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# The Catholic Register.

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

VOL. II.—No. 51.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1894.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

## Killarney's Secret.

In the abbey of St. Joseph,  
By the gently-flowing Leo,  
There a priest of tried devotion  
This true story told to me.

"On the bank of famed Killarney,  
Where it trends towards the west,  
Stands a mountain clad with verdure,  
Towering high above the rest.  
In its bosom lies a grotto,  
Which it guards with jealous care,  
And God's angels watch the treasure  
That is hid forever there.

Many years have long passed over,  
Since one glorious Christmas night  
By our Saviour's special favor,  
I beheld that wondrous sight.  
In my youth I read a legend,  
Written by a monk of yore,  
That the sacred crib of Bethlehem  
Had been borne to Erin's shore.

Prayed I then with faith unceasing  
Ere my course below was run,  
Ere the soul had left the body,  
Ere the work of life was done,  
That I might behold this treasure,  
That I yet might kiss the wood,  
Where was laid the new-born Saviour  
Over whom Our Lady stood.

On that eve already vested,  
Standing by the altar tall,  
Suddenly a sound of music  
On my listening ear did fall.  
Nearer, nearer came the singing,  
Sweeter voices filled the air,  
And before my eyes of wonder  
Paused an angel bright and fair.

'Come my child! your prayer is answered,  
You shall see the hallowed spot.  
Tis your faith has gained this triumph.  
You shall kiss the sacred cot.  
Come my child,' and in a twinkling  
Scarce an instant fluttered by—  
Gazed I on the grandest vision  
Ever seen by human eye.

Rank on rank of gleaming spirits,  
Bowing low before that shrine,  
Some arrayed in golden lustre,  
Never brought from depths of mine.  
In their hands swung jewelled censers,  
Heavenward rose the incense smoke,  
While the sound of harp and psalter  
All the grotto's echoes woke.

And the hymn was joyous sounding,  
Breathing peace to all on earth.  
First 'twas heard in Beth'hem's valley  
Signal of the Saviour's birth.  
Saw I then those scenes repeated.  
Saw I wandering shepherds stand.  
Saw I kings in adoration  
From the far off eastern land.

But no tongue may tell the splendor.  
Human eye can ne'er conceive  
All the love and joy that filled me  
On that blessed Christmas eve.  
Enough my child! my hope was granted  
I have viewed the hallowed spot,  
I have seen the Virgin Mother,  
I have kissed the sacred cot.

But the glory of that grotto  
E'en the mount may not contain,  
Flows its beauty down the valley,  
Lingers it on hill and plain.  
This the secret of Killarney,  
Heavenly beauty's earthly home.



SISTINE MADONNA—RAPHAEL.

There the crib remains forever,  
From it ne'er again will roam."

Such the story that was told me  
By the side of azure Leo,  
Where it wimples near the abbey  
On its journey towards the sea.

W. E. HART.



## The First Snowflakes.

Flutt'ring from the lap of Heaven  
Down upon the dreary earth  
By the breath of angels driven  
Shower buds of airy birth.

See them falling! softly beating,  
Sailing on their petals spread,  
Kissing hill and dale in greeting,  
Pausing, bird-like, overhead.

When the summer-blossoms wither,  
Leaving earth so drear and bold,  
Come these winter flowers hither  
Which with joy we now behold.

Uplands, valleys bloom in whiteness,  
And the trees which lately mourned  
For their garb of autumn brightness  
Are with fairer robes adorned.

Lovely snowflakes! ye a double  
Mission seem to here fulfil,  
And a blessed balm in trouble  
Is the lesson ye instill.

He, whose wisdom hath seen fitting  
To inflict a grief or pain  
Ne'er His Providence omitting  
Makes what seems our loss a gain.

—ROSE FERGUSON.



## An Invitation.

Come with me into the mystery  
Of Nature's shadow and sound  
Where the heart of the past and the dreams of to-day  
Make holy each rood of ground  
Where the spoils of the years that have fled  
Are heap'd on altars of pain  
And the tears that were shed on each pillow of grief  
Are turned to glories and gain.

Come with me into the mystery  
Of Nature's infinite plan  
With its flower and fruit in heaven above  
And its root in the heart of man  
Where the latent powers of things that are  
Take form and shape divine  
And the water of life at the wedding feast  
Is turned to red, red wine.

Come with me into the mystery  
Of infinite love and care  
Where the planets wheel thro' the grooves of time  
And the swallows fade in the air  
Where the thoughts that we utter  
Seek home and rest  
In the bosom of God  
With the Infinite Blest.

—THOMAS O'HAGAN.

## SOME THOUGHTS

— ON THE —

## Incarnation and Birth of Christ.

BY HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

"And the word was made flesh, and dwelt amongst us, and we saw his glory; the glory of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth."—John 1, 14.

The Incarnation of God the Son was the greatest manifestation that even God could make of His infinite goodness, love and mercy for the human race. He had created man through love—He redeemed him through mercy. The creation was a manifestation of Almighty love—the Redemption was a manifestation of infinite and all-pardoning mercy.

Man was originally created and constituted in justice and innocence. He was a child of God and an heir of heaven. By his fall he lost his innocence and justice and forfeited his Sonship of God and his heirship of heaven. He was banished from Paradise, and was driven into exile—a fugitive from the face of God, his offended father. Jesus Christ, the Son of God incarnate, comes down from heaven, to restore to man the Sonship of God and the heirship of heaven, and to bring him back from his exile and his flight from God to an union of friendship and of love with Him. The incarnation of Christ was in principle the redemption of mankind, and their restoration to their place in God's eternal plans and to their own immortal destinies.

In the olden dispensation the fear and dread of an offended God ruled and overpowered the hearts and minds of men. In that dispensation God ruled his people by the manifestation of Almighty power, by the force of stupendous miracles, by signal and tremendous chastisements of guilt, and in the might of His outstretched arm. When Adam sinned he was seized with fear, and he hid himself from the face of God. "I heard Thy voice in Paradise, and was afraid, and because I was naked I hid myself." This unholy fear, which carried away man from God, was transmitted with life to all the posterity of fallen Adam—banished and proscribed and expelled from Paradise by a sword of fire. All antiquity fled and hid itself from the face of an offended and angry God. And that fear which dominated antiquity was different in kind from that holy fear of God which is the beginning of wisdom, and which inspires the sinner at the same time with a dread of divine justice, a hatred of sin and a loving hope in the divine goodness and mercy. The fear of the ancients was a slavish fear that had its origin in hatred of God who punished sin, and in hatred of the penalty inflicted on the sinner and not in repentance for the sin that merited the divine chastisement. And what were the bitter fruits of this unholy fear, that eventuated in the flight of mankind from God? Under its blighting influence the world had become thoroughly corrupt and out of joint with the purposes of its Creator. Men had for the most part lost the knowledge of the true God and of the priceless value of the immortal soul. Paganism, with its degrading rites and superstitions, and its vast system of idolatry, held the world enthralled. A dead sea of moral corruption covered the face of the earth—vice became deified, for each had a God for its author and patron—whilst the great and eternal God was unknown and unacknowledged. He was an outlaw in his own creation. The human family had lost its unity and sanctity, and became disrupted and broken up. Slavery held in its chains two-thirds of the Roman world, and degraded, demoralized and corrupted it. Human life had become a dark and perplexing mystery enshrouded in impenetrable darkness, with all its problems unsolved and its destinies and purposes unexplained; and man, "noble in reason, infinite in faculties, in form admirable, in action like an angel, the beauty of the

world, the paragon of created things," became worthless in his own eyes—the sated slave of his sensual pleasures and ignoble passions. Such is the appalling picture which all sacred and profane writers draw of the moral state of the world in the days of Augustus Cæsar—such was the moral condition of the world the Saviour of mankind came to redeem and save. But how is this to be accomplished? How are justice, peace and mercy to be made to work together in this divine work of human salvation and restoration. "Behold," cries out the prophet, "God himself will come and save you." "Ecco Deus ipse veniet et salvabit vos."—(Isaiah c. xxxv. 4.) God will come down from heaven in the Incarnation to seek his lost children, to dissipate their unholy and destructive fears, to bring them back from their banishment, and to win their confidence and their love. He will not come in great power and majesty as he did on Sinai, when he was clothed with the lightnings of heaven and spoke in a voice which was as the roll of thunder, and when the terrified people cried out to Moses, "O Moses, speak thou to God for us, but let not God speak to us, lest we die." No, God the Saviour



HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP WALSH.

will veil the splendor of His majesty, the awfulness of His power, the terrors of His justice, and will come gently as the dew of heaven falls on the thirsty earth, silently as the footsteps of the dawn descending the eastern hills. He will become man, He will become our brother; nay, He will come in the sweetness and tenderness and dependence of an infant; and with the pleading outstretched arms and the winsome and irresistible smiles of a child, He will destroy our fears and will bring us back again to faith and hope and love in God our Father who is in heaven. This is the divine philosophy of the Incarnation and birth of Christ, in which "mercy and truth have met each other and justice and peace have embraced each other." *Misericordia et veritas obviaverunt sibi justitia et pax osculata sunt.*—(Ps. lxxxiv. 11.)

The birth of the Incarnate God was the visible manifestation of the divine bounty and goodness. Hence, St. Paul says that in it "the grace of God the Saviour hath appeared to men." (Titus 2 ch.) And again, "the goodness and kindness of God the Saviour appeared." (Titus 3 chap. 4th verse.) Hence, also, St. Bernard commenting on St. Paul's words, asks, "How could God better commend or manifest his goodness than by assuming our flesh? How could He more strongly declare His mercy

than by clothing Himself with our miseries?" As Moses made known to men God the Creator, God the Master and Sovereign Lord, God the All powerful and the infinitely Just and Terrible, so the Incarnation and birth of Christ revealed to the world God the Saviour, the God of love, and tenderness, and mercy—God the Father and the Brother and the Friend of man. "The grace, the goodness and kindness of God the Saviour hath appeared to all men."

The Incarnation and birth of Jesus Christ gave hope of pardon and confidence to the guilty fallen world. He was the day-star from on high that rose above the horizon of time and shed the light of hope and the radiance of pardoning love like the smiles of God on the darkness of human misery and despair. "Fear not," said the angel, announcing the birth of Christ to the shepherds, who on the first Christmas night long ago were guarding their flocks on the hill-sides of Galilee, "fear not, for behold I bring you tidings of great joy that shall be unto all the people. For this day is born unto you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord." "His name shall be called Jesus, for He is come to save His people from their sins." (Matt. i. 21.) And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly army praising God and singing, "Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth to men of good will." (Luke II.) The object and purpose of the Saviour's mission was announced by the angel's voice at the same moment as his birth. He is a Saviour Christ the Lord; He is Jesus because he has come to save the people from their sins, and his birth brings to all humanity glad tidings of great joy; and the angelic hosts of heaven rejoice, and they make the midnight air resound with their heavenly music, and the hills and dales of Galilee re-echo the glad refrain, and the burden of their song is: "Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth to men of good will." As Keble has it:

"What sudden blaze of song  
Spreads o'er th' expanse of heav'n?  
In waves of light it thrills along,  
Th' angelic signal given—  
"Glory to God!" from yonder central fire  
Flows out the echoing lay beyond the starry quire."

"Like circles widening round  
Upon a clear blue rivoir,  
Orb after orb, the wondrous sound  
Is echoed on for ever.  
"Glory to God on high, on earth be peace,  
And love towards men of love—salvation and release."

Jesus has come to destroy the kingdom of Satan and the reign of sin on the earth, and establish instead the kingdom of God's peace and love. All power is given to that Divine Child in heaven and on earth, and He will use that divine power to destroy the reign of Satan, to forgive sin, to save man and to restore a fallen guilty world to the friendship of God. The bruised reed He will not break, and the smoking flax He will not extinguish; He will have pity on human sufferings and compassion for human sorrows and afflictions. Under the beneficent exercise of His almighty power, the blind will see, the lame walk, the lepers will be cleansed, the deaf will hear, and the poor will have the Gospel preached to them, and that gospel will bring them hope and comfort. He will bring light to the intellect, love to the heart, strength to the will. He will reveal to the world saving truths till then forever hidden in the mind of God; He will establish His Church, and will empower it to represent Him in the world when He shall have returned to His eternal throne. That Church He will commission to teach all the truths He taught and He will make it the store-house of His sacramental graces. That church will feed the hungry, will clothe the naked, will relieve the poor, will visit the sick, will bring hope and peace into prison cell, will, like another Veronica, wipe the sweat and tears and blood from the face of suffering

humanity, and, like an angel of consolation, will enter every Gethsemane of human sorrow, to comfort and to strengthen man in his deepest agony.

She will feed man with the food of divine truth, will heal the sin wounds of his soul, will nourish him with the bread of life, will, with mother's care, guide him safely through the darksome journey of life, will comfort and strengthen him on his death-bed, and, having finished the task of saving and sanctifying him, will accompany him to the divine judgment seat to plead with a mother's voice for a favorable sentence. The Incarnation and birth of Christ brought confidence and the hope of pardon to the guilty world.

The effect of the birth of God made man was to inspire mankind with the love of God, and to bring them into relations of friendship and union with Him. Man was made for God, and it is his normal condition to adore and serve Him and to love Him with all his heart and mind and strength. The human intellect was made for the supreme truth, the heart for the supreme good. The soul and its energies were made for union with God and for the possession of Him, just as the eye is made for the light. There is a stream of tendency in the human soul that makes God-ward and heaven-ward just as streams and rivers rush onward from mountains, plains and valleys, ever, ever to the ocean. "Thou hast made our hearts for Thee, O God, and they cannot rest until they find rest in Thee," said St. Augustine. "As the hart panteth for the fountains of waters," said the Psalmist, "so panteth my soul after thee, O God. My soul thirsted after the great and living God, when shall I come and appear before the face of God." (40th. Psalm.) "What is there in heaven and besides thee what do I desire on earth, thou art the God of my heart and the God that is my portion forever." "O that thou wouldst bend down the heavens and come. Come Lord and do not delay. Distil in dew, ye heavens, and ye clouds rain down the just one, and let the earth open and bud forth a Saviour." (Isaias.) The great hearts of the Prophets in these passages did but give expression to the aspirings, to the cravings and the cries of man at all times for union with and the possession of God by friendship and love. In man's unfallen state God walked with him in Paradise, and conversed with him as a friend, and the memory of that happy intercourse has haunted him in his exile like that of a happy dream that can never be forgotten, like the recollection of a vision of unutterable beauty once seen in the far off years, but has never faded from memory.

But whilst this hunger and thirst for God still racked the human soul and famished the human heart, and parched the whole moral being of man with unquenchable desires and unutterable longings, there was in his being a centrifugal force at work, the result of the fall carrying him away from the God he had offended and pushing and driving him farther and farther from him. This force was the original fear and terror of divine justice that first caused man to hide from God and kept him far away from Him. The result of these conflicting forces in man's spiritual being was idolatry, or the worship of man-made gods. Man could not live without God—he ran away and hid himself from the true God—he therefore made gods unto himself. Now, the birth of the man God in the flesh reconciled these two conflicting forces in man's moral nature, for it satisfied the desire of man for God and disarmed his fears that kept him away from Him. It was the restoration of the human race to their place in the original designs of God and to their true and immortal destinies. Jesus, in becoming man, and clothing himself with our flesh became one of ourselves—a fellow-man and a brother. And in doing this he appealed to the best and strongest feelings in our nature to our confidence and love, for there is that within us that prompts us to give out our confidence and hearts affections to those who try to assimilate themselves to us. When Alexander the Great conquered Darius and made himself master of Persia, he clothed himself in the national

costume, to win the confidence and gain the affections of the Persian Kings and rulers do the same thing now when visiting subject peoples, and even missionaries in strange and far off lands wear the national costumes of the countries they are evangelizing, in order to conciliate their feelings, to disarm their prejudices, and to win their confidence and affections. Now, the Son of God, in becoming man, acted on this principle. In order to win our hearts He clothed himself with our flesh. "He was made," said St. Paul, "in the likeness of man and formed in fashion as a man. God sent his own Son in likeness of sinful flesh," (Rom. 3rd chap). He allowed Himself to be tempted in all things like unto ourselves, except sin. "Therefore" says the same Apostle (Hebrews II., 14) "therefore because the children are partakers of flesh and blood, He also Himself in like manner has been partaker of the same, that He might deliver them who through fear of death, were all their life subject to servitude, for nowhere doth He take hold of the angels, but of the seed of Abraham he taketh hold. Wherefore it behooved him in all things to be made like unto his brethren that he might become a merciful and faithful high priest before God, for in that wherein He himself hath suffered and been tempted, He is able to succor them also that are tempted. Thus, Christ, in the Incarnation, has humbled Himself, taking upon Him our form and our likeness, and has thus banished our fears, has won our confidence, and gained our love and affections, and in this way has undone the evils of the fall. In this mystery heaven is united to earth and God to man. He became the Son of Man that we might become the sons of God. He came down on earth that he might lift us up into heaven. He was born in time, that we might be made sharers of a happy eternity. He became poor and suffering and an exile here on earth, that, through Him, we might one day be rich and happy in our eternal home in heaven.

But lest, after His ascension into heaven, we should lose sight of Him, and should cease to be drawn towards Him by the chords of Adam, that is, the bonds of confidence and love, He instituted the Sacrament of the Blessed Eucharist, in which and through which He would still remain in a mystic but a real manner amongst His earthly children. This Sacrament is called by theologians an extension of the incarnation; it is the incarnation applied to the wants of all men. In this Sacrament we become one with Him. We receive Him into our souls and hearts—we feed upon Him—we live of His life, and form a most intimate union with Him. "As the Father hath sent Me, and I live by the Father, so he that eateth Me the same also shall live by Me. He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood abideth in Me and I in him and I will raise him up on the last day." (St. John vi). So that the Catholic church is in a spiritual sense Paradise regained and restored. In it we may converse daily with God, and God is daily with us, as he walked with our first parents in the cool of evening in the olden Paradise. In it we eat of the tree of life so often as we partake of that living bread which came down from heaven and give life to the world. And the waters of life are there—those fountains of the Saviour—the sacraments, through which the blood of Christ is applied to our souls to cleanse, to purify, and invigorate them and to make them fair and beautiful and fruitful in all virtue and holiness of life. And the sun of truth shines therein and maketh a perfect day, for the glory of God enlightened it, and the Lamb is the lamp thereof. And the nations walk in the light of it, and the kings of the earth bring their glory and honor into it, for it is the tabernacle of God with men, and he dwelleth with them, and his children are His people and God Himself with them is their God." (Apo c. xxi).

We should forever thank and praise and bless God for His infinite goodness and His boundless mercies to us in the incarnation and the birth of His only Son, for He so loved us as to give us His only begotten Son—the greatest gift that even He in the omnipotence of His goodness and the infini-

tude of His riches could bestow. We should forever sing His praises, saying with holy David, "The mercies of the Lord I will sing forever and I will show forth the truth with my mouth to generation and generation." (88th Psalm). We should say with the church, "O how admirable is thy goodness towards us; O how inestimable thy love; thou hast delivered up thy Son to redeem a slave."

And finally we should obey the voice of the Baptist, which the church echoes in this holy time, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight his paths. Every valley shall be filled up and every mountain and hill shall be brought low; the crooked shall be made straight and the rough ways plain, and all flesh shall see the Salvation of God." We should prepare our souls for the coming of the Redeemer. We should fill up by virtue and good works the valleys and low places in our spiritual lives—we should bring down and level the mountains of our pride and the hills of our self-esteem and vanity. Let the crooked ways of sinful habits be made straight into paths of rectitude and virtue, and the rough ways of our frequent sins and falls be made smooth and plain by penitential deeds and good works, and then we shall see the salvation of God and share and rejoice in its eternal blessings. Amen.

### Anecdotes of Bishop De Charbonnel.

Bishop de Charbonnel although generous to a fault became rigid and parsimonious in his efforts to liquidate the Diocesan debt. This he accomplished and when his successor Bishop Lynch, after his appointment called attention to the beauties of St. Michael's Cathedral, he generally added, "There is one beauty which you cannot perceive. The absence of debt." On one occasion, when the collectors of the Christmas offerings brought in the receipts about 1,400 dollars, there was no treating as customary in those days. One of the collectors, Mr. Maurice Scollard who was in Bishop de Charbonnel's confidence and a noted wit, made some reference to the absence of wine. "Is it something you want?" said the Bishop. "Yes, my Lord," said Mr. Scollard, "a little *Sursum Corda*." The Bishop ordered immediately some cherry to be brought in. When the gentlemen were leaving, the Bishop aside laughing "How do you feel now Mr. Scollard." "Oh, my Lord," replied the latter: "Habemus ad Dominum."

When Father Lynnett was appointed to his first mission in Orillia and was directed to visit the Irish settlers around Penetanguishene, Bishop de Charbonnel laid down certain rules for him in particular cases, and advised him as he was young and of vigorous health, not to spare himself, but to see to the spiritual wants of all both French and English. "But my Lord, said the priest, what about money?" "What do you mean said the Bishop?" "Well, said Father Lynnett, there is my neighbour Father Terne, who refuses to take money when offered by the Irish. Can I take it from the French?" "My dear Father Lynnett you are very innocent, follow the example of your Bishop. Your Bishop never refused money."

Bishop de Charbonnel had prayers and meditation every morning at 6 a.m., in his private chapel. He insisted upon the priests being always present on such occasions. He roused them up at 5.30 by knocking at their doors and saying aloud *Benedicamus Domino*, to which they replied *Deo Gratias*, and were immediately on their feet. One night Father Lynnett returned at a late hour from a sick call and was not disposed to forego a little extra sleep and rest in the morning. The Bishop knocked as usual but getting no reply to his *Benedicamus*, he pushed in the door and seeing the priest as he thought, fast asleep, he closed it again gently saying, *Requiescat in Pace*.

He was fond of creating a little merriment by making rhymes. In reply to a Protestant minister who once asked him for his address, while crossing the lake to Niagara, he said jokingly, "My address Sir is episcopo de Toronto in profundo du lac Ontario."

Bishop de Charbonnel had a dash of the old French chivalry in all his ways and bearings. He was a stranger to fear; human respect he despised as something so low that no man could stoop to it without forfeiting his manhood. He wore the soutane purple sash and pectoral cross always; at all gatherings, at crowded railway stations, on board the steamer, everywhere he appeared as a Catholic Bishop, and would lay down his life before apologizing to any sect or prejudice. During his ten years' administration of Toronto Diocese, he fought a great battle for Catholic education. When going to his eternal reward three years ago in Lyons, he could truly say with St. Paul, "bonum certamen certavi, cursum consummavi, fidem servavi." *DMRVS.*



### The Late Sir John Thompson.

The awfully sudden and unexpected death of Canada's First Minister has stirred the Christian world. The sad, and it may be said, premature demise of the Right Hon. Sir John Thompson is, in the press and in all social gatherings, the topic of universal dismay and regret. That he was ailing or afflicted with any serious illness that foreboded disaster, or threatened to cut short his all too precious and useful life, was apprehended only by a few of his most intimate friends and political associates. To the Canadian people whom he represented in the Imperial councils and to the world at large, the news of his unforeseen death has been a painful shock. Deep seated and universal is the feeling that a great light has gone out, and that a loss almost irreparable has fallen upon the nation that he was chosen to legislate for, and to whose interest and whose honor all his supereminent talents and all his generous impulses were entirely devoted. Short, indeed, was the Parliamentary career of the Prime Minister whose lamentable exit from this mundane sphere is to-day chronicled, but how successful and how full of glory it was, is evidenced by the sad regrets of all at his sudden departure. From the humblest commoner to the highest dignitary of State, from the most remotely situated colonist to the Lords of the realm and the Queen on her throne, come messages of sympathy and condolence as well to the bereaved widow and children who are left to mourn his fate as to the country that bewails his loss.

It is but eight short years since Hon. John Thompson first entered the House of Commons in Canada. He was selected by the late Sir John Macdonald as Minister of the Dominion Cabinet, and he assumed the responsible position and duties of Minister of Justice in February, 1886. Many wondered what manner of man this was who was singled out by the Conservative chieftain for so important a seat in the Cabinet. No doubt Sir John was known to have almost unerring judgment in his choice of men, but many wondered whether the new man would be really an accession of strength to the Ministry or not.

It fell to the lot of the Hon. Edward Blake, the leader of the Opposition, to welcome the new Minister to the House of Commons. Mr. Blake had little or no previous acquaintance with the Hon. John Thompson and as parliamentary critic he spoke rather ironically both of his new opponent and the responsible position he was selected to occupy.

"I congratulate," said Mr. Blake, "the Hon. incumbent of the office. He enters federal politics, as the French would say by the great gate: for him there is no apprenticeship in our Parliament. There is certainly a period during which he filled a provincial office (in Nova Scotia) creditably, and received certain other training to which I shall presently allude; but as far as federal politics are concerned he comes into Parliament as the incumbent of the important office of Minister of Justice without passing through any apprenticeship in this house. No greater compliment could be paid to a public man."

Mr. Blake lived to acknowledge the wisdom of the Premier's choice, and to pay just tribute to the moral worth, great capacity and legal supereminence of the man called to fill the new office. Three years later on, the same Mr. Blake crossed the floor of the House to congratulate the Minister of Justice on his memorable and magnificent speech just delivered in opposition to disallowance of the Jesuit Estates Act. In reply to Mr. D'Alton McCarthy Sir John Thompson gave utterance to one of the most scholarly and eloquent speeches ever heard in the Canadian House of Commons. He maintained that England in conquering the French arms on the plains of Abraham came into possession of all the fortifications, garrisons and supply stores of the French King, but no more. The King of England was powerless by the law of nations to lay his hand on property or land belonging to private individuals or to corporate bodies. Besides, the terms of capitulation were that all religious communities, the Jesuits among others, and all priests shall preserve their movables, the property and revenue of the Seignories, and other estates which they possessed in the colony. It was wrong therefore to say that the Jesuits were deprived of their property. The King of England had no such authority, the law of nations did not allow him to touch one rood of the land belonging to the Jesuits. When the last of the Fathers died in Quebec, the Jesuit Estates escheated to the Church and not to the King. The Catholic Church always claimed ownership of these Jesuit Estates because they were donated by the King of France for educational and religious pur-

poses; and when an attempt was made to sell those lands, no one could be found to purchase them because no satisfactory title could be given. It is objected that the Pope's name is mentioned in the preamble of the bill. In the history of disallowance, and in the history of the statutes in the mother church, I think the records will be searched in vain to find an act disallowed because the preamble was offensive to somebody. To the argument of Mr. D'Alton McCarthy that the Jesuits had been expelled from France, Sir John Thompson replied, that Protestants, or the Huguenots, as they were named had also been expelled from France, but that was no reason why justice should now be refused to either Protestants or Jesuits. The words of the orator were:

If I were to advise His Excellency to disallow the Act on the ground of the expulsion of the Huguenots, the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the Franco-German war, the expulsion from France in 1818, the expulsion from other countries, I am afraid His Excellency might tell me that all the statements of facts were disputed, and that he might read me a lesson in ancient and modern history, of which one of the deductions could be that in some of these countries to say that the court was opposed to the Jesuits, or to say that the court was opposed to the Protestant reformers, was no discredit to either the Protestant reformers or to the Jesuits. I do not think, sir, that I need dwell upon that branch of the subject any longer. I think that whenever we touch these delicate and difficult questions which are in any way connected with the sentiments of religion, or of race, or of education, there are two principles which it is absolutely necessary to maintain, for the sake of the living together of the different members of this confederation, for the sake of the preservation of the federal power, for the sake of the good-will and kindly charity of all our people towards each other, and for the sake of the prospects of making a nation, as we can only do by living in harmony and ignoring those differences which used to be considered fundamental—these two principles surely must prevail, that as regards theological questions the state must have nothing to do with them, and that as regards the control which the federal power can exercise over provincial legislatures in matters touching the freedom of its people, the religion of its people, the appropriations of its people, or the sentiments of its people, no section of this country, whether it be the great province of Quebec, or the humblest and smallest province of this country, can be governed on the fashion of 800 years ago.

Sir John Thompson's greatness as a bright legal luminary, as a most eloquent and convincing debater and as an accomplished statesman and diplomatist, has been recognized and appreciated by all parties in his own country, and yet not so fully in Canada as in the bureaucratic circles of England and France.

Sir John Thompson's successful and ever honourable achievements in the political world however, were nowhere to be considered as on a parity with the gains he secured as an applicant for spiritual favours and redeeming grace in this life with a certain assurance of Eternal rest, happy rest, in that eternity which opened to his view on the afternoon of Wednesday the 12th inst. From the day of his conversion to the Catholic Faith until his last breath, evidences were never wanting of the perfect satisfaction and heartfelt joy he experienced at having found in religion balm and solace from a spirit troubled with many anxieties and that hopeful courage and trust in aid from on high that bore him up under every difficulty, and lent the cheerfulness of assured success to all his undertakings.

That Sir John Thompson was a fervent Catholic and a devout believer in all her dogmatic teachings it is impossible to entertain a shadow of doubt. His attendance at all church ceremonies in Ottawa, the interest he took in the Society of Catholic Truth, and every effort made to lessen prejudice and prepare the way for mutual forbearance and Christian Unity amongst all men, testified to his loving attachment for Mother church and to his broadminded charity that recognized no boundary or limit. Taken unawares and visited by the hand of death, as by a thief at midnight, yet he was not found like the foolish virgins with heart weaned off or lamps untrimmed. He breathed his last in the palace of his earthly sovereign surrounded by the gaieties and splendors of royal magnificence, but they found clasped to his heart the image of the Saviour who died to redeem him, and on his person the badges of loyal fidelity to the mother of Jesus—our life, our sweetness and our hope. His conduct through life was a pattern for all aspirants to secular fame and position—his practical faith and unobtrusive piety is a model for all seculars, for politicians and statesmen, who wish, while serving the world, to attend to the one thing necessary and make sure their salvation. *DMYRUS.*

## The Archbishop on Sir John Thompson

On Sunday last after the Gospel, in the course of the sermon His Grace Archbishop Walsh paid fitting tribute to the memory of Sir John Thompson. His Grace said:

"Let me ask your prayers for the repose of the soul of the late Sir John Thompson, who died so suddenly and unexpectedly at the very foot of her Majesty's throne. His death has been a grievous loss to Canada, and has left a void in the public service of the country which few, if any, can be found to fill. Like most of God's best gifts he was not fully appreciated until he had left us. Sir John Thompson was a true man, a good and great man. By sheer force of character, by matchless ability, and by the purity and nobility of his life, he worked his way up step by step from an humble position in society until, by the time he had reached the meridian of his life, he occupied the proud position of Premier of this great Dominion. Other men attain to political power by selfish cunning, by base intrigue, by wicked appeals to religious prejudices and the blind passions of fanaticism. Sir John Thompson scorned such base and ignoble methods. The country raised him to his proud position because it recognized in him a true and noble man, a sterling patriot, and a wise and able statesman, and it was not mistaken in its choice. With tireless devotion, intelligent zeal and consummate ability he labored in its cause, and by the great and important services he rendered it more than amply repaid the confidence it reposed in him. One of the elements of his greatness was his fidelity and loyalty to principle and conscience. After prayerful and patient study he became convinced that the Roman Catholic Church was the one true Church of Christ, and at the risk of sundering the closest ties of friendship and at the peril of his worldly prospects and interests he had the courage to embrace it. In his search after truth he but followed the Protestant principle of private judgment, and yet for daring to do so, for daring to do that which Manning and Newman and hosts of other brilliant, learned and good men had done before him, he was abused, vilified and denounced with the rage of bigotry and the fury of fanaticism. All this abuse he bore with the contempt of silence, and as a rule the only answer he gave to his vilifiers was the manly profession of his faith and the fervent practice of its duties. On one occasion only of late did he condescend to notice the abuse heaped upon him. It was at a picnic held in Muskoka last summer, when speaking before friends and enemies he said that he scorned to account to any man for his religious convictions. Sir John Thompson would have been another Sir Thomas More had the times and occasion called for it. There are, however, periods when a democracy can be as cruel, unjust and tyrannical as an absolute despotic king. Even belimes in this country men of the religious minority, though not called on to shed their blood for their faith, have to make many a bitter sacrifice for it in feeling, in social relations and in worldly interests in consequence of the brutal attacks made them by unprincipled demagogues and unreasoning crowds. For men so situated the life and example of Sir John Thompson teach lessons of fortitude, constancy and patience, and bid them hope that right and justice and fidelity to conscience will in the long run prevail over bigotry and intolerance. After all, the great heart of the people is sound and true, and 'hough at times it may be led astray it will eventually return 'ad vias rectas' to the paths of rectitude, and beat in harmony and sympathy with what is good, noble and true. Of this we have had a striking exemplification during the last few days. The innumerable testimonies of respect and esteem which the people of all classes have given for the departed statesman, the deep condolence and sympathy expressed by them with his bereaved and stricken family, the public funeral honors given his remains in Imperial England and to be given them in this country, all prove that men living under the benign and humanizing influences of free institutions and enjoying the blessings of civil and religious liberty know how to respect worth, to do justice to merit, to value patriotism, to be grateful for public services faithfully and disinterestedly rendered, and how to admire the man who by the faithful practices of his religious duties maintains the sovereignty of soul and conscience over the base and degrading passions of fallen nature. Such a man was Sir John Thompson. May God have mercy on his soul, and may the merciful Saviour comfort, strengthen and uphold the bereaved family in its irreparable loss."

## Sir Galahad.

A Knight there lived all in a royal court  
Whose love was duty;  
Who yet not on adventure for the sport  
Nor yet for booty.  
Right much he learnt of Launcelot-du-Lake,  
In joust and field,  
The fairest knight that e'er a lance did break  
Or crossed a shield.  
Beside the knightly table, well I wit—  
Full marvellous—  
There stood one seat wherein no knight durst sit—  
Siege Perilous.  
Fast bedded in a stone was seen a sword  
With jewelled hilt;  
Who took it thence was first at knightly board—  
Pure without guilt.  
Sir Galahad hid hand upon the blade,  
And took the seat:  
Full plenteously his teacher he repaid  
Sans all deceit.  
His mind was set on quest of Holy Grail  
Without surcease;  
And though, like all his human kindred, frail,  
It brought him peace.  
He was the purest knight, the lily flower  
In morning dew;  
The rose of great perfection in a bower.  
Anon he knew  
The Fountain that with gracious mercies stored  
Makes angels weep;  
And looking up he saw his heavenly Lord—  
So fell on sleep.

J. C. WALSH.

## St. Nicholas.

'Tis the children's own ev'ning, St. Nicholas night,  
And while mem'ry dictates I am going to write  
Of how it was spent in the dear, happy past  
In the halcyon days, all too lovely to last,  
When bright rose tinted dreamings, great castles in air  
And a darling old home, with friends faithful as fair,  
Unclouded by sorrow, unruffled by strife,  
Formed the pure placid source of the river of life.  
'Twas the rule, and we followed it promptly this eve,  
That at seven we all our amusements should leave  
And each take her place as if lesson to con;  
But alas! 'twas not tasks that our thoughts dwelt  
upon.  
For we noted that out of all danger were placed  
The more breakable things which the study-hall  
graced,  
And sundry such incidents all seemed to tell  
There was something expected, and what we knew  
well.  
But the silence was short-lived; for hark, there's the  
sound  
Of the door-bell! and hurrying footsteps resound—  
Admittance is granted, and listen—the air  
Bears the jingle of sleigh bells—St. Nicholas is there;  
Then before we recovered the shock, at the door  
Wholly fur-clad and bell-decked with parcels galore.  
A smile on his face tho' a whip in his hand  
Doth the patron of childhood, good Santa Claus stand,  
For a moment we gazed on the vision so queer,  
Curiosity now, as of old, drowning fear;  
Then shriek after shriek echoed loud thro' the hall  
And the desks are vacated—all crowd to the wall—  
The strange visitor follows with menacing look  
And all scatter for shelter to corner or nook.  
Thus the chase is repeated till tired he grows  
While the fugitives breathless, seek naught but re-  
pose.  
But still more will be granted, for changing his tune  
'Tis the smile, not the whip, becomes paramount soon,  
Then free fall the candy and fear dies away;  
And, as bon-bons can triumph where threats would  
not sway,  
Each now owns to her faults and makes promises  
strong  
To amend in the future and root out the wrong,  
E'en the little ones gather, forgetting their fear  
And stroking his furs, whisper, "Santa Claus, dear."  
But he now is contented—so gathers his pack  
Grasps his whip in his hand, straps his goods on his  
back  
And mid the "good nights" and well wishes of all  
He departs, on his numerous errands to call,

And the clatter of voices, the laughter and fun  
Which belong to a "free night" had fairly begun  
Ere the tinkling of bells o'er the fresh-fallen snow  
Could have told them the route on which Santa  
would go.

Alh, I would we could more of such customs preserve  
And more faith in the fables and legends which serve  
To give to the season of childhood a charm,  
'They leave sweet recollections, they're free from all  
harm,  
Soon enough will "the shades of the prison house"  
close  
'Till they hide the bright clouds whence the glory still  
flows,  
Let childhood enjoy the fair vision to-day  
For to-morrow it fades—'tis too precious to stay.  
—ROSS FERROUSON.



## The Flight into Egypt.

FATHER PROUT.

There's a legend that's told of a gypsy who dwelt  
In the land where the pyramids be  
And her robe was embroidered with stars, and her belt  
With devices right wondrous to see,  
And she lived in the days when our Lord was a child  
On His mother's immaculate breast;  
When He fled from His foes—when to Egypt exiled  
He went down with St. Joseph the blest.

This Egyptian held converse with magic, methinks,  
And the future was given to her gaze;  
For an obelisk marked her abode, and a sphinx  
On her threshold kept vigil always.  
She was pensive and ever alone, nor was seen  
In the haunts of the dissolute crowd;  
But communed with the ghosts of the Pharaohs I ween,  
Or with visitors wrapped in a shroud.

And there came an old man from the desert one day,  
With a maid on his mule by that road;  
And a child on her bosom reclined—and the way  
Led them straight to the gypsy's abode  
And they seemed to have travelled a wearisome path,  
From their home many, many a league—  
From a tyrant's pursuit, from an enemy's wrath  
Spent with toil and o'ercome with fatigue.

And the gypsy came forth from her dwelling and prayed  
That the pilgrims would rest them awhile;  
And she offered her couch to that delicate maid,  
Who had come many, many a mile;  
And she fondled the babe with affection's caress  
And she begged the old man would repose;  
Here the stranger, she said, ever finds free access  
And the wanderer balm for his woes.

Then her guest from the glare of the noonday she led  
To a seat in her grotto so cool;  
Where she spread them a banquet of fruits, and a shed  
With a manger was found for the mule;  
With the wine of the palm-tree, with dates newly  
culled,  
All the toil of the road she beguiled;  
And with a song in language mysterious she lulled  
On her bosom her wayfaring child.

When the gypsy anon in her Ethiop hand  
Placed the infant's diminutive palm  
Oh, 'twas fearful to see how the features she scanned  
Of the babe in his slumber so calm!  
Well she noted each mark and each furrow that crossed  
O'er the tracings of destiny's line:  
"Whence came ye?" she cried, in astonishment lost,  
"FOR THIS CHILD IS OF LINEAGE DIVINE!"

"From the village of Nazareth," Joseph replied,  
"Where we dwell in the land of the Jew;  
We have fled from a tyrant whose garment is dyed  
In the gore of the children he slew:  
We were told to remain, till an angel's command  
Should appoint us the hour to return;  
But till then we inhabit the foreigner's land,  
And in Egypt we make our sojourn."

"Then ye tarry with me," cried the gypsy in joy,  
"And ye make of my dwelling your home:  
Many years have I prayed that the Israélite boy  
(Blessed hope of the Gentiles) would come."  
And she kissed both the feet of the infant and knelt,  
And adorned him at once; then a smile  
Lit the face of His mother, who cheerfully dwelt  
With her host on the banks of the Nile.



"IT WAS THE JEST OF GOD," SAID THE CURÉ

## THE JEST OF GOD.

There were two hotels in St. Pyx: *Hotel Castor* kept by Perrier, a God-fearing man, and *Le Loup* kept by Guigues, a rake who was in bad odor with the Curé and good people of the parish.

On the sign-board of *Hotel Castor* there was a plain, industrious beaver typical of Perrier; on that of *Le Loup* there was a snarling, truculent wolf typical of Guigues.

In the bar-room of *Le Loup* there were gathered one Christmas eve, a number of young men who were known in the village as *les dissipés* which in English would be mildly equivalent to the "the roisterers." They gave a great deal of scandal in the village and were a source of much annoyance to the good Curé.

The room was lighted with one large lamp attached to the wall and from which emanated an oppressive odor of oil. A bright reflector behind this lamp threw a quaint reflection on everything in the room, the mirror, the glasses and printed posters hanging about the walls.

Guigues, the proprietor, a man with a harsh, wolfish countenance and a sumptuous beard of a brownish hue, leaned upon the counter grinning like a gargoyle at the antics of the tipsy young men.

In the centre of the room an old man stood singing "*Le Drapeau de Carrillon*."

"Canadiens braves soldats  
Préparons nous au combat  
En avant, En avant!"

His white hair showered over a rust-colored coat and his ruddy, beardless face was set finely with that intense pre-occupation or madness, whichever it is, of drink. Albeit there was something noble in his bearing—the ghost of a past perhaps.

He was Pepin Laberge.

Every village, in French Canada as well as all parts of the world, has its weakling, its dotard or drunkard, who is the butt of endless raillery.

Such was Laberge!

While he sang in a pathetic baritone voice slightly husked with age and dissipation, the young men stood about him—all but Laflamme. The comedy was lost to him momentarily; he saw only the tragedy. In his eyes there was an anomalous expression of sadness and amusement. Presently, however, he too became infected with the indifference of the other, *less sensitive* ones.

The glasses tinkled while a fresh libation was being poured and drunk with noisy demonstrations. Lavolette the village fiddler was there. When Laberge had finished singing he was called on to

play a tune, and, taking his instrument from its sinister-looking black box, he struck up a lively jig. Soon the young men were circling round Laberge in a mad, semi-savage dance. All again but Laflamme, who stood gazing abstractedly into the dingy mirror behind the bar. He had the face of Narcissus with a touch of his fatal passion.

Guigues too wearying of the game, which for a moment interrupted the steady flow of coins into his coffer had gone to the end of the counter, immediately under the lamp, where he perused the daily paper which had come up from Montreal.

Presently he signalled Laflamme with a snap of his thumb and forefinger.

The other (whom the gods had not as yet, according to tradition, transformed into a flower), approached and Guigues, handing the paper to him, pointed out with his great bony forefinger, a paragraph amongst the advertisements which read thus:

MATRIMONY.—A young girl, good-looking but impecunious, would like to correspond with a good honest man, with a view to matrimony. Age not considered. Address L. M., this office.

"Bon!" said Laflamme, after he had read it, "What is the inference?"

Guigues looked in the direction of old Laberge and smiled.

Laflamme's handsome face brightened.

"A joke on Pepin," he said. "Good again!"

Guigues then produced some lavender-tinted note-paper, dimmed with the dust of the drawer. Then he brought forth a horn ink-bottle and quill.

In a little while Laflamme had fashioned a pretty epistle which he placed in an envelope and addressed carefully, even daintily.

Laberge had commenced to sing again.

He was quite drunk. His ruddy face beamed with an exaggerated fervour; his gray hair glinted in the lamp light.

"Que notre brave jeunesse  
Au champ de l'honneur s'empresse  
Irons, nous, irons nous tenir les noms  
Des vainqueurs, des vainqueurs de Carrillon!"

Lavolette, the fiddler, whispered:

"They say he was great once."

His companions smiled incredulously.

"True," continued Lavolette, gesturing with the violin which he still held, "Abbe Langlois says that he knew him in Belleplace a long time ago and that he was wealthy there, with a grand house and grounds to the extent of five arpents."

"Ta tois!"

"'Tis true."

Laberge ceased singing and gulped down eagerly the amber liquor in the glass which he had been holding.

"I could sing once, my good fellows," said he sadly, "*Dieu*, how I could sing!"

Laflamme and Guigues still stood on either side the counter, under the lamp, a satyr and faun as it were. They were smiling curiously.

As the time approached when the villagers would be on their way to midnight Mass, Guigues came from behind the counter to close his establishment. He knew the good Curé's power and feared his displeasure should the lights be seen.

The roisterers departed good-naturedly, and Laberge, who was quite drunk, climbed to his tiny room in the attic of *Le Loup* where he lived.

When Pepin entered this little attic chamber he lighted a dip and placed it on a rough table beneath a cheap colored print of the child St. John the Baptist feeding a lamb.

Seating himself at this table he commenced to caress a tiny tortoise-shell kitten that leaped quickly to his knees.

"Thou little velvet thing," said he, "thou perhaps knowest! The whole world scorns the sot Laberge. Did they know? But thou lovest me, little Pansy, thou alone lovest me. The little children going to school, the little white-gowned children as they pass me in the village street will cry out in derision:

'Behold Pepin the old fool!'

"The Curé Langlois, the good man of God who knew me once on a day, when he passes me now in the village street will cross himself and say:

'Ah God, my poor man!'

"Thou alone knowest little Pansy. What is it? Let me tell thee again. There was a woman beautiful . . . one of God's angels. Her cheeks were like the dawn's light; her eyes were like the skies in June; her teeth like the pearls of the Indian seas, and her lips like the berries that dream in the summer sun. Where she walked I dreamed there was a fess of angels' wings and the ghost of a celestial perfume seemed to hover in her pathway. If she touched me I closed mine eyes as if it were a consecration."

"We lived well, little Pansy, so well!"

Then there came an intermediate joy, a ray of light, a beautiful human flower, and as we looked upon our babe it seemed that Heaven smiled. The babe grew as would a flower; as would a sweet honeysuckle climbing up to my lips trailing about my heart and stifling me with bliss."

"Then there came a shadow, little Pansy; into our Elon there came a serpent man, handsome as St. Michael, evil as Lucifer."

"One day he robbed me of my joys."

"For a while I did not mind, my heart was stunned, but the days grew weary, when they did not come and I longed to hear the musical laughter of my baby-girl, to see the flash of her bright hair in the sunlight and to feel her light, smooth lips against my cheek. At dusk, in the melancholy time when the daylight grows dim and the lamps are lighted, I missed the stately woman, clad in pale blue, who used to come at that hour from the garden, bringing a bouquet of roses for my study table."

"After this I do not remember, little Pansy, I do not remember!"

The old man's words soon became an unintelligible jargon. Stupefied with drink and fatigue, his head drooped until it had touched the little kitten, which darted away suddenly, overturning the candle and extinguishing it.

The old man slept.

The moonlight came in a broad, effulgent bar of light into the room, touching the sleeping figure at the table with a downy radiance. Outside the snow-clad houses of the village lay smitten with moonlight. In the windows reddish lamps gleamed everywhere, and from the doors came the villagers, walking quietly in the direction of the church whose stained windows glowed with mellow, multi-colored light. Suddenly the chimes for midnight Mass rang out clearly in the frosty air. When those had ceased the soft peal of an organ came from the church, and then all was silent in the houses of the village where the children slept, dreaming of the Christ-child.

## II.

Some time after this incident of the bar-room Laberge, who rarely received a letter, was surprised on passing the village post office to be hailed by the postmaster, a thin, pox-marked little man, as brown and wizened as the rind of a butternut.

"Look here, Laberge," said the little czar of letterdom with immense dignity. "There has been something for you lying about here two or three days; you had better come in and take it."

Pepin entered meekly, making no remark whatever. He had a well-bred method of humiliating those who affected superiority or contempt for his miserable condition of life. It was nearly always effective, as now, when the little postmaster handed him a letter with marked condescension. Pepin thanked him gallantly.

There was seated near the wood-stove a habitant, with a great cap of weasel fur and coat of gray homespun tied in the centre with a sash of red wool. His feet were encased in ponderous beef-skin moccasins or *souliers de boeuf*. He was blowing whiffs of native tobacco smoke throughout the small room.

The wood-stove with its open draughts kept up a ceaseless roaring sound of a mimic Niagara.

Pepin took a chair next the habitant and attempted to tear open the envelope of his letter. His hands were palsied with dissipation so he handed it to the habitant, who was cutting tobacco at the moment, and who silently took the letter and slit it open with his knife.

While Laberge read the letter the pronounced oscillation of his head and body was emphasized on the half-frosted window panes behind him.

When he had struggled through its contents he looked up and addressing the postmaster who was busied writing at the little wicket, said:

"Monsieur, did you receive any other letters for me?"

"Yes, mon ami, four or five; Lafamme took them to you, did he not?"

"Bien, no; but I suppose he keeps them for me!"

The sound of footsteps in the snow outside interrupted this repartee. In a moment Lafamme himself had entered and proceeded immediately to the wicket.

"Have you anything to-day for Laberge?" said he. "Tien, tien mon faiseur," cackled Pepin from behind the stove.

Lafamme turned quickly, and when his eyes met those of the old man, he coloured slightly although a smile was on his lips.

"You have caught the fox at last," said he.

"Indeed I have caught him!"

"Well, well it was all for the best."

"What do you mean?"

"I have been arranging a wedding for you, I have been in league with Hymen as it were."

"Who would marry me, you foolish fellow?"

"An angel perhaps, perhaps a shrew."

Pepin suddenly became serious.

"Well, well," said he confusedly.

"Courage!" said Lafamme, with a merry air.

"It is courage indeed that I will need, for according to this letter my affianced arrives to-day." Lafamme in turn became serious. "Then she must be here now; the train from Montreal has passed the village an hour ago."

The repartee was interrupted by the sound (gentler sound forsooth) of feet on the sward. The door was opened nervously and a pretty, young girl entered. She was clad in a dainty garment trimmed with cheap fur. Her face was pale as the snow outside the windows.

"Monsieur le maitre de poste?" said she, gazing into the wicket in a hunted fashion.

"The same."

"Do you know of a person living in the village called Pepin Laberge?"

"He is at present in the room, mademoiselle."

Pepin had arisen at the mention of his name and turned toward the young lady who, without noticing him, went to Lafamme. The latter motioned Pepin to be seated and touched his hat gracefully to the girl.

Her face grew still paler. With quivering lips she said:

"Ah, monsieur, pardon me; I feel so bold, so contemptible—but when you have heard my story I am sure you will be charitable."

Lafamme seemed deeply moved.

He could not have even dreamed that a person coarse enough to insert a matrimonial advertisement in a newspaper could be so beautiful, so modest and apparently so well-bred as this girl was. Since the incident of Le Loup he had broken away from old associations, had become reconciled to religion and in a moment of repentance had told the Abbé Langlois the story of his jest. The good Curé to his surprise took kindly to the jest and encouraged it because, he said, repulsive though the idea of such a marriage was, it might be the means of rescuing Laberge. His first inspiration was to repair to the house of the good priest.

"Take my arm, mademoiselle," said he, "and we will go to the Curé's."

Over his shoulder he motioned Pepin to follow, and as the trio vanished, the little postmaster and the silent habitant exchanged glances of wonderment.

## III.

Out into the street they went. The day was gray and humid. The atmosphere had that crystalline clarity of the humid day. Opposite the post office was one of those wooden wayside crosses of the French Canadian village, with the moist snow clinging to it. The lime-washed cottages along the street were quaint with the additional whiteness of the snow everywhere. Only the tinkle of a sleigh-bell broke the great stillness. The mountain, at whose base the village nestled, with its great blotches of white and black, its naked maples and its sinister pines, seemed to be frowning like a human thing. The trio passed the little stone church, with its tin tower and weather-vane, and entered the neat presbytery. Not a word was spoken until they were seated in the cosy parlor of the presbytery where a glaring fire of pine burned.

The Curé Langlois, a tall, thin man, with a kindly visage, greeted his visitors cordially. He saw all at a glance. Lafamme spoke first.

"Mademoiselle," said he, "it will be necessary to make an explanation to you, but first let us hear your story."

"Ah, Monsieur le Curé, and you, monsieur, had I known it would all have been so dreadful I would have suffered death by starvation rather than this humiliation. My whole life has been a strange dream. When a child my mother gave me to an Orphanage in Paris. I do not remember her. At the age of fourteen I was adopted by a childless couple who left me penniless. I had not been trained to labor, I knew nothing of the world. I came to Canada as companion to a lady who died at sea. Arriving here penniless and with no means of a livelihood, I was on the verge of despair. The poor people with whom I lived advised me to put that dreadful advertisement in the newspaper. That is all."

Here she burst into tears. "O monsieur," she said, "I am weak with shame and I wish that I were dead!"

"Have you nothing belonging to your mother by which she might be identified?" suggested the Abbé Langlois, with a slight quiver in his voice.

"How did you think of it, *mon pere*?" she answered quickly. "I have a locket with a tiny daguerrotype of her." Here she put her hand into the bosom of her dress and brought forth a tiny gold locket.

When she opened it Pepin was looking over her shoulder. The ruddiness had left his face entirely. His eyes were starting from his head.

With curious brusqueness he cried:

"*Mon Dieu*, little girl you are my daughter. That woman on the locket was once my wife. She went away from me years ago and took you with her. I cannot tell you why!"

In a moment he was upon his knees, kissing the pale hands of the girl.

Lafamme approached her and said in a lugubrious tone of voice:

"Mademoiselle, he is Pepin Laberge. We have been jesting!"

"Yes, my child," said the curé, "but it was a jest of God!"

Some time after this Lafamme and Mademoiselle Laberge were married by the Curé Langlois of St. Pyx, and now the good priest who has grown feeble in the sacred ministry, finds his happiest moments in the company of grandfather Laberge, the God-fearing and temperate veteran surrounded as he always is by his daughter's beautiful children.

JOS. NEVIN DOYLE.

To St. Nicholas, to Kris Kringle, to Santa Claus has succeeded My Lady Bountiful. The business Christmas season is a period of celebration in her honor. When the shop people know it is time for her coming they procure evergreens and fancy lights in abundance and set their places in a blaze of glory and deck them in wreaths of beauty. Spain sends its choicest raisins for her; Alaska sends its richest furs. The liveryman drives to her door—he sure his cab is cosy. She wraps herself about in furs. She passes down the street and knows the jubilation is for her. A hundred eager gentlemen stand ready to lift the latch of their doors that she may enter. She carries everywhere a golden instrument of magic within a leathern covering. The cover opens and the metal clasps click as it closes again. But a good fairy has escaped and someone afar off feels the sudden thrill of an unknown joy approaching. From that purse a thousand Fairy Grandmothers fly to comfort a thousand Cinderellas. My Lady is bent upon making the world happy, and though it last but a day she will have her way about it. What multitudes of proprietors, foremen, clerks, are there waiting to do her bidding and give effect to her desires. Go to thy cot, Tommy, and sleep sound; leave thy books, frail student, and thy midnight lamp; let fall your hammers, ye who labor in the city; ye whose homes are elsewhere, see ye miss not the train; turn out the lights and draw the blinds, ye shopmen, My Lady whom ye serve has not forgotten you; put up thy horse, My Lady's coachman, thou who wert the last in her scheme of providence but the first to know its accomplishment. Out lights! Down noise! Let soft sleep come, and gently falling snow. To-morrow is the world's happy day. My Lady Bountiful has brought home her gifts.



## Aunt Melanda.

Once while at home on Christmas vacation I went for an evening stroll. I had been walking for some time without taking particular notice of direction, when, chancing to look up, I saw the strapping form of old Aunt Melanda in her doorway.

"How you do Marsa Geawge? You come home foh Christmas, I suppose. How all youh friends from Ma'yland? Youh muddah, well?" were the questions cheerily launched at me before I had a chance to answer anything for myself.

"Suppose you would'nt cyar to come in an' see ole Abo? He ain't ben much use for anything sonce de summah time. Says the rheumatiz been a crippin him. Abo, why'nt you get up off'n dat chaih. Doan' you see Marsa Geawge come talk t'you."

Inside the old whitewashed, moss-roofed cottage sat the old darkey, toasting his shins at a roaring fire and plying an uncertain needle through some article of clothing.

As he tottered painfully in compliance with the commands of his wife, poor old Abo looked the picture of infirmity. As I forced him back in his chair, he exclaimed in an apologetic tone:

"Dat rheumatiz am de berry debble des yeah. Makes my bones mos' squeak."

"Guess youh muddah mighty glad foh see you, Eb, Marsa Geawge?" puts in Aunt Melanda. "Some consolation to pore women when they's fambly come home, ef 'tis only once or twice a yeah. Dah's dat young Abo, now. He just like he daddy. Ain't good foh nothin' but bringin' trouble and tribulation on he old mammy. Foh yeahs ago he gone away, and ain't never come home yit. How youh muddah like it ef you do dat? Not much. Some dese days he come back an' find he old mammy gone to glory an' nobody take care of old Abo Gray. What you think he could do with he rheumatiz? Cyant move outside de house. Dat boy got sick down St. Louis way two yeahs ago. Had the fevah mighty bad I guess. One day he wrote a lettah; said he was converleson or sumpin like dat, an' he guessed he'd come home soon and see de old folks. Ain't never come though. Why'nt he come and git he's self nussed."

"Now look yere Melanda," broke in her lord and master, "doan you go for be pesterin' de young gemman 'bout dat boy. He come home all right. Some dese days he come drop right in on you. I knows how dey does. Why marsa Geawge, dat 'ooman don't do nothin' 'cept talk 'bout dat boy Abo fum one end ob de yeah to de uddah. Jest so sure as de willow trees out yander begin to sprout in de spring time, she say somepin 'bout wen dat boy used to hab he swing in under one ob 'em, wen he ony a lil' wee pickaninny. Dar's a rose-bush out in de yahd wat cyant git a dozen buds 'thout she gives 'em 'way to de neighbours, jest to git talkin' 'bout dat boy cause he done plant it. Dar's an ole weader-cock outside de bahn wat Abo made jes fore he went away; 'thes whittled a big rooster outen a shingle. 'Bout two days ev'y week hit faces 'round to de mawnin' p'int, an' den I gets de rheumatiz in mah bones libely. Bress me ef I doan' nail 'im up some dese days an' keep his haid to de souf. Aint no wind so bad foh old pussons as de east wind, an' they aint none so good as de souf wind. Melanda, doan you bodder de young gemman 'bout dat boy. Doan you 'membah how young marsa Henry come home wen ole missis thought she wus' never gwine see him no moah. Jes you set still, marsa Geawge, 'twell I tole you how dat coma. Now, Melanda, nev' you mind tryin' stop me. I'se gwine tell dat story,

"Right down dar whar youh frien' O'Brien come from, down in ole Ma'yland, is whar Abo Gray was bohn, and whar he use to toddle round no bigger 'n dat Abo was wen he had de swing out dyah in under de willows. An Melanda, why I mind wen she was a little bare logged pickaninny no bigger'n so 'g'b. Dat was wen ole Marsa Butler was 'live. Nev' wus anythin' went wrong 'long as ole Marsa Butler was 'round. Nev' wus anyone tried to run away fom dat plantation. No, suh.

Nov' wus any whippin'. Nov' wus much laziness—well, 'cept one or two cases dey wusn't, an' they didn' 'mount to much. Some folks ain't good for nothin' anyway.

"'Membah once w'en we wus growed up putty big. Melandy, lil' M'landy, we used to call her den, she wus out pickin' cotton wif us. Ole Marsa Butler had hired a new man what came fom down New Orleans way. No fine manners 'bout him. Rathoh use de whip any time. Didn' look that-a-way's w'en ole Marsa hired him, but hit soon came out. Cyant git a bad temper outen de blood no-how. Ole Marsa says ter him, 'See heah, Lesage, we doan' practise the whip on dis fahm. Keep 'em workin' well's yoh kin, but w'en things goes too fah yoh come let me know'. Well he said ev'ying gwine be all right, but hit didn't 'groc 'ith him. One day M'landy 'fended 'im some way. He 'gan to scol' her, an' she, boin' a little thing gave back good's she got. Then he gave her a blow 'side de head, an' ovah she went.

"I wus lookin' on, kin' stupefied like, but seein me not wobkin, an' havin' 'is mad up he wan' to know wy I stan' gapin' like dat. Den I wak' up. 'Mistah Lesage,' I says, 'dat kin' ob treatment ain' practiced on dis fahm'. Den he frow at me an' cussed an swore, an' fin'ly shook he fist in mah face.



Plying an uncertain needle.

Dat de worse ting he ever done. De next second he was on he's back, and a big bruise on he's face. W'en he picked hisself up, dyah wus ole Marsa Butler standin' side of 'im. 'Mistah Lesage,' says ole Marsa, 'hyah's yoh wages. I 'vise you to git offen dis fahm, for' I tells Abo to put yeh off'. He didn' say nuthin, but wen things came 'round, as they did afterwards, I 'membahed the look he gave ole Marsa.

"Well, ev'thing went on all right foh w'ile twell presn'ly de wah came 'long. Ole Marsa Butler was berry mad foh good will befo' hit came. 'Dyaha Gen'l Lee standin' up fer ole Virginny, an' I call'ate Henry Butler ain' gwine back on Ma'yland' he say one day. Nex' day he call young Marsa Henry, what were zactly same ago as me, an' he say, 'Henry, I'se got to go and jine Gen'l Lee. Youse got to stay hyar wis yoh muddah. Doan let de fahm run down ef yeh kin help it.' So putty soon he go off with he neighbor Marsa Carroll. Young Marsa Henry was mighty sweet on Miss Carroll, I tole you. Ben sweethearts ev' since they wus six yeahs ole. 'Spect dey'd ben married in 'bout a yeak of twasn't foh de wah comin' up t' interfash wif ev'body's business. Ole Missus, she was just as spunky as de men folks. Didn' ketch her goin' mopin' roun' de house. No sah? She wen' ev'y day 'long o' young Marsa Henry an' kep' de fahm in good ohdah. Kep' sendin' money to ole Marsa, fas' as she could get et.

Ole Marsa didn' seem to min' bein' in battles. Used to send wold home ev'y time, nem'mind, I aint got a scratch. We's gwine win dis wah an' be home foh de fall, shuah. He wus wrong 'bout dat. Ole Marsa nev' come home hisself. Jes wus cyar'd home to de missis plumb daid one mawnin' jes wen Gen'l Lee hed druv de Yanks back to nowhar's. Ole Missis bore up wonderful. Wen de fun'ral was ovah, she jes call Marsa Henry an' say: 'Henry,

now youse de head ob dis family, you knows yoh duty. Youse gwine to take yoh place in de ahmy. You ole muddah kin git erlong well 'nuff, an Abo hyar, he'll keep de wolk goin'. Novah twell young Marsa hed gone jined Gen'l Lee ded Ole Missis shed on' teah. Den she broke down, an didn' show she'st on de fahm foh a whole week.

"Tings wen' putty badly after dat. Twant ve'y long 'fore ole missis hed mortgaged de whole fahm. All the negroes hed to go. Tings wus gettin' desprat'. Wusn't nobody to do anytbin' foh de fahm 'cept Abo. Miss Carroll used to come ovah pretty often an' stay wif Ole Missis. Dey seemed to kin' ob revive each othah.

"Gittin' 'long 'bout Chris'mas ole missis fell sick. Jes' worried she'self to doff. Den Miss Carroll came and stayed and nussed ole missis. 'Bout two weeks aftah she took sick 'long came a rijment ob Yankee soldiers an' took up dar quattahs on de fahm. Nex' day de officers came up an wan' see Ole Missis. 'Cose Ole Missis couldn' see nobody but wen Melanda wen' to de doah, who you tink she see? Dat Yankee captain wus de same Lesage, whah ole marsa drovo off de fahm.

"After dat, tings wus wuss an wuss, I tole you. Dat presumphus brute nev' hed no mercy on ole Missis, an fust ting we know wanted Miss Carroll, Marsa Henry's sweetheart to marry him. Wat you tink ob dat. Didn' git much 'courage-ment from young Missis, I tole yuh. Gittin nigh Chris'mas. Ole Missis got berry lonesome. Eberybody saw she gwine die. Young Missis nevah left her. Duhin de night time ole Missis would cry out loud, she wan see heh son. Somehow dat Lesage heah 'bout dat. Didn' nevah heah 'bout it fom Ole Missis. Noh 'nevah fom Young Missis neider. One day he meet Young Missis an ask her 'bout Ole Missis. 'She wan see she son, eh?' he said. 'Jes you make yoh min' easy Miss, ef he come hyah, he nevah go way.'

"Chris'mas eve came 'long, an ole Missis gettin wuss an wuss. Kep' cryin' out de whole time foh she son. Young Missis wus sittin' up wif her. Ole clock out in de hall struck de hours one aftah turrer. 'Leben 'clock came, den twelb; Young Missis nevah close she eyes. 'Den she heah 'il rap on de windah, den nurrer one. She go ovah an look out. Den she open de windah, and in come Marsa Henry he'self, all wite an famished. Young Missis wait 'il wile, den she go out on de verandah and keep watch. Presn'ly up come dat rascal Lesage. Ah! ha! he say, 'So de young man come home, eh? You mine wat I tole yoh. He come home; but he nevah go way 'live. Lesage have eyes, Miss. Now see hyah, Miss. Ev sence we've come hyah I've loved you. Say you'll marry me, an' much as I hate him and he's muddah foh de wrong done me, I let him go. No one else know he is heah. You kin say de word dat means he's life or deff. Wich will it be?'

Young Missis badly broken up sho' nuff. But she jes look at him hard an' she say, 'No. Better he daid, den live to see me youh wife.' So he laff, an' say he give her ten minutes to make up she min', an' den he sat down on de rail ob de verandah an' kep' he's eye on Young Missis an' de balcony windah. Young Missis nevah move.

Lesage tink he eyes putty sharp. But he didn' know Melanda saw jes much as he did. Wen she saw him go up on de verandah an' speak to young Missis, she come 'long were I be, an' tole me all 'bout young Marsa Henry comin' home to see Ole Missis as wus callin', callin' foh him all de time. Den we crep up quiet side were dey sat. Didn' have no rheumatiz in dese bones dem days. I crep' up quiet behin' him, w'ile he sat dyah smokin' he's cigaw, an' befo' he knew wha's mattah, I took him by de throat an' clapped my othah hand over he's mouth, an' befo' two minutes had him bound an' gagged in de collah, fast tied an' couldn' make no sound. Ob cose Marsa Henry got away all right. But nex' mawnin' dar was awful times. De cunnel ob de rijment came lookin' foh Captain Lesage. Couldn' fin' 'im nowhars. Den young Miss up an' tole 'im de whole story. He was a onnable man dat cunnel, ef he wus a Yankee, an' he jes say, 'Miss, you'll heah no more of this.' Nex' day Lesage wus sent to de front, an' got shot in he's first battle. Serve him right.

Ole Missis didn' last long. She died 'fore spring time. Wen the wah wus ovah, young marsa come back, but he wouldn' stay dyah. Didn' hab much interest left in de fahm, so he sold out an' he an' young Missis got married an' came up heah. Young Missis 's Ole Missis now. Dat's her libs up on de hill w'ere Melanda goes ev'y week foh washin'. Mabbe you thought we wus runaways, eh? Not much we want. Jes' come 'long ob Marsa Henry an' Young Missis. Dat's how we come to be de cn'y culled persons in de chu'ch. Runaways! Bress my heart, I'se been playin' "Way down Souf in Dixie" evah sence I came heah, jes' to show wich way my feelin's."

## The Passing of Father Philip.

Father Philip went to Mill Creek not before he was needed. When he came in by train he was driven not to his own house but to that of a poor man who lay ill, and had been for several days waiting for the priest. So it will be seen that Father Philip's first act in his new parish was an act of mercy. People thought of it afterwards when his reputation had become established. At another time, long after, they talked a great deal about it too.

This visit was in the morning. That same afternoon, Father Philip sat impatiently waiting until the bell should ring for school. He wanted to go over at once and visit that school, thinking to show himself a dignified man of business, who proposed to keep everything in its proper place in the parish machine. He was the more anxious about conveying this impression because in his inmost heart of hearts he knew that the habits of mind required to build up the parish of Mill Creek were not his at all. Not quite that either. His mind was a busy one enough, but his heart was so tender (some made no bones about calling it soft) that his larger designs for attaining greater usefulness on the part of parish works were likely to be crowded out of his real work by a thousand little details of relieving the wants of individuals of no particular consequence. Thus it sometimes came about that when he had scraped together a few dollars to effect some needed repairs on the school, or to get a new stove for the church, or to buy wood to keep the stove company, no sooner did he begin to make his way up town to accomplish his object than some evil poverty would cross his path. His heart was full. That was the trouble. His heart was too full. When he had money in his pocket his heart was so full of gratitude that he would upbraid himself with vain-glory. He was not vain-glorious. But he had so much humility in his make up that he thought he was. That was another of his troubles. At any rate he was never safe when he had money, and always sure to be made miserable when he hadn't.

That first day then, he sat waiting for the school bell to ring. The school was only a step away, across lots. But as he sat there looking out of his window, he thought of his new field of labor, and then backwards to his home in old Ireland, where he had left his fast aging father to come out here on the mission of the Redemption.

Father Philip looked out of the window, and dimly through his mental retrospect saw in front of him a child, scantily clothed, with an old expression on her little face. She was leading by the hand another and younger child. Without thinking much of what he was doing, the young priest opened his street door, passed mechanically down the street steps, pushed open the front gate and stood before the shrinking children. Soon he had gathered from their talk that the children were suffering for want of simple necessities. He began to walk off with them, when the elder child, thoughtful beyond her years, reminded him that he had not his hat. He got it, went with them to their home, saw the misery there, gave the mother some money, found out that the children were not allowed to go to church because of their clothes. Then he went to one of his parishioners to see if something could not be done for the family—it was a terrible thing to have those children brought up in that way without church or school. A little enquiry brought out the fact that the family were not Catholics at all. He had forgotten about that formality. People somehow found out a good deal about Father Philip's movements, and no one would have been a bit surprised if he had gone back and apologised to the poor woman for having intruded.

So when the bell rang that day, Father Philip didn't hear it. Thus the first plan of his administration was rudely broken in upon. He did not go to the school that day. But next day he did. He was instantly good friends with both boys and girls. He thought it part of his duty to play ball with the boys. Some of his parishioners thought it was hardly becoming in him, and when the reports of this reached him he stopped. One always has candid friends to tell him of these opinions that go about to our detriment.

He had some advanced notions of the advantages of manual training and for a few weeks exercised the boys in company drill. But some one said he was training a lot of young Fenians. So he stopped that too. That was how everything went. But he did not give up his love of the school for all that. He had the keenest interest in all its little affairs. There were two boys who were of special service to him. One was Terry Donovan, the other Jamesy Callaghan. Terry and Jamesy were made altar boys before Father Philip was there a month. If he wanted anything done, these boys did it. They served his daily Mass for years. In return they wore the real lords of his little estate. The first fruits of all things that grow were theirs by common admission. They were fast comrades in spite of differing natures. Terry was frank in his manner, easy going in his habits. Jamesy was closer in keeping his own counsel, but headstrong when he had made his mind up. If there was a difference of opinion about the thing to do at any time, Jamesy had his way. He would not abandon his view and Terry would never press his own. If some farmer sent in a load of hay to Father Philip, Terry and Jamesy were always on hand to do the work of storing it away in the barn. But there was this difference in their methods, which perhaps accounted for the good results Father Philip admired so much; Terry was willing to do nearly all the pitching, while Jamesy gave the directions which ensured the best disposition of it. Jamesy had a very sharp eye, and preferred cultivating his observation rather than his muscle. Terry thought nothing about it until the job was done, when he was prepared to be proud of it.

Father Philip naturally gave a good deal of attention to these two boys. He had hopes of making something of them.

Depend upon it he was not well pleased when Jamesy one day began to work on a little vessel that plied out of Mill Creek. The boat itself was not a great source of danger to the boy, but it opened his way. Before a month he was a sailor on a larger vessel—and that was bad. When he came back he had learned the sailors' habit of drinking. It was a sad blow to Father Philip when he found that out.

The conditions of a small coast town in the winter season are not such as would lead to make any improvement in Jamesy. The rule is for sailors who make good wages in the summer and fall to do very little work in the winter. Indeed there is little work to do. As the years went on and the young man came back more and more confirmed in his habits of drinking and blaspheming, the idleness of winter encouraged the evils yet more. His old taciturnity had passed into a sort of bitter raillery. His tongue was clever enough, and the slow going youth of the village delighted to set it a-going. His old friends gradually drew away from him, and he took for his new associates a band of dissipated wretches like himself. When the habit began to tell upon his constitution, his winter supply of money became less and less, so that before a month had passed he had lost even the show of independence, and was a miserable hanger-on of the taverns, bantering with others around the stove, waiting for an occasional general "treat." As he grew gayer and more gay around the tavern stove or on the corners, in the prospect of another drink, it became noticeable to those who knew the family that his home conduct was unkind and almost unbearable. His mother and sisters were the constant victims of his abuse. Terry Donovan he still met at Jamesy's own home where Terry was a constant visitor and the accepted lover of his sister Mary. But there was no longer any of that friendship which had held the altar boys inseparable in their young days. Terry was working industriously at his trade and soberly saving his youth. There was just one in the whole village who never lost sight of the vagabond. That was Father Philip.

That first year when the boy came home from his vessel and began drinking, Father Philip frequently came to the door of his mother's house with the recalcitrant Jamesy at his side. Time and again the boy promised the good priest to amend his ways, and in the first years he kept the promise. No one ever could tell how Father Philip knew of his excesses, but the little house keeper used to say that sometimes she would hear the good priest late at night pacing uneasily up and down his room. Then he would go out. Who knows? perhaps he went many times when he had no need to, but very, very often he came home late at night and there was a sad look in his eyes in the morning. At first it was easy for Father Philip to get Jamesy away from any company he was in. A wholesome respect still lingered where love and devotion once had been so strong. But the time came when a word from the priest was not sufficient. Did Father Philip go away and abandon his altar boy, his first one? It never entered his mind to do so. Only after that

when he went out on these midnight excursions he took a whip with him. He was a powerful man.

When the hard frosts come in time of still weather, the lake surface near to the shore is frozen over. The first heavy wind breaks up this thin sheet of ice and throws the shattered pieces up on the stony beach. Here as the waves come, each leaves an extra coating. In a time of storm it does not take long before there is a breastwork against the fury of the waters reared by their own operation. These miniature icebergs, icebanks as they are called, being stationary, take upon themselves many fantastic shapes. Sometimes there are great high slippery peaks down which the boys slide in glee, and then again there are caves in which one might hide or take shelter. It is the common sport in the villages for boys to go in parties exploring the many curious formations for miles along the shore. When one can skate alongside the sport is all the more enjoyable.

It was on the eve of Christmas during a winter that was long known as the coldest for half a century, and when everyone had remarked the enormous size of the ice banks, that a thing took place which made people think of that night whenever Father Philip's name was mentioned.

At Jamesy Callaghan's home there was a merry little party. Terry Donovan was there dancing the youngest girl upon his foot and singing the pretty children's songs, and telling the fanciful fairy stories which had made for him a proud place in the affections of the children. Jamesy had not been drinking for more than a month. It was hoped he had broken off for good. He had gone out early in the evening, expecting to return soon. Nine o'clock came and he did not come. As the hands of the clock moved on towards ten, there was an evident painfulness about the play that was going on, and ill concealed distress settled down upon the faces of the elders. At ten, Terry Donovan bade the family good night. Jamesy had not come home.

Terry Donovan did not go home. He went to look for his old companion, and if possible bring him back without excitement. He thought to keep the happiness of the Christmas time unmarred. He found him as he had expected in one of the taverns giving full play to his poor empty wit. When Terry came the fumes of liquor had set Jamesy's blood in that ecstatic whirl which is merry madness. Persuasion proved impossible. The truant preferred his friends. Knowing his stubborn temper, Terry left him. But he determined that though he had retreated he would not abandon the task. He went for Father Philip. He had gone two hundred yards when the priest met him. Then Terry went home.

Father Philip had experienced another of his impulses. After a drive of twenty miles on a bitter cold night, he had only waited long enough to put up his horse before going to Callaghan's. There he arrived just after Terry had left. Finding the prodigal absent, he went out in search. He felt the cold in his limbs, and a tightness about his chest. But his face was burning. He went to the tavern. Jamesy had gone. In that few minutes, something of his better self had risen up only to be smothered by resentment. He went out of the tavern; no one knew whither. The priest tried everywhere to find him. No success. Father Philip knew of many strange places where he had gone before in his drunken cunning. They were empty. The snow fell quietly; no winds caused it to drift. In the morning the footmarks of the priest were every where. It was near morning when his way took him to the icebanks. For an hour he searched there, while the keen wind from the lake chilled him through. At last, at day-break, he found what he sought. In a little cave, as peaceful as a sleeping child lay the priest's first altar boy.

Father Philip lifted the burthen upon his shoulder. He was astonished at the effort it cost him. To his own house he went; put the mass of frozen humanity on his own bed; told the housekeeper to get a doctor; sat down in his chair. He did not say his Christmas Mass that day. At nine o'clock the doctor said he was delirious.

Another Christmas. Terry Donovan is in his own home. Mary, his wife, is trying to persuade their children that it is bed time. Little Mary, the eldest runs over to a helpless cripple sitting by the fire, whose feet and hands it was said had been frost-bitten and had to be removed to save his life. She wants to hear just once the story of the priest whose picture is on the wall. Then Jamesy tells the story of Father Philip as we have told part of it. But he did not forget to remind the children that Father Philip's first deed in Mill Creek was to visit the sick and that his every act was of the same kind, but most of all the last one when he had given up his life for the weakest of his flock. "And now kneel down and say a prayer for his rest, and then go to bed." And it was so.



## Legends of the Holy Infancy.

Oh to have dwelt in Bethlehem  
When the Star of the Lord shone bright  
To have sheltered the Holy wanderers  
On that blessed Christmas night ;  
To have kissed the tender wayworn feet of the Mother  
undefiled  
And with reverent wonder and deep delight  
To have tended the Holy Child.

—ADELAIDE PROCTER.

"Of the two I would rather have to maintain that we ought to begin with believing everything that is offered to our acceptance, than that it is our duty to doubt of everything.

—CARDINAL NEWMAN.

Bethlehem, the birth-place of Our Lord, is rich in some of the most beautiful idylls of the Old Testament. It is redolent of the legends of the Talmud. Here was the scene of the death of Rachel; here the story of Ruth, the Moabitish damsel; here too the place where Samuel found the young shepherd David, the first King of Israel; here also it was that Abraham received the angels unaware; it was of the clay of this vale that Adam was formed, and here he dwelt after the Angel of Paradise with flaming sword drove him forth from the Garden of Eden. Here the Hebrew spies, Joshua and Caleb, viewed the Land of Promise and reported on their return to Moses and the terrified Israelites, what manner of men dwelt in that fertile valley. They were giants, they said, before whom the toilers of Pharaoh would be no more than grasshoppers. The cowardice of the Jews cost them forty years of wandering in the desert.

It was on the road between Bethlehem and Jerusalem that the Star reappeared to the three Kings; half a mile from Bethlehem on the same road is the spot where the angels announced to the Shepherds the birth of Christ. From Bethlehem on the south to Nazareth on the north is probably not one hundred miles, and from the Jordan to the sea not one third the distance. It is not a little remarkable that the missionary labors of our Lord should be confined within these limits; the whole three years were spent as in a parish.

The legend of the three Kings is well known in the feast of the Epiphany, or the Manifestation of

the Gentiles, whom the Magi represent. The Magi were wise men among the Gentiles who came from the East. Sometimes their names and nationalities are set forth. Gaspar, King of Tarsus, brought gold; Melchior, King of Arabia brought frankincense, and Belthasar King of Saba brought myrrh. It is in one place related that these offerings supported the Holy Family in Egypt; but it is elsewhere stated that they were of small value, and were presented merely as tokens of tribute. It is narrated that during the sojourn in Egypt the Holy Family were reduced to extremes of poverty, and the Blessed Virgin is described as begging from door to door the flax out of which she made the seamless garment for her Son. The Magi, it is said, were baptized by St. Thomas, and subsequently suffered martyrdom in India. Their tomb or shrine is pointed out in the Cathedral of Cologne.

The shepherds to whom the announcement was made were of course Jews. They are represented as adoring the new born king and bringing pastoral gifts. There is a legend that Simon and Jude, afterwards apostles, were of their number.

The stable at Bethlehem was said to be on the spot where Jesse, the father of David, once lived and where David once pastured his sheep. Some say the ass and the ox knelt in adoration as they are still said to do on every Christmas, and there is an old Latin poem to the effect that they kept the Divine Infant warm with their breath.

At the birth of our Lord the vines of Engaddi blossomed, the temple of Concord at Rome fell, and the pagan oracles became dumb. It is related that at the flight into Egypt, all the idols of Heliopolis tumbled to the ground when the Holy Family entered the gates of the city.

The legend of Simeon, who was permitted to take the Holy Infant in his arms, is very beautiful. About two hundred and sixty years before Christ, Ptolemy Philadelphus wishing to enrich his celebrated library by a Greek version of the Hebrew Scriptures, procured a number of learned rabbis to execute the task. Among these was Simeon, a learned priest. He was given the Book of Isaiah to translate. When he came to that verse in the seventh chapter, "Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a Son," he began to doubt how this could be possible. Finally he translated the Hebrew word for "virgin" into the Greek word for "young woman." No sooner had he written it down than

it was effaced by an angel and the proper word substituted. This happened three times, and while he yet doubted the miracle was revealed to him. For his doubt he was sentenced to tarry on the earth until he had seen the Lord. On the day of the Presentation he went to the temple and taking the Child in his arms, said in the words of the Canticle, "Lord, now Thou dost dismiss Thy servant."

Another beautiful legend is that the Holy Family took refuge in a robber's cave and that the bandit who sheltered them was the person afterwards known as the good thief whom Our Lord pardoned on the cross. Another form of this legend is that the wife of the bandit begged the Blessed Mother to permit her to bathe her son in the water that had been the bath of the Divine Child. The bandit's infant son was puny and weakly and the mother's observant eye had noticed something beyond the ordinary in the Infant Saviour and thought virtue must flow from him and that her own child would be strengthened and benefitted by use of the waters which served the other. The mother's hope was fulfilled and her child waxed strong from that day. According to the legend it was this child who was forgiven from the Cross.

Being pressed by hunger on the road to Egypt, the Blessed Virgin asked a countryman who was sowing seed, to give something for their relief. He refused, giving as a reason that it was not seed, but stones he had. To this day the traveller is shown a barren hillside covered with stones the size of peas. He had reaped the stones he had said he carried when sowing.

It is also narrated that another husbandman, more moved by compassion, told Mary of the near presence of Herod's men. He was told to say, if asked about them, that they had passed when he was sowing his corn. When the officers came they found him reaping the corn he had sown the day before.

The pleasing form of the branches of the willow tree is attributed to the tree having leaned down over the wayside during the heat of the day, thus forming a shade for the Holy Travellers. The sycamore and date trees are frequently mentioned as bending in salute, and the fruit trees as offering substance. The aspen alone proudly refused to acknowledge Him and with the barren fig-tree shared His displeasure, trembling at His approach.

The descriptions of the Holy Infant depict him as wonderfully attractive, so much so that persons in grief were wont to say, "Let us go and see Mary's son; we shall be relieved after that time." St. Bridget's revelations represent the Blessed Virgin as saying "He was subject to His parents, and acted like other children until he reached his majority. Nor were wonders wanting in His youth; how the idols were silenced and fell in Egypt at His coming; how the ministering angels appeared. But when we were in poverty and difficulty He did not make for us gold and silver, but exhorted us to patience, and we were wonderfully preserved from the envious."

It is related also that the Holy Family rested after their long journey in the village of Ma'ara and took up their residence in a grove of sycamore. Here a fountain miraculously sprang up for their refreshment, and it is still pointed out to the traveller as the Fountain of Mary. Here also angels ministered unto them, and from this repose painters have drawn most charming pictures of the life of the Holy Family. Sometimes the angels pitched their tents for them, sometimes they held down the branches of the fruit trees.

It will be recalled that the Senate of Rome decreed divine honors to Augustus Caesar. A tradition of both Pagan and Christian antiquity gives it that he consulted a sybil as to whether he would consent to be so worshipped. The Sibyl showed the Emperor an altar, and in a glory of light above it, a beautiful Virgin holding an Infant in her arms, and at the same time a voice said, "This is the Altar of the Son of the Living God." The Emperor caused an altar to be erected on the Capitoline hill, and the present church of the *Ave-Coli* is on the spot.

\* These legends are taken from a collection made by the late Dr. D. A. O'Sullivan for his children. The manuscript was in the hands of the late James A. Sadlier for publication under the title "Legend of Our Lord and the Holy Land." The death of Dr. O'Sullivan and Mr. Sadlier within a short time of each other prevented the completion of the design.

## A Song of the Stars.

Down thro' the deep, deep blending blue, into the heart of man

Singeth each star on its glittering throne,  
A song of love and triumph—alone.

A song that the angels choir'd in the morn  
When Christ the Babe in Bethlehem was born.

How old, how young this song of the stars,  
Voicing the ages at noontide and night;  
Bearing to man a message of light.  
Trumpet of heaven and cymbal of sea  
Voice that was heard o'er the hills of Judea.

Hark to that message of peace from the stars  
Ringing athwart the hut covered plain.  
Shepherds have paused to list to the strain  
Far in the East God's love lights the morn—  
Beams from the glories that Bethlehem adorn.

—THOMAS O'HAGAN.

## Overlooked Aspects.

BY THE EDITOR.

The fullest trains of the year are those that leave the city stations on Christmas Eve. From noon to midnight there is a constant exodus. Old men and children, young men and maidens, a constant stream of humanity takes its way to where the locomotives stand impatient to accomplish the reunion of countless families. It is a part of our national existence, this Christmas home-coming, this one day of the year. For many years the family was undivided and indivisible. But a time came when first one place was vacant, and then as the years went, others. But on Christmas Eve the detached particles are borne swiftly back to their places, and on the morrow the group is complete. Yet the old order changeth, and soon this too comes to an end. Even at Christmas there is a vacant chair; then another and another, until the dozen laughing faces are but memories and there remain but one old and one very young. Even to these the parting comes, and presently the elder takes a place in the circle of a new generation and sits reminiscent, watching the same inevitable sequence perhaps through all its stages. And yet withal, Christmas is the merry day on which care must depart whether the circle be complete or oft times broken. Truly it is a day of peace on earth.



In certain parts of the country there are two aspects of physical nature which give opposite, though it may be concurrent appropriateness to this occasion. Along the coastline of the great lakes there is awe and inspiration from the majestic thunder of mighty waves, as they come tumbling over long miles of chafing waters. The natural stillness of the village is broken by the clock-like heave and lull of the ceaseless roar of breakers, and added to this there is usually the minor tone in nature's harmony, the plaintive sighing of the wind, that tired of driving the waves so far and so wildly stops short among the desolate leaf-shorn branches of ancestral trees. At the same time perchance there may be the silent downcoming of the snow, as peaceful and as pervading as a benediction.



When the railways began their construction in this country, after the immediate work was finished, and some little money acquired perhaps, the men who had done the work formed into little settlements, some taking up miniature farms, some working for the older settlers, and some few retaining an employment with the railways. From the nature of things some of these settlements could not be permanent. Of many of them not a vestige remains. The cabins have been torn down and nothing habitable has taken their places. The occupants and their children have gone elsewhere. But while they remained there were some striking examples of fortitude, of patience in long-suffering, of philosophic cheerfulness and earnest Christian piety the like of which are not easily found in the tumultuous onrush of life in the great centres of population.

In one such settlement the bitter blasts that swept unchecked from the far off other bank of what was once a mighty river, rattling the doors and windows of the tiny habitations, were not more cold and drear than the never passing poverty of the inmates. Neither on the other hand were the pines that grew upon the bleak banks more rugged than the human offspring. It was not an uncommon sight to see in the depths of winter the half-clad, bare-legged and bare-footed children running over snow or naked frozen ground, their healthy rosy cheeks brightened by happy smiles. Almost as soon as they could walk they were obliged to work. And yet in the fulness of their Catholic faith, in the natural joyfulness of their race, the mildly falling snow that wraps the hills in quiet and fills the valley with unvaried white was not more gentle than their upbringing. Christmas was indeed to them more than to their favored neighbors the years' day of happiness and joy. Than their's, no merrier peals of laughter rang out to greet the well told tale, and no tales were better or better told.



There was long ago a Christmas festival which it is to be feared has during the last quarter of a century fallen much into disuse. About the first of December in each year it was the custom in the village school to set lessons in penmanship, usually a verse or two for the younger children, and for their elders some subject was chosen which would afford at the same time a specimen of ability in the art of composition. When these had been rendered in the child's best style upon folios of foolscap, the precious sheets were garnished with frames of manipulated tissue paper in many colors. Crinkled paper was not then known, else the profusion of decoration had been marvellous beyond imagination. The pillars and other objects in relief were pressed into service that the most favorable presentment might be ensured. To this as closing day drew near there were added long festoons of native palm, by which term were implied the foliage of all the evergreens of the district. It was not always an easy thing to procure the best varieties, and it often meant the tramp of several miles and the work of a whole day. One favored spot was by side of the cabin used for dwelling place and workshop by an old half witted recluse. Bobby's habits were never the outcome of fixed purpose except such of them as he fell into by stress of hunger. He was a familiar figure at the rear doors of the farm houses, where he was looked upon in varying degrees of kindness, but never with suspicion. He was of a musical bent, and would enter without special preference any of the churches, go straight to the organ gallery and with eyes upon the ceiling beat time with hand and foot to any measure whatsoever. Bobby had views about most things, but particularly about phrenology. He lived many years alone and was found at last nearly frozen to death during one of these severest winters of late years. He died in that common refuge of distressed humanity, the county jail. But whatever else might be said of Bobby, he was willing to give as he was to receive, and the responsible school-boys had to thank him for leave to plunder a forest that was not his, and also for the shelter his weather beaten dwelling could for such brief seasons afford. When the evergreens were brought, it was a matter of a few nights' boisterous work to weave them into the necessary decorations, to bind them about the pillars and along the walls, to make of them alphabetical letters for texts and mottoes, and to place these in the positions of honor over doorways, blackboards, and the statuette of Our Lady.

The climax came on the last day of school—Exhibition day—as it was frankly named. The parents were assembled; the children sang and recited; the specimens, before described, were inspected; the head pupils were questioned by persons of distinction present; some high dignitary of the civil community distributed prizes; the priest gave his blessing, a smile, and turned a merry jest; the school was dismissed; the children skipped merrily home over the snow haply to be met by new presents,

from pleased parents, a sleigh, a pair of skates or some other joy of the winter time. It was the teacher's day of triumph.



A tribute to the old Roman's excellence of character is contained in Sallust's comment upon Cato, that the less he coveted glory, the more he acquired it.

To no one who ever held high office could these words be applied with greater truth than to him whose passing into the imperishable future is the occasion of a nation's sorrow. There is something more than pathetic in the circumstances of this death of a great man. Even in that hour the nobility of the man shone forth. From the first stroke he was revived by stimulants administered by friends at his side. His comment upon the terrible condition in which he was, was an expression of regret that he should have caused annoyance by so pitiful a weakness. The next attack found no strength left. Under the hospitable roof of his Sovereign, fresh from the receipt of honors bestowed on him in recognition of services performed, Sir John Thompson rendered up to his Maker the talent that had been confided to him. By a coincidence, not singular, because altogether just and to be expected, a city evening paper had two adjoining editorials concerning him. The first was one hastily but admirably composed when the shocking news arrived. The second contained the assertion, written in the present tense, that Sir John Thompson was necessary to his country's welfare, and necessary to his party for at least fifteen years and until another could be produced of equal fitness for the great tasks that had fallen to his hand. It is not long since some now thrice happy few were able to see the man and to hear the bell-like tones of his voice as he paid affectionate tribute to the memory of his great predecessor whose statue was that day unveiled to the eyes of a generation who have grown through all earlier stages into full manhood since his mighty work of construction was accomplished. The moving impulse of a strong soul was there present, and the full and orderly mind stamped itself upon the flawless rhetoric of the speech. One might easily fancy he could discern in that impassive countenance the qualities of unflinching integrity, the knowledge of which from close and long acquaintance prompted a generous and equally honorable opponent to accept a wager in which the sentiment was thought to be involved. That he knew the value of an approving conscience and the folly of courting the popular clamor, his whole life was an evidence. He strove to avoid the honors heaped upon him. When an attack upon his religious convictions left an opening which might be availed of to accomplish a personal triumph, he dismissed it as an impertinence. Not St. Louis, the Catholic King of France, not a warrior in the armies of the Cross went more serenely into that other life where combats cease than this plain gentleman of our own land. Like the faithful servant that he was he bore about with him the representation of Him from Whom flow all bounties and all hopefulness. The crucifix was found upon his person as he lay inanimate in the ante room in the palace at Windsor; and a picture of the Saviour and a rosary. That he discharged his duties faithfully and for their own sake is the universal judgment and the highest praise. Surely to him may be accorded a verdict of compliance with that injunction addressed by Addison to his countrymen and transmitted by his own fame to all men, in the Spectator on that Christmas day nigh two hundred years ago, when Anne was Queen. "Let the ambitious Man, therefore, turn all his Desire to Fame this Way (toward the Supernatural Being who is the only proper Judge of our Perfections); and, that he may propose to himself a Fame worthy of his Ambition, let him consider that if he employs his Abilities to the best Advantage, the Time will come when the supreme Governor of the World, the great Judge of Mankind, who sees every Degree of Perfection in others, and possesses all possible Perfection in himself, shall proclaim his Worth before Men and Angels, and pronounce to him in the Presence of the whole Creation that best and most significant of Applauders, *Well done, thou good and faithful Servant, enter thou into thy Master's Joy.*



A MODERN CHERUB.

## The Children's Christmas.

### WHY TOM DID NOT GET HIS ROCKING HORSE.

Tom was only five years old, but thought he could ride the wildest of rocking horses and so petitioned Santa Claus to bring him not the steady-going easy brown horse of well known habits and easy gait, but a fiery black steed with long long rockers that would go up up ever so high and upon whom he would feel like St. George killing the Dragon, or Bellerophon or the Mounted Policeman when he chases the small boy from an orchard.

Well Tom had been a very good boy, and so felt that his prayer would be answered, for Santa Claus remembered well the good boys. And so it would have been, but that Santa was too particular in selecting the very firiest steed from his wonderful stable. All went well on the trip from the North Pole, but nearing Tom's house the saddle or straps got entangled in a patient pack-donkey's trappings, and the fiery steed began to snort. However, the roof was roached and the proper and biggest chimney selected, and Santa Claus finding he could not carry this tremendously fine horse down on his back, caught him up ignominiously by the rockers and was about to thrust him down. But this was too much for the pampered haughty long-pedigreed steed. He balked, he kicked—kicked till he freed himself from his rockers, and off he went galloping fast and hard north, due north, while Santa Claus more surprised than he had ever been in his life lost ten whole minutes of his valuable time gaping in astonishment at the effect of the refractory conduct of his too fiery and well-fed horse.

#### SANTA CLAUS RHYMES.

Hear the bells ring Christmas chimes,  
Blessings on these merry times,  
When all the girls and all the boys  
Fond of playthings, fond of toys,  
Happy made, spread wide their joys,  
Fill the sober house with noise,  
Declare no government, no laws,  
No reign but that of Santa Claus.

His right there's none will dare dispute,  
His wisdom none can well refute;  
'Tis very funny how he knows  
Who are his friends and who his foes,  
And only shares his dolls and toys  
With good, believing girls and boys.

What stories too his books all tell  
Of ding dong, pussay in the well,  
Of far-famed Jack and romping Jill,  
Tumbling together down the hill,  
Of the riotous living of little Jack Horner  
Eating a Christmas pie in a corner.

The eventful life of Robin Redbreast  
That pussay-cat never would leave at rest.  
But chased from tree to handy wall  
And got a well-deserved fall,  
While little Robin all day long  
Safely whistled his pretty song.

The garden mistress merry grow  
The story of dear little Boy Blue,  
Who slept when he should blow his horn  
And let the cows eat all the corn,  
Under the hayfork he's fast asleep  
Instead of minding cows and sheep.

Santa Claus has some curious dogs,  
To say nothing of wonderful frogs,  
There's one dog his name was Buff,  
He used to trot for Grandpa's snuff.

Coming home he met a fox  
Who took a pinch and broke the box  
But if poor grandpa's snuff was spill'd  
The fox was chas'd and almost kill'd.

Another dog he had no name,  
But for that was not to blame;  
He could not to himself give one,  
And those who ought, they gave him none.  
He belonged to Mother Hubbard,  
The old dame who had a cupboard,  
But, who so poor was left all alone,  
She could not give her dog a bone.  
A dog without a name or bone  
His cries would melt a heart of stone.

Another dog on one fine day  
Met with a cow upon the way;  
The cow she had a crumpled horn,  
Tossed the dog quite over the barn;  
Strange to say quite safe and sound  
He lit upon the friendly ground.  
But this same cow one night in June  
Too frolicsome jumped over the moon  
At which the dog began to laugh  
Nor stopp'd till night was spent one half  
This was the dog that worried the cat  
That cat that watch'd and kill'd the rat  
The cat that hid within a fiddle  
And played the first Hey diddle, diddle.

Who told us all about Bluebeard  
That wicked man by children feared  
That laid a plan to take the lives  
Of all the women made his wives!

A story that we love right well  
Is of that Giant-Killer Sovell;  
His name was Jack; he kill'd off hand  
All the giants of the land.

Another friend is Tommy Tucker  
Singing sweetly for his supper  
He got it, and he got a knife  
To eat it with, and got a wife  
Who made him happy all his life.

Who knows all these and hundreds more,  
We never can exhaust his store,  
Why Santa Claus, Ring Christmas chimes  
Blessings on these Merry Times.

When the Popes governed in Rome it was long  
the custom for the peasants of the surrounding  
country to dress themselves in the skins of sheep to  
represent shepherds, come into the city and sing  
from door to door of the wondrous birth in Beth-  
lehem so long ago. We have had our Christmas  
waits too, but they seem to have degenerated. But  
surely the children singing their Gloria in Excelsis  
at the early Mass are continuing the First Christ-  
mas carol sung by the Angels on that first Christ-  
mas Day.

A collection of Christmas carols, old ones especi-  
ally, would be very interesting. One I have to a  
plaintive catching air begins—

"God rest you merry gentlemen,  
Let nothing you dismay;  
Remember Christ our Saviour,  
Was born on Christmas Day,  
To save poor souls from Satan's fold  
Which long had gone astray."

CHORUS—Oh tidings! Oh tidings!  
Oh tidings of great comfort  
O tidings of great joy.

and on through seven verses of description of the  
events of the first Christmas-tide.

I suppose every child is familiar with the tradi-  
tionary Yule Log of Christmas, the Wassail of New  
Years and the Twelfth Night Cake in which is  
hidden the ring that fortells who will first be married.  
A remnant of the pretty custom of choosing by lot  
a mimic court, etc., such as we read of as being  
done in Holyrood during the time of Mary Queen  
of Scots survives in the fashion of wearing the fan-  
tastic caps, etc., contained in the pretty and often  
artistic snapping mottoes.

The young gentleman who appears at the head  
of this page has been caught in an attitude which  
will be appreciated by all who know him. Whatever  
the high flown pleasures of bon-bons may be, there  
is an everlasting joy in exploring for last traces of  
jam or syrup.

#### SOME HINTS FOR THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

A firm base for the tree can be obtained by  
planting in a butter tub filled with earth: folds of  
bunting or colored cheese-cloth or the pretty crinkled  
paper are draped around the sides and top of the  
tub and it serves to hold gifts too large and heavy  
for the tree. Before beginning to arrange the tree  
an old rug or crumcloth should be spread to protect  
the carpet from the drip of the candles, while a pail  
of water within easy reach is a wise precaution.

Now for decorations. Your tree has of course  
been carefully chosen, due regard being paid to the  
symmetry of the branches, the apex forming a  
crown. Cut from common pasteboard pendant  
hearts, anchors, crosses, crescents, stars, &c.;  
brush both sides with liquid glue or mucilage,  
immerse in a bowl filled with either or all of the  
following ingredients: sand, sawdust, mustard seed,  
pounded rice. When this rough coat is dry the  
ornaments can be colored with any enamel paints.  
Tiny little flags can be bought for a few cents the  
dozen, and when stuck into the smallest and  
shiniest green, yellow and red apples or into little  
gilt and silvered cornucopias, prove gay and  
effective. Miniature Chinese lanterns add a festive  
air and fill up vacant spaces; snapping mottoes,  
even of the cheapest variety, contrast gaily with the  
dark green of the tree while the grotesque caps  
contribute to the fun.

The pretty crepe papers make exquisite flowers  
that can be pinned amongst the twigs and wreath  
around the trunk of the tree. Some sheets are cut  
into narrow strips gummed to one another end to  
end, and you have yards and yards of ribbon for  
festoons and rosette. In long loops and tassels let  
them radiate from the centre stem in all directions,  
and hold sustained the slender strands of gilt or silver  
"hair" as it is called, that drip from bough to bough  
in glittering showers.

These threads of gold and silver, and the orna-  
ments of colored glass are somewhat expensive but  
can be used from year to year.

A ball or two of tinselled thread, or a bunch of  
Japanese gold is unwound and strung in spirals  
from branch to branch, the glittering threads serving  
as lines from which to suspend the Christmas gifts.

Strings of cranberries and pop-corn, sugar canes  
in red and white, are always effective. Little  
candles and tiny tarlatan bags of candy are affixed  
at every available point.

Over all at the very top of the tree hovers the  
"Christ-kindchen," a bisque or waxen angel with  
floating hair, golden wings and arms outstretched  
as if showering all the blessings upon the little ones  
below.

MRS. EMMA O'SULLIVAN.



E. B. A.

St. PATRICK'S BRANCH, No. 12, TORONTO.

The last regular meeting was one of the largest in the history of the Branch, it being for the election of officers. Amongst the visitors were: J. Fahay, Grand Marshal; D. Shea and M. Delory, President and Vice-President of No. 11. Two members were initiated and several applications received. The election was very exciting; all the offices, with one exception, being hotly contested. Chaplain, Rev. S. J. Grogan; Chancellor, J. J. Moloney; Pres., J. J. Hennessey; Vice-Pres., J. Patten; Rec.-Secretary, T. Neville; Financial and Insurance Secretary, J. J. Nightingale; Treasurer, C. Burcher; Stewards, A. A. Gloucester and J. Ryan; Marshal, T. Ryan; Ass't Marshal, D. Bracken; Inside Guard, D. R. Cusack; Outside Guard, H. Miville. During the counting of ballots, vocal selections and recitations were rendered by Bros. W. T. Breen, C. Burcher, J. Howell, D. Bracken, R. Neville, J. J. Moloney, J. Patten, T. Howell, W. Clune, A. Gloucester, W. P. Murphy and Dr. McMahon, and short addresses by the Grand Marshal and the President of No. 11. The receipts of the evening were over \$50 and everything looks bright for 1895.

St. JOSEPH'S BRANCH, No. 26, STRATFORD.

A full attendance of members were present for the election of officers for 1895; several of the officers were re-elected by acclamation, having in the past given general satisfaction they were considered to be right men in the right place. Three applications for membership were received and a promise of more for next meeting. Chaplain, Very Rev. E. B. Kilroy, D.D.; Post Chancellor, E. J. Kneith; Chancellor, J. B. Bisdour; President, J. J. Hagarty; Vice President, S. Hickey; Rec.-Secretary, E. J. Kneith; Financial and Insurance Secretary, N. La Marche; Treasurer, T. Quirk; Stewards, P. Wahl, P. Carroll and M. Sciperlo; Marshal, J. G. Bart; Ass't Marshal, P. Bart; Inside Guard, J. Cantner; Outside Guard, J. McPhee; Librarian, P. Tobin; Ass't Librarian, C. P. Fitzgerald; Surgeon, J. A. Devlin. Tuesday evening, December 11th, was "election night" in Sarsfield Branch, No. 29, and right royally did the Brothers of the Branch enter into the spirit of enthusiasm which should pervade a Branch Hall on such an occasion. The contests for office were keen in every instance, and though keen, were characterized by a friendly spirit creditable in every way to the Branch. The younger Brothers managed to obtain a large share of the offices though in some cases by very small majorities.

The officers for 1895 are: Chaplain, Rev. Canon McCarthy; Chancellor, P. Brankin; President, J. J. Foran; Vice-President, Richard Tobin; Recording Secretary, Alfred Pegg; Financial Secretary, W. J. Keenan; D. and T. D. Secretary, Martin, Killen; Treasurer, James Carroll; Stewards, Nicholas Cardiff and Thos. Kelly; Marshal, Charles Deitz; Ass't Marshal, John Quinn; Inside Guard, James Devaney; Outside Guard, James Burns; Librarian, J. B. Sullivan; Surgeon, Dr. Anthony Freeland, 103 1/2 Rideau street.

It is hoped that with the assistance of our energetic Organizer, Bro. J. A. Hanrathy, and a renewed energy on the part of the officers and members, to be able to report a very substantial increase in membership for 1895.

St. CECILIA'S BRANCH, No. 29, TORONTO JUNCTION.

A very large number of visitors were present for the election of officers including grand officers W. Lane, J. J. Nightingale also the Presidents of No. 11 and 12, in addition to a very good attendance of members, but many of the members being railway employes it was not possible to have a full attendance. A very pleasant time was spent and the following officers elected: Chancellor M. Mahoney, Pres. J. Fahay, Vice Pres. J. McNamara, Rec. Sec'y H. McDonald, Fin. Sec'y M. Ward, Treas. A. Cain, Stewards J. Rafferty L. J. Blaney Marshal J. Ganning, Ass. Mar. J. Farrell, Inside Guard, J. Doyle, Outside Guard, J. Walsh.

St. PATRICK'S BRANCH, No. 30, Kinkora.

The annual meeting was well attended and two members initiated and fair prospects for others, some of the present officers were re-elected by acclamation. The following are the officers for 1895, Chaplain Rev. J. O'Neill P. P. Pres. T. Coughlin, Vice Pres. L. Crawley, Rec. and Ins. Sec. T. E. Brown, Fin. Sec. J. Dwyer, Treas. J. L. Brown, Stewards J. Gallagher and J. Lang, Marshal T. O. Flynn Ass't. Mar. A. Crowley, Inside Guard, P. Mahony, Outside Guard J. Flynn.

St. CECILIA'S, CIRCLE, No. 3.

The ladies of circle No. 3 had a very pleasant and enthusiastic meeting for their election, and great interest was taken in the various contests in office, resulting in the following being elected, Chaplain Rev. F. Carberry, Chancellor, Miss Murphy, Pres. Mrs. Kelly, Vice Pres. Mrs. Baker, Rec. Sec'y, Miss Ganning Fin. Sec'y Miss M. O'Neil, Treasurer Mrs. Laplin, Stewards Miss Wallace and Miss H. O'Neil, Guard Mrs. Foster.

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE.

The following were unanimously adopted by St. Patrick's Branch, No. 12:

Whereas the All Wise Providence has called to his eternal reward the beloved brother of our esteemed friend and brother, Redmond McAuliffe.

Be it resolved that we the members of Branch No. 12, unite in expressing our sincere sympathy for the sad loss that Bro. McAuliffe has sustained by the death of his dearly beloved brother and we pray that Divine Providence through the intercession of His Holy Mother may give him strength to bear his sad loss with Christian fortitude and resignation.

Be it further resolved that a copy of this resolution be spread in the minutes of this meeting one mailed to Bro. McAuliffe and one sent to the G. S. T. for insertion in the official organs. J. J. NIGHTINGALE, Branch Correspondent.

St. CECILIA'S BRANCH, No. 29.

To Thomas Hodson.—Dear Sir and Brother—In behalf of the officers and members of St. Cecilia's Branch, No. 29, we beg to tender our heartfelt sympathy with you and your afflicted wife and family in the great loss you have sustained in the death of your beloved daughter, whom it has pleased almighty God in his infinite wisdom to call to the final home of all good Christians, and we pray that the Comforter of the Afflicted will obtain for you the grace to bow with Christian resignation to His Holy will. H. T. McDONALD Rec. Sec.

A resolution of condolence was also adopted by Sarsfield Branch No. 29 and presented to Brother R. Fabin on the sad loss he and his family sustained in the death of his beloved mother W. LANE S. T.

The Catholic Almanac for Ontario is now to be had from the Office of the Catholic Register, mailed on receipt of price, 25 cents.

You need not cough all night and disturb your friends; there is no occasion for you running the risk of contracting inflammation of the lungs or consumption, while you can get Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. This medicine cures coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all throat and chest troubles. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, which immediately relieves the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm.

C. M. B. A.

The following were elected as officers of Branch 111, Toronto, at their last meeting: President, V. P. Fayle; 1st Vice President, Rev. Father Carberry; 2nd Vice-President, Thos. Ryan; Rec.-Sec., J. J. Boland; Ass't Rec.-Sec., J. Donovan; Fin. Sec., Jas. Pegg; Guard, J. Murphy; Trustees, McQuillen, E. T. Boland, Rev. Dean Cassidy.

BRANCH 49 TORONTO.

Officers elected for 1895. Spt. Adv., Mons. F. P. Rooney; Chancellor, B. J. Cronin; President, R. J. Bryon; 1st Vice President, M. Quinn; 2nd Vice President John Walsh; Rec. Sec., W. J. Smith 168 Crawford street; Treasurer, M. Clancy; Ass't. Rec. Sec., J. J. O'Shea; Fin. Sec., Percy Kirwin; Marshal, T. O'Connor; Guard, T. Prenderbell; Trustees, W. J. Smith, John Walsh, Geo. Clarke, M. Clancy, B. J. Cronin.

RESOLUTION OF CONDOLENCE.

At the regular meeting of branch 49 C. M. B. A. Toronto, held Dec. 14th the following was unanimously resolved—That it is with the deepest regret the members of this Branch have heard of the recent death of the father of our esteemed brother, Chancellor and Treasurer Clancy, who died at Rochester this month. Our afflicted brother has the deepest sympathies of the members and these sympathies are herewith tendered to him.

It is further resolved that this Resolution be recorded upon the minutes of this branch and forwarded to THE CATHOLIC REGISTER for publication. W. M. VALE Rec. Sec.

CHATHAM, ONT.

At the meeting held Dec. 11th the following were elected officers Branch, No. 81 Chatham Ont for 1895: Spiritual Advisor Rev. W. Paul O. S. F.; Chancellor, Joseph U. Thiobhan; President, George F. Kuhn; 1st Vice President Thomas Gleeson; 2nd Vice President Edward Reason; Rec. Sec. Wm. J. McRener; Ass. Rec. Sec. Jas. E. Weldon; Fin. Sec. W. P. Killackey; Treasurer P. T. Barry; Marshal Robert Kelean; Guard Hector McGregor; Trustees Wm. Neff, John Mount, John Rohan, Francis Jacques, R. D. Payne.

William Henry Ott, alias "Mustang Bill," says that he used Ayer's Hair Vigor for nearly five years, and owes to it his splendid hair, of which he is justly proud. Mr. Ott has ridden the plains for twenty-five years, and is well known in Wyoming and the Northwest.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth

Be sure and use that old, well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle. It is the best of all.

A GREY COUNTY MIRACLE.

AN IMPORTANT STATEMENT FROM A WELL KNOWN FARMER.

He Tells the Story of Eight Years of Suffering and Vain Efforts to Regain Health—How This Great Moon was Finally Obtained.

From the Meaford Monitor.

Knowing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. to be an honorable and reliable firm we had never any reason to doubt the entire truthfulness of the articles appearing from time to time setting forth the particulars of remarkable cures effected by the use of their Pink Pills. There is scarcely a locality in Canada which has not furnished a case of more or less prominence, and if the particulars, as stated, were not accurate, it would be impossible that the public would not find it out and thus the remedy would be discredited. There is therefore every ground to believe that the statements are accurate in every particular. We have now been put in a position to verify one of these cases for ourselves, and we give the result faithfully, giving Pink Pills no word of praise nor merit in the case. Messrs F. Clarke & Co., druggists, of Meaford, who have sold very large quantities of these famous pills, drew our attention to the case, giving us the name of Mr. Henry Lamb, a well known and respected farmer of St. Vincent township. Having some acquaintance with Mr. Lamb we sought an interview, and the following is the substance of his testimony: "About 8 years ago I suffered from an attack of inflammation of the stomach, causing me extreme pain and uneasiness. I was attended by Dr. Clarke of Meaford, who brought me around, and I have always given him the credit of saving my life on that occasion. The effects of the attack however remained and I fell into a state of chronic poor health, which completely unfitted me for my ordinary work. I was really dragging out a miserable existence. I suffered for seven years from a constant pain in my stomach, as well as from weakness and continued debility. I tried many advertised remedies which I thought might be suited to my case, but without relief. At length decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I soon felt the pain in my stomach relieved, and after I had used ten boxes the pain was entirely gone and I now feel like a new man. I can now work half a day at a time without fatigue, and as I am still using the pills I confidently expect, as I have every right to do from the great results thus far, to be able to do my work as formerly. I am 57 years of age, and before the attack eight years ago, I always enjoyed good health. I have stated my experience to many people and invariably recommend a trial of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

The above is the substance of Mr. Lamb's story, to which the Monitor may add that we consider him a reliable and trustworthy person who would make no statement which he did not know to be correct and truthful.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing their trade mark and wrapper printed in red ink, at 50c a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, from either address.

THE MARKETS.

TORONTO, December 19, 1894.

Table with 2 columns: Commodity and Price. Includes items like Wheat, white, per bush. \$0 62; Oats, per bush. 0 31; Eggs, fresh, per doz. 0 24; Apples, per bbl. 1 50; etc.

Scott's Emulsion

the cream of Cod-liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, is for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, Consumption, Loss of Flesh, Emaciation, Weak Babies, Growing Children, Poor Mothers' Milk, Scrofula, Anaemia;

in fact, for all conditions calling for a quick and effective nourishment. Send for Pamphlet. FREE. Scott & Bowne, Belleville. All Druggists. 50c. & 2L

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EXECUTORS' NOTICE

to Creditors of Catherine Bergin, late of the City of Toronto, widow, deceased. NOTICE is hereby given pursuant to R. S. O. cap. 110, that creditors and others having claims against the estate of the above named Catherine Bergin, who died on or about the 13th day of November, 1894, are required to deliver or send by post prepaid to the undersigned, the solicitors for the executors of the said deceased, a statement in writing containing their names, addresses and full particulars of their claims with vouchers, if any, duly verified by statutory declaration on or before the 10th day of January, 1895, after which date the said executors will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate amongst the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which they shall then have notice and they will not be liable for any claim of which they shall not have had notice at the time of such distribution. ANGLIN & MALLON, S. W. Cor. Adelaide and Victoria sts., Toronto. Dated November 27th, 1894.

ALWAYS ON HAND.—Mr. Thomas H. Porter, Lower Ireland, P. Q., writes: "My son, 18 months old, had croup so bad, that nothing gave him relief until a neighbor brought me some of Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL, which I gave him, and in six hours he was cured. It is the best medicine I ever used, and I would not be without a bottle of it in my house."

SUMMARY OF IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

James Kelly was brought in custody to Ballymena from Omagh, County Tyrone, recently on suspicion of being concerned in the attempted murder of a farmer named Peter Madhill, near Ballymena.

Armagh.

On Nov. 4 died Mr. Edward Quinn of Keady, at the fine old age of 50 years, sincerely regretted by all who knew him.

Cavan.

Rev. Father Flood, P. P., Kingscourt, has engaged a famous troupe from Dublin to give a concert in the Parochial Hall, Kingscourt, on an early date. The concert will be for local charity, and no doubt the people will generously support the pastor's laudable effort on behalf of the poor.

Clare.

The annual retreat for the members of the Confraternity of the Holy Family in Ennistymon was closed on Sunday by Father Banner of the Redemptorist Order. Six hundred persons approached the holy sacrament of communion. The congregation received the papal benediction.

Cork.

William O'Brien, M.P., delivered the inaugural address of the session '94-95 to the members of the Cork National Society last week, the subject was "France as an Ally of Ireland." Mr. O'Brien treated his subject in a lucid, interesting and masterly manner, traversing a great portion of Irish history, local, national and foreign.

Donegal.

Mr. James Kelly, boat builder, Portrush, has been busily engaged in executing an order from the Congested Districts Board for fishing boats for the fishermen in the County Mayo.

Duwn.

Last week Mr. John F. Small, coroner, held an inquest on the body of a carter named Daniel Harvey whose body was taken out of the Newry Canal. An open verdict was returned.

Fermanagh.

In the Court of Appeal, Dublin, lately, consisting of the Lord Chief Justice, the Lord Chief Baron, Lord Justice Fitzgibbon and Lord Justice Barry, sat to hear registry appeals from several Irish counties.

Galway.

Mr. John A. O'Kelly of Gurtary, Portumna, has been appointed assistant commissioner on the permanent staff of the Irish Land Commission, in the room of Mr. Redmond Roche, deceased.

Kerry.

Mr. Andrew Howard, postal and telegraph clerk, Kiltarney, has been transferred to Limerick.

Kildare.

M. Doyle & Son disposed of a farm belonging to Mr. P. Smith, at Anghraboorn, containing twelve acres, L. M. P., rent £22, to Mr. Joseph Harvey for £155. On Tuesday he sold Mr. John Murray's farm at Gallowahill, containing 4 1/2 acres, rent, £11, to Mrs. Doyle, Leinster street, Athy, for £45.

Kilkenny.

Miss Catherine Dooly, late of Windgay National school, died on the 5th, after a few days' illness, aged 64.

King's County.

Rev. J. Costigan, C. C., Birr, has been promoted to be administrator of Kilcolman and Ettagh united parishes.

Lettisim.

A new coursing club has been established in Manorhamilton, and matches will soon be inaugurated.

Mayo.

Her Majesty's cutter Fly has been landing detachments of constabulary in the islands of Achill. No sight of Lynchehan is reported. The constabulary are sorely tried. The poor Achill islanders appear to be doomed for trial and suffering. The terrible outrage committed in their midst, where a crime against life never was committed, entails interminable police search, and the prospect of heavy taxation burdens. Mrs. McDonald is not expected to live.

Meath.

On Nov. 15, at Kells, died Maria Gavin, daughter of the late Owen Gavin. Interment was in Clonabraney; funeral long and respectable.

Monaghan.

A meeting of the committee of the Rookery and Tarmoharry branch of the Irish National Federation was held on Sunday, Mr. Edward Hanly presiding. Others present were Thomas McGowan, treasurer; Bernard Dooner, Pat. Keenan and James Beirne, secretary, etc.

Sligo.

In the Appeal Land Commission Court, which sat in Sligo last week there were thirteen cases listed from the County Decision, which have not been published.

Tipperary.

Mr. H. Slattery, chairman of the National Bank, who is a native of Carrickbeg, has presented a stained glass window to the church in Carrickbeg parish.

Westmeath.

A meeting was held in Kilbeggan last week relating to the railway proposed to be

erected between Mountmellick in the Queen's county and Mullingar. Mr. Look presided. A request that the line be so constructed as to pass through Kilbeggan and Ballinagore was passed.

Wexford.

The religious profession of two young ladies took place at the Convent of St. John of God, Wexford, lately. Their names are Miss Anastasia Derveroux, daughter of the late John Derveroux, South Main street, Wexford, in religion Sister Mary Aidan, and Miss Brennan, Moycarty, County Tipperary, in religion Sister Mary Angela.

Wicklow.

Sister Mary Clare (in the world Miss Lizio Carey), died at the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, Arklow, Nov. 11, sincerely regretted by the laity of the district. Many relatives and friends in the United States mourn her early demise. She was but 28 years of age, six of which had been devoted to the service of God in the cloister.



AYER'S Hair VIGOR

Restores natural color to the hair, and also prevents it falling out. Mrs. H. W. Fenwick, of Digby, N. S., says: "A little more than two years ago my hair began to turn gray and fall out. After the use of

one bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor my hair was restored to its original color and ceased falling out. An occasional application has since kept the hair in good condition."—Mrs. H. F. FENWICK, Digby, N. S.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for three years, and it has restored hair, which was fast becoming gray, back to its natural color."—H. W. HASELHOFF, Paterson, N. J.

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Reason and Revelation.

I have always been very much puzzled at the extraordinary calm, peace and freedom from anxiety and fear that I have often found in the dying. And, since it is a subject that always had a peculiar fascination for me, I have again and again asked other priests to give me their experience, which has never differed from my own.

CARDINAL MANNING.

Well do I remember proposing this very fact as a difficulty to his Eminence the late Cardinal Manning. I was seated one winter's evening in his own room, almost roasted by the huge fire before which he was wont to toast his meagre and wasted form, and chatting upon all kinds of engrossing topics, when he began to refer to his declining strength and advancing years. This turn in the conversation soon gave me the opportunity of putting my difficulty. "How," I asked him, "do you account for the extraordinary circumstance, that when death really comes, people seem to fear it so little? It seems to me, I continued, "however good a man may be, that the mere notion of falling into the Great Unknown, of meeting God face to face, and of having one's fate definitely and irrevocably settled for all eternity, ought to cause anyone on the brink of the grave indescribable apprehension and most acute anguish."

A SOLUTION.

"Well, dear fellow," replied the Cardinal, "the vast majority of persons do undoubtedly die calmly enough, and my explanation is briefly this: So long as God intends a man to live, He wisely infuses a certain natural dread and horror of death, in order that he may be induced to take ordinary care of himself and to guard against danger and needless risks. But when God intends a man to die, there is no longer any object for such fear. It can serve no further purpose. What is the result? Well, I take it that God then simply withdraws it." The explanation of the Cardinal pleased me well, and seemed not only to account for the strange phenomenon, but to place God in a peculiarly amiable and tender light.

FEAR FADES AWAY.

Thus the terror of death recoils before us, and vanishes altogether when death is nigh. We feel more clearly as years unfold that it is but a transition from a changing and unsettled condition of existence into a permanent and lasting state—and the actual attainment of the great and glorious end for which we were created, and must bring happiness to all who have "fought the good fight and kept the faith."

Death is another life. We bow our heads. At going out, we think, and enter straight another golden chamber of the King's, larger than this and lovelier.

To the well, it behooves us to live well. In order that we may find solid joy when our soul is just about to "fold its tent like the Arab, and as silently to steal away," we must live in true friendship and love with the Divine Author of our being, Who holds in His hands the keys of Heaven and of Hell, and Who will fix our fate for evermore. If we do this, then we may listen to the advice of N. Macleod and follow it:—"We picture death as coming to destroy; let us rather picture it as Christ coming to save. We think of death as ending; let us rather think of life as beginning, and that more abundantly. We think of losing; let us think rather of gaining. We think of parting; let us think of meeting. We think of going away; let us think of arriving. And as the voice of Death whispers, 'You must go from earth,' let us hear the voice of God saying, 'You are but coming to me.'" —Rev. J. S. Vaughan.

Agents Wanted

To canvass for THE CATHOLIC REGISTER. A liberal commission allowed. Write for particulars.

Memorial to Father Burko.

The people of Galway, Father Tom Burko's native city, have resolved to erect a memorial to the distinguished Dominican. On Monday a meeting was held in furtherance of the object, under the presidency of the Most Rev. Dr. McCormack, who paid an eloquent tribute to the memory of the great preacher. It is unanimously resolved "That as churches and altars are the suitable monuments to eminent ecclesiastics, and as the Dominican church in Galway was that in which God first called him to His service, and that to which afterwards he was first religiously affiliated, we deem an altar, with stained glass window, and pulpit to be erected in this new church, beneath the shadow of the tomb of his beloved parents, the most appropriate monument to his memory." A subscription list was opened, and several donations handed in.

A WONDERFUL CURE.—Mr. David Smith, Coe Hill, Ont., writes: "For the benefit of others I wish to say a few words about Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY. About a year ago I took a very severe cough, had a virulent sore on my lips, was bad with dyspepsia, constipation and general debility. I tried almost every conceivable remedy, outwardly and inwardly, to cure the sore but all to no purpose. I had often thought of trying Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY, so I got a bottle and when I had used about one half the sore showed evident signs of healing. By the time that bottle was done it had about disappeared and my general health was improving fast. I was always of a very bilious habit and had used quinine and lemon juice with very little effect. But since using 3 bottles of the VEGETABLE DISCOVERY the biliousness is entirely gone and my general health is excellent. I am 60 years old. Parties using it should continue it for some time after they think they are cured. It is by far the best health restorer I know."

The Prince of Naples, before quitting that city for Florence, left three thousand francs for the poor of Naples, and during the past year he has given away thirty thousand francs to those who applied to him, as his Royal Highness has never turned a deaf ear to the cry of distress.

Effect of the French Treaty. Wines at Half Price.

The Bordeaux Claret Company established at Montreal in view of the French Treaty are now offering the Canadian connoisseur beautiful wines at \$3 and \$4 per case of 12 large quart bottles. These are equal to any \$5 and \$6 wines sold on their label. Every well hotel and club is now handling them, and they are recommended by the best physicians as being perfectly pure and highly adapted for invalids' use. Address, for price list and particulars, Bordeaux Claret Company, 30 Hospital Street, Montreal.

Brother Seraphin, of the English Passionists, who has just died in Paris, for fifty years served as a lay Brother, chiefly in London and Paris. His simple piety and austerity, combined with great benevolence to the needy or bereaved, endeared him greatly to his co-religionists. Brother Seraphin was often visited by royal personages passing through Paris, and by each Papal Nuncio after his appointment.

Singers, public speakers, actors, auctioneers, teachers, preachers and all who are liable to over-tax and irritate the vocal organs, find, in Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, a safe, certain and speedy relief. A timely dose of this preparation has prevented many a throat trouble.

General sympathy will be felt for the gallant old soldier, Marshal Canrobert, whose health and general condition is much broken up. Reports from Paris this week are not favorable in connection with this Crimean warrior, who practically fought side by side with the British troops in that memorable campaign. His wife, who was a reputed beauty in her day—Flora Macdonald—died a few days ago.

.....Boodle. Investigate this and see if you can't save boodle. Call at 421 Queen street east, cor. Sackville, and you will get all the information that will convince you that you can save boodle by buying your coal and wood and flour and feed at Clancy's. Telephone 2062.



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LET THE WOMEN SPEAK.

Mrs. A. Sampson, 28 Bennington St., East Boston, writes: "I had been afflicted with dyspepsia for the last four years, was so bad that I did not dare to eat as it caused me terrible pain. Hearing of K. D. C. I procured a package. It gave me almost immediate relief. One package cured me. I have not been so well for a number of years. I cheerfully recommend it, and feel justified in saying that dyspeptics who can get this medicine have no excuse for suffering."

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Adams' Root Beer Extract...one bottle  
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Sugar.....two pounds  
Lukewarm water.....two gallons  
Dissolve the sugar and yeast in the water, add the extract, and bottle; place in a warm place for twenty-four hours until it ferments, then place on ice, when it will open sparkling and delicious.

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 IS STRONGLY RECOMMENDED BY PHYSICIANS  
 If you have tendency to Consumption, it fortifies and strengthens the system. If you are in late stage of Consumption it re-supplies in a most sure the waste of strength.  
 PRICE 40 CENTS PER BOTTLE

**Mr. Mulcahy's Retirement.**

Mr. Mulcahy's retirement from active business life after twenty-nine years contact with the people of the district, will be regretted by his many friends who for so long a period visited his store and found in him the genial business man, the upright trader and the gentleman of sterling principles and character in all his intercourse with others. Mr. Mulcahy did a great deal during his long business career, for the public, and especially in the early history of the town, did he secure to his many customers the benefit of low prices and good business methods. The town itself too had its interests advanced by the energy of Mr. Mulcahy in attracting customers from outside places who came with their custom because they found it to their advantage to do so. As a citizen and property owner also, Mr. Mulcahy has helped to build up our flourishing town, having built many houses and spent large sums within the corporation. Mr. Mulcahy was usually too much interested in business affairs to accept the honors of municipal representation which our citizens would gladly have conferred on him in the past, though he has always been public spirited and deeply interested in all that conducted to the welfare of the town and district. Mr. Mulcahy's career in Orillia has been wonderfully successful. A gentleman endowed with business tact and ability, high principle and honor, whose word was as good as his bond, he secured the confidence of the public to a large extent, and while making money for himself always did well for his customers, to whom he returns his thanks in this issue while recommending them to his successors in the large business he has just turned over to them. We are pleased to know that Mr. Mulcahy is still one of us though retired from active business life and we trust he will be long spared to enjoy the fruits of his energy and receive the esteem of his fellow citizens.—Orillia News Letter.

The Catholic Almanac for Ontario is now to be had from the Office of the Catholic Register, mailed on receipt of price, 25 cents.

**COLIC AND KIDNEY DIFFICULTY.**—Mr. J. W. Wilder, J.P., Lafargeville, N.Y., writes: "I am subject to severe attacks of Colic and Kidney Difficulty, and find Parmelee's Pills afford me great relief, while all other remedies have failed. They are the best medicine I have ever used." In fact so great is the power of this medicine to cleanse and purify, that diseases of almost every name and nature are driven from the body.

**C. M. B. A.**

**BRANCH 9 KINGSTON.**

At the last regular meeting of Branch No. 9. C. M. B. A., the officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: President, T. J. Leahy; 1st Vice-President, James Coyle; 2nd Vice-President, W. Brick; Rec. Secretary, E. J. O'Brien; Financial Secretary, Wm. Partill; Guard, J. Barry; Marshal, T. Feeney.

**BELLEVILLE.**

At the meeting of Belleville Catholic Mutual Benefit Association last week the following officers were elected: Spiritual adviser, Father Carson; president, W. A. G. Hardy; 1st Vice-pres., J. Gilrick; 2nd vice pres., R. McGuinness; rec. sec., Ed. McGinty; treas., Jos. Foltz; assistant sec., Jas. St. Charles, jr.; fin. sec., Jas. Hanley; marshal, Alex. Tisdale; guard, M. J. Lynch.

**BRANCH 54.**

The nomination of officers for St. Mary's Branch 54, Montreal to serve during the ensuing year took place on Wednesday evening, Dec. 5, at their hall. The following were elected by acclamation:

President, Cornelius O'Brien; First Vice President, Geo. Pattinagle; Second Vice Pres., Francis Leighthead; Rec. and Cor. Sec., Francis D. Daly; Fin. Sec., J. J. Maguire; Treas., Thos. MacDonell; Marshal,

Thos. Meany; Guard, P. Brady; Trustees, Lawrence Purcell, Thos. Kane, J. Condon and T. McDevitt.

The Sick Benefit Society of the branch also elected its officers after the branch meeting. The following hold office for the coming year:

President, Chancellor Lawrence Purcell; First Vice-President, Thomas Cahill; Second Vice President, T. Mooney; Secretary, Francis D. Daly; Treasurer, Thomas MacDonell.

Br. 54 is in a good financial position, thanks to the energy of its executive; and the Sick Benefit Society to this branch has over \$200 in its treasury. All who become members of the branch may join the benefit department upon payment of \$2 50, and thereby become entitled to \$5 per week during illness. We invite men under fifty years, practical Catholics, to join our branch and society. The undersigned will be very happy to explain matters to any one desirous of joining our branch and Sick Benefit Society. FRANCIS D. DALY, Secretary.

**RESOLUTION OF CONDOLENCE.**

At a regular meeting of Branch 50 the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas: It has pleased Almighty God to call to Himself Bro. Herman Jokisch, of this Branch, be it

Resolved,—That we, the members of this Branch, while bowing submissively to the Divine Will, tender our respectful sympathy to the family of Bro. Jokisch in their sad affliction.

Resolved,—That a copy of the above resolution be published in the official organ and sent to the family of our late Brother.

F. McCABE, Rec. Sec. Branch 50.

**BRANCH 87.**

The following officers for 1895 have been elected by Branch 87 of the C. M. B. A.: Spiritual adviser, Rev. Jos. Robillard; chancellor, Jos. Beland, president, M. A. Campeau; first vice-president, Dr. Ford Jeannotte; second vice-president, Adelard Archambault; recording secretary, J. E. Dupont, financial secretary, J. A. Deniger, treasurer, Alph. Desjardins; marshal, G. Saulniers; guard, Levence Picard; syndics, J. E. Morin, C. B. J. McKorcher, Joseph Rene de Cotret, Arthur Bourdon and Joseph Maille.

Cold in the head—Nasal Balm gives instant relief; speedily cures. Never fails.

Mr. Gladstone will go to the Riviera early in January.

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A Missionary Recommends It Heartily. 5

St. PAUL'S MISSION, CHATEAU CO., MONT., Dec. 12, '90.

Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic is wonderful in checking asthma or any nervous diseases caused by nervous debility or over exertion. Three children of my school had falling sickness. The use of the Tonic stopped the paroxysms at once and cured them. In all cases of weakness it strengthens the system without fail. I recommend it most heartily. FRED. EBERSWEILER, S. J. Streator, Ill., Oct. 20, '91.

Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic is the only medicine that ever helped one of our sisters who was suffering from nervousness and sleeplessness for ten years, we also recommended it to many others and it always had the desired effect. A lady in Ohio was suffering from epileptic fits for several years and found no relief, until she used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic; three bottles cured her entirely. SISTERS OF ST. FRANCIS

**FREE** A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a sample bottle to any address free. Poor patients also get the medicine free. This remedy has been prepared by the Rev. Father Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind. since 1850 and is now under his direction by the

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