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MONTREAL, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1904.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

MORALITY AND PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Vol. LIV., No. 26

Bourke Cockran and President Schurman Debate the Issue in America.

Before the People's Forum in New Rochelle on Sunday afternoon, W. State contribute to their support. Bourke Cockran assailed the public Cornell University. The clash came in the course of a debate on the question, "Should Religious Instruction be Given in the Public Schools?" The debate was held in the New Rochelle Theatre, which was crowded from pit to dome by adherents of both points of view.

affirmative side of the question, which consumed over an hour, Mr Cockran denounced the public schools as agnostic and anti-Christian.

"The germ of democracy, the form of government which our system of education must preserve, was planted," said Mr. Cockran, "on shores of Galilee, when the Saviour proclaimed that all men are equal in e sight of God. While despotism and autocracy are based on human frailty, the essence of democracy is belief in human virtues and the capa city of man for almost infinite perfectability. Neither despotism nor servitude could survive among a people trying to follow the Christ example, for justice and equality are the inevitable fruits of Christianity. As a democracy cannot survive except these fruits of Christianity flourish, public education must inculcate a knowledge of the moral law upon which the government is founded.

NOT COMPLETE TEACHING.

"The present system is inadequate to the necessities of the State. Education of the intellect alone is insufficient to cultivate loyal obedience to the will of the majority. Moral instruction removes the disposition to infringe the rights of others. I don't want the State to assume the burdens of a religious propaganda because to do so would necessitate those who think as I do would be the first to oppose such a thing. The is increased by separation, but the State has no right to penalize moral instruction or to devote the taxes of those who believe in moral instruction to the support of schools which are agnostic, and anti-Chris-

The present system is discredited on all sides, and every man of any consequence sends his children to private schools. The public school is becoming, as it is in England, the poor school."

The next speaker, Senor Bulfin, editor of the Southern Cross of Buenes Arms

STATE'S SOLE DUTY.

In opening, President Schurman raised a laugh by remarking that in spite of the fact that "every man of any consequence sends his children to private schools," he already had four in the public schools and more were coming.

est concerns," said he, "but it n't follow that government has any warrant to interfere with the beliefs of individuals. Our educational system must confine itself to imparting the things we believe in common, and it must be left to the parents and the churches to make of religion a But first we must have a moral re-

only educational agency. 'In religoon some final court of appeals is necessary, different creeds having different courts, and it logically follows that if the State is to impart religious instruction it must determine the lind of religion a to be taught, which would mean a conthodoxy of public school instruction. You can't give religious instruction in the schools without invading the which the modern State has aban-

NOT ANTI-CHRISTIAN.

"All the moral virtues are already mometed by the public schools. I

the name of Heaven why don't you teach it to your children yourself, or

have your churches do it?
"If you don't want to pay taxes for the support of the publis schools, why not object to being taxed for the support of the courts, which may not be conducted on a basis to suit you. The State goes ahead in its secular work, and if you choose, set up your rival institutions, but neither directly nor indirectly will the

"The result of our system of secu Bourse Cottan It was defended by school system. It was defended by lar instruction challenges the admi-resident Jacob Gold Schurman, of ration of the world, and we do not propose to adopt any retrograde methods."

PLEA FOR GAELIC.

Commissioner McAdoo presided at In the course of his speech on the State of New York in Carnegie Hall. New York, on a recent Sunday, and made a strong appeal for the movement in Ireland to restore the Irish language and build up a true national spirit. He spoke of the literary revival in Ireland, and remark-

> "I think it will be admitted that there is some hope for the police of this city, when one of them is brought into the greatest literary

movement of the age." The Commissioner appealed to the Irish of to-day not to speak slightingly of the civilization of old Ireland, but to be proud of their birthright as Irishmen.

"The crushing out of that civilization by a ruthless invader," he said, "was a crime against humanity as well as against the Irish people.

"We are met to-night to arouse has a message to give to the world, but she must deliver it in her own tongue and Ireland to-night is trying to gain back her own speech that she may deliver that message.

"In Irish cabins children are learning the Irish tongue; letters dressed in Celtic go through the postoffice; Celtic names are taking the place of English names tha meant nothing or something bad. The soul of Ireland is aroused, an the selection of the best religion, and issue is being forced on England, and we shall soon have a true race of Irishmen in the island in place efficiency of both Church and State a hemming and hawing Englishman with monocle in eye.

"This movement for a national life deserves encouragement and if the founder of this hall knew as much about the movement as I do, would sell the place and give the proceeds to aid in the return of the Irish speech among Irishmen—at least he would give us something better than Mrs. Chadwick's checks."

nes Ayres, who is very Irish in spite of his residence, spoke on "Irish Nationhood and How to Achieve It." He said :

"The language is the key to the situation, for we must be Irish in speech before we can be Irish thought."

Senor Bulfin made an appear for funds to build an Irish university in "Religion and virtue are our high- which to train men to free Ireland, inhuman crime except at rare He ended by saying:

"I hold that in the last analysis there is but one source of freedom; that is the sharp edge of the sword. vital matter. The State is not the volution. You cannot dragoon mind; you cannot sabre a soul."

HOME LOVE OF THE IRISH CELT.

What does the exile remember? Have you not met him, the American citizen who comes back rich, energetic, successful, boastful, to see once more the old spot of his birth? There is a secret longing with the quiet old days, yet with the eagerness of days that are new, a secret longing ed by the fear of offending modesty, to see again the spot of the old and of imparting knowledge where home. From his thoughts now dis-

weeds. The song of the brook is in Interesting Christmas Customs of the old, old home. He sees them now, those whose love follows him for ever in life, those whose love owns him for ever in death. He sees them now, but his eyes are dim, and there is a choking in his throat. He uncovers his head and looks up to heaven. He takes one last silent look at the ruins. Then he turns away, but he is now another man. What in his dreams he had remembered in exile, has come back to him fresh and real with the sight, the sadness, the lesson, the love of the old, old Fatherland, the Frenchman worships his beautiful France; the Switzer can never forget the beloved valley under the mountains, the Englishman truly and nobly cherishes his comfortable home; but there is a pathos and a meeting of the Gaelic League of the a purity in the Irish peasant's home love that is dearer than them all. In exile he cannot forget it. To him heart-love, and never in exile can he find his home. To the Irish Celt in his own Ireland there is one spot above all others spots dear and sa-In exile or in Ireland, to his thought, to his heart, to his soul, 'there is no place like home."-Rev.

THE CHURCH AND MARRIAGE

By Cardinal Gibbons.

The Catholic Church has purified society in its very fountain, which is the marriage bond. She has invariably proclaimed the unity and sanctity and indissolubility of the "We are met to-night to arouse marriage tie by saying with her the intellect of a nation. Ireland Founder that "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder.' Wives and mothers, never forget that the inviolability of marriage contract is the palladium of your womanly dignity and of your Christian liberty. And if you are no longer the slaves of man and the toy of his caprice, like the wives of Asiatic countries, but the peers and partners of your husbands; if you are no longer tenants at will like the wives of Pagan Greece and Rome, but the mistresses of your households; if you are no longer confronted by usurping of rivals like Mohammedan and Mormon wives, but the queens of domestic kingdom, you are indebted for this priceless boon to the ancient Church and particularly to the Roman Pontiffs who inflexibly held the sacredness of the nuptial bond against the arbitrary power of Kings, the lust of nobles and the lax and pernicious legislation of civil governments. . .

The Catholic religion has proclaimed the sanctity of human life as soon as the body is animated by the vital spark. Infanticide was a dark stain in Pagan civilization. It was universal in Greece with the possible exception of Thebes. It was sanctioned and even sometimes enjoined by such eminent Greeks as Plato and Aristotle, Solon and Lycurgus. destruction of infants was also very common among the Romans. Nor was there any legal check to this every year to free Ireland many as an evidence that human nature does not improve with time and is everywhere the same unless it is fermented with the leaven of Christianity, the wanton sacrifice of infant life is probably as general today in China and other heathen countries as it was in ancient Greece and Rome. The Catholic Church has sternly set her face against this faith of these simple people it seems exposure and murder of innocent She has denounced it as a crime more revolting than that of Herod, because committed against one's own flesh and blood. She had condemned with equal energy the atrocious doctrine of Malth who suggested unnatural methods for diminishing the population of the human family. Were I not restrained by the fear of offending modesty,

In an Old Spanish Country House.

I have spent Christmas in some odd places in my day-once in the Red Sea, once in the famous old Dak bungalow at Delhi, and once in the mountains of Tenerife—but by far my most interesting experience was in home. The German dearly loves his in an old Spanish country house at the village of Solidad de los Ranchos, near San Luis Potosi. It was a brick, with a patio surrounded with stone benches, and flower-beds that were an untidy jungle of lemon trees, roses, and heliotrope. A huge pepper tree with light feathery foliage and graceful coral red berries there is only one country of his just opposite my window was a shaded an ancient draw well, trellis covered with masses of the beautiful pale blue convorvulus called poetically by the Mexicans la manta de Maria. High above the adobe walls rose the tall pink tower of the village church, with its green-tiled cupola and ponderous bells.

The Mexicans are the most devout and fervent Catholics it has been my lot to meet, and I looked forward to Christmas to see some quaint and interesting religious customs. was I disappointed. On Christmas eve, then, having seen that the doors were securely barricaded. set forth shortly before midnight for the church. Myriads of stars spangled the frosty sky, of great size and brilliance, and low down on the horizon was shadowed the dark outline of the mountains of the San Pedro range. The streets, usually silent and deserted after dark, were thronged with people hurrying to the midnight Mass and when we reached the church it was already full. According to the Spanish and Mexican custota the main body of the building was in soft shadowy darkness, all the light being concentrated on the high altar, which was radiant with countless tapers. The light shone reflected on the throng of swarth faces turned eagerly towards it, with a weird Rembrandtesque effect which would have fascinated Mr. Mortimer Menpes. It was a strange scene to

our eves. From all parts of the lonely Sierras these pious peasants had flocked in to hear their Christmas Mass; wild looking herdsmen and shepherds, many of marked Indian type, wrapped about in many-colored zarapes, with dusty sandalled feet, and fringed leggings of dressed deer-skins. All were kneeling on the bare stone floor, or on the broad brims of their higherowned charros. Presently sacristan came in bearing an image of the Divine Infant, which he laid on the altar before the tabernacle. Then, precisely at the stroke of midnight, the venerable parish priest appeared vested in white and gold, and Mass began. When it was concluded, the priest took the Infant in his arms and held it for a moment

for the congregation to see. aid that enough Irish energy vals. The father had the power of of the church, the people falling backs was wasted in the United States life and death over his child. And Officeach side to make way for him as he presented the Nino de Dios to each one in turn. All crowded round; young men and maidens; old men and children; grayhaired fathers with their stalwart sons; women with their babies; all kneeling with ardent devotion and adoring reverence to kiss the Divine Child. To the deep fervor and unquestioning less a ceremony than the real thing. Had they been the shepherds and nad this been the stable at Bethlehem on the first Christmas morning they She | could not have shown deeper emo tion. Finally the image was borne away and deposited in the place prepared for it.

There was no crib, but an altar had been placed within the sanctuary decorated with small fir trees and pine branches, in the middle of which no data to go upon. prometed by the public schools. I deny that they are agnostic or anti-Christian. They are only non-Christian. They are only non-Christian. They exert an elevating moral influence without any talk about it, If you want the catechism taught, in see those ruined walls, those rank i which says, "Thou shalt not kill."

It was necessary, he added, to 24th Dec., 1904:

On one side, and on the other St. study heredity before educating certain sections of the community in lodging and breakfast. Irish, 271, and holding his staff with its calabage or water-gourd attached. Mary lift you want the catechism taught, in see those ruined walls, those rank i which says, "Thou shalt not kill."

Was the bed of straw. Mary knelt on one side, and on the other St. study heredity before educating certain sections of the community in lodging and breakfast. Irish 271, French 144, English 36, other nationalities 29. Total, 480.

Major Darwin, the chairman, moving a vote of thanks to Professor Pearson, said that feeble-minded chil
Was the bed of straw. Mary knelt of anti-natal infanticide which is in settions of the community in locations of the community in sections of the community in locations of the community in sections of the community in locations of the community in sections of the communi was the bed of straw. Mary knelt

ty of the Mexicans had adorned her with a shepherdess's hat of straw, with a little bunch of pink roses at the side. It had, however, slipped off her head, and was supported by the strings, which hung loose round her neck. The priest laid the Infant her neck. The priest laid the Infant between them, and the ceremony was St. Mary's Young Men's Society

High Mass was at 10 o'clock. The distinguishing feature of the ceremony was the music, which was singular in the extreme. It seems it is the privilege of the street boys at Christmas time to provide the music They whistle it on birdcalls to an appropriate accompaniment on the organ. The effect at first is startling; but when it is done well (and the boys seem perfectly to understand their part), it is extremely pretty, and sounds precisely as if a joyous melody. This music is called "los Pastores"—"the Shepherds" why I do not know. I must add that the Mexican carols are the prettiest I ever heard, and quite original In the afternoon we went by mule train to San Luís Potosi to visit some Spanish friends. In the sala was an altar tastefully decorated with frosted branches of fir, colored ribbons, silver balls; and on a lacefringed satin cushion in the middle was a wax image of the Holy Child. The children of the house had ranged it all themselves, and showed it us with great pride; and we were told that in every house, rich or poor, was a similar altar. seemed a combination of the English crib and German Christmas tree idea. At the Epiphany the ceremony of clothing the Nino takes place with many quaint customs, but it would take too long to describe them now. -Exchange.

PERSONAL.

Rev. Frank Singleton has been appointed curate of St. Agnes parish. Mr. John I. McCaffrey, choir master of St. Agnes' Church, was presented by the members of the choir with a diamond pin on Christmas

MYSTERIES OF HEREDITY.

(The Daily News, London.)

"If you knew absolutely everything about the parents, you would be able to predict what the child would be." So said Professor Karl Pearson, F. R.S., in his lecture at Bedford Col-

Professor Pearson some time back evolved some remarkable theories respecting temperament in relation to the color of the hair. In dealing with heredity, one must be a collateralist as well as an ancestrian. One must examine one's aunts and cousins, and especially the cousins, as well as parents and brothers.

If two sets of a man's cousins were found to have similar characteristics said Professor Pearson, it would be fairly safe to say that the man's own character was also similar. With the aid of a large number of diagrams, the Professor argued that if He then descended the sanctuary steps and advanced down the centre the offspring would be certain to ing tribute to Mr. McDonald, and so foolish as some supposed to take an interest in one's ancestors.

With regard to sisters, Professor Pearson said that after an examination of 2014 'pairs' of sisters, he found a striking resemblance of sister to sister, both mentally and physically. The resemblance between parents and offspring was .5; between two brothers or two sisters slightly less; and that between brother and a sister less still.

There was no difference between a man and a thoroughbred racer as regards inheritance of color. Whether this was so with insects was not known. He thought the difference very small. He was himself experimenting with snails at the present time, and already had grandchildren of his original snails. dying off, however, so that he had

dren were now being specially educated, so that in after life their imbecility would be thinly veneered with education. The result would be most undesirable.

St. Mary's Young Men's Society, neld their first reunion and debate last evening at their rooms, 985 Notre Dame street. The place had been tastefully hung with Chinese lanterns, and the members turned out in full force. Previous to the commencement of the evening's enjoyment, Mr. Duncan McDonald, manager of the Street Railway Com-pany, entered the hall, and was pretty, and sounds precisely as if a greeted with enthusiastic applause, whole woodful of wild birds had sud- At 9 o'clock the chairman, Rev. Father McDonald, called the meeting to order, and explained the object the Society, which is to elevate the moral, social and religious tone of its members. He thought there was nothing better for intellectual development than debates, and he had much pleasure in opening the first for St. Mary's Society. The subject of the debate was : "Resolved, that winter is more congenial to the sportsman than summer." The affirmative was taken by Messrs. T. Norton, G. J. Fox, J. McDonough, T. Mitchell, B. McIlhone, the negative being sustained by Messrs, J. C. McLaughlin, J. Heffernan, P. Døyle, T. O'Rourke, J. P. Purcell, D. Mc-It Laughlin. The debate was opened by Mr. Norton for the affirmative, who gave a glowing account of the many winter sports of this Canada of ours, and their healthful action upon the body. Mr. J. C. McLaughlin answered for the negative, and spoke of the summer sports, such as baseball, lacrosse, fishing, rowing and camping. Mr. G. J. Fox made an able plea for the winter sports. His concluding words were: "The velopment of stamina, that vital strength so necessary to all of us, without which we cannot hope to realize any positive success, is obtained with better results in winter, than in summer."

Messrs. O'Rourke, McIlhone, Purcell and Doyle spoke for their respective sides and as the members had been roused to enthusiasm over Canada's national game, lacrosse, and the mention of the Shamrock crosse team, the majority of the members voted that summer, the good old summer time, was the bet-

Mr. Duncan McDonald made a capital speech, full of practical knowledge. He was glad to be present at the reunion, and complimented the speakers on their able speeches. He always looked back with pride the day, some 25 years ago, when he was a member of St. Mary's Young Men's Society, and was very glad to be able to say that he was there to-night as a pioneer of the old society. He gave the members some practical pointers, and at the end was loudly apolauded.

Rev. Father R. E. Callahan spoke at length on the necessity of such society, and he hoped that all would

was glad to see him occupy such an important position in our midst.

The meeting then adjourned.

St. Gabriel's Temperance Meeting.

The St. Gabriel's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society will hold its regular meeting on Sunday next, im mediately after High Mass, when the initiation of the officers for the coming year will take place.

Christmas Dinner at Notre Dame Hospital.

The Christmas dinner at Notre Dame Hospital, held on Tuesday evening, was a great success. Mgr. Racicot presided, assisted by Mayor Laporte.

ST. BRIDGET'S NIGHT REFUGE. Report for week ending Saturday,

I thought I would try and few lines as this is my firs to the corner. I enjoy read

these lovely nights. I am third book and like going to very much, but I do not go to very steady, as we have a lo to go. I live on a farm an doing chores very much. I a ous waiting for Christmas suppose there are a great more boys and girls as anxio am when Santa dear will m visits around. We are goin have a Christmas tree in ou but I don't think I will be a go. I think this is all for th Hoping to see my letter in

JAME

Dewittville.

Adeline's father was poor, that he could not buy his li a doll. This was the grief of line's days. Her friend Edne a pretty doll named Lillian and how Adeline did long fo too! Still, having Edna

sometimes to hold for a long minutes was better than r and when from her, Adeline shed many Adeline's father and mother away from the bare little e into the wide country,

the father was going to wor farm, and Edna and her b would be seen no more.

years nobody lived there exc quirrels, the mice and the bi looked dark, dirty and desola the farmer had offered it t rent free, and they went to make it as tidy and pleasan possible. Mr. Royce patched toors and windows, wh

WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT

Conducted by HELENE.

Once more have we come to the parting of the ways. Standing at the threshold of 1905, new hopes, new joys, new possibilities becko wades the air, and we turn with suppliant hands to stay the departure of the old year, which in bringing us roses did not spare the thorns-still we are reluctant to see it go, for it held so much for many of us. We and remember only the smiles, so we go forth, entering untrodden paths with the firm assurance that all will be well, May it be so. May the brightest hopes not fail of fulfilment; may the roses in abundance be scattered along the way; may sor row be kept far from the heart, and may 1905, in a word, be the happiest that has been.

* * * FASHIONS.

Surplice waists make by far th most fashionable of the season, and shirrings are to be noted on th greater number of up-to-date gowns One very attractive model is made of willow green chiffon veiling, with a chemisette of lace, trimming of silk ruches and sleeve frills plisse chiffon. At the waist is worn

Among the new and most wonder ful false skins, which are also em ployed for dress trimmings, coats hats, the crushed velours, with markings of baby lamb, are perhaps the most seen. Many a smart even ing coat is constructed of this pseudo skin. Ermined rabbit skin turn out inexpensive scarfs and flat muffs which velvet rosettes and applica tions further enhance, and there ar others of a silky plush so deliciously like chinchilla that the simulation is scarcely regretted.

a crushed belt of messaline satin.

Puffed chiffon rufflings are a new idea and a good one. A puff of chiffon, a band of lace and a ruffler of chiffon-and there's a pretty cuff or top of bodice without labor soever. And when used for cuffs the can be turned with the edge forward or back, as the taste prefers. They are very pretty, and they are sure to sit well and to stay. The price is only \$1 a yard.

A great many navy blue cloth cos tumes are to be seen. Generally the revers and collar are in contrasting colors-red, blue and green velvet be ing the most worn. Beige and gray are much in favor, and there is distinct return to covert coating in public favor. Some smart women are wearing sack coats in this mate rial with immense pearl buttons others wear the same material made with the popular "skirt" basques. A remarkably pretty figure is required to stand this innovation. Skirts are almost without exception made with two flounces very slightly good and bordered with rows of stitching or known. bias folds of the material stitched.

White cloth is still much worn. Wo- lowed ten minutes after by a drink hour in a moderate oven. men seem to cling to the memory of the successful "white" summer gown and have transferred their fidelity only to a warmer edition of the san charming fashion.

The leading milliners are offering plain turbans and tricornes severely trimmed with clusters of camelias narigolds and other stiff-leaved flow ers; and more complicated hats are worked with ermine and more elabo rately trimmed.

The high crowned hat has not be accepted with such eagerness here as n the fashionable cities of the old world, so that there is not the slightest necessity for any woman to make herself look unbecoming by wearing a high hat.

A French fancy which has not nade much headway here so far is a stiff beaver hat; though when be coming this hat makes a woman very attractive.

A fine gray broadcloth seen thi year has a yoke of gray net embroidered in steel pallettes and beads The skirt and waist are trimmed with gray taffeta bouillonne, and the girdle of gray velvet, yet with all these different materials the gown is practically of one color, and seen from a distance is a soft gray mass with here and there a high light.

The present reign of bright, strong coloring, coming after the pale pas tel tones, is a natural reaction, and has extended to every portion of woman's dress. Petticoats are bright greens, blues, reds and pur ples, where a year ago, even, they were of grey, tan or black.

The Parisian touch of black is th eading note in many of the handsomest toilets. Nothing is prettier than rosettes of narrow black velvet ribbon nestling among the white billows of chiffon, or ripples of lace on bodice, sleeves, and the festooned flounces of gowns and evening waists Black lace falling over white is an other fancy that is exquisite in effect, the under frill being fuller than the over, to give the smart froufrou so necessary.

> + + + HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Fresh eggs absorb all kinds of obnoxious odors on account of the shells being porous. They should be kept in a vessel by themselves.

Cold baked fish and cold boiled no tatoes, cut into dice, mixed with mayonnaise, make a palatable salad. Put five drops of cloroform on small piece of cotton in the bow of a clay pipe, then blow the vapor into an aching ear, and instant re lief will follow.

To remove warts, rub a little bullock gall on them several times a

Moistened tea leaves applied to burn will relieve the inflammation and prevent a scar.

Besides being such an part of culinary art salt has many uses perhaps not generally other

A pinch of salt on the tongue, fol-

of cold water, often cures a headache.

Salt hardens the gums, makes the teeth white, and sweetens the breath.

Salt added to the water in which cut flowers stand keeps them fresh. Salt used dry in the same mann as snuff will do much to relieve colds hay fever, etc.

Salt in warm water, if used for pathing tired eyes, will be found very refreshing.

Salt and water will stop h hage from tooth pulling.

A very high ceiling detracts from the cosy appearance of a room especially if the room is a small one. To reduce the apparent height, carry the ceiling decoration down on the wall to a depth of fifteen or eigh teen inches and finish the edge where it joins the wall paper with the picture moulding.

HAND BATHS.

For a hand bath—a bath given to the body by the use of the hands only, or by a sponge or cloth-plac handful of sea salt in a basin as ordinarily filled for washing. Allow the salt to dissolve, or hasten th action by stirring it with the hand. The water should be as cold as you have vitality to withstand. Use no soap. Bathe the entire body. Do not neglect the face and neck in the free use of the salt water.

This bath has an exhilarating influ ence, tones the entire system. and gives to the skin a healthful condi tion which amply repays the time and trouble involved. It will be an excellent preventive of colds, beside being a substitute for face cosmetics No chapping, no roughness of the skin, and no clogging of the pores will trouble the person who system atically takes a bath of this sort.

Ordinary table salt or rock sal will do, but will not do so well. The sea salt contains medicinal qualities not found in others. Whether one exercises or not, the body should receive a daily hand bath of cold or cool water, especially in the summer either upon rising or before retiring, or both.—Dr. E. B. Warman.

RECIPES.

Baked Apple Pudding-Pare and core enough apples of uniform to crowd closely together in a well baking dish, and fill the centres with a fruit mixture. To a syrup made of a cup of sugar one third a cup of water, add half a cup of blanched almonds and seede raisins, chopped. Boil down until quite thick, then fill into the cavities. Place a fourth of a cup of butter and half a cup of milk in saucepan over the fire, and, when boiling, add half a cup of flour Stir vigorously until the mixture falls from the side of the saucepan. Cream together a fourth of a cup of butter and half a cup of sugar. Then add, in succession, the unbeaten yolks of three eggs. Pour this mixture over the apples, and bake one

with "butter foam" made together half a cup of butter and a cup of sugar until they are white and creamy. Add two spoonsful of cream and flavor with vanilla. Let chill on ice before serving on the pudding. Virginia Plum Pudding.-The

owing is a good recipe for Old Virginia plum pudding: Ten eggs, three quarters of a pound of beef s and a quarter pound of raisins, one pound of dried currants or cherries, one pint of milk, one pound of flour and a quarter of a pound of citron cut in thin slices. Mix the flour and suet together and rub the fruit also in a little flour. Beat the eggs very light, leaving out the white of five, and add all the ingredients together If thicker than cup cake batter, add a little more milk. Then add teaspoonful of ground ginger, one of powdered cinnamon, one of powdered cloves, two nutmegs, the grated rind of a lemon, one wineglassful of wine one of brandy, a little powdered made and one pint of breadcrumbs. Scald your pudding bag thoroughly, well inside with flour, leave plenty of room inside for the pudding to swell and stop the opening with dough. Let the water be boiling and boil steadily for four hours. When ready to serve pour brandy over the whol and send to the table ablaze.

Cranberry Jelly-Wash a quart cranberries, drain them and them into a double boiler while they are still wet. Cover closely and cool until the berries are broken to pieces Turn into a jelly bag and as soon as the fruit is cool enough to touch squeeze hard to extract all the juic To a pint of juice add two cups of granulated sugar. Return to fire, boil up just once, then into a mold wet with cold water.

Plum Pudding Sauce.-A sauc without brandy is made as follows One tablespoonful of corn starch one tablespoonful of butter, one pin of boiling water, one egg, one half-Put cornstarch, egg cup of sugar. and sugar in a bowl and mix them well. Pour over them the boiling water, and stir over the fire until thick. Add any flavoring.

Cream of Celery Soup.-Wash 12 stalks of celery in small pieces. Put over the fire three cups of water and as soon as it boils add the celery with a blade of mace and half onion, and let it boil for half ar hour. Then put through a puree sieve and add a pint ol milk, salt and white pepper and a thickening made by stirring a tablespoonful of flour with a generous tablespoonfu of melted butter. Let the mixture boil up once, add a cup of cream and serve with croutons.

Apple Cream .- Boil twelve tart ap ples until tender, remove the skins and pass the pulp through a sieve Add a cup of sugar, beat well, and fold into the pulp the well-heaten whites of two eggs. Beat until white and foamy, and heap in a glass dish Carnish with candied cherries and strips of angelica, and serve cold

the could see his face or that would speak; but what seemed leassed and still he did not mo ories in which Bently was It seemed but yes that they had met as children, and yet since then there had been school days, college life and then those years of social pleasure. She had coquetted and flirted with others, but never with him. There was a whole some, matter-of-fact trust in their celations, which prevented affectations, quarrels or little jealousies. Elinor had never before paused to think how much he was to her, and somehow in the quiet night, with his young manliness before her in reality, as well as in memory's chains, she began to realize how deeply a part of her life he had grown to be. And with this came the half formed thought that the new element in h affection was one of deeper root and

ner womanhood would spring, "Is it friendship you are giving She closed her eyes in utter him ?" disgust of the man's impertinence but the question kept repeating itself to her in numberless tones and inlections from somewhere in her own heart, till a thrill of something that was not joy, or pain, or surprise, or fear, but just a little of each, passe her, and with a gasp she came back to present needs.

older growth than any other fibre

of her nature, the germ from which

Half unconsciously she rose slowly and stood looking out into the trees The music and hum of voices came to them fitfully, now dying altogether, now nearer and louder then before; it came to them like an incoming tide but like the ocean waves it could not pass the unseer boundary of their solitary land, but ebbed and left them still more alone

Elinor's fan rattled to the floor, and as Bently stooped to pick it up the spell was broken. "I am afraid you will take cold,"

he said, and an ominous but momen tary fear flashed across his mind that was only a dream and the this awakening was imminent. His voice had a new ring in its question to girl whose fresh young beauty the was clear to him against the blackness of the trees.

"I do not feel it." she answered "Have we both been dreaming, Bently ?"

"I wish there might be nothing but this dream for ever and ever," he replied earnestly. "What a wonder ful Juliet you would be standing as you are in the noonlight! I would play proud Montague's son."

They both laughed softly, Elinor drew her scarf closer to hide the thrill his words created.

"You are cold." He was gone and in a moment returned with fluffy white shawl which he three around her. There was a strong temptation to gather her into arms then and there and tell that there was more for them in life than they had ever hoped for. resisted, though, and resting on the stone coping forgot the night's exquisite radiance in its reflection on her sweet face.

"Was there ever such a night? he asked.

She looked at him and moved her head once, twice, slowly and dreamily.

"We have never said so few words" he murmured. Again she moved her "And we have never been so near

to one another, Elinor, Have we?' This time she did not reply. head fell a little and her face was in the shadow.

"There is a great deal I could say to you to-night. Would you listen his tone was unmistakable. Her head was lower and he could see the quicker rise and fall of her breast. a moment they were so, Then she raised her fair, girlish face.

"I think there is nothing you can tell me that I do not already know, Bently." Her voice was rich with a new warmth, and low with a trust ing bashfuln

How long they stood there or wha vords were spoken they never knew, but the echo of that hour was to last for ever and ever through this life and into the life beyond.

The last thought she had norning was his parting promise 'I will be over to-night to see you and the day will be long till then We will live it all over again, Eli

Early that afternoon the city wa intensely excited over the news Charles Fletcher's failure. Everyth else paled in interest. The affair a Clarence Blondel's was for gotten, even by the polished, suav brokers who had smile clandly on the handsome son while in their hearts they almost knew the hour at which his young career of

est end and more lucrative emcomment be sought. Within twenty-loyment be sought. Within twenty-new hours of the catastrophe a hun-led men knew it was coming, but or a long time before only the untunate man himself and a an to stave it off.

The night which was to have held

o much to two people was a dismal, eartbreaking time of too sudden with the world's strange collision forces, to the man whose father had at one stroke lost his fortune and his reason, and lay then between life and death. Bently sat alone through the night with his head buried on his crossed arms, in the deserted office where but that morning men had spoken with "Fletcher the millionaire." It was a much It was a mute, blank despair and disappointment The dream of last night was truly faded. Elinor cried herself to sleep and woke heavy-eyed and silent.

Once he came to see her, and mistook her silence for indifference, when all the time her heart was too ; to speak as friends would; and she did not feel free to voice her true sympathies. As Mr. Fletcher covered he and his son left London, and so seemed to fade out of Elinor's life. Her few letters first answered with a plea to forget, her others returned unopened. Months passed, long, dull months that sapped the light-hearted gaiety from her nature and wove about her the first strong threads of womanhood.

It was Mr. Harcourt's wish that his daughter should lead in society, as it was his opinion that she of all girls was best fitted to do. It was no surprise to him that she was a favorite, his heart was centered on her, and no doubt he thought everyone else's should be also. He wanted his house gay and bright and always full of guests. Elinor especially for the last year was not favorable, but she tried to enter into his suggestion for a Leap Year dance, when Clara Bulmer was visiting them.

To her father she appeared really interested, and eager for the night; but in her heart only one item concerned her much. She had sent an invitation to Bently Fletcher. Would he come? She knew he had vanished from his old circle with his father's bankruptcy: she also knew that twice when business had called him to town he had gone to stag'suppers given in his honor. But she felt he would not come to her dance, and what could she do without him? There never had been anything at Harcourt House in which he had not been her mainstay, and that fact he knew. He had accepted conditionally-if he could; though that did not reassure her in the least. Even up to ten o'clock she kept repeating to herself that he would come, and her eyes were almost rivited on the doors, while her reason and experience with him told her he would not come.

When all her guests had arrived and she saw he had disappointed, a little hardness crept into her heart. She felt he should have made some sacrifice to reach her when he knew so well she was depending on him. Instead of giving way to her impulse, she threw herself more into the spirit of the night and her eyes brightened and her laugh was merrier, and she inspired her guests with a careless enjoyment she did not herself feel at all. Ladies were to enjoy their unusual privileges till midnight, when the gentlemen would once more take up their lawful rights There was much laughter and pretty awkwardness on the ladies' parts as they passed to and fro finding partners or carried lemonade to Elinor amused herself, and no doubt ners; for whether her duty as hostess was before her, or whether it was caprice, she led out the most boring and clumsy men present and smiled her sweetest all the while

She was standing near the door chaffing Rob Atkin on his fear of the overhanging green when she saw Bently in the hall. Like a flash she was off to the farthest end of the long room, with a half resolve that could find her if he wish; really because she was too overjoyed to trust to an immediate meeting. In a few minutes he had made his

late, Elinor, but it was impossible to come sooner. Let me congratulate you on your evident success as hostess to night." Elinor brighten-Elinor brighten ed with her old smile; he remember ed that he was needed.

She made a pretty curtsey, and they

THE LEAP YEAR PRIVILEGE,

(Written for the TRUE WITNESS.

Because it was given by Mrs. Clarence Blondel, and because it was really the opening of the gay London was immensely elaborate and exclusive, and entered into everyone in true social spirit. The was built with the one intention of accommodating guests; the hostess devoted all her untiring energies towards entertaining, and ability and charm in that capacity society met at Mrs. Clarence Blonof thorough enjoyment.

There were belles of every age an and the gowns were of wildering richness and loveliness. Bu it was early evident that the mosular and prettiest girl in the room was Elinor Harcourt, though many others were more striking in appea ance, of more regular beauty and far more gorgeously dressed. or had a sweet face, an irresi

silk of that baby blue shade which

wistful, thoughtful touch to her na- her thoughts were still with him, and turally careless and light-hearted expression was due to Bently Fletcher. ing for him everywhere.

Bently and Elinor had been friends fron childhood; and in the circle in which they moved it was customary to conclude that if Elinor did so an so, went here or there, drove a new horse, or sang a new song, Bently were unsurpassable. Therefore when , did also, and vice versa. There has never been a shade of sentiment in del's, it had an aforesaid assurance their relations, however, and society discussed their individual pro in the matrimonial line without any connection of their names.

Elinor had never thought about of her room him other than as a sort of brother; a handy fellow who was always wel come and always needed, but to-nigh she found herself thinking of him all the time. His customary first dance was the only silent one of the night and she had not seen him since; but she was glad when she name next on the programme and love dancing and nonsensite.

In the programme and love dancing and nonsensite. is proverbially popular with men. She for two dances. She felt she had was unusually pretty that night; but been talking a great deal of sheer

no one could have divined that the nonsense all evening simply because half covered in vines at the far wing her eyes were unconsciously search-

Jack Thurlow led her into one of the curtained alcoves, and in a few minutes she was listening to his old tale of love with less resistance than usual, as her mind was elsewhere Would Bently never come? How sh longed to leave this noisy throng and rest and think alone. It was all so trivial, so far from her, this brilliant sea of faces in which she and Bently were lost to one another. She wondered if she might not soon go ome and think it out in the quiet

She was aroused by Bently's "Let us not dance; this whirl of life wearies me to-night; I think it wearied you, too, Elinor, from the look

"It did, Bently, very much. is it not strange that we should both tire of it together, when we usually of the house "Jack has been pleading his

suit again; and he angered me so I half felt like leaving him." "What a conceited fool he is,"

Bently ejaculated in an undertone, a he pushed open the swinging door. Elinor stepped out, and as the door closed they left behind them a hot, perfumed world of artificial life, and entered one of fresh, sweet stillne stirred only with the pulse of nature

Though it was late in September the air was still quite warm enough to be pleasant. Above the grea trees a crescent moon shone brightly intensifying their blackness and th shadows beneath. There was a faint odor from the garden below, and gentle rustle of leaf and vine; but hat was most apparent was quiet and restfulne

Bently leaned on the stone copin His profile was clear-cut against th trees, but his face was hidden in the shade. Elinor in a chair be the vines could see the white h

way up to her. As she turned from Bert Roberts he was beside her. "I must apologize for being

"I hardly expected you, Bently, dance for you. This is Leap Year, you know. May I have this waltz?"

war Aunt Becky : I am a little boy of ten a

Becky, I wish you a happy From your little friend,

some of the th

lor. We have one every Chi I am sleepy now, good-bye. Your little friend. T T T

Dear Aunt Becky :

letters very much. We have time skating and sliding on

Your affectionate friend

ADELINE'S NEW-OLD DO

that pleasure wa

The house to which Mr. Roy his family was very old, and ore lucrative em-Within twentytastrophe a hun as coming, but ore only the unolf and a and tried

R 29, 1904.

ras to have held ole was a cramal, of too sudden world's strange whose father had nis fortune and then between life sat alone with his head d arms, in the but that mornwith "Fletcher t was a mute, disappointment.

night was truly herself to sleep and silent her, and mis-ndifference, when rt was too would; and she voice her true . Fletcher on left London de out of Eliletters a plea to forurned unopened. dull months t-hearted gaiety wove about her eads of womant's wish that his

in society, as hat she of to do. It was that she was a as centered on thought everyalso. He wanted ight and always or especially for t favorable, but nto his sugges r dance, when isiting them. appeared really

for the night: one item cone had sent an Fletcher. Would he had vanish-le with his fashe also knew ness had called one to stag'sup or. But she ne to her dance, o without him? anything at hich he had not nd that fact he ted conditionalh that did not ast. Even up ept repeating uld come, and rivited on the

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ent and smiled ear the door n his fear of when she saw ike a flash she st end of If resolve that he wish; but too overjoyed had made his he turned from beside her. for being so was impossible me congratulinor brightenhe remember

you, Bently, is Leap Year, we this waltz?" rtsey, and they Page 3.)

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY AUNT BECKY,

Dear Boys and Girls :

Pear Boys and Girls.

I know you are all feeling happy. Santa Claus has been to see you and has given you a proof of his love. He only visits, we are told, the good boys and girls, in which case no reader of this page, I am has been forgotten. It would be so nice to tell us all about the ovely gifts you received, and the jolly times you had during the Christolidays. But, remember, mail your letters so that they may reach ms homeas.

I know some have been disappointed at not me by Saturday the meek they wrote it. That is because we did not receive it until Monday or Tuesday, which is too late. Now, dear children, I wish you may all enjoy a year brimful of health, pleasure and every blessing your little hearts may desire.

Dear Aunt Becky : I am a little boy of ten and I like really began to look homelike. to read the letters on the children's We have a long piece to go. here are four of us going to school. My little brother James wrote a letter, and I thought I would write ne too. My papa is a blacksmith, and I am going to learn it when I get old enough. My papa worked our years in Montreal, where the paper comes from. We like the pafine. We would not part with it to come, and I expect he will bring me some nice presents. I guess he will be able to come, for the river is frozen and he can come with his sleigh if he don't get frightened coming at the little houses on the ice, in it! where they are fishing for smelts. It is quite a business down here in the winter time. So good-bye, Aunt Becky, I wish you a happy Xmas. From your little friend,

LEO M. P.E.I. .e. iki iki

Dear Aunt Becky :

I am eight years old. I thought was old enough to write this letter My brother wrote one last week Santa Claus is soon coming and I hope he will bring me lots of nice things. One of my brothers wrote a letter to Santa to tell him what we all wanted. I think I will tell you some of the things I asked for. A doll and carriage and other things. My little sister says she wants a blue dolly. I have only one sister. She is three years old. I have four brothers. The younges six. He wants lots of things. I will write after Christmas and tell you what we all got. I go to school every day. I like it well. We are to have a Christmas tree in our parlor. We have one every Christmas I am sleepy now, good-bye.

Your little friend.

MAMIE. * * *

Dear Aunt Becky : I thought I would try and write a few lines as this is my first letter to the corner. I enjoy reading the

letters very much. We have a great time skating and sliding on the hills these lovely nights. I am in the third book and like going to school very much, but I do not go to school Very steady, as we have a long way to go. I live on a farm and I like doing chores very much. I am anxious waiting for Christmas and I suppose there are a great many more boys and girls as anxious as I am when Santa dear will make his visits around. We are going have a Christmas tree in our school but I don't think I will be able to go. I think this is all for this time. Hoping to see my letter in print, I

Dewittville.

ADELINE'S NEW-OLD DOLL. Adeline's father was poor, so poor that he could not buy his little girl a doll. This was the grief of Adeline's days. Her friend Edna owned a pretty doll named Lillian Alice, and how Adeline did long for on Still, having Edna's doll sometimes to hold for a long five minutes was better than nothing, and when that pleasure was taken from her, Adeline shed many tears.

Adeline's father and mother moved away from the bare little city city home into the wide country, where the father was going to work on farm, and Edna and her beautiful doll would be seen no more. The house to which Mr. Royce took

his family was very old, and for I'm a precious! years nobody lived there except the squirrels, the mice and the birds. It the farmer hi

Your loving friend. AUNT BECKY. Royce scoured and scrubbed until it

Adeline could not do much age. I go to school every day that help, so wandered through the big, to fit, but the snow will soon stop empty rooms, and finally climbed the narrow garret stairs. She was half afraid of the dusty place, where cobwebs spread over the small window like curtains, and the dust lay thick upon everything. She peered around, however, to see if she could find any thing interesting, and was surprised at the many things piled about. There were old chairs, tables boxes, and a queer, big chest of drawfor anything. Xmas is coming handy ers. Then she came upon someand I am waiting for Santa Claus thing which made her cry out in de light-it was a small rocking chair that must have belonged to a child no larger than she. It seemed to be whole and strong. Oh, if only now she had a doll to rock to sleep

> She dragged it across the dusty floor till she reached the great bureau. Those brass knobbed drawers invited her. She tugged at one till it opened. It was full of all sorts of things. She turned over rags, and books and papers and boxes, peering into the deep recesses to see if there was anything she wanted Then, suddenly, as her hand parted a pile of rags, she saw-oh, how could it be ?-yes, it truly was-a

Adeline clutched the treasure with fast-beating heart, and leaving the little chair she flew down stairs to find mother.

"A doll !" she gasped, holding it up before her mother's astonished face, "I found it in the garret."

It was not a very beautiful dolly; it was old-fashioned and worn; it had lost one of its kid fingers, and another was hanging by a thread; its dress was shabby. What did Adeline care for these things? At last she had a doll to pet, to cuddle, to dress and undress, to rock to sleep.

In a few minutes the little rocking chair had been brought down and made clean, Lillian Alice's china face had been washed-for of course it was named Lillian Alice—and Adeline was sitting out on the shady porch, with the new-old baby in her arms, the very happiest little girl in the whole town.

+ + +

A HAPPY BOY. About the best satisfied Sundayschool boy in the world at present is probably Master Rodolfo Funari, of Rome. He is the victor in a prize competition, the subject-matter of which was the recital, by heart, of Bellarmine's Catechism. Formerly the victor in the contest dined with the aCardinal Vicar of Rome, who afterward presented him to the Pope; and the Holy Father gave him present and his blessing. In Pius IX.'s time sovereign honors were accorded to the boy by the Swiss Guard, but Leo XIII. did away with that custom. Pius X., however, has revived it with all its former liancy. And so young Funari has had what his small American Catholic brother would be apt to call "the time of his life."

BABY'S CLOCK. Nobody finks I can tell the time of day, but I can. The first hour is five o'clock in the morning. That's the time the birds begin to peep. I lie still, and hear them sing-

'Tweet, tweet, tweet,

Chee, chee, chee.' ... But mamma is fast asleep. Nobody awake in all the world but just me

and the hirde Bimeby the sun gets up, and it's six o'clock in the morning. Then mamma opens one eye, and I can hear her say—"Where's my baby?" N'en all at once I go "Boo!" and

she laughs and hugs me, and says Mamma's nice, and I love her, 'cept

when she washes my face too hard booked dark, dirty and desolate; but he farmer had offered it to them sent free, and them.

erflies, and squirrels, and swing, tigate the lot of the schoolboy by icture-book, and sometimes I cry—jus' a little bit.
Twelve o'clock! That's a bu'ful

hour. The clock strikes a lot of times, and the big whistle goes, and the bell rings, and papa comes home, and dinner's ready.

The one and two hours are lost. Mamma alwayscarries me off to take a nap. I don't like naps. They waste When we wake up the clock strikes three. N'en I have on my pink dress, and we go walking riding. And so the three and four and five hours are gone.

At six o'clock Bossy comes home, and I have my drink of warm milk, N'en I put on my white gown, and kiss everybody "Good-night," say "Now I lay me," and get into bed. Mamma says, "Now the sun and the butterflies, and my little baby are all gone to bed, and to So I shut my eyes tight, and next you know it's morning. An' that's all the time there

HOW PUSSY WAS SAVED A WHIP-PING.

Dear pussy, I love you, an' I's your true friend,

'Cause I saved a whippin' to-day When cook missed her custard, and everyone said

It was Puss that stealed it away. You know you are naughty sometimes, pussy dear,

So in course you get blamed, an' all that ! An' cook took a stick, and she 'clar-

ed she would beat The thief out of that mizzable cat But I didn't feel comfor'ble down in

my heart, So I saved you a whippin', you see, Cause the custard was stealed by a bad little girl,

Who felt dreffely sorry with shame! An' it wouldn't be fair to whip pussy, in course,

When that bad little girl was to blame ! 'Was it my little girlie?" my dear mamma said.

I felt dreffely scared, but I nodded my head. An' then mamma laughed, "Go find

nurse, for I guess There's some custard to wash off a little girl's dress."

When, then, 'course they knew it was I, an' not you, Who stealed the custard an' then

ran away. But it's best to be true in the things that we do,

An'-that's how I saved you a spankin' to-day. * * *

A MAGNANIMOUS VICTOR.

A pretty little story of a spelling class in China is told by the Golden Rule. The youngest of the children had.

by hard study, contrived to keep his place so long that he seemed claim it by right of possession Growing too self-confident, however, he relaxed his efforts, and one day missed a word, which was immediate ly spelled by the boy standing next to him.

The face of the victor expressed the triumph he felt, yet he made no move toward taking the place, and when urged to do so firmly refused, saying:

"No, me not go; me not make Ah Fun's heart solly.25

That was even better than the apology by Whittier's little friend, who was sorry she spelled the word, and hated to go above him-but went.

* * *

DICKENS AND CHILDREN. With Dickens, the archcreator of dream children, it is again, as with Wordsworth, always the lonely child, heart go out to the little beings his for the fears and bewilderments and hardships of their dependent little lives, so at the mercy of grim elders, and the sport of all manner of heartless bullying forces ! Poor David Copperfield and that dreadful new father-in-law of his with the black whiskers-how one's blood runs cold for him as Mr. Murdstone takes him into a room and sternly expounds to him, in ogreish words, the iron discipline to be expected for breaches of the law in that sepulchral house hold! Children are not beaten now adays, I am told. If not, the change is largely due to Dickens, who has certainly done much to mitigate the former severe lot of the child-in a regime where the father was little more to his children than the stern policeman and executioner of home, the dread Rhadamanthus in the best ment free, and they went to work to bell goes jingle, jingle, and we have make it as tidy and pleasant as breakfast.

Dossible. Mr. Royce patched up the All the eight, an' nine, an' ten, an' and certain doom.

How much has Dickens done to mi- to his wife and children." parlor, who must on no account be disturbed by childish laughter, and to offend whom was to invite swift

his savage satire of Dotheboy's Hall, and the lot of all poor boys whatso ever by the pleading of Oliver Twist! There are few strokes in literature so trenchant in their tragic laughter so irresistibly comic in their shattering criticism of human nature, that scene which has passed into the proverbs of the world-the scene, of course, where poor starved Oliver asks for more. The astonishment or the face of the cook is positively Olympian in its humor. A charity boy asks for more! Why, the very walls of the institution rocked, and the earth quaked at such a request, and the rumor of it passed thunder from room to room, till even the Board of Directors, then in session, must have heard it. Great

A GREAT CATHOLIC ARTIST.

heavens ! "Oliver Twist has asked

for more."-Success.

Millet, the famous French painter, was born of peasant folk, from whom he had the habit of simple living and a powerful physique. From them, too, writes the author "Jean Francois Millet and the Barbizon School," he obtained his great tenderness toward the people whom he was destined to delineate so powerfully.

By working with his folk upon the farm he had not only the opportunity of incessantly watching the appearance of figures of different sorts of toil, but he obtained as well an actual knowledge of the farm laborer's crafts. He learned how to plow and how to sow: he learned an about the peculiar nature of all kinds of crops and every kind of domestic animal, and he became acquainted with the discomfort, with the agony that arises from continuous bodily exertion, with all that a farm laborer suffers from exposure to the scorching sun and biting wind or frost.

Millet was happy in his instruct ors. His great uncle, Charles Millet. a priest, divided his time between laboring upon the farm and giving instruction to his little nephews and nieces. At all times this priest impressed upon his grand-nephew the necessity of being industrious. upright and courageous and from him proceeded the impulse of that education that sent Millet more suitably equipped for the task that lay before him than many another artist whose name has been written large in his-

It is said that Virgil's words, "It is the hour when the great shadows descend upon the plain," first revealed to the boy the beauty of his own surroundings, and first lighted that fire which was to be productive of some of the finest paintings of evening scenes that the world is ever likely to possess.

As to his Bible and Virgil, he read and re-read them, and always in Latin. And Sensier says, "I have never heard a more eloquent translater of these two books." Instead of being an illiterate person, indeed, when he went to Paris, Millet, "The Wild Man of the Woods," as he was called by Delaroche's pupils, among whom he found himself, was already a cultivated man. His education had been far better than if he had been an ordinary member of a bourgeois or even of a noble family. Its great characteristics were its thoroughness, its simplicity and its refinement-the very characteristics that make his own works lovable

IRELAND'S CONVENT SCHOOLS.

and with what a love did his great ing of the foundation stone of a your house with such a distaste for new convent for the Marist Sisters imagination has made immortal! at Tubbercurry, County Sligo, Ire-What an almost divine pity he has land, recently, Bishop Clancy said that within the last twelve months critics had been imported from another country to visit the convent schools of Ireland, with the object of giving the Government an exact statement of their educational status. According to the report of those critics the convent schools were vast ly superior to any other schools in the country, and in some departments of their work, to even the best schools in England.

> "It is beneath the dignity of 's man," says the Prodidence Visitor, "to abuse any created thing; and to inflict pain needlessly upon dumb animals is not merely an abuse of created things, but makes also for the choking out of all the fine emo-tions by which man is essentially the noblest being in the visible uni-

*********** The Leap Year Privilege. I

(Written for the True Witness.)

 (Continued from Page 2.)

ed as he read her previous partner's

"With pleasure. It is a long time since we danced together, is it not?" The little hint of regret in his tone and face was reflected in hers, as she replied.

"It need not have been so long, need it ?" He did not answer her, and presently they were gliding in and out among the dancers, all unconscious of the many glances surprise cast at Bently.

It was the last Leap Year dance, and as Bently seemed inclined to talk she led the way to a nttre room off the hall, and threw herself into a chair at a small table in the centre of the room. Bently drew one up and sat opposite her. They talked of the evening, the new books, some alterations in the house and a few more equally unimportant matters. Then conversation seemed suddenly forgotten for a few moments, till Bently raised a serious face to her and asked.

"Did you really think I would not to-night, Elinor ?" She hasitated, hardly knowing whether she

had or not. "I thought you ought to have com even at a little personal inconvenience," she answered slowly and passing whim. I have loads to frankly, and then impulsively added, "to tell you the real truth, I could not quite understand the way you have acted towards father and me, and I half expected that you would practically decline by not coming, despite the note you sent me." His gaze never faltered in its carnest

"I did inconvenience myself. I was working in the Bradfort office at seven, caught the seven-thirty with a run, was delayed on hour in Lindley, dressed, etc., arrived at Harcourt House at eleven. I must be at my desk for seven to-morrow, though it will be New Year, so 1 have to catch the two-thirty express to return. You misjudged me, Elinor, a little."

"I am sorry I told you," she said, already repentent of her impulsive admission. "But I kept a dance for you, which ought to show I was not altogether hopeless. It is like old times to be with you again. Do you know that we have had no dancing since the whist party we got up together. Somehow I could never attempt anything without you. Father so set his heart on to-night that I could not refuse and Aunt Margaret looked after everything for ne. I am not as fond of dancing as used to be," she said, tapping the floor with her slippered foot in time

with the music beyond. "I had my last dance with you a Blondel's." Two fine lines cut his forehead for a second, and just the breath of a sigh escaped him. little thought then of what I should face next day." Elinor looked up, and for an instant their eves me in mutual understanding.

"Why did you show so much indifference the night I came to tell you of our misfortune? I thought then

that you had never cared." "Oh ! Bently, I was not indifferent, How can you ask me! My heart was so full that I felt words were iseless " she answered

"I tried to impress on you that we had better forget each other, and you only asked me to come soon again or some such thing. The other Preaching on the occasion of the lay- troubles were nothing to that I left I did not know all you had to tell life, that I prayed to die."

Elinor dashed a hot lear from her

cheek. "How you misjudged me. I have often wondered since what you did say that day. I heard nothing you said. I could only watch your face and wish that I might trust myself to tell you how sorry I was, but that nothing could matter tween us anyhow. And you thought I did not care for you since you were no longer rich. Oh! Bently how could you? That was why you would not come to see me, and returned my letters."

"You really cared. Elinor, all the time what happened to me?" ed eagerly, "cared as you did that night, or only as you had before?" She bent her head for a moment in mute pain.

"I cared more than I could tell you and I cared for nothing since. What were all those years and years of friendship, what were all our confidences, what was that last night verse. If a man is cruel to his if you could not trust me more?" then?

horse he is likely to be cruel also Her tone was reproachful, but very Hungry Horace.—Nothin' but de



"It was my wish that we should forget, before I thought you had ceased to care for me. After that I had no desire for anything. I have lived a year with only one glimpse of your face, and oh ! Elinor, I miss ed you sorely. It is a horrid dream to me. Beside it the other trials are nothing." The very clasp of his hand was painful to her. The pent up misery of those months was written on his features.

Elinor did not reply, but gradually the color crept back to her cheeks and the strain seemed less.

"It has been an awful year you and to me," she said at last. Half consciously Bently drew out his

"It wants but seven minutes of its close," he remarked. "I am glad that we will see it die together. Elinor's face lit up with a sudden

resolve; and she caught his hand in "Bently, is it awful to be living on such a salary," she asked breathless-

"No," he laughed, with a quick rejolly, in fact, especially since father is earning and I have all mine to myself. It is much more interesting to be spending a limited amount than to simply fill a check for every spend according to my present economy."

"Could you keep a house on it, and, well, with just a little more?" With a little more I would live in luxury. Yes, I suppose it could be done." She was leaning across the table, her eyes filled with her

earnest purpose. "Could-oh! Bently, do you think could keep a house with that much money and-well, with just a little more ?"

"You, Elinor," he exclaimed in surprise.

"Oh, won't you understand me, Bently. I said once before that there was nothing you could tell me I did not already know. I knew then that you loved me, and I know you did not want to see me in these months because I was rich and you-you thought you were poor, and you vowed you would never ask me to marry you till you could give me what I was always used to. I never cared for your money, or your social position, you know that. Am I not telling you the truth ?"

He nodded his head for answer. "Well, I want to profit by the Leap Year privilege before it is too late. Won't you marry me, though I am rich, Bently ?" To the man who sat before her it was the sweetest, brightest, coyest, trustiest face in all this great round world. He caught it in his two trembling hands and printed a kiss on the rosebud Though the mistletoe had not lips. been over her, I think it would have happened just the same, for mistletoe blooms only once in the year, and love is a never dying, never fading light wherever men and maids are

"You brave little woman, if you want me, there is nothing else I ask in life." he cried, rising and drawing her to him in his arms. "Elinor. dear, dear girl, I had almost thought that this could never be. I not think you knew my heart so

"Perhaps," she said, her eyes misty with tears of joy, and a mischievous tone in her voice, "perhaps me that night, and I would like to be sure."

"I will tell you it all and win you again in the New Year," said, and proved what I have already expressed as my belief, for the mistletoe was several feet away, the rosebud lips were just as near. Cling, clang, ding, dong, clang, clang. A merry ringing of bells great and small, broke in on the quiet. How they tinkled and boomed and thrilled, the silvery bells Elinor had hung in every nook and cor-ner, and the great iron bells that rolled out on the air from each church and tower of London. The old year had vanished, and the

new was here.
"Tell me now, Bently, away," Elinor whispered. And

Hungry Horace-Kind lady, can ye gimme somepin ter eat? I ain't ate othin' sence day before yesterday. Kind Lady-And what did you eat

arket report in an old paper.

The Crue Mitness

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1904

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

Entering upon the closing year of the first half decade of the 20th century, where are we to find realization of many hopes so lately and confidently entertained? The leaders of science in its various branches will not fail to point out the milestones of its progress. Without their aid, perhaps, we may be disposed to es timate the actual gain as inconsider able, but this must be taken beside the magnitude of the task to which human effort has set itself. After all it is hope that makes the world go well, and the dawn of a new year is the most appropriate time for hopefulness and restored resolution Each of us individually may profitably adapt himself to this frame of mind. No other is worthy of manhood. Though doubt and difficulty be the common lot, we face the future with the greatest advantage when the lamp of hope shines upon the way. Material rewards are elusive and , disappointing alike to them. But every man can preserve and increase his store of religion and virtue which constitute the reality of

We may feel thankful that in this Canada of ours all enjoy the blessings of freedom before God and country, so that every citizen can rejoice in the prosperity of the nation. May the new years as they roll onward find us always happy and united.

DEMOCRACY ASTIR.

The religious persecutions in France promise to arouse the democracy of that land to the truth that Its very life depends upon the Catholic traditions of the Dation Signs of a genuine awakening were not lacking at the recent re-opening of the Catholic Institute in Paris, though Cardinal Richard, owing to ill health and advanced years-he is 86-was absent, and Cardinal Langenieux was still detained in Rome, also by illness. Mgr. Fulbert Pe tit, Archbishop of Besancon, presided, and the opening address was delivered by Mgr. Touchet, Bishop of Orleans. The wise and brave words of this Bishop reflect the sentimen that has begun to permeate the entire Catholic body. He reminded his hearers that the priests in Germany became stronger under the leadership of Dr. Windhorst after the Kulturkampf. It was, he said, when they realized that they were treated with disdain, that they disciplined their forces and faced the situation. The clergy of France should boldly meet the Combes Kulturkampf; and perhaps, he said, there would arise out of the ranks of the students before some O'Connell, or Windthorst, who would withstand the persecutions of the State and prepare the people for a programme of social legislation. This, the Bishop added, would mean a programme for providing the people with abundant bread and cheap clothes. Religion must in the modern state concern itself with the social condition and the bread of the people. The Catholic

VISAGE OF FAMINE.

Writing a few days before Christnas from Clifden, in the County of Galway, a commissioner of the Free man's Journal, Dublin, confirms the larkest forebodings of the famine visi-

pearing over considerable parts of Connaught. No doubt about it. The awful visitation is at hand. It is in the air, it is talked of at street corners. The shadow of impending calamity is visible on every coun tenance. It pervades the fairs the markets, and has penetrated into the homes of the poor, and is paralyzing the mental and physical energies of the people. How far this state of things may go or how long it may last remains to be seen.

"I visited Connemara for the pur ose of collecting information, and I egret to say the outlook is black in the extreme. In Clifden Union the people are in despair."

A PARIS MYSTERY. Tragedy has quickly developed out of the sensational exposures of spying in the French army started in the Chamber by M. Syveton. The young deputy has come by a mysterious death, which his friends call a murder and his enemies suicide. His name was entirely unknown outside France before he slapped the face of General Andre, Minister of War, the tool of the Freemasons and the official agent of their organization. We know what followed. Andre was compelled to resign-compelled by M. Combes directly, though the Pre mier has since undertaken Andre's roll of defending the whole system of informing and protecting it by the authority of the government. It has been said that Andre was invited to commit official suicide, and there is more than a suspicion that M. Syveton had to be removed under appearances which might indicate suicide. His example, however, has given courage to better known men, like M. Ribot and M. Millerand, who are prosecuting his charges undeterred by his fate. If his death was the crime of assassins, no conspiracy can shield the guilty.

Surveying parties of the Grand Trunk Pacific line are to be sent out at once on the Nepigon branch.

One of the severest blizzards years raged on Tuesday from the great lakes to the Rocky Mountains. Over six inches of snow fell.

On Tuesday a resolution was pass ed in the City Council to ask Federal Government to have whiskey presently sold in the city

All the Catholic Archbishops and Bishops of Canada have sent a collective letter to Cardinal Richard expressing their sympathy with the

HER CHRISTMAS PRAYER.

Mary Mother, be good to him; Be kind to him that day-Twill be the only Christmas time That he has been away.

I promised him a world of toys If he would only stay-Sure, Heaven's full of little boys That sing and laugh and play. But you would know the smile

Among a thousand more, His smile will make all else seem dim When you call him "Asthore."

you will know him by his ever That are so sweet and blue, And deep and clear and very wise, They read the heart of you.

His hair is golden as the sun His curls they are so quaint They mind you of the halo on An angel or a saint

promised him a splendid tree With candles all aglow Oh, Mary Mother, you can see Twas me that loved him so ! And surely, surely, you will see My boy so sweet and slim. His eyes are hungering for me

Mary Mother, he good to him; Be kind to him that day— "Twill be the only Christmas ti That he has been away.

DEVOLUTE READING CIRCLE

The last meeting of the D'Youville Reading Circle, before the Christmas holidays, took place on the ever of the 20th and was very largely at

most important events during year just drawing to a close prevailing desire for peace and umber of peace conferences held tinuance of hostilities. Many famous leges of the past were recalled. to which this latest and most wonder ful of all, the siege of Port Arthur, was compared. Mention was made of the admirable courage displayed by the soldiers on both sides in this atter contest. The book review included further

Abbe Klein, entitled "In the Land of the Strenuous Life," a book written after deep and careful study America, its institutions and A recent work from pen of the great Canadian writer, Sir Gilbert Parker, also came in for special attention. A few comments on this book were made by Miss Gertrude Kehoe, who expressed the opi-nion that "A Ladder of Swords" would prove disappointing to those who had come to know Gilbert Parker through his thrillingly vivid stories of "The Right of Way" 'Seats of the mighty." But what ever might be the drawback of this story, the old charm of the writer was still there, and in this connec attention was called to that peculiar thing called charm, which is so striking a characteristic of the ork of our Canadian writers. Ladder of Swords" is an historical romance of the days of Queen Eliza eth, with that Queen and her much written of satellite. Leicester, central figures. The evident aim was to raise the former in our esteem and hold the latter up to our contempt.

Mark Twain over the nom de plume of "N'importe Qui," in delighted praise of his very beautiful sketch of Joan of Arc, in Harper's, read, also, through the kindness of the writer of the letter, the autograph reply of the author. In his re ply Mr. Clemens wrote: "I thank you for those cordial good words, and am very glad to have earned them; they have touched me deeply, their eloquence has gone to heart."

The regular study of India was resumed, and the reading of the second book of "The Light of Asia" concluded, a few literary notes being made. Owing to many striking similarities between the story of Buddah and the life of Christ, some critics have argued that the four gospels were, to a great measure, simply copied from the former. This subject has been made one of deep study in the universities, and charge has been successfully disproved. The Rev. Dr. Aiken, Washington University, who is authority on Buddhism, and whose book "Gotama," is the chief reference in the Oriental study, was quoted in refutation of this absurd and baseless claim of the critics.

Very appropriately, owing to the nearness of the great feast, two exquisitely sweet Christmas poems were read. Bethlehem, the Angel's Hymn in Edwin Arnold's "Light of World," was read by Miss Josephine MacCormac, while a Christmas story by the "Rare Ben Jonson," a gem too little known, considering its

A very pleasant feature of evening's programme was the preence, as guest, of Mrs. J. Patterson, of New York, who responded to request for a few words by a delightful little talk on the work of the Hundred Years Club of New York, of which she is an active member. Then she brought at least one of the peronages spoken of earlier in the evening quite near by relating some interesting reminiscences of her childood days when Mark Twain, then little "Sammy" Clemens, was her near neighbor. In those early days the future writer's ambition se to be the conducting of theatricals in his neighbors' b on which occasions his little friend was required to supply the "distrait munecessary for effect, and so was not allowed to witness the performances. Mrs. Clemens, whose lament able death occurred in Italy not long ago, was an intimate friend of Mrs. Patterson. A touching picture of the great departed Leo XIII. and the impression made by his sweet kindly face as Mrs. Patterson saw it, while in Rome not long before the Pontiff's

MARGUERITE.

Solemn Profession and Reception at the Franciscan Church.

ion and reception took place the Franciscan Church, when teen members were clothed with th ord and scapulars and eleven made their solemn profession. Immediately after the recitation of the office Rev. Father Christopher, O.F.M., ascended the pulpit and preached an eloquent sermon. He took for his text, "The grace of God our Saviour had appeared to all men," etc, (Epis tle Tit. II, 11-15) He dwelt length on the birth of Christ, His great humility, His poverty and His sufferings. "Christ came," said the reacher, "to atone for sin, to glorify God, to bring peace to the sinner, so that he would have po with his conscience, peace with God, peace with himself and peace his neighbor." He exhorted members who were privileged on that day to be true and noble sons St. Francis. In conclusion he told the members to work earnestly for God, thus to glorify Him here earth and they would be happy eternity. After the sermon the different can

didates advanced to the altar rail holding lighted tapers in their hands and after the usual questions and prayers, were received and professed by Rev. Father Christopher. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by Rev. Father Ethelbert O.F.M., assisted by Rev. Father Wolfstan, O.F.M. The English-speak ing members have now over 100

A Distinguished Convert's Peath.

fiction Miss Adeline Sergeant, died on Sunday at Bournemouth, was exceedingly popular. Her novels do not, it is true, reach the highest standard. They do not seize attention and leave permanent impression in the same way, say, as the stories of Mrs. Blundell and Mrs. Craigie. was but she had a thorough knowledge of the public taste, and suited it exactly that her books had a great sale and the authoress a large income from it. Whilst Miss Sergeant knew how to weave startling plots she never descended beneath a healthy level of morality, and, taken a a whole, the influence of her work has been 'excellent. Her life was one of strenuous labor and varied expe The daughter of the Rev rience. Richard Sergeant, a Wesleyan minister, she earned her living first teaching, then as a journalist on the staff of the Dundee Advertiser, and next as a novelist. With a heart full of human sympathy she loved to succour the poor, and her religious earnestness was beautifully illustrat ed in the devotion with which she applied herself to ministering to their wants. An educated an accomplished woman, she tested the claims of various creeds and sects opposed to Christianity, but her mind was not at rest until she joined the Catholic Church, in communion with which she passed to her eternal rest. The lesson of such a conversion, after long years of careful enquiry, will not, we trust, be lost on truth-seekers.—Catholic Times, Liverpool.

FAITHFULNESS.

The bulldog's tenacity of grip is proverbial, but he also possesses beauty, was read by Miss Anna Findables him to stick to his orders in spite of untoward circumstances. The Atlanta Constitution gives an example of a dog's faithfulness. "Stub's" naster had gone away for the night, and had left the dog to guard his

apartments. In the evening the house caught fire and before the fire engine arrived the blaze had gained firm hold and little could be saved. Some of the men discovered the dog, and tried to coax or drive him from the room, 'Stub" held his post. His would-be escuers did all they could to tole him out, but he would not budge Warning growls showed that would use his teeth if the men sorted to force, and finally, in their efforts to save the dog, the firemen turned two streams of water on him. Even this did not dislodge him.

The dog's master was found and notified of the fire. When he rehis home the roof had fallen in and his nome the root had latten in and the building was a mass of flames. He gave one clear whistle, and "Stub," who had defied fire and wa-ter and all human inducements, bounded out of the house, and the ert instant was licking the hand hich caressed him.

PHILLIPS SQUARE. manner of the second

DEPARTMENT GLOVES.

Fall and Winter styles, made in various weights; all kinds of leathers

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en's Navy and Gray Cloth Dressing Gowns, \$6.50. Men's Fancy Plaid, Cord and Tassel

trimmed, \$7.00. Men's Fancy Tweed Red and Navy Burnet, \$8.00. Men's Fancy Navy and Red Mixture,

Men's Fancy Tweed, fine quality, \$10.00. Boys' Dressing Gowns, all sizes, \$5.00

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Men's Fancy Tweed Smoking Jacket,

Men's Fancy Plaid, Cord trimmed

\$5.00. Men's Red and Black Brocaded, \$6.00 Men's Navy and Drab Mixture, \$6.00 Men's Plain Gray, Collar and Cuff, trimmed, \$6.50.

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Hagen Harness, \$2.50 extra; ordinary harness, 75c extra. mitation Hagen, 6 ft., \$3.50; 7 ft.,

\$4.00; 8 ft., \$4.50. Harness extra as above. Snowshoes-Small child's, \$1.40; me-

dium small, \$1.75; ladies', \$2.10; men's club, \$2.50; men's trampers, \$3.00 Skates of all kinds, for all purposes,

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Christmas Ser

brated with all the ing such a great ever night scenes in our city ones never to be forgot y decorated altars with iads of electric and other beautiful representations table at Bethlehem, the g ments of the officiating soul-inspiring music as sacred edifices with its melody, the pious worshipp ted at the services—all p od the grandeur of the cerem Catholic Church, and ra I from earth to heaven.

ST. PATRICK'S CHUR At the midnight Mass the was thronged. Rev. Father laghan, P.P., was the celebra the Mass, assisted by Rev. D laghan as deacon, and Recallaghan as deacon, and Re Hefernan as sub-deacon. The cal portion was well rendered the main altar and sanctuar main altar and sanctuar brilliantly illuminated. At t ion of the Mass, the pasto ced to the altar rail and the congregation the joys of as. At the nine o'clock Ma singing of Christmas hymns feature, and the rendition of Master Ed. Ryan, who po fine soprano voice, was muc At the 10 o'clock w Father Polan officiated. In the afternoon at 3 o'clo mn Vespers and Benediction the day's celebration. + + +

ST. ANN'S CHURCH. The midnight service at St. urch was one of beauty and ieur. The gorgeous decoration the feast of the Immaculate C

tion were used. A large pa resenting the Nativity had ced in the alcove above the altar, and underneath in large ers were "Venite Adoremus" ored electric bulbs lit up the and sanctuary, making an exce pretty sight. Rev. 7 rubbe, C.SS.R., officiated, a by Rev. Father Holland, C.SS. con, and Rev. Father Mc C.SS.R., as sub-deacon. The under the direction of Prof. dered a pretty mass with effect. At the 10 o'clock Mas Father Holland, C.SS.R., offic sisted by Rev. Father Forti-

SS.R., as deacon, and Rev. F Trudel, C.SS.R., as sub-deacon In the evening Rev. Father S reached the sermon. At solem diction, Rev. Father Rietvelt ated, assisted by Rev. Fathers tier and McPhail. The singing the fine choir of fifty voice was

tiful. The solo and chorus showed the faithful training of woted young organist, Prof. 1 to the sta

ST. GABRIEL'S CHURCH. A large congregation assisted idnight Mass, which was celeb by the pastor, Rev. Father O'M ed by deacon and sub-de he choir rendered "Messe Roya" rge choir of boys assisting. At o'clock Mass, Rev. Father F ficiated. In the evening so

pers and Benediction were The church was tastefully decorand the main altar and sanct rilliantly lighted.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH. ne at the Church of ady of Good Counsel at the ight service has rarely ever alled. The pillars were tasted rated with the papal colors gs of the Sacred Heart. The r was also hung with bann esplendent with numerous The colored lind the crib added much to of the church. Midn was celebrated by Rev. Fagleton, assisted by Rev. rs McDonald and Cullinan, as and sub-deacon. An orches the direction of Prof. V van, assisted the choir, in no small way to bring any fine parts of Stearn's M flat which the large choir in ed with telling effect, under of Prof. James Wils ist and choir master, and C. Emblem as leader. Rev. of Cullinan officiated at the H

at 10 o'clock. Rev. Fat

y, P.P., thanked the memb

ongregation for their good ince at the midnight Mass,

rticular complimented the rticular complimented the st. musicians and singers fine programme. "There

Christmas Services in City Churches,

oming such a great event. The ight scenes in our city churche ones never to be forgotten. The decorated altars with ds of electric and other lights; heautiful representations of the able at Bethlehem, the glittering nts of the officiating priests, the soul-inspiring music as it filled sacred edifices with its sweet lody, the pious worshippers who sisted at the services—all proclaim the grandeur of the ceremonies of Catholic Church, and raised the oul from earth to heaven.

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+ + ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH. At the midnight Mass the church s thronged. Rev. Father M. Calan, P.P., was the celebrant of he Mass, assisted by Rev. Dr. Luke allaghan as deacon, and Rev. Peter ernan as sub-deacon. The musiportion was well rendered, and main altar and sanctuary were liantly illuminated. At the consion of the Mass, the pastor aded to the altar rail and wished congregation the joys of Christs. At the nine o'clock Mass the singing of Christmas hymns was a ure, and the rendition of "Noel" Waster Ed. Ryan, who possesses fine soprano voice, was much ad-At the 10 o'clock Mass Rev. Father Polan officiated.

In the afternoon at 3 o'clock solwas Vespers and Benediction closed the day's celebration.

+ + + ST ANN'S CHURCH

The midnight service at St. Ann's Church was one of beauty and gran-. The gorgeous decorations of the feast of the Immaculate Concepion were used. A large painting esenting the Nativity had been placed in the alcove above the high altar, and underneath in large leters were "Venite Adoremus." lored electric bulbs lit up the altar and sanctuary, making an exceedingy pretty sight. Rev. Father Strubbe, C.SS.R., officiated, assisted y Rev. Father Holland, C.SS.R., as on, and Rev. Father McPhail, C.SS.R., as sub-deacon. The choir, nder the direction of Prof. Shea, ndered a pretty mass with At the 10 o'clock Mass Rev Father Holland, C.SS.R., officiated, sisted by Rev. Father Fortier, C. SS.R., as deacon, and Rev. Father

Irudel, C.SS.R., as sub-deacon. In the evening Rev. Father Strubbe eached the sermon. At solemn Beliction, Rev. Father Rietvelt, offiated, assisted by Rev. Fathers Fortier and McPhail. The singing of the fine choir of fifty voice was beautiful. The solo and chorus work showed the faithful training of the evoted young organist, Prof. P. J.

ST. GABRIEL'S CHURCH. A large congregation assisted at night Mass, which was celebrated y the pastor, Rev. Father O'Meara, isted by deacon and sub-deacon. The choir rendered "Messe Royal," a rge choir of boys assisting. At the 10 o'clock Mass, Rev. Father Fahey In the evening solemn Vespers and Benediction were held. The church was tastefully decorate, and the main altar and sanctuary church was tastefully decorated,

lliantly lighted. ST. MARY'S CHURCH.

The scene at the Church of Our lady of Good Counsel at the mid-ight service has rarely ever been qualled. The pillars were tastefully orated with the papal colors and lags of the Sacred Heart. The main ltar was also hung with banners, resplendent with numerous eleclights. The colored lights and the crib added much to the uty of the church. Midnight was celebrated by Rev. Father Singleton, assisted by Rev. Fathers McDonald and Cullinan, as dea-on and sub-deacon. An orchestra, the direction of Prof. Wm. allivan, assisted the choir, and sped in no small way to bring out Stearn's Mass flat which the large choir inter-ed with telling effect, under the on of Prof. James Wilson, nist and choir master, and Mr. Emblem as leader. Rev. Faat 10 o'clock. ady, P.P., thanked the members of s congregation for their good at-adance at the midnight Mass, and particular complimented the or-saist, musicians and singers for the fine programme. "There is one

The gladsome feast of Christmas feature of the celepration," said Father Brady, "which must appeal more strongly to us, and that is the celebrant of the Mass was a chosen one from our midst. He had spent all his boyhood in this parish." He wished them the joys of this festive season, and prayed God earnestly for them during the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice that morning. In the evening solemn Vespers and Benediction were given.

+ + + ST. ANTHONY'S CHURCH.

St. Anthony's Church was a gem in its beautiful decorations and its myriads of colored electric and other lights. A large congregation assisted at the midnight service, which was celebrated by Rev. Father M. L. Shea, assisted by Rev. Father T. Heffernan as deacon and Rev. Father J. Kavanagh, S.J., as sub-deacon. The choir was up to its usual standard in its rendition of De Meilleur's Fourth Mass in A. Miss M. E. Do novan presided at the organ. Rev. Father J. E. Donnelly, the pastor, sang the High Mass at 10 o'clock and Rev. Thomas Heffernan preached. In the evening Rev. Father Donnelly officiated at Vespers Benediction. + + +

ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH.

The first midnight Mass in St. Michael's was celebrated with unusual splendor. The little church was tastefully decorated. The pastor, Rev. Father J. P. Kiernan, officiated, assisted by deacon and sub-deacon. The choir rendered a plain chant Mass impressively, and at the Offertory sang "Adeste Fideles." Rev. R. E. Callahan sang the High Mass at 10 o'clock. In the evening solemn Vespers and Benediction were held. * * *

ST. JAMES CATHEDRAL.

The spacious Church was crowded to the doors at the midmight Mass. The main altar was tastefully decorated, and the fine choir, under the direction of Prof. Couture, and the organist, Mr. Pelletier, rendered Messe de Noel in fine style. Right Rev. Mgr. Racicot officiated, assisted by the Canons of the Cathedral and two Seminarians.

+ + + NOTRE DAME CHURCH.

The vast edifice of Notre Dame held a congregation which filled every hundreds stood patiently throughout bers of persons who worship at other shrines, but for whom the midnight celebratian in the old historic church orders. of the metropolis of Canada has a special charm. The celebrant was Rev. Abbe Troie, S.S., P.P., assisted by two Seminarians as deacon and sub-deacon. The hundreds of electric lights around the main altar and sanctuary enhanced the beauty

ST. CHARLES.

At St. Charles Church the feast of Xmas was celebrated with great pomp. Midnight Mass was sung by Rev. J. Bonin, P.P., assisted by Rev. Fathers Dupras and Laporte as deacon and sub-deacon respectively. High Mass, at 10 o'clock, was sung by Rev. J. Bonin, assiste v Rev. Fathers Perras and Laporte. The sermon of the day was preached by Rev. Father Bonin. An immense congregation assisted at all the to make the day a memorable one.

NAZARETH CHAPEL. Imposing church and stately cathedral may have had larger congregations, more gorgeous decorations and terpret in its truest sense the per-fect spirit of the holy Christmastide. True, there was no overwhelming throng, nor clash of instruments, but there was more. exemplification of that first Christmas when at the solemn midnight Solemn Month's Mind Requiem Mass hour, angelic melodies were wafted across the Judean hills to the shep- On Monday, Jan. 2, at 8 o'clock, herds who were watching; and it there will be a solemn Requiem needed but a small effort of the ima- Month's Mind at the Franciscan needed but a small effort of the imagination to feel oneself transported Church, Dorchetter street, for the to the dimly lighted stable there late Mrs. Fitzmaurice, moth

easily lends itself to decoration. It makes, therefore, no task to the good Sisters, except one of love, to make it appear as it did with its lights imnumerable and flowers in profusion.

The plaintive rendering of the old-

********************** time hymns by the blind choir was a special feature of the service. Th. solo and chorus work was excellent. The Rev. G. J. McShane, S.S., of Notre Dame, officiated.

St. Patrick's Christmas Tree.

Monday afternoon witnessed of those ideal days in the history of St. Patrick's parish which stamped itself upon the minds of those who partook in its festivities with a solemnity never to be forgotten.

About 3.30 Rev. Father Killoran, Director of the Catechism classes, opened the day's proceedings by announcing the arrivel of Old Father Santa Claus, who after saying a few distribute the various gifts upon two immense Christmas trees, to his expectant audience. The proceedings were enlivened by piano solos, violin solos, songs and recitations.

After each child had received present from the Christmas tree, and a box of candy, they dispersed, doubt well pleased with the afternoon's events.

Besides Father Killoran, the children's day was also honored by the presence of Rev. Fathers Fitzhenry and Singleton, who did all in their power to enhance the day's pleasure by their pleasant words and genial

Mr. St. John also rendered valuable assistance, and enlivened proceedings by several very well executed selections on the violin.

After the children had been attended to; the Catechism teachers and a few friends, amongst whom the representative of the True Witness had the pleasure of finding a hearty welcome, were entertained to a wellordered and tastefully arranged repast. Too much cannot he said in praise of those who organized or in any way helped to bring this day to successful issue.

The teachers present were the following: Misses A. McCabe, A. Rowan, M. St. John, E. McCabe, Rowan, E. Millard, M. Collins, M. Hanley, A. St. John, A. Maddon, F. McCahe, T. Proslow and K. Ward.

Ordinations at St. Michael's College, Toronto.

At the 8 o'clock Mass Wednesday morning, the 21st instant, His Grace Archbishop O'Connor, assisted by Very Rev. V. Marigon, Provincial of the Basilian Community, and Rev. D. Cushing, ordained the following young men : Rev. Mr. McCabe re ceived Holy Orders and is attached to the Archdiocese of Toronto. Rev. Mr. Fitzgerald, Nesqually, Washing ton, deacon; Rev. Mr. Carr, Commupew and crowded the aisles, while | nity of St. Basil, sub-deacon; Messrs. Byrne, Columbus, Ohio; Golden, the service. In the throng were num- Scranton, Pa.; Sullivan, Ogdensburg, N.Y., and McGrath, Los Angeles, Cal., received tonsure and minor

There were present in the Sanctuary: Rev. Fathers Walsh, C.S.B.; Murphy, Roach, Plomer, Gignac, Burke, Staley, Murray, C.S.B.; Rev. Fathers Williams and O'Donnell, of St. Mary's Parish, Father Clyne, of Uxbridge, Ont.

Celebrates His 20th Anniversary as Urganist

Prof. P. J. Shea, organist of St. Ann's Church, completed his 20th anniversary as organist of that church on Sunday last. Prof. Shea's work in the musical line has been phenomenal, especially with the work of training the school boys and the members of his choir. The genial and painstaking musician was not forgotten by his choir or his vices, and nothing was left undone for after High Mass on Christmas day, they assembled in the music room of St. Ann's presbytery and presented him with an address and diamond locket. Messrs. Murphy and Quinn made the presentation of behalf of the choir. The pupils of rendered music of the masters of an boys of the choir also gave their the little chapel of Nazareth to inmusical director beautiful presents. ably acknowledged the gifts, and great kindness, congratulations, and thoughtfulness on the occasion.

adoring the new-born Saviour.

The chapel is a little gem, and easily lends itself to decoration. It sing the service. Father Christopher, O.F.M. a large choir of boys and men will sing the service. Father Christopher will celebrate the Mass, assistant the deacon and sub-deacon. All

Christmas Festivities at St. Father Caron, C.SS.R., St. Anne de The Montreal City and Dis-

day evening, Dec. 20th, with an Xmas tree and a fancy fair. The Xmas tree was loaded down with Burt, \$4. all sorts of good things, which dear old Santa Claus had provided, and each evening was brilliantly lighted. For four evenings the kind ladies held a fancy fair in connection with the tree, and a large amount was realized. Each evening the boys of the Home enjoyed themselves their heart's delight. On Christmas words to his hearers, proceeded to morning the boys went to Holy Communion in a body. A special dinner was provided for the Home, and the table was laden with the proverbial turkey, plum pudding and all the delicacies of the se Right joyfully did they enjoy of the season. Rev. Father Holland, C.SS. feast. R., the director, presided, and the youngsters made themselves home with their beloved friend and benefactor.

Alfout a dozen young ladies, aided by Mr. Scullian, made the Christmas tree a splendid success.

Rev. Father Holland feels very grateful to all the good friends who John Quinlan, R. McCullough, J. A. elped the Xmas tree or who provided things for the Christmas dinner, as well as all those who assisted the new home by giving donations of money, articles, etc.

subscribers:

For the Xmas dinner-Mesdames Monk, Fraser, Bermingham, Fitz-gibbon, Feron, Doyle, M. McGillis, Coughlan, L. Lemesurier, E. H. Lemay, C. J. Doherty, J. Fogarty, B McNally and Otto Collins, Loyola Club, Messrs. Hart, Millar, Gurd, Davis, Z. Hebert, B. J. Coghlin. Those who contributed clothing

and other articles-Gilmour Nephew. candy; Mr. McCarron, clothes; Miss Lonergan, photograph; R. C. Williams, clothing; Mrs. Scott, plum pudding; Mr. Mathews, nuts, dates, and soap; Mrs. Rogers, book case; P. J. Gordon, enlarged picture of Rev. D. Holland; Mrs. Noonan, clothes; Mrs. Quinn, Granby, Que., clothes; lagher, knives and forks; Mr. Prowse, cups and saucers; Rev. Father Strubbe, cups and saucers; Sayer the nuns is kindness and goodness." Electric Co., mantles; R. C. White, Similar tributes from Protestants to quarter of beef; P. Pegnem, oysters; and fish every week; J. Scullin, several articles for the Xmas tree; Phil. Meehan, ginger ale; Mr. S. Dwyer, clothes; Laing Mfg. Co., box of bis- the hospitals, not for hire, but for cuits: Mr. J. J. Milloy, clothing; the love of God. The lay nurse had been written by an obscure poet, one Ambrose Phillips. addressed to the children of a per. The first shades and brass rods for curtains Gazette, \$5 worth of printing.

Beaupre, \$10; Miss Feron, \$10; R. Bickerdike, \$5; Mrs. Quinn, Granby, The boys of St. Joseph's Home ce-lebrated their first Christmas festivi-Carthy, \$5; W. H. Harrower, \$2; ty this year. It was a real joyous w. McNally & Co., \$2; John ty this year. It was a real joyous loran, \$1; Mrs. Guide, \$1; J. A. Matthews, \$1; Mrs. M. Brogan,

The following also contributed: James Woodhouse, B. McNally, M. Fitzgibbon, P. McCaffrey, W. Holland, John B. O'Higgins, Boston; F. H. McGuigan, Grand Trunk; A. A. Tisdale, Grand Trunk; Nicholas Power, Grand Trunk; Mrs. Kinsella, Ortawa; Sister Susan, Ottawa; Leo. Ryan, Mrs. Gallagher, John Pendergast, Mrs. P. Pendergast, Mrs. Glynn, Frank Feron, Loyola Club, Mr. Lemon, Miss Ritchot, Mr. and Mrs. Ritchot, P. Martin, B. Tansey, John Hammill, R. Elliott, L. F. Kenny.

The following Knights of Columbus: Hon. Justice Doherty; Hon.
Justice Curran, F. Langan, F. A.
Bussiere, J. C. Reynolds, P. C. Shanahan, James Rogers; also Mayor Laporte, Lady Laporte, Maggie Conroy, C. A. Dohan, J. B. Dohan, J. Faille, City Hall; Capt. Mc-Mahon, City Hall; M. Perras, City Hall; Mrs. Lajeunesse, J. M. Ward, Toohey, P. McCrory, F. M. Egan. Mr. O. J. Gude, New York, furnished a special room to be known as the Gude room.

The following is a full list of the Protestant Tribute to Nursing

Sisters. The South Side Hospital, Pittsburg, is not the only institution of its kind against whose lay nurses charges have been made. An official inquiry into the management of the City Hospital of Hamilton, Ont., is at present going on. Amongst those who have made charges against the hospital is the Rev. Mr. Bonny, an Anglican clergyman who had been a patient in the institution. "God pity a man who spends a night in the City Hospital," he writes in one of the local daily papers. "The majority of the nurses are haughty and supercilious. I'm a strong Protestant, but I'm not a fool, and I think Willis & Co., piano; St. Ann's the nurses of the City Hospital Church, three bedsteads; Mrs. Gal-St. Joseph's Hospital to see the saintly nuns. Everything about our "saintly nuns" are frequently made. Nor should they occasion any surprise to Catholics. Our zealous and self-sacrificing Sisters labor in

The Heart of Jesus in the Blessed The following persons contributed Sacrament is the perpetual jubilee of to the gas meter fund; Lord Strath- the church, her glad hymn of praise cona and Mount Royal, \$100; Rev. for the mysteries of redeeming love.

trict Savings Bank.

The Montreal City and District Savings Bank has just distributed

\$9,350 among the following charitable societies, being the interest on the Poor Fund:-L'Asile St. Joseph La Salle de l'Asile St. Joseph L'Asile des Aveugles ... La Salle de l'Asile Nazareth. Soeurs de la Providence La Salle de l'Asile, rue Visitation .. L'Asile des Sourdes Muettes . 289 L'Asile du Sacre-Coeur, rue Fullum ... Soeur de la Misericorde 400 Soeur du Bon Pasteur Orphelins Catholiques, rue St. Catherine Asile des Sourds-Muets, Coteau St. Louis 196 Hospice St. Vincent de Paul Hopital Notre Dame Hotel Dieu Hospice Auclair Hopital des Incurables Patronage St. Vincent de Paul 400 Union Nationale Francaise St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum. 575 St. Bridget's House of Refuge for aged and infirm destitute persons ... St. Bridget's House of Refuge for night refuge for destitute poor ... The Little Sisters of the Poor Montreal General Hospital Protestant House of Industry and Refuge Montreal Dispensary Ladies' Benevolent Society ... 150 Protestant Orphan Asylum Protestant Infants' Home 200 Protestant Industrial Rooms.. 100 University Lying in Hospital.. Hervey Institute Protestant Church Home . Mackay Institute for Protestant Deaf Mutes Woman's Hospital ... Samaritan Free Hospital for Women . Western Hospital Hebrew Benevolent Society 100 Hebrew Ladies' Benevolent

25

\$9,350

Hebrew Ladies' Aid Society ...

The term "namby pamby," which has come to be applied to a person of vacillating character as well as to weak literary productions, was originated by the poet Pope. He applied it to some puerile verses that the children of a peer. The first half of the term is meent as a baby way of pronouncing nickname for Ambrose, and the second half is simply a jingling word



Fur-Lined Overcoats. The most becoming garment for Gents.

It is the best article that you can buy and now is the time to buy it. The weather is getting cold, and holidays are near. Come and see us. t, and where you shall find the most complete assort ment of Fur-lined Overcoats-linings such as Russian or Canadian Musk Rat, Mink, etc., and trimmings Canadian Otter, Labrador Otter, Persian Lamb, Plucked Otter, Seal, etc. And cloth of the best English make.

No other house in Canada can show such a variety and assortment in fur-lined overcoats.

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It is with pleasure and with great satisfaction that we recommend these fur-lined coats. No fur house can compete with us. Our assortment and our great variety of choice and our prices will convince you of it. Our Raccoon Coats are perfect in quality, finish and workmanship. nave also an assortment of all sizes. In coming to our house, you'll find at once, already made, just the coat you want.

Also a large stock of varied sorts of Fur Coats. Ours is the Largest Retail Fur House in the World. The Best Assorted Stock.

OUR PRICES ARE ALWAYS MODERATE.

Chas. Desjardins & Cie 1531-1539 Rue Ste Catherine Montreal

By P.J. Smyth in the "Rosary Magazine."

on Christmas Eve.

"And double welcome to her a of the local type, tall and dark, stood watching on the cliff, "for ow we'll have some heart in us to keep the blessed time that's in it."

Out of the sunset she came sailing a fierce Irish winter sunset, all slack and gold, like volcanic fires flashing between the ledges of an sarthquake-shattered cliff—onward, with all her white sails set and shining, until she glided as serenely as a awan into the little haven, and her anchor chain rattled off a brief song of relief and rejoicing, Very bleak and desolate seemed her berth, anear gaunt ranges of precipices, more sain their season's wage than kingly scowl, with beyond them the stark and snowy inland heights. It looked like the wild coast of some unexplored Arctic land.

But suddenly, out from the shore, like startled seals, darted a number of dark objects, boats of wood and boats of hide-the primitive Celtic curragh-and the beach, lately lone like the abomination of desolation, became a scene of lively and noisy bustle. As the small boats returned men bore to the shingle bolts of silk and other cloths, ankers of brandy, and other commodities favored by the contraband trade between Ireland and France; these were placed in creels or panniers on the backs of mules, and donkeys, that were immediately driven off with their bur-

"My faith, Dan Loughney," said a young man to the skipper of the muggler, as the pair came ashore 'I see you are master of your trade in all its branches. bourgeois of Le Havre or La Rochelle could not make better business dispatch."

lively in our business, Captain." re- the discharges of a battery. plied the rugged sea-dog. "How else the slip, and how else could the wor- his mate, who was working kneethy gentry hereabouts get the comforts of life without the foolishness of paying duty on them? Very loyal ter find a safer berth for the Sarspeople, alanna, are some of our Tirawley gentlefolk, especially those who came in with Noll Cromwell and Dutch Bill, but they like to cheat the excise just the same, and good customers are they of Dan Loughney, although with his head in the hal-

"Hurry up there, Shemus, my boy" -to a flannel-clad contrabandista-"that roll of silk is for Major Palmer's lady, and a finer piece never went on her broad back; see that she gets it in the morning. There's a cask of wine for Billy Webb, royal stuff that it's a pity to waste on his Sassenach palate. But ne's good pay gins. as well he can afford to be, with the robbed lands of the Philbins and the Paddens in the Lagan. There's another cask for Edmundson, and another for Arthur Knox, and another for Captain Meredith. The foreign cuckoos are in the Irish blackbird's nests, and more's the pity. 'Och fareer gair, mille tonnerres, quel malheur !'

The smuggler spoke in Irish, but interjected French phrases with curious effect.

"Strange, that men can't swear enough in their own language, and have to go to France for oaths," said tall Maurice Casey, approaching. "How are you, Captain Dan ?"

"Musha, Maurice, go dhe mos tha thu-I mean, comment vous portez wous ?"

"You do, do you? Thank you kindly for telling me. But a hundred welcomes, old friend, anyhow. And the young stranger is welcome, too. "A stranger, Maurice Casey !-I'm shocked at you," said the skipper's

companion, in affected indignation. The young man had a handsome almost girlish face, framed in flowing cavalier curls, dark and abund-His alert and upright form was draped in a large blue roquelaure or military cloak, beneath which

gleamed the brass end of a scabbard. "A stranger indeed, Maurice-what, one who fished with you many a day all round the coast, from Carrick-Patrick to the Stags of Broad-

The tall fisherman's eyes grew large "My soul to glory for ever—young Farragh MacDonnell!"

The Sarsfield made her lonely Irish | man his full title-Captain MacDon nell, of the Regiment of Bourke."
"No titles needed among friends," that same account," said Maurice protested the young officer of the Casey, as with other peasant fisher-

man, his eyes dimmed with tears, was shaking in a solemn, dazed, perfunctory manner. "Welcome home, Farragh, a thou-

sand welcomes home. Mavrone, how sad and lonely and mournful has everything been since you and other boys sailed away ! summer, sun or shine, the field is silent, and the shore is dreary. The old women are crying, and the young ones are moping. The light gone from our lives and the hope from our hearts. The black stranger lords it over us, the grand old gen try are gone or ruined, and the foot of the cruel tyrant is on our necks-"Tut tut ! For shame ! What

doleful Jeremiah you nave become Maurice Casey! Nice, cheerful greeting this on Christmas Eve for a re turned exile. But courage, friend, the boys of Bourke's are well and hearty, and your own son Donal is a credit to the regiment. You may yet see them home again, in their scarlet coats and white cockades, to cross bayonets with the old nemy and avenge the Boyne and with their loads, both men and wo- Aughrim and the broken treaty with Limerick. How is my father

"Well and hearty, thank the Lord, though aging, of course, like the rest of us. Happy man he'll be this Many of the good old stock now live in poor smoky cabins, while strangers enjoy their castles and lands, but the Major, the saints protect him, still holds part of his own, and hospitable is his hearth at Ballinglanna. I must find some kind of an animal to carry you over there. Come up to the house avic-come,

The waves roared hoarser on the shingle, the red sunset bars grew dimmer, the wind blew the We have to look sharp and dance snow over the cliffs like smoke from

"Keep the cargo moving lively, could we give Queen Anne's jolly tars Shaun," shouted the smuggler to deep in the foam. "There's a big storm coming to-night, and we'd bet-

As if crouching for shelter in hollow beside the sea lay a lowly little cabin, its bonnet of thatch tied down with straw ropes to keep it from blowing away. A cheerful light shone through the low doorway.

"Welcome and welcoming sight to the returned exile, an Irish turf fire," exclaimed the young soldier as he bowed himself in. Then he coughed, and his eyes watered at the sudden gust of the peat smoke.

Maurice Casey poured a sparkling, colorless liquor into wooden

" 'Tis wheat poteen from Moygow nagh," he said, "and better than all the foreign wines and brancies, Farragh avic, that ever you met your travels. Cead mile failte, and slainte to the Wild Geese.'

"Slainte to the Wild Geese!" "Tell us something of our own

poor boys from these parts," said the fisherman, when they had solemnly drunk the toast. "How is Henry Barrett ?" "Henry sleeps in a hero's grave."

'Lord rest his soul! And Andy Murray ?"

In Paris, with a wooden leg pension."

"And Wat Cawley?"

"A short time ago Wat forsook Mars for Venus. He married a fat and well dowered Dutch vrow, and he now has a fine tavern in Amsterdam."

"You haven't come over recruiting, Captain?" inquired Casey, as if the encouraging last report had given him a sudden idea. "If so, be cautious; it's a hanging matter."

"No recruiting for me," said the Brigade captain. "Small blame to our poor boys if they fly from misery nd oppression at home to be brave soldiers 'abroad, in hopes they may some day return to free their coun-But, hanging or no hanging, shall not try to induce them. Let them, say I, stay in ireland where they may be useful some day, 'tis seldom abroad we Brigade mer get a chance of striking at England. It went to my heart when I saw best blood of Ireland some of the "My soul to glery for ever—young Farragh MacDonnell!"

"Pardonnez moi, ma bouchal," said the skipper, "give the young gentle"Bound for ever—young puddling the streets of Cremona, and realized by whom it was shed. When "Dios be praised, what a fine people you Irish—how plous, how good! The skipper, "give the young gentleside, broke the squares of the RegiHow glad I am that I vowed to San puddling the streets of Cremona, and



ment of Dillon, on the French, it Diego to visit your noble insula from Irish sabres. When the fire of Bourke's strewed the square with the fine fellows of Taaffe's was more of the same kind of fratricide. I don't hae to see us Irish killing one another for king or Emperor, and that is why I shirk recruiting-that and not the dread of the English hangman. However, if any of the boys still wish to learn the art of war, my friend here, Captain Dan Loughney, is as usual extensively in the Wild Goose trade"-Wild Geese being the description given, on the books of the smuggling vessels, of Irish recruits taking passage to enter the military service

"It's very simple for some middle ing strange things to happen," explained Dan Loughney. "You see, Maurice, I happened to be at La Ro chelle, everything right and ready for sailing, when, anam a diaoul and sacre bleu, I happened to meet the leave. A glad meeting that. Allons, mon enfant-a little run across the water to see the old place and the old people. On board he came, uniform and all, and here he is; back he'll go with me, the Lord willing, starting New Year's Day, to take his place again under the fleur de lvs. Voila tout, avic voila tout And he'll be with us this blessed night at midnight Mass."

"Please God. Where will it be said, Maurice ?"

"At the usual place for years past," replied the fisherman lowering his voice, "over at Downpatrick Head."

"Such a bleak, desolate place in the midst of winter !"

"Yes, avic, the better to puzzle the priest-hunters; they don't like the cold."

The Brigade officer's face grew grave. Mass under the bleak out in the cold and snow, with sentinels posted to warn pastor and flock of a possible raid by the enemy in quest of prey and blood-money A year ago, as captain of a guard of honor, he had heard Christmas Mass in the stately cathedral of Milan, in company of warriors and nobles, of an immense congregation of prosperous people-witnessed it with all the majestic ecclesiastical ccessories of throne-like altar girt with surpliced ranks that suggested cherubim and seraphim, gorgeously vestmented prelates and floating incense, blazing lights, pealng organ and grand chant of psal-

ody. And now—
"Well," he said, shrugging shoulders, "we are in Ireland. Come, Maurice, I'd better be on the march. Where's that noble steed you pro-

"Under the new law no Catholic, not even your good father, is allow- hedge school master. Ora, Capi

nule, Farragh?" "Trot out the beast! Friends.

"The midnight Mass-ah, mes amigos, what a blessing !" said a voice Mass there to-night." which came from a figure sitting in the shadows by the hearth.

"Who the devil's that?" inquired

the smuggler, startled. "Not the devil, Dan," replied Caey; "only a poor Spanish friar in hinding from the bloodhounds. Here, nave a drink, Brother Sancho, you need it; besides, 'tis Christmas

time. "Ah, misericordia, gracias,

amigo-a little." He was meager and sallow, ose like a bird's beak, and dark, keen eyes that twinkled under hood of his brown habit. The hand rom which he dropped his large wooden rosary to seize the proffe

was Irish blood that was whirled torum! How happy to-night will 1 be to meet you all and your good padre at the grand midnight Mass at—as you call it, eh—Downpatrick! To you, my children.

He drank the potent liquor, then smiled to express pleasure and gratification. The smile was unbecoming an amiable friar; it suggested wolf stripping his fangs.

"Do you not run great peril, brother, in travelling in that habit?' inquired Captain MacDonnell

"Bene, puer, no. I have no fear, I know where the wicked priest-hunters are, ah, yes! And where the cruel soldados are. They cannot harm me; the poor Espagnol is too wise for them. Caramba, yes! And you, young senor, amigo mio, are you not an officer in one of King Louis' brave Irish regiments ?"

The soldier bowed. "Ah, bravo, bravo! Then there is gold offered for you, too, like the poor padres. Let the senor beware; Captain here, just going on a month's it may mean muerta-death ! Gracias, Senor Casey, for your kindess. And now, amigos, as I have to prepare for Christmas, I will say buenos noches—good night."

Then happened a curious thing. As the friar moved towards the there was a sudden metallic crash; ne had dropped from the bosom of his habit a large brass-mounted horse-pistol.

Quick as thought he repossessed himself of the weapon, his keen eyes flashing a look of alarm and suspi-cion. "Pardon, amigos, if a poor friar carries something to protect himself, since his life is in constant danger. Again, until to-night, adjost He dispensed another wolfish smile and disappeared in the growing darkness and whirling snow.

For a moment the three men gazed into one another's blanched faces. Then, suddenly, the smuggler drew a pistol and dashed towards the door But, as quickly, MacDonnell intercepted him.

"Not that way, Dan; we must have no bloodshed on Christmas

mille mollaght, unless we "But, kill or take him we are ruined. As for killing, it is no sin to kill such a serpent any day or night in the But stand aside, Captain, and—"

"Would you slay a friar, Dan?" demanded Casey. still rather mysti-

"Friar the diavul! No Spanish friar that, but one of those infamous Portuguese Jews that been brought over by the Sassenach government and set to priest-hunting disguising themselves as soggarth and friars the better to humbug the people and earn their dirty" bloodmoney-anything from fifty gold sovereigns for a Bishop to ten for a ed to own a horse worth over five avic, 'twas a big mistake not to English pounds," said the fisherman. kill him like a dirty rat. He said 'Could you manage a good Ross rightly that he'd be at Downpatrick to-night. And now there'll be murder of innocent people by Sassenach maybe I'll see you at midnight troopers, and poor Father William nay be shot or put in handlocks that is, of course, if we are to have

"Of course, not at all, Dan," said the soldier emphatically. "The old rendezvous must be abandoned for to night, but the Holy Sacrifice will be celebrated in another and more comfortable place, more unsuspected, too, though there the soggarth ten raised the sacred chalice, even before the evil days of Queen Bess and Noll Cromwell. Hearken." As he whispered to them they vigorous ly nodded their approval.

"Send the word to the coun Flash it around. See that the folks look out for that sickle-nosed demor in the garb of God's people. soir, Dan. Bannagth, lath, Maurice -but first, where's that mule?"

When a party of dragoons rode up late that evening to the gateway of the castle of Ballinglen (or Ballin glanna, as the natives called it),

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their officer, Captain George Mere dith, was very tired, very hungry and more mad than either. Mad at thought of the lost festivities in Deel Castle, the banquet and the wines, and the dancing, and the pretty women under the mistletoe. Mad at eing sent to such a place, and at such a time, and on such a miserable, contemptible, unsoldierly duty -faugh ! it was an outrage, he cursed the priest-hunters and Papists in the same breath. For he was not a penal-law warrior, having but lately returned from ample, so lid military service on the continent.

He felt considerably mollified, however, when his host, old Major

Randall MacDonnell, who had his left arm at Aughrim, conducted him up a flight of stone steps to a omfortable arras-hung apartment in the old massive-walled keep, where there was a cheerful fire blazing, and there had set before him some gener ous, smoking viands and a broadshouldered flagon of very excellent Bordeaux, of a brand specially ommended and thoughtfully vided by Captain Loughney, of

And there the old, maimed, Irish soldier and the robust young ish one sat and talked war vimful interest, ignoring with proessional indifference all causes nerits of their respective battling,

(Continued on Page 7)

Society Directory,

T. PATRICK'S SOCIETY -Fell T. PATRICK'S SOCIETY — Patabolished Morch Sth. 1956 Incorporated 1840. Mosts in St., Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexandes street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director. Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P.; President, Hog., Mr. Justice C. J. Doherty, Lat Vice, F. E. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd.

Hoz. Mr. Justice C. J. Boherty in Justice, F. H. Bevlin, M.D.; 2nd. Vice, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; Transurer, Frank J. Green; corresponding Heavestary, J. Kahaia; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tanney, ST. PATRICK'S T. A. AND B. SO. CLETY-Meets on the second Sua-day of every month is St. Patrier, Hall, 92 St. Alexander etrees, at 8.80 p.m. Committee of Management meets in same hall on drst Tuesday of every menth at ; p.m. Rev. Director, Rev. Jas. Kil. Ioran; President, W. P. Doyle; Rec.

Seey., J. D'Arcy Kally, 18 Valles.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY Rev. Father McPhail; President, D. Gallery, M.P.; Sec., J. F. Quina, 625 St. Dominique street; M. J.

Ryan, treasurer, 18 St. Augustin street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young Young and Ottawa

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIE. TY, organized 1885.-Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 2.30 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. E. Strubbe, C.SS.R.; President, P. Kenehan; Treasurer, Thomas O'Connell; Rec.-Sec., Robt. J. Hart, P. Kenehans

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCE 26.—(Organized 18th November, 1873.—Branch 26 meets at 8t. Patrick's Hall, 92 St, Alexander St., on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings fea the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. M. Callaghan; Chancellor, P. J. Darey; President, W. F. Wall; Recording Secretary, P. 0.
McDonagh, 189 Visitation street;
Financial Secretary, Jas. J. Costigan, 825 St. Urbain street; Trea. surer; J. H. Kelly; Medical Advisers Drs. H. J. Harrison, E. J. O'Connor and G. H. Merrill.

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Bishops and Priests, several of whom are
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fficers.
FOR INFORMATION ADDRESS: P. E. EMILE BELANGER, Supreme Deputy, Secretary, Quebec Grand Council, 55 D'AIGUILLON STREET, QUEBEC.

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The Return of the Wil

By P. G. Smyth, in the

000000000000000 (Continued from Page

and dealing with it from a

standpoint. The hoary me ibed the fatal turning p Aughrim, when the Regin rke, stationed in and a old castle on the left of line of battle, and supplied chery or blunder with bu unable to prevent the horse from passing the caus overlapping their flanks. Meredith told how, a few y fore, when an officer of great the service of the Emperor with his men into Cremons the sewer nigh the house Abbe Cassioli and took par prising and taking the city described the desperate str ing, ending in the rout of and rescue of the city by Brigade, when i the final melee his own life was sav intervention of a stripling ter. And so they talked

The conversation was brid terrupted by the entrance o sergeant, who presented a n the captain perused with brow. Then he drew his su aside and whispered : "Accompany Garcia whit shall lead you. Dispose y

so there can be no escape, fire unless you have to. W arrest the priest bring him b The sergeant saluted and The captain re-applied him the flagon and to the discus war and war's alarms and A dark and dreary night

that for the dragoons, as th

ed through the snow with

bridle-chains and creaking In summer the Glen of th running northward to the coast of Tirawley, in Mayo, tiful as a poet's dream, wi lawny hillsides and blue s on the bank of which stan hoary castle of Ballinglen. the Bourkes and afterwards inheritance to the MacDonne bernally bleak as a gorge i Siberia. The troopers swo the lurid vigor and plenitu those Flanders-war days, ar a black look was cast upo cause of their mission, the nosed, beady-eved man who their midst, no longer in br nastic habit and rattling but in comfortable civilian recting, that Christmas Ev

sinister Magi in quest of a celebration of the Nativity. Here and there through th ness and falling snow, dimly ed a cabin light. Nearer an grew the melancholy boom breakers, until, after a pr floundering ride of some mile party drew rein on Dow Head. They dismounted and

cautiously, the priest-hunter

eagerly peering for his expec

Terrific is that promontory hanging the pallid billows, a ly defiant upheaval of the rock strata of the Old World yet solemn place, invested gends as wild and solemn; from the main cliff and outit, an immense rock pillar-D ta, the broken fort, result curse pronounced by St. Pat the pirate, Deodrutsg. Acre ontory is a huge ancien the rampart of the plunderi morians; a rude stone mo the altar built by the saint he visited this strange corne world in response to the cry dream: "We entreat thee youth, to come and dwell And the terrific Pul-r thana, the "pit of the ancie down which he cast the my of the Druids, quenching in th the weird ignis fatuus of pa The whole a place where, or

in wrath and malice to bewa ming of the Saviour. "It seems, master Jew, ye brought us on a fool's growled the sergeant. beast, I'll smash your reapi

eve of eves, evil spirits migh

"Patience, and we will catch the fox." Where is he, then, you where are the Papists? With Popish priest? You sure expect them here in this weather?"

By P. G. Smyth, in the Rosary & Magazine.

(Continued from Page 6.)

and dealing with it from a fighter's

standpoint. The hoary major des-oribed the fatal turning point at

Aughrim, when the Regiment of Bourke, stationed in and around the

old castle on the left of the Irish

line of battle, and supplied in trea-

chery or blunder with bullets that

would not fit their muskets, were

unable to prevent the Williamite

horse from passing the causeway and

verlapping their flanks. Captain

Meredith told how, a few years be-

fore, when an officer of grenadiers in

the service of the Emperor, he came

with his men into Cremona through

Abbe Cassioli and took part in sur-

escribed the desperate street fight-

ing, ending in the rout of his party

and rescue of the city by the Irish

Brigade, when i / the final bloody melee his own life was saved by the

intervention of a stripling Irish offi-

er. And so they talked of men

The conversation was briefly in-

terrupted by the entrance of a tall

sergeant, who presented a note which

the captain perused with knitted

brow. Then he drew his subordinate

"Accompany Garcia whither he

shall lead you. Dispose your men

so there can be no escape, and don't

fire unless you have to. When you

The sergeant saluted and retired.

The captain re-applied himself to

the flagon and to the discussion of

war and war's alarms and strata-

A dark and dreary night ride was

that for the dragoons, as they plung-

bridle-chains and creaking leather.

ed through the snow with jingling

In summer the Glen of the Cairn,

running northward to the wild

coast of Tirawley, in Mayo, is beau-

lawny hillsides and blue streamlet.

on the bank of which stands the

the Bourkes and afterwards fallen by

inheritance to the MacDonnells. Hi-

bernally bleak as a gorge in snowy

Siberia. The troopers swore with

those Flanders-war days, and many

a black look was cast upon the

cause of their mission, the hook-

nosed, beady-eyed man who rode in

their midst, no longer in brown, mo-

nastic habit and rattling rosary

but in comfortable civilian garb. di-

recting, that Christmas Eve, those

sinister Magi in quest of an Irish

Here and there through the dark

ness and falling snow, dimly twinkled a cabin light. Nearer and nearer

grew the melancholy boom of the

breakers, until, after a precarious

floundering ride of some miles. the

party drew rein on Downpatrick

Head. They dismounted and moved

cautiously, the priest-hunter in front

eagerly peering for his expected prey.

Terrific is that promontory over-

hanging the pallid billows, a savage

ly defiant upheaval of the oldest

rock strata of the Old World; a wild

yet solemn place, invested with le-

gends as wild and solemn; detached

from the main cliff and out-towering

e pronounced by St. Patrick on

the pirate, Deodrutsg. Across the

promontory is a huge ancient wall,

the rampart of the plundering Fo-

morians; a rude stone monument

the altar built by the saint when

he visited this strange corner of the

world in response to the cry of his

dream: "We entreat thee, noly

youth, to come and dwell amongst

thana, the "pit of the ancient fire,"

down which he cast the mystic fire

of the Druids, quenching in the waves

the weird ignis fatuus of paganism

The whole a place where, on this

eve of eves, evil spirits might gather

"It seems, master Jew, you have

brought us on a fool's errand," growled the sergeant. "Drunken

beast, I'll smash your reaping-hool

and we will catch the fox."

Patience, amigo mio, patience

"Where is he, then, you reptile? Where are the Papists? Where is the Popish priest? You surely don't expect them here in this infernal weather?"

in wrath and malice to bewail

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And the terrific Pul-na-Shan-

celebration of the Nativity.

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tiful as a poet's dream, with

hoary castle of Ballinglen, built

arrest the priest bring him here."

aside and whispered :

and arms.

the

the sewer nigh the house of

prising and taking the city,

rectory. CIETY -Betak

1856 Encorpus 1844. Meets in 92 St. Alexan-fenday of the meets last wed. Rev. Director. P.P.; President, C. J. Doherty vlin, M.D.; 2nd. B.C.L.; Treas. en; sorrespond. , Kahala; . Bo-F. P. Tansey,

A. AND B. 80. in St. Patrick's nder etreet, at ball on the Ty month at a Hev. Jas. Kt. P. Doyle; Rec. elly, 18 Vallee

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MEN'S SOCIE -Meets in its treet, on the h month Adviser, Rev. R.; President, Thomas Robt. J. Hart,

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lls, N.Y., July ecial Act of the re, June 9, 1879, creasing rapidly ,000 paid in by Cardinals, al of whom are

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has accidentally sent me as visitor my impromptu run to the old country to have the delight of meeting you, even thus, under our roof. Sit on worse nights than this." 00000000000000 The Return of the Wild Goose

"Worse—there couldn't be a worse e, you lying Israelite!" The wind whistled over the white down, whirling the snow like the smoke of the sea. They stamped and

slapped their arms to keep warm. They watched and waited, waited and watched. An hour went by, and another. Still no glimmer of light at St. Patrick's altar; no sign of life save themselves. A chorus arose from the troopers, not an angelic one, by any means, or suitable to the vigil.

At length the spy gave an exulting

"There he is-there is the padre himself,! Aha, I saw his face, and the gold is mine. Seize him, ami-

gos, seize him."

He bounded off into the darkness, troopers following. Suddenly there rang out a sharp, shrill cry of terror. Hurrying toward whence it me, the men suddenly halted with a shudder. They stood on the brink of a frightful yawning cavern—the Pul-na-Shanthana. A single set of footprints led to the overhanging snowbank, where a gap had been freshly torn by a falling body. The stoutest trooper among them winced; the black night was full of an appalling sense of doom. In vain they strained their gaze towards the gloomy depths of the cavern, where the sea boiled and bellowed more than a hundred feet below.

"The Portugee is gone on his last priest hunt, and gone very far down,' said the sergeant. "If he saw anything it must have been the fiend himself, for 'pon my conscience this is the mouth of hell. Lads, horse !"

Meanwhile Captain Meredith and his host enjoyed their wine their war stories. Approaching midmight, the old major of King James' army arose and courteously excused

"There is your bedroom, Captain," he said, pointing to an adjoining chamber. "I have the honor to wish you good.night, pleasant dreams, and very merry Christmas."

"Thank you, Major, sincerely returning your good wishes. But J needs must wait for my men to return and report; I may even have to return with them this night to Deel Castle."

Left to himself, the captain plunged in a reverie, now finding faces in the glowing turf fire, and now let. ting his gaze vaguely wander over the ancient weapons on the wall; war-axes of the MacDonnells' galloglasses, broadswords and brass-studded hide targets of their Redshank kinsmen, Irish skenes and Spanish rapiers. Presently, above the rumbling of the wind in the chimney, he became aware of another sound, the soft tread of passing feet outside his door. It went on almost without intermission-pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat. It needed a large number of people to keep it up so long. Was the place haunted? He had heard curious stories of these old Irish castles with their family spectres and banshees. Or was some new Jacobite conspiracy afoot, some daring Papist plot to bring in the Pretender?

Desirous to solve the mystery, he went to the door and threw it open. He noticed the shadows of several persons ascending the stairs, but his attention was chiefly attracted by a female figure standing motionless near the door, that of a young woman attired in the long, blue peasant cloak, with the hood drawn over her head.

"My good girl," he commenced,

Ere he could finish she advanced boldly though slowly into the room, a tall, robust damsel, with ruddy cheeks and smiling eyes.

"Was your high honor speakin' to me ?" she asked, demurely dropping a courtesy.

"Well, yes, my lass; I was wondering what brings so many people here to-night."
"Sure, 'tis Christmas time, your

honor, and 'tis a way we have this time o' year of going round and callin' in kindness on the neighbors." "It strikes me it is a rather late

nour for social visits." "Och, then, your honor, 'tis little ome of us mind the late hours, and tis pleased I am to meet you this fine night, as the fox said to the

The captain was surprised, then amused and gratified. A gentleman of good looks and bearing, he plumself on his powers with the erplexing sex. Here was a strange ut interesting type, that he had as et no knowledge of. The generous

rine made him specially gallant. He owed with stately courtliness.
"Blessed be the social custom that

now, Captain a ruin, sure that's always the way with the army—always sayin' soft, lovin', sootherin' things to the poor colleens. 'Tis ye sojers are the coaxin' creatures, and who can help likin' ye?"

"Then you like the army, my good down,

in' to make you proud, there's nobody more in love with a red coat." "Bravo! You would make an ex- Cross. cellent wife for a soldier."
"Faith, I think I'd be able to re-

gulate him and keep him in order." kind of Venus that would keep Mars in wholesome subjection."

"And now, Captain darlin', as I've made too bould in inthrudin', I'll just be sayin' good-night and—"

"No, no, my dear, you are most welcome, and as you must have travelled a little-" "A great deal, Captain, your ho-

"I daresay," concurred Meredith, "the major seems a fine old gentleman. And now, my dear young woman, my stalwart and buxom Hebe, beloved lover of the uniform,

let me pledge you in a glass of wine. Drink to me, not only with thine eyes, but with thy ripe and ruby lips.' She took the generous goblet with another courtesy and a ludicrous simper. "I drink to the noblest bird that flies," she said, and tossed off the liquor with a gusto and promptness remarkable for even such an

and not unmusical voice, she sang: "Once in fair England my blackbird did flourish.

able-bodied wench. Then, in a low

He was the chief flower that in it did spring,

High ladies of honor his person did nourish Because that he was the true son

of a king.
In Scotland he's deemed

And highly esteemed, In England he seemeth a stranger to

But his name I'll advance In Spain and in France,

My blackbird I'll seek out wherever he be."

For a moment Captain Meredith's face grew grave. Under the name of "the Blackbird," the Jacobites were wont to sing and toast the exiled son of the late King James II.

"That is a seditious song, my gay lass," he said; "I can well recall the occasion when last I heard it." His visitor laughed. "So, I think,

can I, Captain darlin'," she responded airily. "It is a favorite Brigade song. I'll bet my blue coat to your sword tassel that you last heard it in Cremona, at the officers' mess of the Regiment de Bourke, the night before your duel with Captain O'Dowd."

Captain Meredith glared in bewilderment.

"Or, maybe, it was the night before you went out as sympathizing second with a certain foolish officer of that regiment, in a little trouble arising out of cards or dice or a fair lady. Ah, you sad boy ! Count Ubaldini got it through the sword arm, and there was a pool of blood

on the glacis." "Woman or demon who are you?" demanded Meredith, now startled into perfect sobriety. "Stand from that door. This is a net-treachery

-a Jacobite plot ?"

but was thrust back with a force that spun him round. "No woman's arm that, I'll swear," he cried, and again advanced, to recoil a pace in had been cast off, and before him stood a young officer of the Irish Brigade, an officer in the scarlet uniform, faced with blue and white and trimmed with gold lace, of the Regiment of Bourke.

In a moment their swords flashed out and clinked and grated together, as they gazed steadily into other's faces. In another, Captain Meredith lowered his point, as a look of recognition shone in his eyes.
"Captain Farragn MacDonnell!"

"At your service, my old friend, Captain Meredith."

"Pardon the Christmas joke, George," continued the Wild Goose, laughing; "I couldn't resist the temp tation."

hilarity," replied Meredith. "Alas, that he who saved my life in Cremona should treat me thus in Ballinglen !"

"'Corpo di Bacco,': George, as we used to say in Italy, 'tis well worth

such a splendid specimen of an Irish try to have the delight of meeting She coyly averted her face." Arrah, down, my dear kaiserlik, and let us compare experiences since the day ve parted."

Their swords were returned with a simultaneous clash to the sheaths, and their strong hands met in soldiers' hearty grip. Then sat they exchanged reminiscences, drank each other's health and the "In troth, Captain agra, not think- health of all the brave and worthy men, fought they under the Golden Lilies, the Black Eagle or the Red

"And now, my old principal or second in many duels," at length said MacDonnell, "confiding in your ster-Quite right, my girl, you are the ling honor, I may tell you that the many persons you have heard passing your door to-night, while not at all guilty of lese majeste or praemunire, have really assembled to honor to a King."

"Drop your Jacobite leanings, Farragh, my boy; you ought to know that the Stuart cause is lost."

"No Stuart monarch this, George nor, and I'd travel much farther to yet still a greater sovereign than visit the decent people in this cas- King Louis or Queen Anne. Listen, -you can catch the music of their

Faintly distinct, as from far ethe real space, came floating the sweet, thrilling melody of Christmas:

"Venite adoremus, Venite adoremus, Venite adoremus Dominum."

"Now to see the conspirators in session," said MacDonnell, and together the two scarlet-clad captains ascended the stone stairs to the topmost apartment of the castle. It was densely thronged with rapt worshippers, almost crowding the three har pers who played in the choir, and giving scant space to the venerable soggarth who at the lighted altar was celebrating the midnight. Mass of that penal Christmastide.

"This is the altar room of Ballinglen," said he of the Brigade "small for the congregation, but safer tonight than Downpatrick Head." "Quite safe, Farragh." whispered

Meredith, and then, after a look and a thought, he added: "'On earth, to men of good will.

CHRISTMAS IN ROME.

In no other church in Rome Christmas kept with greater solemnity than in the Church of Ara Coeli, the venerable temple on the Campidoglio. Daily, from Christmas Day to the Epiphany, the great flight of steps-Rome's thank offering for delivery from the great pestilence-leading from the piazza be low to the main entrance of the church, is thronged from sunrise to sunset with a constant stream

pilgrims eager to pay their homage before the Presepio, in which world-famed Bambino is exposed to view. In its literal sense, the word presepio signifies a manger, but is commonly used to describe the customary Christmastide representation, with a scenery and figures of Christ's birth in the stable at Bethlehem. The first authentic presepio was that made by St. Francis at As- financially. sisi, whence the devotion spread in

all parts of Europe. Within the Church of Ara Coeli is miracles have earned for it the significant title of "the best doctor in Rome." This Santo Bambino of Ara Coeli is a small, shapely wooden statue, some two and a half feet in height, of the Infant Saviour. Acit, an immense rock pillar—Dun Briswill you kindly tell me the reason

He rushed at his strange visitor lay brother in Jerusalem out of a figure was carved by a Franciscan infancy, great things are expected in and endeavored to seize her mantle, log of olive wood grown on the Mount of Olives. Its features, now stained and worn by age, represent a baby of a few months old. During the Christmas season the Bambino astonishment. The large blue coat is taken from the little chapel adjoining the sacristy, which serves as its home during the rest of the year, and placed in a large presepio fitted up in one of the side chapels of the ing shut off by the organ as at pre-

Along one side of the chapel afternoon deliver short sermons or recite snatches of verse or prose in onor of the Infant Jesus and suggestive of the scene which lies picted before them. These simple discourses attract immense crowds and it is no uncommon sight to find the steps leading up to the church densely packed by anxious worshippers, awaiting admission to the sa-cred edifice. Some of these youthful orators prove themselves singularly proficient in their difficult task and both by word and gesture readily win the attention of their listeners. Some on the other hand, are so overcome by nervousness that they are, per-force, obliged to read the sentiments



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they cannot trust themselves to deliver.

Besides these juvenile sermons, it s also customary for the children to act short dramas, in which the action is indicative of the same sacred

On the feast of the Epiphany the Bambino is carried in state to the main entrance of the church, where, from the top of the historic flight of steps leading down to the piazza below, its blessing is given to the city and to the countless multitudes which throng every approach. Those who have spent Christmas in Rome are unlikely to readily forget the striking ceremonies of Ara Coeli.

Newfoundland Correspondence.

The Juvenile Society of St. John's held its annual meeting on Sunday, Dec. 4th, and elected as officers: President, W. J. J. Mahoney: Vice-President, F. Ryan; 1st Asst., M. O'Brien; 2nd Asst., S. Angel; 1st Treas., J. Callahan; 2nd Treas., T. Walsh; Sec., W. Brophy. The spiritual Director, Rev. Dr. Kitchen, was present and addressed the lads. Two applicants were admitted. It was announced that new scarves had been imported for the officers and guardians, and it was stated the annual procession would be held on Jan. 2, as New Year's Day falls on Sunday.

The following Sunday the adult body met and elected the following officers: President, J. J. Bates; Vice-President, W. J. Ellis; 1st Asst., E. Landy: 2nd Asst., W. O'D. Kelly; 1st Treas., M. J. Summers; 2nd Treas., P. J. Hanley; Sec., G. J. Coughlan; Grand Marshal, N. J. Murphy.

The parade this year will number 1000 members, and will be the largest in the history of the juvenile 'Cadet Corps and senior temperance bodies.

The bazaar in aid of the Church of the Sacred Heart at Placentia, the Ancient Capital, was a great success

The colony's progress is nothing short of marvellous. The strides made the last few years in manufac-! treasured the Bambino (Infant) whose turing and local industries now play an important part in the general prosperity of Terra Nova. A new association, called "The Manufacturers' Association," for the goods made in Newfoundland is now being formed, and while many of the local cording to the accepted legend, the industries are only as yet in their the future.

The organ in the Cathedral is to

be thoroughly renovated and then rebuilt in two sections, one on each side of the gallery, instead of in the centre as at present. This will enable the full light of the splendid window in the centre of the main facade of the edifice to be given to the interior of the church, instead of besent. The work is being done by Mr. Stanley, who recently erected temporary stage is erected, and on it the new organ in the C. E. Catheda pulpit, from which children every ral, will occupy about six months, afternoon deliver short sermons or and is expected to cost some \$10, 000. The organ was purchased many years ago by the late Bishop Mullock, at a cost of \$25,000. It was highly prized, as it obtained prize at the London Exposition previous to being purchased.

A few days ago His Excellency the Governor, Lady McGregor and daughters visited the Calypso, and the first-class Reservists were drawn up on the quarter neck. His Excelncy inspected them, and a smart looking set of men they were. were put through the manual exercises in review time, physical anh firing exercises, and His Excellency and suite were delighted,

American Catholic Writer Arrested in France.

Miss Eugene Ulrich, Well-Known Catholic Litterateur and Charitable Worker, had Narrow ascape from Deportation.

New York Sun, Dec. 11:

Miss Eugenie Uhlrich, a well-known Catholic writer, and a lecturer before the Champlain Summer School, was arrested recently at Limoges, France, as a Russian spy. She is the secre-tary of the Guild of the Infant Saviour, the charitable organization that takes care of the Catholic half of all the stray babies picked up in this city, and of which Mrs. Robert McGinnis, of 40 East Seventy-sixth street is the head.

Mrs. McGinnis said yesterday that she had just received word from Miss Uhlrich that it was only through the prompt action taken by cable by the State Department at Washington that she was saved from deportation.

Miss Uhlrich is a native of Galena, Ill., where her father was an old neighbor of Gen. Grant. In Septemper Miss Uhlrich went abroad, tending to make some post-graduate studies at Oxford and do other work there for a short period.

While there she met one of the French Sisters of Notre Dame, whose convent at Limoges, France, had been closed and the inmates exiled to England

The sister told Miss Uhlrich that the school for young women attached to the convent was being kept open under lay direction, and that they were very much in need of & teacher who could give instruction in English. Miss Uhlrich, who speaks French and German as well as English, was persuaded to go to Limoges and take up for a time the place of instructor in English and German at the school.

For the first week or two everything seemed destined to make her stay agreeable. 'Then, on November 10, she received a summons to appear before a local official.

At his office she was informed that the Government had reason to believe that she was a Russian spy, of whom there were a number known to be wandering about the country, pretending to be Americans. She unfortunately had neglected to get a passport before leaving New York, and the investigators declined to accept the evidence of such letters and

papers as she could produce. They were politely incredulous of all her explanations, and told her that she must consider herself under surveillance, and that unless she could formally establish her identity within ten days, she would be or-

dered to leave the country as a spy. Terrified at the prospect, and know ing no one in France to whom she could appeal, as a last chance she wrote to Mrs. McGinnis, here in New York, asking her to forward the necessary documentary identification.

"When I got the letter," said Mrs. McGinnis yesterday, "I saw that there was no time to be lost. My daughter was, fortunately, in Washington on a visit, so I got her on the telephone and told her Miss Uhlrich's story, directing her to see the authorities there and put the cable

at work. "After seeing the French Ambassa dor and Senator Penfield of the State Department, she finally got to Assistant Secretary Loomis, who, after hearing the story, told her not to worry any more, that he would atend to the case

"He at once cabled to the American representative at Limoges: 'Reported here that Eugenie Uhlrich, an American citizen, is arrested as Russian spy. Investigate and report immediately.' That settled the business. Here is Miss Uhlrich's letter, dated Nov. 27, in which she tells about it."

She was summoned again, she says, before the local magistrate and concluded that her time had come and that she would be deported, as she had not heard from New Yor

her delight, however, she found there the American vice-commercial agent, M. Jouhannaud, the commercial agent, Walter Griffin, temporarily absent. He was fortified with the State Department's cable despatch. Apologies for the take were profuse, and she has not since been molested.

We have reason to believe that she was denounced to the Government by one of the Combes secret agents, who are spread all over France since the Government war on the Catholic schools began in the hope that her arrest and deportation as a Russian spy might further crip-ple the convent school at Limoges.

A, BRANCH h November

LANGER, and Council, ET, QUBBEC.

FLOUR.

the Best. the empty base lontreal.3 Hto.

BRICKS IN ORRY!

IRISH SCULPTOR DUAD.

He was a native of Ireland, d 70 years old. He served in frimean way, and sted in the Papal guards, and ing the period of his enlistment Hed sculpture under Castini in no. After seven years he came to New York, where he opened In 1860 he was comm mioned by Ohio to produce the tal statue of Commodore Per ry, which ornaments Euclid avenue, of that city. During the civil was he settled in Washington where his most notable works are life size statues of Chief Justice Taney and Chase. His masterpiece is his Winchester Soldier, erected upon the famous battlefield in Vir ginia. Twenty-two years ago he went to Galveston. Aside from the busts of Houston and Austin, produced nothing worthy of note in that State. He leaves no relatives.

RAPHAEL'S SISTINE MADONNA

Last summer while looking up in Dublin some material for a lecture on the Irish School of Medicine,, says J. J. Walsh, M.D., Ph. D., I came across the following letter of one of the greatest physicians who has ever lived. He is one of the founders of the Irish School of Medicine which accomplished so much for the proper study of disease and the development of bedside teaching in the nineteenth century. His name was William Stokes, and he is recognized as one of the best authorities on diseases of the chest who ever wrote on this difficult subject. The letter was written not when he was young and perhaps over enthusiastic, but when he was in his sixtieth year and considered one of the most conservative of living medical scientists. Stoke was not a Catholic, though he was a very faithful member of the Episcopal Church, and as is evident from the tone of his letter, a devout believer in the supremacy of the privileges that had been conferred upon Mary in becoming the Mother God. The letter was written to sympathetic friend in Dublin and contains one of the most beautiful tributes that has ever been paid to Raphael's surpassing picture, Sistine Madonna, and its sublime

"Dresden, Sept. 1, 1863. "We have spent the greater part of two days in the picture gallery here. You will like to know what effect the Sistine Madonna of Raphael had on me. I expected-I don't know whya glory or strength of color. But after gazing a few minutes on this marvellous work I felt how wrong I had been. It is placed in a separate room, which it seems to turn into a sanctuary. No matter how many are present, there is a silence, if people speak, it is in the lowest whisper. Involuntarily you walk on the floor on tip-toe, and all uncover The principal colors are purple and red, both so delicate and so harmonized that they give to the whole picture the purity of Heaven. To speak of the expression of the Child! Oh! such love, power, sadness, prophecy, in both faces, as they look into the infinite and raise you up to be part of it. The whole was a dream of the painter. He saw the Blessed Mother descending to him from Heaven, and so he painted her. In her eyes I could see a strange surprise, a wild but subdued feeling of awe, that she should carry in her bosom the wonderful, the mighty God, the Prince of Peace. She does not look on Him, but into space, and her gait seems rapid, for the purple hood rises full above while her naked feet hardly imprint the rolling clouds which float tween her and earth. I feel it presumptuous to write this, for this is work that 'no matter-moulded form of speech' can ever describe. . . . One effect of it is to make you careless about all other treasures of this wast gallery, in which you have works of Correggio, Titian, Sasso erato, and hundreds of other great painters."

HOW WELLINGTON WON ASSAYE.

The battle of Assaye, the most san guinary for its size that Wellington ever saw, came about as the result of the purest chance, plus the ability of one man to turn that chance to account. The Duke confessed that his army was in a terrible predicament at the time. He had got the best native guides that money could secure, but when they came to the river Kistna they could not tell him of a ford. An enormous horde of na-tive cavalry was threatening him. The very existence of his army de ing.

cended upon his reaching the oppo-site bank. But how could be do so Failing all other methods, he tool the whole of his cavalry for escor and personally reconnoitered the river. By the aid of his glass he saw that there was a village on the that there was a village on right bank of the river and an village exactly opposite it on the other bank. Still his guides insisted that there was no ford. "Now," said Wellington, "men could have built two villages so close one another on opposite sides of stream without some habitual me of communication." On that formed the desperate resolution, he called it, of marching for the rive and trusting to there being a ford. He was right. He did find a pas sage, and his troops got over won the battle of Assaye.

Why Catholics Love to Ruild Fine Churches.

The edifice which is constructed to be for a congregation of the faithful, 'the house of God and the gate of heaven," the chosen place for the Divine Sacrifice, the permanent abode of Christ, really present under the sacramental species in the sacred tabernacle, the audience hall which is erected the mercy throne of the King of glory, should, of course, be the finest structure in any locality and furnished with the richest ornaments that the loving worshippers can procure. The Temple of Solomon was such by the direct order of God Himself, and Catholics have always understood, and understand today all over the earth, that such should be, to the best of their power, our places of sacred worship. A poetic inscription written by Fortu natus, about A.D. 550, for a church built by St. Felix in Nantes, France, bears witness to this conviction in the early ages, and the masterpieces of architecture since erected all over the Christian lands testify to it in every subsequent century. Rev. E. Bridgett, C.S.R., has rendered the verses as follows :

"The sacred Body of the Lamb Divine-

A priceless pearl-demands a golden In wealth and art with Solomon's to

vie. More rich, more fair to faith's discerning eye."

The more fully a people realize th holiness of a church, the greater, naturally, will be their eagerness lend beauty and dignity to the edifice and to all its furniture and ornaments. This truth is evidenced by the facts of history. For it wa in the ages of faith that the grandest churches were constructed; they were provided with vessels and ornaments of gold and silver, set with pearls and precious stones, to an extent which far surpassed richest display of kingly and imperial magnificence. Since the called Reformation the same spirit of faith and love for the Blessed Sacrament has made Catholics do wonders of generosity in behalf of thei churches, while in Protestant lands the houses of worship have been shamefully neglected. It is since the Oxford movement revived in England that a new spirit of respect for churches/has been aroused, first among Episcopalians, and gradually to some extent among others of the sects. Pray we that they may get back the "precious Pearl," and the artistic setting will not be long delayed .- Father Coppens, S.J., in the New Voice.

Helping Grand Trunk Apprentices.

A very successful experiment in the matter of practical education has een made in the Port Huron shops of the Grand Trunk Railway. There are between six and seven hundred en employed in the shops and of these about a hundred are apprentices. Mr. J. T. McGrath, the maste nechanic, some time ago inaugurated a system under which the appren tices receive from competent instruction in mechanical drawing and other branches calculated to as sist them in their manual training in the shop. Soon after the classes had been formed and work had go nder way, a literary and scientific institute was organized among the students, but the movement be so popular that full-fledged mecha nics and men who had worked at their trade for years joined in well. The shop the men in all this, and a local pa per says that no more satisfied h of workmen are to be found any where in the country than the Grand Trunk men at Port Huron, Mich .-Railway and Locomotive Engineer

a young artilleryman he mounted him on his own horse and ordered him or a life and death ride of fourteer miles for the nearest Spanish clergy man who could speak English. The priest arrived in time, and the poo soldier made his peace with God be fore he passed beyond the sound of

Catholics will grant that this ac tion is to the credit of General Miles It is true in every detail. The young artillery officer wrote an accor it shortly after, and his article, entitled "With Miles in Porto Rico," was published by most of the American Catholic journals. Later Gen. Miles corroborated its statements in a letter to a Catholic editor .- The New World

LITTLE LAUGHS.

THOSE MAGAZINE RECIPES. "Don't talk to me about the recipes in that magazine," said Mrs. Liane, with great energy. "Wasn" that the very magazine that advised me to put on that sody solution and leave the tablecloth out over night

to take off those yellow stains?" "I'm inclined to think it may have een," said Mrs. Lane's sister, with "I sent you a number of them in the spring, I remem

"Well, and what happened?" asked Mrs. Lane, with rising wrath. "Didn't the stains disappear

asked her sister. "Disappear !" said Mrs. Lane, in a withering tone. "It was the table cloth that disappeared. I don't know anything about the stains."

+ + * VOCATION AND AVOCATION. "Uncle Ephraim, what do you do

for a living?" "I preaches an' I raises punkins

"Which pays you the better?" "Well, o' co'se I gets mo' money out'n de punkins, but I gits 'nuff dis tinction out'n the preachin' to make up de diff'unce, boss."

* * * An Irishman travelling in France vas challenged by a Frenchman to fight a duel, to which he readily consented, and suggested shillelahs

"That won't do," said the Frenchman's second. "As challenged party you have the right to choose arms, but chivalry demands that you should decide upon the weapon with which Frenchmen are familiar.'

"Is that so?" replied the Irishman coolly. "Very well, we'll fight with guillotines."

SENATOR PETTUS' STORY OF A BAD PEN.

Senator Pettus, of Alabama, writing with a noisy, spluttering pen Laying the pen down, he smiled and said:

"Once I was spending the evening with a friend of mine in Selma. We sat in the dining-room, and from the kitchen came a dreadful, scratching

"'Martha,' said my friend to the maid, 'what is that scratching in the kitchen? It must be the dog trying to get in.'

'Huh !' said Martha, 'dat's no dawg scrachin' de do'. Dat's de cook a writin' a love letter to her honey-suckle.' ''

An illiterate young man once got a friend to write a letter for him to his sweetheart. The letter was ra ther prosaic for a love-letter, and he felt that an apology was due to his weetheart for its lack of tenderness.

It was as follows "Please excuse the mildness of th ere letter, as the chap wot's writin' it is a married man, an' he says he can't abide any soft-soaping; gives him the spazzums.'

At a smoking concert recently oung man with a better or his own vocal powers than his audience had volunteered a song, but die not get an encore. When he h finished an old friend remarked:

"Well, lad, I'm not blaming the shou'st done thy best; but if I kne the chap as asked thee to sing I'd crack his stupid head "

Affliction makes and develops char acter. From this thorny vine bursts flowers of beauty and fragrance. On this rough and gnarled tree grows the mest delicious fruits.—Rev. Dr. Bristol.

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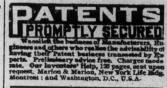
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two inches and a half in diameter. work band, to allow the sound of It is supposed to have been purchas striking of the watch to be phin of France, as it has the name of a celebrated Blois manufacturer engraved on it

The entire skull is curiously graved. On the forehead there is a picture of death, with the scythe and hour glass. He is depicted as standing between a palace and a hovel, to show that he is no respecter of persons, and underneath the familiar quotation from Horace, "Pallida mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas Regumque

At the back of the skull is another epresentation, this one being time devouring everything. Time also carries a scythe and beside him is the nblem of eternity-the serpent with its tail in its mouth.

The upper section of the skull is divided into two pictures. On one side is the crucifixion with the Marys kneeling at the foot of the cross, and

Below these pictures, running righ-

shape of a miniature skull, is about! round the skull cut to represent the various emblems of the crucifixion, such as scourged the cross, swords, spears, the lan used in the garden, and so forth. A of the carvings have appropriate La tin quotations

By reversing the skull and h the upper part in the hand and I ing the under jaw on its hinge watch may be opened, and on plate inside is a representation the stable at Bethlehem, with shepherds and their flocks in distance.

The works of the watch are being where the roof of the would be in a real skull. This silver and gold, with elab scrolls, while the hours are m scrolls, while the hours are minimal large Roman letters. The ware remarkably complete, even in large silver bell with a muscound, which holds the works in skull when the watch is closed.