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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Reddito quæ sunt Cæsaris, Cæsari; et quæ sunt Dei Deo.—Matt 22:21.

Vol. II.

Toronto, Saturday Dec. 24, 1888

No. 45

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NOTES.

Mr. John Hooper has just informed his constituents that he has placed his resignation in Mr. Parnell's hands. Mr. Hooper has done good service to the party, and was one of Mr. Balfour's prisoners at Tullamore last winter. He is the editor and part-proprietor of *The Cork Herald*, a leading Nationalist organ in the South of Ireland, and he resigns his place in Parliament in order to devote himself to his work as a journalist. He was offered but declined the mayoralty of Cork for the coming year.

It is stated that Mr. Hooper's resignation will be followed by further changes in the Irish party. Mr. Hooper was one of the most regular attendants at all debates and divisions, but there are three or four gentlemen in the party who were equally remarkable for their continual absence, and they will probably be replaced by more efficient men next session.

To Mrs. Sherman, whose death was recorded last week, the Catholics of America owe the appointment of priests as chaplains to the Northern Army during the war. Mrs. Sherman was a Miss Ewing, a granddaughter of one of the men of 1798. She had three sons. One, now dead, was destined for his father's career—the army; another is a law student, and will probably play a part later on in American politics; the third is a Jesuit scholastic, now reading theology at Woodstock. The General is not a Catholic, but he allowed his wife to educate all her children in her own religion.

We learn from the *Manchester Guardian* that when Mr. Gladstone was at Birmingham the other day, he slipped across from Sir W. Foster's house to the Oratory to inquire after Cardinal Newman. He could not see the Cardinal but was received by the Father who habitually attends him. In conversation it came out that the venerable patient was fond of reading in bed, but that the Fathers had difficulty in finding him a safe and suitable light. Mr. Gladstone instantly replied, "I have the very thing by me," and posing back to Sir W. Foster's house, returned bearing a candlestick with a reflector attached, which

he left as a present for the Cardinal. Considering that this happened on the very afternoon of the Bingley Hall meeting—in the midst of the hurry and excitement of preparation—it is a striking instance of self forgetfulness and thoughtfulness for others.

"Our duty," Cardinal Newman has said, "is to follow the Vicar of Christ whither he goeth, and never to desert him, however we may be tried, but to defend him at all hazards, and against all comers, as a son would a father, and as a wife a husband, knowing that his cause is the cause of God."

We have received from the publishers, the Anglo Canadian Music Association, a copy of "A Grave in the Sunshine," a musical composition in which the verses which appeared in a Toronto paper after the death of the late Archbishop are set to music. Over the score we read that "After the attending physicians informed him on Friday that there was no hope of his recovery, the late Archbishop Lynch made a codicil to his will directing the church authorities to lay him on the sunny spot near the north wall of the palace garden." This, apparently, suggested the lines to a writer on a local paper who only a short time previously employed himself in writing similar doggerel, insulting and holding up the Archbishop to ridicule. On this account there are some people, perhaps unhappily, who do not appreciate them. Moreover it was perfectly well known to the members of the Archbishop's household and to others, that he had never made any request to be buried in the sunshine. The late Archbishop's solicitor, who drew up the codicil, scouts the suggestion as ridiculous. The fact is the Archbishop never in his life entertained a desire so unconsciously Pagan, as this to be buried in the sunshine. What he did request was his interment outside the church wall where the priests of the palace, and the passers-by, seeing his grave, might stop for a moment and breathe a prayer for him. That was a Christian idea, and more like the pious Archbishop. Only a Persian, or some Sun-worshipping religionist, would have made the other and alleged stipulation.

With regard to the piece of music itself, it is said to be a superior composition. The design of the cover is artistic, and if the publisher, an Ottawa gentleman, in issuing the music, has been actuated by a disinterested desire to perpetuate the memory of the late Archbishop, we could wish, notwithstanding what we have said, that the work have a large sale.

The amount and variety of religious enterprise in China is such, it appears from an address delivered lately by Dr. Williamson to one of the English Protestant missionary societies, as to be equally embarrassing both to the missionary and the proselyte. In Shanghai alone there appear to be seven different organizations; on which the *Pall Mall Gazette* observes:

Seven foreign missions for Chinamen to choose,
Seven little churches with seven little "views,"
Seven forms of meetings, seven sets of rules,
Seven weekly sermons and seven Sunday-schools,
Seven sets of buildings, at seven times the cost.
What a lot of energy in China must be lost!

1888 Dec 24

1888 Dec 24

A CHRISTMAS ALLEGORY.

Ages and ages ago there lived a King who was wise and good beyond all the kings that the world has ever seen. His kingdom was vast, his power unequalled. He lived in a splendid city surrounded by all the magnificence that became his high estate. In his supremely happy land there was profound peace. Ruling his subjects well, there were no tumults or disorders within, powerful beyond compare, there was no war nor occasion of war without. His country was exempt from famine and want and pestilence; his devoted subjects were peaceful and happy. Within the limits of the King's territory a mild sunlight, a soft radiance, a subdued effulgence, shone on all—there was perpetual spring, balmy and joyous; in that region there was no sickness, no pain, no sorrow; every one who lived in the sun light of the King's presence was blessed beyond all mortal blessedness.

The inhabitants of this happy land were not all of a like estate or in equal honour. There were various orders amongst them, each perfect in its kind and each in harmony with the others and with the great King. They were as the various tones of a chord in music necessary for one grand harmonious effect. Their united chorus was the music of the spheres.

After the lapse of many ages the great King, communing with himself, determined on the establishment of a colony with inhabitants of a different order from any of those already in his dominions. And foreseeing that these inhabitants, who were to be a lower and less intelligent race, would become involved in rebellion against his authority and his kingdom, he proclaimed first of all the future of this new race. A portion of the royal domain—one of its choicest valleys—was to be set apart for the new infant colony. There was a favoured race in many respects; for the King declared he would, if necessary, send his own son to preserve them. The son of the King was to assume the weak and apparently degraded condition of these new subjects, and finally allow himself to be sacrificed by them but for them. That being done, the servile and dishonoured race would become ennobled and be more glorious and resplendent than the King's original subjects whenever he chose to break up the colony and recall them to himself.

The news of all this created a profound impression at the Royal Court. Those who knew the King best rejoiced in the scheme, but not a few murmured. "Here," the latter said, "is a people of the scum of the earth; a race of dishonourable slaves, to be advanced to positions over our heads. We are the subjects and servants of the King, this upstart colony is to be composed of such as he will regard as his children—the brothers of his son." The tumult of these misguided Sons of Light reached the ears of the great King, and sending a vast army he overcame the rebels and drove them out of the happy dwellings to live thereafter in deep dungeons. They became a people of darkness, sworn enemies of the King and of the infant colony as soon as it began to be peopled. One third of the happy land was depopulated, driven into unutterable regions of misery and despair, while the remaining loyal subjects were confirmed in their happy homes.

And now the great King, having restored order and strengthened his dominions, sent out messengers to spy out a beautiful and fair land to be the home of his new subjects. The most beautiful spot ever seen on this globe of ours was selected, and everything in its loveliest guise was added thereto—animals of all kinds, the calm moonlight, the brilliant sun, the music of waters, the comforting hues of earth and sky. When everything was at its best the great King came down to view it, and even he was well pleased. Then he sent out his colonists, who were filled with a portion of the light and learning of the Royal City, telling them to remain for a time to obey the royal laws, and that they should return with him later and take up the posts and positions of the rebels who had fallen.

The royal inhabitants looked on all this with great

interest and great expectations, but the rebels were now exasperated and sought about for means to overthrow the infant colony. The chief rebel, with all the talents of a blessed estate and all the venom of an eternal hatred, procured the first colonists to break a simple law and brought upon them the penalty of death—death, with no prospect of returning to the royal domain—death opening up the exile of the arch rebel. He, successfully completing, as he thought, the ruin of the colony, retired to his lowest dungeon hoping that now the accursed race, whose creation destroyed his happiness, would share a fate worse than his own. When the news of the early fall of the new race reached the great city there was sorrow and pity, but the King was justice itself. Their happy land, said he, shall be cursed, and they shall all die miserably.

Then did the King's son, rising up in all the splendour of his great father, say to him before all the inhabitants, "I pray you spare these poor people and I will give you satisfaction. I will do what they cannot—satisfy the affront you have received from them."

The great King laid aside the decree of justice, putting the tablet of mercy over it, and a messenger took down to the afflicted and disgraced people the promise that the King's son had obtained mercy for them.

In process of time the son of the great King determined that the time was at hand when he might best save the colonists and redeem his promise to his father. And disguising himself as one of the fallen race he set out from his father's kingdom, and with legions of attendants repaired to the land where the fallen race lived. A few shepherds tending their flocks saw the pageant and heard the music of the King's bands, but except the one family that was to receive him the colonists seemed to care little about it. Silently the retinue returned—the King's son, with all the outward appearance of the fallen people, began to live and move as those around him. This was on the first CHRISTMAS MORNING.

D. A. O'SULLIVAN.

THE NIGHT AFTER CHRISTMAS.

"I declare," said the turkey, there is nothing to be heard in this house for the last week but 'turkey, turkey, turkey.' I'm sick of it. The nicest and fattest things we've had this year were all cut off in their prime, and my day will likely be next Tuesday."

"You think much of yourself," said the goose, "but I hear nothing but 'roast goose, roast goose' all the time."

"Well!" said the ox, with becoming slowness, "if it comes to that I have more to complain of than either of you. Christmas dinner would be a poor affair without beef. Indeed until you mentioned it I thought roast beef and plum pudding were all that was wanted. Look at that fellow," continued the ox, and he pointed with his left horn over at me, "look at him and see how much man and how much ox are there." (I thought he was going to say how much beast but he was too polite to himself.)

Then the chickens put in their bill and the ducks waddled over to take part, and a fat hog made a lazy remark or two, and I believe that the lambs were crowding in to say something when the old turkey called for silence.

Said he, "This thing has gone far enough. The ox is quite right, and I don't see that we should stand it any longer. If we are united we can easily get the better of a miserable animal like that (and the old rascal pointed at me with his yellow claw)—a poor fat thing that can't fly."

"You are right, there;" said the goose, "he would be just like me if he had wings and feathers."

"However that may be," said the hog, "I despise an animal with only two legs."

"So do I," said the ox, and he shook his big head, and "So do I," said the lamb, quite afraid of having spoken.

"I propose," said the villainous old gobbler, that we make away with him, cook him in his own kitchen and have him served with cranberries."

"With some apple-sauce added," said the goose.

"And a bit of jelly," said another. "Or a taste of mint-sauce," said a faint little voice.

"It shall be so done," said the ox; "we will have him well done, in fact, with a bit of Yorkshire pudding and an apple in his mouth to suit our fat friend under the gate. Now arrange yourselves so that he can't escape," continued the ox: "make a circle around him and we will drive him in the back yard and kill him."

It is needless to say that I got terribly frightened. The ox looked vicious—the hog was bristling—the goose had a hard wing, as I knew, and so had the old gobbler, and the innocent lamb went off and returned with a horrid old ram that could butt down a stone wall.

"One, two, three and at him," said the infernal turkey, and every one of those horrid beasts made at me. I turned and fled, I ran and screamed, the men on the streets stopped to look on and laugh, the dogs joined in and cheered on my barn-yard, the calves and pigs in the butcher's cart encouraged them on—even the horses neighed their approval, a storm of cheers rose from every stable and outhouse, and while I fled down the street into lanes and over gates, the brutes kept after me and no man or woman raised a hand to help me. I turned a sharp corner though the goose was up to me, I passed the fat pig before he could turn around, and the big ox never saw he was going the wrong way for some time. However, as he hadn't gone far from my yard, that was all the worse.

"Fly," said the pig to the goose.

"I can't," said the goose, "but the chickens can."

So the chickens flew and caught up to me and fluttered so I couldn't see the way and I stumbled against a milk wagon and fell flat.

"Now we have him" said the villain of a gobbler; "now we'll fix him."

So he sent back the duck to explain how it was to the ox, and in two minutes the fat pig and the big ox, the bad old goose and the battering ram, were all around me with murder in their eyes.

"He's dead," says the goose.

"He's not dead," says the ox, "but give me room and I will pin him on my horn and we will have him served up in no time."

So they all made way for the ox and he walked back ten paces and then made a rush at me.

"Bless my heart," said my wife, "you mustn't eat those mince pies again before going to bed. You've had an awful nightmare. Nearly frightened the wits out of me, you and your mad bull. Go to sleep."

PATERFAMILIAS.

THE ANGEL'S STORY.

A Transposition of Adelaide Proctor's Poem.

'Twas Christmas night. The snow lay deep on all around, and the cold blasts of wintry wind came sweeping along in great gusts, while from the many steeples and towers the bells rang out joyfully as they only can ring when Christmas is at hand.

That night, joy reigned supreme; families were reunited, enemies were reconciled, wrongs were forgiven and forgotten. But amid the universal gladness, one house was dark and cheerless, not with poverty, but with sickness and despair; the darling of the household was dying. Around the downy bed hung silken curtains, and on it were scattered costly toys, all unheeded by the dying child.

Nothing had been left undone that could give one gleam of hope; not all the doctors of that mighty city, nor even the broken-hearted mother, could sustain that little life one minute longer. But did she sit idly weeping by the little sufferer? Not so. She knew that in a few short hours, at most, her darling would be gone from her forever, but she was a Christian mother and spoke not of the parting, but of the meeting beyond the grave. She spoke of the little children who dwell in

that Golden City, clothed in the garb of innocence; of the beautiful thrones of gold, and pearl, and ivory; of the countless saints in snowy robes, glittering with diamonds.

While she was yet speaking, the child started, and fixed his large, wondering eyes on a mysterious vision.

Above him hovered an angel, around whose head a star-like light was shining, and he was smiling sweetly upon the little sufferer. Leaning over the little bed, with tender love he folded the sick child to his breast—the sobs and wailings of those around told the mother that all was over.

The angel, slowly ascending, bore the child away, clasped to his breast with loving care, while beside him he placed a branch of crimson roses. The child, enraptured by the angel's beauty, clung to him trustingly. Then his bright companion, looking tenderly upon him, said, "Know, dear little one, that in heaven rich and poor alike find peace, the joys and sorrows of man find echo there, love, on earth so feebly striving, there rests in God."

"In the town below," continued the angel, "in a poor and narrow street, dwelt a sickly little orphan. Utterly neglected, he had not heard, like you, of that lovely place where the good abide; he had never heard of a heavenly Father daily watching over him; his dreams were all of earthly beauty. He was too weak for childish pastimes, so the hours passed wearily. Through the long days he sat supporting his aching head on his trembling hands, while through the sleepless, painful nights he lay on his hard bed dreaming of cool forests far away, and of rosy children playing there the whole day long, retiring home at evening, through long and shady lanes, laughing merrily and trailing after them long branches of blooming May blossoms. All too soon he awoke to cruel reality. What a contrast to the green fields and warm sunshine was the narrow street, over which scarcely a glimpse of azure could be seen. The sultry air of summer that you called so sweet and warm, fevered the poor orphan's cheek in his loathsome dwelling.

"One day he crawled through the crowded streets till he came to a mansion, the garden of which rivalled all the rest. In the centre stood a lovely child, his golden curls floating on the breeze, his arms full of buds and blossoms which he threw into the air, and laughed merrily when they descended on his head. Around him, everywhere, were signs that told what love was lavished on this only son. Long, velvet glades, with shady nooks aglow with brightest flowers and cool fountains, sparkling in the sunlight, made the garden seem a paradise to the orphan, he stood utterly bewildered by the beauty of the scene, till your servants, tired of seeing that face of want and woe, gave him coin and bade him leave. Bitter tears began to trickle down his pale and wasted cheeks. He looked up imploringly but his pleading was in vain. You saw it all, and were touched by that look of childish sorrow, and with gladness you plucked some of the reddest roses from the tree you loved the best, and passed them through the stern, cold grating, speaking words of kindness, and gently bidding him farewell.

"How everything was changed! he did not remember the harsh words of the servants, nor their unkind looks, but in his hand he bore away the flowers, in his heart the loving words. He crept back to his little garret, no longer poor but rich in the possession of a few red roses that would soon wither and die; he thought not of the future in the happiness of the present.

"All through that starry night came the first visions of hope and love and rest that his young life had ever known. When day dawned, the child was too weak to rise, but how different was this day on his hard bed from other days when he had risen and crept around his miserable garret. Every thing seemed brighter, every one was kinder. Surely his roses must have charmed all ills away. They were fast fading, but the sick child smiled, saying: 'Such bright things can never die; they will bloom again.' Toward evening he grew weaker, and when the next day's sun arose, child and flowers both were dead."

The angel ceased and pressed the listening child in a more loving embrace. The child looked wonderingly from

his guardian to the flowers beside him, mutely asking what they meant; and the radiant angel answered with a tender, meaning smile: "Dear little one, our heavenly Father will no gentle deed disdain; not one kind word or glance will he leave unrewarded; love on earth is but the shadow of love in Heaven. Ere the hard world had defiled thee, God permitted me to take you to partake with me the joys of heaven—I was once the orphan boy."

In the churchyard of that city, rose a tomb of rarest marble, and beside it was another plain and humble; only a branch of withered roses marked it, and no one knew who rested there.

THE MYSTERIOUS ORGANIST.

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE SHOWING A HAPPY ROYAL MARRIAGE.

"Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

Years ago, at a grand cathedral overlooking the Rhine, there appeared a mysterious organist. The great composer who played the organ so long, suddenly died, and everybody, from the king to the peasant, was wondering who could be found to fill his place, when, one bright Sunday morning, as the sexton entered the church, he saw a stranger seated at the crape-shrouded organ. He was a tall, graceful man, with a pale but strikingly handsome countenance, great, black melancholy eyes, and hair like a raven's wing in gloss and colour. He had not seemed to notice the sexton, but went on playing, and such music as he drew from the instrument no words of mine can describe. The astonished listeners declared that the organ seemed to have grown human—that it wailed, and sighed and clamoured, as if a tortured human being was throbbing through it. When the music at length ceased the sexton hastened to the stranger and said:

"Pray, who are you, sir?"

"Do not ask my name," he replied. "I have heard that you are in want of an organist, and have come here on trial."

"You'll be sure to get the place," exclaimed the sexton.

"Why, you surpass him that's dead and gone, sir."

"No, no, you overrate me," resumed the stranger, with a sad smile; and then, as if disinclined to conversation, he turned from old Hans, and began to play again. And now the music changed from a sorrowful strain to a grand old psalm, and the mysterious organist,

"Looking upward full of grace,
Played, till from a happy place
God's glory struck him in the face,"

and his countenance seemed not unlike that of St. Michael, as portrayed by Guido.

Lost in the harmonies which swelled around him, he sat with his far-seeing gaze fixed on the distant sky, a glimpse of which he caught through an upper window, when there was a stir around the church door, and a royal party came sweeping in. Among them might be seen a young girl, with a wreath of golden hair, eyes of violet hue, and lips like cherries. This was Princess Elizabeth, and all eyes turned toward her as she seated herself in the velvet cushioned pew appropriated to the court. The mysterious organist fixed his eyes on her and went on playing. No sooner had the music reached her ears than she started as if a ghost had crossed her path. The bloom faded from her cheeks, her lips quivered, and her whole frame grew tremulous. At last her eyes met those of the organist in a long, yearning look, and then the melody lost its joyous notes, and once more wailed and sighed and clamoured.

"By my faith," whispered the king to his daughter, "this organist has a master hand. Hark ye, my child, he shall play at your wedding."

The pale lips of the princess parted, but she could not speak—she was dumb with grief. Like one in a painful dream she saw the pale man at the organ, and heard the melody which filled the vast edifice. Ah, full well she knew who he was, and why the instrument seemed breathing out the agony of a tortured heart.

When the service was over, and the royal party had left the

cathedral, he stole away as mysteriously as he came. He was not seen again by the sexton till the vesper hour, and then he appeared in the loft and commenced his task. While he played, a veiled figure glided in and knelt at a side shrine. There she remained till the worshippers disappeared, when the sexton touched her on the shoulder and said:

"Madam, everybody has gone but you and me, and I wish to close the doors."

The sexton drew into a shady niche, and watched and listened.

The mysterious organist still kept his post, but he could not see the lone devotee. At length she rose from the aisle, and moving to the organ loft, paused beside the musician.

"Bertram," she murmured.

Quick as thought the organist raised his head. There, with the light of the lamp suspended to the arch above falling upon her, stood the princess who had graced the royal pew that day. The court dress of velvet, with its soft ermine trimmings, the tiara, the necklace, the bracelets, had all been exchanged for a simple gray, serge robe and a long thick veil, which was now pushed back from her girlish face.

"Oh! Elizabeth, Elizabeth!" exclaimed the organist, and he sank at her feet and gazed wistfully into her troubled eyes.

"Why are you here, Bertram?" asked the princess.

"I came to bid you farewell, and as I dared not venture into the palace, I gained access to the cathedral, and having taken the vacant seat of the dead organist, let my music breathe out the adieu I could not trust my lips to utter."

A low moan was the only answer, and he continued:

"You are married on the morrow?"

"Yes," sobbed the girl. "Oh, Bertram, what a trial it will be to stand at yonder altar, and take upon me the vows that will doom me to a living death."

"Think of me," rejoined the organist. "Your royal father requests me to play at your wedding, I have promised to be here. If I were your equal I could be the bridegroom instead of organist; but a poor musician must give you up."

"It is rending body and soul asunder to part with you," said the girl. "To-night I may tell you this—tell you how much I loved you, but in a few hours it will be a sin. Go, go, and God bless you."

She waved him from her as if she would banish him while she had the power to do so, and he—how was it with him? He rose to leave her, then came back, held her to his heart in a long embrace, and with a half smothered farewell left her.

The next morning dawned in cloudless splendor, and at an early hour the cathedral was thrown open, and the sexton began to prepare for the brilliant wedding. Flame coloured flowers nodded by the wayside, or dropped from the trees, and lay in light heaps upon the ground, and the ripe wheat waved like a golden sea, and berries dropped in red and purple clusters over rocks along the Rhine.

At length the palace gates were opened, and the royal party appeared, escorting the Princess Elizabeth to the cathedral where the marriage was to be solemnized. It was a brave pageant; far brighter than the untwined blossoms and foliage were the tufts of plumes which floated from stately heads, and festal robes that streamed over the housings of superb steeds. But the princess, mounted on a snow white palfrey and clad in snow white velvet, looked pale and sad, and when, on nearing the church, she heard a gush of organ music, which, though jubilant in sound, struck on her ear like a funeral knell, she trembled and would have fallen to the ground had not a page supported her.

A few more moments afterwards, she entered the cathedral. There with his retinue stood the royal bridegroom, whom she had never before seen. But her eyes roamed from him to the organ loft, where she expected to see the mysterious organist. He was gone, and she was obliged to return the graceful bow of the king to whom she was betrothed from motives of policy. Mechanically she knelt at the altar—mechanically listened to the service and made the responses. Then her husband drew her to him in a convulsive embrace, and whispered:

"Elizabeth! my queen! look up!"

Trembling in every limb, she obeyed. Why did those dark eyes thrill her so? Why did that smile bring a glow to her cheek? Ah, though the king wore the royal purple, and many a jewelled order glittered on his breast, he seemed the same

humble person who had been employed to teach her organ music, and had taught her the lore of love.

"Elizabeth," murmured the monarch, "Bertram Hoffman, the organist, and King Oscar are one. Forgive my stratagem. I wished to marry you but I would not drag you to the altar an unwilling bride. Your father was in the secret."

While tears of joy rained from her eyes, the new-made queen returned her husband's fond kiss, and for once two hearts were made happy by a royal marriage.

THE CHRISTMAS ROSE.

A little way up one of the Rhætian Alps, beneath the shade of an old pine, grew what is known as the Christmas rose. This is not really a rose, but a plant belonging to the family of Hellebore—black Hellebore, so called from the colour of its roots. Its large white flowers are tinged with red. The summer had passed, and the short days had come, when the wind blows and the snow flies, and the hardy little mountain rose had two buds. "Dear me," fretted the rose, "I wish that I could blossom when other plants do. There would be some pleasure in displaying one's self for the dainty blue gentian or the pretty eyebright; but with no one to admire me, I see no use in blooming at all."

"Ho, ho!" laughed the old pine, waving his shaggy arms; "ho, ho! what a little grumbler! The snow and I will admire you. You are named after the blessed Christ-child, and ought to be happy and contented. Push up through the deepening snow, little friend, and expand your buds into perfect blossoms; we were all made for a wise purpose, and we shall know what it is when the time comes, if—"

Just then the north wind blew so hard the old pine was quite out of breath, and for some reason he never renewed the conversation.

"All the world is dead except the pine and me," murmured the rose; "and perhaps I had better follow his advice. If I was made for a wise purpose I shall not be forgotten." So she took good care of her beautiful buds, and the day before Christmas the black pine saw her blossoms, white and perfect, peering up through the white snow.

Now, the two little children of Klotz, the wood-cutter, were nearly heart-broken, for their mother was sick, and that morning the kind neighbour who had watched by her side through the night had said: "God pity this home; I fear your mother will die before night." Their father sat by the fire speechless with grief, and answered them neither by word or look when they crept up to him for comfort. So at last they stole out of the door, and hand in hand, wandered a short way up the mountain side, following the forester's tracks till they came in sight of the old black pine.

"If all the mothers in the world were dying, that hard old pine would not care," said the boy bitterly. "Let us go back into the valley, sister; there we will find good people, with kind hearts, while here there is no one to care for us."

"There is One who cares for us even here," cried the sister, spying the Christmas roses, and in a moment she had scraped away the snow and plucked them. "We had forgotten the Christ-child, and that to-morrow is his birthday. Let us take the roses to the church, and there pray that our mother's life may be spared."

So they hastened down the mountain to the village church, where they found the good priest busy trimming the altar for the Christmas festival. He took the flowers and put them, with some feathery moss, into a tall white vase. Then he knelt with the children and prayed for their mother's life, and the roses, nodding on their stems, smiled as though the gift asked for was already granted. When they returned home their father met them at the

door and exclaimed joyfully: "The fever has turned, and your mother is better. Thank God!"

The Christmas rose had fulfilled its destiny. Ah me! the black pine was right. We were all made for a wise purpose, and we shall learn what it is in God's own good time.

MONTREAL GOSSIP.

An object of general interest during the past week has been the Christmas number of the *Star*. It is undoubtedly a beautiful number—and one which Canadians may send over the ocean with pride—for it illustrates better than pages of written declarations, the wonderful progress of Canada in matters of art. The Christmas *Star* is a marvel of delicate beauty, it is probably the most artistic production that our country has yet given to the world, but it lacks somehow the distinctive charm of Christmas. The snow birds on the cover are, it is true, rejoicing on a frosted pine bough, but around them are summer flowers and groups of children busied in sea-side pleasures. In the same way the majority of the engravings are summer-like. They are exquisite, but they do not breathe the spirit of Christmas, and especially do they fall short of Christmas in Canada. There is a lovely little picture of three children with a sled, but they are not clad in the furs and blanket coats and tuques of our Montreal young folk; even the farmer's sleigh in the distance lacks character—one wants to replace it with a carriage. The prettiest bit of all, to my thinking, is the tiny heading to Mr. Dawson's paper on "Christmas in Canada;" it brings old Father St. Lawrence to one's mind, and suggests those exquisite lines that occur in one of Mr. Maurice Egan's late poems:

A sword of silver cuts the fields asunder,—
A silver sword to night, a lake in June,—
And plains of snow reflect, the maples under,
The silver arrows of a wintry moon.

The trees are white with moonlight and with ice-pearls,—
The trees are white, like ghosts we see in dreams;
The air is still. there are no moaning wind whirls;
And one sees silence in the quivering beams.

December night, December night! how warming,
Is all thy coldness to the Christian soul!
Thy very peace at each true heart is storming,
In potent waves of love that surging roll.

In the various complimentary letters which the *Daily Star* publishes concerning the Christmas number, it is amusing to note the differences of taste as regards the favourite picture the one which is selected to receive its meed of praise. Engravers and botanists select the group of Canadian wild flowers, which, to the untrained eye, is not particularly attractive, family men dwell fondly on the pathetic "Orphans," and the perfect character study, "Brace up," patriotic people emphasize the "Falls of Niagara," and mammas gush over "Santa Claus' album."

If an old foggy be allowed a choice I would humbly cast a vote in favour of "Is this your cat?"

It is pleasant to read of the fêtes in Rome attendant on the opening of the Canadian College. His Holiness, reception of the Rev. Abbe Colin was extremely cordial. The Abbe was of course at the audience accorded to the Canadian Bishops, and the directors and pupils of the Canadian College. Hearing from Cardinal Simeoni that Mr. Colin was present, the Pope called that gentleman over to him and complimented him upon the generosity of the Sulpicians to which all the Canadian Bishops had been ready to bear testimony. The Pope, in his reply to the address of Monseigneur Fabre, said that the Canadian College was truly a jubilee gift and one of the most precious.

OLD MORTALITY.

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

St. Michael's Palace, Toronto, 29th Dec., 1888.

GENTLEMEN,—

I have singular pleasure indeed in saying God-speed to your intended journal, THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW. The Church, contradicted on all sides as her Divine Founder was, hails with peculiar pleasure the assistance of her lay children in dispelling ignorance and prejudice. They can do this nobly by public journalism, and as the press now appears to be a "universal instructor for either evil or good, and since it is frequently used for evil in disseminating false doctrines and attributing them to the Catholic Church your journal will do a very great service to Truth and Religion by its publication. Wishing you all success and many blessings on your enterprise.

I am, faithfully yours,

JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH,
Archbishop of Toronto.

FROM THE LATE BISHOP OF HAMILTON.

HAMILTON, March 17, 1887

MY DEAR MR. FITZGERALD,—

You have well kept your word as to the matter, style, form and quality of the REVIEW, and I do hope it will become a splendid success.

Believe me, yours faithfully,

JAMES J. CARRHY,
Bishop of Hamilton.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, DEC. 12, 1888.

THE NATIVITY.

It must be the masculine effort, the persevering strain of a life-long dependence upon grace, which alone can rightly honour the all-holy Babe, the almighty Little One, the Eternal Child, as well for the mystery of his gentleness as for the exalting faith whereby, with our hearts upon our lips, we can say with the Church those few tremendous words, which make the angels and archangels to bow down, and the strong bright thrones of heaven to totter and to tremble in an adoration which blends fear and joy in one,—*Et incarnatus est de Spiritu Sancto ex Maria Virgine et Homo factus est*!—FATHER FABER.

When the sun had set on the first Christmas Eve eighteen hundred years ago, the stars came out one by one, and heaven was empty of angels. A cave in Bethlehem had become the veritable centre of God's creation. The plumage of the night grew deeper and darker, the stars drifted silently down the southern steep of the midnight sky: there was a hush in heaven; those who saw God were hovering, expectant, around an humble place on earth. At midnight a Child was born and laid in a manger. The Child was God, and had come to be the world's Saviour. Then the midnight skies overflowed with melody, the choirs of angels sang out loud in the heavens, the winter night ran over with the sweetness of the grand hymn of the Nativity, sung by the angels on that first Christmas night, "GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST, AND ON EARTH PEACE TO MEN OF GOOD WILL."

It is the holiest and most beautiful episode in the relations of God to our fallen humanity. No painter can paint it as it speaks to the believer's soul, and as the bells of Christmas bring it into vision, the Birth at midnight, the kneeling Mother, the adoring Joseph, the Holy Infant, the humble surroundings, and the splendour and profusion of the gifts of the Eastern kings and magi. The Bethlehem of that night has never passed away. It lives not in history

only, or in art, or in poetry, but as a living power in the hearts of men. "Its sphere of influence," 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 a 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."

And it came to pass that in those days there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus that the whole world should be enrolled.

And all went to be enrolled, every one into his own city.

And Joseph also went up from Galilee out of the city of Nazareth into Judea, to the city of David, which is called Bethlehem; because he was of the house and family of David.

To be enrolled with Mary his espoused wife who was with child.

And it came to pass, that when they were there, her days were accomplished, that she should be delivered.

And she brought forth her first-born Son and wrapped him up in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger: because there was no room for them in the inn.

This is the Gospel story of the Nativity as related by St. Luke. The words are brief indeed, and simple, but the event which is without parallel for greatness in the world's history has never been recorded in words so sublime. Sublime, because so simple; because therein is proclaimed the faith of a true disciple, who, thus inspired from On High, wrote for all succeeding ages. That was nineteen hundred years ago, and the Evangelist's words have never lost their simplicity, their pathos, or their charm, but when the historian has exhausted his wealth of narrative, or the poet his sweetness of song, or the mystic his sublimity of divine meditation, he comes back again to the Gospel narrative: *And she brought forth her first-born Son and wrapped Him up in swaddling clothes and laid Him in a manger: because there was no room for them in the inn.*"

But though the Gospels bequeath to us but little of the details of that eventful night, divine Tradition, as if anticipating our longing for particulars on which we can feed our imagination and thus nourish pious affections within our souls, comes to our aid with the memory of many wonders said to have taken place as the Lord of Heaven and earth lay on His humble bed in the Grotto of Bethlehem. The world would not receive Him, or, as the Gospels put it, "there was no room for Him," so His entry was made through the lowliest and humblest of earth's dwelling-places, a grotto used as a shelter for the beasts of the fields. And His earthly Life, thus begun, continued through its whole span of thirty-three years to be that of an outcast, "the despised and rejected of men," with only here and there, as on Mount Tabor, a glimpse of His power and glory as the Son of the Eternal Father. And this humility and lowliness, the chief characteristics of His earthly Life, if we may so speak, has been the model for those countless holy souls who, from that day to this, through the long-

period of nineteen centuries, have lived their lives in Him. And so it shall be until time is lost in eternity. And with each recurring Christmas Day, as we unite ourselves with the Holy Church in commemorating His Nativity, our joy shall be the greater as our cross has been the heavier. Great indeed shall be our joy, such as the world can neither give or take away, if, as we sing the Angel's Cantic, "GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO," we reverently kneel at His feet and ask, as did His Virgin Mother, that it be done unto us according to His Will. This after all is the Christians only desire, his only hope. And it is we Catholics alone who can fully enter into the meaning of the Incarnation. We alone have a true conception of God and Man in one person, and we have it not because of any merit on our part, but solely because of that Faith which in His mercy has been implanted in our hearts. Words fail us to say more. It would require the genius of a word painter and the fancy of a poet to fittingly write of the Nativity. We come back after all, as we said at starting, to the simple and touching words of the inspired Evangelist: *And she brought forth her first-born Son and wrapped Him up in swaddling clothes and laid Him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.* In this is expressed everything; all that the Catholic can feel as on the morning of the Feast he approaches the altar to receive his God.

OUR CHARITIES.

During the blessed Christmas season let us remember our Charities. It is safe to say that there is no city to which this REVIEW will go that is without at least one deserving, and perhaps struggling, institution doing the holy work of comforting and caring for the sick and the destitute,—the poor, in whom our Blessed Lord is Himself represented. At what better time of year than the joyous Christmas tide could one contribute in however humble a way to their comfort? To soothe, at a time when most of people are joyous, some bruised soul that is suffering, to let in for an instant the kindly light of a good action on some darkened and cheerless existence, and to so acknowledge our belief in the common Fatherhood of God—what, if directed by an humble heart and a good intention could be more meritorious in the sight of God? It was the custom of the late Archbishop of Toronto to visit on Christmas Eve the Orphanages, Newsboys' Home, and the House of Providence in this city. The good old man was a veritable archiepiscopal Santa Claus. For the little children he had dainties and toys; for the old men he had tobacco. It was characteristic of the man, and of the simple goodness of his heart. The poor lost in him one who loved them. They were forever in his thoughts. May his name and his memory be blessed.

In all our large cities we have institutions conducted by holy nuns for the housing of the poor, the healing of the sick, and the reception of the dying. They are many of them enormous places (the House of Providence in this city accommodates 800 inmates), and the burden of managing and of obtaining the wherewithal to sustain them usually falls to a few Sisters. In this sustainment may be seen manifested the active and continuous Providence of God. The fatigue of body, the anxiety of mind which they endure who are charged with their conduct can never be known to us. But it is an elementary Christian duty that all who can should co-operate with them, and that all

who can should give of their plenty to those who have none.

Our remarks are not made in behalf of any particular institution, nor meant for any one place. They will apply to our Catholic charities no matter where situated. We are reminded, though, of the effort which the Sisters in charge of the Sunnyside Orphanage are making, by means of a concert to be given on the 3rd January, to pay off a pressing claim. We have already recommended it to the support of our readers. The Orphanage is a Home for Boys who have no homes of their own. It shelters, and clothes and feeds over 150 children between the ages of two and fourteen. It is conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph, and does part of the work formerly done at the House of Providence. It relieved that institution of the young boys, and it is hoped that the change will be for the good of both. It has no fixed income of its own but it is in receipt of about two-thirds of all its disbursements from a steady source and looks to the general public for the balance.

The entire household numbers 16; persons, and the public will not adjudge the institution guilty of extravagance when it is informed that the expenses of every kind do not run beyond ten cents per day for each of the inmates. Every dollar received goes for the necessaries of life, except about \$200 expended on the salary that is paid for the maintenance of a chaplain. The clothing for the boys is made up by themselves, under the supervision of the Sisters. The Sisters teach the boys in the school, and the Lady Superior exerts herself to start them out in the world in the way of making an honest living. Three items of expense are always formidable to the Sisters; they collect flour and much of their provisions among the farmers, but it is impossible to collect meat to the same extent and so the butcher's bill becomes a necessity; the cost of fuel is \$1000 per annum, and the cost of providing the children with boots and shoes is a large sum; every other part of the children's clothes can be made in the house except wear for the feet, and parents need not be told how rapidly boots wear out. The parents of many of these children are respectable but they are reduced, and some of them are being supported in institutions for the poor, or for the criminal classes, elsewhere, but the children have a future before them and may in time become good members of society. It is to help them to be supported until they can do for themselves that this orphanage exists. though the Sisters endeavour to put these children in the way of earning their own living.

Those who can aid in this good work will have the satisfaction of doing something in keeping with the season of Christmas and its great Commemoration.

CHURCH MUSIC.

At the annual meeting held recently of the Diocesan Society of Dublin, the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Lord Archbishop of that diocese, called the attention of his clergy to the fact that certain rules were laid down by his predecessor for observance in the church choirs of the diocese, but that these had been, with certain honourable exceptions, from various causes entirely neglected. Believing that this state of things should now come to an end, the Archbishop therefore determined that in the parochial churches of his diocese there shall be either music in accordance with diocesan legislation or none at all.

We venture to think that similar legislation in respect to the character of our church music would meet with no little acceptance in our midst, and that the reasons which have led Dr. Walsh to this decision exist, in no diminished form, in many of the churches of more than one diocese in this Dominion. "It is no more strange," as the *Irish Catholic* of Dublin observes, "that the Church should have its special music for sacred ceremonies than that the priest should have his special vestments. It is fully as incongruous to offer the Holy Sacrifice amidst the blare and fanfare of a florid and operatic musical carnival as it would be to dress the officiating minister of God in the cocked hat, plume and epaulettes of a Field Marshal. Both may be very gorgeous, very striking, very attractive to those who do not want to pray, but it would be absurd to argue that either is devotional."

In the work of effecting a general reform in church music many difficulties no doubt would have to be encountered. If we are not mistaken, (and we speak under correction) there is, if not a written, at all events an unwritten rule, recommending or recognizing the Gregorian music as that most proper to the services of the Church. This rule is complied with at the Gesu in Montreal, and in the cathedral and larger American churches, but there are doubtless many difficulties in the way of its general adoption, probably the most serious one of all, the difficulty certain to be experienced in many parishes, of obtaining competent leaders through whom to secure trained choirs. Be that as it may, however, the Archbishop of Dublin has done well in declaring that he would rather have no music at all than that which is either unecclasiastical or informal.

There are apparently a number of, we dare say most excellent and respectable, Catholic papers whose conductors are of the opinion that upon the announcement of an episcopal nomination, or of a clerical promotion or transference, the canons of compliment and good taste require of them forthwith that they should execute a sort of wild journalistic "Hooray!" The *Buffalo Union and Times* is one of these excellent papers. A few days ago, as our readers know, a rumour was afloat to the effect that the Rt. Rev. Donald McDonald, Bishop of Harbor Grace, Nfld., was to be promoted to the Archiepiscopal See of Toronto. In time the rumour reached Buffalo, and the *Times* immediately felt itself compelled to say that no other appointment whatever could have been made by the Holy Office at once so auspicious, or so proper, or so peculiarly satisfying and acceptable to the *Union and Times* itself. In words that burn it tells us of Bishop McDonald that "he is a genial and learned Prelate, whose ancestors, generations ago, bade adieu to their Highland heather and crossed the stormy water to make homes in the New World. We congratulate the Church of Toronto, and send our greetings across the border to the mitred chief of the clan, who speaks Gaelic like an angel and can confess, in the old bardic tongue of Ossian, the frieze-clad Child of the Galtees, as well as the kirtled native of the Hebrides. *Ad Multos Annos Donald Aboo!*"

Certainly a fine specimen of swelling enthusiasm. It is a pity that we have to add, though, that no authoritative knowledge is possessed here as to who is to be the next Archbishop of Toronto, and that it is believed that these stories are therefore just so much speculation.

THE NATIVITY.

Primeval night had repossessed
Her empire in the fields of space;
Calm lay the kine on earth's dark breast;
The earth lay calm in heaven's embrace.

That hour, where shepherds kept their flocks,
From God a glory sudden fell;
The splendour smote the trees and rocks,
And lay like dew along the dell.

God's angel close beside them stood;
"Fear naught," that angel said; and then,
Behold, I bring you tidings good,
The Saviour, Christ, is born to men."

And straightway round him myriads sang
Again that anthem, and again,
Till all the hollow valley rang,
"Glory to God, and peace to men."

Thus in the violet-scented grove—
The May breeze murmuring softly by them—
The children sang, Who Mary love
The long year through have Christmas nigh them!

—Aubrey De Vere.

SOME LITERARY MEN OF FRENCH CANADA.

Under the above title Miss Blanche L. Macdonell contributes a thoughtful and appreciative article to the *Week*, from which we make the following extracts:

There is an erroneous idea prevalent that the French Canadians are an illiterate and uncultivated people. Even among their fellow-countrymen, the English Canadians, the same blank ignorance concerning their intelligence and mode of thought to a large extent prevails. In truth, the Canadians of New France possess much talent, and they are naturally endowed with artistic tastes and perceptions, but unfortunately they suffer from lack of encouragement. When we count the number of years the colony has existed, its literary attainments may seem to amount to very little, but when we remember the discouragements that every aspirant to literary fame has to encounter, the obstacles he has to overcome, they really represent a very great deal. The newspapers have furnished the only means of communication with the public possessed by persons of literary tastes, and the bright, witty, and original articles which are constantly to be met with in the French dailies and weeklies, are incontestable evidence of the cleverness that exists in the country. Encouragement to publish a book is so slight that the effort is quite certain to result in failure. Even at the present day the career of letters is not a profitable one and material success is so easily won by men of distinguished talents in the professions that it is not at all surprising if the necessities of practical life should absorb all their energies. When we recall to remembrance the fact that all such labour has hitherto been undertaken solely for art's sake, without the slightest hope of pecuniary recompense, we must admire the patriotism, disinterestedness, and gallant courage of the men who have already achieved so much.

LOUIS FRECHETTE,

born at Levis, 1838, is certainly the greatest lyric poet that Canada has yet produced. His poetry is characterized by a thoroughly French clearness and brevity of phrase, by accents remarkable for grace and harmony, by warmth of imagination, fervent enthusiasm, deep and sincere feeling. A spirit of patriotism which appeals to the most powerful feelings of the human heart thrills in every line. Passionately devoted to his country, he sings of her heroic past and the glorious future that he hopes for her, her missionaries and martyrs, her sufferings and perils with fervour of sentiment which is unconscious of restraint. His earlier poems date from 1863, and since then he has been a constant contributor to different Canadian journals, *Les Soirées Canadienne*, *Le Foyer Canadien*, *Le Révue Canadienne*, and *L'Opinion Publique*. Mes

Loisirs, his earliest poetical essay, is markedly inferior to the poet's later efforts. *Voix d'un Exilé* was published in Chicago in 1867, *Pèle Mêle* in Montreal in 1877. In 1880 *Fleurs Boréales* and *Oiseaux de Neige* were crowned by the French Academy. Jules Clairoté describes these poems as a "handful of genuine French flowers blossoming upon a few acres of snow." Since then the *Legende d'un peuple* shows that study and observation have ripened and mellowed the poet's powers. The *Tribune Lyrique*, of Paris, speaks thus of M. Fréchette: "We choose one among them (alluding to Canadian writers), because he is altogether superior, and because his genius is quite capable of casting a ray of glory upon the Mother Country. Louis Fréchette, born near Quebec, amidst the virgin forests of the new world, cradled by vigorous Nature which the folly of man has not yet contaminated, uses, with a power which he seems to have learned from the trackless forest and illimitable prairies of his country, the language of Louis XIV., which has been preserved in Canada."

L'ABBE CASGRAIN

was born at Rivière Ouelle in 1831. He is a son of the Hon. Charles Casgrain, and is descended from one of the most ancient families in the Province of Quebec. He was educated at the College of St. Anne, and afterwards entered the Seminary at Quebec, where he studied medicine, and finally entered the priesthood. Notwithstanding the cruel infirmity which has almost deprived him of sight, he has worked incessantly at his favourite archæological studies, and by his unwearied and disinterested efforts, has contributed not a little to the formation of a native literature.

The Abbé Casgrain's style has the perfection upon which French writers so justly pride themselves combined with a new originality which is excessively attractive. In his prose as well as in his poetry the fact is apparent that the Abbé possesses the true poetic temperament. He has an imagination so vivid and brilliant that he has been styled "the Chateaubriand of Canada." His richness of style sometimes borders upon exaggeration and his flights of fancy occasionally degenerate into erratic pomposity. *Les Legendes Canadiennes*, a poetical prose work, appeared in 1861. Though founded upon historical fact these tales are genuine romances, containing a strong element of the supernatural, and dealing with the ancient superstitions of the country. The book contains *Le tableau de la Rivière Ouelle*, *Les Pionniers* and *La Jongleuse*, *L'Histoire de la Mère Marie le l'Incarnation*, *Première Supérieure des Ursulines de la Nouvelle France*, was published in 1864 and is by many considered the best of all the writer's works. The pictures of early colonial life are certainly interesting. The Abbé's descriptions of Canadian scenery and customs have a poetic sentiment that captivates the imagination. The simple habits of our country people, the adventurous and picturesque life of the old days, the profound stillness of the forests, the fertile valley and purple snow-capped hills, the St. Lawrence flowing gold between its banks, all appeared environed by an idyllic charm. The Abbé Casgrain's collected poems have appeared under the title of *Les Mielles*; of these *Le Manoir*, *Le Canotier*, *Le Coureur des Bois*, and *Le Portrait de mon Père* are decidedly superior. *Un pèlerinage au pays d'Évangéline*, which has been recently crowned by the French Academy, is an exquisite bit of word-painting, minute, subtle, delicate, yet full of breadth and effect. The country which Longfellow's genius has rendered familiar to us all is described with a pathos, a direct simplicity, a tenderness for the memory of the past, which is exceedingly touching.

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

Promise I'd made my comrade,
Holding my hand so fast
As through the city's highways,
Chattering softly, we passed—
Promise to show him the bustle
Filling the market-place
E'er when the stream-girdled city
Leadeth its life of grace,

When from the mountain forests
Wander the fir-trees to town,
Out of their cross-boughed branches
Sending their sweetness down
Over the mud-grimed cobbles,
Over the baubles bright
Shining to tempt the kind hearts
Thinking of Christmas night :

Gay laden soldiers charging,
Scarlet-combed chanticleer,
Glittering swans and fishes—
Each with its magnet near ;
Fringes of golden tinsel,
Bright balls festooned below,
Santa Claus, silver frosted,
Wonderful popcorn snow ;

Boxes of shining laurel,
Pearl-beaded mistletoe,
Close coral strings of the alder,
Holly-boughs' winter glow ;
Star of the Eastern Magi
Wrought of the green club-moss,
Even the Christmas message
Taking the form of the cross.

Jingle of car-bells beside us,
Whirr of swift trains o'er head,
Rumble of trucks deep-laden,
Hurry in every tread ;
Yet, now and then, some passer
Smiling at sweet boy-face,
Eager young eyes' wide gazing,
Slow-speaking tongue's child-grace.

Wide were my comrade's wishes—
Cometh not all at faith's call?—
Yet to him dearest seeming
Ox and ass in their stall
Where, in the great shop windows,
Figure of angel and saint
Unto shadows of this world
Light of another lent.

Child-voice spoke softly : " See Jesus,"
Reverent-thoughted eyes
Gazing at Bethlehem's manger
Made in quaint German wise :
Joseph near with his lilies,
Guarding the Mother mild,
Gay-winged seraphs, bent meekly,
Praising the Holy-Child ;

Shepherds with sheep and watch-dog,
Camels with tasselled rein,
Magi in jewelled raiment,
Star of Judæan plain.
Drew me within, my comrade,
Nearer the manger-throne
One with the lambs and his angels,
Little child-heart bent down,

As, in the presence of Jesus,
Centuries many ago,
Hearts of the wise men and shepherds
Bent with the dumb beasts low.
Loosing my hand from its clasping,
Heart with its child-thought full,
Patted he gently the watch-dog,
Soft kissed the lamb's soft wool.

Gussed they amid the hurry—
Passers-by on the street—
How to earth's first Christmas
Wandered our pilgrim feet?
Felt they who pausing a moment,
Sweet in the boy-face smiled,
As, in the presence of Jesus,
Led by a little child?

EDITH H. COOK.

MEN AND THINGS.

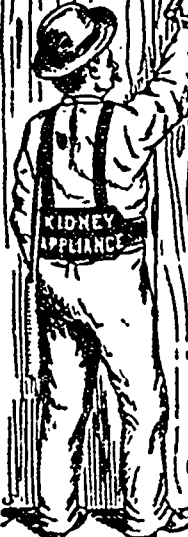
The *Sunday Times*, of Chicago, says of Archbishop Feenan: "He is one of those priests whose life would convert a heretic sooner than his logic, not that his logic

is weak or halting, but that his life is ideally beautiful, gentle in manner, tender and loving in spirit, devout in his religious life, manful and yet modest as a citizen, ruling by love more than through asserted authority, his life is a more eloquent plea for Catholicity than many volumes of polemics. He is the loved and honoured head of the Church in this locality, and may before long add to the ecclesiastical dignities of Chicago a cardinal's beretta."

Mrs. John Mandeville contributes to the new *Women's Gazette* a sketch of her late husband's life which has a touching interest. A peaceful interlude in the perpetual and tempestuous politics of Mandeville's youth occurred when his mother sent him, as a refuge

from arrest, to the care of Dr. McHale, at Main College. "He was personally very kind to John, and made the year he spent at Main a very pleasant one." During that time occurred a little incident which recalls one of Mr. Du Maurier's happiest designs. Some Australian Catholics sent a commission for a portrait of the Archbishop, who duly sat for the head. But Mr. Mandeville, having an exceptionally good figure, was asked to save his Grace's time by sitting for what Mrs. Mandeville calls "the torso." But just as Mr. Du Maurier's duke resented the model's legs, and asserted his attention of sitting for his own legs, Dr. McHale, when he found his subject smoking a pipe in the archiepiscopal robes, chose, with some indignation, to sit for his own torso.

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O. EUG. PARTR.

Deputy Min. of Militia and Defence—
Ottawa, 5th December, 1888.

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Parliament of Canada at its next session for an Act to incorporate a Company to be called "The Assets and Debenture Company of Canada," with power to buy, sell and guarantee, and advance money upon debentures or other securities, to buy and sell and advance money upon stocks, shares and assets of any description, and to guarantee payments of principal or interest or both, and to act as agents in all such matters, and for such other powers as may be incidental to the business of such corporation.

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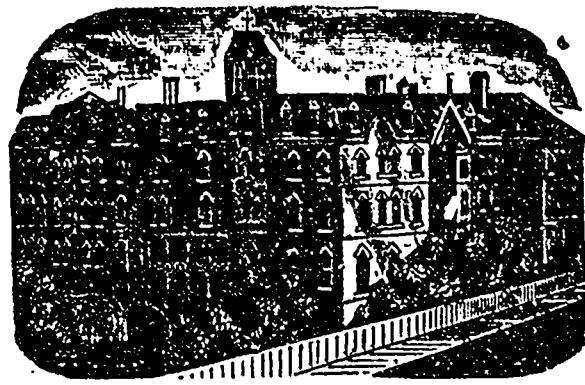


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