

When the Master Comes.

Slowly the dusky curtains of night
Are silently lifted softly the light
Is glimmering over the eastern sky,
Brightening dark places where shadows lie;
While the dawn is creeping over the hills,
And the new-born day with rapture thrills
The waking earth, to life and joy serene,
Comes, with noiseless footfall, a guest unseen,
Whispering to man, who fain would flee:
"The Master is come and calleth for thee."

The reapers sing with a glad refrain,
As they bind the sheaves of ripened grain:
In the rumble and stir of the city's din
The toilers are striving fresh laurels to win;
Each weaving a wool in the moonlit hours
Of fancies bright, where no sun-cloud lowers.
Ere the brilliant pictures have faded and flown,
Come into each circle a guest unknown,
And to one of its numbers saith he
"The Master is come and calleth for thee."

Twilight is trailing her mantle of gray,
O'er land and sea at the close of day,
For the day is spent, and its burdens of care,
With all by-gone things, oblivion share.
There's a hush in the air that betokens rest,
The tired bird seeks his downy nest;
And man craves repose, for his labor is done.
In the tranquil eve comes unbidden, one
Who tenderly says: "Weary child, list to me—
"The Master is come and calleth for thee."

Not with trumpet's blast, nor with roll of drum,
But unheralded doth the Master come.
From the lowly vale and the mountain tall,
From the humble cot and the stately hall,
From the busy loom and the workshop's glare,
From the giddy dance and the house of prayer,
From the battle's smoke and the ocean's foam,
From the haunts of vice and the happy home,
From the ice-bound poles and the torrid line,
From the broad plain's sheen and the gloomy mine.

From the idolatry's tent and the purpled throne,
From the jungle wild and the desert lone,
From the infant's cradle, the couch of a king,
From the peasant's plow and the deck of a ship—
Each answers the summons, and then, alone,
He crosses over to realms unknown,
And that voice floats on through eternity:
"The Master is come and calleth for thee."

THE WINTER SKY.

Written for the Register.

The beauty of our winter sky is very much enhanced by the conspicuous portion of the brightest of the planets. At sunset, and even while the sun is still above the horizon, Venus is seen shining beautifully in the West. With very slight optical aid the planet is resolved into a slender crescent of light, which is now at its maximum of brilliancy. Although so little of the surface is seen the loss of light from that cause is made up by the nearness to the earth. Venus is now in that part of its orbit which is convex to the earth, and is coming nearer and nearer to us and closing in the angular distance from the sun. On February 15 she will be directly between us and the sun, and of course, for a few days before and after that date, will be lost in the sun's rays. But quickly passing to the westward of the sun the planet will be a morning star in March, and will attain the same brilliancy as she has now.

It is said that the Romans, who were never very careful observers of the heavens, thought there were two planets of equal lustre, one a morning and the other an evening star. We think it curious in this day that even the earliest observers, presumably the Chaldean shepherds, did not learn the true cause of the phenomena—namely: that the planet was simply circuiting the sun, and was alternately behind and in front of that luminary.

While Venus is adorning the western sky, Jupiter, almost rivalling her in splendour, is seen climbing the heavens in the east. He is in splendid position for observation, being so near to the zenith that atmospheric conditions have little effect. The position he occupies is the most beautiful of the entire heavens. Near to him eastward is the well-known cluster, the Pleiades; further south, the group, Hyades, or the "Bull's head," the most conspicuous of which is the red star Aldebaran. (Thus, like many other distinctive names given to the brightest stars, is of Arabic origin.)

Further south again is the most beautiful of all the constellations,

Orion, almost every star of which is a gem. Then as Orion rises high in the east, Sirius, the "dog star," appears above the horizon, rivalling even Jupiter in splendour, for it is the brightest of all the objects in the sidereal heavens.

In the morning sky we have in a conspicuous position in the north east the culmination of beauty in the whole heavens, the planet Saturn. He is easily found a few degrees east of the bluish-white star of the first magnitude, Spica, of the constellation of the Virgin. The two together form a beautiful picture. The glory of Saturn is of course only revealed in the telescope, but the observer will find now that it required but little power to show the wonderful "ring system." The planet can be seen with a two-inch telescope as a ball set in a ring, the space between the inner edge of the ring and Saturn being seen with moderate magnifying power. One has but to see the picture once to be prepared to agree with what has been said by enthusiasts, that Saturn and his system, seen in the gigantic telescopes of the present day and under a magnifying power as high as can be used, is absolutely the most beautiful and awe inspiring object upon which the eye of man has ever gazed. It is an interesting experiment for the possessor of a really good instrument to ask some one who has never seen Saturn to form in the mind a conception of its appearance from reading and from drawings and photographs, and then to look upon the object in all its reality. All will agree more or less with the verdict of the enthusiast, but no one will confess disappointment.

Saturn will continue for some months to be an object of interest, and will soon be visible at more convenient hours for observation.

Catholic News.

The Archbishop of Carthage and primate of Africa took formal possession of his see on Thursday, the 14th of Dec.

Mrs. Katherine Johnson, of California, who has just died, left to Archbishop Riordan two million dollars to found a free hospital in San Francisco. A subscription list having been opened in Paris for the purpose of erecting a monument to M. Gounod, the first day's subscription amounted to 42,000fr.

Mr. Antoine Lafon, the wealthy colored Catholic, who died the other day in New Orleans, left \$214,000 for religious and educational purposes, in which the white race was largely benefited. He led a holy life and died after being fortified by the last Sacraments.

The nocturnal exposition of the Blessed Sacrament under the auspices of the League of the Sacred Heart was introduced for the first time in New York last week, beginning at the Cathedral. The members of the League were divided into bands of 100 each and relieved each other every hour.

Brother Maxwell, superior general of the Irish Christian Brothers, celebrated the golden jubilee of his entrance into the order recently. His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin presided at High Mass, which was celebrated in the chapel of the O'Brien Institute, Clontarf. The Holy Father sent his benediction to the jubilarian.

A magnificent holy water font has been ordered for St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York. It will be eight feet in diameter and nine feet to the base of the statue, and will be constructed of white Carrara marble. The statue will be five and a half feet high, also of white marble. The pedestal will cost over \$8,000, a memorial offering of a member of the parish.

With the approval of the pope, Father Martin, General of the Jesuits, has written to the German Empire a

letter of thanks for the progress of the Bill of Repeal of the May laws. Father Marth promises that the members of the Society will devote themselves to Catholic education, and to the training of the missionaries who shall carry the Gospel and the Cross to the colonies of the Empire.

The Christmas pilgrims to Bothle Sem, before embarking at Marseilles, heard Mass in the new cathedral there, said to be the largest in France. The Mass was celebrated for them by Mgr. Robert, Bishop of Marseilles. Afterwards the Bishop solemnly blessed the steamer Notre Dame de Salut, which was to take them to the Holy Land. They were accompanied by a certain number of Fathers of the Assumption. All works which these Fathers take in hand seem to succeed. It was as if the prayer of their founder, Pere d'Alzon, was being heard.

General Thomas Morgan, ex-Commissioner of Indian Schools in the United States, vented his spleen recently against the Roman Catholics at a small gathering at the First Baptist Church in Providence, R. I. He styled Archbishop Ireland "a consummate schemer in politics," General Sherman's son, a Roman Catholic priest, who had used his influence before Congress to gain greater privileges for Catholic schools, he said: "Shame on him; he should have been in better business." Poor sore-headed Morgan! This tirade is all because he was not allowed, when in office, to use his position against the Catholics under him.

Mr. Joseph Pope, of the Catholic Truth Society of Ottawa, has written a pamphlet in reply to a lecture entitled "Roman Methods of Controversy," delivered by Rev. N. J. Muckleston, M.A., in May, 1893. Mr. Pope is a convert to Catholicism and was Sir John Macdonald's private secretary for some years before the latter's death. He is the eldest son of the late Judge Pope of Prince Edward Island. His family are Protestant, and on his mother's side are of Huguenot stock. His sister—the only other Catholic in the family—is Mrs. F. X. Brelinquet, of Three Rivers, and at one time contributed to Catholic publications.

"Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer" by Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This wonderful medicine so invigorates the system and enriches the blood that cold weather becomes positively enjoyable. Arctic explorers would do well to make a note of this.

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A SHORTENING.

Down the street through the busy way
A lady passed on marketing day.
Who, pausing at a grocery store,
Stepped quickly in at the open door.
With bated breath and anxious mien
She queried: "have you COTTOLENE?"

The grocer, leaving off his work,
Interrogated every clerk;
But none up to that time had seen
An article called "COTTOLENE."

"What is it?" said he to the dame,
"That answers to this curious name.
What is it made of? What's its use?
My ignorance you'll please excuse."

"You're not the merchant for my dime,
I see you're quite behind the times.
For COTTOLENE, I'd have you know,
Is now the thing that's all the go,
An article of high regard;
A healthful substitute for lard.
Its composition pure and clean;
For cooking give me COTTOLENE."

As from his store the lady fled,
The grocer gently scratched his head—
On his next order, first was seen,
"One dozen cases COTTOLENE."

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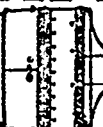
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