

FIRST MONTH—31 DAYS January THE HOLY INFANCY

Table with 3 columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENTS. Lists liturgical events for January 1904, including Circumcision of Our Lord, Epiphany, and various feasts.

Church Lighting McDonald & Willson Toronto Plan and estimate gladly submitted on request.

The HOME CIRCLE

THE PATHWAY OF PAIN.

I have trodden the pathway of pain, where I hoped I might never go; I have felt the pitiless winds that over its barrens blow.

I have seen the crowds press down that narrow and stony path, some led by the Angel of Sorrow and some by the Angel of Wrath.

Their eyes were wild and fearful; their cheeks were sodden gray; and as they stumbled onward, they moaned the living day.

When the Angel of Sorrow calmly bade me to follow him, I shuddered and cried, "I cannot!"

At last my eyes are opened. I see a golden light, which shows me far-off starry worlds, before as black as night.

And I own a million brothers,—a million sisters dear, and I love them all with a pity which brings the farthest near.

For I see that when you have trodden the thorny path of pain, this selfish world is never the same chill place again.

And songs of consolation breathe sweet from pole to pole; and the cheat of the outer vanish like a shell off all earth's roll.

Then fear not, anxious mortal! When you tread the path of pain, God links you with your comrades there, in a new, resplendent chain.

And you stand with your fellow mourners, quivering soul to soul.

THE SELFISH BACHELOR. In a sermon on marriage Father Wyman, the Paulist, took occasion to score those bachelors found in every community, who will not marry because they will not relinquish any of their selfish pleasures.

"When men substitute for the natural and divinely instituted social life of the family the artificial companionship of the club or fraternity, they are giving up the substance for the shadow of joy.

They are not only pursuing a phantom, but are losing and missing the very object which was created to satisfy their wants.

"The root of this evil is simply selfishness—the desire to avoid labor and sacrifice, whereas nature can give no real satisfaction or happiness in anything that is not the fruit of both toil and self-denial.

"This principle, unfortunately, is utterly ignored by many men of the world to-day. The physical comfort of the passing hour is preferred by them to the solid happiness which never diminishes.

"Children, therefore, are man's most precious legacy. They perpetuate not only his name, but his own flesh and blood—his very life.

"Furthermore, marriage was instituted by God not merely for utility, and convenience, but for the propagation of the human family.

"To set marriage aside, therefore, is generally speaking, to give free rein to impurity. The chastity of a people is universally denoted by the number of marriages and by the marked multiplicity of the offspring.

"Inasmuch as God is the author of matrimony, He is the only one who has the right to determine its fruitfulness. Men have no right to limit, or regulate the number of their offspring.

Thoughtless people have not the slightest idea of the suffering of wild birds during frosty weather, or when the ground is covered with snow.

FEED THE BIRDS. The little ones of the household should be encouraged to remember the poor birds, so dependent at this time of year upon such assistance.

Remaining of cold boiled potatoes, broken small, will be picked up eagerly; a handful of rolled oats will be a perfect feast and cooked rice, barley, peas, etc., left from a meal, and all much appreciated by them.

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ANNOUNCING A MEAL.

Among the curious by-ways of social history and household custom is that which is concerned with the mode of announcing that dinner, or any other meal, is or shortly will be ready.

Children's Corner

STORY OF A KNIFE.

"Look at my new knife, boys! Isn't it handsome?" said Harry proudly displaying a beautiful new-handled cut-throat razor which many an older lad would have been proud to possess.

"I should say it is. Where did you get it? Who gave it to you?" And the boys crowded around to admire.

"That's the funny part of it," laughed Harry; "I don't know who sent it. Last night when I got home from school there was a little package for me which the postman had brought, and this was inside.

"Have you the wrapper which came round it?" inquired a boy who had just joined the group.

"No, I haven't. Mamma threw it in the fire by accident, but the postmark was too dim to show where it was mailed.

"At this moment some one called Harry, and as soon as he was out of hearing the boy who had asked about the wrapper said: 'That's a likely story he tells about the knife's coming by mail. That knife is mine, and I know it. Papa bought it for me in Chicago the last time he was there, and I thought I had lost it. I've been hunting everywhere for the last three weeks to find it, for I didn't want papa to think I was so careless as to lose his gift. I only took it to school a few times, and I suppose he stole it then. The mean sneak!'

"Maybe he did get it by mail, George," suggested one of the boys; "I never knew Harry to do a sneaking thing."

"I supposed you'd take his part, because he always helps you with your lessons," sneered George. "Didn't I say I know it was my knife? The rest of you can think as you please, but I won't have anything to do with a thief."

"No, you're going to ask him for the knife!" inquired another boy.

"I'm not going to ask for it; I'm going to tell him he's got to give it to me, or I'll tell his mother about it."

"Oh, George, I wouldn't do that. His mother is so poor, and it would kill her to hear anything against Harry. She thinks he is the best boy in town; and he is very good to her."

"Well, he needn't steal if he is good to his mother. I'm not going to do without the knife papa gave me just to please her."

But Harry refused to give up the knife, and stuck stoutly to his story that it had come by mail. He wanted to take George home with him, and have his mother vouch for the truth of his account, but the angry boy would not listen to any such plan.

"Of course your mother would say you told the truth," he said, fiercely.

"You can keep the knife, if you want it bad enough to steal it. I will be careful what I bring to school hereafter as long as I sit near you."

Poor Harry had great difficulty in keeping back the tears as he watched George walk away followed by most of his playmates. He almost wished he had given him the knife; but that would have looked as though he had stolen it, so there was nothing to do but wait for time to clear up the mystery. A few boys took Harry's side of the matter, but in most of the games he could only look on, where once he had been the best player in the class.

One day George was walking along the street with his little sister, and he was astonished to see her wave her hand to Harry, who was on the other side of the street. Harry's face brightened as he returned the salute, and the little girl called out: "I haven't seen you for a long time."

"You mustn't speak to that boy, Katie," said her brother, sharply. "How in the world do you happen to know him?"

"He took my dog away from a great big one that was fighting him one day, long ago," explained Katie, "and I've often seen him since. Why can't I talk to him? He's

the nicest boy in town—next to you."

"He stole the pretty knife with the pearl handle which papa gave me," said George. "I told him about it, but he won't give it up."

"He didn't steal your knife," said an indignant little voice. "I went him one just like yours. I got papa to buy me one just like yours, and mamma put it in a little package to send to Harry. I didn't tell any one but papa and mamma for fear you'd tease me. It was very naughty," to tell him he stole when he didn't."

"That's what it was, Katie," said George; "I lost my own knife, and they wanted to take Harry's away from him."

The next morning when all the boys were assembled on the playground George called them around him, and led them to where lonely Harry stood looking at the gay games going on, which he could not have a part in.

George was pale, but had made up his mind to do as his mother advised, no matter what it cost.

"Harry," he began, bravely, "I found out yesterday that you didn't steal my knife. My little sister said she sent it to you because you had saved her pet dog from a big one. I don't suppose you can ever forgive me, but I wish you'd try to."

"I'm glad you all know I'm not a thief," said Harry, with tears in his eyes, "and I forgive you. I only wish you had found out about the knife sooner."

"Three cheers for Harry," cried Dick Porter, as the two boys clasped hands. "And three more for George!" called some one else when the first cheering had subsided; and in the midst of the noise Harry was welcomed back into favor with his playmates and his old place in the games.

SUNSHINE AND MUSIC.

A laugh is just a little sunshine. It freshens all the day, it tips the peaks of life with light, and drives the clouds away.

The soul grows glad that hears it, and feels its courage strong—A laugh is just like sunshine For cheering folks along!

A laugh is just like music, it lingers in the heart, and where its melody is heard The hills of life depart; and happy thoughts come crowding its joyful notes to greet—A laugh is just like music For making living sweet!

A FOUR-LEGGED GENIUS.

A Rhode Island dog was in the habit of frequently jumping over the gate of a common picket fence. One day he appeared with a long bone in his mouth. He made several attempts to leap over the gate, but failed every time. He stopped a moment, and was evidently debating another plan. He placed the bone beside the gate, jumped easily over it, and then put his paw under the gate and pulled the bone through. He then wagged his tail complacently over the result of his experiment.

"FORGETTIN'."

The night when I last saw my lad His eyes were bright and wet, He took my two hands in his own, 'Tis well, says he, 'we're met; Asthore machree, the likes of me I bid ye now forget."

Ah, sure the same's a triffin' thing; 'Tis more I'd do for him! I mind the night I promised well, Away on Ballin'dim, An' every little while or so I try forgettin' Jim.

It shouldn't take that long to do, An' him not very tall, 'Tis quare the way I'll hear his voice, The boy that's out o' call, An' whiles I see him stand as plain As e'er a six-foot wall.

Och, never fear, my jewel! I'd forget ye now this minute If I only had a notion O' the way I should begin it, But first let last it isn't known The heap of trouble in it.

Myself began the night ye went, An' hasn't done it yet; I'm nearly fit to give it up, For where's the use of fret? An' the morning's fairly spoilt on me Wid mindin' to forget.

MAINE'S DOG DETECTIVE.

Old Town, Me.—His name is Scrip, and he is one of the most wonderful dogs in Maine. A veritable four-legged detective is Scrip.

Scrip lives in Old Town when at home, and is an undersized cur with bright eyes and sharp ears, of badly mixed lineage—just a common dog as far as breeding goes. He is owned by one of the state game wardens, whose duty it is to examine certain trunks coming down from the game region. Every piece of game must be checked up and suspicious packages examined.

The Maine law positively prohibits the taking out of the state of game birds in any way whatever.

As the people alight from the train few notice a little dog dodging about among them, sniffing at this hand bag and that bundle.

Soon his master hears a little bark. He knows what that means, and dropping everything, finds Scrip dodging and nosing about the heels of a passenger. The warden closes in on the "game" pointed by Scrip, quietly invites the suspect into the baggage room, and questions him about the game which he has concealed about his person or effects. The dog has never been known to fail in a "pointing" game. He may have possibly missed some, but when he has made up his doggrish mind that there is a violation of the law he has always been correct so far.

But inspecting the hand baggage is not all of the little detective's work by any means. After the passengers are all out he hops into the baggage and express car and applies his sharp little nose to everything in sight.

While making his usual inspection of the express car the other day he came across a barrel, to all intents and purposes containing fish. It certainly had fish in it. Scrip sniffed

at it, went on and then came back and sniffed again. Round and round the barrel he went, whining and dancing as if it were full of rats.

With a faith in the little animal born of long experience, the officer investigated the barrel and found in the centre of a liberal lining of fresh shore cod, several dozens of plump prattages.

Fish shipments from a certain Washington County station have suddenly ceased.—Boston Record.

MY LITTLE GRAY KITTY AND I.

When the north wind whistles round the house, Piling snowdrifts high, We nestle down on the warm hearth—

My little gray kitty and I. I tell her about my work and play, And all I mean to do, And she purrs so loud, I surely think That she understands—don't you?

She looks about with her big, round eyes, And softly licks my face, As I tell her 'bout the world I missed— And how I have lost my place. Then let the wind whistle, for what to us Matters a stormy sky? Oh, none have such jolly times as we— My little gray kitty and I. —From Angel of Peace.

A TRUE CAT STORY.

A Wakefield family who reside in Magnolia during the summer, when they removed to Magnolia last June, took with them their pet cat, but pussie did not like the roar and dash of old ocean, but sighed for her home by the placid waters of "Lake Quannapowitt."

She disappeared, and was not seen again all summer. The family returned to their Wakefield home about the middle of September. They had been at home about two weeks, when one morning the daughter of the house was in the basement and heard a cat mew, and lo, at the window was her darling pet cat that she has long mourned as dead! It could not be where did she come from? It must be a strange cat closely resembling "Peanuts" (so called because of her fondness for the article).

"Well," said the mother, "there is one sure test. 'Don,' the house dog, will know his old playmate." Don was called and the recognition was mutual; they both seemed delighted to meet again. It was evident the cat had travelled all the way from Magnolia to Wakefield, through the woods of Magnolia, Manchester, Beverly, over Beverly Bridge, Salem streets, Peabody, Lynnfield, found Wakefield—how did he know it to be Wakefield?—and hid up at her old home near the lake. I never saw a creature so delighted to find her young mistress and the other members of the family. What guided her over so many miles? Was it animal instinct?—Dumb Animals, Boston.

A BABY'S SMILE.

A baby's smile is sweeter than a flower; A baby's smile is brighter than the sun. Richer than Wealth, and mightier than Power, Deeper than tears, yet radiant with fun.

A baby's smile takes captive every will; A baby's smile—a happy moment's birth— Is all unknown human good or ill, 'Tis heaven revealed one instant to the earth.

PETER'S ANSWER.

Peter was only eight years old and in the fifth grade in school, when his mamma thought, was doing very well. Then he could do long division "perfectly," as he confided to his best friend (his mother); and all the children knew he could read the loudest and say the longest words in the reading book. To be sure, they weren't always pronounced as his teacher said them; but he never gave up trying.

He had a way of standing very straight and looking right out of his bright grey eyes with a winsomeness that made you want to hug him. But occasionally his active little mind could not grasp a subject in toto. He often wondered why people smiled at his questions and answers. But then grown-up folks often do queer things.

The other day he came home from school with a grave look. He said his teacher, Miss Avery, whom he loves dearly, had laughed at him. He looked quite pensive and sad, and even forgot to eat his gingerbread for fully a minute.

"But why did Miss Avery laugh, Peterkin? What far-away answer did you make?" Something in her tone made him feel she was still a friend anyway. So taking his first bite of gingerbread and between the munchings, he explained:

"Well, I don't know 'zactly why you see, it was in geography. She was teaching exports and in-ports, and that's easy 'nuff to understand. You see if you send a thing out—its exports, of course, but, if you bring it in, it's in-ports, of course; any one can see that. But Miss Avery kept it a-going and a-going till I got tired of it. And I was just a wonderin' if I heard her say, 'Now, Peter, you may give me an 'ustration of it.' I knew she couldn't tell 'zactly where they left off. They'd been talking about 'boots' and 'Lynn,' I just remembered that, so I got up and said 'if a man sends some boots from Lynn to Boston, why it would be—it would be,' and I couldn't think, mamma, what it would be. I couldn't think of nothin' but that old puddin'. Miss Avery looked kind of cross-like at me; and when I said, 'It would be' again, she said, 'Yes, Peter, what would it be a case of?' And I said, as quick as I could, 'a case of boots!'

"She looked at me awful queer and then she laughed right out. 'Oh, Peter, Peter,' she said, 'who is to blame, you or I?' Just a teeny piece more of gingerbread, please. What did she mean, mamma?"—Mabel P. Foster in Christian Register.

The Rheumatic Wonder of the Age BENEDICTINE SALVE

This Salve Cures Rheumatism, Felons or Blood Poisoning It is a Sure Remedy for Any of These Diseases. A FEW TESTIMONIALS

John O'Connor, Toronto: Dear Sir—I wish to testify to the merits of Benedictine Salve as a cure for rheumatism. I had been a sufferer from rheumatism for some time and after having used Benedictine Salve for a few days was completely cured.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me, when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve. I have at intervals during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular rheumatism, I have experimented with every available remedy and have consulted a number of physicians of reputation, without perceptible benefit.

John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, Toronto, Oct. 31, 1902. DEAR SIR—I cannot speak too highly of your Benedictine Salve. It has done for me in three days what doctors and medicines have been trying to do for years. When I first used it I had been confined to my bed with a spell of rheumatism and sciatica for nine weeks; a friend recommended your salve. I tried it and it completely knocked rheumatism right out of my system. I can cheerfully recommend it as the best medicine on the market for rheumatics. I believe it has no equal.

John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, Toronto, Oct. 31, 1902. DEAR SIR—I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for lumbago. When I was taken down with it I called in my doctor, and he told me it would be a long time before I would be around again. My husband bought a box of the Benedictine Salve, and applied it according to directions. In three hours I got relief, and in four days was able to do my work. I would be pleased to recommend it to any one suffering from lumbago. I am, your truly, (MRS.) JAS. COSGROVE.

John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, Toronto, Dec. 18, 1904. DEAR SIR—After suffering for over ten years with both forms of Piles, I was asked to try Benedictine Salve. From the first application I got instant relief, and before using one box was thoroughly cured. I can strongly recommend Benedictine Salve to any one suffering with piles. Yours sincerely, JOS. WESTMAN.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—It is with pleasure I write this word of testimony to the marvellous merits of Benedictine Salve as a certain cure for Rheumatism. There is such a multitude of alleged Rheumatic cures advertised that one is inclined to be skeptical of the merits of any new preparation. I was induced to give Benedictine Salve a trial and must say that after suffering for eight years from Rheumatism it has, I believe, effected an absolute and permanent cure. It is perhaps needless to say that in the last eight years I have consulted a number of doctors and have tried a large number of other medicines advertised, without receiving any benefit.

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