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The Catholic Weekly Review.

A JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN CANADA

Reddite quæ sunt Casaris, Casari; et quæ sunt Dei, Deo.—Matt 22: 21.

Vol. V.

Toronto, Saturday Dec. 26, 1891.

No 55

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Could not get along without it.
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English mails will be closed during October as follows: Oct. 1, 2, 5, 8, 12, 15, 16, 19, 22, 23, 25, 29.
 N.B.—There are branch post offices in every part of the city. Residents of each district should transact their Saving Bank and money Order business at the local office nearest to their residence, taking care to notify their correspondents to make orders payable at such branch post office.
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Vol. V.

Toronto, Saturday Dec. 26, 1891.

No 55

DEATH OF REV. FATHER DOWD.

REV. FR. DOWD, of St. Patrick's church, Montreal, died on Saturday morning last at the Seminary on Notre Dame St. The funeral took place on Tuesday from Notre Dame Church. Father Dowd's remains were, in order to satisfy the legitimate desire of his bereaved parishioners, exposed in St. Patrick's church all Sunday and were not removed to Notre Dame until Monday evening. Solemn service for the dead was held in the Notre Dame church on Tuesday morning, after which the procession proceeded to St. Patrick's, where Libera was sung.

There are few public men in the Dominion who were not acquainted with the Rev. Father Dowd, and the news of his death has caused the deepest sorrow throughout Quebec and Ontario.

No clergyman of any denomination in Canada, says the *Empire*, is better and more widely known than the Rev. Father Dowd, and the loss of the revered pastor of St. Patrick's will not only be sorely felt in every Irish Catholic family in the land, but with other denominations as well. The passing away of this truly good man creates a blank amongst lovers of law, order and Christian unity that will be most difficult to fill, and, if harmony and brotherly love exist to a very handsome degree amongst the different races and creeds in the city of Montreal, no one can deny

the statement that the great Irish priest has been an all-powerful factor in the good work. No one knew his own people better than Father Dowd, and the reverend gentleman goes to his rest and reward with prayers and blessings coming from every Irish heart. For 40 years and more Father Dowd has pleaded, not only in the pulpit, but at the council table of his honored order for peace, harmony and good will, and there are few people in Montreal to-day who have not experienced more or less benefit from the famous Sulpician's labor of love in the Canada he served so well. The aged priest was a great Irishman, but he was a greater Canadian, and he loved at all times to talk of our rising young nation and to dwell upon the temporal and spiritual blessings which the good man held were in store for the new Dominion. The man who has for so many long years been called the Irish bishop of Montreal, never found it expedient to take sides in party warfare, yet Father Dowd has never shirked his duty as a pastor, a patriot and a citizen when the peace of the province or Dominion was threatened, or when the unity of the Empire was assailed. His wise words of counsel of the worshippers at St. Patrick's church the morning of the Champ de Mars meeting in November, 1886, will long be remembered, and his utterances at the Fenian invasion have taken deep root in Canadian hearts.

The Reverend Patrick Dowd was born in 1813, of respectable and well-to-do parents, at the inland village of Dunleer, County Louth, Ireland, and is consequently seventy-eight years of age. From his earliest childhood he was remarkable for his piety, and his heart continually burned with an ardent desire to give his life up in the service of God. His good parents were not slow in noticing this, and immediately sent him to pursue his classical studies at Newry college, after which the young ecclesiastic was sent to study theology in the Irish college at Paris. In 1837 he saw his fondest hopes realized, and was ordained priest by the Archbishop of Paris, Monseigneur Quelen.

The young priest returned to his native land soon after his

ordination, and pursued his priestly functions for ten years in different sections of the country. In 1847 he joined the illustrious order of St. Sulpice, of which he was one of the most esteemed members, and in 1848 he bade an affectionate farewell to the green hills of his beloved Ireland and set sail for distant Canada. After a long passage, Father Dowd landed in Montreal, a very small town at that remote date, and immediately after entered upon his ministerial duties in connection with St. Patrick's Church.

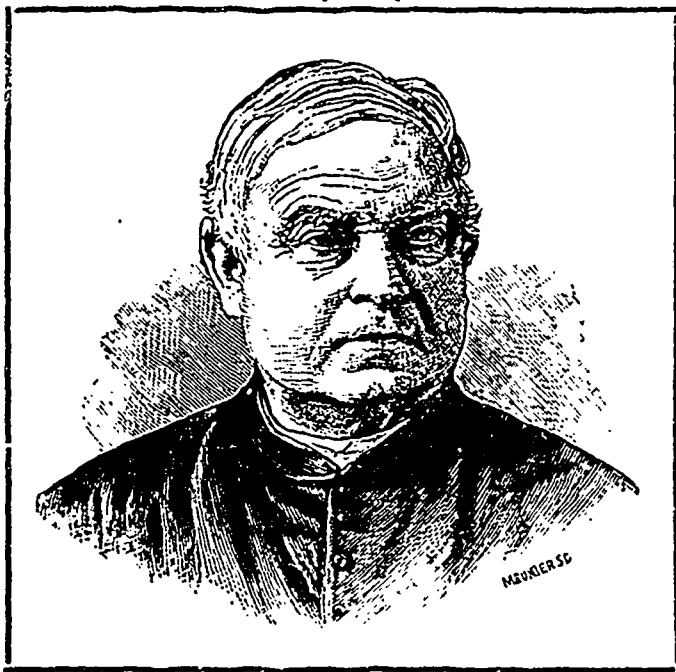
For nearly forty years this distinguished clergyman has been working assiduously for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the people of St. Patrick's parish, as well as for the Irish citizens in general throughout the city, who have known him so long and so well.

The year after his arrival in this country, Father Dowd founded the St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum, which is to-day a splendid monument to the untiring devotion and charitable instincts of the departed priest. St. Bridget's Home and the Night Refuge were established through his energy in 1865, and the present commodious Home and Refuge on Laguachetiere street, built in 1866-7, and the handsome building known as the St. Patrick's school. Such are the buildings which owe their inception to the man whom his admiring countrymen had more than once designated Montreal's Irish Bishop.

There was, perhaps, no man in Montreal or throughout Canada who was better known and esteemed by all classes, irrespective of creed or nationality, than the venerable pastor of St. Patrick's. His long residence in Montreal and his innumerable works of charity in the cause of religion had resulted in his name being closely interwoven with the history of the country. He had been repeatedly offered the highest dignities of the Church, but has always declined them, preferring to remain with his St. Patrick's congregation rather than wear the mitre—the Sees of Kingston and Toronto having been offered to him.

In 1877 he organized the great Irish pilgrimage to Lourdes and Rome, and everyone can recollect the painful anxiety that was felt when the vessel carrying the pilgrims and their beloved pastor was not heard of for several agonizing weeks. Prayers were offered in all churches without distinction of creed, for their safety. Four years ago he attained the 50th year of his priesthood, and religious and civil demonstrations of a right royal kind were tendered in his honor. He was a personal friend of the late Sir John Macdonald, and many were the anxious enquiries made by the reverend pastor while the great chieftain lay hovering between life and death at Earncliffe in June last. Sir John Thompson, Hon. Mackenzie Bowell, Senator Murphy and Mr. J. J. Curran, M.P., have for many years been personal friends of the distinguished clergyman, and his death will be severely regretted by all good thinking Canadians.

Sir John Thompson did not reach the city in time to see his old friend, Father Dowd, alive. It was the Minister of Justice whom Sir John Macdonald sent to represent the Government of the Dominion at the rev. gentleman's jubilee celebration four years ago, and it was also on that occasion that thousands of our citizens listened for the first time to the eloquent Nova Scotian.



THE HISTORY OF THE CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL.

CHRISTIANS are accustomed to hail the advent of the Christmas festival with peculiar gladness; for it is a commemoration of the event which, more than all others, brought joy to the whole world,—the anniversary of the day whereon was inaugurated the great work of man's redemption. The birth of Christ marks the commencement of the Christian era. Christmas comes first and foremost in the ecclesiastical cycle: it ushers in all the other festivals of the year; it is preceded by a period of special preparation, and is celebrated with solemn rejoicings. St. Chrysostom styles Christmas the mother of all festivals, since from it all others take their origin; for had not, he adds, Christ been born according to the flesh, He had not been baptized, which is the Epiphany; neither had He been crucified, which is our Paschal festival; neither had He sent down the Holy Spirit, which is our Pentecost.

It may, therefore, appear strange that so important a feast should for three centuries and a half have held no place among the festivals of the Church. Yet such is the indisputable fact: during the early ages of Christianity the Feast of Christmas was entirely unknown. No day was set apart for its solemn celebration; no liturgy was in existence for the special commemoration of the Saviour's birth; no public ceremonies summoned the faithful to kneel in spirit before the Crib of Bethlehem. The only official notice of the feast was a commemoration of the Nativity on the 6th of January, as an adjunct to the three other mysteries solemnized on that day.

The Baptism of Christ was the mystery originally kept on the 6th of January, The commencement of His public ministry, and announcement to be the Son of God, was held to be an event of far greater magnitude than His coming into the world. It was supposed, moreover, to possess a more cosmopolitan signification, as being not confined to the Jewish nation, but a proclamation to the whole world of a Redeemer. Hence the Epiphany, or Manifestation, was considered to be of so much greater importance than the birth of Christ that to the latter no special day was assigned. The Epiphany is spoken of by the Fathers as the Day of Baptism—*Principium et causa hujus festi baptismus Christi est*; and it was one of the three days on which baptism was administered to catechumens. To this public appearance of Christ at His baptism as the Son of God was united the commemoration of His first public miracle, the conversion of water into wine at the marriage banquet of Cana. The appearance of the Star and Adoration of the Magi were also added, and a commemoration of the Nativity made.

Thus the Epiphany became a collective festival, denoting a fourfold manifestation: (1) The appearance of God manifest in the flesh at the Nativity; (2) The appearance of the Star that guided the Magi to Bethlehem when Christ was manifested to the Gentiles; (3) The glorious manifestation of His Divinity and of the Three Persons of the Holy Trinity at His baptism; (4) The manifestation of His supernatural power at the marriage of Cana. In consequence of this manifestation in four different ways and on four different occasions, the festival was called in the West *dies epiphaniarum*, or *apparitionem*. Only through the influence of the Latin Church was the commemoration of Christ's birth introduced in the East, where the Epiphany was kept as a triplex festival: (1) Epiphania, the appearance of the Star; (2) Theophania, the manifestation of the Holy Trinity at Our Lord's baptism; (3) Bethphania, the manifestation of divine power in the house (*beth*) of Cana. St. Jerome declares the Epiphany is venerable, not because of Christ's birth in human flesh (for in this he was hidden), but because He was openly declared to be the Son of God. St. Chrysostom says: "Not the day of His birth is the day of His real appearance, but the day of His baptism, and the manifestation of the Three Persons of the Holy Trinity."

Not until the middle of the fourth century was the Nativity separated from the Epiphany by the Latin Church, and a day set apart for its celebration, the two feasts being called respectively *Prima* and *Secunda Nativitas*. The error of the Manichees, who denied that Christ was born in the flesh, very probably induced greater importance to be given to His Nativity, and led to its being made a distinct festival.

In reference to the day, Clement of Alexandria mentions the opinion of some who placed the birth of Christ on the 20th April, and of others who assigned to it the 26th of May. St. Epiphanius and Cassian state the general belief to be that it was on the 6th of January. Calculating the birth of Christ from the Crucifixion, which was supposed to have taken place on the 9th of April, a book entitled "*De Pascha Computus*," published either in Italy or Africa in 243, gives the 29th of March as the date of the Nativity. But this date was not in accordance with the popular belief that Christ suffered on the 25th of March—a belief so deeply rooted in Gaul that we find it recorded that as late as the fifth and sixth centuries the Passion was commemorated on the 25th of March, and the Resurrection on the 27th, quite irrespective of the movable solemnities of Good-Friday and Easter Day. The accepted tradition was that in the spring equinox the world was created; on the same day mankind was redeemed by the death of Christ; and that the Annunciation and Incarnation of the Eternal Word took place on the same day (March 25); whence nine months would bring us to the 25th of December, the day of His birth.

St. Augustine mentions as an undoubted historic fact that Christ was born on the 25th of December. The first proof of the observance of the feast of the Nativity on that day is found in a Roman calendar drawn up in the year 336, in which is read: *viii kal: Jan: (December 25) natus Christi in Bethleem Judee*. It was during the pontificate of Pope Julius I. (337-352) that the appearance of Christ in the flesh (*natalis in carne*) was separated from the Epiphany, and appointed for solemn commemoration on the 25th of December. We learn from St. Ambrose that his sister Marcellina made her profession in Rome on the day of Our Lord's Nativity, in presence of Pope Liberius, who preached on the occasion on the mystery of the day. This must have taken place in 353 or 354, as Liberius left Rome in the latter year.

The observance of Christmas as a distinct festival was not introduced into the East until a later period. St. Jerome and many writers of his time speak of the Nativity and Epiphany being kept on different days in the Western Church. Addressing the consecrated virgins in the cloister at Bethlehem on the 25th of December, St. Jerome bids them remember that on this day Our Lord was born. People here, he says, assert that "He was born on the 6th of January; and they ask, who should know better than those who live on the very spot where He was born? But let us hold fast the tradition we have received from our forefathers, while we condemn not their opinion; for the teaching of the Apostles is nowhere better known than in our city of Rome, where they were received when driven out of Judea."

St. Basil, preaching in Cappadocia about the year 372, mentions the Nativity and Baptism of Our Lord as being both kept on the 6th of January; while his brother, St. Gregory of Nyssa, preaching in the same place on St. Stephen's Day, 386, says: "Yesterday we celebrated the birth of Him who was made sin for us." Hence we may conclude that during the interval the change already made in the ecclesiastical calendar in the West had spread to the East. The precise time of its introduction can not be determined, as it was not simultaneous throughout the churches of the Orient. St. Chrysostom, in a Christmas sermon delivered at Antioch in 386, says that ten years had not yet passed since his hearers had come to the true knowledge of the day of Christ's birth, which had been kept on the Epiphany until the Latin Church gave them better information. At the time when he spoke the Christmas festival was not kept either in Jerusalem or Alexandria. In the latter metropolis it was introduced only in 431.

By some it is conjectured that Christmas was fixed on the 25th of December for the purpose of affording a Christian substitute for the *Saturnalia*, or feasts of rejoicing, celebrated by the pagans at the winter solstice. After the shortest day the sun was supposed to enter upon a new and victorious course, and the succeeding days were kept in honour of *sol novus, natalis invicti*. St. Gregory Nazianzen's exhortations to his people on the Nativity seem directly intended to warn them against falling into the same abuses as the heathen. He bids his hearers beware lest, whilst observing the joyous festival, they should indulge in the luxury and intemperance which mark the pagan feasts. Conformity with the habits and customs of the heathen world around them, from which their Christian profession obliged them to be wholly separate, was a danger to which converts were continually exposed. The fast of the kalends of January observed in the Latin Church was perhaps intended no less as a means of deterring Christians from taking part in the mummeries and excesses which ushered in the New Year than as a preparation for the Epiphany. So long as the Epiphany continued to be considered a greater festival than Christmas, the fast of Advent which preceded it was kept from the 17th of December until the 6th of January; and when Christmas was first fixed for celebration on the 25th of December, the faithful were directed not to fast on that day.

For a considerable time after the Christmas festival was universally kept, the Epiphany was still held, both in the East and the West, to be the more important festival of the two. The ancient Roman *Ordo* speaks of it as undeniably greater. Gerbert, writing in the thirteenth century, in a German Mass-book calls it *der obriste Tag*—the higher or greater day. But as time went on, the first manifestation, the birthday of the Word made Flesh, gained ground, and took precedence over the second manifestation, the proclamation of the Saviour's birth to the Gentile world. Moreover, as the years passed on, the Baptism of Christ ceased, by some unaccountable change, to be regarded as the principal mystery commemorated on the 6th of January, and gave place to the Adoration of the Magi, whence the day was called the Feast of the Three Kings. This alteration was seemingly a very gradual one; not until the beginning of the ninth century did the Epiphany receive this latter signification.

There is no doubt that from the time that it was constituted a distinct festival, the Nativity of the Saviour was celebrated by the Church with peculiar solemnity and devotion. In ancient times the principal festivals were preceded by vigils, which the faithful kept in the church, passing the night in fasting and prayer. This custom was afterward abolished for Christians in general, on account of the abuses to which it gave rise, and restricted to the religious orders. It was, however, retained for Christmas, the people being invited to assemble in the churches to assist at the Divine Office and hear the Midnight Mass. The German name for Christmas, *Weihnacht*, has reference to this

custom. The day itself was kept with the same religious solemnity as the Lord's Day. There were always sermons, as we gather from the writings of the Fathers, and the people were exhorted not to let the day pass without making a devout Communion. Liberty was given to servants to rest from their labors, and the laws of the State prohibited public games and shows on Sundays. Private Masses were also forbidden, as a rule: the Church obliged all the faithful to attend the cathedral or one of the larger churches of the city, in order to show all possible honor to the day.

In regard to the three Masses which are now a special privilege of the day, it is not easy to determine how far back they date. Some say that as Christianity spread, the crowds who collected rendered them necessary. A far more probable explanation of the usage is that in Rome a procession was customary on Christmas Day to (1) the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore; (2) the Church of St. Anastasia, whose feast is kept on December 25; and (3) St. Peter's. In each of these basilicas the Pope offered the Holy Sacrifice. St. Gregory the Great mentions the custom in one of his Christmas homilies. "By the liberality of the Lord, we are about to celebrate to-day the solemnity of the Mass three times." Whether this custom prevailed elsewhere in early times is more than doubtful.

In places where St. Anastasia's feast was not kept as it was at Rome, priests used to say two Masses: one of the vigil and one of the feast. This was done in France until the Roman *Ordo* was adopted; and for some time after, as at first, the three Masses were said only by bishops. Wherever the custom of saying two Masses prevailed, the people were apparently expected to hear both. On this account the benediction was not given at the conclusion of the first, nor was the *Ite Missa est* said, lest the people should think themselves at liberty to depart out of the church. And when the three Masses had become customary throughout Europe, as was the case in the fourteenth century, the congregation were expected to remain until the third was finished.

As the Midnight Mass commemorates the actual birth of Christ into the world, so the Mass of Dawn commemorates His revelation to mankind in the person of the Shepherds who came to adore Him; while the Mass of Day celebrates the eternal sonship of the Holy Child. A mystical meaning is also attached to the three Masses. They are supposed to figure the threefold birth of Jesus Christ, who was begotten of the Father before all ages, born in time of the Virgin Mary, and is evermore spiritually born anew in the hearts of the faithful. To all who receive Him He gives power to be made the sons of God. *Laudetur Jesus Christus!*—*Ellis Schreiber in Ave Maria.*

A PAUPER'S CHRISTMAS.

"RUSHVILLE!"

The very intonation of the tall brakeman, who thrust his head in at the half opened door, was an intimation that few passengers were expected to alight, and that those who chose to do so were distinctly of the "no account" sort. The truth that the train was "slowing up" dawned at last upon the consciousness of a person in the rear of the car, who found some difficulty in adjusting his physical belongings to the stern necessity of an immediate retirement from the warm and comfortable corner, where his lean and well-worn satchel was his only companion.

The ruddy-faced conductor felt constrained to translate in a truly literal sense the rough suggestion of the passenger to "give a lift," for the old man was thin and poorly clad, the only evidence of comfort in his wardrobe being a strong pair of "double streaked" mittens such as Ruddyface had not seen since the days of his childhood, when a loving grand mother had knitted them in turn for each male member of an old-fashioned household. So strong was the rush of memory that he scarcely heard the quavering voice that questioned as to the location of the "County House." "It is too far for you to walk," was his answer. "You ought to have written to Petty that you were coming; he is a capital, good hearted man and never minds driving his big bays down." He waved a vigorous protest against longer delay, swung himself easily to the platform and was gone. Not so agile, however, was the passenger. He lingered a moment in the wintry wind and then, tightening his red comforter about his wrinkled throat, gripped the satchel closer and stepped forward. Before the train had passed out of sight Ruddyface saw him cautiously crossing the track, and sighed as he thought: "It's a pity Petty did not meet him. The old fellow ought to have one more ride in life, but I guess likely his next will be in a close carriage drawn by a black horse." Then the supposed pauper slipped from his mind, and he went back cheerily to the monotonous duty of punching pasteboard and reminding delinquents that they might have saved five cents by getting tickets.

Meanwhile the passenger found the cold wind at his back to be a friend in need. It greatly helped him onward and seemed to stimulate his mental faculties, for he began to plan his coming campaign.

Less than an hour after the arrival of the train at Rushville, Mr. Joshua Petty, as he liked to be called, opened the heavy front door of the big stone alms-house in response to a vigorous blow by the "knocker." He was accustomed to find his visitors pinched and des-

pondent, but here was a man who had passed the limit of threescore years and ten, feeble in body, yet with the light of youthful enthusiasm sparkling in his eye, and a quick smile responding to the kindly greeting of the poormaster.

"Is Cynthy Dobell here?"

"He has got a mean face, yet kinder human withal," was the thought that crossed Joshua Petty's mind as he measured his reply. "Y-o-s."

"Tell her I want to see her, will ye?" The stranger made haste to enter, and the poormaster pointed to a small, square room on the right where an uninviting bareness was the conspicuous feature.

However tired the newcomer was, he did not sit down, the lean satchel was deposited on the floor near the door, and the keen eyes peered into the entry, along whose bare floor some one was slowly walking. It was a woman. She limped and rested her hand on a stout stick. As she neared the door the person who watched her could see that she was very erect, spare in flesh, and with the peculiar deadness of color that belongs to aged people who have once been fair. Her hair was soft and fine, and its silver strands were partly concealed by a coarse but clean cap. Her thin lips parted in a smile as she saw the man, but in his eager recognition he gave her no time to recall his features.

"Cynthy," he said, grasping her hand—"Cynthy Dobell, don't you remember Lige Dano?"

Her voice was a little tremulous as she replied softly, "I guess I do." He had not released her hand when she reminded him of her lameness.

"I ain't as spry as I used to be, Ligy; I'll hev to set." She sank into the rush-bottomed chair by the window and drew her spectacles from her pocket. She looked out of doors first, and then turned her glance full upon him.

"I declare 'tis you, Ligy; but we're both on us changed."

"It didn't take glasses to make me see it was you, Cynthy," he answered in a disappointed tone, adding slowly, "I hate to find you in the county house."

"Oh! that ain't nothin' to some afflictions, Ligy. Mister Petty he keeps it awful good; his wife's never stinching about things. We hev full an' plenty vittles, clean beds, an' a chair apiece by the fire, an' Sis reads the Good Book to us every blessed night; I dunno as I hev anythin' to complain of. It seems to me you kinder need lookin' after, you ain't fleshed up no more than me, an' you look somethin' more peaked than years had order make you. Hain't ye well? Be ye hungry? I'll jest step an' ask Mis' Petty fur a cup o' tea an' a cracker."

"Don't go, Cynthy," he said eagerly; "I hain't hungry for nothin' but jest seein' you." She dropped back into her chair, half-frightened at the intensity of his emotion. "Cynthy, you hain't afraid to hear me talk to ye?"

She shook her head, and wiped her glasses vigorously, as if thereby to perceive more clearly his meaning. She pointed out to him, too, the remaining chair, and he drew it so close to her side that the trembling of his lip was perceptible to her. "Well, Ligy?"

"It's most Christmas ag'in, Cynthy."

"Yes."

"Do you recollect the last time we sot together?"

"Yes."

"It was that drestful cold time when the roads was snowed chock full, an' I was teamin' fer Pelig Johnson, an' you was tail'rin'."

"Yes, when I hev a smart turn now I tailor fer the men an' boys, but land! the fashions is so changed, though your coat don't show it much. Be ye poor, Lige?"

He started. A deep flush like anger spread over his face. "Never mind, never mind!" she said quickly, thinking she had vexed him. "A friend was always more to me than his coat."

"Is I a friend?"

"Why not, Ligy?"

"I dunno as I want to be." She moved as if to rise. "Stop, Cynthy; I can't seem to sense it that we're old, and in a county house. It's like as if we was on them steps ag'in, leading to the granery, and you ought to hev a red hood."

"Why do you talk of that, Ligy?"

"Because, Cynthy, I can't never forgive myself that I didn't ask you to be my wife—" She trembled. "S'pose I ask ye now, Cynthy? I ain't no pauper; I've got full an' plenty fer both of us." A beautiful color overspread her thin cheek, but she shook her head. "Listen, Cynthy. You'd be awful well took keer of, an' I most know you leant to me onct." Her flush deepened.

"Don't, Ligy," she said; "maybe there was a time—"

"Wasn't it that night?"

"Well, p'raps it was. Yes, Ligy, I'm free to confess I did lean to ye, an' if you had a spoken why likely enough—"

"It hain't too late now." Still she shook her head.

"Yes, Ligy, it's all too late." The moisture in her own eyes prevented her seeing the tears that trembled on lids that had not been wet in years. There was silence.

"Cynthy," he said at last, "ye don't know how I've sot my heart on sharin' with you; how I've thought about you when I was workin'."

"Yes, Ligy, I know all about it. For years I could not give it up but that some day you'd come, somethin' like you've come now, and fetch me off with ye. I'd a-gone quick indeed; but now it's too late. The things we set our hearts on are sure to come round, but it's mostly when the appetite's gone. No, I couldn't now."

"Tell me why?"

"I dunno as I kin."

"Ah, Cynthy, I wisht you knew jest how much I'd like to see ye out o' the caounty house and sharin' with me."

"I do know, Ligy, well enough, how you feel about it, fer I'd feel jest so myself, knowing you had nothin' and me all; but I can't do it."

There was no fire in the little room but the great drops of perspiration trickled down the man's face. He stooped over the lean satchel and nervously opened and shut its worn clasp.

"Cyntho," he said at last, "I've got to tell ye somethin' more. You asked about my money, an' I didn't mean to tell ye till after we are married; fer I thought if you loved me enough to marry me you would sure love me enough to forgive me, an' your love is the only thing I've ever keered for. I was two amighty poor for twenty years to keep a wife of I had her. Then that old uncle of yours, that was all the relashon you had, give me a hum, an' I nussed him when he died, an' he left me that there quarry-hole—all he had—in case you was dead, as he s'posed. It turned out to be a fino stone that lay away where we couldn't see it, an' I sold out a share to a man who is workin' it. There may be a big fortune there, an' I needn't hev hunted you up. I'm jest naturally a mean man, but I jest couldn't help it. I'd got to find you, if you was on earth. There was a twitchin' at my heart every time I thought of you an' the red hood, an' I didn't keer more'n a meal o' vittles for the whole quarry ef I couldn't hev you too. So I set off an' I found you an' now you won't hev me nohow, an' the papers is all there in the satchel, an' I'll jest say good-bye and leave 'em. I s'pose there's somethin' the law might do, but I dunno. There ain't no more fer me in the world. If you was here I could stay in a caounty house too; but you'll be goin' now—so I can't stand caounty vittles."

He drew the comforter again about his neck and, lifting the satchel, set it on the chair beside her.

Mechanically Cynthy opened it, and that its contents were simply a package of legal documents and a big red hood. She spread the papers over the floor, utterly at a loss to understand them. Then she fingered the bonnet as if it were a child, and at last slipped it on her head. The very touch of the wool sent her into dreamland. Long she sat, her eyes fixed on the documents at her feet, her lips parted as if to speak, but oblivious to all before her.

The tea-bell was sounded at five o'clock, but she did not know it. The winter twilight deepened and the cold grew intense. At last she was conscious of Joshua Petty's voice ringing through the house, but it did not disturb her until he touched her arm and shouted in her ear:

"What's the matter, Miss Dobell? You'll be havin' pnemouy too, next thing. What on earth did you let go that poor streaked-mitten man for in all this freezin' weather? If it hadn't a-been for my goin' to get groceries for the wimmin's Christmas fixin's he'd a froze stiff alongside the rail fence. I fetched him home, but he's a-lyin' in a dead sleep, an' goodness knows if ever he'll wake. I most thought the same of you. It's queer business."

Even then consciousness returned but partially. She stooped with an effort and gathered up her papers, but she kept the hood on as she limped slowly down the entery. Mr. Petty followed her with a handful of bills that had fallen from the satchel.

"What's all this?" he demanded, almost angrily. "Who you been a-robbin'?" But she motioned him away, only whispering: "It's bissen—I dunno—but I reckon its fer a caounty-house Christmas."

It was high noon on Christmas day. Without the sun shone on the crusted snow, the long icicles glistened from the eaves. The evergreens were laden with spangles, and the crisp air betokened a polar temperature. Within the alms-house all was warmth and light. The shades were lifted to admit a broad stream of sunshine. The doors of the first floor were thrown wide, and in a room not far from the dining-room, where long tables were spread with clean linen and abundance of Christmas cheer, where two cots from which a pair of invalids looked out upon the gathering about the well-spread board. Quietly the men and women filed into the bright room. Silently they awaited the blessing that Joshua Petty called down upon them, and when his voice quaveringly besought the favor of the Heavenly Kingdom in behalf of those about to pass from earth, a suppressed sob echoed through the place. But it is not in the nature of those long bereft of natural comforts to resist their alluring presence, and the country charges rarely had the opportunity to revel in the luxuries now spread before them. Quickly their tears were chaged to smiles, and in the enjoyment of plenteous platters they forgot the circumstances of the getting. So absorbed were the paupers in their pudding that no one heard the low voices from the hospital cots.

"Cynthy, it is Christmas, aint it? Pears to me I sent turkey and cran'berries."

"Yes, Ligy, we're goin' hum now—I thought better of it and come with ye. It's awful cold, but my hood keeps me het up; but somehow

it keeps the light out."

"Give me your hand, Cynthy; it is a-gettin' dark; but you seem to be settin' along side that pictur' of the Virgin and her Infant that used to hang on the peg in Polig Johnson's kitchen, left there by a hired man. Seems like sho's a-callin' you."

"Ligy, I'm glad I come. I told you onct that I couldn't; but it's all right; there's somethin' awful peaceful about Christmas. I guess likely it'll be Christmas forever in Heaven. The good Lord don't never forget us, an' if I thought a spell ago that our best wishin's come to a real too late, I know naw its all a mistake, for it's jest as clear to my mind as readin' was when I didn't hev to wear glasses. That the way's always open to us, an' the reward's awaiting for them as patiently ears it. I've tried to lend a hand to some of those poor critters that the Lord didn't lend much sense to, and when I thought you'd forgotten me, I laid a-bed nights an' repeated over an' over: 'Well, I'll jest try to make my loss somebody's else blessin,' an' if the Lord has enough to go round, maybe same day here or hereafter, mine will come. Ligy's a good man an' I hope to see him in Heaven."

There was a sob in his voice as the dying man replied: "Cynthy, I haint never earned this, but I do know the scales has fallen from my eyes, as the Good Book tells, an' most can see how beautiful Heaven is. Its pretty near now; we won't hev to wait long." Then his hand wandered a little, and then he smiled as he said, "The Lord has loaned me the quarry-hole money and you needn't never be afeared, fer I've got full an' plenty to hire a team whenever you git tired." She thrust out her feeble right arm and groped about until she reached Elijah Dane's weak hand, his fingers closed over her wrist, and a great hush fell upon them.

The paupers did not hear a strange footfall, nor the rush of wings, yet a messenger had come and gone, and two spirits had taken flight during the Christmas dinner. S. M. H. G. in *Catholic World*.

GATHERING CRUMBS.

He said to His disciples "Gather up the fragments that remain lest they be lost"—John vi. 12.

'Twas a strange command from the Master
"Go gather the crumbs" He said;
When weary and faint in the desert,
The multitude had been fed.

They staid not to question His meaning
These loving disciples and true,—
And the cувins, in obedience gathered
To more than twelve baskets grew!

Were "the crumbs" of such infinite value
He could pause their lot to deplore?
Yet see!—in the pages of Scripture
We have met with that phrase before.

If *even the crumbs* from his table
Had Dives in charity given,
Perchance he had never in torment
Been debarred from the glory of Heaven.

And we read of the Canaanite woman
Who so humbly desired to be fed—
For herself and her sorrowing daughter
Begging "crumbs of the children's bread."

Let us learn then the useful lesson,
Ere the journey of life be quite done,
That even the crumbs are most precious
While souls may be lost and won!

There is many an act of virtue
Lost alas! in the dust of the day
That might save a starving brother,—
Give him heart on his desolate way.

There are trifling needs of kindness
Too small for others to see.
And so many crumbs of *patience*
To be gathered by you and me.

And I fear if we wait for the great things,
They may never come in our way,
And perhaps we'll have empty baskets,
For the Lord on the Judgment Day.

Let us gather the crumbs while we're waiting
And dreaming of crowns to be won,
And the Lord will not find us wanting
When there's nobler work to be done.

He will read with His tender kindness
In our small gifts, a love that is great
And will multiply, with His blessing,
Our *crumbs* at the Beautiful Gate.

LIFE OF FATHER HECKER.

By Rev. Walter Elliott. New York: the Columbus Press.

THE "Life of Father Hecker" which first appeared as a serial in the *Catholic World* and is now presented to us in book form, is a welcome and important addition to the religious and philosophical literature of the day.

The subject of the biography, Isaac Hecker, a distinguished convert, and founder of the Order of Paulist missionaries, was a man of such rich, full, and varied experiences that even the driest record of his life could scarcely fail to be interesting. But Father Elliott's performance is very far from being a dry record of facts and dates. Nor is it by any means fairly described in the author's modest preface, as of "home-made quality" serving only "to hold together what is the heaven-made wisdom of a great teacher of men.

For, leaving out of consideration the inherent interest of the subject, and the wealth of material it afforded, the written "Life," judged on the author's merits alone, proclaims itself a work of no ordinary stamp, and, indeed, to our mind, bears unequivocal testimony of a close community of intellectual and spiritual endowments between the living and the dead Paulist.

Besides being clogged with the ordinary difficulties of a biographer, and who will say that these are light or few, Father Elliott's task of writing the life of one who was with us but yesterday, and whose history is therefore intimately bound up with the histories of many persons still living, called, from first to last, for the exercise of an uncommon degree of tact and delicacy, while at the same time imperatively demanding a courageous statement of unvarnished facts and circumstances, peculiarly difficult to deal with.

That he has abundantly proven his fitness to cope with the emergencies of the case, by an exceptionally graceful and masterly handling of what might, in fact, under different treatment, have proved highly explosive materials, is a matter for which he deserves a full meed of praise and credit.

But even the high order of taste and judgment which lend such a charm to the book, would not alone have sufficed to the writing of the life of Father Hecker. The chief requirement was undoubtedly an intimate and affectionate appreciation of the uncommon character and energies of the great Paulist and a living sympathy in his bold views and colossal aims. It was not given to every man to be thus closely related to Father Hecker.

He belonged to an order of greatness not so easily recognizable to ordinary intelligences as the more conventional types, which, by certain family resemblances, have become more or less familiar to us all. The lines of his life ran parallel with his age, but not with his contemporaries. Hence, few at first had the courage or generosity to trust to his improved guidance. Living in an epoch when the magnificent dreamer and "consecrated crank" is a drug in the market of intellect and spirit, he had to make a valiant fight against powerful forces, before he could establish belief in the substantiveness of his ideals, and force acceptance on a lukewarm and critical world, of the "new things" he had found in the treasury of his Master. He was a kind of Columbus in the spiritual order, filled with the overpowering conviction that new worlds clamouring for redemption lay just beyond the vast and perilous ocean of conventionality, which no one dared to cross. Scoffers were not wanting who dubbed him dreamer and visionary, and sought to cast down his hopefulness with bodeful prophecy and double-edged sarcasm. But his noble faith in his fellow-creatures, one of the most amiable features in his many-sided character, was more than sustained by the helpful friendship of a few generous souls who trusted in his half-comprehended aspirations long before they found articulate expression in his works.

The reader is not slow to perceive that the friend and disciple, who was later to become the biographer of Father Hecker, must have been foremost among those who built up a name and a party for the man whose inherent leadership they felt would one day be proclaimed to all men from the housetops.

And this was no little thing to do. Say what you will, be a man ever so great, there is no completeness about him, until he has become intimately related to his fellow-men. It is the hunger which proves the food. Father Hecker alone, would have gone down to the darkness of the grave "unhonored and unsung," but Father Hecker surrounded by the souls he had charged with the electric forces of his own until their lives were merged into his in an unity of hopes and aims, rises to the full stature of heroic proportions, and lives henceforth a multiplied life over which the grave can have no dominion.

Thus, though Father Elliott, throughout the pages of his work of love, has carefully and commendably striven to keep his own personality wrapped in invisibility, he has by the very success of his endeavors in that direction, insensibly paid the highest tribute to Father Hecker's memory by revealing the depth and strength of feeling which the latter was able to inspire in the breast of one, in many respects so near his equal.

As for the matter of the book, it opens up such a vast field of inquiry and argument that little could be said to any purpose in the small space at our command.

The Paulist interpretation of the Gospel, though necessarily, in view of its established orthodoxy, differing nowhat from the unchangeable Word of God as it has ever been expounded by the Church, has yet a character of novelty calculated to affect many souls to whom the more conventional formula of Catholic doctrine has long appealed in vain.

Its encouragement of the natural virtues, its zealous regard for human liberty and insistence on the necessity for individual action in the Church, are features, which, though by no means foreign to the spirit of the Church, have yet for many centuries been kept in abeyance to others, which, under conditions now happily passed away, were once of paramount importance.

To Americans, especially, the Paulist exposition of the ancient doctrine will, no doubt, in time, represent the national aspect of the Catholic Church.

Its definition of the limits of human freedom in the province of things spiritual, showing it to be admirably consistent with the highest human dignity, must prove peculiarly acceptable to souls strongly affected by the free political conditions of the country they inhabit.

And further, the proof offered by the Paulists in their own lives of lofty moral practice from the formal and absolute renunciation of free-will (by the taking of vows) is, in itself, calculated to exercise a powerful attraction on souls of the finest order, tempting them to a minute examination of the principles producing results so consonant with the highest aspirations of the soul.

Father Elliott has done admirable service not alone to his order and country, but to the Catholic world at large, by casting into permanent shape the remarkable experiences of one whom Archbishop Ireland, in his thoughtful preface to the book, describes as the "ornament and flower of our American priesthood."

Catholic thought and labor will undoubtedly find a new impetus to activity in the full and fearless enunciation of the wants of the free peoples of the western world, which forms the gist of Father Hecker's message to humanity. Many difficulties also are lifted off the souls of secular Catholics by his popular exposition of human liberty. As for outsiders, there is little doubt that numbers will be attracted into a Church robbed of all formidable aspect, and clothed first of all with the alluring attributes which to the believing and the unbelieving alike are both an invitation and a reward.

We cannot too highly recommend the book to all classes of readers, young men and women especially who feel a call to the higher life, and are in doubt concerning the particular kind of labor for which their energies equip them, can hardly fail to find in these pages a motive and a guide for future action.

We heartily wish success to the volume, trusting that the nature of its reception will induce Father Elliott before long to present us with a new sample of his excellent "home made" manufacture.

Ottawa, Dec. 15th, 1891.

L. E. F. B.

HE HAD FAITH.

A young man about 25 years old was sitting in the railway waiting-room, with a year old baby on his knee, and his alarm and helplessness when the "young un" suddenly began to howl was so marked as to attract attention. By and by a waiting passenger walked over to him with a smile of pity on his face queried: "A woman gave you that baby to hold while she went to see about her baggage, didn't she?" "Yes." "Ha! ha! ha! I tumbled to the fact as soon as I saw you. You expect her back, I suppose?" "Of course." "Ha! ha! ha! This is rich! Looking for her every blessed minute, an't you?" "I think she'll come back." "Well, this makes me laugh—ha! ha! ha! I had a woman play that same trick on me in a railway station once, but no one ever will again. Young man, you're stuck. You've been played on for a hayseed. Better turn that thing over to a policeman and make a skip before some reporter gets on to you." "Oh, she'll come back," replied the young man, as he looked anxiously around. "She will, eh? Ha! ha! ha! Joke grows richer and richer! What makes you think she'll come back?" "Because she's my wife and this is our first baby?" "Oh—um—I see muttered the fat man, who got over feeling tickled all at once, and in his vexation he crossed the room and kicked a dog which a farmer had tied to one of the seats with a piece of clothes line.

Deal gently with us, ye who read,
Our largest hope is unfulfilled—
The promise still outruns the deed
The tower, but not the spire, we build.

Our whitest pearl we never find;
Our ripest fruit we never reach;
The flowering moments of our mind.
Drop half their petals 'n our speech.
Holmes.

Those who neither soar too highly,
Nor too lowly fall,
Feel the sunny days of winter,
After all!
—Denis Florence McCarthy.

The Catholic Weekly Review.

JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN CANADA.

Commended by

The Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Toronto.

The Most Rev. C. O'Brien, Archbishop of Halifax.

Rt. Rev. T. J. Dowling, Bishop of Hamilton.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Mahony, Toronto

The Late Archbishop Lynch.

The Late Rt. Rev. Bishop Carberry, of Hamilton.

The Rev. Father and of "St. Patrick's" Montreal.

and by the leading clergy of the Dominion.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, DEC. 26, 1891.

FOR A CHILD IS BORN TO US AND A SON IS GIVEN TO US.—Is. 14.

ONE day happily occurs each year when Impiety must perforce be silent, and on which Infidelity must hide its head abashed and confounded. Christmas day is the never-failing occasion of such an universal outburst of innocent merriment, domestic happiness and playful delights amongst young and old, rich and poor, that whoever may object to the celebration, be he skeptic or Puritan, must confine his opposition or dislike to his own stony heart, and not expose his chilling philosophy to the contempt and ridicule of a believing, Christian world. Why should Impiety dare to reprove the unmixed joys that Christmas brings each year to the little hearts of millions of happy children? Or is it possible that Agnostic cynicism would have the cruelty of robbing those dear ones of Christ, of all such traditional, religious and domestic enjoyments? Christmas is truly a day of triumph and glory for Emmanuel, the God living amongst men, the Prince of Peace, the Father of the world to come. Even babes and sucklings bear testimony to His Godhead. It makes little difference how men may have erred from the true faith, or strayed from the path of virtue and rectitude, or steeled themselves against the exigencies of Christian law or the promptings of their own better natures, the Infant God of Bethlehem is everywhere adored, and praised and welcomed on Christmas morn. Business is suspended and forgotten. The money changers and the rich capitalists forget their cunning, and their returns are laid over, and their offices are closed, and sacrifices are made, that one day of unclouded happiness may be spent in the family circle, and that no worldly consideration may be permitted to interfere with the innocent delights and mutual joys of parent and child on Christmas day. What else, then, is Christmas, but a day of universal triumph of Christianity over Paganism, of Faith over Skepticism, of Religion over Worldliness.

Where can be found the heartless Unbeliever who would accuse the Christian parent of folly because he indulges his children in such harmless home enjoyments. The day will come all too soon when age and vice and passion's domineering influence may rob all earthly happiness of more than half its worth, when

Youth that like the snow appears,
Ere sullied by the darkening rain,
When once 'tis touched by sorrow's tears
Can never shine so bright again.

Why, then, should not the loving parent allow his children every possible latitude for innocent enjoyment and unmixed happiness on the birthday of Him who became a *child for us*, and as a *son was given to us*, that we becoming little children, in candor and innocence of heart, might deserve one day to be admitted into His Kingdom.

But then, what a day of wholesome and necessary instruction is

not Christmas for every child that has come to the use of Reason! What else is the celebration of this joyous festivity but an object lesson, that must impress on the mind and heart of every child the history of the world's creation, of Adam's fall in the garden and of man's redemption on Calvary. The history of the birth of Jesus in Bethlehem, of the Angelic Hosts singing Glory to God on high and Peace to men of good will, of the simple shepherds conversing with angels, and of Wise Men, who were Kings, coming from afar to adore the Infant God.

If the keeping of Christmas holidays had no other object in view, it would be well worthy the attention and approval of all men, religious or otherwise, who make any pretense of a desire to spread the light, to advance the interests of civilization, and contribute however so little to human knowledge and to man's happiness. But with all its train of love gifts, family reunions, and happy returns of sons and kindred from distant places, Christmas has also its useful lessons for old and young, for rich and poor, for all indiscriminately. St. Peter Chrysologus (the golden mouthed) declares that "The Son of God wished to be born in the lowliness of Bethlehem's crib, so that He might win the affections and love of all (*sic nasci voluit, quia voluit amari.*") Had He come to us in all the eclat and splendour of His Heavenly Majesty—or even accompanied with worldly pomp and magnificence in which the great of the Earth appear, He would have filled the beholders with awe and admiration, He certainly would have been honoured, looked up to and feared. But would He have been loved? Who would have dared to approach Him? And yet it was His will, His desire (*desiderio desideravi*) that all should love Him. He, therefore, in visiting us laid aside the dazzling rays of His glory and came to us in the form of an innocent, helpless child, so that no one could have a reason or an excuse for not loving Him.

The great St. Bernard declared that when he gave himself up to meditating on the mysterious birth of our Lord, he was carried away in ecstasies and felt his whole being absorbed in transports of love. When I think, he was accustomed to say, of God's infinite perfections, and of the Majesty and the dazzling splendour of His glory in Heaven, I am filled with awe and bow my soul down in profound adoration; but when He manifests Himself to me under the form of an innocent child, my dread and my homage are changed into feelings of the most tender affection, and all my religion is expressed in one word, Love. *Magnus Dominus et Laudabilis nimis: parvulus Dominus et amabilis nimis.*

But we are told that the love of God supposes the love of our fellow-men. For whosoever saith he loves God and loveth not his neighbour has no truth in him. Hence does it happen that Christmas opens the heart and the purse-strings of all. Men who at other seasons harden their hearts against the poor, or against those who solicited for the poor, when Christmas comes round are all generosity, and are willing, nay anxious, to bestow.

There exists a feeling in the hearts of most men which will not allow them to experience perfect happiness on Christmas Day unless they can flatter themselves that they have contributed in some measure to the happiness of others. Christmas then is a season of joy for all, especially for the poor, whose hearth it brightens with the glow of charity's fire in mid-winter, and whose wants it ministers unto with unsparing hand conveying to every rich one the certainty of a rich reward and ample return on the day of reckoning, when the God of Bethlehem from His judgment seat shall to the just and to the open-handed and generous giver say: Come ye blessed of my Father, take possession of the kingdom that was prepared for you from the beginning, for I was hungry and ye gave Me to eat, thirsty and ye gave Me to drink.

THE MAYORALTY.

THE absorbing question of interest to Torontonians at the present time is that regarding the qualification and fitness of the respective candidates for the position of Mayor of the city. Never before in the history of Toronto was there like interest taken in the result and, we might add, never before was such interest more necessary. Toronto has a great future before it. It has all the essentials of greatness within itself. From it the Province draws its legislators, its law-makers and dispensers, and its standards of commerce. It has within itself the brains, the tact, the muscle and the mechanical ability of the

West, and is rightly termed the Queen City. The one drawback to its greatness and prosperity has been the weakness of its municipal government, and the lethargy of its citizens in coping with this admitted evil, allowing an inferior order of men to rule the city as they pleased until a mountain of debt has been piled up which will take a master hand to counteract and diminish. A few facts will illustrate, for whilst the assessable value of landed property has advanced, the rate of taxation has also increased to an alarming extent with it, so that a man who imagines he is the owner of his house finds that he is merely a tenant of the city, and paying a very high rental to boot. With all this the city debt has kept on accumulating, the enormous sum of nine millions of dollars being added to it during the past five years. The population increased during the same period but from 111,800 to 188,900, whilst the assessment jumped from \$68,088,000 to \$186,887,000.

The expense of managing and administering the affairs of the entire Province of Ontario is but little more than half of that required for the government of the city of Toronto. And the increased limit fixed by the Legislature, up to which the city can incur debt, is nearly reached, and this, too, when increased expenditure must of necessity be incurred for a Trunk sewer, to benefit the sanitary condition of the city, so that if a strong municipal executive is not placed in power, in a very short while we will be in the unenviable position of a bankrupt community, whilst at the same time taxation will have reached such a limit as to drive manufacturers and others from the city. That this is no pessimistic forecast a little serious reflection will fully demonstrate. The giant Octopus that has held the city within its meshes must be destroyed, and new blood and vivification be injected into her arteries.

The ward redistribution has made it possible for a superior class of aldermen to be elected, but the need is equally great for a Mayor of financial and administrative strength who, by the force of his honesty and ability, can draw the diverse characters of the aldermen to himself to help carry out the schemes he might incept for the city's good. And where shall we find such an one? is the question naturally asked. One with the strength and tried ability to fit him for this herculean task. One who is a thorough reader of men and methods, and who has sufficient backbone to resist, and force of character to overcome, anything that would tend to further burden the taxpayers. And one, withal, who is thoroughly conversant with the money markets of the world, knowing the best time and place to dispose of our municipal debentures, and save the many thousands of dollars that is continually being lost on this account alone. Where is the Moses who will lead us to the promised land, who will reduce our tax bills, whilst not impairing the efficiency of the city's government. Four men are in the field to answer these questions and to proclaim themselves the most fitting.

Mr. James Beatty, Q.C., and ex-Mayor, is one. During his term of office in the Chief Magistrate's chair he served the city well and faithfully, and under ordinary circumstances it would have taken a strong man to defeat him. But the city's need is a financier as well as an administrator, and as such an one is in the field, it naturally reduces Mr. Beatty's chances for election.

Another candidate is Mr. John McMillan, of Equal Rights notoriety, who has neither ability nor fitness for the office, but fondly expects to climb into the executive chair upon the shoulders of the Orange Lodges.

Mr. Fleming, who is making a strong fight for the position, and is backed up by several newspapers, loudly proclaims that he possesses all the requisite talents and qualifications for the position. But does he? His experience is purely local, and although he made a fairly good alderman, he is a man of two small and narrow a mind for the high position of Mayor of the city of Toronto. The choice, therefore, falls upon Mr. Osler, who possesses within himself all the qualities enumerated. As a financier he is admittedly the peer of any in the city. As an administrator, his success with the Toronto, Grey & Bruce and C. V. R. railways show that he ranks in the front rank, whilst the fact of his being a Director of the C. P. R., which is used by some as an argument, and the only one, against his fitness, is rather in his favor than otherwise. A strong Company, it has absorbed the best intellect of the country, none but a master hand, hav-

ing control of, or an able reasoner voice in, its management. The railway itself is the most stupendous work ever undertaken and carried successfully through, and from the honesty of its dealings with, and the rigid honor that has dictated its course to, the Canadian people, has rendered it a source of pride and boastfulness to every Canadian worthy the name. To have assumed prominence, by the force of merit alone, in such a company is surely no mean honor, and when the brains, the skill, the ability and foresight of such an one, when offered, at the earnest request of the heaviest taxpayers of the city, is placed at our disposal, we would be deserving of all condemnation if we rejected it for a manifestly inferior commodity. Of High English church proclivities, Mr. Osler is an earnest Christian, and a member of none of the petty societies and orders that so often are the only mainstay and qualification of aspirants for municipal positions. Taxes, and how to reduce them, should be the issue, and none more fitting or able than Mr. Osler has yet appeared upon the stage of the the municipal arena, to accomplish this desideratum.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WHEN this issue of the REVIEW reaches our subscribers Christmas Day will have dawned, and the myriad bells have rung out the glad tidings of great joy, "unto us a Son is born, unto us a Child is given." The probatory season of Advent is past, the days of preparation over, and now on this supreme day pæans of praise and thanksgiving will be offered up throughout the wide world, and Catholics in all climes,

Beneath the spreading, calabash
Beneath the 'rilled vine
The bright Italian myrtle
And tall Canadian pine.

will have their memories irresistably drawn to that first Christmas, where at early morn in a humble stable at Bethlehem, a Child was born. Cradled in a manger, the infant Son of Mary lay, whilst the midnight skies overflowed with melody, the choirs of angels sang out loud in the heavens, and the winter night ran over with the sweetness of the grand hymn of the Nativity, sung by the angels, "Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth Peace to men of good will."

No artist can depict that Christmas morn, no poet its pathos, humility and splendor. But the Bethlehem of that night is in the soul of every Catholic. Its sphere of usefulness, as Father Faber has beautifully said, "is the whole, wide world. It whispers over the sea, and hearts on shipboard are responding to it. It is everywhere, in dense cities where loathsome wickedness is festering, in the haunts of hopeless poverty, keeping itself clean there as the sunbeams of heaven. It vibrates up steep mountain glens, which the foot of priest rarely treads, and down in deep mines where death is always proximate and sacraments remote.

It soothes the aching heart of the poor Pontiff on his throne of heroic suffering and generous self-sacrifice, and it cradles to rest the sick child who, though it cannot read as yet, has the picture of starry Bethlehem in its heart, which its mother's words have painted there. Bethlehem is daily a light in a thousand dark places beautifying what is harsh, sanctifying what is lowly, making heavenly the affections which are most of earth."

AMIDST the general thanksgiving and greetings of this joyful Christmas season the REVIEW joins, and extends its best wishes to all its numerous subscribers and friends by wishing them a Merry Christmas and Happy and prosperous New Year.

WE would again wish to impress upon the Dominion Government the advisability of appointing Mr. J. J. Curran, Q.C., to a seat in the Dominion Cabinet. His services to the Conservative party, his Parliamentary experience and blameless public record should be considered. Unlike Mr. Meredith, he would be acceptable to all classes and would tend to unify the sometimes clashing interests of French and English speaking Canadians.

A man of broad views and noble aspirations, he is—whilst at all times a consistent Catholic, and ever ready to break a lance when Catholic interest is threatened—respected by all denominations, and by all parties, who see in him strong religious convictions without a taint of bigotry; temperance, without fanaticism, and partisanship without bitterness. Where best known—in his own constituency—he is most beloved, and many a Liberal in Montreal Centre, who, though strongly opposed to the

Conservative party, still testify their regard for him at election times by according him their votes on personal grounds solely. Such a man's influence and power would add strength to any government, and we wonder that he has not before this, as was fondly expected, been accorded the coveted portfolio. The country is the loser by his absence from the Cabinet Councils, where, standing between the two races, old prejudices could be eliminated, and cordiality and unity made to take the place of mistrust and suspicion.

Catholic News

Confirmation at the Mercer Reformatory for Females.

The beautiful chapel of the Mercer Institute was attractive and interesting on Sunday, on the occasion of a visit of His Grace the Archbishop, who administered the rite of confirmation to fifteen of the inmates, twelve of whom were young girls belonging to the refuge. His Grace arrived at 4.30 from the central prison where he confirmed 30 of the inmates, accompanied by Very Rev. Vicar General McCann, Rev. Fathers Marijon, Provincial of St. Basil's, Cherrier and Walsh. Previous to conferring the sacrament His Grace addressed the girls, pointing out to them the enormities of sin and the means of overcoming it by the grace of the sacraments the nature and benefits of which he explained to them. They made their first communion last month and were well enlightened in the principles of the Christian Doctrine. They were previously minutely examined by the Rev. Father Walsh, the indefatigable chaplain of the institution.

At the conclusion of the ceremony His Grace, in his usual kind and fatherly way, earnestly exhorted them to adhere to the principles inculcated to them, to have a constant recourse to prayer, and frequently approach the tribunal of penance and receiving the blessed Sacrament of the Eucharist and they would thereby be enabled to avoid sin and overcome all evil temptations, and thereby become good and useful women hereafter. His Grace concluded by giving them his blessing and wishing them a happy Christmas.

It is a great blessing for those who are so unfortunate as to require being incarcerated—more especially for the young girls and children who have to be sent there through the negligence of dissolute parents—to have such an institution provided for them, under the superintendence of so refined and amiable a lady as Mrs. O'Reilly, who takes such a sincere interest in the spiritual and temporal welfare of those committed to her charge, especially the young girls and children, whom she has carefully nurtured, clothed, educated and instructed in all the branches of domestic usefulness, which will enable them to earn a livelihood and become useful and respected members of society on leaving the institution.

Mrs. O'Reilly has an efficient and intelligent staff of ladies to assist her, by whom she is respected and esteemed.

His Grace and the Rev. Fathers were entertained at dinner by Mrs. and Miss O'Reilly.

St. Paul's Ladies' Literary Society.

...At the meeting of last Thursday evening, the young ladies of St. Paul's Literary Society debated the subject—Resolved, that women should enter the learned professions. The affirmative was upheld by the Misses M. Milne, H. Coolahan and E. O'Hagan. The negative by the Misses K. Dunne, M. Delaney and K. Kelly. After an exciting and lengthy discussion, the negative carried. A programme of musical selections and readings was also very agreeably rendered. Vocal music by the Misses A. and E. Furniss and Miss Barclay;

piano solo by Miss. N. O'Connor; and readings by the Misses K. Langford and M. Mallon. We take this opportunity to announce that a concert in aid of St. Paul's church building fund will take place on Monday, the 28th inst., at the hall on Power St. Admission fees are within the reach of all, and there is no doubt that those who attend will return home well pleased with the evening's entertainment.

Hon. Mr. Costigan.

...It gives us great pleasure to publish the following, which we take from the *Quebec Morning Chronicle*:

To the Editor of the *Morning Chronicle*.

Sir,—My attention was called this morning to an editorial in your paper of yesterday, as to the illness of Hon. John Costigan, his probable retirement from the Dominion Cabinet and the acceptance by him of the office of Collector of Customs at St. John, N.B., and that in view I would succeed him as Minister of Inland Revenue. There can be no authority for same as I never heard of his probable retirement except through your columns, and therefore not of my succeeding him. No person would or could regret Mr. Costigan's retirement from the Cabinet more than myself. I have given my allegiance and I can see no reason why I should now withdraw my confidence of twenty-five years from one who has so earnestly and honestly fought for our people. I have no hesitation in stating that I am a warm, humble follower and appreciate his friendship, and every effort of mine would be gladly devoted to his advancement and his continued political success. Please give this the same publicity and prominence in to-morrow's issue of your paper that you have given to your own statements.

Your obedient servant,

M. ADAMS,

M.P. for Northumberland, N.B.

Ottawa, Ont., Dec. 17, 1891.

{We are glad to learn from the Hon. M. Adams, M.P., that there is no truth in the story of the illness of Hon. John Costigan, who, as Mr. Adam remarks, has so earnestly and honestly fought for the people whom he represents, and therefore the supposed retirement of Hon. Mr. John Costigan is quite incorrect.—*Ed. M.C.*}

Separate School Board.

The Separate School Board had a special meeting on Monday night to hear Hon. Oliver Mowat's decision on redistribution. After stating that the act does not affect the Separate school elections, and that the new wards must be recognized, the Attorney-General says that the thirteen members of the board elected last January for two years can hold office for another year, and six can be elected in the coming elections, instead of the retiring thirteen. Thus one member is to be elected in each ward.

The polling places will be as follows: Ward No. 1, 554 King street east; No. 2, 266 Queen street east; No. 3, 578 Yonge street; No. 4, 295 College street; No. 5, 717 Queen street west; No. 6, St. Helen's school.

It was decided to borrow \$30,000 to consolidate the debt of the board.

Fire at Notre Dame Convent.

About 5.20 Monday evening people living in the neighborhood of Notre Dame Convent, Bond street, were surprised to see smoke and flames bursting from the third story windows in the rear of the building. When the fire was discovered by the occupants, a key for the nearest alarm box could not be found, and 15 minutes had elapsed before a telephone message giving the alarm could be sent from J. McCarron's livery. When the first section arrived, as stated above, the flames were bursting through the roof. The rear portion of the third flat was completely gutted, and the rest of the building was more or less injured by smoke and water. A number of very valuable images were ruined. The damages throughout are computed at \$3000.

The coolness of Mother Superior DuChantel and the Sisters contributed greatly to the extinguishing of the fire. The inmates, young lady scholars and lady boarders, were badly frightened, and the sisters rendered great service in getting them safely out and in removing their goods. The fire started in a boarder's room, probably from an overturned lamp.

Mistress, to new girl,—“Whenever we are entertaining friends, Lucinda, I shall expect you to wait upon the table.” New Girl—“I'll do it, mum, but they must do their own reaching.”—*Chicago Tribune*.

Teacher—“Try to remember this: Milton, the poet, was blind. Do you think you can remember it?” “Yes, ma'am.” “Now what was Milton's great misfortune?” “He was a poet.”—*American Grocer*.

Madison Squeer—“They say that one-half the world does'nt know how the other half lives.” Morrison Essex—“The man who wrote that never lived in a small town”—*Puck*.

Traveler (leaving hotel): Well, landlord, here's a pretty how-d'ye-do. You go and charge me \$2.50 for a bed, when you know very well that the house was so full I had to sleep on the billiard table.

Landlord: Well, sir; please look at our rules posted up on the wall there—Use of billiard table 50 cents an hour!—*Exchange*.

...Sister Jeanne Bonnard, foundress of the Congregation of the Poor Child Jesus, who has just died at Remiremont, Franco, commenced her noble understanding with 10 francs, which she had borrowed from the mayor. With this she possessed only 6 sheets and some straw to sleep on. The order now numbers 1,000 religious and 80 houses, and clothes, feeds, and lodges upwards of 2,000 orphans, and 5000 old men and women.

The late James Russell Lowell once said: “I think the demands of Roman Catholics as to the religious education of their children are not only natural but reasonable.” The great poet was right, and all honest, fair-minded men of whatever religious conviction will agree with him.

Dr. T. A. Slocum's
OXYGENIZED EMULSION of PURE COD LIVER OIL. If you have Tightness of the Chest—Use it. For sale by all Druggists, 35¢ per bottle.

MODERN INFIDELITY VERSUS A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

The following article is taken from an old number of the *Christian at Work*. It is headed "How to prevent a Merry Christmas," and reads as follows: "The Christmas festivities are close upon us, and as 'all the world keeps Christmas day,' all the world will soon be wishing for others and themselves a 'Merry Christmas.' But it is not to be forgotten that there is such a thing as having too much of a good thing, and as it may be thought advisable to prevent too much merriment on that day, we offer a suggestion or two how it may be effected:

"First, then, when a little one comes to you and wishes you a 'Merry Christmas,' take her by the hand kindly but firmly, and as you stroke her flaxen hair, tell her the word originated from the two words Christ-Mass—when three Christ-Masses are performed—and is a creature of *papish* superstition and not at all adapted to Christians, who do not believe in the 'Romish' religion. Be sure and tell the little one you know that she means well, but that she could not do a better thing than to erase the word Christmas altogether from the dictionary and cease speaking of Christmas Day.

"Secondly, you will not fail to tell the little one that Christmas is not only objectionable in its name, but in its origin; that it had its birth in a heathenish custom of the old time barbarians regarding the winter solstice as the beginning of the renewed life and activity of the powers of nature, while the German barbarians claimed they could on that day trace the personal movements on earth of the great deities. In this way you will impress the little one with your great store of learning as well as shock her by driving home the thought that instead of honoring the Master she is really worshipping at a pagan shrine. This last form of argument is sometimes effective.

Again, you will not fail to impress it upon the youthful cerebrum and cerebellum that there is every reason for believing that Christ was not born on the 25th of December; tell her that no one knows when Jesus was born, that the event has been ascribed to almost every day in the year; and that it certainly was too cold in Palestine, in December, for the shepherds to have abode in the fields watching their flocks at night. If she should inquire what harm there is in observing some particular day, as December 25th, in honor of Christ's nativity you might very properly upbraid her as an impertinent little Miss, and tell her you only like good girls.

"Lastly, you will not fail to inform the little one that the present conception of Santa Claus or St. Nicholas is purely mythical; that St. Nicholas does not give presents; that there is no such person, and that it is all the outgrowth of an old *papish* superstition that a certain Archbishop in Greece became the patron saint of children. You will also speak of the candles, the evergreen wreaths and the Christmas tree as all being the outgrowth of the observance of this heathen festival, and you will impress it upon the little ones that good Christian boys and girls love Sunday more than any other day in the week, and do not have to create a Christmas Day in which to be happy. Speaking in this way you will undoubtedly be able to make an impression, and sensibly diminish the merry-making of Christmas, and so, when another year shall have rolled around, very likely you will not be bored with the uproarious shouts and noisy greetings of children wishing you a merry Christmas; instead, they will wisely leave you to your own fund of mirth, while relegating you to the internal serenity of your undisturbed profundity."

In this article the writer exhibits a great deal of ignorance, a vast amount of conceited assumption; a low cunning in wishing to impress on the child's mind that "she is worshipping at a pagan shrine," and a true Puritanical argument when he recommends to "upbraid her for an impertinent little miss," when she asks, "why not honor the birth of Christ on that day." The explanation, "when three Christ-Masses are performed" is simply ridiculous. The advice to "erase the word Christmas altogether from the dictionary" is worthy of a Puritan. Christ means Anointed and is synonymous with Messiah, and the Saxon, *masa*, leisure; and like the Latin, *feriae*, a holy day.

Passing over the origin of the word Christmas, it is now used as any other conventional term to designate the day on which Catholics celebrate the birth of the Saviour of the world, just as Easter is used to designate the day on which He arose from the dead, although, like other movable feasts, it may fall on different days of the month, even in different months of the year. December, the name of the month in which the birth of Christ is celebrated, means literally the tenth month, although conventionally it is used to designate the twelfth and last month of the year.

"The internal serenity of the undisturbed profundity" of the editor glories in the word *Sunday* as designating that on which we are commanded to rest from servile work, and *Easter Sun-day*, that on which Christ arose from the dead, without regard to the fact that the pagans of Northern Europe worshipped the Sun as one of their deities and *Oestre* as the goddess of love. Perhaps if the word Christmas were erased "although from the dictionary," as the old Saxon word Yule-tide substituted it would be less objectionable to pious Puritan ears, and *Oestre*, might be appropriated to the worship of Venus.

The Saxons used the words *iule*—pronounced *youle*—*iehul*, *geol*, to

designate Christmas, or the the Feast of the Nativity of our Saviour. The Danes, Norwegians, and Swedes, all good Lutherans now, have always used the term *Iuletid*, or *forste Iuledag*, to designate Christmas; and the Danes and Norwegians make *iule*—with them *iul*, meaning a feast or festival—the basis of more than a score of compounds, all referring to this festival, which shows the antiquity as well as the general use of the term. *Iuledag* is Christmas day; *iulekage*, Christmas cake; *iuleleg* Christmas games; *iulegave* Christmas box. They also say "hoitid offer," the "offering made to the parson at Christmas and Easter."

SIR WALTER SCOTT thus celebrates Christmas in the Olden Time:

Heap on more wood! the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.
Each age has deemed the new-born year
The fittest time for festal cheer:
And well our Christian sires of old
Loved, when the year its course had rolled,
And brought blithe Christmas back again
With all its hospitable train,
Domestic and religious rite
Gave honor to the holy night;
On Christmas-eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas-eve the Mese was sung;
That only night in all the year,
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear,
The damsel donned her kirtle sheen;
The hall was dressed with holly green;
Forth to the wood did merry men go,
To gather in the mistletoe.
They open wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf and all;
Power laid his rod of rule aside
And Ceremony doffed his pride.
The heir, with roses on his shoes,
That night might village partner choose;
The Lord underrogating share
The vulgar game of "past and pair,"
All hail, with uncontrolled delight
And general voice, the happy night
That to the cottage, and the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.
The fire with well dried logs supplied.
Went roaring up the chimney wide,
The huge hall table's oaken face,
Scrubbed 'till it shone the day to grace.
Bore then upon its massive board
No mark to part the spuire and lord.
Then was brought in the lusty brawn
By old blue-coated serving man;
Then the grim boars-head frowned on high
Crested with bays and rosemary.
Well can the green-garbed ranger tell,
How, when, and where, the monster fell;
What dogs before his death he tore,
And all the baiting of the boar.
The wassail round in good brown bowls,
Garnished with ribbons, blithely trowls,
There the huge sirloin reeked hard by
Plumb-porridge stood, and Christmas-pie
Nor failed old Scotland to produce,
At each high tide, her savory goose.
Then came the merry maskers in,
And carols roared with blithesome din.
If unmelodious was the song,
It was a hearty note and strong.
Who lists may in the murmuring see
Traces of ancient mystery;
White shirts supplied the masquerade,
And smutted cheeks the visors made;
But oh! what maskers richly dight
Can boast of bosoms half so light.
England was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale,
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.

The Church calls the day *Nativitas Domini*, the Nativity of our Lord. The Spaniards call it *Navidad* or familiarly *La Noche buena*, the holy night; *Dia de noche buena*. The Portuguese: *Dia de Natal*, and the Italians: *Il Natali*. *Il Santo Natali Nativita*, *La Nativita del Signore*. The Nativity of the Lord.

The French say *Noel*; *Jour de Noel*. *Jour de la Naissance de Jesus Christ*, the Day of the birth of Jesus Christ. Every expression of these nations shows their devotion to the great mystery of the Redemption.

"Good Christian boys and girls love Sun-day." Here we find the Puritans, perhaps unconsciously, worshipping at the shrine of their pagan ancestors. The same custom prevails among the nations of Northern Europe; the Germans say: *Sonn-tag*, and the Scandinavians *Son-dag*.

The language of the Church for Sun-day is *Dominica*. The Spaniards and Portuguese call the day *Domingo*; the Italians, *Dominica*, and the French say *Dimanche*; all of which are modifications of the Latin word *dominus*, Lord or Master, and means the Lord's and not the Sun's-day.

Contrast the snivelling criticism in the article from the *Christian at*

Work with the hearty outbursts of joy and love in the Catholic churches throughout the world. On that joyous morn the faithful sing, as with one voice: "Glory to God in the highest and on earth, peace to men of good will; for this day is born to you a Saviour who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David," while the Church chants the anthem:

"Jesu, tibi sit gloria,
Qui natus es de Virgine."

To-day Christ is born; to-day the Saviour has appeared; to-day the angels sing: "Peace on earth;" and the archangels rejoice; to-day the just exult and proclaim: "Gloria in excelsis Deo. Alleluia."

If Christmas occurred about the Yule-tide; if the resurrection of the Redeemer was celebrated about the season in which the Saxons did homage to Oestre, the pagan goddess of love, is that sufficient reason for banishing the mysteries of the Redemption from the Christian calendar; for erasing Christmas, the festival of the Nativity, from the dictionary?

Christianity does not change a man's nature, nor destroy his passions; it subdues them and teaches him to regulate them. Brother Azarias says, in "Development of English literature:—" "The old mythology had a strong hold upon English literature; it originated English words," but it modified their meanings in many instances and changed their application so that most people, using them at the present day, do not know where nor when they originated. The names of all the days of the week, as Sun-day, Moon-day to Saturn-day, as well as those as Yule-tide and Easter, are so many relics of the old paganism, yet even the captious Puritan critic recommends to preserve and venerate the Sunday notwithstanding the origin of the name. The same is true of the amusement of the May-Pole, and many other festivals observed by the people and celebrated in song and legend. What has the puling critic to say of the many nursery rhymes, preserved for the amusement of the children, which are mostly the remains of pagan superstitions? Would he not perform a more useful, if not a more congenial, work if he turned his attention to some of the real evils in society, as divorce and free love, murders and parricides and leave the Catholics to enjoy their "Papish" superstitions and joyously celebrate the birth of their Redeemer? Perhaps, if he destroys Christmas, he will denounce the celebration of the Fourth of July, of the birthday of Washington, because they might prevent "the internal serenity of your (his) undisturbed *prorundity*."—*T. P. Corbally in New York Catholic Review.*

TOLD ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

E. A. MATTEWS IN CATHOLIC COLUMBIAN.

DELVING deep in the labyrinths of science and philosophy, the earnest student is confronted by the awfulness and majesty of the Power, who is the fountain head of all that seems so full of mystery to the common understanding of man. Truth is indeed stronger than fiction, as is evidenced by the tragedies that come into our every day lives. This is the story the Lawyer told us, as we sat by the table on Christmas Eve, and we chatted over "the walnuts and the wine:

"On Christmas Eve I always think of George Horton. He is one of the few men that I really love. You know we lawyers see too much of the "seamy side" of human nature, to have many attachments.

George had the soul of a poet, and the brain of a dreamer. Always thinking of the hidden things of nature—always puzzling over the unseen mysteries that lie about our every-day life; he had no fancy for the coarse or commonplace, and neither time nor inclination for the idle amusements of our modern youth. The son of an English father and a Spanish mother, he had the strong common sense and fine physique of the one, and from the other a tinge of that strange mysticism, that lurks in the nature of every child of Spain. So when, after a lonely youth,—for he was early left an orphan,—he married sweet, little Marie La Clair, we were all glad, and thought his happiness assured.

Marie was a gentle, amiable girl, with a face that one could not forget, and the sweet nature of a genuine lady. She, too, was an orphan, altogether alone in the world, and when George found her she was teaching the little ones in a school kept by an old French lad. This kind woman had taken the girl from her dying mother's arms and reared her as her own. But the good madam died about this time, and Marie was left alone—without home or friends. What wonder then, that, she gladly flew to the shelter so lovingly offered her!

And they were happy.

There tastes were congenial and each helped the other.

She was simple and earnest, he was sympathetic and strong enough to lift her up, into those realms of thought where he loved to dwell. If her spirit had to soar to meet the grandeur of her husband's soul, so that her love was a sort of adoration, he was so earnest in his sympathy that ere long they were almost as one in everything. Both were fond of reading, both were good musicians, and together they studied, and interpreted the works of the good masters of literature and harmony.

Several years of this wedded life passed speedily away and then came the tragedy that lurks so near the happiest lot.

The terrible cholera came one summer to our shores, and the young wife was one of its earliest victims. In an hour, without warning, nay, almost in the twinkling of an eye, she was gone. George Horton was like one bereft of reason. He was startled, stunned, bewildered and moved to the lowest depths of his being.

"Is this the end of all our dear companionship?" said he,— "Can it be that the one who is part of me, nay—who is my real self—can leave me and I still live on? Where is my wife? Yesterday she smiled upon me and now she lies deaf to all my calls. It cannot—must not be so"—and on he raved and groaned liked one suddenly distracted.

In those days of agitation and alarm, the victims of cholera were hurried away, and buried in a few short hours.

The broken-hearted husband with his motherless babe pressed tender kisses upon the dear, pale face, and followed her to the gates of the cemetery where the beloved form was placed in a temporary vault or receiving house, to await the coming of cold weather for its final disposition.

In our city at that time lived Dr. William Owens, a skilful scientific scholar. He was always investigating, trying to dig deep into the mysteries of human life—and well-known as a man who stopped at no difficulties. In those days there was no legal method by which he could obtain the material he desired for certain experiments he was making, so he had offered a large reward for a "subject" (as he called it) in order that he might study into the secrets of this terrible cholera.

Late in the night, after the day of Marie's death, Dr. Owens was aroused by a gentle double knock at the entrance of his Surgery. He knew the signal and hastened to open the door.

The expected something was quickly brought in, and receiving a roll of money the messenger hurried off and left him alone with the coveted prize.

The doctor carefully closed the curtains, saw that the doors were locked, and with instruments at hand turned to the long table. Gently he lifted the heavy veil. He saw a pale, beautiful face—and a moment later, a pair of dark blue eyes suddenly looked into his own!

He started back in horror! What a moment of surprise! But the doctor was not easily daunted, and in a few minutes was busily and eagerly at work, restoring life and reason to the lovely stranger.

The place was well situated for such experiments. The two rooms of the Surgery were in the midst of a large square or garden, back of a handsome dwelling house—fitted up with every appliance of modern medical skill, and so arranged as to be absolutely quiet and free from intrusion.

All right the doctor worked with stimulants and electricity and every other aid that might recall the fugitive life. He was untiring in his efforts and at last was rewarded by success. A seeming miracle had been wrought. It was not simply the awakening from a sleep of one who had seemed dead, but it was a new life, an altogether different one. The eyes so blue and beautiful opened upon a world as unknown to them as to the new-born babe. He spoke to the woman but his words conveyed no meaning and the past seemed an absolute blank.

Dr. Owens was a rich bachelor. He lived in a large house with trained, faithful servants, all under the care of an old English housekeeper. Everything about the place was costly and tasteful, and the garden was a bower of verdure and bloom.

Very early in the morning while it was yet dark he conveyed the strange guest to a richly-appointed room in the great house and called the old housekeeper to his aid. To her he merely said that this was a long expected patient and one who must have the tenderest care. The kindly woman took the invalid to her heart and watched over her with loving affection.

The room was bright and luxurious, and when Marie opened her eyes in this strange place it was like beginning a new life. She remembered absolutely nothing of her past and was as different from her former self as is the butterfly from the dull brown worm.

While she was the wife of George Horton she was simple, serious, and quiet in her instincts and thoughts, rarely laughing and tenderly attached to those about her. Now she seemed gay and lively, her thoughts light and full of childish merriment.

It has been said that the brain is the flower of the body and in the case of Marie Horton it seemed that out of the dust of the flower which had decayed a new and brighter flower had come forth.

At first the physician was deeply interested in her as a strange and almost unique case. He studied her in that light, and as he did so his interest grew. It was not strange that he should at length love a patient so winning and one who owed her life to his care.

But he was greatly puzzled when he thought of her past. He did not know her name. He had never seen any one like her. She could not aid him in his search, for she remembered nothing. Perhaps if she had awakened amid familiar surroundings she might have recalled something of her former life. It is true that, now and then, when she heard some word, or saw some object that had figured in her past experience, there would come a faint glimmer, as though memory struggled to become free. Thus, she did not know her own name but when Dr. Owens, by chance, spoke the common name, "Marie,"

she looked up quickly, and smiled, as if the word had some pleasant association,

The doctor told his patient nothing of how she had come to him.

She understood that she had been ill, and was for good reasons under his care, and with this knowledge she seemed content.

Her new nature was so loving and affectionate that she felt happy in the society of one who cared for her so tenderly, and lavished rich stores of gratitude upon him. It was a strange, a mysterious case. The physician was troubled, although delighted with his new found charge. Who was she? Where were her friends? He made cautious inquiries for the man who had brought her to him, and found that he was dead. Within twenty-four hours after leaving the Surgery he had succumbed to the cholera, and in the confusion of the period, was buried, and the secret of her name was buried with him.

CHAPTER II.

When George Horton lost his wife, when he kissed her sweet face for the last time, he felt that, for him, all life was ended. But he knew that he must try to live for his daughter's sake, for the little baby left so entirely to his care. He could not bear to return to his home, and at once sailed for England, taking the child with him. He left her with some old friends near London, and for a long time wandered over the world, a broken-hearted man. Thus it was that Dr. Owens could find no clue to her identity. In the days of the dread epidemic, whole cities were depopulated. A panic of fear, as fatal as the disease itself, swept over the people, and they rushed out of town into the country, leaving the sick, the old, the helpless alone, save for the noble band of physicians, nurses, priests and Sisters of Charity.

There were many cases of the revival of the sick ones left for dead, and some of premature interment. No one stayed in town unless compelled by absolute necessity, and the tragic fate of the young wife and mother was soon forgotten in the midst of a city's sorrow.

Dr. Owens soon became satisfied that if Marie could travel amid new scenes, she would entirely recover her youthful health and strength, and with her loving consent he married his beautiful charge. At once he arranged his affairs, leaving all his papers, books and property of all sorts in my care, and they set sail for the Old World. At this time Marie was like a child, loving, pure and tender—but entirely undisciplined. But, under the guidance of a man like Dr. Owens—of high attainments and noble character—she rapidly developed into a splendid woman. Her physique was completely changed. Before, delicate and slender, now she was queenly and majestic in form and bearing, while her hair once light and curly, grew thick and dark and was wrapped in massive braids about her head. In her other life she was shy and liked no other society than that of her husband and baby.

But as the wife of a celebrated scholar and physician, she shone like a star in the social world, and enjoyed herself with all the zest of a light-hearted girl.

They travelled everywhere. Amid the storied lands, where civilization first had its birth in the wild countries of the North, among the crags and peaks of Switzerland, and their life was a long dream of happiness.

At last they grew tired of wandering, and the doctor proposed that they return home. So, after years of absence, they embarked upon one of the great ocean steamers, and started on a merry voyage to America.

The ship was full of passengers, and among them were two who, somehow, at once attracted the attention of the young wife. A sad-faced man, with thoughtful eyes, and a little girl, who hung about him lovingly, and was, doubtless, his daughter. These two were devoted to each other, and inclined to keep to themselves. Marie could not help looking at the child. Her glances followed the little one everywhere—in her walking and talking and playing. She could not tell what there was about her that was so attractive, and often, as she looked into the bright, blue eyes, her own would fill with tears and a strange pang would seize her heart. She hung tenderly about the child, and in her winning manner, soon won the little creature to love her in return. They became absolutely devoted to each other, and the pale-faced father looked on and sighed, when he thought that there was something about the pretty new friend that reminded him of his long-lost wife.

When the voyage was almost over a storm arose, and amid the hurry, the agitation and confusion, the noble ship caught fire. Boats were lowered in haste, and the women and children lifted down and placed in them, while the men saved themselves as best they could.

Some clung to spars and planks, and all suffered terribly from terror and exposure.

Dr. Owens caught his wife in one long, loving embrace—and with a silent blessing, passed her down to the boat, now filling with the women and children—and then, going back to his post, worked hard, helping to save the weak and helpless. He was one of the few who remained to the last, and gave up their chances to others and then went bravely down with the ship.

When Marie awoke from a long and death-like swoon, she found

herself in the cabin of a large vessel, surrounded by kindly, helping hands. She seemed to arouse herself as if from a dream.

"George, George; where are you?"

But no one answered her.

"Have I been ill? Where is George? Where is the baby?"

Strange to say, she asked no questions about Dr. Owens. She seemed only surprised that she was not at home with George and the baby. She spoke so strangely and was so perplexed when they questioned her, that the captain decided the shock had injured her brain.

She was cared for kindly, and when the rescuing vessel reached New York, was taken to a hospital, where her case excited great attention.

Meanwhile, George Horton and his child, who had been hurried into another and a smaller boat, drifted but a short time when they were seen by some fishermen, on their way home from the Newfoundland banks. They picked up the forlorn creatures and brought them safe to harbor. But it was several days after the arrival of the boat-load of women and children, that George and his daughter found themselves at last settled in New York, weary, indeed, but thankful for their escape.

George's first thought after caring for his child, was to inquire after his fellow passengers, many of whom he had last seen adrift on the broad Atlantic.

He had been in town but a few days, when a gentleman called to request an interview. Imagine his astonishment when the messenger informed him that the wife whom he had so long mourned was still living, and was even now in the city and eagerly waiting his coming.

When the news of Dr. Owens' death reached town and his wife was brought to the hospital, with her mind apparently unstrung, I assumed control and took her under my care. With a number of my legal brethren to aid me, I examined the papers left by Dr. Owens in my hands, and thus the strange story came to light. The doctor, with the thoughtfulness of a scientific student, had carefully written an account of all the circumstances connected with his strange meeting with Marie, how he had first saved her life and afterwards married her.

He mentioned her peculiar mental condition, her utter forgetfulness of the past, how he had vainly sought a clue to her former life, and closed by saying that "No doubt some great shock of mind or body would awaken the dormant part of her nature, and she would remember once more."

So when the shipwrecked woman persisted in calling herself "Mrs. Horton," and asked for husband and child, the mystery was explained.

The doctor's prophecy had come to pass. She could not recall the shipwreck, nor any part of her later life, but strange to say, her early married days seemed but yesterday. I sent a friend to tell the wonderful story to George, for I felt unequal to the task. It was on Christmas Eve when he came to the hospital and found his wife, his long-lost Marie.

I cannot tell you about their meeting. Marie seemed to take up her life just where it had been so rudely broken off, and it was impossible for her to realize that she had existed away from George and the baby. It was long before she could believe that the little girl she loved so much was her baby grown large.

But George Horton, with his poet nature, and his mind prepared by the lofty thoughts in which he delighted, was not surprised at the strange story, for he well knew the truth spoken by the Master.

"There's more things in heaven and earth
Than e'er were dreamed of in your philosophy."

The re-united ones have lived since then many happy years, and on Christmas Eve, when the whole world of Christendom is giving thanks for the birth of the King, they have double rejoicings over the anniversary of their new life.

THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM.

It was in the long ago,
That the wise men journeyed far,
With frankincense and gold and myrrh,
Guided by the glorious star,
To the Babe of Bethlehem.

It was in the long ago,
That the Shepherds saw the light,
And upon the hills fell down,
Adoring on that Christmas night
The Babe of Bethlehem.

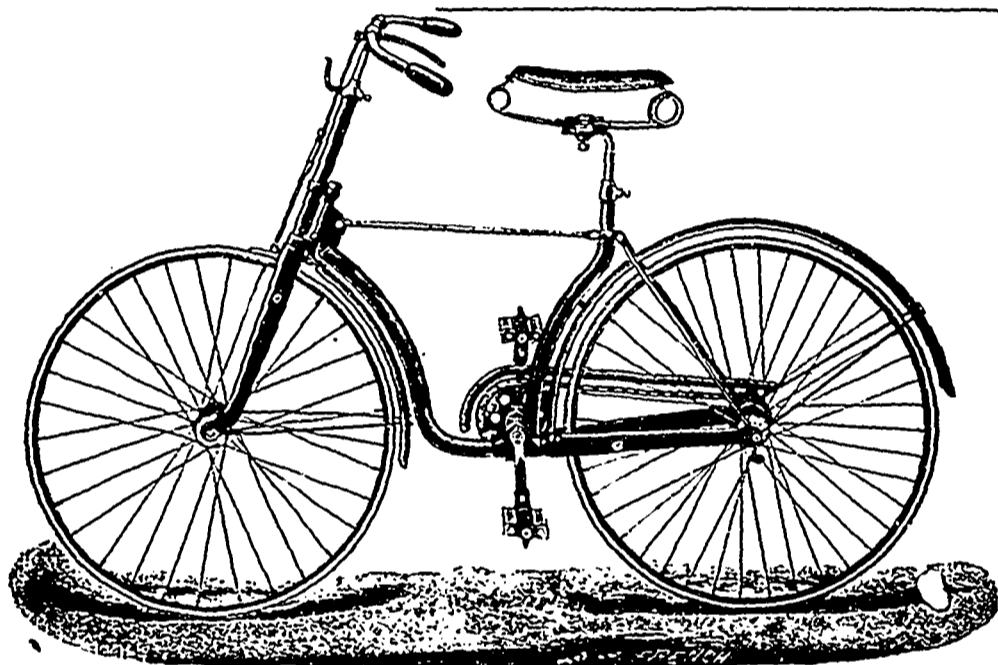
It was in the long ago,
That the virgin mother mild
Held a Saviour to her breast,
The new-born Holy Child,
The Babe of Bethlehem.

It is now this very night,
All the joy-bells clash and ring,
All the lights are flashing out,
All the little children sing
To the Babe of Bethlehem.

These Illustrations represent a portion of our Premiums which we offer for the getting up subscription clubs,

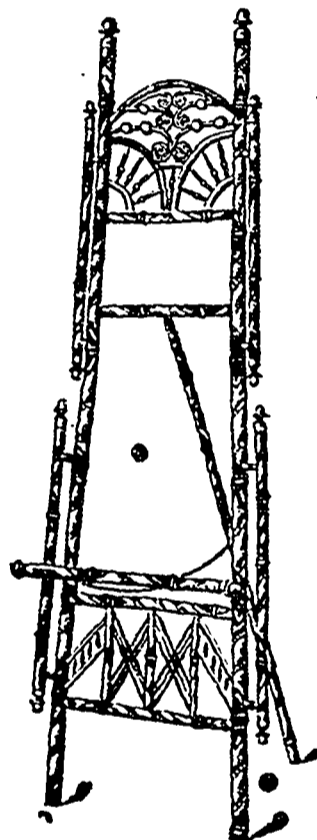
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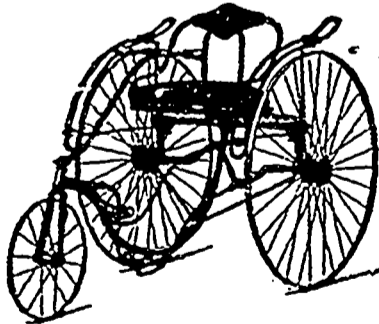


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For No. 6 Division

Election takes place on Monday January 4th

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ATKINSON

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WARD NO. 5

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Department of Public Works, Ottawa, Dec. 5, 1891.

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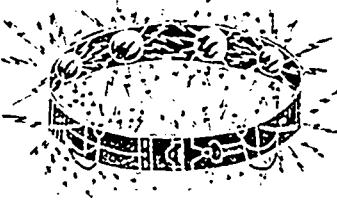
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