

THE NAME OF JESUS is an impregnable rampart. There is no pearl or ornament that can be compared to the name of Jesus. We stand the happy sweet harp-strings when we pronounce the name of Jesus. B. Henry.

FIRST MONTH OF DAYS January THE HOLY INFANCY

Calendar for January 1902 showing days of the week, feast days, and moon phases. Includes entries for Epiphany, Circumcision of Christ, and various saints.

Indulgence of 80 days is granted to all the faithful every time that with at least contrite heart they shall make the sign of the cross, invoking at the same time the Blessed Trinity with the Holy Ghost...

Upon the Stairs

The stairs of which there is here question, lead down into Lower Town, Quebec, that quaint, commercial centre, which less ancient than the walled city above, bears its years with infinitely less grace. The Church of Our Lady of Victory, time worn and venerable, stands in a square which is likewise occupied by a variety of booths, selling cheap and brightly-colored vases of various sorts to no less heterogeneous class of customers. In the very facade of the church itself is a small shop, 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, examining the highly-colored glass candlesticks, and the jugs and cups and saucers with an interest, which did not altogether commend itself to the proprietor of the establishment, who began to grow crusty at my delay in purchasing and was only propitiated when I selected some half-dozen articles, which I mentally bestowed already upon a country bazaar.

the one, far different from the shop Gougeon. Madame looked around complacently at her small establishment as she spoke and I could not repress a smile at the varying gradations of human complacency. It appeared to me that the Marasin 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. I tell 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. Alphonse, my daughter, who has just left school and knows much and can play the piano and paint and sing like an angel. Alphonse 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."

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 collection of merchandise. 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 Gougeon, 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 inquired. "Not quite a year, Madame," Pierre answered. "And are you succeeding?" He put out his hands with a queer gesture and looked about him as much as to say there was not much appearance of it. "Do you think this a good stand?" I asked. Good enough if one could get the wares to sell, et puis, the customs. 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, afloat 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 fortified 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 customers," I remarked. "She has the whole quarter," Pierre answered, hanging his head. "So that her daughter," I ventured. He raised his head instantly, a brightness coming into his thin and fallow face, as when the sun shines out of a cloud. "Madame has perhaps seen her?" he inquired. "Only at a distance," I answered. 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," I 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 money. I have no money to buy some I have no custom. Those who at first bought of me Mere Gougeon 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 lad's unhesitating verdict, and yet there was something pathetic, too, in the poor lad's desperate circumstances and humble romance. "Was it not perhaps unwise, even wrong, to have gone and visited the young girl when her mother was absent and without her mother's knowledge?"

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Pierre's brown eyes looked up above pitifully. His face was so much softer and more animated when in conversation. "Oh, she had told you," he said, "well, I never thought it was wrong till Mere Gougeon found out, then I knew." I smiled again, being able to imagine the excellent shop-woman's flow of language on that occasion. "But it was this way," Pierre continued, "Madame Gougeon asked me to visit her shop and I went there. For sure I did not know there was any daughter and I only wanted to see the stock and get some custom. Then I see Alphonse. We talk, there is much to say. And I came again, and still there was much more to say, and I never find Mere Gougeon at home." This last was said in a mingled simplicity and shrewdness, which made me think that, perhaps, a good woman down below was not so far wrong in calling him a rascal, 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 Alphonse as my lord, the millionaire, discovers in his golden-tipped, 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 Alphonse a ring with a green stone in it for luck and Alphonse she gave me a lock of hair. Mere Gougeon she found out all and Alphonse is never left alone any more and I dare not go near the shop. Alphonse 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 yonder. Alphonse 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 character, adding that he had been hardily 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 procure him customers, interesting people in Pierre and the little romance, for, prosaic as is the world, here in the very shadow of the citadel of Quebec, within daily view of the Plains of Abraham, as elsewhere, there is always some corner in everybody's nature which can be touched by 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, had 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 within his shop, paline 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 a robust diet and forget him. Madame Gougeon, however, continued her abuse of the young man for some time longer. The sound of her own voice was pleasant when it was consoling to vent some of the anger and pain of her disappointment, which afflicted her maternal heart, on this meek merchant of small wares who had no defence to offer. I stood meanwhile on one of the upper steps and looked 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 cried, speaking in worse English than usual, for he had been to the States and learned the prevailing language there and evidently forgotten that Mere Gougeon was not one of his English customers. The turn of the phrase struck me as so droll that I was still laughing when I saw Madame Gougeon flash back 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 very instant, indeed, the shop woman lost her balance and fell heavily, a considerable distance. Pierre and I rushed to her side. We were so afraid of some awful injury, Mere Gougeon was in the hospital for weeks after

that when Alphonse went as often as she could be spared from the 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 Alphonse so much assistance at the Magazin Gougeon that it did a thriving trade. For most people knew their story and came through kindness or curiosity to help. I fear the shop upon the stairs was somewhat neglected though Pierre, indeed, faithfully fulfilled my own orders and those of my friends. One day Madame Gougeon sent for me to the hospital. To my surprise Pierre was there and the 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 to get Pierre a clerkship in a wholesale 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 good, and Alphonse has confessed that Pierre has been there some 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 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, madame, have got him."

I will not picture the delight of those two simple lovers, nor need I describe the wedding at the Church of Our Lady of Victory, when Alphonse 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 girls in that quarter to envy the joyful bride. Some of my friends and myself provided the wedding breakfast and paid for a ca lare 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, Pierre whispered: "It was Alphonse's praying hard to Notre Dame de Victoire who has won our happiness."

I was absent from Quebec for some time, for when I returned Mere Gougeon was gathered to her fathers, the emporium in the 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 relaxation, lassitude and depression are sure to intervene. These come from stomach troubles. The want of exercise brings on nervous irregularities, and the stomach ceases to assimilate food properly. In this condition Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will be found a recuperative of rare power, restoring the organs to healthful action, dispelling depression, and reviving the flagging energies.

A DISTINGUISHED ENGLISH CONVERT. The Catholic Church in England has just received a very important recruit in the person of Dr. Frederick 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 Herald's College. Though in very poor health at present, Dr. Lee's condition is not so critical as to warrant 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 and doubt.

IT IS AN OFFICER OF THE LAW OF HEALTH. - When called in to attend a disturbance it searches out the hiding-place of pain, and like a guardian of the peace, lays hands upon it and says, "I arrest you." Resistance is useless, as the law of health imposes a sentence of perpetual banishment on pain and Dr. Thomas' Electric 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 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 regret this, but can we really wonder?

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