

The Name of Jesus.

By M. E. HENRY.

I murmur Thy Name in the darkness,
And it brightens the pathway dim;
I sigh it soft o'er grief's chalice,
To sweeten the bitter rim.

I pray it down deep in heart-temptations,
And the lips of anger grow dumb;
A calm o'er the strife of the spirit,
In its faintest whisper will come.

Like the mastering soul of true music,
It bids harsher voices cease;
And its tone, high o'er the world's discord,
Brings God's own harmony—Peace.

When the path of my soul grows tangled
At the touch of that Name, so sweet,
My hands fall out of their bondage,
And free are the prisoned feet.

O Name that is rest, and a shelter
And light to the heart perplexed!
In this life my last word and dearest,
My rapturous first in the next.

What Our Friends Say of Us.

We have received the first number of THE CATHOLIC REGISTER printed in Toronto, Canada. THE REGISTER starts out with the approbation of his Grace, the Archbishop of Toronto. It is a bright, new, well-printed and well edited weekly, and we wish it unlimited success and boundless prosperity.—*Catholic Advocate, Fall River Massachusetts.*

The *Catholic Weekly Review* and the *Irish Canadian*, both of Toronto have been merged into a new paper called THE CATHOLIC REGISTER. The first number of this publication has come to hand. It is a handsome 16 page paper, four columns to the page. The editor in chief is Rev. J. R. Teefy, B. A., Superior of St. Michael's College, who has the assistance of other able writers. It contains a letter of recommendation from his Grace, the Archbishop of Toronto, who says THE CATHOLIC REGISTER will have for its mission the vindication of Catholic rights—religious, educational and civil as well as to defend the Church against the falsehoods and calumnies of which she is too frequently the object. While thoroughly loyal to the form of Government under which we live and devoted to the welfare of the country it is to be independent of political parties. We wish THE CATHOLIC REGISTER every success.—*Charlottetown (P. E. I.) Herald.*

With its number of the 31st December, the *Catholic Weekly Review* of Toronto announces that it has closed its career, and invites its readers to transfer their support to the new Catholic enterprise, THE CATHOLIC REGISTER. A few weeks ago we spoke of the good old *Irish Canadian* and expressed our regret on learning that the familiar name was about to pass into the history of Canadian journalism. Although the *Review* has only been with us for six years, still in that time it has done its part faithfully and well. However, there is a sign of future encouragement in the fact that both publications are to combine their best qualities in the creation of THE CATHOLIC REGISTER. To this new publication we hasten to bid hearty welcome. May its New-Year be happy and successful beyond the most sanguine expectations of its publishers. May its influence increase weekly for the good of Faith that it is called upon to defend, and for the sake of the faithful whose rights and privileges it shall be ever ready to assert. Combining the sterling characteristics of the *Irish Canadian* and the solid principles of the *Catholic Weekly Review*, may THE CATHOLIC REGISTER go on ever progressing and expanding in the New Year's greeting of the *True Witness*.

The Humiliated Parrot.

One day a man who had considerable experience of parrots happened to come in and when I complained of the bird's loquacity, he said: "Why don't you get an owl and hang him up close to that parrot's cage, and in about two days you'll find that your bird's sick of unprofitable conversation." Well, I got a small owl and put him in a cage close to the parrot's cage. The parrot began by trying to dazzle the owl with his conversation, but it wouldn't work. The owl sat and looked at the parrot just as solemn as a minister whose salary has been cut down, and after awhile the parrot tried him with Spanish.

It wasn't of any use. Not a word would the owl let on to understand. Then the parrot tried bragging, and laid himself out to make the owl believe that of all the parrots in existence he was the ablest. But he couldn't turn a feather of the owl. The noble bird sat silent as the grave, and looked at the parrot as if to say, "This is indeed a melancholy exhibition of imbecility." Well, before night that parrot was so ashamed of himself that he closed for repairs, and from that day forth he never spoke an unnecessary word.

You can never tell what a slight cold may lead to; it is best, therefore, to give yourself the benefit of the doubt, and cure it as soon as possible with Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. A day's delay, sometimes an hour's delay, may result in serious consequences.



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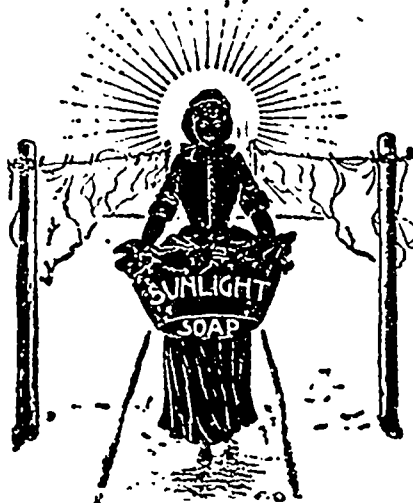
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A True Incident.

How wonderful are the ways of God! General —, a prominent man, renowned for his engineering feats and soldierly acquirements, returned from the late civil war, a Catholic, his faith being given him by a singular occurrence. Once while the cannon's loud roar and the sharp, quick sound of musketry arose above the dying shrieks of rebel and union soldiers, the General saw a man who was wounded carried by him. He inquired into the particulars of the man's injury, and learned that a bullet, which would have reached the soldier's heart, had been changed in its course, by meeting a Scapular of the Blessed Virgin, which the soldier religiously wore across his shoulders. It was a miracle, plain and evident, of Our Mother's goodness and power, and the General a life-long Protestant, after severe inquiry, became a Catholic. When the war ended he returned to his home, with some misgivings as to how his new creed would be accepted by his Protestant wife. Sunday morning came along, and with it the bells ringing out for the Holy Mass time. Giving some slight excuse—he was going to the barber's—the General started out for the nearest Catholic Church. The usher gave him a seat and the General bowed down his head in earnest prayer. Another person a lady, was given a seat in the same pew, but the General never looked at her, so deep was his devotion. When the priest said "Ite Missa Est," and the congregation received the blessing of the Holy Mass, the General stood up for the Last Gospel, crossed his forehead and lips with the sign of the cross, and saw by his side his own wife, doing the very same thing. They were both Catholics, converted from their unbelief without each other's knowledge. Each was trying to hide from the other their faith; but when they passed out, man and wife, one in faith as they were one in flesh, their faces were flushed with a hidden, holy joy, which gradually stole out from their hearts, and found its fulfilment in after hours of happiness, never enjoyed before.

A Pleasant Home

A cheerful, happy home is the greatest safeguard against temptations for the young. Parents should spare no pains to make home a cheerful spot. There should be pictures to adorn the walls, flowers to cultivate the finer sensibilities, dominoes, checkers, and other games, entertaining books and instructive newspapers and periodicals. These things, no doubt, cost money but not a tithe the amount that one of the lesser vices will cost—vices which are sure to be acquired away from home, but seldom there. Then there should be social pleasures—a gathering of young and old around the hearthstone, a warm welcome to the neighbor who drops in to pass a pleasant hour. There should be music and amusements and reading. The tastes of all should be consulted, until each member of the family looks forward to the hour of reunion around the hearth as the brightest one in twenty-four. Wherever there is found a pleasant, cheerful, neat, attractive, inexpensive home, there you may be sure to find the abode of the domestic virtues; there will be no dissipated husbands, no discontented or discouraged wives, no "fast" sons or frivolous daughters!

A conversation was recently overheard between two brothers, aged four and six years: "Winnie, tell me what is the difference between a bicycle and a tricycle?"

Elder (with patronizing air): "Why, itay, don't you know that? If the man takes the thing home to try how he likes it, it is a tricycle; but if he buys it upright, it is a bicycle."

Among those who are united in our Lord Jesus Christ by the bonds of charity, and by the desire to procure the honor and glory of God, the most profitable words are those which the Holy Ghost engraved on their hearts by the prayers which we offer for one another.—*St. Ignatius.*