THE NAME OF JPSUS Is an impregnable tampart. There is no pearl or or mment that can be compared to the name of Jesus. We sound the harp soweet barmonics when we pronoun a the name of Jesus. If Henry Surv.

FIRST MONTH

Tanuarv

HOLY INFANCY

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| 7 8 9 | ы П. Г. Г. | W W W W | office of the Relphany Vesper Hymn Crude at 1 rodes." BPIPHANN, If ly day of Obligation Collection for Africa Wissions (Street, 1988) of the Collection of the Collection of the Collection (Relphany of the Octave of Relphany | 4 | 31 51 50 | 4 | 56 57 58 69 1 | 8 | 1 6 | 1 01 1 66 1 47 1 81 1 81 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 | 25.25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 2 | |
| 2215678 | 34. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1. | | Pirst Sunday after Epiphany. Vesper Hymn Crudelis Herodes Octave of Roppi any. Hilary Hilary Marcellus I Anthony, Abbot, Pietr's Limin of Rome. Second Sunday after Epiphany. | 77777 | 49 49 47 47 47 | 5 5 5 5 | 5 6 7 9 10 | 9 10 10 11 11 11 | 10 | 25 35 42 5 5 61 | Full Moon . Last Quarter | V'S PHASES |
| | 3u. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1. | r. r r | MORT HOLV NAME OF JESUS. Vesper Hymn Jesu Dule is Memoria " S. Fabian and Schastian. 4 Agnes. S9 Vincent and Anastasius. Exponence of the Encoded Virgin. 4, Timothy Conversion of S. Paul. | 7777 | 46 45 45 41 43 42 | 55555 | 11 13 13 15 16 17 | 11 12 12 12 12 12 | 5 6 7 7 | 10 18 21 14 62 43 | : 230 | |
| 078 | 1 | F. 1 | Feptuagesima Sunday. Vesper Hymn Iste Confessor Nyttation Proper (II) 2 Lonn in the Garden. > France is Seles. 4 Fells 13 | 1 | 41 40 30 88 47 | 5 | 843333 | 13 13 13 13 14 | 10 | 55 | X X 5 2 4 X | |

mentioned words

Prayer

3ndulgenced An indulgence of 80 days is granted to all the faithful every time that with at least contribe heart they shall make the sign of the cross, invoking at the same time the Blessed Trinty with the words. 'In the name of the Pather, and of the Son, and of also an indulgence of 100 days when they shall make the sign of the cross with Learnager, pronouncing at the same time, with contrite heart, the above-

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Upon the ₩ Stairs

The stairs of wmch there is here

question, lead down into Lower Quebec, that quaint, comthan the walled city above, bears than the walled city above, its years with infinitely less grace. Church of Our Lady of tory, time worn and venerable, stands in a square which is like-wise occupied by a variety of booths, selling cheap and bright-colored vases of various sorts to mo less heterogeneous class of customers. In the very facade of the which had long excited my curiosity, so that one idle day I went down the stairs and directed my steps towards that emporium of commerce, exam ming the highlysteps towards that emporatm of commerce, exam ung the highly-colored glass candicaticks, and the fugs and cups and saucers with an interest, which this aot altogether commend itself to the proprietor of the establishment, who began to grow crusty at my delay in purchasing and was only propitiat-ed when I selected some half-dozen articles, which I mentally bestowed already upon a country bazaar.

In the course of conversation with the no less tacitum shopic.man, I chanced to mention the

"Peste," she exclaimed, "those stairs. They have brought me an evil chance I can tell you. Have you remarked the shops there?" I replied that I had, though not in detail.

"Perhaps, then, you have per-ceived over a door the sign of Pierre Moreau. Is at his name? I know nothing. But he is a rascal, for sure. He is come to Quebec from where. Who knows? He have: a small shop upon the stairs and he begins to sell, well, a little of everything, chiefly, he got a stock of crockery, as if I were not here to furnish that to the quarter. Did

to furnish that to the quarter. Did he pay for those tangs? It is not I that can tell, of one thing am T certain only, it is arascal."

Now I standing with Madame, in front of the gray walls of that ancient edifice, began to think that in the matter of charity at least, here was a crification of the old saving, "the nearer the church the farther from God. I prudently held my peace, however, and the good avonan continued her narrative:

"One day I go up the stairs to see what is passing in the world above there. I meet Pierre Moreau. He raise his hat with politemess and says, wood morning, Mere Gougeon. That is my name. Good morning, I say, though I know not how you get my name. Then he auswer, the whole quarter, know Mere Go. con. It is the light name. I have been supported to the says of t first name I have heard in coming here. Oh, it is a ascal, but his tongue is as well used as a cart. Hespeaks well; so I thought it will not do to be too raide — still you call it — with a new comer, and I impuire of him.

'You have a shop they tell' But yes, Madame, a yery lit-

tle one, far different from the shop

Madame looked around complacently at her small establishment as she spoke and I could not re-press a smile at the varying gra-dations of human complacency. It appeared to me that the Magasin Gougeon could scarce be smaller.

"That was well said," went on Madame Gougeon, "and I entered his shop, though it was not too easy, so small was the door. I advised him about his stock. him what he will sell and what he will have on his shelves. He asked, as a favor, oh, it is a rascal, to come and see my stock. I consented.

"He arrived here when I was at dinner, about half-past eleven o'clock, and he knew well who would in charge at that hour. Alphonsine, my daughter, who has just left school and knows much and can play the piano and paint and sing like an engal Alphonsine. and sing like an angel. Alphonsine is not for the first vagabond that may come. Well, she takes the shop sometimes, when I not there She is a fine-looking girl and Pierre he talk to her with his tongue of a rogue and when he go away, he

say:
"Tell madame, your mother, that I much regret not to have seen her. I will call again. The stock is of much interest.'

"Well, after this, every day the well, after this, every day the rascally Pierre, he come, when the girl Alphonsine keep the shop and he talk to her — Oh, the girl was to blame, too — he talk not about the shop, ma foi, no. Do I know what they talked about? I can guess may be. I may be old, but I am not doting.

"Perhaps, too, you remember when you were young yourself. Oh, ca," she cried with a laugh, 'I had my chances like the rest. I was not one to talk with my lad behind my parent's back. toh, no. Homer Gougeon, he come on Sunday, as a decent boy should, to my father's house and when my my father's house and when father did not put him out, which there was no reason to do, seeing that we had a snug farmhouse and an acre ol ground, he came every Sunday for two months, after which the banns were called. But

this Pierre it is a rascal."

The word seemed to afford much consolation to her irritated feelins that I left her presently, not before I caught a glumpse of a pale, dark-eyed girl, who looked much depressed and apprenently total in wholesasts. parently stood in wholesome aw of her stout parent. Now a rascal is no curiosity at all, for there are is no curiosity at all, for there are far too many of them going, still I felt a lurking desire to see this Pierre and discover for myself what the villain was like. I mounted the stairs again, looking at the shops on either side and near the top I saw over the very timest and darkest door the name of Pierre Moreau. I entered with difficulty and was presently confronted by that dark and designing personage himsell. He was dresse ly enough, but in a suit which had unmistakably seen better days. His face was dark and was somewhat

morose just then in its expression.

His stock was pitifully small, though the crockery, which he had been unable to sell, predominated.

Something in the man and his surroundings touched me. I hope I have no natural affinity for rascals, but I opened my pocketbook and began to buy freely. In fact, I made quite a hole in his collec-tion (f increhandise He was very submissive and very respectful and he sold very cheap. In this latter respect he had quite the advantage of the respected Madame Gongeon, who I feel sure had a theory that the wealthier folk and tourist should be made to pay for their privileges.

'Have you been long here'" I inuired

"Not quite a year, Madame," Pierre answered.

"And are you succeeding?"
He put out his hands with queer gesture and looked about him as much as to say there was not much appearance of it "Do you think this a

"Do you thin stand?" I asked. Good enough it one could the wares to sell, et puis, the cus-toms And then, I like the stairs. They are gay and the world passing by. He waved his hand in the direction of the street above, where the daily tide of fashion, indeed, took its way, afoot or in carriages and which the eye of imagination might repeople with the motley throngs of cavaliers, of churchmen, of Indians, of traders, of couriers des bois and of charming ladies, who once passed by within the then fortfied walls.

"Now there is Madame Gougeon, down below," I began.
"Oh, she," he cried with the red flaming suddenly into his face, so that I thought he was going to fire a counterblast to that respected lady's opinion of himself. But he

paused, controlling himself.
"She, I am sure, has many tomers," I remarked

"She has the whole quarter,"
Pierre answered, hanging his head.
"So that her daughter," I ventured.

He raised his head instantly, brightness coming into his thin and sallow face, as when the sun shines out of a cloud.

"Madame has perhaps seen her?" he inquired. "Only at a distance," I answer-

He looked disappointed and I continued, impelled by the mere spirit of mischief or curiosity, for I

am not more ill-natured than my neighbors.
"She will be well provided for,"

said, "and will no doubt make a fine match one of these days." "Never, Madame," Pierre cried suddenly. "She has promised me

She will wait — until I shall have made money enough that we may marry But it is hard I have no goods. I have no money to buy some I have no custom. Those who at first bought of me Mere Gou-

geon has turned away. I made no complaint She says I am a rascal, so that none will buy."

I could scarcely help laughing, remembering as I did, the stout ladv's unhesitating verdict, and yet there was something nathetic vet there was something pathetic, too, in the poor lad's desperate circumstances and humble ro-

mance. "Was it not perhaps unwise, even wrong, to have gone and visited the young arl when her mother was absent and without her mother's knowledge?"

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flow of language on that occasion.

"But it was this way," Pierre ontinued, "Madame Gougeon asked me to visit her shop and I went there. For sure I did not know therewas any daughter and I only wanted to see the stock and may be through Mrs. Gougeon to get some custom. Then I see Alphon-sine. We talk. There is much to say. And I came agm, and still there was much more to say, and I never find Mere Gougeon

This last was said in a mingled simplicity and shrewdness, which made me thank that, perhaps, good woman down below was not so far wrong in calling him a ras-cal, but for the rest it appeared that he had fallen honestly in love with the girl, as great and small will do, and found as much attention in the very moderate good looks and cheap finery of Alphonsine as my lord, the millionairei discovers in his golden-tinged, exquisitely-attired sweetheart. "Then," said Pierre, looking out

thoughtfully upon the stream of gaily-dressed and cheerful people, who thronged the thoroughfare of Upper Town, "I gave Alphonsine a characteristic areas stone in it for ring with a oreen stone in it for luck and Alphousine she gave me a lock of hair. Mere Gouwean she found out all and Alphonsine is never left alone any more and I dare not so near the shop. Alphon-sine cry very much and I just sent her a piece of paper to say that when I have made the money I will come for her and she send me also a note, where she tells me that she has put this affair of ours at the feet of Notre Dame de Victoire, in the little church down onder. Alphonsine she pray hard so maybe everything come right."

I took my leave, but I promised Pierre to come again, and I inquired among his neighbors, nearly all of whom gave him a good charac-ter, adding that he had been hardlv dealt with by Madame Gougeon, who had ruined his trade. I got into the way of visiting the shop upon the stairs once a week or so, but though my purchases helped him there was little sign of prosperity about the place.

Then I set myself to procue him customers, in cresting people in Pierre and the little romance, for, prosaic as is the world, here in the very shadow of the citadel of Que-bec, within daily view of the Plains of Abraham, as elsewhere, there is always some corner in evthe erybody's nature which can be touched qy that rosy light which brightens the morning of youth. The shop began to look up a little and Pierre's face to gladden.

One afternoon as I descended the steps I saw, to my surprise, the burly form of Madame Gougeon just outside Pierre's door. Perhaps she had heard of Pierre's improved prospects or perhaps just came for the pleasure of abusing him, a gratification in which she was at the moment indulging.

"Ah, ha! a nice rascal are you, Pierre Moreau!" she called from the sidewalk. "I believe you are a Wehr wolf, yes, a Wehr wolf You have bewitched the little one. She grows pale and thin. She will not eat and all because her mind is set upon a good-for-nothing who has no clothes to his back."

Pierre remained prudently with-

in his shop paling and flushing no doubt, but speaking never a word I believe in my heart he was glad to hear of the constancy of his sweetheart and would rather she had grown pale and thin through loss of appetite than thrive on robust diet and forget him. dame Gougeon, however, continued: some time longer. The sound her own voice was pleasant when it was consoling to vent some the anger and pain of her disap-pointment, which aff etc. he. ma-ternal heart, on this meek mer-chant of small wares who had no defence to offer.

I stood meanwhile on one of the I stood meanwhile on one of the upper steps and tooked upon the squalor of the lower town and up at the citadel and the green places and the. tide of fashion passing, carriages going outwards toward the St. Louis gate, pedestrians gaily chatting, while far off in the early dusk of the late November the Valley of the St. Charles lay shimmering in the last rays of a pale sun. I heard Pierre's voice speak once as Madame turned to descend the stairs.

"Take care for fell down," he

"Take care for fell down," ried, speaking in worse English than usual, for he had been to the States and learned the prevailing, language there and evidently for-getting that Mere Gougeon was not one of his English customers. The when I saw Madame Gongeon flash hack a glance of disdain at Pierre, who had emerged from his shop in his anxiety. For he knew that the steps were slippery with the first frost. At the yery instant, indeed, the shop woman lost her ballance and fell heavily, a considerable distance. Pierre and I rushed to her side. We were so afraid of droll that I was still laughing

that when Alphonsine went as often as she could be spated from shop and I went myself occasionally if only in the interest of the young people. Pierre also went dutifully every day to inquire. He also gave Alphonsine so much as sistance at the Magasin Gougeon that it did a thriving trade. For most people knew their story and came through kindness or curiosi-ty to help. I fear the shop upon the stairs was somewhat neglected though Pierre, indeed, faithfully ful filled my own orders and those of my own orders and those of my friends.

One day Madame Gougeon sent for me to the hospital. surprise Pierre was there and sick woman began without much preface:

"Since I am lying here, Madame, I feel that I have been perhaps hard. It is not best to keep two young people from marrying." I agreed with her cordially and declared that I would endeavor get Pierre a clerkship in a whole-sale house, which would enable him

to marry.
But Madame, while thanking me and asking that the offer might be kept open for future contingencies,

explained her own idea:
"Since I have been here the receipts of the shop have been good, very bod, and Alphonsine has confessed that Pierro has been there times and has made big sales. Now, I say to myself, may be I will never be better any more. Why should I not let my girl marry this Pierre since she loves him. He is a rascal, but marriage may improve him. They can married improve him. They can manage together the business. I will share with them the profits and at my death they will have all. Let this Pierre sell what he has on the stairs there to help him and he can bring the custom which you, ma-dame, have got him."

I will not victure the delight of those two simple lovers, nor need I describe the wedding at the Church describe the wedding at the Church of Our Lady of Victory, when Alphonsine in her white frock was very pretty and Pierre in his new second-hand suit, with a white flower in his button-hole, caused many of the wirls in that quarter to envy the joyful bride. Some of my friends and myself provided the wedding breakfast and paid for a ca lage with two white horses in which the happy pair drove around town all day to show their finery and their beaming faces. As they stepped into the vehicle, Pierro whispered: "It was Alphousine's praying hard to Notre Dame de Victorie who has won our happiness."

I was absent from Quebec for some time, for when I returned Mere Gougeon was gathered to her the emporium in church facade had passed to others and there was Pierre in a large shop with a fine stock back again upon the stairs. — Anna T. Sadlier in The Voice of the Deaf.

THE FLAGGING ENERGIES REVIVED. - Constant application to business is a tax upon the energies, and if there be not relax-ation, lassitude and depression are sure to intervene. These come from stomach troubles. The of exercise brings on nervous irregularities, and the stomach ceases to assimilate food properly. In this condition Parmalee's Vege-table Pills will be found a recuperative of rare power, restoring the organs to healthful action, dispelling depression, and reviving the flavoing energies.

A DISTINGUISHED ENGLISH CONVERT.

The Catholic Church in England has just received a very important recruit in the person of Dr. Freder-ick George Lee, one of the ablest and most scholarly adherents of the extreme Ritualist movement, till lately Vicar of Lambeth. Dr. Lee was received into the Catholic Church by Father K. D. Best, of Brompton Oratory. Strange to relate, twenty years since Dr. Lee's son became a Catholic through the same agency. Mr. Lee is the famous "blue mantle" of the Herlads' College. Though in very poor health at present, Dr. Lee's condition in the control of the transfer of the condition in the control of the transfer of the control of the contro tion is not so critical as to war-rant the hope that he may see many years of happy and useful service in the Church which he has entered after many years of stress

IT IS AN OFFICER OF THE LAW OF HEALTH. — When call ed in to attend a disturbance searches out the hiding-place pain, and like a guardian of the peace, lays hands upon it and savs, "I arrest you." Resistance is uscless, as the law of health imposes a sentence of perpetual ban-ishment on pain and Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil was originated to enforce that sentence.

COERCION IN IRELAND

(London Westminster Gazette.) We seem now drifting back into an attempt to govern Ireland by Coercion. The attempt is as certain to fail as it has failed before, and to fail as it has failed before, and the only possible result is that, after much imprisonment and agitation, we shall concede last, what, if conceded first, would have saved all the trouble. Law, as administered by Resident Magistrates under a Crimes Act passed, as was the Act of 1887, carries with it no moral sanction. We may recret Time to Think of Your Winter

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