

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1893.

THE FEAST OF CANDLES.

ANTIQUITY OF THE FESTIVAL OF THE PURIFICATION B. V. M.

How Candlemas Day is Regarded in Folk-Lore—The Ceremonial with which the British Church Observed It—The Service Adapted to Use in These Times.

Thursday was a festival known to the catholic church as the Presentation of Christ in the Temple or the Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary. It is commonly called Candlemas Day, from the ancient custom of blessing candles in the churches. The day is to the farmer a midwinter mark. According to an old proverb, half of his wood and half of his hay should be consumed and the other half should suffice until spring. At this time, too, forecasts are made as to the character of the rest of the winter, and the folk-lore of the old country has a number of sayings and proverbs as to what the indications will be under certain conditions. In Germany, it is said the shepherd would rather see the wolf enter his barn than to see the sun enter it on this day, while in England there is a superstition in regard to the badger—the ground hog in this country—coming out of his hole to take a look around. If the sun is shining and he can see his shadow, the hardest part of the winter is to come, and he retires into his hole. If he cannot see his shadow he remains out, and the weather will be mild.

The ecclesiastical observance of the day is of very great antiquity, and though in the church of England the ceremonies were discontinued after the reformation, they are observed at this day to some extent among Anglican catholics in certain places. The church of Rome observes this day, as it always has done, and it may be that some day the proper ecclesiastical authority will recognize the restoration of the old time ceremonial in the church of England. The custom is an ancient catholic one and not peculiar to the church of Rome.

Candlemas is the 40th day after Christmas, that being the period at which the rites of churching and presentation were enjoined by the old law, in the fulfilling of which Christ showed his obedience and the Blessed Virgin her humility. The attributes possessed by the Mother and Son made the ceremonial unnecessary, but it was a fulfilling of the law.

It was at the presentation of our Saviour that the devout Simeon raised his voice in the *Nunc Dimittis*, in which he spake of Him who was "to be a Light to lighten the Gentiles," and it is in allusion to these words that candles are distributed on this day. The candles are borne in procession because Christ was carried to the temple, says C. Walker, an Anglican authority; at the Gospel, because it tells of His presentation, and from the consecration to the end of the service, because He, the true Light, is there present.

The custom of the procession with tapers is of such antiquity as to be referred to by the fathers of the primitive church, and is believed to be as old as the institution of the feast itself. It was in vogue among the Anglo Saxons in the early days of the church in Britain. Elfric, archbishop of Canterbury (1038-50) mentions that "we on this day bear our lights to church, and let them be there blessed; and that we should go afterwards with the light among God's houses and sing the hymn that is thereto appointed." The Venerable Bede also describes the symbolism of a procession on Candlemas Day, giving the lesson of everything that is done.

While it does not matter to a catholic churchman what Henry VIII. approved or did not approve, still a rubric of the English church in 1539 will be of interest. It says: "On Candlemasse Days it shall be declared that the bearing of candles is done in memorie of Christe, the spirituall light, of whom Simeon did prophesye, as it is read in the church at this day."

Among the old Latin hymns is one by Adam of St. Victor which runs:

As one, love to Jesus bearing. In this festal custom sharing, Doth a waxen taper hold; So the Father's word supernatural, Pledge of purity maternal, Did old Simeon's arms enfold.

A description of the order of ceremonies which many desire to see restored in the Anglican church, will be found of interest. It is compiled from Jackson's *Sarum Calendar* for last year.

The color of the vestments for the blessing and procession is violet. After Terce, before Mass, the priest, vested as for Mass, but without manipule and chasuble, and with a stole and cope, shall stand at the Epistle side of the altar and say:

"V. The Lord be with you."

"R. And with thy spirit."

"Let us pray. Almighty and everlasting God, whose only-begotten Son was this day presented in the holy temple in the arms of blessed Simeon: we humbly beseech thy mercy: to bless and hallow these candles, which we thy servants desire to bear, kindled in honour of thy name, and vouchsafe to make them burn with the light of thy heavenly benediction, to the end that we, offering them unto thee, our Lord God, may be inflamed with the holy fire of thy sweet love, and may be counted worthy to be presented in the holy temple of thy glory. Through."

Then follow two other collects for the

benediction of the other Persons of the Trinity. Then the priest sprinkles the candles with holy water and distributes them to those present. While this is being done and the candles are being lighted, the following anthem and canticle are to be sung:

Chorus—"A light to lighten the Gentiles: and the glory of thy people Israel." Chant—"Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace: according to thy word. (A light) For mine eyes have seen: thy salvation. (A light) Which thou hast prepared: before the face of all people. (A light)

"To be a light to lighten the Gentiles: and to be the glory of thy people Israel. (A light) "Glory be to the Father," etc. (A light) "As it was in the beginning," etc. (A light) When the candles have been distributed and lighted the priest shall say:

"Thee, Lord, shall light my candle; and the Lord my God shall make darkness to be light."

"O Lord, hear my prayer: and let my crying come unto thee."

"The Lord be with you: And with thy spirit."

Then follows a prayer and a procession is formed. First, the priest shall put incense into the censer, and shall bless it; then he shall say: "Let us go forward in peace: In the name of Christ." R. "Amen." Then the thurifer shall go first, carrying the censer smoking; then shall come the cross-bearer carrying the cross between two acolytes bearing lighted candles; lastly shall come the celebrant and after him the people. All shall bear lighted tapers in their hands. During the procession suitable hymns are sung and the antiphons following:

"Hail, Virgin Mother of God, full of grace: for from thee hath arisen the Sun of Righteousness, to give light to them that sit in darkness. Rejoice, thou just old man: as thou takest in thine arms the deliverer of our souls, who giveth us the resurrection."

"Simeon was just and devout, waiting for the consolation of Israel: and the Holy Ghost was upon him."

"It was revealed unto Simeon by the Holy Ghost: that he should not see death before he had seen the Lord's Christ."

When the procession has come again before the entrance to the choir or Sanctuary, all shall halt for The Station and then shall follow:

Response—"And the glory of the Lord came into the house by the gate: whose prospect is towards the east. And, behold, the glory of the Lord: filled the house."

"The parents brought the child Jesus: into the temple. And, behold, the glory of the Lord: filled the house."

"Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost. And, behold, the glory of the Lord: filled the house."

"Bring presents and come into his courts."

"O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness."

Then follows another brief prayer, after the form prescribed. Then, while they enter the choir, they shall say:

"And when they had performed all things according to the law of the Lord: they returned into Galilee, to their own city Nazareth."

Then the priest shall vest in white vestments for Mass; at which all present shall hold their candles lighted during the Gospel, and from the consecration to the end of the Communion.

The above is given as an outline of a beautiful ceremonial, in its essentials resembling the Candlemas (Candle-Mass) ceremonies once in general use in the church of England. The blessing of the candles with some kind of ceremonial is even now, I believe, observed in some parts of this continent, despite the idea of many people that the custom is one confined to the Roman catholic church. ANGLICAN.

A Woman Who Is a Walker.

Between the Littledale hills and the West-morland hills, in the Lune valley of Lancashire, England, in one of my recent wanderings in the lake district I came upon an interesting British government official. This official was a woman. You could not, and she would not, tell whether she was forty or eighty years of age. In other respects she was exceedingly chatty and friendly. She was nearly six feet tall. Her frame was like a man's, and so was her face. She could outwalk any yeoman of the hills, and was firm and hard as iron. She wore hob-nailed boots, a short heavy woolen skirt of home spinning and weaving, an under-jacket of corduroy and the grotesque, short-skirted, red-striped blue coat and regulation cap of the British postman. I have pride in my own achievements as a walker, but I could not keep pace with this woman for a half mile. Before I had, puffing and panting, fallen behind her for rest and rumination, I had learned that this faithful body had carried the British mails, often being laden with from fifty to eighty pounds of post parcels for delivery, over twenty miles every week-day for the past twenty-one years. As I sat on a rock by the roadside thinking the matter over, she disappeared with a fine strong stride that I envied, I could not help figuring out with my stick in the chalky dust of the stony road that she had already walked nearly the distance of five times the earth's circumference for the pittance of ten shillings per week, or but £546 for the entire term of twenty-one years' drudgery! EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

When a man begins to do wrong, he cannot answer for himself how far he may be carried on. He does not see beforehand, he cannot know where he will find himself after the sin is committed. One false step leads to another; one evil concession requires another.

BOSTON LOVED BROOKS.

ALL CLASSES UNITED IN PAYING TRIBUTE TO HIS MEMORY.

Thousands Thronged the Streets on the Day of the Funeral—Poor People who Claimed Him as their Friend—Some of the Scenes and Incidents.

BOSTON, Feb. 1.—"Bishop Brooks is dead." So read the bulletin boards in front of the newspaper offices last Monday morning. Then all Boston went into mourning.

For Bishop Brooks was the idol of the people. It is impossible for those at a distance to realize the wonderful popularity and influence of the man.

When Bishop Medley, Metropolitan of Canada died, New Brunswickers felt keenly that the church in Canada had sustained a great loss, and the people of the province, adherents of the church of England, hundreds and thousands of whom had received the rite of confirmation from him, mourned the Bishop as a departed friend. He had been looked upon as a part of the church with all its stability, and it seemed difficult to imagine anybody else at the head of the church in Canada. But he was an old man, and the years crowded upon him. When he died he had completed his life work.

Here was Bishop Brooks, elected to the episcopate a little over a year ago, a man of wonderful physical powers, who had, during his twenty years in the ministry, endeared himself to the people of all denominations by his broadness of mind in discussing religious questions, by his great love for common humanity, irrespective of creed or nationality, outspoken and honest to a degree that oftentimes made the orthodox shake their heads, in doubt as to whether he was not going beyond the lines of the church of which he was the head.

The public honored him, respected him, and looked upon him as a friend. With all the dignity of a Bishop he was a man of the people, one whom the common people loved and knew he was their friend. His was the true christian spirit, and with his multitudinous labors and high position, he was the same at all times, an example to the world—and one which some St. John clergymen might follow for the spiritual and worldly welfare of those with whom they come in contact,—that if God has chosen certain men to lead poor humanity to him, the cloth and dignity with which they are endowed was not intended to raise them beyond the reach and voice of those who in the rush and battle of life look to them for that kindness of heart and consideration, which Christ showed when on earth.

Bishop Brooks followed this line as closely as it was possible for man to do despite the wonderful strain upon him. And when he died, all kinds of people, all denominations, the rich and the poor, the high and the low showed in some way a sense of loss. On the day of his funeral, merchants closed their stores, many people who could ill afford to do so left work,—thousands thronged the streets and walks of Copley Square, and few were there out of idle curiosity. It was to do honor to the man. The bishop was forgotten. Thousands looked upon the upturned face beneath the glass coffin lid and all turned away with sadness. Poor women, sparsely clad, and little children joined in that ever moving procession. The gruff policemen pushed them back, but ushers who seemed endowed with the same spirit the departed had once possessed enabled them to have one last look.

"I must see him once more," said one poor woman, "the bishop was a kind friend to me. It was he who paid the money that helped bring sight to the eyes of my poor child, and we would so like to see him once more. So they went into the church, and mother and child,—who with the eyes that the bishop had given him looked upon the pallid face and wept.

It was only an incident, one of many. But here was Bishop Brooks' work—a side of his life apart from that which the great world knew—not an eloquent address or a brilliant sermon which people will read when he is gone, but the work of a true christian and a great man—something which probably gave him greater pleasure than the most brilliant public success he had ever made.

Boston was in mourning. The shock had come with a suddenness that made it hard to believe the truth, but the bishop was dead and the people mourned.

Other great men have died and since I came to Boston the list has been growing larger every week. When Ben Butler passed away all admitted that he was a great man, that he had been a unique figure in the history of the country, but opinions were divided when his life and works were under consideration. Some papers printed articles that would have been in better taste a year ago, or five years later. So it was with ex-President Hayes. He had his good qualities, and perhaps was not all he should have been. His death was important inasmuch as he had filled the highest office in the gift of the nation. But even in the grave he has not

EVENING WEAR. BALL DRESSES.

New Goods in all Departments.

Bengaline Silks, Faille Francaise Silks, Surah Silks, Brocade Silks, Japanese Silks, Pongee Silks, Gauzes, Crepes and Crepons, Plushes, Velvets and Velvetens Latest Evening Tints and Combinations.

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Fans, Fans, Fans. Feather and Incandescent Trimmings.

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PANTS are getting a little the worse for wear about now. Sort up.

Being frayed at the bottom and bagged at the knees, makes them useless for most men. Any of our pants ready to put on and wear would look better. If you don't want better, then \$2.00 pants will fill the bill.

SCOVIL, FRASER & COMPANY, OAK HALL.

been free from the bitter attacks of an unforgiving press. All three died suddenly.

Then came James G. Blaine, the greatest American politician and statesman of the period. After weeks of lingering on a sick bed, with all the leading papers of the United States waiting day after day for the news of his death; papers printed and reprinted containing everything he had ever done or been connected with, waiting for the despatch that would warrant the publishers in placing them on the streets—he came last. Five days after the death of Bishop Brooks, came the long expected message from Washington—and the papers divided their space between the great statesman and the remarkable bishop.

In regard to the lives of Butler, Hayes and Blaine the people were divided. Bishop Brooks stood alone. All the people mourned.

The weather is getting milder. The cold snap came for Christmas, and like the new paper "came to stay." It did not fill "a long-felt want," or any other kind of want and nobody seemed especially pleased to know that it had come. But Boston has had a winter that will be remembered. The mercury did not get as near the bottom of the glass as it sometimes does in St. John, but the cold was more severe, and life less pleasant than you have it.

The sleighing has been good for many weeks, but most of the time none but the most enthusiastic could venture on the road. There was no fun in it.

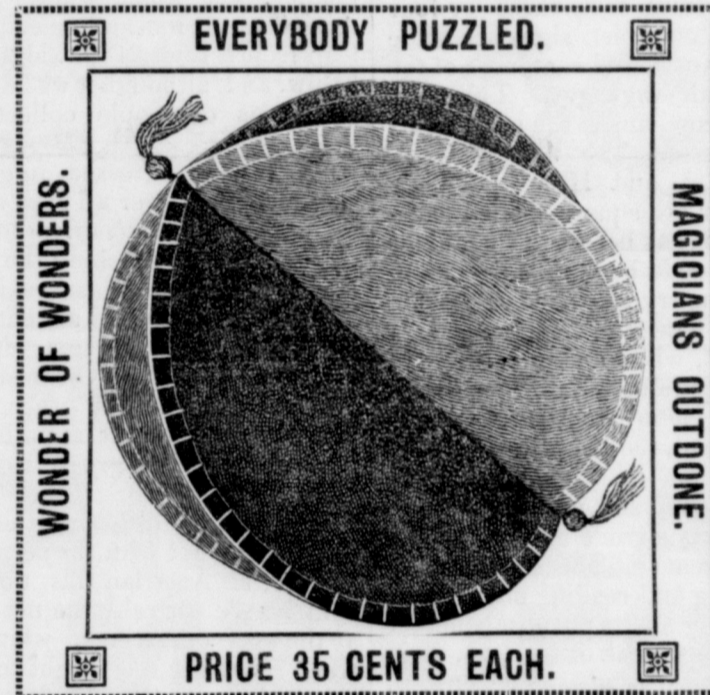
It is not often that Boston has such weather, or stable men reap such a harvest, but this year they made up for a good many winters. And the sleighs! One would wonder where they all came from, when it is remembered that many years the snow does not last long enough to make them of any use for more than a week or two during the winter. They are stowed away in lofts and cellars and when the snow begins to fall there is a hustle. But the snow seldom stays very long.

A few years ago there was a fall of the fleecy crystals that delighted the hearts of the multitude. Every sleigh in Boston was out, and the roads were black with teams. Then the snow began to melt, and before the crowd got half way home they were riding on bare ground. They came back in about the same way that the guests went to Mrs. Somebody's party, which the boys used to sing about some years ago. "Some went on bicycles because they had no fare to pay," I think the song went.

At any rate people who went out to enjoy a sleigh ride came back on the trains, and the teams came back on freight cars the next day. R. G. LAESEN.

English Justice. The Severity of British Justice was well illustrated at Northampton recently, where a trial for murder was in progress. The jury having been permitted to partake of a lunch in their room, one of their number profited by the opportunity to step out of doors and post a letter. The Judge, to whom this was reported, promptly gave the offending juror a sharp lecture and fined him \$250. He dismissed the jury, and a new one was impaneled.

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HOW FOLKS SLIDE AROUND.

The Art of Navigation on Icy Streets is Understood by the Natives.

The agile manner in which the citizens of St. John skate up and down the icy hills, and treacherous valleys of St. John streets, is a matter of perpetual wonder to the inhabitants of other cities which are more flat and less picturesque, but at the same time less dangerous. As Mark Twain would say, "It is a grace that comes only by long practice" and one greatly to be desired.

The Gentle stands on slippery ground and gazes curiously at the native as he skips nimbly up a glistening mountain of sheer ice, skims lightly and gracefully down the other side, and reaches the place where he would be, without a tremor, while the Gentle, plucking up a small remnant of courage from the success of the native, makes a bold stroke for freedom, and the top of the hill at the same time, and reclines full length on the sidewalk with a suddenness he never contemplated, and certainly did not believe himself capable of before.

This has been observable in a very marked degree this week when the streets have been one slippery glare of ice, with sometimes just enough of water on the surface to make walking suicidal in all but intent. The Gentle stood, tottered a moment, and then bit the dust, while the native looked, smiled, and passed buoyantly on.

Where is the secret, does it lie in practice alone, has the aborigine a peculiar conformation of bones and muscles especially adapted for his own beloved King street, or can it be that he either lives, moves, and has his being with creepers on, or else serves as an illustration of the scriptural warning "The unrighteous stand on slippery places"—while others fall?

OUR STAY

in present quarters is drawing to a close. Spring will find us in our new store, 61 King street.

We shall devote our energies in the interval to closing out our stock, as it is much easier to move money than merchandise.

To facilitate the prompt movement of stock we have cut down the profits on some lines and swept away the profits on others.

It need not be expected that we shall continue indefinitely to do business on the extremely same margin of profit involved in the terms of this removal sale.

We put our name behind the statement, that this sale is genuine so far as it goes.

Not all goods are reduced.

Geo. H. McKay, 61 Charlotte St., St. John.