



Major Grimston's Black Sheep

It was all Aunt Elizabeth's fault, for she wrote out to the guardian and gave him a highly colored list of my misdeeds.

You see, she was an old maid, and perhaps she didn't understand what it was to be in my shoes.

The boys were awfully pleased with it, and they never called me anything else till he came home, when everything was changed in a most extraordinary way.

I lived with Aunt Elizabeth Jameson in the country, and it was only in the holidays that I enjoyed myself in the least—first of all, because the boys at the vicarage were at home then, and I was able to escape from my prison house and have a real good time with them, and besides that, I got away from lessons and practicing and everything else, which Aunt Elizabeth was so terribly particular about.

"Remember, Veronica," she used to say, "that you are growing up, in fact, I may say you are grown up, and it is time you left off your hoydenish ways, for I really cannot imagine what Major Grimston will think of you when he comes home."

Really, if I hadn't known what a good sort the guardian was I believe that the aunt's cuckoo-like cry of "What will Major Grimston say?" would have made me hate his very name.

I know the boys detested the mention of him, because they said that as soon as he came home there would be an end of all our good times together, and though I was nearly nineteen, I didn't see why any one should want me to become a stuck-up young miss in the fathers and airs like so many of the girls one sees in the towns. Anyway, I hated the idea quite as much as the boys did, and after a while Aunt Elizabeth gave up the "black sheep" as a bad job, and I was left till the V. C. came home. He came a day too soon, as I remember to my cost.

gold! It's awfully wet, though, you'll have your death of cold. Do you know you have grown uncommonly pretty, Ronnie, since you hair went up?"

"Well I can't stop to listen to your platitudes now, Tony, I said, "good night! Remember Major Grimston is coming to-morrow, so we shall all have to be on our best behavior."

"Specially the black sheep!" he shouted after me as I fled away through the little gate which led in to the stables.

"You! I gasped, suddenly realizing that this was Major Grimston, V. C. 'You! Why, you have come a day too soon!'"

"I was impossible! I would be impossible, I said to myself as I kicked off my wet shoes and sent them flying into a corner with the rest of my soaked attire.

"I scrambled into my soft white frock and hastily bundled up my thick hair, with a sudden remembrance that Tony had admitted it."

"He glanced at me with a twinkle in his eyes."

"Major Grimston may spare himself the trouble!" I said, hotly, "for no one — nothing shall ever turn me into one of your pattern young ladies, as you call them — stuck up, affected things! I am much better and happier as I am."

"Suppose we take a look at the conservatory?" said Major Grimston, getting up. "I am sure the flowers are worth looking at. Come along, Veronica, and show me around."

"I took to the needle with the result that I made my fingers horribly sore, and the work I did do was not much use to any one, but he was pleased."

"I know I was awfully proud of Grimston, V. C., as they called him in his pink coat, with his broad shoulders above every one else in the house."

"I never shall forget that evening, because Tony asked me to be his wife. He was dreadfully in earnest about it, and I didn't know what to do, for I was always very fond of him, but as to marrying him—well, that was another matter altogether."

"May I at least speak to Major Grimston?" he pleaded. "He'll perhaps put in a good word for me. Ronnie. Don't be hard on me, dear!"

"I was in the middle of my reflections when the door opened and the guardian came in."

"Do you mean—has Tony—" "He loves you, dear, and all I want is to see you happy."

"My dear—my dear child!" he said, in quite a hoarse voice, "don't cry like that, Ronnie! Aren't you happy here?"

What would you say if I were to answer you as Priscilla—" "As Priscilla did?" he cried. "Do you mean that, Ronnie? Will you say as she did, 'Why don't you speak for yourself?' Can you say it? O, child, if you only knew how I love you — how I have loved you all the time, only I thought you could never care for an old fossil like me, don't tremble so. I'm much older than you are, dear, but—will you stay with me always?"

THE MAGI AND THE STAR The Rev. Joseph V. Tracy, D.D., of Boston, contributes to The Dolphin for December Part I of a striking paper, "The Magi and the Star. The object of this paper is to clear away to some extent the haze of ill-balanced criticism and un-errable assertion which has clouded in about the personalities of the Wise Men and the brutal event of which their mission was the unintended occasion—the child murders of Herod the Great at Bethlehem. In this Dr. Tracy gives the benefit of his research among the best authorities in Scripture studies, Catholic and non-Catholic."

As to the profession and condition of the Wise Men, Dr. Tracy presents sound reasons for their classification with the Chaldean Magi, with whom, in the days of the Jewish captivity, the young prophet Daniel and his companions were closely associated. In the early days of the Church there was no thought of them as kings. As to their identity, number and native land, it must be admitted that there is no authority for the names which pious legends have given them. The Fathers of the earliest times are silent about their number.

Father Le Canus bears witness that "from the earliest antiquity the paintings of the Catacombs represent indifferently two, three and four Magi offering to Jesus their gifts and their homage." Therefore the uncertainty that shrouds the question.

The Wise Men of St. Matthew were, as we have seen, most probably members of the Magian order, strictly speaking. The native land of this caste or class, for centuries before as for centuries after Our Lord's birth, was Persia. This country at the beginning of our epoch was under the domination of Parthia, whose rulers recognized and respected the hierarchical position of the Magi. Their own country, then, was above every other, Persia, an inference that is borne out by the traditions of the Syrian Church, and by the early Christian paintings in the Catacombs, where we see them always robed in the costume of the people." (Fouard).

The Rationalists have made much of the absence of any mention of the slaughter of the innocents in the profane history of the time, and this has also troubled some Christians. "A careful analysis of the objection shows how groundless the nervous fear of the Christian is, and the futility of the Rationalistic objection. Other profane sources of information of Herod's reign than the Jew Josephus are most fragmentary and meagre, and in them no mention occurs of many important happenings. The silence of Josephus, on its side, admits of a very simple explanation. Sycophant of Rome (whether from selfish motives or because he saw the hopelessness of opposition to its power and thought to make the best of a hard lot for his people, it is hard to say), the supreme purpose of his life came to be, to read out of Jewish history whatever might be viewed as an aid by his imperial patrons, and to read into it everything that could heighten the prestige of his race in the eyes of the conquerors. In pursuance of this end he dared to maintain that the war which resulted in the destruction of Jerusalem was forced upon his people by the frenzy of some fanatics; and that the Messianic hope which, on account of the political claims attached to it, had proved the most powerful incentive to rebellion against Rome, was nothing more than 'an ambiguous oracle' that, correctly interpreted, referred to Vespasian. 'What did most elevate them in undertaking this war,' he writes of the last effort of Jewish national life, 'was an ambiguous oracle, that was found also in their sacred writings, how 'about that time, one from their own country should become governor of the habitable world.' The Jews took this prediction to belong to themselves in particular, and many of the Wise Men were thereby deceived in their determination. Now this oracle denoted the government of Vespasian, who was appointed governor of Judea."

What more natural, therefore, than that one who, following out a predetermined plan, suppressed everything Messianic that he could, would make no mention, even if he heard of them, of two such events as the visit of the Magi and the butchery at Bethlehem, the mere occurrence of which evidenced the existence, and emphasized the hold of the national expectation of deliverance from foreign oppression upon the people at large. Among the heads of people con-

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stantly resorting to Jerusalem, this particular group of Magi would have attracted no attention but for the question which we have on the authority of Holy Writ, "Where is He that is born king of the Jews?" At that time when, as Dr. Tracy puts it, "every fibre of the Jewish body fairly tingled with the expectation of the Messianic realization, the question of these strangers stirred Jerusalem into a commotion, and Herod's spies were quick to hear and report."

Their mission accomplished, and supernaturally warned, the Magi, as we know, did not return to Herod. The tyrant's cunning had overreached itself, he had thought to make sure of his purpose without one of his subjects knowing aught of it, at least until its accomplishment was assured. Foiled, he turned to the sole alternative his absolute power placed within his command, emissaries were sent to kill the male infants of two years of age or under in Bethlehem and its neighborhood, his conviction, founded on the information of the Magi, being that among these sought-for babe would surely be numbered. Basing our knowledge upon what is known of the likely number of families in the hamlet and country-side close around, between fifteen and thirty children were murdered.

Brutal though the deed appear now, in the circumstances of that age and among the atrocities of the closing years of Herod, it amounted to little more than the whispered report of a week (Fouard, also Farrar), unless for those more directly concerned — the stricken parents—and even these, under terror of the bloody horror which weighed upon the land, must have thought themselves not altogether unfortunate, since their own lives were spared. Thus Magi and murders filled no larger place in the public mind than many a sine days' wonder of deed of blood of our own times, and the whole episode would have passed into even deeper oblivion than these but for the extraordinary nature and mission of Him whose presence occasioned it, and one of whose Evangelists, inspired thereunto, gave the incidents merited permanence in the story of His infancy.

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The HOME CIRCLE

THE BAMB OF BETHLEHEM
O cruel manger, how bleak, how bleak!
For the limbs of the Babe, my God;

Dear little arms and sweet little hands,
That stretch for Thy Mother, my God;
Soft baby eyes to the Mother's eyes,

Dear Mary smiles, and rising up,
In her arms the Babe, my God;
With the Babe in her arms, my God!

THE BIRTH OF THE CHRIST-CHILD.
(From The German)
When Joseph returned to the grotto,
And before entering his retreat,

IF THE CHRIST-CHILD CAME.
(By Margaret E. Sangster, in Sunday School Times.)
If the Christ-child came to the
avenue home,

es and beautiful plants on which
they spread a coverlet. It was above
the trough, hollowed in the rock to
the right of the entrance to the grotto,

I saw in many places, even in the
most distant countries, an unusual
joy and an extraordinary movement
during this night. I saw the hearts
of many good men animated with a
joyous desire,

THE GUARDIANS OF THE HOLY
LAND
The "Cradle Land" of Christianity
is Palestine. The Holy Founder lived
nearly all His life on earth in this
land, and when He returned to
Heaven,

THE UNBELIEVER AND THE PAGAN.
In time, destroyed many of the monu-
ments erected by St. Helena. In the
eleventh century, Christians called
"Crusaders" made an effort to se-
cure possession of the holy places.

THE CROWN OF GEMS
It was in the Kingdom of Heaven
where the angel children thronged
round a golden stand on which rested
a crown of glittering gems.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

A CHRISTMAS MISTAKE
(Edwin L. Sablin in Christmas St.
Nicholas)
Old Santa Claus one morning was
trying to peruse—

And he sent off for an air-ship that
very selfsame night,
A month or so of waiting, and then
it came apace

It southward sped, and southward,
above the frozen world,
The rudder acted nicely, the twin-
propellers whirled,

This happened o'er a city—and lo, the
air was filled,
With presents scattered broadcast,
from out the air-ship spilled,

So, naughty, naughty youngsters
with gifts on Christmas day,
Don't think that Santa's plans for
you were meant to end that way,

THE CROWN OF GEMS
It was in the Kingdom of Heaven
where the angel children thronged
round a golden stand on which rested
a crown of glittering gems.

angel an wored, the light of hope
shining in her face.
They lingered at the houses of the
rich, where luxury abounded. Some-
times they found sweet, unclashed
children, but more often the reverse,

In a darkened room apart lay a
little boy in bed, and his face was
turned to the wall, for he was cry-
ing. He had looked forward to the
ball as much as any of them, but
now he had caught a bad cold

He was all by himself, too, and he
felt lonely and forgotten; his nurse
had been called away to sew some
sparkling ornaments on to a queen's
robe, so he lay there alone crying
silently.

Presently the door opened softly
and a little girl peeped in dressed as
a fairy.
"Nicky," she whispered, "are you
asleep?"

A stifled sob was the answer
"Oh!" cried the child
"Are you crying 'cause you can't
go?"

"I'm so miserable, oh, Sissie, I do
wish 'oo weren't going."
"But the nurse will be with you
Nicky, and if you can't sleep, mother
said you might have the new picture-
books to look at."

"But I can't read them, I want
to read them to me, Sissie."
"But nurse will, Nicky."
"No she won't, she never will, and
I know she will be in the servants'
hall and think I'll be asleep, but I
shan't, I know I shan't. Oh, I'm so
miserable!"

The fire flared up into a bright
blaze and flickered on the little sis-
ter's face. Such a sweet little face it
was! It looked very thoughtful and
just a little sad, indeed there was a
suspicion of tears in the pretty blue
eyes.

"Nicky, shall I stay with
you?" she asked, speaking with a great
effort, and a tremble in her voice.
"Oh, yes, Sissie, and read to me,"
exclaimed Nicky, sitting up in his
cager delight, his eyes shining with
gladness, then suddenly remembering
the ball that Sissie was dressed so
smartly for, his face fell.

to him. The boy had a rosy, round
face and kind eyes. He noticed the
hungry little faces of the poor child-
ren, and thrusting his hand into the
white paper bag he drew out a cur-
rant bun, which he threw into Liz's
lap, then he hurried on, half-ashamed
of his kindly action.

"Oh, Liz," exclaimed Polly, seizing
the bun.
Liz's first impulse was to divide it,
then seeing that it was not very big,
and knowing how hungry Polly must
be, she turned her head away and let
the child eat it all.

The snow fell faster, the flakes were
larger and formed fantastic shapes
as they whirled and danced in the
night air. Polly, feeling better for
the food and extra warmth of Liz's
jacket, leaned closer to her sister and
fell asleep.

An hour or more passed and a po-
liceman on his beat unexpectedly
turned his lantern upon the children
He bent over them.
"Poor little thing, asleep," he mut-
tered, touching Polly's face kindly
with his hand.

Then he turned the full light of his
lamp upon Liz. There was something
strange about her face. The pain and
trouble had left it and given place
to peace and rest.

THE LITTLE SANTA CLAUS
(Hilda Richmond in Sunday School
Times.)
A strange gentleman and lady moved
into the big white house on Chest-
nut street where the Brown boys and
girls had lived so long, and all the
little folks thought it was too bad
Mr. Brown had to go away west
to try to get well, and the Brownies
had to go along, even if the neigh-
bor children cried at giving them up.

It was very late in the fall when
the Brownies went away, and on
Christmas the very strangest thing
you ever heard of happened on Chest-
nut street. Just when mamma was
beginning to say, "Not another bit
of candy until after dinner," the
strange lady's door opened, and out
walked the dearest little Santa
Claus!

His beard was as white as snow,
and so was his hair. The pockets of
his fur-trimmed coat bulged out with
parcels, and over his back was slung
a great big pack that looked ready to
burst with presents.

The little Santa Claus tramped
briskly down street, and left a pack-
age for Miss Marie Leeds. It was tied
up so nicely with blue ribbon that
the small owner could hardly make
up her mind to spoil the pretty bow
by opening it. By this time there was
a troop of boys at the little man's
heels and some girls too, all crying,
"Little Santa Claus! Mr. Santa
Claus! have you got anything for us?"

They fingered his pack, and got in
his way till he said in a big, gruff
voice, "If you boys and girls don't
go right straight home, you won't
get a single thing out of my sack!"
This sounded awful, and you
never saw such a scamp-
pering to see who could run
first. There were faces flattened up
to lots of windows, but so the children
stood outdoors to see where Santa
would stop next. When his pockets
were empty, and his sack hung limp
over his shoulder, he went into the
strange lady's house. Then all the
little folks who had not had a pres-
ent out of the wonderful pack looked
ready to cry.

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THURSDAY, DEC. 18, 1902.
THE OLD JESUIT MISSIONS
We have to go back to the early Christians in Rome if we would look for heroism and fertility that stand the test of historical comparison with the record of the French missionaries among the Huron Indians in the 17th century.

was requiring of us—that in times of dire distress we should flee with the fleeing, accompanying them every where, whither-soever their faith should follow them and that we should have sight of none of these Christians, although it might be expedient to detain the bulk of our forces wherever the main body of the fugitives might decide to settle down. This was the conclusion we came to after having commended the matter to God.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE
It looks as if Germany, England and Italy had combined in the guise of private bailiffs to test the strength of the Monroe Doctrine in its application to the South American republics.

CHRISTMAS AND ITS OPPORTUNITY
Christmas is again with us. To many however, the joys and privileges of the great season of festivity and charity must be chastened by the presence of an unfamiliar test.

DEATH OF BERNARD McGARRY
In Abovne, November 20, Bernard McGarry, aged 77 years. Bernard McGarry was born at Mull, County Leitrim, Ireland, in 1825.

DEATH OF DR. NUNAN, GUELPH
It was a great shock to the friends of Dr. Nunan, Guelph, to learn on Thursday evening of last week that he was lying at the point of death at St. Joseph's Hospital.

DEATH OF MR. PETER O'FARRELL
The death of Mr. Peter O'Farrell, one of London's oldest and highly respected residents, occurred on Nov. 25, at the deceased's residence, 448 Talbot street.

DEATH OF MR. THOMAS TRACY
Mr. Thomas J. Tracy died at the family residence, 36 Lakeview avenue, Toronto, on the 12th inst. He had been ailing for several weeks and had undergone an operation, after which he rallied somewhat.

DEATH OF MRS. ANNA RYAN
The deepest sympathy of the Catholic community in Toronto has been stirred by the death of Mrs. Anna Ryan, widow of the late Mr. John Ryan, of Parkdale.

IRISHMEN SAVED THE BILL
After all the stone throwing at the Irish Party by their Catholic enemies in England and Ireland, it appears that Mr. Balfour only escaped defeat in the House of Commons on Tuesday night by the support of those Irish Nationalists who have not yet been jailed by him.

EDITORIAL NOTES
A Rome correspondent writes the following particulars concerning the late Cardinal Masella. Another loss to the College of Cardinals occurred on Saturday by the death of His Eminence Cardinal Gaetano Aloisi-Masella, Pro-Datary of His Holiness.

SUNNYSIDE
The wee folks at the Sunnyside Orphanage are beginning to wonder what Santa Claus will bring them this year. Will the kind reader not try to think of something that would please the little ones, either for their Christmas dinner or Christmas tree?

SACRED HEART ORPHANAGE
When out on your shopping tour don't forget that there will be a Christmas tree for the good little boys and girls of Sunnyside. Even the tiny toy, or the bouncing ball, will bring happiness to the childish heart and pleasure to the cheerful giver.

WILL OF THE LATE DR. McCABE
An Ottawa despatch says: The will of the late Dr. J. A. McCabe, former principal of the Normal School, was filed to-day for probate. The estate is valued at \$8,100, of which \$500 is bequeathed to charities, the remainder, after accounts outstanding have been paid, going to the widow.

THE TORONTO ART LEAGUE
The Toronto Art League have issued a calendar for 1903 which does them great credit. It displays great artistic skill and is splendidly designed.

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The Doctor's Orders: Fresh Air Good Food. For all those threatened with Consumption.

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The Doctor's Orders: Fresh Air Good Food. For all those threatened with Consumption.

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The Kidneys and Liver
Any interference with the proper performance of the functions of these most important organs should never be slighted. If it be, serious consequences are sure to follow.
IRON-OX TABLETS
ARE AN INVALUABLE CORRECTIVE
Price, 25 Cents

buried Mrs. Ryan, one of the daughters of the late Mr. John Woods, of Dundas street, was only in her 33rd year. Two little children are bereft by this seemingly all too untimely blow.

DEATH OF MR. PETER O'FARRELL
The death of Mr. Peter O'Farrell, one of London's oldest and highly respected residents, occurred on Nov. 25, at the deceased's residence, 448 Talbot street.

SUPPER TO MR. JOSEPH DEVLIN, M.P.
On the evening of the Home Rule demonstration in Association Hall, Mr. Joseph Devlin, M.P., the gifted delegate from the United Irish League, was dined in McConkey's by a representative number of gentlemen who had been present at the meeting.

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Fate and Marriage

[By Clara Mulholland.]

CHAPTER XVII

Mrs Danvers sat alone at the breakfast table in the sunny dining room at Riverside. Beside her plate was a pile of letters, all of which she had already opened, read, and laid aside for further consideration...

"And did you not ask his name?" "No, that was not necessary," Mrs. Danvers looked up quickly. "I should have thought it only polite to have asked his name."

"The girl put her arms round her aunt, and pressed her lips against her cheek. "Forgive me, dear. I know I am a torment. But—well, you see, it was Mr. Fane who came to my rescue this morning, and so I think I owe him a debt of gratitude..."

CHAPTER XVIII

"Well, dear, and so she has finally decided to engage you as steward of Riverside!" Isabel asked a few hours later, as John and his mother sat together under a big mulberry tree on the lawn.

"Then tell me what you know about Mr. Fane," "Not much in one way, a great deal in another. I only spoke to him for about five minutes but he impressed me very favorably, and if one could turn doves another, I should certainly do all I can to procure him the situation he desires to get..."

"You are tantalizing, Margaret, and my patience severely tried," "The girl put her arms round her aunt, and pressed her lips against her cheek. "Forgive me, dear. I know I am a torment..."

"I will spend no more time on the streets, to show myself if he is a last young man in any way, he is unworthy if he expends all his salary and saves up nothing, he is unfit. It will do him no good to increase his salary, because he will be just as poor at the end of the year as he was at the beginning..."

"The man of business who devotes his surplus wealth to the promotion of education or of art, or to the alleviation of suffering, is doing public service. So, too, among business men and lawyers and journalists, among the men engaged in the most energetic and active pursuits, we find those who are always ready to serve on committees to raise money for charitable or public purposes..."

Chats With Young Men

The late Governor Burnett, of California, who was for years the president of a bank, once expressed this opinion of clerks, which has in it several hints for the young man of today.

"The discipline in a bank must be as rigid as that in the army. If an employe willfully and deliberately disobeys orders, he should be discharged. If, when caught in a mistake he manifests no feeling, no regret, but takes it coolly and indifferently, it shows that he has deliberately trained his feelings to bear reproach..."

Little cane, Little brain, Little work, And big shirk.

"He will spend no more time on the streets, to show myself if he is a last young man in any way, he is unworthy if he expends all his salary and saves up nothing, he is unfit. It will do him no good to increase his salary, because he will be just as poor at the end of the year as he was at the beginning..."

The man of business who devotes his surplus wealth to the promotion of education or of art, or to the alleviation of suffering, is doing public service. So, too, among business men and lawyers and journalists, among the men engaged in the most energetic and active pursuits, we find those who are always ready to serve on committees to raise money for charitable or public purposes...

A great many young people cannot when they first start out, where the real bent lies, they cannot tell what they can do best, but, as they develop more, their strong qualities come out—their predominant faculties push their way to the front. Again, a college course or an advanced course of education develops faculties which had lain dormant, perhaps from disuse in other words, the entire setting of the mental faculties often changes a great deal during one's physical and mental development, so that what the boy can do best may not be the best of the man at all.

The Rheumatic Wonder of the Age BENEDICTINE SALVE

This Salve Cures Rheumatism, Follens or Blood Poisoning. It is a Sure Remedy for Any of These Diseases. A FEW TESTIMONIALS

193 King Street East, Toronto, Nov. 21, 1902. JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Toronto. DEAR SIR—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve. I have at intervals during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular rheumatism. I have experimented with every available remedy and have consulted might say, every physician of repute, without perceivable benefit. When I was advised to use your Benedictine Salve, I was a helpless cripple. In less than 48 hours I was in a position to resume my work that of a tinsmith. A work that requires a certain amount of bodily activity. I am thankful to my friend who advised me and I am more than gratified to be able to furnish you with this testimonial as to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve. Yours truly, GEO. FOGG Tremont House, Yonge Street, Nov. 1, 1901

JOHN O'CONNOR, 180 KING ST. E. J. A. JOHNSON & CO., 171 King St. E. Price, \$1 per box.



