR SEPARATE
for 1892. Salary, \$210
no teaching, Gratford,
730-2

EMALE TEACHER,
second or third class
teaching salary, and
French and English.
D. M. 730-1

PARATE SCHOOL,
second or third class
teaching salary, and
experience in teaching,
Gratford, Ont. 730-2

CATHOLIC, MALE
second or third class
teaching salary, and
experience in teaching,
Gratford, Ont. 730-2

ED.
AND YOUNG MEN
their own homes; con-
tract pay good prices; ex-
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Gratford, Ont. 730-2

ARE
NOS
Standard of Modern
Manufacture.
NEW YORK,
145 Fifth Ave.
Penny's Patent.

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OF THE
NAVY
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B.
LETTERS.
GENUINE.

RS addressed to the
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paratus, Petrolia, Ont."
Thursday, 10th December,
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By order,
E. F. E. ROY,
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h, 1892.

The Poorest Poor.
Who gives the poor, he giveth unto God—
But come and weep with me your saltiest tears
Above the souls who would, but cannot give,
Whose lives are mighty struggles just to live.
Who dare not turn a single coin to feed
The joy of Youth, or child, or Age's need,
Who, with Want's chain-gang, labor out the years,
With burning hatred of earth's golden shod!
—Margaret H. Lawless in Boston Pilot.

CHRISTMAS EVE AT THE CORNER GROCERY.

Will Allen Dromgoole in *The Arena* for December.

The boss had not returned; in truth, the probability was the boss would not return that night, inasmuch as he had generously offered the book-keeper, who was clerk as well, permission to go to his supper first. True, the subordinate had declined the honor; it being Christmas eve, Saturday night, close upon the heels of the new year, and the books of the establishment sadly in need of posting. The subordinate did not relish the prospect of a lonely Christmas, Sunday at that, on the tall stool behind the big desk among the cobwebs, mackerel and onion scents, sardine boxes, nail kegs, coils of barbed wire, soap-smelling cotton stuffs, molasses and coal oil. So he gave up his supper, and the half hour with the cripple (he sighed for the half hour more than for the supper), contented himself with a bite of cheese and a cracker, which he forthwith entered upon the book, as he had been ordered to do, in a clear, clerical hand: "To S. Riley cheese and crackers, 07."

He wrote it in his best hand, over the smallness of it, perhaps, for it was a very small entry. The subordinate's face wore something very like a sneer as he made it, although he had the consolation of knowing the smallness of the transaction was upon the side of the creditor. It was a general kind of a store, was the grocery on the corner; a little out of the way, beyond the regular beat of the city folk, but convenient to the people of the suburbs. It wasn't a mammoth concern, although its stock was varied. The boss, the real owner of the establishment, and Riley, the book-keeper, ran it, without other help than that of black Ben, the porter.

Riley was both book-keeper, clerk, and, he sometimes suspected, general scapegoat to the proprietor. To-night he was left to attend to everything, for he knew the boss would not leave his warm hearth to trudge back through the snow to the little corner grocery that night. His daughter had come for him in a sleigh, and had carried him off, amid warm furs and the jingle of sleigh bells, to a cheery Christmas eve with his family.

The book-keeper sighed as he manched his cheese. There was a little lame girl away up in the attic on Water street that Riley called home. She would hear the sleigh bells go by and peep down from her dingy little window, and clap her hands, and wish "daddy would come home for Christmas too." There wasn't any mother up there in the attic; for out in the cemetery, in the portion allotted to the common people, the snow was falling softly on the little mother's grave.

The clerk ate his cheese in silence. Suddenly he dropped his fist upon the desk heavily. "Sometimes I wish she was out there with her mother," he said. "Sometimes I wish it, specially at Christmas times. Let me see: she is ten years old to-night; we called her our 'Christmas gift,' and never a step have the little feet taken. Poor little poor little Christmas snowbird! poor little Christmas sparrow! I always think of her somehow when the boys go by in the holidays with a string of dead birds they've shot. Poor little daughter!"

He sighed, and took up his pen; it was a busy season. A step caused him to look up; then he arose and went to wait upon a customer. It was a woman, and Riley saw that she had been weeping. "Howdy do, Mrs. Elkins," he said. "What can I do for you?" "I want to know the price of potatoes, Mr. Riley," she replied. "Sixty cents a bushel. How is the little boy to-night, Mrs. Elkins? Is he getting well for Christmas?" "Yes," said the woman. "He's a'ready well; well an' happy. I fetched him to the graveyard this mornin'."

not to come back at a time like this. The new customer was old man Murdock from across the river, the suburbs. He had been rich, once, owned a house up town, and belonged to the aristocracy. He had possessed the appearances to wealth, such as influence, leisure, at one time. He still was a gentleman, since nature, not circumstance, had the care of that. Every movement, every word, the very set of the thread-ire broadcloth, spoke the proud, the "well raised" gentleman of the Old South time.

"Good evening," Mr. Riley, he said, when the clerk stumbled down from his perch. The male customers—they learned it from the boss, doubtless—called him "Riley." They generally said, "Hello, Riley." But the old Southerner was neither so rude nor so familiar. He said, "Good evening, Mr. Riley," much the same as he would have said to the president, "Good evening, Mr. —"; and he touched his long, white, scholarly looking finger to the brim of his hat, though the hat was not lifted. Riley said, "Good evening," back again, and wanted to know "what Mr. Murdock would look at." He would have put the question in the same way had Mr. Murdock still possessed his thousands; and he would have put it no less respectfully had the gentleman of fallen fortunes come abegging. There is that about a gentleman which commands respect; great Nature willed it so.

The customer was not hurried; he remarked upon the weather, and thawed himself before the big stove (he never once broached the subject of Christmas, nor became at all familiar), pitied the homeless such a night, hoped it would freeze out the tariff upon wool; then he asked, carelessly, as men of leisure might, "What is the price of bacon, Mr. Riley?"—by the hundred.

"Eight dollars a hundred, Mr. Murdock," said Riley. The ex-millionaire slipped his white forefinger into his vest pocket. After a moment's silence, during which Riley knew the proud old heart was breaking, though the calm face gave no sign of the struggle, "Put me up a dime's worth of the bacon, if you please."

Riley obeyed silently; he would no more have presumed to cover up the paths of the preceding by talking than he would have thought of offering a penny, in charity, to the mayor in the city. He put the transaction as purely upon a business footing as if the customer had ordered a round ton of something. He wrapped the meat in a sheet of brown paper, and received the stately "Good evening, sir," saw the white finger touch the hat brim as the customer passed out into the snow, then climbed back to his perch, thinking, as he did so, that of all poverty the poverty that follows fallen fortunes must be the very hardest to endure. There is the battle against old longings, long-indulged luxuries, past pleasures, faded grandeurs, dead dreams, living sneers, and pride, that indomitable blessing, or curse, that never, never dies. God pity those poor who had once seen better days!

"To S. Riley 2 lbs. bacon, at 12 1/2 cts., 25." The book bore another entry. Riley put the blotter over it very quickly; he had a fancy the late customer was looking over his shoulder. He shouldn't like the old gentleman to see that entry, not by any means. "Christmas gift, marster."

Another customer had entered. Riley closed the ledger, and thrust it into the safe. The daybook would take up the balance of the evening. "What can I do for you, Aunt Angie?" he said, going behind the counter to wait upon the old colored woman, who had passed the compliments of the season after the old slave custom.

She laughed, albeit her clothing was in rags, and the thin shawl gathered about her shoulders bore patches in blue and yellow and white. "I kitched yer Christmas gif', good marster; yer knows I did." "But you're a little early, Aunt Angie," said the clerk; "this is only Christmas eve." "Aw, git out, marster. De ole nigger got ter cook all day termorrow—big Christmas dinner fur de white folks. No res' fur de ole nigger, not even at Christmas. Bress de Lord, it ain't come but one's a year."

She laughed again, but under the strange merriment Riley detected the weariness that was thankful; aye, that thanked God that Christmas, the holiday of the Christ-child, came "but once a year." Christmas! Christmas! old season of mirth and misery! Who really enjoys it, after all?—Lazarus in the gutter or Dives among his coffers? The clerk ran his eye along the counters, the shelves, and even took in the big barrels, pushed back in the rear, out of the way. "Well, Aunt Angie, what shall the 'gift' be?" He could see the bare toes where her torn old shoes fell away from the stock- ingless feet. She needed shoes; he was about to go for a pair when she stopped him by a gesture. "Dem ar things, marster," she said, pointing to a string of masks—gaudy, hideous things, festooned from the ceiling. "I wants one o' dem ar. De chillun 'll heck dat sho."

dem beads"; a plug of tobacco "fur de ole man's Christmas"; a jew's harp "fur Sam; dat chile gw' I am music, he am"; a doll "fur Lill Ria; she's de poly one, Lill Ria am"; and last, "a dust ob corn meal ter make a hoe-cake fur dey alls Christmas dinner."

She had been lavish, poor beggar; without stint she had given her all; foolishly, perhaps, but she apologized in full for the folly: "I am Christmas, marster." Aye, Christmas! wear your masks, poor souls; fancy that you are kings, kings. Dream that pain is a myth and poverty a joke. Make grief a phantom. Set red folly in the seat of grim doubt, pay your devours one day! To-morrow the curtain rises on the old scene; the wheels grind on; the chariots of the rich roll by, and your throat is choked with their dust; your day is over.

The clerk thrust his pen behind his ear. "They are five cents a pack," he said. "Can't you come down on three packs? They do up town, an' we aint got another nickel." Riley read the keen interest of the transaction in the faces before him. But he had orders. "Couldn't do it, boys, sorry."

"Well then,"—but a half sigh said it wasn't "well,"—"give us gum. We can divide that up anyhow." It was a poor compromise—a very poor compromise. The voice, the very face of the little beggar expressed contempt. Riley hesitated. "Pshaw!" said he, "Christmas without a racket is just no Christmas to a boy. I know, for I've been a boy too. And it only comes once a year. Here, boys, take the three packs for ten cents, and run along and enjoy yourselves."

And as they scampered out, he sighed, thinking of two poor little feet that could throw off their weight and run, as only childhood runs, not even at the Christmas time. "To S. Riley, 1 pack of fire-crackers, 05."

Then it was the clerk took himself to task. He was a poor man on a small salary. He had a little girl to look after, a cripple, who would never be able to provide for herself, and for whom, in consequence, some one else must provide. She would expect a little something for Christmas too. And the good neighbor in the attic who kept an eye on the little one while Riley was at work—he must remember her. It was so pleasant to give he wondered how a man with a full pocket must feel when he came face to face with suffering. God if he could feel so once! just once have his pockets full! But he would never be rich; the boss had told him so often; he didn't know the value of a dollar. The head of the establishment would think so, verily, when he glanced over the night's entries in the day-book.

"Oh, well, Christmas comes but once a year!" he said, smiling, as he adopted the universal excuse. Some one came in and he went forward again. "No, he didn't keep liquor; he was outside the corporation line and came under the four-mile restriction." "Just a Christmas toddy," said the customer that might have been. Don't drink regular. Sober's anybody don't con—don't con but once a year."

He staggered out, and Riley stepped to the door to watch him red safely beyond the boss's big glass window. There was another figure occupying the sheltered nook about the window. Riley discovered the pale, pinched little face pressed against the pane before he opened the door. The little waif was so utterly lost in wonder of the Christmas display set forth behind the big panes that he did not hear the door open or know that he was observed until the clerk's voice recalled his wandering senses.

"See here, sonny, you are marring the glass with your breath. There will be ice on that pane in less than ten minutes." The culprit started, and almost lost his balance as he grasped at a little wooden crutch that slipped from his numb fingers and rolled down upon the pavement. "Hello!" The clerk stepped out into the night and rescued the poor little creature. Humanity! Humanity! When all is told, thy great heart still is master. "Go in there," the clerk pointed to the door, "and warm yourself at the fire. It is Christmas; all the world should be warm at Christmas." The waif said nothing; it was enough to creep near to the great stove and watch the Christmas display from his warm, safe corner. "There's that in the sound of a child's crutch strikes away down to my boots, the clerk told himself as he made an entry after the boy had left the store. "Whenever I hear one—I—Hello! what is it, sissy?" A little girl stood at the counter. A flaxen haired, blue-eyed little maiden; alone, at night, and beautiful. Growing up for what? Crippled feet, at all events, are not swift to run astray. The clerk sighed. The Christmas eve was full of shadows—shadows that would be lost in the garish day of the morrow. He looked upon the counter. "What do you want, little one?" "Bread."

trick of asking simple bread. Ah, well! Christmas must have its starvelings too! The big blotter lingered upon the last entry. And when he did remove to go and wait upon some new customer he quieted the voice of prudence with the reflection that his own wee one might stand at a bread counter some pitiless Christmas eve, and this loaf, sent upon the waters of mercy, might come floating back; who could tell since, — and the clerk smiled.

"The world goes round and round; Some go up, and some go down." The counter was crowded; it was nearing the hour for closing, and business was growing brisk. And some of the customers were provokingly slow, some of the poorer ones keeping the richer ones waiting. It isn't difficult to buy when there is no fear of the funds running short. There was one who bought oysters, fruit, and macaroni, ten dollars, all told, in less than half the time another was dividing twenty-five cents into a possible purchase of a bit of cheese, a strip of bacon, and a handful of dry beans. And old Mrs. Mottles, the shop girl's landlady at the big yellow tenement, up town a bit, took a full twenty minutes hunting over cheap bits of steak, stale bread, and a roast that "ought to go mighty low, seeing it was tolerable tough and some gristly."

He glanced at the clock; eleven ten; he had permission to close at eleven, and it was ten minutes after. He went out and put up the shutters, came back, and began putting away the books. The big ledger had been scarcely touched; he had been too busy to post that night. "Mr. Riley? Mr. Riley? Just a minute before you close up, Mr. Riley." He went back to the counter, impatiently; he was very tired. A woman with a baby in her arms stood there waiting. "I am late," she said, "a'most too late. I want a bite for to-morrow. Give me what will go farthest for that."

She laid a silver quarter upon the counter. "How many of you?" said Riley. "It might make a lunch for one." The woman shook her head. "A drunkard counts for one when it comes to eatin', any hows," she said, and laughed—a hard, bitter laugh. "He counts for somethin' when he's drunk," she went on, the poor tongue made free by misery that would repeat itself the morrow. "May be man, brute like, I've got the proofs of it." She set the child upon the counter and pushed back her sleeve, glanced a moment at a long, black bruise that reached from wrist to elbow, then quickly, lowered the sleeve again. "Give me somethin' to eat, Mr. Riley, for the sake o' your own wife, sir,—an' the Christmas."

His own wife! Why she was safe; safe forever from misery like that. He almost shrieked it to the big blue blotter. And then he looked to see what he had written. He almost trembled, lest in his agony he had entered upon the master's well-ordered book his thought: "safe! Elizabeth Riley, under the snow—Christmas." He had written it somewhere, upon his heart, perhaps, but surely somewhere. The entry in the boss' book was all right; it read a trifle extravagantly, however:—

To T. Riley Dr. 1 shoulder, 10 lbs. at 10 cents . . . \$1 00 2 lbs. coffee at 3 cents 6 2 lbs. sugar at 12 1/2 cents 25 3 doz. eggs at 15 cents 45

"For the sake of the dead wife," he told the blue blotter,—the dead wife and the Christmas time. Then he thrust the book into the safe, turned the combination, looked into the stove, lowered the gas, and went home. Home to the little attic and the crippled nestling. She was asleep, but a tiny red stocking, worn at the heel, but thoroughly clean, hung beside the chimney.

He tiptoed to the bed, and looked down at the little sleeper. There was a smile upon the baby lips, as if in dreams the little feet were made straight, and were skipping through sunny meadows, while their owner's hand was clasped fast in the hand of the hero of all childish adoration,—the mythical, magical Santa Claus. The little hands were indeed clasped tightly upon a bit of cardboard that peeped from beneath the delicate fingers, upon the breast of the innocent sleeper. Riley drew it gently away. It was a Christmas card the neighbor-woman had picked up in some home of the rich where she had gone that day to carry home some sewing. It bore a face of Christ, a multitude, eager, questioning, and underneath a text:—"Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto Me."

He sighed, thinking of the hungry horde, the fainting multitude at the grocery that Christmas eve. His heart had ached for them; he understood so well what it was to be wretched, lonely, hungry. Not one of those he had helped had thanked him, those he had helped had thanked him, Merry Christmas. Yet, for what he had done, because of it, the little red stocking by the chimney-place would be half empty. He hadn't missed their thanks, poor starvelings, and to say "Merry Christmas," would have been to mock. Yet he fancied a smile touched for an instant the lips of the

pale Nazarene—those lips said to have never smiled, as he slipped the card to its place under the wee hands folded upon the child's breast. And after a little while he was lying by her side, too tired to sleep, thinking of the unbalanced ledger and the books that must be posted before the year should end.

At last he slept. But the big ledger refused to leave him; even in dreams it followed to annoy him, and drag him back to the little suburban grocery. And when he unlocked the safe and took it out, lo! he was surrounded by a host of beggars; boys without money wanting firecrackers; women with starving babies in their arms; little girls crying for bread; old men, young men, white, black,—all the beggars of the big round world. They seized the boss' big book and began to scribble in it, until a little girl with a crutch began to beat them off. And when they were gone he could still hear the noise of them—a mighty rustle of wings; and he saw they had gathered all about him, in the air; and they no longer begged,—they laughed. And there was one who wore a mask; and when it was removed he saw that it was Christ.

Then he took back his old ledger, and lo, upon the credit side where the balance was not made, a text had been entered. It filled the page down to the bottom line:—"Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto Me." And full across the page, as plain as if it had been writ in blood, ran the long red lines that showed the sheet was balanced.

Take away the Catholic press and misrepresentations of the Church would increase from Maine to California. Some Catholics who are now faithful, would fall away from the faith, and some Protestants who are on the road to conversion would live and die in error. The Catholic press is like the secular arm of the Church. It is of inestimable value. It ought to be well supported.—*The Western Recorder*

The Children's Enemies. Scrofula often shows itself in early life and is characterized by swellings, abscesses, hip disease, etc. Consumption is scrofula of the lungs, in the class of disease scrofula. Emulsion is unquestionably the most reliable medicine.

Sample Chocolate Free. A postal card addressed to C. Alfred Chouh, Montreal, will secure you samples of Menier's delicious imported Chocolate, with directions for using. Why suffer from disorders caused by impure blood, when thousands are being cured by using Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery? It removes Pimples and all Eruptions of the skin. Mr. John C. Fox, Ontario, writes: "Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery is giving good satisfaction. Those who have used it say it has done them more good than anything they have ever taken."

About Annexation. When dyspepsia invades your system and had blood occupies a stronghold in your body the way out of trouble is to annex a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, the best remedy for dyspepsia and bad blood, and the only one that cures to stay cured. "La Cadena" and "La Flora" Insist upon having these brands.

Four Doses Cure a Cough. FENTLEMEN.—My little boy was troubled with a very bad cough, and a lady friend advised me to try Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam. I got it at once and can truly say I did not give more than three or four doses until his cough was gone. I have never been without it since, as I find it the best for troublesome coughs. W. H. RUDLY, Glen Williams, Ont.

We have some Catholic Home Almanacs on hand of the year 1888. Any of our subscribers who may wish one may remit 10 cents and we will mail a copy. For 35 cents we will mail a copy of almanac of 1888 and a copy of that for 1885. **For Swellings and Felons.** GENTLEMEN.—My little girl, aged 3, had a large swelling on her neck. I used Hagyard's Yellow Oil on it and it disappeared in a short time. It also cured a felon I was troubled with. MRS. C. E. WENDOVEL, Manda, Man.

MILKMAN'S OWN LIVER OIL. EMULSION with Wild Cherry and Hypophosphites builds up and strengthens the entire system. LITTLE MEN AND LITTLE WOMEN sometimes suffer from Croup. Loos's Norway Syrup is very highly recommended as a cure. **Prepare for Cholera.** CLEANLINESS, care and courage are the resources of civilization against cholera. Keep the body scrupulously clean. Eat hot food. Take Burdock Blood Bitters to maintain regular digestion and ensure pure blood which is the very best safeguard against cholera or any other epidemic. BURDOCK PILLS cure Liver ills. They are small and elegantly coated, sure in effect and pleasant to use. Sarsaparilla possesses the Combination, Proportion and Process which makes Hood's Sarsaparilla Peculiar to itself. Ask for Minard's, and take no other.



Mr. Chas. S. Ranahar
Of Frederic, Md., suffered terribly for over ten years with abscesses and running sores on his left leg. He wasted away, grew weak and thin, and was obliged to use a cane and crutch. Everything which could be thought of was done without good result, until he used Hood's Sarsaparilla which effected a perfect cure. Mr. Ranahar is now in the best of health, and his friends are glad to see him well.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best for constipation, neuralgia, indigestion, etc. For sale by all druggists.

MASS WINE.
WILSON BROTHERS
LONDON, ONT.
Have just received a direct importation of The Choicest and purest Mass Wine, which will be sold at reduced prices. They hold a certificate, attesting its purity, from Rev. Emmanuel Olen, Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of Toronto. The wine is sold by all respectable grocers and is highly recommended for medicinal purposes.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN
That at the next session of the Parliament of Canada, application will be made for an Act to incorporate the society known as "The Grand Council of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association of Canada," the objects of which society are to unite fraternally all persons entitled to membership under the constitution and by-laws of the society; to improve the moral, mental and social condition of its members; to educate them in integrity, sobriety and frugality; to establish, manage and disburse a benefit and a reserve fund, from which a sum not exceeding two thousand dollars shall be paid to each member in good standing, his beneficiary or legal representative, according to the constitution and by-laws of the society. LATHFORD & MURPHY, Solicitors for Applicants. Ottawa, October 20th, 1892.

WILSON & RANAHAN GROCERS.
265 Dundas St., near Wellington. NEW YEARS—Caylons, Congous, Japan, Young Hysons, Gunpowder and English Breakfast Teas. NEW COFFEES—Chase & Sanbourne and Blend Coffees. NEW CURRANTS, Raisins and Figs. SUGARS of all grades.

Finest and Cheapest Goods in London
ALEX. WILSON, THOS. RANAHAN, Late of Wilson Bros.

COOK'S FRIEND
Baking Powder
Should be used, if it is desired to make the finest class of Cakes—Biscuits, Buns, Pancakes, Johnny Cakes, Pie Crust, Baked Paste, etc. Light, sweet, snow-white and digestible food results from the use of Cook's Friend. Guaranteed free from alum. Ask your grocer for *McLaren's Cook's Friend*.

CONCORDIA VINEYARDS SANDWICH, ONT.
ERNEST GRADOT & CO
Alter Wine a Specialty. Our Alter Wine is extensively used and recommended by the Clergy, and our Champagne will compare favorably with the best imported Boissons. For prices and information address, E. GRADOT & CO., Sandwich, Ont.

THE DOMINION Savings & Investment Society
DIVIDEND No. 41. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT A dividend of three per cent. on the paid up capital stock of this Society has been declared for the current year, and that the same will be payable at the offices of the Society, opposite the City Hall, Richmond Street, London, on and after the 2nd day of January, 1893. The transfer books will be closed from the 19th to the 31st December instant, both days inclusive. H. E. NELLIES, Manager.

Snaps for Santa Claus.
Japanese Silk Hirts, with Initial 25c
Japanese Silk Hirts, " 50c
Japanese Silk Hirts, " 75c
Scarfs and Ties 25c
Silk-finished Brasces 25c

Fancy and Plain Night Shirts of Every Description.
PETHICK & McDONALD,
393 Richmond Street.
ONTARIO STAINED GLASS WORKS.
STAINED GLASS FOR CHURCHES, PUBLIC AND PRIVATE BUILDINGS. Furnished in the best style and at prices low enough to bring it within the reach of all. WORKS: 484 RICHMOND STREET, R. LEWIS.

SMITH BROS.
Plumbers, Gas and Steam Fitters, Have Removed to their New Premises 376 Richmond Street, Opposite Masonic Temple. Telephone 13. Send 25 cts. and get a copy of *Home Fitters' Home Almanac for 1893*. THOS. COFFEY, London, Ont. Also to be had from our travelling agents.

FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC
I can have no doubt as to the value of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, for I have recommended it to the persons afflicted with diseases of the nervous system, and in every case the result was such that my own confidence in this medicine was confirmed and its good name spread in the respective family. REV. P. J. HURLEY, April 26, 1891. For over 2 years I had, during the several times, monthly, since I used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic I have not had an attack. The medicine is very good. AUGUSTA DEAYNE, (Dan. Day, J. Koenig). Rev. Father J. Gorman, of Mills Valley, Mich., knows of a case of St. Vitus' dance which was cured by two bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic.

SPREADS ITS GOOD NAME.
St. Edward's College, Austin, Tex., April 22, 1892. I can have no doubt as to the value of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, for I have recommended it to the persons afflicted with diseases of the nervous system, and in every case the result was such that my own confidence in this medicine was confirmed and its good name spread in the respective family. REV. P. J. HURLEY, April 26, 1891. For over 2 years I had, during the several times, monthly, since I used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic I have not had an attack. The medicine is very good. AUGUSTA DEAYNE, (Dan. Day, J. Koenig). Rev. Father J. Gorman, of Mills Valley, Mich., knows of a case of St. Vitus' dance which was cured by two bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic.

no bogus Doctors' pills. Sarsaparilla, meats is absolutely

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

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REV. GEORGE R. NORRIS, Editor. Author of "Mistakes of Modern Infidels." THOMAS COFFEY, Publisher and Proprietor.

London, Saturday, Dec. 24, 1892.

CHRISTMAS.

We are once more on the eve of celebrating the festival of Christmas, which is for Christians one of the two most important festivals of the ecclesiastical year.

Easter reminds us of the Resurrection of Christ, which typifies to us our resurrection and the fulfillment of the work of our redemption.

There is not any other purpose mentioned in Holy Scripture, or suggested in the traditions of the Church, why the Son of God so humbles Himself as to take upon Himself human form than that it is for our salvation.

We need not assert that in His infinite wisdom God had in view no other purpose than the salvation of mankind, in becoming man, for He may have had other purposes unknown to us.

For the same reason St. Paul writes to Titius (ii, 13, 14), that "we look for the blessed hope and coming of the glory of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ who gave Himself for us that He might redeem us from all iniquity and might cleanse to Himself a people acceptable, a pursuer of good works."

In view of this, the only purpose revealed to us on account of which Christ came upon the earth, we are bound to conclude with the words of the Nicene Creed:

"For us men and for our salvation He came down from heaven."

The humility of our Divine Saviour born in Bethlehem is beyond our conception. The Son of God, who is also God, equal to His Father and of one substance and nature with the Father, condescends to take upon Himself human nature and to become man, with all human infirmities, except sin.

This describes an infinite humiliation and condescension. But why does He submit thereto? He furnishes us Himself with the reason: "Love one another as I have loved you, Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends." (St. John, xv, 12, 13.)

Elsewhere the Apostle St. John says: "In this is charity: not as though we had loved God, but because He hath first loved us, and sent His Son to be a propitiation for our sins." (1 John, iv, 10.)

It is not because the incarnation of Christ is a humiliation to Him that Christians rejoice on the feast of Christmas, but because of this love with which Christ regards us, and this is sufficient reason why we should rejoice. Besides, by His birth the work of our Redemption is begun.

So intimately connected is the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ with the purpose for which He comes—to die for us—that if we were left to our own imagination it might be difficult for us to decide whether we should rejoice or be sorrowful, whether we should consider most the joy He brings to mankind, or our sins which have necessitated His coming into the world, the humiliation to which He submits and the sorrows He is to endure. But Holy Scripture itself shows us that the joyous aspect is the proper one for our consideration on the occasion. Christ is called in the Old Testament the Desired of all Nations. He is longed for as one who will bestow benedictions, and in whom all the nations of earth shall be blessed, and Holy Simeon even prayed to God that He should see the day when these hopes should be fulfilled. He saw the day and rejoiced, blessing God and uttering the beautiful words:

"Now thou dost dismiss thy servant O Lord, according to thy word in peace; because my eyes have seen thy salvation which thou hast prepared before the face of all peoples, a light to the revelation of the Gentiles and the glory of thy people Israel." (St. Luke, ii.)

The festival of the birth of Christ is therefore to be celebrated as a festival of peace and joy. But to those at enmity with God, persevering in the ways of sin, there can be no true peace, no good foundation for joy. On this great feast, or at least during the Christmas time, all should seek reconciliation with God through the sacrament of penance, the only ordinary means through which reconciliation is to be effected: and being thus reconciled it is Christ's will that we should identify ourselves with Him still more closely by receiving worthily the sacrament of the holy Eucharist, His own Flesh and Blood, without which, He says, "you can have no life in you."

It is with a wise purpose that the Evangelist traces the genealogy of Christ back to Adam. It is to show that He made Himself our brother in the flesh, and going still further Adam is said to be of God. We are all by grace the sons of God, and are thus made brethren of Christ in even a more strict sense of the term; so there are most solid reasons why we should identify ourselves with Jesus, the true Son of God, by abiding in Him through the sacrament of the Holy Eucharist, the banquet of His love for us.

FANATICISM IN POLITICS.

There is much boasting among the members of the A. P. A., of Detroit, because of the successes they achieved in that city and the State of Michigan during the late electoral campaign. They claim that it was their influence which made Detroit, usually a Democratic city, go Republican at the election, and that they turned the scale by securing a majority of two among the Presidential electors, who would otherwise have been equally divided in that State. They boast the more loudly because the association is of recent organization.

As far as Detroit is concerned the boast of the bigots has undoubtedly some foundation, but it seems to be merely empty vaporing as far as it regards the State, which has been usually Republican in the past, and on this occasion has given to the Republicans a bare majority of the Presidential electors of the State. It was this pandering to the bigots which deprived the Republican party of these States, notwithstanding the fact that, foreseeing the consequences of their course, they endeavored to avert the disaster by repudiating the A. P. A. before the Presidential election. Their repudiation came too late, however, and the disaster came upon them like a thunderbolt.

The case of the United States resembles very much that of Canada. In both countries, bigotry may gain some local successes, but it will also meet with local defeats, and the latter will outnumber the former.

It is all very true that the tariff policy of the Republicans was the main issue at the recent Presidential election; but the fact cannot be concealed, and it is now frequently referred to by the press, that it was the intermeddling of the bigots of the A. P. A. in favor of the Republican party in so many States, and, still more, the en-

couragement given them by the Republicans which served largely to defeat that party.

Of course all these boasts are based on the hypothesis that a Republican triumph is a triumph for the principles of the no-Popery organization, which is a very doubtful matter, though in a few States that party certainly did pander to these know-nothings. In Columbus, Ohio, the Republicans put no Catholics on their ticket, and the Catholics, two in number, on the Democratic ticket were defeated. But the Republicans gained nothing by their bigotry in this case, for, with the exception of the two Catholics the whole Democratic county ticket was elected. Wisconsin and Illinois turned the scale on the National issue decisively in favor of the Democratic party; and this was the case in other States besides those we have named. This it was which made the Republican defeat a rout, just as similar causes brought about similar effects at the last two general elections which took place in Ontario for the Provincial Legislature.

The Orange Lodge of Toronto which last week passed resolutions against the present Premier of the Dominion simply because he is a Catholic might learn a lesson of wisdom from what has occurred among our neighbors. The reign of rampant fanaticism has passed away in both countries and can never return.

ABSURDITIES IN THE PULPIT.

Our attention has been called by a correspondent to the report of a sermon delivered recently in St. James' Church, Guelph, by the rector. The report appears in the Guelph Mercury of the 5th inst., the text being from the first epistle of St. John the Evangelist, ii, 24: "Let that therefore abide in you which ye have heard from the beginning. If that which he have heard from the beginning shall remain in you ye shall continue in the Father and in the Son."

The rector very properly explains that the Catholicity which the Church of Christ must possess consists in this "that the Church which our Blessed Lord came on earth to found should spread into all the world," and "that every creature might have the opportunity of hearing the gospel, and all nations should be baptized into the Church."

He very properly appeals to antiquity in proof of this statement; but when he asserts the following proposition as being sustained by the teaching of antiquity, in the sense in which he propounds it, he certainly falls into a most serious error. His proposition is: "These several branches of the Churches in different nations were to be mutually independent of each other, like the Provinces or States of an earthly kingdom, but were to be united by the bonds of a common fellowship as members of the one body, and in communion one with another."

We would not take objection to the comparison which the rev. gentleman makes between the parts of the Church in different nations, and the Provinces of a kingdom, as the comparison is sufficiently appropriate; for the Provinces of a kingdom are dependent upon the central authority and subject to it, except that in the management of purely local matters they have a certain amount of liberty. To this extent the comparison is quite appropriate. The Church of Christ is like a kingdom, and it has its separate Provinces and dioceses, which are necessarily distinct and independent of each other in local matters.

But the rev. rector evidently means a more complete separation than his comparison would indicate; for he adds immediately: "Originally the Churches of Asia, Africa, Spain, France, Gaul, Italy, (Rome,) and Britain were thus independent and holding intercommunion."

This makes it clear that his meaning is that the Churches of the world once established among the various nations had no further bond of unity between them than the intercommunion of friendly intercourse, and the recognition of each other as brethren engaged in the similar work of teaching the gospel of Christ as they understood it. In fact there would be in this hypothesis, no recognition of any supreme authority over the whole Church. The different nations were under no obligation to teach the same doctrine everywhere, and to recognize a common source of ecclesiastical jurisdiction.

According to this theory, Presbyterianism would be the true Church in Scotland, Lutheran Calvinism in Germany, and Anglicanism in England. Why should not Catholicism be the

true Church in Austria, Italy, Spain, France, South America, etc., if this be the way in which the matter is to be regarded?

The absurdity of such a state of affairs is sufficiently apparent to render any further refutation of this favorite Anglican theory unnecessary. Indeed the rector himself declares that he does not accept the consequences of his own doctrine; for, after elaborating his theory, he says: "The Church of England is that part of the Catholic Church which belongs to England and her dependencies, and is also independent."

Suppose for a moment that this is the case. The rector proves the truth of the Church of England by maintaining her independence. The same reasoning would apply to the Catholic Church as existing in the Catholic countries we have named, and the German and Scotch Protestant Establishments. Is it not after this assertion very like a piece of brazen effrontery to claim, as the reverend rector does, that "the Church of England is the one, only, true representative of the Holy Catholic Church for English-speaking countries, tracing her history back to Apostolic days?"

English-speaking countries indeed! And where is the Scriptural or Apostolic authority for making the prevailing language of a country the source of ecclesiastical jurisdiction? The Church of England herself has never claimed to act upon any such principle as this, for the Anglican Ritual was imposed on Ireland and Wales when they had languages of their own, and the Canadian Anglicans have Bishops in the Province of Quebec, where the language is French. So also the English and Prussian Churches pretended to confer Episcopal jurisdiction on their missionary Bishops of Jerusalem, where there were already territorial Bishops belonging to both the Catholic and the Schismatical Greek Churches.

It is needless to illustrate further the absurdity of the rector's ecclesiastical theory. He quotes Cardinal Manning as having said that "an appeal to antiquity is both a treason and a heresy;" and adds: "The Church of England appeals to antiquity as the only appeal which the Catholic Church can make."

We have to say on this matter that an appeal to antiquity to show that the Church of old believed and taught is neither a treason nor a heresy, nor did Cardinal Manning say that it was. The Cardinal objected to an appeal to the authority of the ancient Church as against that of the Catholic Church of the present day; and such an appeal is both treason and heresy. The authority of the Church is for all time. It is a living authority, for Christ said to His Apostles, "Lo, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." The authority of the Catholic Church is to-day the same as was that of the Church fifteen or eighteen centuries ago, and her teaching is the same. But it is not the teaching of the Anglican Church.

The rector tries to sustain that the modern Church of England is one and the same with the Church of England of ante-Reformation times. The whole character and constitution of the Church was changed by Henry VIII. when he assumed the supreme authority over it, placing himself in the Pope's place. Instead of being part of the Universal Church, the new Church thus constituted was a merely local organization without any ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and the breach was widened when Edward VI. and Elizabeth engrafted upon it new-fangled doctrines.

The rev. rector's cause is in no way improved by his quotation from Magna Charta that "the Church of England shall be free." This did not declare the independence of the Church from the divinely appointed head of the Church, St. Peter's successor. In fact Cardinal Langton, who was the leader of the barons in wresting the great charter from King John, is described in the document as a Cardinal of the Most Holy Roman Church. But it was freedom from the King's interference that the barons stipulated for the Church, and obtained. This is the freedom which the modern Church of England does not possess at all. It has rejected the authority of the Pope which Magna Charta recognizes in religion, not in politics; and it has made itself the slave of the civil power, against which state of things the Magna Charta expressly makes full provision. The modern Church of England has nothing in common with the Church of which Medway and Augustine and Anselm were shining lights.

As proving that in the ancient Church the theory of independent National Churches was unheard of, we need only quote the following extract from the fourth canon of the Council of Sardica, which was attended, A. D. 347, by several British Bishops as well as by those of France, Spain, Germany, Italy and Helvetia: "If in any Province a Bishop have any matter against one of his brother Bishops, neither of these shall call in as judges Bishops of another Province. But if a Bishop shall have been condemned who thinks he has not a bad case, but a good one, in order that the decision may be considered anew . . . those who have given judgment, to Julius, Bishop of Rome, . . . that the judgment may be reconsidered, and that he appoint the judges."

It is thus seen that the ecclesiastical Provinces were indeed not subject to each other, but all were subject to the Pope. This is the discipline of the Catholic Church to this day; but the Church of England has no likeness with the Church of the world as it existed fifteen hundred years ago.

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SEPARATE SCHOOLS.

The Toronto Mail has many times reiterated the statement that Archbishop Ireland and other prelates of the United States are opposed to Separate schools, and a leading article which appeared in last Saturday's issue of that journal is based upon this supposition. The statement is quite erroneous. Archbishop Ireland's experience at Faribault and Stillwater was such that Catholic education was secured to the Catholic children, by consent of the school authorities, though it is true the instruction was given outside of school hours. This arrangement was deemed satisfactory by the great Archbishop, under the circumstances peculiar to the two localities. The Mail labors, or pretends to labor, under the idea that the Catholic Church has been opposed to Public schools all the time. Catholics have not a word to say against Public or State schools as such, but we point out the defect of a system which ignores or excludes religious teaching. If a religious training is provided we are satisfied, whether the schools be called Public, Parochial or Separate. The essential thing is the Catholic education.

The Mail is surely playing upon the credulity of its readers when it declares that even Pope Leo XIII. has been converted to be an opponent of the Catholic parochial school system. Of course the inference which is drawn by the Mail, that Separate schools ought to be abolished, falls by the exposure of the false premises on which it is grounded.

CHURCH TAXES IN QUEBEC.

Apocryphal to the resistance which the merchants of Montreal are preparing to offer to the new tax laws recently passed by the Quebec Legislature, the Montreal Witness and the Mail are taking occasion to denounce the alleged burdensomeness of the taxes levied by the Church Fabrique upon the people of that Province. As the Fabrique tax only amounts to one twenty-sixth part of the produce it cannot bear so very heavily as these journals pretend, and it is not levied upon Protestants at all, as taxes are levied in England and Wales upon the whole population, Catholics and non-Conformists as well as Anglicans. Protestants have, therefore, no reason to complain if the Catholic people of Quebec prefer this way of supporting the Church. It is a fact that the Protestant people of Ontario are much more heavily taxed for the support of their Churches, clergy and charitable institutions than are the habitants for whom the journals we have mentioned profess so much commiseration. The habitants of Quebec appreciate at their proper value the crocodile tears the Mail and Witness shed so copiously over their benighted condition.

THE HOME RULE BILL.

A cable despatch was published by the New York press giving what purported to be an outline of Mr. Gladstone's proposed Home Rule Bill, and as it was declared that it was furnished by a prominent statesman who is in Mr. Gladstone's confidence, some credence was given to it, and it received a good deal of attention on this side of the Atlantic; but the intrinsic character of the measure gave great cause to doubt the accuracy of the report. It has since been ascertained that the measure is not at all that which is proposed by Mr. Gladstone. It has been many times asserted by Mr. Gladstone himself and by members of his Cabinet that the Bill which will be proposed resembles greatly that which was brought forward in 1886, and upon which the Liberal ministry then in power was defeated by the defection of the so-called Unionist wing of the Liberal party.

One of the principal features of this spurious bill is the manner in which it proposed to deal with the Ulster difficulty. The Ulster convention which was held not long since in Belfast, together with the General Assembly of the Presbyterian kirks, protested against Mr. Gladstone's proposals, chiefly on the plea that an Irish parliament elected from the whole of Ireland would be the tool of the Catholic hierarchy, and would dominate Ulster in a manner intolerable to Irish Protestants. The suppositions Bill proposes the following method of meeting this difficulty:

"Let each Province have its own House of Representatives elected by manhood suffrage for equal electoral districts, and let each House of Representatives elect in proportion to the population of the Province a number of life Senators to meet in Dublin and constitute an Irish Senate."

Each Province, it is said, would also under this arrangement have a Governor appointed by the Crown, and the Governor of Leinster would be ex-officio president of this senate. The acts of these Provincial Legislatures and of the Irish Senate would be subject to the veto of the Governor,

until passed a second time by some stipulated considerable majority. Thus the four Provinces of Ireland, Ulster, Munster, Connaught and Leinster, would be self-governing, like the American States or the Provinces of Canada, while the Irish Senate would have authority somewhat similar to that exercised by the United States Federal Government, with limitations to the effect that all armed forces and military matters, all relations with foreign countries, taxes on commerce, and the like, should be under control solely of the Imperial Government and Parliament.

This splitting of the country between five different Legislative bodies seems to be one of the awkward devices which might have emanated from the brain of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, but it is scarcely possible that Mr. Gladstone or the statesmen who are with him in the Cabinet could ever have contemplated such a measure. The Ulster difficulty is surely not a sufficient reason for multiplying Legislatures through the whole country, and the proposal does not seem to meet the difficulty either. Ulster is so evenly divided between Catholics and Protestants that if the principle of separate Legislatures should be introduced at all for the protection of minorities, this Province would need to be divided into two. We cannot imagine, however, that, for the protection of an Ulster minority, it should be necessary to subdivide the rest of the country, and we believe that when Mr. Gladstone's Bill will be promulgated, such a provision will not be found in it. The Ulster minority will most probably be protected in some other way, if the protection be required at all.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

A CABLEGRAM just received from Europe informs us that Most Rev. Michael Logue, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland, and Most Rev. Wm. Vaughan, Archbishop of Westminster, have received letters notifying them that they will be made Cardinals at the coming Papal consistory.

TIMELY topics are discussed in the December number of the Arena by master brains and representative thinkers: "Compulsory Education," "Government Ownership of Railways," "The Opening of the World's Fair on Sunday," "The Rapid Spread of Occultism in Paris," "Evictions in New York," "Are we Socialists?" "Religious Persecution in Tennessee." These are all live topics, with which even the busiest of thoughtful persons are more or less interested; while among subjects more strictly literary in character will be found: "A Chinese Mystic," "Whittier and Tennyson," "Religious Thought of Colonial Days," "The Defence of Shakespeare," by the eminent Shakespearean scholar, Dr. A. Nicholson, and Miss Dromgoole's charming little Christmas story, which is reproduced in this issue of the CATHOLIC RECORD.

ARCHDEACON FARRER is very dependent as to the future of the Church of England. He draws a picture of her present condition which, if given by any one not a member of that Church, would be set down as an imagination arising out of hostility. He says:

"See her lapsing on every side into Romanism in all but name; I see but few living saints among her professors, though I hear the name

of 'saint' bandied about by her partisans. I doubtless losing some upon the upper classes growing more indifferently Sabbaths and her ordinary working classes, who are a mass of the nation, not of whom attend her church her standing with weak feeble knees in the against the master- fiend even siding with him, palliating his intolerable and others saying smooth prophesying deceits. Let if they will, prop tottery untempered mortar. The of them to do it and t for it. I will not."

It is difficult to un some people persist High-Churchism as a form of ism," for it is as violent the Pope as any form of High Churchism is and nothing less, than forms of protest to which of human thought must divinely instituted amid head of the Church is High Churchism has to exist on the Prote private interpretation form of Protestantism among errors it is the truth.

The Chicago Presby posed to the plan of Westminster Confes adopted by the Comm eral Assembly, and a Revision. They are ists, notwithstanding supposed organ, th advocated changes of nitude. The Presby by a vote of 35 to 18, tion at its last mee approving of all the

A GREAT sensation Brooklyn by the cele tation of High Mas Protestant Episcopal the rector, Rev. I. assisted by Rev. J. Church, New York, nell of Passaic, N. was in all the detail lic Church at solen with deacon and s church is furnished churches, withonly accessories, and the to make the sign making an abeiscan when they enter Low Church clergy are very indignant of these rites, which leading to Rome; many who favor the fact that fifteen at the celebration said to have been Littlejohn, in wh lar celebration tal though the vestme are richer.

The Cincinnati to a conclusion by ing Professor Smit a very close vote, further confirmat another column which are being arianism in the As the vote on the close it is expecte will be extremely tence would not as a change of sufficient to vet all. On the com pare the senten members of the him, and the sen only a nominal likely be allow teachings under which will mean what he has tau

A CABLE desp lations between have become v last few weeks. reasonably be of Catholics t Empire will b It has long be himself is not cutor, but the of the holy sym is very potent, to inflict the e all who do not ical Church, testaments or Jev however, that imply that a and Latin Ch probable than this forecast i that a first ste indicated by lead to such much desired

