JANUARY 11. 1896.

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1826. BELLO HER PUREST, BEST, O., PUREST, BEST, GENUINE SUE&PRICES FREE, MANUFACTURING SEPEALS FER AND TIME ALTIMORE, MD. WORK

our wareroom mple. ROS. ting Engineers, one 538. ater Heaters. THE PERSON & Sons,

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Parmelee's Pills possess the power of acting specifically upon the diseased organs, stimulating, to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease. In fact, so great is the power of this medicine to cleanse and purify, that diseases of almost very name and nature are driven from the body.' Mr. D. Carswell, Carswell P. O., Ont., writes: "I have tried Parmelee Pills and find them an excellent medicine, and one that will sell well."

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS. OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. Second Sunday After Epiphany. The Sisters of Woodside Farm.

CURSING.

'His name was called Jesus."—Gospel of the

It is a day that fills us with joy and

with sadness. It brings us joy be-cause the Holy Name is a precious

treasure enriching each of us, and a

And we are sad, too, to day, be-

power against blasphemy and cursing.

To day she calls upon her children to

she would have Christians confine their

praises to to-day alone, but she would

out against, is an evil of a very seri-

Rich men and poor men, men who say

they have faith and men who have no

Think how shocking it is to hear the

gutter! Think of that Name,

which was called by the angel

of gossiping women varying the mon-

otony of their unsavory discourse with

ejaculations filled with irreverence

Go to the shops, to the mills,

to the business houses, and have your ears offended and your soul

grieved by the injury done to the Holy

Name. And go to the homes of Cath-

olic men and women—to the homes of some of you—and listen! Hear the

father and the mother cursing each

other and their children! Hear them call upon God to damn them, to strike

You unnatural parents, you teach-

ers of wickedness to your own children, how shall you escape the wrath

agent of God's enemy, and are in-

structing your offspring in the way of eternal perdition. And how many

their hearts and voices in prayer to

The home, the street, the work-

place, are each and all the scenes, and

often the stronghold, of this rampant vice of bad language. And the men and women and children who debase

themselves and scandalize others, and sin against God by this evil habit, are

more numerous than we like to ac-

Our duty is plain enough. If we

have the misfortune to be of those who

have contracted this vice of foul speak

ing, let us resolve now upon amend-

ment, and impose upon ourselves some

suitable penance for our crime, and

study to discover and apply the proper

If we are not ourselves the victims

of the habit, let us help others by our

example. Let us show our displeasure

on every occasion when bad language

is used. Let parents bring up their

children strictly, teaching them re-

spect for sacred names and the duty of

reverent prayer. And let us always,

by internal acts of praise, give honor

to God whenever we hear His Name

dishonored among men, and thus do

something to abate the evil of this hor-

The best anodyne and expectorant

for the cure of colds, coughs, and all

throat, lung, and bronchial troubles,

is, undoubtedly, Ayer's Cherry Pec-

toral, the only specific for colds and coughs admitted on exhibition at the Chicago World's Fair.

them dead, to hurl them to hell!

of God?

towards God and our Saviour!

irreverence

vice of cursing.

towards sacred names.

the attacks of our spiritual enemies.

"Leave go that dog !" No, I won't.'

The feast of the Holy Name of Jesus, "Then I'll make you." dear brethren, is one which suggests to us many thoughts. It recalls to our As Will Tucker uttered the threat, he darted forward to rescue a whining, cowering cur from the cruel lashes that mind the sweetness of our Saviour. It speaks of His tenderness for sinners were being laid heavily and mercilessly and of His mercy to the penitent. It tells us, too, of His power—the infinite power of God, and of His awful maupon the unfortunate animal's body with a stout leather whip.

BY EDWIN ANGELOE.

The owner of the whip affected a defiant attitude as Will approached him. The dog's defender made an effort to grasp the weapon, but the other quickly drew his arm back, uttering a low chuckle of delight.

mighty shield defending us against "You must be in want of something to do, abusing a poor dumb beast in that manner," said Will, glancing com-passionately at the shrinking animal cause we are reminded how much the Blessed Name of God our Saviour is whose eyes shone forth their gratitude reviled and used irreverently. And to day the Church protests with all her for the boy's interference.

"Tain't none o' your business, no-how," growled the fellow. "I hits him cause I likes to hear him whine -see? turn with loving hearts to God and to praise and bless in an especial man-ner the Holy Name of Jesus. Not that

The boys and the dog were in the yard fronting the house of the Widow Page, who, on hearing the disturbance made her appearance on the scene, just as Will was about to make another at-

impress upon us by this day's feast the tack upon the fellow to obtain the whip.
"Be that you, Will Tucker?" asked constant duty of giving reverence to the Holy Names of God and of Jesus.

The wicked habit of cursing, which the widow, in a shrill, squeaky voice.
"Yes, Mrs. Page, I was just interferthe Church lifts her voice to cry ing on behalf of your dog. This fellow was beating him unmercifully.'

ous kind. And it is something that Widow Page turned toward the overgrown fellow, and, in a harsh voice, bade him enter the house, which, unfortunately is too common among Christians of every age and walk in command he obeyed without a re-Young children and gray-haired monstrance, much to Will's amazemen and women are guilty of this ment

"You see," explained the widow,
"he ain't countable fur what he does,
Praps you didn't notice that he is
simple. He's my nephew from Fleecefaith, all are addicted to the impious simple. town. He's very fond of birds, and he's got it into head, somehow, that all the dogs wants to kill them. That's why he beat my dog—Go to your name of Him who so loved us that He gave the last drop of His blood for us; kennel, Bouncer.

who literally poured out His life for us; think of His name brought into Saying this the widow re-entered the house, while Will proceeded on his way to Woodside Farm, where he was with awe, introduced into the lewd to deliver a message to pretty sixteen speech of the bar-room, or called upon year old Alene, the younger daughter in witness of the ribald jest! Think of Farmer Markland.

"A note for me?" exclaimed Alene, when Will came upon her at work in the strawberry patch.

"Yes, Alene, it is from my sister, Kate. If you don't mind I'll busy my self eating berries out of that pan till you finish reading. I suppose Kate wants you over to help her curl her front hair, or something like that girls' notions never amount to much

"How smart you are! please don't put your hand into that pan so often— Dearest Alene'" and the merry girl hastily perused the contents of her note, after which she locked up, a smile as bright as the sun lighting up her rosy

"Perfectly delicious!" exclaimed

You who should bring up she.
"The berries, I know it," said Will. your children in the love and fear of God have become the "How stupid !-no, the note. Kate wants me to go with her to the wealthy Mrs. Clavering's, who is going to give a 'Wednesday' this week," cried more of you, instead of calling your Alene, in ecstacy.

little boys and girls about you when bedtime comes, teaching them to lift "A what?" "A 'Wednesday'-it's an afternoon party to be held at the stone house near God ; how many of you are altogether the village. Your sister writes that negligent about this most important Miss Clavering said she would be pleased to meet your friend with the duty of taking care that your children When the veils are drawn wavy chestnut hair - that means me. aside, and you stand before the judgment-seat of Christ, you will learn how

Isn't it lovely ?" many sins you have been the occasion of by your neglect of duty and your it's red—oh, you mean the invitation! of course it is. What shall I tell Kate? "Your hair; but its not chestnut, you needn't look mad; it was a slip of

he tongue." "Never speak to me again. Tell Kate I'll go by all means. You have eaten half a panful;" and Alene did her best to make the boy think she was

vexed at his jest. With a rollicking laugh Will tossed a luscious berry at her head and then

left her. A little later Alene set the heaping pan of fruit under her arm and walked toward the farm house, swinging her dainty sun-bonnet in her crimsonstained hand, while an unhappy ex pression stole over her countenance giving evidence that something was roubling her, something that most always rises before a girl's mind when ever a picnic or a house party is on the programme.

She had nothing to wear. Up stairs in her wardrobe were stacked numberless garments, but none of these suited her. They were either out of fashion, or lacking in fit. She must have something new.

"There is nothing I could alter except my white French lawn of last summer. I ought to have allowed for letting it down but I was careless. I rip the tucks and gathers, the thread marks will surely show, and that

A year before, Farmer Markland had been well off, but owing to an unfor-tunate business transaction in which he risked his whole bank account on a newly invented plow, which turned out a dire failure, he was now poor, and his daughters could look to the winds for any expensive garments they might expect.

"I dare not ask papa for money to buy anything," mused Alene, a sad, pitiable expression of despair beaming from her lustrous eyes. "Only yesterday, when I begged the Severe colds are easily cured by the use of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, a medicine of extraordinary penetrating and hose who have used it as being the best in hose who have used it as being the best in the find the lungs, and all affections of the lungs, and

the room that was shared by herself and sister, who was an invalid.

"Genevieve, darling," Alene ex-claimed advancing towards a wasted form sitting at the window and inhal-

ing the fragrance of a white rosebud, "isn't it terrible? Kate Tucker wants me to go with her to the stone house, and I cannot."
"Why?" asked Genevieve in a

gentle voice.

" I have no clothes."

" But your closet is full." "Yes, of old-fashioned stuff that

won't fit me," argued the pouting girl. "Your French lawn, how about that 21 " Too short."

" And your white lace dress?" "I upset a cup of coffee over it at
May Martin's party; anyway, it is too
old-fashioned. I tell you I haven't a
stitch I could wear. Wish that old
plow had never been heard of!"

What a difference there was between these two sisters! Alene, a bright romping bit of femininity with a voice full of life and merriment, and an exceeding foundess for dress and all things worldly: & Genevieve, gentle and serene, with saintly beautiful gray eyes, and a voice as soft as the August breeze. She was the elder sister by two years, and looked upon Alene as a lively, thoughtless child who hardly knew the difference between right and

wrong.
"Don't fret, Alene! I see a way out of the difficulty."
"What is it?"

"You may have that pink lawn I won at the fair last winter. I will make it up for you," "And have it ready for Wednesday?

"Yes." "You dear, darling creature," cried Alene, in true girlish fashion, flinging her arms about her sister's neck and imprinting a fond kiss on the pale lips. "Genevieve, you are just too lovely for anything!" Wednesday forenoon found Gene-"Genevieve, you are

vieve working hard and earnestly on the dress, her pale face and dim eyes telling what she was enduring to make her young sister happy.
Little did Alene dream what a battle

Genevieve was fighting with her feelings! Could the girl have forseen what was coming, she would have torn the goods from the invalid's lap rather than suffer the painful sight that met her vision before that day had ended. One o'clock Alene ascended the narrow stairs to see if her dress was

one. When she entered the room all was still as the grave. "Genevieve has fallen asleep in her chair. I see the dress is ready. Her hands are closed on it yet. I'll try to open them as gently as possible, so as not to disturb her. How good of Genevieve to do this for me—Oh, heavens, how cold her hands are! Genevieve!"

No response from the ashen lips; no lifting of the tired lids. A hoarse scream broke from Alene. Just then the door opened and Kate Tucker entered. She had come over to pass her opinion on the fit of the

new-made garment. in a hollow voice of anguish. "Look at my sister, she is red and still, she will not awake! Help me, Kate, or

she will die!" "Not so loud, Aly. Be calm and

'It was all my fault, so it was. Genevieve, never speak to me again, for I don't deserve it. And I don't intend to go a single step to the party-not if Mrs. Claverings were to beg me on her bended knees!"

"But you shall go," the other mildly insisted.

" No, not one step," persisted Alene. "Not even to please me?" "Would it really please you? Then

will go." My dear reader, it would be inconvenient for me to take you to the wealthy Mrs. Claverings. I will merely state that the merry, bright-faced Alene went there, enjoyed herself to her heart's content, and then returned home anxious to run to her patient sister to learn something Genevieve had promised to tell her on her arrival home from the stone house.

Alene sat at Genevieve's feet. You promised to tell me how I can repay you for what you have done for ne, and how I can atone for being so thoughtless. Let me try to guess what you want me to do. Is it to never again make fun of Sam Blunkett's

patched trousers?" "Hardly," smiled Genevieve. "Last birthday I gave you a little prayer book. I have never seen you use it but once. Where is it?"

"It fell behind the bureau one day, and I didn't feel like recovering it. It was so hard to move that big piece of furniture. "But you managed to tear a board

from the summer house floor in order to rescue your torquoise ring, didn't That was worse. Now what I want you to do is to read your book every day with me in this room. You are too fond of gayety. Don't let yourself grow too fond of anything worldly. White French lawns and Wednesdays will not lead you to heaven, but that little book will.



and laid her rosy cheek against the

"I will, Genevieve," she said in a voice of charming sweetness, " because I know it will please God and the angels in Heaven, and because it will please you, the very best sister in all the world.

> The Old Year. BY NELLIE MARIE O'DONNELL.

While we're standing on the threshold
Of the New Year fair and bright,
We sigh for the year that's dying—
Fast fading from our sight.
Tis like parting from a loved one
When the parting is for aye,
And while we fondly say "cood-bye"
Wa fain would hid him stay. And while we fondly say "good We fain would bid him stay.

We think of all the joy and sadness,
All the longing hopes and fears;
The sunny smiles of gladness
All the anguish and the tears,
Which the year that's dying brought us,
He brought them for our gain;
Many lessons he has taught us.
Will the lessons be in vain?

It we've borne all grief with patience,
With a brave and steadfast heart,
We know we have done our duty;
On life's stage we took our part,
Truly then we are not sorry
That those trials should be borne.
Our plegager have

Our pleasures have outweighed them
And for the good old year we mourn. The year may have not brought us fame,
Worldly honors, or golden wealth—
Perchance he brought a better gift,
The priceless boon of perfect health.
We thank him for the love of friends
Which bloomed like fragrant flowers—
Love that did not bloom to fade,
But to last through all life's hours.

The days have flown on fleeting wings,
The parting moment now has fled;
We pause and wine away a tear,
For the good old year is dead.

Then we turn to greet the stranger But it is twixt hope and fear. Will be be as true and kind As the jolly good old year?

-Syracuse, N. Y.

Glimpses of Eden

Long ago, before even Time herself could boast of having begun her present flight of years, the whole world was dark. How gloomy it must have been without the heat and light of the sun and the silvery beams of the moon's radiance! It must have been a wilderness of darkness, such as one of our time cannot ever dream

But when God-He Who even then ruled the universe, and Who, even so long ago, proclaimed the truth that He was without beginning, and, hence, without end, when God, we repeat, "Oh, Kate! Kate!" cried Alene gazed upon the darkness which His great power could easily penetrate, He determined to change the face of the earth. Hence, He created the light, so that there began the never ending cycles of day and night. Not we shall soon revive her. Don't you see she has only fainted?" assured her friend.

Not add and light. Not satisfied with harmonizing light and darkness, however, He created the birds that they might fly through the birds that they might fly through the It was an hour later. Kate Tucker had gone, and Alene was sobbing as though her heart would break, as she sat at Genevieve's side.

Our district they might my through the fish, that they might glide through the silvery waters and the beasts of the forest that they might please and provide for their future masters. these things He created so that when He should bring man from the dust of the earth, the creature so much like Himself should find the world a place of happiness, and so finding it should give thanks and blessings to the Creator of such a bounty, his Lord and

God, when He had taken the dust of the earth and formed the first man, breathed into it a soul which was after the image of Himself. Then this man. called Adam, was placed in the garden of Eden. We are told that Eden was a most beautiful place. Imagination, however vivid, can hardly generate conceptions of the loveliness, the charming repose, the delicious breezes wafted through trees of stately grandeur, the supreme beauty of the ver-earth where God Himself had walked yet such and even more alluring was Eden. When Adam first gazed upon the enchantments of the place, his heart must have throbbed gladly with good will towards the Creator of such a spot as Eden.

But God had not yet finished His work. He determined that Adam should have a companion in his walks through Eden; "for," said He, "it i not good for man to be alone. putting Adam into a profound sleep He took a rib from the sleeping man and from the rib He formed Eve, the first woman. With his new friend Adam enjoyed the happiness of his beautiful home. Neither he nor Eve, at this time, felt any grief, or sorrow for why should one feel uneasy, when

perfect joy is one's lot? Of all the trees in Eden, however, God forbade Adam and Eve to eat of a certain one. This was not an unjust command, became these trees—indeed all things—were His and He could ordain as He willed. To be sure Adam and Eve were still most happy even when thoughts of the forbidden tree

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certain tree, which was the forbidden one. "For," said the serpent, "if you eat this fruit, you will become like a god." He gave some to Eve. She daily newspapers: "It has often tasted it, and liked it so well that she been pointed out that while Protestants lost no time in convincing Adam that and Roman Catholics squabble in the he, too, should try so choice a fruit.
Poor Adam, unwilling at first, finally

command, to sup at the feast of Lucifer, the chief of the great rebellion against His power, sent an angel to drive them from Eden. Flung out of the palace of beauty, Adam and Eve wept and grieved. The tender mercy of God, however, was touched by their sorrow, and although He doomed them to lives of penitence, He comforted them by sending Cain and Abel to sweeten the bitterness of the cup which their rashness had caused them to swallow

Perseverance.

All depends on perseverance. Without this nothing avails. The grace and perfection and splendor of the angels could not save them. The daily fellowship with Jesus, His doctrines and miracles, and three years of His towards me. This is as it should be.

presence, did not save Judas. The —Philadelphia Catholic Times. gift of regeneration, and of the sacraments of grace, were all in vain to Ananias and Sapphira. All alike lacked one thing, and that one thing lacking ost them all things. They had no perseverance; and though; they had everything else, nothing without this was of any avail.—Cardinal Manning.

In the Beginning

of a new year, when the winter season of lose confinement is only half gone, many and that their health begins to break down, find that their health begins to break down, that the least exposure threatens sickness. It is then as well as at all other times, and with people even in good health, that the following facts should be remembered, namely: that Hood's Sarsaparilla leads everything in the way of medicines; that it accomplishes the greatest cures in the world; has the largest sale in the world, and requires the largest building in the world devoted exclusively to the preparation of the proprietary medicine. Does not this conclusively prove, if you are sick, that Hood's Sarsaparilla is the medicine for you to take? Pale sickly children should use Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. Worms are one of the principal causes of suffering in children and should be expelled from the system.

MONTREAL The South of Ireland.

The following is from one of Ireland's compromised with his consort, and he at the fruit. Then came the bitter portion. The where they are in a majority. A pleas-Then came the bitter portion. The beneficent God, angered that Adam and Eve should forget Him and neglect His command, to sup at the feast of Lucifer, sending a subscription to the Roman Catholic church which Canon Brosnan

is building in memory of O'Connell.
'You and I,' he says, 'have worked together for many years for the promotion of the welfare of our people, not, I am thankful to say, without some success; and we have at all times let it be seen that cordial friendship is quite consistent with firm attachment to our conscientious convictions. take this opportunity of saying with much gratitude that during my long residence of twenty-eight years among them I have received nothing but unvarying respect and kindness from your flock; and I shall never forget how, on two ocaasions, when laid l on a bed of illness, you and they acted -Philadelphia Catholic Times.

A strong mind or a cultivated mind may hallenge respect, but there is needed a noble as to win affection.—"Reveries of a Bache-

baby growth

The baby's mission is growth. To that little bundle of love, half trick, half dream, every added ounce of flesh means added happiness and comfort! Fat is the signal of perfect health, comfort, good nature, baby

beauty. Scott's Emulsion, with hypophosphites, is the easiest fat-food baby can have, in the easiest form. It supplies just what he cannot get in his ordinary food, and helps him over the weak places to perfect